Radio Stars in Hollywood

Radio Digest



November

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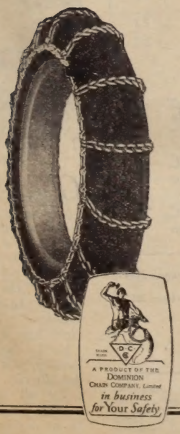
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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest Illustrated

Harold P. Brown, Editor

November, 1929



JEANETTE LOFF who combines Radio and movie talents in California. She is a featured player on the Pathe staff and known to the RKO audiences. Californians have heard her over a number of broadcast stations. See Mr. King's article about Radio stars in Hollywood on page 10.



HELEN ARDELLE is the soprano whose clear lyric voice is a conspicuous feature of some of the best Roxy programs heard over the NBC. The Roxy programs have become a Radio institution throughout the nation and the mammoth Roxy theatre in New York is a mecca for all fans who travel East.

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PAULA HEMMINGHAUS is an outstanding contralto of the National Grand and National Light Opera companies. She has been a Radio artist for the past three years, featuring last summer in the NBC revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan. She comes of a talented family, both her mother and father being musicians.



GERDA LUNDBERG is one of those merry souls who delight western audiences during the Brother Bob Frolic at KTAB, the Pickwick station at Oakland. The station has a slogan that emphasizes beauty, and Miss Lundberg, as we must all agree, is ample proof that these Pickwickians are justified.

Eastern Representatives: Ingraham & Walker, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City. Phone Lackawanna 2091-2

Western Representatives: A. T. Sears & Son, 122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Phone Harrison 3077-8

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FORTY-THREE NOMINATIONS RECEIVED FOR GOLD CUP

Radio Digest Contest for World's Most Popular Station Starts With Rush

THEY'RE OFF!

With less than one week elapsed since the public has received announcement of the Gold Cup race for the World's Most Popular Broadcasting Station already forty-three nominations have been posted.

Every indication forecasts the liveliest and most spirited contest ever sponsored by Radio Digest.

A costly and beautifully engraved cup in the form of a golden microphone will be presented to the United States or Canadian broadcasting station that receives the greatest number of votes on the part of the listeners.

Six silver cups of similar design are to be awarded to the most popular stations in the six divisions of the continent representing the East, South, Middle-West, West, Far-West and Canada.

For the individual station gaining the greatest number of votes throughout the whole North American area there will be the grand champion award of the Gold Cup. That station will be declared the World's Most Popular Station, for in no other part of the world has Radio reached anywhere near the general utility and popularity that it has on the North American continent.

IT IS by no means the most powerful and the most metropolitan station that can justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is interested in finding the station that has the staunchest friends, friends who are enough interested in their favorite station to stand up and fight for its honor and success.

Do you have a favorite station?

Is there any one station out of the many that has earned your respect and admiration sufficiently to induce you to go to the slight trouble of filling out the coupon at the bottom of this page and mailing it to Radio Digest as a vote for its success in this campaign?

The prestige of any Radio broadcasting station rests entirely on the staunch loyalty of its listeners.

The listener support determines its success in two ways. To do the best things in the way of entertainment it must first be a business success. If it is a business success it can afford to broadcast the highest grade of entertainment and thereby become an artistic success.

Every broadcast station has an individuality built up by the individual characteristics of the personalities heard through its channel. It may be a large station or a small station. There is always that indefinite SOMETHING that gives a station popularity. No individual in the world can tell with any degree of accuracy how any particular station rates with its listeners. Only a comparison as indicated in a contest such as the Radio Digest sponsors in the Gold Cup Award do the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove its real popularity.



Gold Cup Design for Popularity Award

"I HOPE that I have the honor to be the first to place WLW at Cincinnati in nomination for the Radio Digest Gold Cup award," writes Mrs. Russel Utley of Warren, O. "We enjoy the universally good programs coming from that station. There always is variety enough so one does not tire of any particular kind of music. We just set the dial on WLW and leave it there."

"Enclosed find my nomination for WENR of Chicago. This is the finest station in the country and I hope it wins the Gold Cup so that the authorities at Washington will see how popular the station is and give it more time on the air," from a letter signed by Mrs. Katherine Leonard of Indianapolis.

And so the letters come. This is going to be a hot race. Anyone who thinks the days are past when Radio fans write letters, from all appearances, is due for the surprise of his life. There never was a better opportunity for a fan to speak a good word for his favorite station and help that station win a place of leadership, if not of the whole world, at least for his section of the country.

If you do not find your favorite station in the list of those already nominated clip out the coupon at the foot of this page, fill it out, then enclose it with the corresponding coupon which will count as one ballot. If you are a real fan you will speak about the contest to some of your listening friends.

(Rules and station list page 118)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate.....

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(Call Letters)

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Signed.....

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City..... State.....

Number 2

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Last month Radio Digest offered three prizes for letters from listeners with suggestions on what should be included in a fifteen minute broadcast program. There was a large and interested response. The judges have not yet decided on the winners. Now we are going to renew the offer. Send us a letter of 100 words in which you indicate what you think should be included in a Radio program just fifteen minutes long.

It's very simple. Try it. Radio Digest will submit all the letters received to a committee of program experts actively identified with various prominent broadcast studios. Prizes aggregating $50 will be awarded to the letter writers who present the best ideas for a Fifteen Minute or Short Go Program.

THE PRIZES

The listener who submits the best idea for a Fifteen Minute Program will receive a cash award of $25.00.

The listener who submits the second best idea for a Fifteen Minute Program will receive a cash award of $15.00.

The listener who submits the third best idea for a Fifteen Minute Program will receive a cash award of $10.00.

In case of a tie for merit for any one or all of the three awards duplicate prizes will be presented. The contest will end January 1, 1930. Winners will be announced in the February Radio Digest.

You have a good chance to win a prize. The first move to win will be for you to actually decide to write the letter. The next thing is to get your ideas together. As a suggestion why not tune in and listen to a variety of programs coming over the air.

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Advance Tips

SOMETHING nice in store for you in the December Radio Digest—a little advance Christmas present, so to speak. Can't tell you much about it here, that is the SURPRISE part of it, or it wouldn't be a surprise. Just get that December number and you'll not be sorry—that's all.

* * *

When New York sets out to be the capital of anything nothing can stop her. So far she has more than held her own in providing the rest of the country with Radio entertainment. The editor has been down in Greenwich Village shaking hands with some of the villagers who play around in the Radio studios. He's arranged for a Greenwich Village angle to a story about some of the people you hear from the Capital of Broadcastland.

* * *

A NEWSPAPER feature writer described the broad, comfortable seats in Chicago's new $20,000,000 "opery house" as inviting and comfortable for the "heavy eyed pater who must attend the opera for family reasons." Some dads may sleep in the broad, comfortable seats of the opera house but millions of music lovers will be listening to Chicago opera over the Radio throughout the season and some of the inside facts appertaining thereto will be brought out in this big December issue, which began to take shape weeks ago.

* * *

Stansbury Field, greatly in demand by all the leading magazines, has written a very sprightly comedy romance called Gertrude, which will begin in the next issue of Radio Digest. Gertrude figured it out she and Victor were very much in love with each other until they married. After that it was different. Her plan of operations to restore the prenuptial amity was more logical than conventional. And yet you never could guess how it turned out.

* * *

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN is another popular writer who will be represented in the fiction department of the December Radio Digest. It is in his very best style and he calls it Big Time.

* * *

Probably nothing has been written in fact or fiction that gives you so clear and graphic a picture of the undercurrents of the rum running business as the Arthur B. Reeve story in this Radio Digest as he puts Craig Kennedy to work untangling the clews to the murder of beautiful Lola Langhorne.

* * *

ANOTHER perfect diction contest is under way. You will remember that Milton J. Cross, of the National Broadcasting company, won the last contest. His acknowledgment of the award was quite a masterpiece. A reader of Radio Digest has requested us to publish the little speech. It will appear in the December issue together with information about the present contest and a story of the eloquent Mr. Cross.

* * *

How do you like the way we have arranged to present a big variety of news from a great number of stations as you find it in this November issue? If your favorite station doesn't have anything in here about its entertainers, don't blame the editor. We have asked for all the news about the entertainers we can get.

Across the Desk

NOVEMBER FINDS listener and artist advancing quickly into the broadest and best season Radio has ever known. We have better technique in the studio and we have better receivers in the home. And from the best available sources it seems safe to conclude we have increased our national listening audience by millions. We have today many listeners who had no patience with Radio in its earlier stages of development, and we have broadened our field of listeners through the use of superior apparatus. No home is complete today without its Radio facilities. That applies to the humble cottage or hall bedroom as well as the millionaire's palace or his club room.

* * *

With this added scope in the use of Radio comes the greater need—for Radio Digest in the home. It rises to the occasion. It is the most valuable auxiliary to your receiver. It brings you the supplementary information and entertainment you can get through no other source. Radio Digest has made a continuous study of the listener's needs and, as the result of long experience and thousands of encouraging letters, has developed the various log and reference features contained herein. During the past three months an extensive survey over the national field has been made and in December some of the first results will be shown in a new arrangement of convenient references which will be published for the first time. Old time readers will recognize a modernized arrangement of the Evening At Home which was so highly appreciated in the former weekly Radio Digest.

* * *

DO YOU REMEMBER the Step on the Stairs? That was a famous serial that first introduced fiction to the pages of Radio Digest. It was written by Robert J. Casey, distinguished author and correspondent. This story was dramatized and was the first Radio serial thriller ever put on the air. A score of the nation's greatest stations broadcast the episodes from week to week. Then came Hugh Fullerton's Big Rabbit—another great hit. Subsequently there were changes in the order of publication and fiction was dropped. Now, returning to monthly publication, Radio Digest resumes its fiction features. An original Craig Kennedy detective story by Arthur B. Reeve, and short stories by other well known authors, bring us up to date. You will find the forthcoming fiction features in Radio Digest of the highest calibre, and by authors whose names appear on the covers of Cosmopolitan, Saturday Evening Post, Colliers and other leading periodicals.

* * *

THERE always will be a definite recognition of the importance of the community broadcasting station. Members of the Radio commission have compared the small independent station to the small city newspaper. It completes the circle by reaching into every inhabitable center of the country. For some of the smaller stations it is more or less of a struggle to obtain talent to cope with the lure of the powerful city station. Authorities thought for a long time that eventually the trans-continental wire chains would gather them in. But hundreds of worthy community stations are still dependent entirely on their own local talent. Some have turned regretfully to the ordinary store phonograph record. Just as Radio Digest goes to press with this November issue, its brother organization, the Bureau of Broadcasting, has received its first consignment of big Vitaphone type wax discs, carrying specially recorded sustaining programs by famous New York talent. Over 100 specially designed broadcast machines have been purchased and distributed to stations throughout the country. Four of these discs provide an hour's Radio entertainment. Experts have declared their broadcast reproduction the most perfect reproduction of any kind yet attained. The most sensitive receiver cannot detect that the voices and music come from a wax inscription. This system makes it possible for any station in the country to have the finest talent in the world and supply the finest programs, sponsored or unsponsored.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

WHEN YOU WANT

Radio Digest

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Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest, Illustrated.

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Beauty Winner

OLIVE SHEA, Columbia Broadcasting System, New York City, was awarded the crown of the World's Most Beautiful Radio Artist at the Radio World's Fair in New York last September. Miss Shea was chosen by photograph from 500 photographs submitted from broadcast stations throughout the country. Miss Irma Glenn, WENR, runner-up, was such a close second she had to go to New York for inspection by the committee which included Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous glorifier.



RUDY VALLEE, whose voice and saxe have swept Radio audiences off their feet throughout the East and some of the Midwestern sections on the National Broadcasting company lines, seems to be heading toward Hollywood at this writing. Hollywood appears to be the paradise where all good Radio stars go when they —no, not when they die—when they are proven microphone hits. Mr. Mulholland gives us an interesting story of Rudy's rise to fame on the opposite page.

Rudy Vallee First Radio Vamp

VOLUME of Mail—10,000 Letters a Day From Men and Women in All Walks of Life—Proves Widespread Popularity of New York Band Leader

By Gene Mulholland

THE MAN from Fort Smith, Ark., boarded the train. Home and all it stood for was not many hours away.

The week in New York had been hectic, but he was returning with a clear conscience. Not only had he gratified all his own metropolitan desires, but every request of his wife's had been fulfilled. He had dutifully telephoned the Jones people who used to live next door; the flowered silk crepe had been matched—and—he had found out all about Rudy Vallee. And he had his information authentic.

That last had been about the most important part of his trip. The final words of his wife and daughter, backed by pleas of the entire feminine neighborhood, had been very clear on that point. All the women back home wanted to know about Rudy.

As the lights of Broadway fled backward into the night, the man from Fort Smith reviewed the facts about Vallee in his mind. The press agent had been kind, many hours had been spent in research and the musician himself had been helpful. The Arkansan didn't think many details had been overlooked.

The sounds of a trainful of people settling down for a long journey were punctuated at intervals by the mournful note of the big locomotive's whistle. That girl across in No. 7 looked friendly.

"You know," he was telling her a little later, "this Vallee isn't such a bad individual at all, even from a man's viewpoint. I was right surprised, too, 'cause one of the fellows back home—mighty clever chap; plays in all the minstrels and things—said just before I came to New York that the world is divided into two classes: all the women who think Rudy Vallee's just too heavenly, and the men who disagree with the women.

HOME folks failed to appreciate the musical talent of Hubert Prior Vallee, Rudy's real name, back home in Westbrooke, Maine. Neighbors made so much fuss over the noise he produced from a mail order house drum that Mr. Vallee senior broke the instrument into kindling wood. Rudy wasn't a bit discouraged, though, and ordered a saxophone by return mail. Soon he was taking correspondence lessons from the great Rudy Wiedoeft. For a while he was just a $60 a week sax player. Then the National Broadcasting company signed him for chain broadcasts and his band is now one of the most popular heard over the air. From just a pestiferous boy with a noisy horn he has become the idol of the nation.

"BUT HE was wrong. I spent a lot of time finding out about Vallee for my wife and the other women folks in Fort Smith—talked to him myself right in the Radio studios. And I found him a pert and likable chap—even to his yen for baked sweet potatoes.

"I wish now I'd taken some of the newspaper clippings the fellow wanted to give me—there sure was a stack of 'em. But I guess I can remember most of the important things. All sorts of stuff has been written—those reporters call him 'torch singer' and 'prince of frails' and I didn't believe there was so many ways of saying 'ether lover' and 'sweetheart of the air.'

"Do you know that one of the New York papers made a survey a while back that showed he gets on an average of 10,000 letters a day from people who listen on the Radio? And he also gets fifty boxes of fudge a day, twenty bunches of flowers, 500 telephone messages and about seven or eight cakes and pies.

"I personally think lots of these letters and things come from men—men do like the boy. I know—I spent almost three hours with him—although, of course, most of the stuff comes from women."

Both the man from Arkansas and the girl, who really was friendly, decided they were not hungry as the porter lurched through the car with his "last call for dinnah."

"Another thing that same paper figured out," the man from Fort Smith resumed, as his newly discovered companion settled her slim body more comfortably into the seat, "was that forty per cent of the things come from flappers, twenty-five per cent from business women, fifteen per cent from married women, and twenty per cent from society girls.

"And don't you let anybody tell you that's not a lot of attention for a man who almost no time ago was just a $60-a-week 'sax' player. Those who know the kid—and he told me himself for that matter—can't be sure whether Radio made him or not. He sort of thinks the big networks of the National Broadcasting company are responsible.

"'It's a cinch,' these are his very words to me, 'that without Radio so many people wouldn't know me.'

"THOSE folks at the NBC though—sure, I talked to them, too; when I start out to do a thing I'm pretty thorough—tell me that everybody's waking up to the kid's talent, just happened to come along at the time he joined their networks. In other words, their picking him merely showed good judgment on their part, and doesn't explain why he is such a hit—see what I mean?

"Women folks who write about Vallee—and there are lots of 'em; I saw that from the clippings—all rave about the 'it' in his voice."

A nod from the "friendly girl" indicated she was following the man from Fort Smith closely. "She's sure an interesting person to talk to," he thought.

"I guess those writing women have the combination at that. Out in Westbrooke, Me., where Vallee was raised, the folks likely don't talk much about sex appeal or 'it' even now. They probably call whatever it is the kid's got 'charm.'

"And say, here's somethin' I found out that most people don't know about—even the newspaper people who come around for interviews. That boy's name is not Rudy at all, but Hubert Prior Vallee. 'S a fact. The Rudy was simply tagged on because of Rudy Wiedoeft who taught the kid all about the saxophone—gave a correspondence course first and later personal lessons."

The man from Fort Smith unconsciously preened himself a bit as he noted this information impressed the girl even more than the other things he had told her. He smiled.

"Anyway, as I was saying about Westbrooke and the folks down there, they just failed to appreciate the kid in his first bloom as a musician. He was the son of the village druggist and his old man was pretty prominent in most everything in town. As a result most all the neighbor women used to come in and coo over the baby no end. 'Course the cooing didn't result from his dad's prominence; that only made the young 'un known to everybody—he was a danged pretty infant.

"But after he got up to about five years old and elected the drum his chief of toys, he just didn't click. Didn't register at all in spite of his being the only left-handed drummer in town. Folks seemed to think a south-paw drum made as much noise as the regulation ones.

"IT WAS the same, the kid told me, when he took up the clarinet. In fact, things got so bad and there were so many squawks that his dad had to bust up the mail order instrument. It seemed about then that the youngster was born to blush unseen as a musician—or unheard, if you like that better.

"Just about then Rudy got a job. He was assistant manager of the town's picture show. That job set him right smack in the middle of most of the musical doings around there. One of the fellows who played in the show sort of took an interest in the kid—probably because he was so anxious to learn—and advised him to try the 'sax.'

"Rudy promptly put himself down for another mail order. And when the new gadget arrived there was more wailing from everybody who didn't like noise. But he kept right on with his practicing.

"And now the home folks are telling each other collectively and individually how they knew all the time the boy would

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RADIO STARS in HOLLYWOOD

Who Have Gone "Talkie"

FROM RADIO Microphone to Movie Microphone Is But a Step and Names of Air Fame Are Achieving Film Fame in Picture Land.

By Gerald King
Director of Radio Station KFWB

ALAS an ideal California afternoon must be sacrificed upon the altar of duty (and ten thousand years will never bring another so wonderful for a day at the beach) so that Radio Digest readers may know about the Radio stars in Hollywood. Distractions included against the writing of this very important information in addition to the weather—quite usual at this time of year—are:

1. A Hal Roach company on location just across the street with Our Gang kids and while we may live in Hollywood and never look twice at an ordinary company shooting the infectious manner with which Our Gang goes about their business cannot go unnoticed by anyone.
2. Hollywood Boulevard, just four floors down, filled with its Sunday afternoon parade of girls dashing by in sport roadsters, waving—perhaps to me—but at any rate headed places and doing things. These are rated as Hollywood's chief distractions as well as its greatest charm.
3. A vista, when one's back is turned upon the Hal Roach comedy company and the boulevard, of lovely green hills sliding off into a cool grey mist where the ocean begins, with an Army squadron of planes droning overhead—and it's a cinch they are going to stunt!

But man was made to work and so, with a resolution worthy of something or other, the story begins:

The distance between the Radio studios and the audible movie screen has never been very great. Each month sees this distance shortened and a number of nationally known Radio artists have taken the step—though almost every one of them has stepped back again on the completion of the picture requiring his services.

While the talent scouts for the phonetic flickers watch the musical comedy and dramatic productions as well as vaudeville for future screen stars, the home Radio receiving set has become a valuable asset for the scout. From this "listening post" he hears voices that meet the requirements of the talking motion pictures. His next step, of course, is to see the artist in person to determine whether or not the appeal is physical as well as vocal.

RUDY VALLEE perhaps is today's outstanding Radio contribution to the talking movies. If Vallee isn't a success in the talkies then fifty million females *can* be wrong for his journey to Hollywood was influenced to a great extent by the hundreds of thousands of letters from women Radio fans who asked that they be given a chance to see their Rudy on the screen.

Vallee was an unknown a year ago. His big chance in Radio came when he was discovered by the National Broadcasting company and given a place on a national network. His crooning voice had something in it—a something that no man has ever been able to explain or successfully imitate—and the result was that Vallee became a national personality overnight. The motion picture contract followed.

The talking movies have turned to Radio many times to obtain talent for short pictures. Singers and comedy teams especially were in demand.

Billie Jones and Ernie Hare, otherwise the Happiness Boys and also the Interwoven Pair, were among the first Radio artists to put their songs and nonsense on a sound film. The Smith Brothers, beards and all, also have made talking shorts. In real life they are "Scrappy" Lambert and Billy Hillpot.

Two of the NBC's crack bands, Ben Pollack's orchestra and Hal Kemp's orchestra have been loaned to the talkies for short periods recently.

The Revelers, the National Cavaliers and the Serenaders, all widely known Radio quartets, have been seen and heard in talking motion pictures.

Dolores Cassinelli, once a famous motion picture artist and recently equally as famous as a Radio vocal artist, already has appeared in talking movies and will be seen in a feature picture in the near future.

MORTON DOWNEY, now an outstanding star of the talkies, got his start in Radio and still is under contract to the National Broadcasting and Concert bureau.

Welcome Lewis, contralto crooner and Genia Zielinska, coloratura soprano, both have appeared in talking pictures.

There is one division of broadcasting that has had its personnel heavily raided by the sound studios and little has been said about it. When the big motion picture concerns took seriously to sound their greatest need was technical experts. They had to have electrical engineers who understood the microphone and its allied equipment and they went into the Radio studios to get these men, often paying fabulous salaries. A majority of the technical executives of the large film companies gained their training in the Radio control rooms and monitoring booths of broadcasting stations.

More than a score of the several hundred dramatic artists heard in various NBC productions have added to their incomes by playing parts in talking motion pictures. The fact that these actors and actresses had actual microphone experience was of first importance in obtaining these jobs for them.

Strange as it may seem, a number of very famous Radio artists have rejected offers from the talkies. One young soprano, whose name is known in every home where there is a Radio set and who is pleasant to gaze upon, has rejected lead after lead in film musical productions. The only reason she gives is that Radio is her career and she has no desire to leave it.

Others have stayed in broadcasting because they believe that it gives them more for the time they put into it than would the motion pictures. Still others are totally uninterested in any proposition that means moving away from New York City.

Once upon a time, raditorially speaking, it was thought Hollywood was located almost upon the far edges of the world. The inhabitants of the country, barbarians for the most part, slept out of doors and led a lotus-like existence among the orange groves that dotted the countryside. They had heard of Radio, of course, and a few had Radio receivers and listened to the meager programs from the local stations. Then, all at once, those governing the existence of the great national Radio network announced, in quite a magnanimous manner, that New York programs were to be sent to the savage tribes of southern California, and the rest of the Pacific Coast as well. Great would be the rejoicing among these simple peoples when these unbelievedly fine programs would be available to any and all who wished to listen. Things would then be——

But why go on with that story. It is a fact that a member of the Federal Radio commission, in formal hearing, once rose to his feet objecting to the granting of more Radio facilities to the state of California because all broadcasting was done mainly to coyotes and sagebrush!

UPON hearing this the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles rushed wildly to Washington bearing signed and sworn affidavits showing that southern California has more Radio receivers per capita than any other territory on the globe!

Los Angeles territory has twenty Radio stations, making it rank with New York, Chicago and Philadelphia in congestion of Radio facilities. It did have 21 stations, but one fell by the wayside, a deed that is still spoken of with hushed voices in western Radio circles. The climate is good to Radio stations; it is almost unbelievable that one could perish without another springing up in its stead.

Just one more bit of fact before we go on with the story. Sponsored programs, of the type presented today, had been given in some number over old KHJ in Los Angeles nearly six months before WEAF gave its first commercial program to the world.

The revolutionizing of the movie industry on a sound basis has provided an opportunity for many stage and Radio entertainers to play before audiences in all parts of the country. The stage star gains an almost incomparably larger following by means of the talkies which, at the same time, does not interfere with his work behind the foot-lights. On the other hand the well-known Radio artists who have gone talkie have the added advantage of being seen on the screen, whereas before this only their voices could be sent out to the thousands of listeners.

The Columbia Broadcasting system has contributed many names to this industry. One of the most prominent of these is Olive Shea, who is familiar to the Radio audience through

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MISS EMMA KIMMEL walked into Vitaphone pictures through Warner Brothers, KFWB studios, where Gerald King presides—she has a fine soprano voice that tracks well in a wax disc.



HELEN STONE, often seen and heard on the screen in the dialog films, gained her first fame as director of the Harmonette Girls—singing and instrumental—over Radio Station KNX.



VERNON RICKARD made his first big hit singing to Radio audiences. He was leading man with the Duncan Sisters; later with Vitaphone.



GEORGIA FIFIELD, another KNX favorite, who found her first microphone experience directing Radio playlets in Los Angeles, and from there it was but a step to the Hollywood movie mikes.



ANN GREY sings her blues so well that the mere announcement she is to be heard at a certain time over KFWB, sends a rush to the receivers to hear her. That's why she was chosen for Vitaphone shorts.

The Strange Heart Case of DR. THRALE

HOPELESS Case of Amnesia—That's What All the Doctors Said and They Were About to Send Andrew Brayden to a Sanitarium When Dr. Thrale Got on the Job

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Illustrated by W. H. WIEST

ANDREW BRAYDEN loved his friend's wife, but wouldn't admit it, even to himself. On the day of his marriage to another girl he disappeared. The story made a big sensation for a time and then was forgotten until Dr. Thrale and his friend Morgan of the Planet discovered "John Brown" in a ward at Bellevue hospital.



"HELLO, MORGAN," he said. "You don't remember me—John Thrale. Don't want to remember me, I suppose? What are you doing here, trying to force some of your money on Shepperd?"

I HADN'T seen Thrale for six or seven years, at least, before the night he saved old Archer Quarren's life. I hadn't thought of him more than half a dozen times, either. He wasn't in my class; I was a freshman when he was a senior, and, naturally, I hadn't known him well. But I did remember, of course, that last outrageous performance of his—the climax of about as unpopular a college career as a man ever had, I suppose. It was the sort of thing that is talked about at reunions for years. And it was the thing any of us who had known Thrale in college were pretty sure to think of when we saw him, or when his name came up.

Coming to set it down now, I have to admit, the episode loses some of the significance it had when it was fresh. Maybe that is because I am older, and other things have dwarfed matters that were supremely important when I was a freshman. Maybe it is just because I have come to know Thrale so well, and to like him so much. It never occurred to anyone to like him in those days. It isn't easy to like him now; you have to overcome every obstacle he can put in your path before you can succeed in doing so.

At any rate, for what it's worth in forming an estimate of the man, here is what he did, at the end of four years in college! He was the best quarter miler we ever had. He never had been dependable; training rules never had meant anything in his life. But he was a fifty second man for the quarter, and you know what rare birds they are. Well, on the day of the last meet of the year, when we knew that winning depended on his getting a first place in the quarter, he wouldn't run. He simply wouldn't. I've forgotten what reason he gave—I know it wasn't an excuse, because he wouldn't admit that he needed an excuse—took the ground, I think, that it was a tremendous condescention for him to state a reason!

WELL, you can imagine how the college felt. There was a lot of excited talk about doing something to him, but it died away, and nothing was done. And he took his diploma, a little later, and dropped out of sight, and, so far as I was concerned, I just remembered him, when something made me think of him at all, as a queer duck who had everlastingly queered himself by refusing to run that day. I did hear that he'd gone to a medical school in New York, and I remember that a lot of us said we wouldn't let him take care of a sick cat.

And then I found him, that night in New York, after I'd struggled through my days as a cub on the Planet and got to be a real reporter, working over old Archer Quarren, who'd keeled over in a place where he had no business to be.

So far as I was concerned, the whole thing was just a piece of luck. I was working on a police graft story that took me into a good many queer parts of what used to be the Tenderloin in New York. That night I was trying to get something out of Jimmy Shepperd, and I'd worked my way past the cordon of guards he kept at the door of his gambling house. I was waiting for Jimmy when the excitement about Quarren started, and in the confusion I walked right into the room where they'd put him on a couch, and recognized him at once, of course.

The doctor came while everyone was waiting for the old man to die. He was a tall, lean chap, in the shabbiest clothes you could imagine. He started giving orders at once, in a voice that made people jump. He never raised it; he was tremendously quiet. But there was an edge on that voice of his; it had an almost physical effect. It was as if some one were drawing a sharp knife across your hand—not cutting you, you know, but letting you understand that you'd better do what you were told.

I WAITED while the doctor worked. It was beautiful to watch him. I always have enjoyed watching any man at work who knew his job. And this chap, for all his shabbiness did. You couldn't doubt that; you couldn't help having confidence in him. And when, when he had that old hypocrite—Quarren was in Wall street, you remember, and was always preaching against gambling in any form, and talking about how he wouldn't keep a young man in his employment if he bought stocks on margin—when he had the old rascal sitting up and gasping for breath, the doctor turned around, and I realized that I knew him, or had seen him before, anyway.

He nodded to me right away, and came over.



"Hello, Morgan," he said. "You don't remember me—John Thrale. Don't want to remember me, I suppose?"

Then, of course, I put out my hand and tried to be cordial.

"Why, sure I remember you, Thrale!" I said. "I've a rotten memory for faces—"

"Piffle!" said Thrale. "You never forget anything unless you want to. What are you doing, Morgan? Trying to force some of your money on Shepperd?"

"I'm here on business, just as you are," I said, stiffly. And explained that I was a reporter.

Thrale scowled.

"H'm!" he said. "You are, eh? I may need you. Got half an hour to spare? If you have, come around to my place—it's near here. I may be able to hand you something interesting."

I could have spared a thousand dollars as easily as half an hour just then, and told him so. This Quarren story, breaking on top of the one I was already working on, and reasonably sure to be a beat, looked more important than a talk with Thrale. I was wrong but it didn't matter, as it turned out. Thrale wasn't offended. That is a curious thing about him, by the way. Most people who are brusque and offensive in their manner resent anything but the most perfect courtesy from others. Thrale, in such matters, was like a rhinoceros. He was proof against slights and insults. It took me some time to see that that was due to intense concentration, and not to some deficiency in pride or self respect.

"All right," he said. "Will you come when you can? I don't care how late it is."

I DON'T know just why I promised I'd go, nor why, when I did finally get away from the office that night, I went out of my way to hunt him up. But I did. I found that he was living in a cheap house, in Forty-fifth street, far west—a tenement house, really. He had an apartment on the first floor; a wretched, dingy hole. There was a doctor's sign in the window, but he didn't sport a brass plate. It was pretty obvious that he wasn't doing well.

He took me into a barren, musty room. There was a rank smell of stale tobacco smoke; he had a box of the cheapest sort of cigarettes on a table.

"This is my consulting room," he said. "We probably shan't be disturbed, though. It's fairly late. Just wait a minute, will you?"

He went into another room—his sleeping quarters, I supposed. And I looked around his consulting room. It seemed to me that he gave it a pretty high sounding name. It wasn't like any doctor's room I'd ever seen. There were three or four chairs—terrible, plush covered things, and a golden oak table, with a lacy cover. On the walls were some of the pictures you see still in old country houses—mid-Victorian outrages upon art. The only human and intelligible thing in the room was a bookcase, and I went over and looked at its shelves. It was full of medical books—books treating of psychology, chiefly, I saw, although there were a few of the books you find in any general practitioner's library. But most of these books were German—names like Freud, Jung, Abraham, Moll predominated.

I'd heard of Freud, rather vaguely, but didn't know much about him, and I couldn't make out anything even from the titles. Thrale wasn't gone long; he caught me at his books, and grinned rather sourly.

"I DON'T know whether you can be any use to me or not, Morgan," he said, bluntly. "Can you refrain from asking stupid questions?"

"Yes," I said, and crossed the room to get my hat and coat. "Go to the devil, Thrale! Maybe he'll teach you some manners!"

He chuckled.

"Sit down," he said. "This is a cold blooded proposition. I can do as much for you as you can possibly do for me. More, probably. I haven't the time for what you call manners. You've done well—in your profession."

"I have no complaint," I said. "But—"

"I'm judging by your clothes," he said, impatiently. "And the only reason I'm interested in that is that you couldn't be of any use to me unless you were recognized as a leader in your work."

He caught my eyes as they wandered from his shabby clothes to the abominable details of his room. And he grinned, faintly.

"You're applying the same method—and deciding that I'm a rank failure," he said. "Well—I am, so far as you can see. In which you're like most people. My own profession regards me as the victim of an obsessional delusion. It thinks I'm quite mad. My only patients are crooks like Shepperd who can't get a reputable man and some of the poor devils around here, who can't afford one. I went into debt to work abroad, and I'm using every cent I can make, outside of bare living expenses, to pay back what I owe. In five years I can have a practice worth a hundred thousand a year, if I choose—but I probably shan't choose. Do you know what amnesia is?"

"Loss of memory!" I snapped. "There's always a case or two at Bellevue."

He nodded.

"YES," he said. "And the poor devils might as well be in the pound where they keep lost dogs. Your definition of amnesia doesn't go very far, by the way. Amnesia isn't a total loss of memory. It's always localized—the victim forgets—I'll use that word in your sense until I've taught you what it really means—particular things. Your forgetfulness of my appearance was amnesia."

I decided to take the line of silent contempt in treating his rudeness. After all, it was amusing.

"It's about a patient in Bellevue I want to talk with you." Thrale went on. "He was admitted to the psychopathic ward a week ago. He has forgotten his name and practically every significant fact about himself. He is entirely rational in his conversation and extremely anxious to clear the mystery concerning his identity. They're completely baffled—and they won't let me near him, though I could probably find out all about him within three days."

That sounded like Thrale. One of the things that had always made him unpopular in college was a habit of boasting.

"Well?" I said.

"I want to see that man—alone. I want an opportunity to examine him and apply certain tests. Can you help me?"

I didn't see how I could, and said so. And I added that I couldn't see why I should. That seemed to please Thrale. He was savage when I resented his rudeness; when I returned it in kind he was satisfied.

"This man is ticketed as John Brown," said Thrale. "I wish you would call up and ask for all the information they can give you about him and make a note of the answers."

I hesitated. But a curious feeling was growing upon me—a feeling that, for some reason I couldn't analyze, it would be well for me to humor Thrale. He had an undeniable force. So I called the Planet's Bellevue man—interrupting a poker game, probably—and asked my questions.

"JUST a bum," Jackson told me. "A cop picked him up in the street somewhere. Want all the dope? I'll have to hunt it up and call you back."

"All right," I said, and gave him Thrale's number.

Thrale walked about like a caged animal while we waited. In about fifteen minutes Jackson called.

"Chap was picked up at Thirty-eighth street and Park avenue a week ago," he said. "He was stopping women and asking them where he was—what city—fool questions like that. Didn't speak to any men at all. He was dressed in cheap, old clothes, badly worn. He must have been a laborer of some sort, to judge from his hands. He is willing to talk, but there is a hesitation in his speech—he doesn't stutter, but just stops for a long time, sometimes, between words. He remembers crossing the ocean. They're planning to send him to an asylum—it's a hopeless case. And—oh, yes—some nut tried to make the policeman let him take him home with him. Said he'd look

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"Was Mr. Brayden in love with you?"

KIN OF GREAT POET POE

Olive Palmer's Voice Resembles Galli Curci's in Tonal Quality



OLIVE PALMER claims a direct descent from Edgar Allan Poe. She has inherited something of his talent, writing lyrics and setting them to music.

OLIVE PALMER, coloratura soprano and exclusive star of the weekly Palmolive hour broadcasts over the coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting company, claims a direct descent from the same family as Edgar Allen Poe.

The winsome little singer also bids fair to share the poetic

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Hollywood's Radio Stars

Many Luminaries of the Air Lack Some Make Reputations, Caricaturist Is on Pencil as Stars of Sign Contract

(See Page 10)



VERNON RICKARD, left, was with the Duncan Sisters. Now he is one of the big stars of Hollywood.



DON WARNER, right, is a piano player of real renown before the movie city microphones.

Sketched by Senor Cugat

Screen and Stage on Qualities That Help Says Gerald King. the Job With His Radio Rush to for Pictures



PAVIO PEKAY, right, is another Hollywood luminary who has made a name for himself on the air and screen.

CALMON LUBOVISKI, left, has made a modest fortune with his violin work before the mike and the camera.

Ted Husing Known as a Real Athlete

MICROPHONE Talent of Columbia System Announcer Eclipses Reputation of Earlier Days. Now He Is Busy on All Types of Programs.



Ted Husing

IF IT were necessary to give a description of Ted Husing in a few words, the phrase "Athletic Announcer" might be the first to arise in one's mind. This, however, would possibly lead to a misapprehension. Ted Husing is not an announcer of athletics alone, nor is he the man to whose directions for daily dozens many brave souls shiver and labor in those early morning hours when the sun has not yet really justified its existence. The real meaning of the phrase is merely that Ted Husing has already risen to stardom in two fields, athletics and Radio announcing. The second has almost superseded the first, and his talents in this latter field are used for the benefit of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Ted Husing gave evidence of athletic prowess from his early years on. He was born in Deming, New Mexico, some twenty-nine years ago, and, while he was still mastering his reading, writing and arithmetic, his family moved to Gloversville in New York state. This, to him, was a great improvement, for the Erie canal was near at hand, and it was in this body of water that young Ted spent a great part of his youth. Time, of course, was taken out for wrestling, and, by reason of his fistic prowess, he was leader of the most capable scrappers for their size and weight on both sides of the canal.

He attended Stuyvesant high school in New York city and, after completing his four years there, took a post-graduate course in commerce. School gave him ample opportunity to exercise his most conspicuous talents, and, while there, he became a star athlete in four sports—football, baseball, basketball and soccer. Footfall, however, was his outstanding success, for he played such a strong game as roving center that he terrorized his opponents, and was chosen all-scholastic center when he was barely sixteen years old.

The war, however, made his former ambitions seem childish, and he joined the intelligence service of the army by dint of giving his age as nineteen, although he was not even seventeen years old at the time. He was stationed at Governor's Island until the war ended.

ALL THROUGH his high school days, young Ted had harbored a desire to go to college and continue his athletics along with his studies, in which he had already proved himself to be very proficient. His army experience, however, changed his mind, and he decided to ignore the various scholarships that had been offered him, and settle down to a business career. His great interest in athletics, however, made him long for one last fling, and, deciding to turn professional, he joined the Prescotts, a leading eleven at that time. Here he starred in his old position, eventually moving on to the team of which Lou Gehrig of Yankee fame was a member.

In 1921 this young man of many talents taught aviation to the police. Although he instructed them in the use of seaplanes, he has never guided a land plane through the air. He once crashed in shallow water, and, as witnesses, fearful of the results, rushed to the scene, Ted emerged from the wreckage unharmed, his face glowing with his characteristic smile.

The year 1923 saw Ted in Florida, but he was one of the few who did not engage in the booming realty enterprise of buying and selling lots. Instead, he gave instruction in gym work to a large class of children, and in physical culture to their elders. As a sideline he revealed the intricacies of the Charleston to its many devotees.

A year later he returned North and, out of 610 applications for the position of announcer at Station WJZ, was one to be selected, joining the company of the famous "Four Horsemen of the Air," the foremost group of radio announcers ever to be heard from the station, Norman Brokenshire, J. Lewis Reid, Milton J. Cross and Herbert B. Glover, the latter now news manager of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Ted Husing's rise to the front ranks of Radio was rapid, for in less than six months he was brought to Washington to announce the chain broadcasts for WRC. Here he was kept busy, for, in one day alone, he introduced the President on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the National Press club, introduced him again from the Pan-American building where the Congress of Journalists was in session, and announced the U. S. Marine Band and a speech by Vice-President Dawes.

ANOTHER six months passed and Ted was called back to WJZ at the inception of its 50,000-watt transmitter, where, with Major J. Andrew White, "dean of all sports announcers," he covered all of the large football games broadcast over that station. He described the tennis matches out at Forest Hills when the Davis Cup was at stake, and later, the national championships. He was special dance band announcer, and, with his clever phrasings, delighted the Radio audience.

In January, 1927, he assumed the post of director of the Boston Evening Transcript's station, WBET. In July matters necessitated his being in New York, so he resigned his position and became assistant to the Director of Development of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chain of stations. His broadcasts of football games over WHN won favorable comments from both Radio critics and listeners all over the country. Football is a game that he knows thoroughly and, with his vivid description and sensational style of announcing the games, he is considered the leading announcer in that particular field.

This coming Christmas marks three years since he first came to the Columbia Broadcasting system as assistant to Major White, and, in that comparatively short time, he has

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FOOTBALL is a game Ted Husing knows thoroughly. His vivid descriptions and sensational style of announcing has made him a leader in that field.

National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
GENERAL LIBRARY
711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Russian Artist Aristocrat

Acts GYPSY PRINCESS

for the Two La Palina Programs

By Harold P. Brown

"DON'T go yet. Don't go until you meet the charming Mme. Zinaida Nicolina!" Bob Taplinger, eager, youthful and enthusiastic, manipulated my elbow and steered me to a rickety little chair in the main WOR studio on Broadway.

"You know she is a real discovery," he added. "wonderful voice and—er, exotic, you know. That foreign manner is real — you've heard her as the Gypsy princess in La Palina—she talks just like that naturally. Now, watch, here she comes—"

A slim graceful dark eyed young woman in rose red and a broad brimmed hat of the same color came in from another room just as the orchestra was getting ready to take the air. I always had enjoyed those merry tuneful roundelays of jolly bachelors at the La Palina club—and La Palina herself.

In some ways the scene was a disillusion, but the true picture that was substituted was just as savory and interesting. It was electric. Every person in the "act" was on tiptoe and the program clicked through with precision and a certain atmosphere of bursting, irrepressible joy. The laughing quips and repartee gave one the feeling of being in the presence of nimble wits and a sociable comraderie of good fellows.

La Palina, who was Mme. Zinaida Nicolina, regarded the microphone as her particularly favored and adored one. She clothed it with a living personality.



Zinaida Nicolina "La Palina"

AFTERWARD Bob presented me. She proved an amiable conversationalist and exercising my journalistic prerogative, I quizzed her concerning the exciting and highly adventurous circumstances of her career before she arrived in America.

We sat down by the great concert grand piano. Bob and Macy were having a few words about a new program. The musicians were packing up their instruments. The schedule had resumed in another studio.

"You are a native of Russia?" I asked.

"Yes, I was born in Koursk." A bit of pink came into the ivory of her cheeks. "This sounds like many questions to come, I know."

"Perhaps, unless you can tell me without my asking them. Of course you were in the revolution?"

"Ah indeed yes. My house was burned over my head and—and—"

"Were your people harmed?"

"God saved our lives." Zinaida turned her dark and shadowy eyes toward a long haired musician of swarthy complexion who was fastening the lid of a violin case—he seemed to be having trouble with it.

"I still feel cold shivers when I think of it." She shuddered. There are always spies and one never knows who hears."

And so this incident was dropped for the moment while the lagging violinist completed his arrangements for departure.

Zinaida's father was an important personage, a member of the aristocracy, a magistrate of the supreme court. Her cultural education began with her regular schooling. She was musically inclined so she began with the piano. As she grew into her teens she fell in love with the opera. She felt that she had a voice and she yearned for the role of a prima donna.

But her parents had no sympathy for her stage ambitions. They considered this an unworthy calling for one of her breeding. They firmly declined to sanction any effort on her part in this direction. But the young daughter proved she had the will of an artist fully confident of her ability. She began secretly to cultivate her voice. Friends who were admitted to her confidence gave her every encouragement. Already her piano lessons had brought her a prize through the Conservatory of Music in the Tschaikowski and Liszt concertos.

HER FIRST big opportunity came at a benefit performance. Still unaware of her vocal talents the parents sat in the audience and were astonished speechless when the young Zinaida was called upon for a difficult vocal selection. She responded with such success she received an ovation from the delighted audience. From that moment she was recognized as an artist with unusual talent.

Bit by bit the dark eyed young woman told her story with, of course, becoming modesty. She showed me some of her

(Continued on page 112)



RUTH MESSMER, whose voice matches the blue of her eyes, Messmerizes the Radio audience of KOIN with her wistful tunes and the blonde beauty of her personality. Yes, Anita Loos was right about the gentlemen.



IRMA GLENN, organist at WENR, was runner-up in the final elimination of 500 photos by which a committee of distinguished judges selected the world's most beautiful Radio artist for the 1929 Radio World's Fair.



ELSA GRAY, known to every Roxy fan as the original Roxy girl. Among the many musical comedy successes with much credit due to Miss Gray are "Irene" and "Lollipop." She was with Laurette Taylor in "Humoresque."



DOLORES CASSINELLI, familiar to listeners throughout the country as one of the stars of the Marvin Musicians of the NBC, has been declared a perfect type of Latin beauty by competent critics. She's a screen queen, too.



GRACE THOMAS, WKY artist, puts the soul of song in her mellow dramatic soprano voice. And looking at her here you can understand what that means and why she has gained such wide popularity as one of the "Fair of the Air."



GLADYS HUBNER radiates her beauty and charm over KOMO at Seattle where she is revered as one of the most popular artists of the Northwest. And is it any wonder now that your eyes are able to verify your ears?



LORRAINE ASHLEY is just one of the three Prairie Daisies at WLS, the Prairie Farmer station. Irma and Lorraine make a delighful duo and when the third sister joins it's just one-third sweeter.



FANCHON is called the stylist at KTAB, Pickwick station at Oakland, Calif., whose slogan is, "Knowledge, Truth and Beauty." She is one of the favored stars of the KTAB Players, noted for its Radio dramatics.

Professor Paul Whiteman,

Understands All About Blues Because He Has Been Through Deepest Indigo Himself

By Jean Campbell

HERE is where you get acquainted with the real Paul Whiteman. Miss Campbell brings you face to face with the man and lets him tell his own story in his own words. You will see the hand of Destiny creating a leader for a crisis. Like thousands of others Whiteman knew he was in the wrong groove. But he found the way out. In doing so he ascended a throne. It's just like a story book—only it's all true.

PAUL WHITEMAN, as America's Jazz King, confesses that he one day looked backward in great earnestness. That was several years ago when caustic criticism of the change he had made in the course of his musical career seemed somewhat overpowering.

Being a candid fellow, frank in the extreme even with himself, he admits now that he was looking backward for nothing more than an answer to the one great question of his critics—

"Why had he, a classical musician, a symphony orchestra player, reared in an environment where music was seriously classic or not even considered as music, become not only an exponent of jazz but eventually a musical reformer using jazz as his medium and finally achieved the sobriquet 'The King of Jazz'?"

He found the answer. And today in recalling and reciting his memoirs he smiles with the unshamed satisfaction of one who is sure of his course, swimming with the tide, doing the thing that he was cut out to do—

And now his work goes on without regret that in his case, as in many others, his earlier career actually stopped just because of "a sad moment of reflection when dissatisfaction was paramount and nothing seemed just right." That moment he cites as responsible for his seeming metamorphose from a classical symphony musician into a later day Jazz King.

But let Paul tell his own story from here on, then everyone will understand why those who already know his story and appreciate the motive-behind-the-man no longer call him the King of Jazz but confer the more academic title "Music Master to the Masses."

"ARE YOU superstitious? I am. One sad day many years ago, I did all of the tabooed things in one morning. I put my hat on the bed; spilled salt at breakfast; lost a button off my coat; cracked a mirror; and then walked under a ladder on my way to rehearsal with the San Francisco Symphony orchestra.

"When I got there two strings on my fiddle cracked and the bridge broke. I went home disgusted. I had been dissatisfied without realizing it even before that. Now I was downright blue.

"Did you ever really consider jumping in the ocean?

"Well, I considered jumping in the bay that night, but of course, that was only for a moment. Then I went to bed and posted a notice on my door that I was not to be disturbed.

"Notices of that sort meant nothing more to my old friend Walter Bell than an invitation to come in and see what was the matter. He was a muscular fellow musician and my avoirdupois did not phase him. He literally picked me up out of the slough of despond and headed me toward a 'hell hole' on the Barbary Coast. Here it was that Jazz and I met for the very first time, and I, at least, have since never been the same!

"Jazz bowled me over the moment I heard its screeching notes which seemed to strike at me from out of the not too pleasantly aromatic haze of a beer dive back room where men and women seemed to be contorting themselves in a queer gyration that stressed the mad house blare beat of the music.

"I watched near the door, I listened to the mad cries of the dancers. It was savage, no doubt of that, but it was only a moment before I was a savage on the edge of the tribal dance ring. My friend Bell urged me to a table for some beer. I reached it snapping my fingers, keeping time with my heels and crying for more with the rest of them!

"The blues? Who said I was blue? What about? Why, the world was a great place to live in. All men pals, all women beautiful. I wanted to shout, with the ecstasy of the spiritual release from all oppression that I felt, and so I did it. No one heard me. They were all doing the very same thing because they felt the very same way! Hurrah for JAZZ!

"I was, without realizing it, perhaps, for the first time in my life really expressing myself as a released human being. I was literally drunk with the rhythm of that rat-a-tat-tat music. Did I like it? Sure I did! So well that I never left it, and it never left me.

"As a matter of fact jazz saved my musical life. I was fed up, without knowing it, with my symphony work. I had reached a real crisis. My interest in the music I had heard and learned since babyhood had lagged. Yet I was not lazy. I was an ambitious lad. I wanted to amount to something but what it was I just did not know. Once I had thought of mechanical engineering as a profession. But I always forgot some cog in the wheels or some nut for a necessary bolt and none of my boyhood inventions would run.

"WAS I really tired of music—the only thing I thoroughly knew and thoroughly liked—or did I merely need a new musical medium?"

"Jazz was the answer to that for me. If it hadn't come along just then I frankly state that I might easily have become one of the world's most uninterested ne'er-do-wells.

"The line of least resistance was what I would have followed had I stayed any longer in symphony work. I could have gone only a little farther in the role of a symphony viola player. The stereotyped methods and follow-the-note-scores gave no reason for invention or display of creative genius of any sort. I flattered myself that I could be and do something original if I ever got the chance. Jazz gave me that chance.

"Mine was a vital make-up. I had too much energy, not too little. A lad of that sort uses his energy either in his work or in his play. Play to a symphony orchestra musician meant after-dark recreation. When away from home—wild parties mostly. And there was the incentive to further one's standing by buying plenty of drinks for one's superiors. When you 'set them up' you were also expected to drink them down. I'm a good-fellow in feeling. But my constitution is not the kind that can stand much punishment of that sort. Besides, drinking myself to death never did appeal to me although I'm not exactly a prohibitionist.

"At just past twenty-one I had not worked out any moral code. It would be nonsense to look back and claim that I had. But I knew that I did not like the sort of listless life that I was leading with seemingly nothing to do but follow one leader after another into one symphony group after another.

"Then there was that money question with which all symphony men were more familiar than most people. All of us were always bearing financial burdens because the pay in 1910 was so small that most symphony men held extra jobs. They had to, if they wanted to live decently.

"THERE was a time during my early symphony career when I actually drove a taxi-cab in my spare time to eke out enough money to pay my way. I never knew a symphony player who was not broke most of the time. Many of those boys who have joined my jazz band in later years could tell you that they never knew what it was to have money in their pockets to spare for little luxuries until I reclaimed them through jazz.

"To my caustic critics, to the preachers, the pedagogues; to all others I have since, and more than once, pointed out that for me jazz was nothing short of a moral agent. Yes, of course, they laughed at the idea, but that was their mistake, as I shall show you.

"You bet! I'm even willing to admit that jazz reclaimed me. It got a good chance to do it too. As soon as I heard it I knew it had a message for me—for others too—it was not music as I had known music. It was a sort of emotional language that had, peculiarly, an American twang to it. If I could only learn its queer rhythm, its more than syncopated beat, its barbaric emotional moods and put them down on a score that would give every single instrument a real part to play.

"That had never been done. That would develop this new

(Continued on page 120)

"Music Master to Masses"



AT THE age of 16 Paul Whiteman, as shown above, had no inkling of what was in store for him. Perhaps he had already begun to feel that music in its best accepted form was too frosty and cold for the great mass of humanity. Jazz had not yet made its debut.



VANDA HOFF, who became Mrs. Paul Whiteman, doubtless had a spirited influence in the upward trend of her husband's ultimate success. She had achieved national fame as an actress and the picture tells better than words the charm of her beauty and grace.



WE SEE here a slimmer Paul not long after the hard lean days, and just as he began to be known at the Palais Royal in New York City.

Craig Kennedy Follows Murderous Trail

The GIGOLO MYSTERY

Through the Perilous Web of Rum Running Lines the Detective and His Friend Gather Clews to the Strange Death of Lola Langhorne

Illustrated by W. H. WIEST



It was the mangiest looking crew imaginable. . . The captain finally whispered hoarsely to him and gestured in a general direction southward.

CRAIG KENNEDY and his newspaper friend, Walter Jameson, sat down to compare notes and incidents that might have a bearing on the mysterious death of beautiful Lola Langhorne.

"The ghastly green color of her skin should afford some kind of a clew," Jameson insisted; "but who had seen her die? All we know is that we found her dead, sitting at a table in the sinking Gigolo, which carried one hundred and ten cases of liquor—no other human being aboard.

"Of course Mazie Mellish, the dance hall girl, was vengeful. She tipped off the prohibition agents and she was jealous over her sweetie, Don the Dude—Trixie Dare had captured his affections. Masie, Trixie, Lola, Don and Eversley Barr escaped in Jake Merck's taxi from a raid on the Golden Glades. They fled to the Exclusive Club and there conspired to import and sell one hundred thousand cases of hootch. Lola had a small estate at St. James Harbor on Long Island where they could land the stuff. Ev Barr could back the deal as he had an allowance of $5,000 a month. They were joined by Warner Davis and Jean Bartow, and Davis was to dispose of the liquor in New York.

"Barr's cruiser was planned to bring it ashore. Then they

By ARTHUR B. REEVE, Author of Famous Craig Kennedy Detective Stories

had to have a barn or some place to store the liquor as soon as it was landed. So that brought little Judy Hancock, the banker's daughter into it and Judy was in love with Barr. Lola, Trixie and Judy were all in love with Eversley Barr. Judy was seventeen, but she imagined she was very wild, and she volunteered the use of her amateur wireless to signal the rum ship outside the twelve-mile zone. And then some person had planted a case of booze in her car and she was arrested.

"At last the coroner came on the scene and said that he had been unable to find any evidence of poison as the cause of Lola Langhorne's death. What then did cause her to die, her skin turning to vivid green?"

Judy, Kennedy the coroner and I stood there each with the same puzzling question in mind, "How did Lola Langhorne meet her death?"

Chapter IV.

THE DANCING MAN

BAFFLED, the coroner was regarding Kennedy as we stood for a moment on Main Street of the little village. "Oh, Miss Hancock, message for you!" A boy on a bicycle had pulled up to the curb, shoved an envelope into Judy's hand and before we knew it was gone around the corner.

Judy took it, a bit nonplussed by being recognized by a stranger. She tore the envelope open, read the scrawl on the inside, and in real terror now handed it to Craig.

We read it:

> Why involve Kennedy? Wasn't it enough to have McNaught get him in? Do you want to cut off the career of a brilliant criminologist by dragging him deeper into a sordid rum-running case? Keep out of it yourself. Let the Government bungle it.
>
> THE DANCING MAN

Judy was genuinely frightened. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kennedy—"

"That's all right, little girl. It looks as though this was really a threat to me to keep out of the case, more than to you." He studied the paper a moment, then turned to Dr. Gibson.



All the while I was watching the ratty crew and wondering what besides those we saw might be under cover down below in the hold or up in the fo'castle.

"To get back to our starting point, Doctor," he said briskly, "here's a girl, Lola Langhorne, found on a sinking cruiser, the 'Gigolo,' out in the middle of Long Island Sound, alone, dead! She is not drowned. She has not been shot. There is not a mark of violence, apparently, on her body. Yet you tell me, Doctor, that she was not poisoned!"

I was following Craig closely, approving his bluntness.

"No," confessed the coroner, "there's nothing, not a thing I can find. Not a trace of poison even in the stomach."

"Will you turn the case over to me, Doctor, as far as you are concerned?"

"Absolutely—and gladly!"

AS WE left Dr. Gibson driving up the street, Kennedy turned to little Judy. Judy was full of the threat of the note. But Craig was not quite ready for that, yet.

"Now, Judy," he said gravely, "you've heard enough about Lola Langhorne already to realize that you have been a very foolish little girl, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Kennedy. Frankly I have. And that note—"

"You came to me for help, Judy, didn't you?"

"Y-yes." She hesitated as if fearful he would refuse.

"The price of that is that you play on the level with me. You're afraid of your father just now. You're not going to slip back into this mess, are you? Suppose you did not go right home. Where would you go, honestly?"

She looked at him directly. There was no evading this man. She thought quick. "Oh, I'd go to Aunt Julia Keasley's in Oldfield."

"Very good, then. We'll consider that a promise on your honor. Now first let's get this straight, just where you really think your little playmates in this fatal society rum-running are now."

Of course Kennedy was seeking more clews from Judy on which to work. Without a doubt she had them, without knowing them. She was thinking it over carefully.

"Now, don't hold back anything. Come clean. Where are they all, the people in this affair?"

"Where are they all? The people in it? Well, Eversley Barr owns that boat, the 'Gigolo.' He is out on the tanker, 'All Alone,' somewhere beyond the twelve-mile limit, with the rest of the stuff."

"Could you reach him?"

She hesitated. "I could try."

"How?"

"On the Radio." She said it doubtfully.

"But you lost contact with them out on the tanker, you said."

"I might pick them up again."

"WE'LL TRY it later. The immediate question is picking up what we can ashore before it is too late. Now, for instance, I've met that girl, Maisie Mellish," he added, changing the subject and watching Judy's face keenly.

"Oh, so then you know about Trixie Dare and Donato already? They're out on another boat."

"Yes; and I know about Warner Davis and Jean Bartow."

"They're supposed to be on Captain Ryder Smith's trawler, the 'Alert.' Ryder Smith was supposed to be on the 'Gigolo.' But he seems to have disappeared as if the waves had swallowed him up. Of course, there's Jake Merck ashore, somewhere in the city, I guess."

"Well," I interrupted, "eliminating them one by one as you have enumerated them, Craig, I would say that the first to be found ought to be this Captain Ryder Smith. He was on the 'Gigolo' when it started from the rum boat out there—and certainly not on it when we sighted it from the air here. Find Ryder Smith and we have the key, I would say."

"It sounds simple, Walter. But where would you begin?" Kennedy passed the buck right back to me. "Elimination is the first step in running down a mystery, true. But not too fast, Walter."

I shifted my ground. "What poison was it then? Why not tackle that next?" I had a vivid picture of what we had seen. "How did she get it? I can't forget it—her face—that green!"

"Now that Dr. Gibson has stepped out of the way, I think I could tell that quickly. I have an idea how it was done."

"How?"

"I'd rather not say until I have a chance to check up and confirm my suspicion."

I knew it was useless for me to pursue the subject. Nothing would draw a word, except of evasion, from Kennedy until he was absolutely sure of his ground.

"The question is, then, who is this Dancing Man?" I speculated. "Is that a cover? Who's ashore? Merck!"

"Not necessarily from anyone ashore," considered Kennedy. "Someone might have an agent ashore. Now, Judy, what about Donato, this Don the Dude? He's quite a well known night-life character. Did—er—Don ever try to get familiar with you?"

"HE THINKS all the girls fall for him! But I care too much for Ev Barr—and, besides, it makes Trix furious every time he looks at another girl. Why, he might have sent that note—that is, had someone ashore send it for him.

"That wasn't just why I asked. I was interested in his habits and his hangouts. Don the Dude was one of the moving spirits in getting this unfortunate affair started. Once we get started on him right, we might break the case wide open and find out who killed Lola Langhorne. It is one way of getting at it. The point is—is there any place out here where Donato used to go?"

"The Exclusive Club—their country roadhouse, over at Landing. He introduced us there. We all used to drop in there. They—"

"Then that's where I am going. But I think you had better not go, Judy, not after that note. You go to your aunt's. Whom shall I ask for, in order to get in right?"

"Ask for Julius. You can use our names."

It was not long after we saw Judy unwillingly on her way to her aunt's before we arrived at the Exclusive Club roadhouse. It was a long, low, earth-clinging building, like an old English manorhouse. Once it had been an estate but now it was a roadhouse. It was near the water and on the roadside before it stood an old ship's figurehead of Hercules on a pedestal. Hercules had once drifted up from a wreck in a storm.

There was a wide porch, one end of which was closed in to make a dining room for all the year. We entered, seeking this end, where Kennedy picked out a corner, nodding as he did so to a bus-boy, "Send Julius—only Julius, mind."

Kennedy has a way of making himself familiar with strange places and strangers. By the time Julius arrived he was ready to greet him as a long-lost friend.

"Any of the old crowd here?" asked Kennedy. "We just left Judy. I saw Maisie this morning, too, over at Port."

Julius nodded. "Maisie's been here, too—just left half an hour ago, in a taxi."

"Yes? With Jake Merck?" Kennedy hazarded.

Julius nodded. Business was what he was there for and he disappeared to execute our orders.

I glanced at Kennedy. "Do you suppose Maisie is double-crossing McNaught and the Government—or is Merck 'taking her for a ride?'"

"I hope it's not a stall, for us," was all he replied. Then as Julius returned with his tray, "I thought Merck was operating some trucks?"

Julius nodded. "He was; getting some stuff into the city."

"Do you know where?"

Julius shook his head. "I suppose Deitz knows."

"Sure; Deitz, Broadway and Forty-second. Say, would you give me a card to Dietz, with an O. K.? I'm buying some good stuff, if I can get it right.

Julius was scrawling an address and an O. K. on the back of one of his cards when a boy came with a telephone message.

"Mr. Kendrick?"

It was the fictitious name we had agreed on before leaving Judy and Craig nodded.

"Telephone, sir."

Kennedy rose, and in a couple of minutes was back from the booth. "It was Judy, as you guessed, no doubt, Walter. I think we'll be moving on to the city. She tried to get the 'All Alone' again by Radio at her aunt's. No answer. But she got the trawler, 'Alert,' you know Ryder Smith's boat, with Warner Davis and Jean Bartow on it. The 'All Alone' has put out to sea, disappeared, moving to some other place where the Government boats are not so active."

"Where?" I asked blankly.

"That's why we have to go into the city—this Deitz is the one to tell us in a hurry!"

Chapter VI.

FLAPPERS AND BOOTLEGGERS

IT WAS the opening Kennedy had been seeking in the case. Hitherto it had been like trying to move a spherical safe; no corners to take hold of. Here was an angle.

It was not long, therefore, before we were back in the city seeking out the syndicate bootlegger, Deitz, in the Broadway and Forty-second Street Building. He was there, all right, doing business under the guise of a law firm whose name was on the door and whose sheepskins and leather books were in the outer office.

What interested me much was the number of girls about as we entered the building. It was in the district where there are many theatrical and motion picture enterprises. But I felt that that did not wholly account for it. The fact was that here was an alliance of flappers and bootleggers. One might well despair of the great moral reform with the noble motive.

We had not so much as got to the elevators when Kennedy turned suddenly aside and greeted a girl who had been talking to a lounge lizard in a belted coat, tailored up to the minute. To my amazement I saw that it was Maisie Mellish!

"How did you get here? I thought you were out in the country to aid Mr. McNaught."

"I was; sure. But he beat it somewhere on his own business. Why should I neglect mine?" She slid the chewing gum back

(Continued on page 104)

PARAMOUNT Expects to Recruit New Screen Stars From Radio Talent Through Merger With Columbia



Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll Become Radio Stars

Radio and "Talkies"
UNITED

PAINTED Dolls of the Silver Screen and Royalty of the Air United in Columbia-Paramount Alliance

NOW COMES the wedding of the painted dolls of the silver screen and the royalty of the air. Indulgent audiences have been watching the growing romance with the keenest of interest. These pages in Radio Digest have told of the intermingling of talent as developed in California, so that the voices of the Radio stars were combined in talking pictures with personalities of the screen.

It has all come to pass with the happy alliance of Columbia and Paramount. On the night of September 21 the nuptial ceremonies were flashed across the continent with the inauguration of the Paramount-Publix Radio hour. The guests were indeed legion. They comprised the united audiences of fifty-three prominent broadcasting stations.

If it may be said that the Columbia Broadcasting System took a bride it may also be said that the bride brought a dowery of $5,000,000 and in the Columbia family circle are five new members in the board of directors from the Paramount circle.

Most significant are the whispers from the backstairs that while in the main the Paramount-Famous-Lasky kinfolk are out to use the air for exploitation of the screen stars it is confidentially hoped that the Columbia family will produce a flock of microphone artists superbly fitted to work on the lot for song and dialog films.

And Tinpan Alley is all agog over this prospect. These are golden days for the long-haired boys and short-haired girls who key their existence by the typewriter and piano. Their peddling days are over. Big producers are knocking at their doors.

Columbia-Paramount stars participated in the festivities as one united family. Their voices were picked up here and there across the continent wherever they happened to be beginning with the Long Island studios and on to Hollywood on the West Coast. It was a most gala event. And among those who participated was the smiling pair in the above picture, Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll, who joined in a novelty instrumental and singing duet.



Harriet Lee, contralto of the Ceco Couriers



This Morning Parade band at WTMJ commences getting hot during the otherwise cool moments from 7 to 7:45 a. m. Imagine conditions 'round about 11 p. m.



Norman S. Barnes who puts the spark of good cheer over the air from WEBC at Duluth



These Wonder Bakers know their do, ra, me when it comes to Ra-de-o on the net



Frances McMahon, Happy Harmonica Lady, who entertains netlisteners as a one-person orchestra



When the Dobyns Shoestrings start lacing the old cat on fiddle, guitar and banjo at KGER, Long Beach, Calif., you hear something



It's a sober hard working orchestra they have at WJAG at Norfolk, Neb.



Here is the face of the Voice of Alabama, Sam Benton, WAPI, Birmingham



S. F. Northcott has long been identified with WBCM at Bay City. His voice is well known not only in Michigan but across the border in Canada

Emery Deusch and his Gypsy Orchestra bring romance and campfire scenes to listeners throughout the country via the Columbia System





MacInnes Three Musketeers, WTAG, Worcester, Mass.—all for one and one for all. They draw their trusties and cleave the cleffs every Tuesday night at 9:30

Scotty McLaren with his highland burr is another favorite over the Michigan station at WBCM





Lady Hay came down to earth from the Zep to broadcast over NBC at San Francisco



"Amos, as a fresh air steno, I thinks you is a good taxi pilot, das what I think," says Andy



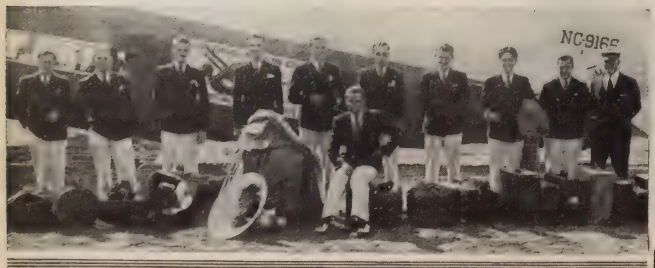
Sir Harry Lauder made his American Radio debut a short time ago from New York. Mike always was partial to the Scotch



Violet Johnson is the charming little Cornhusker who fiddles and sings over KSO



World War vets have a warm spot in their hearts for Ted Tanner who makes the WEBC programs at Duluth vital with human interest



Radio made this orchestra famous, and that's one reason why Guy Lombardo is so popular he has to trundle his Royal Canadians about by airplane to keep his dates



Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, played to a crowded studio at the New York NBC



Lawrence Carlson is a knockout at WCFL, Chicago. He stars with the Monday Night Farm Fiddlers



This the "vera effigie" of the president of the Radio Club de Cuba.

A rare camera study of George Gershwin, creator of "Rhapsody in Blue," and one of America's greatest composers





Those Hawaiian Storeys are true. Left to right, Harley Wendt and Bud Wendt; then come the three Hawaiian Storeys, Marshall, Royal and Dave Storey, KSTP

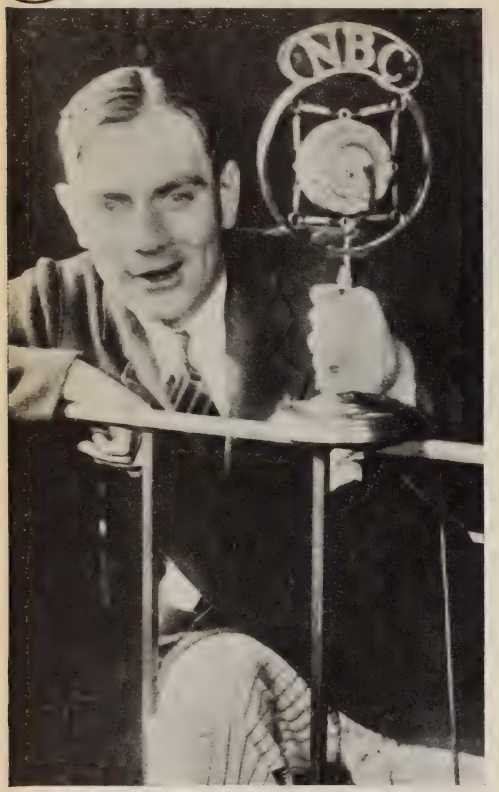


Pretty soon you'll hear axes ring and trees falling, the Sylvania Foresters seem about to break forth into one of their famous medleys

Bill Munday Talks a la "Jawja"

POPULAR NBC Sports Expert

Also Qualifies as a Baseball Pitcher and Reporter



WILLIAM C. MUNDAY, Jr., or just plain Bill Munday, as he prefers to be called, is a lawyer. That is, he could be if he wanted to, but he likes writing sports for the Atlanta, Georgia, Journal and sitting in front of the mike describing football games for NBC listeners better. Bill has a personality all his own, and the games he carries to the Radio listeners have a little something added that helps to bring them right into the room. His Southern drawl, so popular with fans all over the country, is not forced or exaggerated.

LEGAL records give his name as William C. Munday, Jr. Chicago Radio scribes nicknamed him the "crap-shooting announcer."

But to millions of followers of sports and to Radio listeners from coast to coast he's Bill Munday—and he prefers it that.

Munday, were he so inclined, could practice law at the Georgia bar. Or, if anxious to acquire a fashionable sun tan, he could spend a season in the pitcher's box of some minor league in the Southeast. He prefers to write sports for the Atlanta Journal and this fall he will have another job to handle that is very much to his fancy—describing football games for listeners to the National Broadcasting company's coast to coast network.

Arrangements have been completed by the NBC to have the drawling "Jawja" boy describe ten of the outstanding intercollegiate gridiron spectacles of the season. His first broadcast of the season was an account of the Yale-Georgia tilt at the University of Georgia Stadium, Athens, Ga., the afternoon of October 12.

Munday was born in Atlanta on Labor Day, 1903, and, according to himself has "been laboring ever since." He graduated from the University of Georgia when he was 20 and was admitted to the Georgia bar immediately—making him the youngest attorney in the records of the state. He didn't take law very seriously, however, and continued to cover sports events for the Atlanta Journal, a job he'd held since he was 15 years old. Incidentally he has covered for his paper every game played by the University of Georgia eleven since 1920 and he has followed his alma mater's team into twenty-seven states.

He made his debut as a broadcaster through station WSB in Atlanta when he described a basketball game. That was several years ago.

HIS debut as a network announcer and also as a broadcaster of football was made last October when Yale played Georgia. Phillips Carlin, NBS sports announcer for the game, sent a note to Munday, who was in the press box, to give a resume of the game between halves. Munday took to the microphone like a chorus girl to a news photographer. Carlin told Graham McNamee about the clever sports writer in Atlanta and when McNamee described the Georgia Tech-Notre Dame game in Atlanta he called upon Munday for a resume. The result was that when Georgia Tech played Southern California in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena last December Munday was at the microphone for two quarters of the game. Another good sports announcer has been discovered.

It was during the Pacific Coast game that Munday coined his famous "crapshooters' formation" phrase. He used it to describe huddles and the phrase caught on. Thousands of letters of comment on the Georgian's drawling delivery and his apparent perfect understanding of the game followed.

In February he was at the microphone for the NBC when the Sharkey-Stribling bout in Miami was described. More favorable comment followed and the arrangement to have him cover ten games this fall was the result.

Munday likes Radio broadcasting he says. He compares the microphone to a typewriter and tries to paint his picture with spoken words instead of written ones. He tries to forget himself as he talks and to let his mind and spoken words follow every phase of the game he is witnessing.

He has never had "mike fright" he says, and when he was broadcasting the game in Pasadena his only emotion, in addition to his interest in the game, was that he was homesick. He had married a short time before he left for the coast.

"So I just—just pretended I was talking to my bride," he said. "It was one of the few domestic scenes in which I did all the talking."

HIS biggest thrill in football came when the University of Georgia, with a team rated as mediocre, met Georgia Tech last fall and made a touchdown in the first five minutes of play.

While he has broadcast descriptions of baseball, basketball and football, as well as one important boxing bout, he likes football best of all because it gives him the feeling of a war correspondent describing the maneuvers of two armies on a battlefield. At the same time he believes football is the hardest sport to describe because, on an average, the ball is in motion only nine minutes out of the sixty minutes of play.

He enjoys working side by side with McNamee but at the same time is very anxious to avoid using McNamee's style—to be himself, in other words.

He played baseball on the Georgia U team and was a southpaw pitcher, which he describes as "the lowest form of animal life." He also has hurled for teams in the Piedmont and South Atlantic baseball leagues. He never considered professional baseball as a serious career, he says.

Munday enjoys reading the letters from Radio listeners—he received many of them after the California game. He doesn't mind being kidded, as he believes that people usually like the persons they poke fun at. He also finds many sensible suggestions scattered through the letters and thinks that Radio entertainers should read the applause mail as carefully as an actor listens to applause during the production of a play.

His southern drawl, which attracted so much attention from the entire country, is not forced or exaggerated. His speech in ordinary conversation among friends is identical with that he uses on the air and he is an adept at coining unusual and often funny phrases and expressions.

HAL TOTTEN Going Big In SPORTS

By **Charles J. Gilchrest**

EXPERIENCE as Reporter Big Help to WMAQ Football and Baseball Expert Gives Snappy and Vivid Description of Action in Games

HAL TOTTEN is a great story teller. And his work in broadcasting major league baseball as well as college football and basketball for The Chicago Daily News Station WMAQ adds much to his already vast lore of sporting life.

In building up national renown for his Radio reporting on sporting events, Hal has been greatly aided by his earlier training in straight reporting for The Chicago Daily News.

Babe Ruth is one of the big timers in big league baseball whom Hal likes personally as much as do the thousands of fans who follow his home run average. The Babe and Mrs. Ruth are personal admirers of Hal's work.

Mrs. Ruth does not always attend the games when her famous husband knocks 'em out of the lot. There is too much excitement, people stare at her and give her so much attention that she would rather not be present.

So instead of going out to Comiskey park when the Yankees met the White Sox she went to the Congress hotel. There she joined friends and they tuned in WMAQ to hear Hal.

"And she's some critic, too," Hal states. "When the game is over Mrs. Babe always calls up and if I didn't do a good job I hear about it. But then she is just as free with her congratulations for good work.

"The Babe went in a slump last time the Yankees met the Sox here. They opened on Sunday and the first thing Babe did was to hurt his leg in the third inning.

"So to the showers and then up to the Congress hotel, where he joined Mrs. Ruth and the party. The sports writers at Comiskey park have a pool they run on the Babe. Each of the nine antes a dollar and the one with the inning in which Babe makes his home run takes all.

"Well, Babe went out at the third inning and the boys set up a howl. Who was going to get the nine dollars? I mentioned on the air what they were arguing about and right away Mrs. Ruth calls me on the phone.

"'Hal,' she said. 'Stop that pool. There's the jinx that put the Babe in the slump.'"

WMAQ's peerless sports announcer likes to hear from the oldtimers when baseball is on. He knows the history of the game so thoroughly that when names are mentioned of the big time players of a decade or more ago he knows who they are and just what they did.

THUS the biggest thrill he got out of the season this year was brought him by veterans who have long since given up the diamond. Joe Tinker came all the way up to Chicago to watch the Cubs work after having heard some of Hal's reports on his Radio set down in his home town in Florida. Joe was a member of Frank Chance's famous old time Cubs and one of the most famous doubleplay combinations of all times.

That combination, Tinker to Evers to Chance, has long since passed into history. But time was when it was deadly to those who opposed Chicago's Bruins. Chance of course has long since passed from this life, and Evers is now coach of the Boston Braves.

Jimmy Archer is another old timer of the Cubs who has come up to see Hal this year and congratulate him on his work over WMAQ. Also Frank Schulte, the home run king of his day, who was known as "Wildfire" when the Cubs had him.

Lefty Pearce used to pitch for Mr. Wrigley's outfit. Lefty tuned in Hal one day and got hot and bothered. The result was that he came to Chicago for his vacation and spent it watching the Bruins in action.

Surprisingly as it may seem, the girls are very rabid Cub fans, Hal has found out. They want autographs from Totten and don't care where the autograph is put. Some of them have brought him coin purses, pocketbooks, slickers, leather jackets and white shoes to autograph.

He has put his name, at the urgent request of the fair fans, on their shoulders and on their knees, on their dolls and even their dresses. One woman even brought him a wire haired terrier and a big red crayon. The terrier was soon strutting around with "Hal Totten" printed on his back. It wouldn't last long enough though, was the woman's complaint. Even that dog had to be washed once in a while.



HAL TOTTEN knows baseball, no question about that. Even the veterans of the diamond listen when Hal goes on the air, and he knows every one of the old timers, who they are and what they have done.

OWNERS of both the Chicago major league teams, the Cubs and the Sox, find Hal a great help in summer time. The families insist on vacations, and both William Wrigley, Jr., and Charlie Comiskey want to follow their team.

So both have turned to Radio. Wrigley tunes in Totten's reports at his Lake Geneva summer home, and often gets on the telephone afterwards to ask Hal about technicalities of the day's game. Comiskey does the same thing from Eagle River, farther up in Wisconsin.

When Johnnie Mostil was laid up with a broken leg he couldn't be with his Sox companions. So in his home in Whiting, Indiana, the Hose outfielder followed events through Hal's reports.

The same with Charlie Grimm. Charlie broke his hand and had to stay home in St. Louis. But the Cubs' captain didn't miss any of the games, thanks to Hal.

The toughest competition Hal ever had in broadcasting sports was when Knute Rockne went on the air. Notre Dame's famous coach broadcast a Northwestern-Dartsmouth game in Evanston from the booth next to Hal's.

"The wall between the booths was so thin," Hal tells, "that I couldn't help hearing him. Rockne knows football so well that he could tell just about what was happening just from seeing it start. I had to wait until it got going.

"That was tough competition. He knows so much more football than I do. But then I had been trained as a reporter and knew how to throw words around faster than he did. So we broke just about even.

"When talking about Northwestern," Hal added. "Don't forget Dick Hanley. That boy certainly has a store of stories from the grid. I get a lot of stuff for my stories in the sports section of the Daily News from Dick."

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NIGHT on the BANDA SEA

A MISCHIEVOUS PIRATE and a String of Race Horses Set Loose in Mad Panic on a Shipload of Terrified Passengers Make This Tale Thrilling and Unusual

By RALSTON LATTIMORE

EARLY in the morning the captain had put the ship in close to the coast of Timor. A fetid odor of drying copra, spoiled fish, and spice emanated from the brown parched hills splotched here and there with the blue green of tropical foliage. The north end of the island which we were passing was said to belong to the Portuguese, but from the barren aspect of the shores that confronted us, it did not look as if they were doing much to improve their property. Through field glasses several lonely whitewashed bungalows were visible and a cluster of grass huts shaped like bee hives on stilts. Standing in the shadow of one of these huts two or three naked brown people were watching the ship. This was the beginning of the East we had come so many thousands of miles to see. It was disappointing, but we were too hot to be concerned.

For over a week it had been too hot. Ever since we had doubled Cape York and left Thursday Island behind, a purple dot in Torres Strait, we had been steaming with the wind, a wind, so slight that it left the surface of the sea a green glass mirror to reflect the white hot rays of the sun. And always with us was the disgusting, acrid smell of sweating horses and the stables. The odor enveloped us like a filthy garment we could not shed. It permeated our food and we breathed it when we slept.

Stabled aft on the main deck were sixty horses, the most valuable portion of the ship's cargo next to the twenty thousands in gold coin destined for the Bank of Holland in Batavia for the account of some wealthy Englishman. The horses were being transported from South Australia to the racetracks of Singapore and Medan. Out from Sydney, when the sea was high and waves frequently swashed the decks, the animals were terrified and struggled to break out of their stalls, but north of Brisbane, after we entered the channel back of Great Barrier reef, they calmed down a bit.

However, it was obvious that they did not care for ocean travel. Nervous and impatient at being cooped up in stalls in which they could neither turn around nor lie down, they stamped the deck with their hoofs, jerked at their halters, and tried to bite the native boys who came to feed them.

IT WAS impossible to clean the stalls properly and in the fearful heat along the equator, the odor grew in strength each day until one of the passengers in describing the journey



As if by magic two horses leaped furiously from the shadows . . . rearing, kicking and pawing they assumed gigantic proportions in the uncertain light.

said that it was like drifting through eternity on a corpse. After the first week, the twenty odd passengers had found out everything there was to know about each other and thenceforth were bored with personal histories.

The ship, the *S. S. Van Hooten*, a Dutchman in the Indies-Australia trade with her home port at Batavia, made six round trips annually between Singapore and Melbourne. The officers were all self expatriated Hollanders on whom good beer and the indolent climate had had an effect. The captain was a jolly character who scoffed at the stirring romances of Joseph Conrad and who loved to describe the horror of death by cholera. The crew was an ill assortment of Javanese, islanders, Arabs, and Chinese boys from the cut-throat island of Hainan. Most of them wore a one-piece garment wrapped around their middle like an infant's diaper.

As I lay sweltering in a deck chair after lunch, I tried to reconcile myself to the philosophy that one must traverse all parts of the world to know what parts to avoid. The only sound was the throbbing of the engines and the high pitched droning chatter of a fat chimney builder from Chicago who was haranguing his wife over innumerable mugs of beer in the smoking room. It was the siesta hour and he was using the time to discuss the possibility of remodeling the Orient in accordance with an American ideal of progress. "Pep! That's what they need! Pep! Imagine sleeping all afternoon in Chicago!"

It was, indeed, a deplorable thought. However, at the moment I wished with all my heart that I might go to sleep and sleep forever in the midst of the Banda Sea.

We had long left the inhospitable shores of Timor in the haze astern and were now headed for Celebes across a cauldron of simmering brass. I moved over to the rail in hope of finding a stray breath of air. Far off on the horizon the sun was drawing water and columns of vapor were rising to the sky like steam from the surface of a boiling kettle.

A small dark speck on the desert of water caught and held my attention. Here at last was something to look at. Wondering what the tiny object might be. I was about to reach for a field glass that was dangling from the back of a steamer chair, when suddenly the ship swerved sharply out of her course and bore down in the direction of the speck I had just been watching. Here was mystery to pique the dullest curiosity.

I seized the field glass and trotted forward. Through the glasses the speck became an outrigger canoe. I could see no one in it, but my blood tingled with excitement, for I knew that no captain would proceed out of his course to examine a derelict canoe. The little boat was at least a hundred miles from the nearest land, and had probably drifted loose from some fishing fleet of catamarans.

The howling of the natives, the wailing of the women, the crying of the horses, the cursing of the men resounded like a medley of doom.



From the topmost rung of the ladder that led to the bridge, I could see into the canoe. There was a whitish object in it, but I could not distinguish what it was. We were now a half mile away. I looked again through the glasses. . . .

THE SCENE comes back to me now. . . . The whitish object is a man. He is lying motionless in the bottom of the canoe. There is a sharp blast from the ship's whistle. I am so startled that I nearly loose my foothold on the ladder. The man in the

(Continued on page 101)

"Tell the World," WLAC Motto

Thrift Station at Nashville Places no Limit on Size of its Radio Audience

DOWN in Old Tennessee, right in Nashville, is a station that can be easily considered one of the voices of the Old South. It has talked to the world, and via return mail has come such a generous response of letters as to overwhelm the staff.

Australia had its say; New Zealand came over the Pacific with its messages and letters; New Foundland and Edmonton, Alberta, Can., expressed their reactions, and most of the cities and towns in the United States have found representation in the mail that has come to WLAC.

WLAC is known as the Thrift Station of the Life and Casualty Insurance company, and it has been in operation since August 6, 1928. The studio control room is located in the fifth floor of the insurance company's building, right in the heart of the City of Nashville.

Five miles out of Nashville in a Spanish bungalow, where the engineer lives in cozy style, is the transmitter of WLAC. The apparatus is Western Electric of 5,000 watts, the station being the first to go on the air using a Western Electric crystal control.

The studio is operated under the able management of John A. Lewis, one of the South's well-known baritones. He is assisted by William S. Perry, director of musical activities, who was Tennessee's representative in 1927 in the Atwater Kent contest, and Luke Lea Roberts, director of publicity.

The staff includes William O'Connor, another state champion in the Atwater Kent contest in 1928. He is a capable executive, a good mixer and the type of personality that is popular in a studio.

The staff orchestra is a crack organization which functions under the baton of Vito Pelletierri, formerly of the Andrew Jackson hotel. Last year it was voted the most popular orchestra in the South in the Radio Digest Poll, and for many months held the lead in this contest.

The third anniversary of the founding of the station will be celebrated November 28, 1929.





John A. Lewis, manager of WLAC. Inset, staff orchestra, Vito Pelletierri, director. Below, Bungalow housing transmitter and towers near Nashville.

HE SENDS THOUGHTS Through THE ETHER

DUNNINGER Projects Telepathic Images to Listeners Over the N B C Chain on the Ghost Hour Feature.

By William Burke Miller

DOUBTLESS the world's strangest experiment in telepathy was staged by Dunninger this summer, when he successfully projected by Radio one of three test thoughts to more than 55 per cent of his listeners in the Ghost Hour feature of the National Broadcasting company.

Had the 55 per cent accurately received two of the three telepathic images, psychic experts would have been forced to admit the results as evidential. As it was, Dunninger established the most impressive grounds for further experiment in electro-telepathy to be found on official record.

"It is extremely significant," Dunninger declares, "that it was by the aid of Radio that the new record was established. No one is positive by exactly what means Radio waves reach the listener, and perhaps in its rays will be found a clue to the understanding of what telepathy really is."

Dunninger's experiment was not complicated. As an opening feature of the NBC's "Ghost Hour" he announced that he would attempt to project through the ether over the Radio waves three images; one the name of an American President, the second a number of three digits, and lastly a simple drawing of a geometrical figure.

A few seconds of concentration before the microphone was all Dunninger required to transmit the mental images, and he invited his listeners in many important cities of the United States to report what they received.

"THE correct answers were sealed in an envelope just before the broadcast, and left in the hands of Reinald Werrenrath, noted concert baritone and member of the distinguished "test committee." This envelope was not opened until the following week, when S. L. Rothafel (Roxy), chairman of the committee, broke the seal and announced the correct answers in the "Ghost Hour" that night.

Over 2,000 replies were submitted to Dunninger by the Radio audience, revealing that more than 55 per cent had accurately received at least one of the three test ideas. This degree of accuracy is unheard-of, either by direct or indirect electric means.

"Many new angles of approach to the study of mental science are suggested by the results of the Radio test," Dunninger states. "For instance, the effects of distance seem erratic; listeners in St. Louis having been much more accurate than those in Detroit, but the lead of both cities overshadowed by the greater return from New York. On the other hand, Pittsburgh listeners seemed to get the images much more clearly than in Kansas City.

"Of the 2,000 replies, more than 40 per cent clearly received the thought of Abraham Lincoln as the American President; considerably less saw 397 as the correct 'number of three digits,' but an amazing number clearly saw the simple drawing I intended—a small house with four windows and one door, with crude chimney and plain triangular roof.

"Many even intuitively perceived that ideas No. 1 and No. 3 were connected; they associated the thought of President Lincoln with a rude log cabin. Others said they could not draw, but described the house perfectly.

(Continued on page 120)



DUNNINGER, exponent of mental telepathy, is shown above in the act of transmitting thoughts by Radio. In a recent test through the NBC he projected one of three thoughts to 55 per cent of his audience.

Airy Gossip of the Studios

Life as It Really Is in the News of Developments in Stories of What the

Bits of Air Gossip

FROM the East—from the West—from the North—from the South—from all over this great continent come demands for more news of what is going on in the broadcasting stations. The great army of listeners, readers of Radio Digest, is seeking information, seeking facts and seeking gossip—news of any kind and all kinds, concerning their favorite station, concerning the favorite stars they hear but cannot see.

In answer to this ever increasing demand the editors of Radio Digest have inaugurated this section. For the convenience of the reader it has been divided into six sections, the East, the South, the Middle West, the West, the Far West and Canada. Still another grouping has been provided for interesting items of Radio news that do not fall into any definite geographical section. This has been classified as general and leads the other divisions.

The cooperation of broadcasting stations is asked in making this department of Radio Digest as complete and as interesting as possible. The aim is to include as many stations and as much news as space permits.

Radio as Missionary

The use of Radio as an aid to missionary work is the experiment to be made by the Rev. Julian Hartig of Cincinnati, Ohio, and eight American associates at their new post in the province of East Hupeh, China.

By means of a receiving set, to be installed in the Catholic Mission at Wuchang by the Crosley Radio corporation, the Rev. Hartig hopes to spread the doctrine of peace and good will throughout that particular section of war-torn China.

The Rev. Hartig and his band of crusaders sailed from San Francisco on September 13. Just before the party left Cincinnati it was suggested to the Rev. Hartig that Radio might prove to be a valuable aid in Christianity's invasion of the Orient. It was pointed out that religious services and educational programs broadcast from the Radio stations on the coast of China could easily be received at the mission in Wuchang, about 550 miles inland. Programs are broadcast both in Chinese and in English.

The Rev. Hartig was enthusiastic in his approval of the idea.

"I am sure that Radio will be an important factor in the march of civilization through the Orient," he said. "To the natives in the far reaches of the interior we can bring many of the advantages which the civilized cities of the coast of China now enjoy. The uncultured inhabitants of the inland province will be able to hear instructive lectures by China's leading educators; keep in touch with current events, and enjoy the world's best music.

"The Radio should be especially helpful to the native boys at the mission who are studying to become Chinese Catholic priests. The broadcasts given in English will help them learn our language."

The youthful priest said he believed that the novelty of the Radio would attract to the mission many Chinese who otherwise might reject the overtures of the missionaries.

Hear Gloria's Debut

THROUGH the activities of the National Broadcasting company Gloria Swanson, singing in London, was heard in this country. The program in which she was heard was rebroadcast on short waves from 5SW at Chelmsford, England, and was picked up at the RCA experimental station at Riverhead, Long Island. It went on land wires to the NBC studios in New York for distribution to a network of seventeen stations from WEAF, New York.

The rebroadcast came as a surprise to Radio listeners and was at the conclusion of the regular Thursday afternoon Radio-Keith-Orpheum program. Miss Swanson was introduced from the London studios of the British Broadcasting company by L'Estrange Fawcett, British film critic. It was her first Radio appearance, she said, and her soprano voice singing "Love" came clearly across the Atlantic.

Gloria's Radio appearance was in connection with her debut in the talkies in "The Trespasser." Her song was written by Elsie Janis.

On Changing Habits

RADIO is responsible for changing the habits of the American people, according to Morgan L. Eastman, manager of WENR. The first big change to be noticed, according to Mr. Eastman, is that the business offices are opening much later in the morning, particularly in the cities. Many of them don't start the day until nine, and even ten o'clock, whereas the employe formerly appeared on the scene about eight.

"For some time it has been noted that people are retiring later at night and arising later in the morning," says Mr. Eastman. "While this is not entirely due to Radio, I believe that it has had some effect. Not only in the city, but in the country as well, people are sitting up just a little later at night to listen to Radio programs. Some of the best features are heard the latter part of the evening, and distance reception is particularly good at that time.

"Heretofore there has been little change in the habits of people who live in small towns and in the rural districts, because there are few attractions in such places to keep them up late at night. With the advent of Radio this was changed and an era of 'late rising' is making itself noticed."

Our Doctors of Noise

"SAY, DOC, how do you make a noise like a cat purring?"

The doctor is the "Doctor of Noise" at any broadcasting studio and the question, or one like, is just something in the ordinary routine as a dramatic, or other program is in process of rehearsal. The profession of noise making, which is growing and developing every day in the studios, is explained by John Morris, control room engineer of WENR.

"Within the past year, we have seen the development of the Radio sketch in broadcasting," says Mr. Morris. "These sketches require properties just as the stage does, except that they are invisible. In almost every sketch it is necessary to imitate some extraneous mechanical noise. Either the listening audience hears the whir of an airplane, the popping of a machine gun, the buzz of a saw, or some other effect.

"One of the eccentricities of Radio is the fact that under our present methods of transmission and reception a noise over the air doesn't sound as it would in first hand contact with the human ear. An example is the revolver shot. Heard over the air it does not sound like the report of a gun, consequently we have had to experiment to determine what kind of a noise will imitate such a report. At present, practically every large station in the country is experimenting on noise and many interesting and unique effects have been worked out. For instance, a machine gun is imitated by stretching wires across a drum and snapping them by means of a ratchet arrangement.

An airplane motor heard over the air in reality is only a small electric motor which revolves rapidly, permitting a whirling strap to just touch the face of the drum. A riveting machine is nothing more nor less than the same motor and strap used in conjunction with a small tom-tom. Two blocks of wood covered with sand paper will imitate the scratching of a needle on a phonograph record, a soft shoe dance, or a locomotive starting up. Again using the motor and the strap attached and letting the strap hit the bass strings on a piano will give you a buzz saw. The roar of the surf is made by putting shot in a tin receptacle.

"Singularly enough, wind is one of the few sounds that is produced in the same way for both stage and Radio productions. This machine is known as a 'wind machine' and is merely a series of wooden cross pieces on a wheel which revolves inside of a strip of canvas. In the meantime, demands are constantly being made for new noises, and the noise maker in a broadcasting station sometimes has to experiment for days before he can accurately produce the effect desired."

Singers Seek Honors

HUNDREDS of ambitious young men and women have been singing and singing these last few weeks—singing against each other and with a great goal before them. The reason for this mighty burst of vocal efforts is the search of broadcast directors and announcers of forty-five of the most powerful Radio stations in the country for America's best young voices.

The occasion is the 1929 National Radio audition, which is putting on the air the voices of these young singers. Broadcast directors have welcomed the

from Atlantic to Pacific

Great Broadcasting Stations

Radio Land and Personal Artists Are Doing

audition as an opportunity to co-operate in finding new voices for their own use as well as to promote the purposes of the Atwater Kent foundation, sponsor of the contest. The ten best young men and women singers, as judges in this series of auditions, will share in $25,000 cash awards and ten musical scholarships.

Of all the trials and tribulations of a broadcaster's life the worst has to do with trying out new voices. The Radio interests are constantly seeking new talent and new singers and the audition tests gives them an opportunity of selecting the best that is available.

Keith McLeod of the National Broadcasting company; George D. Hay of WSM, Nashville, the "Solemn Ol' Judge"; Pat Barnes of WGN, Chicago; Paul Heitmeyer of KGW, Portland, Oregon, and the "Hoot Owls Club"; Stanley Hubbard of KSTP, St. Paul; George Junkin of KMOX, St. Louis; Lambdin Kay of WSB, Atlanta; W. J. Damm of WTMJ, Milwaukee; Ralph Edmunds of WRC, Washington; James F. Clancy of WTIC, Hartford; Robert L. Kelly of WWJ, Detroit; Eugene Konecky of WOW, Omaha; Carl T. Nunan of KPO, San Francisco, are some of the nationally famous broadcast officials who have become state managers or chairmen or committee members of the National Radio audition and have placed their stations at the disposal of the audition for broadcasting the young singers' trials.

Local auditions have been held in more than 1000 communities, with all of the powerful stations assisting the Foundation broadcasting the local, state and district auditions. Stations such as WEAF, WGN, WSB and others are planning to handle al three steps to the finals, which will be broadcast from New York in December over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting company.

* * *

Vacation time held at least one big thrill for La Veta Barnett, NBC program official. While playing about in Canada she had a sky trip in the plane used by Floyd Bennet in his fatal attempt to rescue the Bremen flyers.

* * *

The microphone couldn't spare Eddie Thorgersen even when he was on his vacation in Montreal. Arrangements were made for Eddie to commute between Canada and the NBC New York studios for the Lucky Strike dance programs every week.

China Planning Big

PLANS for Chinese entry into broadcasting on an extensive scale in the near future are under development by the Nationalist government, according to Dr. Tsen Cha Tsao, a member of the Radio division of the National Counsel of Reconstruction in China. Dr. Tsao visited the United States to make a survey of the broadcast situation here and to purchase equipment for two new short wave stations to be erected on the southern coast of China.

When China is ready to seriously enter the broadcast field, an attempt will in all probability be made to follow the American system, which Chinese experts now believe to be the best in the world, Dr. Tsao intimated during an inspection of the facilities of the National Broadcasting company.

There are already about a dozen Radio stations in China, all owned by the Nationalist government or the various state governments, the visitor said. These are utilized largely at present for commercial broadcasting and for the dissemination of political messages and information. There are an increasing number of entertainment programs on the air, however, and it is hoped to build these up to a still greater number in the near future.

It is planned that the two new stations, which are expected to be in operation by the first of the year, will be utilized extensively as a means of communication between China and the United States, according to Dr. Tsao.

The visitor came to America after a survey of Radio broadcasting conditions in Germany and England. He was accompanied on his inspection tour by Y. Chu and Pialu Shen, two recent graduates of Harvard, who are planning a later visit to the United States during which they will work in factories manufacturing Radio equipment.

China at present has nearly a hundred young men making a first hand study of Radio. Some of these are in schools of engineering while others are employed in manufacturing plants. They are scattered throughout the various countries where Radio is known, the majority being in the United States, the visitors said.

* * *

Florence Grebe, a good Radio name, has joined the staff of KGW. She conducts the woman's hour every morning. She is a graduate of the University of Oregon. Blond and easy to look at.

* * *

Joe Amato, tympanist of the Portland Symphony orchestra, is now with KGW. Joe has been hitting things right and left since he was twelve years old.

* * *

KOA is boasting about having the "strongest little man in the world." He is Julian Riley. Riley stands only five feet, eight inches in his stocking feet and looks like a breeze would blow him over. But his arms are like steel and he juggles fifty pound weights like so many straws. Hope Julian is good-natured!

* * *

Bradley Kincaid is the watermelon eating champion of WLS. There is no doubt about it, for when five large watermelons were received by the Prairie Farmer station it was decided to hold a contest. Competing against the Arkansas Woodchopper and Dynamite Jim, Bradley chewed his way to victory. To make sure of the championship Bradley kept right on eating even after the contest was over.

Radio Aid in School

THE adaptability and value of Radio in educational work has been demonstrated by the New Utrecht high school of Brooklyn, N. Y. At the invitation of Stephan A. Thomas, chief of the electrical division of the board of education, the Radio-Victor corporation put on a demonstration, with the co-operation of Dr. Harry A. Potter, principal of the school.

The auditorium of the school was wired with ten loudspeakers, and additional speakers were installed in Dr. Potter's office, and in the boys' gymnasium. Provision was made for the installation of as many more speakers in the individual class rooms as might be desired.

Shortly before 9:45 one morning 1500 students marched into the auditorium to the music provided by the new Radio apparatus. After the ceremonial of the salute to the flag and the reading of the scriptures, speakers addressed the students on the value of music and Radio in education. Following the addresses a series of recorded music selections were played with varying degrees of volume, to bring out the sound potentialities of the new equipment. At half past ten the students marched out to the full concert volume of an orchestra, and were replaced by another group of 1000 of the senior grades.

At 11 o'clock, the RCA educational hour, which, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, broadcasts a series of symphony lecture-concerts, was tuned in and amplified in the auditorium. At the conclusion of the program the visitors were taken to the gymnasium to watch classes going through their physical training routine in rhythm with a loudspeaker fed by the master receiver in a distant part of the building.

A Broadway Welcome

Paul Whiteman returned to New York from his Hollywood hunt for film fame because producers could find no suitable story for his picture. On the first night of broadcasting after getting back East the King of Jazz found the CBS studio filled with flowers sent by friends and Tin Pan Alley.

That was a cheerful sight, but more cheering now is the assurance that Universal Pictures has discovered a satisfactory story so that Whiteman's next journey to the west coast will witness the certain making of a "talkie."

* * *

The Honorable Herman Schultzmeyer objects to two of the staff of WENR. Jimmy Murray, which is the gentleman's name except when he is part of the famous team of Mike and Herman, says the two canaries which are heard throughout most of the programs, don't belong in the office of the Wild Hootenattie Manufacturing company.

* * *

Remember "The Wanderers"? They are to be heard over WENR now on Monday nights. "Lu" and "Gay" Mathews were first heard over WGES, Chicago, and Greta Woodson, the third member of the team, made her Radio debut at KFJF, Oklahoma City.

Programs Planned for Opera Lovers

A PROGRAM which should delight the heart of the lover of grand opera is scheduled for the fall and winter seasons this year. A total of thirty-three of the world's most famous operas will be broadcast by the National Grand Opera company, through a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting company.

Cavalleria Rusticana, by Mascagni, opened the season on September 13. Members of the National Grand Opera company appearing in these undying creations, are all noted Radio artists and have been heard on the air during past seasons.

Among the artists cast in these programs are: Astrid Fjelde, Devora Nadworney, Alma Kitchell, Julian Oliver, Gitla Erstinn, Mary Merker, Katerine Palmer, Aimee Pushon, Isabella Addis, Jane Williams, Henry Shope, Harold Branch, Maurice Taylor, Taylor Buckley, Darl Bethman, Leon Salathiel and Emil Cote.

All broadcasts begin at 10:30 o'clock, eastern time, and continue to midnight. Cesare Sodero will direct and conduct the operas for the entire season.

Four operas seldom, if ever, heard on the air are included in the list of those to be presented. They are Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snegouritchka," Massenet's "La Navarraise," Skilton's "Sun Bride" and "Halka," by Moniuska.

"Russian Shadows," written by Cesare Sodero and given its world premiere through the NBC system last spring, will be repeated this season and will be presented in two parts, the nights of February 12 and 19.

Other leading artists to be heard in subsequent productions include Genia Zielinska, soprano; Paula Hemminghaus, contralto; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Frank Croxton, basso, and others.

The complete schedule for the season follows:

1929

Nov. 6, Aida (Verdi).
Nov. 13, Pagliacci (Leoncavallo).
Nov. 20, Faust (Gounod).
Nov. 27, Samson and Delilah (Saint-Saens).
Dec. 4, The Light From St. Agnes (Herlig).
Dec. 11, Martha (Von Flotow).
Dec. 18, Boris Godounov (Moussorgsky).
Dec. 25, Hansel and Gretel (Humperdinck).

1930

Jan. 1, Gala Operatic Concert.
Jan. 8, Le Coq D'Or (Rimsky-Korsakoff).
Jan. 15, La Gioconda (Ponchielli).
Jan. 22, Romeo and Juliette (Gounod).
Jan. 29, La Forza del Destino (Verdi).
Feb. 5, Pearl Fishers (Bizet).
Feb. 12, Russian Shadows, Part I (Sodero).
Feb. 19, Russian Shadows, Part II (Sodero).
Feb. 26, Carmen (Bizet).
March 5, Snegouritchka (Rimsky-Korsakoff).
March 12, Der Freischutz (Von Weber).
March 19, La Navarraise (Massenet).
March 26, Mignon (Thomas).
April 2, Il Trovatore (Verdi).
April 9, Prince Igor (Borodine).
April 16, Natoma (Herbert).
April 23, Pagliacci (Leoncavallo).
April 30, The Magic Flute (Mozart).
May 7, Norma (Bellini).
May 14, The Sun Bride (Skilton).
May 21, La Favorita (Donizetti).
May 28, Halka (Moniuszka).



COLIN O'MORE has spent many an hour singing of sunshine and making hay and other cheery rural occupations as a tenor and hero on the Philco hour operettas. He had a chance to find out just what it was all about last summer when he visited the farm of Henry M. Neely in between his Friday night broadcasts. Neely, Philco's Old Stager, has a real farm down in New Jersey and believes in making his guests work when they visit him. While making hay in the fields O'More made friends with a husky looking team of oxen and put on a healthy coat of tan to help carry him through the winter months.

Radio Owners in Japan Are Taxed

OWNERS of Radio sets in Japan must pay for the privilege of operating them to the extent of one yen monthly, which is levied by the government. Amateur wireless stations, which exist by the thousands in the United States, are banned by the Japanese government, Harry W. Wells, Radio research engineer with the All-American Lyric Malaysian expedition, reports in a communication received by Eugene R. Farny, president of the All-American Mohawk corporation, financing the expedition.

The Japanese are great Radio fans, Wells says, and the widespread ownership of sets is eloquently demonstrated by the veritable forests of tall bamboo poles, which are used for aerial masts. Thousands of these bamboo masts sprout from the roofs of the larger cities like Tokio, Kobe, Koyoto, Yokohama, Osaka and Kamakura, he says. These cities were visited by the three members of the expedition bound for Dutch Borneo for Radio and anthropological research.

So fond are the Japanese of Radio entertainment that they make no protest against the monthly payment of one yen, which goes into the government coffers. There is a growing feeling against the prohibition on the operation of amateur wireless stations and there is hope that the restrictions will be removed, according to Wells.

A World Run by Air Seen by Year 1979

WITH the rapid advancement during the past few years of Radio broadcasting and reception have come many dreams and forecasts of what the future holds in store. Of all the seeming impossible pictures sketched of future accomplishments none perhaps is more fantastic than that of a prominent Radio editor and official of the National Association of Broadcasters.

A world which sees all and hears all through the air—a world which is mechanically operated by Radio impulses—a world which is in communication with the other planets by means of Radio—all this is visioned in the recent utterances of this broadcasting authority.

The perfection of television to the point where every home will be able to see as well as hear important national events as well as baseball games and horse races is forecast by this authority. Even static may be conquered by 1979, the period of which he dreams. World-wide broadcasting will have become passe and interplanetary communication will at least be attempted, he modestly states. Passengers on giant transcontinental and transoceanic planes will be in constant communication with their homes and offices by wireless telephone, and the very ships they ride in will be operated by Radio impulses.

"Surely human ingenuity will not halt at the solution of these problems," he continues, "but will attempt to transmit odors by Radio so that a perfume buyer in Chicago may select the scents desired by having the Parisian perfumer send out Radio samples of his products. The next goal sought will be the transmission and reception of solids by atomic disintegration."

What's next?

* * *

Services of the Central Church of Chicago are again being put on the air by WENR. Dr. Frederick F. Shannon holds his services in Orchestra hall. The church is non-denominational and is noted for its musical presentations. It maintains a chorus of one hundred voices under the direction of Dr. Daniel Protheroe.

Television's Debut

ACTION, rather than talk, marks the present status of television, according to J. E. Smith, president of the National Radio institute of Washington, D. C. "Television is shaping up nicely, even though little is being said about it these days," states Mr. Smith.

"With engineers applying the final touches to the first televisors to be introduced for home use, and with television transmitters now operating on regular schedules, I expect practical television to make its formal bow before Christmas. At least, it would seem that everything is in readiness.

"Of course the televisors to be introduced within the next few months will be relatively crude. The images will be limited to 48 lines, which means coarse detail. Synchronization will be obtained by the use of synchronous motors on the same alternating current power system. Nevertheless, I believe that television will meet with immediate favor because of the dramatic appeal of flashing pictures through space, such as they may be, and that the art will rapidly develop in everyday use. The programs may be little more than simple silhouette movies or perhaps close-ups of faces, hands, type matter and so on.



BLUE BOY wasn't in a very responsive mood when this picture was taken. The talented coloratura virtuoso of the National Broadcasting company is demanding attention from his trainers and musicians. Olga Serles, at the left, is the leader, next is Christene Phillipson, and Genevieve Lewis. In the inset is a closeup of Blue Boy himself.

NBC Bird Virtuoso Knows 300 Songs

RADIO has developed many artists. Musicians, both vocal and instrumental, have achieved fame for the first time in the broadcasting studio. Now the National Broadcasting company is developing a new field of activity for an art as old as the world.

A bird virtuoso, with a repertoire of 300 songs, is the latest artist extraordinary to be booked for appearances before the microphone. A second bird has been taken on as accompanist. Blue Boy, the soloist of the bird team, is a real artist with an ear that any singer might envy. A Black Forest Roller, his purling coloratura notes start with the first note of the orchestra and follow through with every variation on any of the pieces included in his repertoire. So keen is his ear and so careful has been his training that he can even follow a composition that he has never heard before.

Big Boy, who sings secondary roles for his virtuoso mate, has an excellent voice but is very young and still rather an incorrigible student. He still is intent upon volume rather than quality of voice and is kept farther from the mike in order not to drown out Blue Boy's more artistic efforts. Big Boy is distinctly a mezzo soprano but thinks he is every bit as good as his coloratura friend and some times voices his opinion with an individual song at variance with the air being played.

Like every great singer, Blue Boy has one composition at which he excels. "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" is his best number. In all, he is familiar with 300 musical compositions, including arias from Faust, and other operas.

The story of the training of these birds is a recital of a woman's tireless efforts and almost superhuman patience. Miss Elizabeth Freeman has been tutoring Blue Boy for three years. With a repeater on her phonograph she has kept a record going for a day or more at a time. When he sings a false note she stops him. Like all good teachers she knows the importance of not allowing him to acquire bad habits. It was a terrific task and Miss Freeman persevered only through her affection for her pupils.

These educated creatures have a routine of living as demanding as that of a modern baby, under the care of a specialist. They have a prescribed diet, with foods alternated for variety. At a certain hour of the day they have their sun bath, at another hour their water bath. A special time of the day for perfecting their pitch with a tuning pipe. And when their bright little eyes begin to droop they must be put to bed.

The birds are this extraordinary woman's whole life. When she first heard them in audition she very frankly cried. It was the happiest moment of her life.

She has even provided a family life for her pets, for both birds have wives. Blue Boy has an offspring that will come under Miss Freeman's tutelage when he is old enough. In the meantime Mrs. Blue Boy, Mrs. Big Boy and the youngster all listen at home when their lords and masters are performing before the microphone.

Varied and Talented Staff

Luminaries of Radio Appear Before Mike Program Offerings from Bluest Blues Symphony Solos; Ballads of All



VALENCIA SISTERS, above, do the bluest of the blues when not gracing the footlights via the Keith circuit.



ROSE NEWMAN, above, sings passionate songs of Russia. Below, Harry Long, WPG engineer and dramatist.



ETHEL DOBSON, left, is a coloratura soprano featured as guest artist with visiting symphony orchestras.



Found at WPG, Atlantic City

and Vaudeville Stage at Great Steel Pier. Include Everything to Popular Ballads, Songs of Russia and Nations in World



GUTH BROTHERS, above, are Keith circuit entertainers who sing and play songs of all nations at WPG.



PIANIST and contralto at WPG is Margaret Keever, above, besides acting as assistant program director.





ANDREW BRAUN, boy soprano, at the left. Ellen Thomson Kennard, right, soprano on Sea Memories entertainers.

Lounsberry a Pioneer in East

VETERAN Follower of Dr. DeForest

Nominated for Radio Hall of Fame

By George Dworshak

THE RADIO broadcasting industry is beginning to grow a beard. Which is another way of saying that it is passing on into its adult stage, when spotting out veterans can become the order of the day and the "remember when" phrase may be conscripted for use.

The principal barriers in broadcasting have been surmounted and the future lies along a fairly well charted course which should bring many marvelous improvements and developments—we are already on the threshold of television. And the world, in keeping with its new spirit—that of building monuments to its heroes and pioneers while they still live—may begin to look over the list of those who engineered Radio through its first stages.



I. R. Lounsberry

One of the captains of the group will be found to be a man who started as an amateur operator in 1912; who spent years in the leading pioneer Radio research laboratories, with Dr. Lee DeForest, the "Father of Radio," who was one of the two men who broadcast the first Radio vaudeville program, when a chopping bowl was used as part of the microphone; who installed many of the first Radio-telephone transmitters used; who pioneered in several other phases of the Radio game and who has been actively engaged in the development of one of the country's leading Radio stations since its inception in 1922—station WMAK of Buffalo. But the story doesn't stop with that. WMAK became one of the most popular stations in Western New York and is now one of the units of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation. So, we name for the Radio hall of fame one I. R. Lounsberry of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation.

LET'S see what Lounsberry has done since the days of 1912 when he sat before his home-built outfit at Ossining as a youthful amateur. For five years he devoted most of his time to the study of Radio. When the war came along "I. R. L." went into the navy. Following the armistice he entered commercial Radio work, obtaining employment in the laboratories of the DeForest Radio Telephone-Telegraph company. He became assistant to Dr. Lee DeForest, who contributed so much to the Radio art and who accordingly is referred to as the father of the science. Even in those early days "the assistant" saw many steps taken that were to lead to making Radio such a popular, world-wide institution. These early experiments were applied to Radio telegraphy and telephony, both transmission and reception, recordings of the voice on films that are now so common in every theatre of the country, and many other developments.

Finally came the day of the broadcasting of the first program, which was to signal to all that the hour had arrived when Radio telephony, or broadcasting, as it later became popularly known, was ready to make its bow in the big-time circles. The apparatus was set up, and probably most interesting of all, the pickup microphone was constructed of a chopping bowl with an ordinary telephone transmitter suspended in front of it. Also it is worthy to note that this broadcasting was done in the home of Robert F. Gowen at Ossining, N. Y., that the studio was the living room and the power plant was the den. Gowen and Lounsberry both lived at Ossining and worked at the DeForest laboratories. These two engineers did the job—Gowen as master of ceremonies (announcer) and Lounsberry as operator. Weeks of preparation found these two pioneers commuting to New York early every morning, then in the laboratories all day and at night until 2 and 3 a. m. at the "pioneer station" testing circuits.

The first program featured Wagner's New York orchestra. Followed next solos by George Cullen, Charles D. Wagner, Donald Briggs, Arnold Brilhardt and the Duncan Sisters, who were at that time being featured in Fred Stone's Broadway show, "Tip-Top."

AFTER three and a half years at the DeForest laboratories Mr. Lounsberry became associated with the Johns-Manville company in New York where work was started on a broadcasting station which was later installed at the Norton laboratories, Lockport, N. Y., and licensed as WMAK on September 22, 1922.

In the years that have followed he has played a leading role in the advancement of the station to a place where it is rated as one of the most popular in the country. It is a pioneer Columbia network station, also operates on the New York State network of the General Electric company, and has constantly shown a progressive operating policy.

WMAK and WKBW were the first two Buffalo stations to cooperate in the organization of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation. Many of the problems in the affiliation of stations WMAK, WKBW, WGR and WKEN have had his consideration. Today he is president of WMAK Broadcasting System, Inc., and vice president of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation. He directs the sale of advertising and is one of the guiding influences in the administration of all the other departments.

Mr. Lounsberry is still a very young man and many great things may be expected of him—achievements that will constitute a record which will give him a high place of honor in the history of Radio.



PREPARATIONS have been made by Dr. Leon Levy, president of the Universal Broadcasting company, for short wave broadcasts that will make history during the fall and winter seasons. One of the most modern short wave transmitters in the United States has been under construction at Byberry, Pa., through which special programs will be broadcast to Europe.

Engineers of the station have been conducting reception tests on short wave and special receivers have been installed in homes of Radio amateurs in sections near the transmitter. A series of special test programs are expected to reveal startling news about European broadcasting on short wave and its possibility in instituting a two-way broadcast.

Morning broadcasts from WCAU, the key station of the system, will be devoted to transmission to Europe while the afternoon will be devoted to experiments with reception from abroad. Should these prove successful they will be rebroadcast over the long wave transmitter of the Columbia system, of which Dr. Levy is secretary.

It is planned that Lee Broza will start the broadcasts to France from W3XAU, introducing for the special programs Powers Gouraud, cousin of General Gouraud of the French army.

* * *

Radio fulfilled the dying wish of Fire Chief Richard D. Miller of Niagara Falls, New York, recently. For several years Chief Miller had listened to the Sunday organ music from Churchill Tabernacle of Buffalo, through WKBW. At the time of a long illness which recently resulted in his death, Miller expressed the wish that his favorite hymns might be played on the tabernacle organ for his funeral. Last rites were held at the Chief's Niagara Falls home. The Radio was tuned in to the tabernacle station and the strains of "Abide With Me" played on the organ were heard. A six minute musical program followed and then the clergyman continued with the funeral services.

* * *

A violin with a real pedigree is boasted by the Eveready Hour. The instrument is a Vuillaume, constructed especially for Prince de Charmi, in 1865. Now the crested fiddle belongs to Sol Kindler.



A. O. COGGESHALL, announcer of WGY since 1923, has been selected as studio manager to succeed Kolin Hager. Mr. Coggeshall possesses unusual qualifications for Radio work and he is today one of the most popular personalities of the powerful station at Schenectady. He plays both the piano and organ, sings tenor, and plays the comedian in dramas to perfection. Many of the unique performances of WGY, as the farm burlesques, have been directed by him. Mr. Coggeshall, when not busy in the studio spends his time directing the Boys' choir of Christ Episcopal church in Schenectady.

Even Big Ben Is Synthetic Here

NOTHING is safe from the synthetic experts these days, not even tradition-honored Big Ben, London's famous clock. Big Ben, whose melodious voice has chimed in the largest city in the world for many, many years, is now heard in America. Only it isn't Big Ben's voice at all but an artificial reproduction of the same sound.

Pioneer KDKA first introduced the sound of the great old timekeeper to its listeners by relaying it from London through a short wave set. Hearing these mellow tones coming from the loud speaker Dr. Frank Conrad, assistant chief engineer of the Westinghouse company, conceived the idea.

He turned his idea over to V. E. Trouant for application. As a result the replica of Big Ben is broadcast by KDKA exactly upon the hour. The sound is not mentioned by the announcer. It simply is a note in the background of the program, whether it be talking or music.

When the sound is described as synthetic, exactly that is meant. It does not mean that a bell has been made which approximates the sound made by the historic London timepiece. Instead Big Ben is imitated by frequencies imposed on the Radio set in Pittsburgh which do not become sound until they reach the loud speaker.

* * *

"Mr. Sanford has gone back to work," Mrs. Sanford explains, with relief, to inquirers after her husband, who is a noted director of NBC broadcasts. Her attitude puzzled many until they learned that when Harold Sanford works he works alone.

Program Exchange With Europe Is the Plan of WBAL

AN INTERNATIONAL exchange of programs will be broadcast exclusively by WBAL, Baltimore, in cooperation with the largest broadcasting station in Czecho-Slovakia, according to an announcement by Frederick R. Huber, director. Mr. Huber, who spent part of the past summer in the Central European countries, arranged for this international program exchange through the interest and cooperation of Eduard Sooboda, director of the Radio station in Prague, and, according to present plans, WBAL will broadcast a typical Bohemian program (sent to America by the Prague director) on the same evening that the Radio fans in Czecho-Slovakia and surrounding countries will hear a typical American program which Mr. Huber is to send to the foreign station.

"It is particularly interesting to note that through this international exchange of programs we shall have an opportunity of getting not only our national but our local composers (of whom Baltimore has a number prominent in the musical world) a hearing in the land where Dvorak and Smetana are the musical gods," Mr. Huber said, in discussing this unusual program exchange.

Just when this international broadcast will be on the air will be announced later, as soon as Mr. Huber has completed final arrangements regarding it.



Frederick R. Huber

It will be recalled that WBAL was the first American broadcaster to put over the international idea, when during the fall of 1926, Mr. Huber arranged a similar program exchange with a Radio station in Bergen, Norway, following a visit to the Scandinavian countries which WBAL's director made during that summer.

In an interview along which Mr. Huber gave some time ago, he stressed the point that he firmly believed Radio held vast possibilities toward promoting a permanent world peace through the establishment over the air of greater friendliness.

"Music is a universal language and it can only promote harmony among various nations and tongues," Mr. Huber said, expressing a viewpoint that is now engaging the attention of many progressive broadcasters.



WILLIAM FAY, program director and chief announcer for WHAM at Rochester, has recently been appointed general manager of the station to succeed A. B. Chamberlain, who has resigned to accept the position of chief engineer for the Buffalo Broadcasting company. He is, in addition to his other accomplishments, a widely known singer, possessing a fine baritone voice. Mr. Fay's Radio career began six years ago as an announcer and singer at WGY, Schenectady. After three years there he went to WMAK, Buffalo, as program director, whence he was called to Rochester a year ago as studio manager and program director.

Boast Historic WNAC Plant Site

OFFICIALS at station WNAC, owned and operated by the Shepard stores of Boston, Massachusetts, are fond of boasting of the beauty, novelty and efficiency of their transmitting plant. They even proudly declare that the site, at Squantum, in the city of Quincy, is the finest in New England.

The mammoth towers raise to a height of 600 feet above the shores of Quincy Bay, towering over a ground fertile with history. The apparatus itself is housed in the old Squanto Inn, historic in experience as well as appearance. The building, which was remodeled to some extent, has thus been put to a use little imagined by its builders, to say nothing of even their more recent descendants.

In adapting the old inn to the purposes of a transmitting plant and studio no effort was spared to provide adequate and comfortable accommodations for visitors. Not only is the floor plan so arranged that the entertainment can be enjoyed, but the apparatus has been so placed that it is easily visible.

WNAC is operating these days on 1000-watt power. From 7:45 in the morning until well after midnight practically every hour of the day is crammed full of entertaining programs and broadcasts of service. The station, by virtue of the number of hours it is on the air, takes its place with a limited few with long hours of broadcast.

* * *

Bradley Kincaid, the "Kentucky Mountain Boy" of WLS, spent a six weeks' vacation in the hills of Kentucky learning old hill folk songs that will be new to Radio audiences.



VIRGINIA GREGORI, talented character actress, who has been heard regularly over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system in the La Palina hour, Story in a Song, and Night Club Romances.

Model Studio for WJAS, Pittsburgh

AFTER receiving permission from the Federal Radio commission to move to a new site officials of WJAS spent considerable time searching the neighborhood of Pittsburgh for the best possible location. They finally hit upon a spot on the Lincoln highway about twelve miles west of the city where they erected the twin 125-foot towers for the 160 foot antenna. The location is sparsely populated and free from mineral deposits which might interfere with transmission.

Provided with a new transmitter of the latest type the "Radio Voice of Pittsburgh" has also constructed new studios in the downtown section of the city. Twin units have been provided, with a specially constructed glass enclosed announcer's room. With a view toward more efficient handling of musical programs an indexed music room was connected with the program director's offices.

Furniture for the reception room, one of the show places of Radio, was especially designed to fit in with the decorations and the lighting effects. The walls are tinted in cool colors, carpeted in the modernistic manner and draped with soft contrasting shades.

The announcers' room, overlooking both studios, enables the program master to use two different musical organizations on one program if desired, one for the background, so that many new broadcasting effects may be worked out. The programs master is also enabled to change from one program to another without delay. One program may rehearse while another is being broadcast, which not only tends to improve the presentation but allows the schedule to run smoothly.

Club, recreation and rest rooms are provided for the artists, as well as a bureau in the studio where Radio talent may be secured for private entertainment and where performers may register and keep their names on file for engagements.

Provision for housing members of the technical staff of WJAS at the transmitting plant have been made by owners of the station.

* * *

The "hero of the Pacific," better known as Steve Cisler, announcer at WLS, has fallen. Steve worked as a seaman last summer on one of the Dollar Line boats crossing the Pacific ocean. However, lo and behold, when a party from WLS took a boat trip on Lake Michigan the first one to fall victim to King Neptune was none other than Steve Cisler. Ah! me, such is life.

Name William Fay as Studio Director at Station WHAM

WILLIAM FAY, who has been for more than a year studio director of WHAM, Rochester, has recently been appointed general manager of the station to succeed A. B. Chamberlain who has transferred his affiliations to the Buffalo Broadcasting company. Mr. Fay is eminently fitted by training and experience to capably supervise the many and varied activities connected with running a broadcasting studio, being a Radio veteran of six years' standing.

Clyde Morse, pianist, entertainer, and announcer of WHAM, Rochester, has recently added the duties of program director to his many other activities. Clyde is a mighty hard worker to whom hours mean absolutely nothing but he admits he has his hands full these days. However, he says he likes it better than the life of a vaudeville entertainer.

Glen Bancroft, who has recently joined the commercial department, is the latest addition to the staff of WHAM, Rochester. Glen was formerly associated with WHEC, Rochester, in charge of selling programs to advertisers, and has been highly successful. WHAM feels very fortunate in securing the service of a man of such high calibre.

Dan Cupid has recently been getting in some deadly work among the members of the WHAM staff, and several have succumbed to his wiles. John Long, former chief transmitter operator, who was recently appointed chief engineer for the station, also assumed at the same time the responsibilities of married life. John is getting along splendidly with both new jobs.

Ruth Larson, beautiful blond secretary, is another member of the WHAM staff to make the pledge of undying devotion. Mr. and Mrs. Merton Reed have recently returned from a honeymoon trip in South America. Ruth's loss will be felt keenly among the members of the WHAM staff, who join in wishing her every happiness.

Lew Stark, publicity director, is expected to be the next one to take the fatal plunge. Lew expects to be married at Christmas time. "Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine."

William Fay, general manager of WHAM, has recently purchased a home in a beautiful new subdivision of East avenue. Mr. Fay says one of the principle motives which influenced him to buy a home was to have a yard sufficiently large to give Bill Jr. a good place to play.

Guy Fraser Harrison, conductor of the Rochester Civic orchestra and former conductor of the Eastman Theatre orchestra, is now musical director for WHAM. Among the important weekly features which Mr. Harrison will conduct are the Stromberg-Carlson program, which is heard over a Coast-to-Coast network of 34 stations, the Rochester Gas and Electric corporation's "On Wings of Song" program, the "Down Melody Lane" feature, sponsored by the Rochester Telephone corporation, and the WHAM Concert ensemble, regular Sunday evening feature.

The influx of sound pictures has caused many theatre organists to go out begging for jobs but it doesn't worry Bob Berentsen, former organist of the Eastman Theatre and organ teacher in the Eastman School of Music. Mr. Berentsen is nothing if not versatile and he is now a high-powered salesman of high class securities.

D. Rubinoff Thanks U. S. for Success in Musical World

DAVE RUBINOFF, premier violinist who has broadcast from Westinghouse Stations WBZ-WBZA upon the occasions when he was guest conductor at the Metropolitan theatre, is now a weekly artist on the station's programs. Rubinoff takes the baton as regular musical director of the Grand Orchestra at the "Met," and as such he will do a broadcast every Monday evening direct from the stage of the theatre.

Rubinoff, said by Leopold Auer to be one of the greatest violinists of present times, was one of eight children of a Russian tobacco worker, and reached his present eminence as a musician in spite of numerous handicaps. Instead of the Russia that gave him his early musical education, Rubinoff declares that it was America that made possible his success.

"The seriousness with which some of our long-winded critics bemoan America's musical future, and the undue attention they receive from editors, as well as the public, is uncalled for.

"All my musical education in Russia was accompanied by poverty. What chances did we ever have over the students at America's conservatories? Did we enjoy the clean surroundings and scientific equipment of the average musical school in the leading American cities? What country in the universe offers a better musical environment than America?"

Thus speaks this talented artist, who at the age of six began to develop his musical gifts of musical interpretation with the violin. During his early years such masters as Godfried, Drzner and others were instrumental in aiding him to a scholarship in the Royal Conservatory in Berlin. Upon completion of an intensive course at the world-famed institution he became a soloist with the leading symphony artists of Europe and America.

Rubinoff was further developed by Leopold Auer in Europe, and Kniesel of the celebrated string quartet, in America. Later, Fritz Kreisler played a part in the life of Rubinoff, with the result that today he is known as a composer as well as a violinist, having conceived such sparkling, fiery compositions as "Dance of the Russian Peasants," "Russian Symphony," and his latest, "Slavonic Fantasy," all in the characteristic Russian style.

His gift of composition kept abreast of the times and found an outlet in such popular violin pieces as "Fiddling the Fiddle" and "Stringing Along," both of which have been recorded for Brunswick, for whom he records exclusively. Rubinoff switches from the classical to jazz, and, as his playing is profoundly stirring in the one, it is refreshingly syncopating in the other.

It is indeed a pleasure to find a great artist, as Rubinoff really is, crediting the land of his adoption for his success.

* * *

Jim Hughes, who has recently become affiliated with WJAS as program manager, was known during 1925-26-27 as Teaberry Jim and during this time he wrote the continuities, rehearsed the players and did all the announcing for this outstanding program which will be resumed about January first over the Columbia Broadcasting System with WJAS as key station. "Jim" has attained wide popularity and often receives mail from as many as 35 states in one week. He has had years of vaudeville and minstrel show experience which enables him to hold his audience, visible or invisible.



THIS slim and charming little miss is a mighty talented lady. Not many musicians, to say nothing of girls in their early twenties, have had the distinction of playing two of the world's largest organs, as has Jean Wiener.

Here's a story about Alexander Kiroloff, conductor of Troika Bells, heard through the NBC system.

Kiroloff recently spent a day at Coney Island and had dinner at a beach resort where recorded music entertains the diners. A record of Russian music was put on the machine. Kiroloff listened entranced. The music ended and Kiroloff rushed over to the proprietor.

"That music was grand," he said. "The orchestra rivals my own. I must know the name of it!"

The proprietor handed him the record. Kiroloff examined it. He had just listened to a record made by his own band under his own direction.

* * *

STARTING the day with a cheery smile is a mighty big job for lots of people. "Howdy" Clark and his "Wake Up and Listen" program at WJAS is doing a lot for those who tune in on the Pittsburgh station.

The snappy tunes of the latest popular songs make the blood pump a little faster and Clark's cheery voice helps to start the day without a feeling of remorse. The time is broadcast every eight or ten minutes, helping business men to catch their trains.

Mr. Clark is station manager of WJAS. In addition to taking the morning program he is busy all day keeping things running smoothly in the studio.

Plays Largest Organs

ALTHOUGH only in her twenties Jean Wiener, organist at WPG, has achieved the distinction of playing two of the largest organs in the world. Chosen to represent the theatre organists of Atlantic county in a recital under the auspices of the National Association of organists she played the giant instrument in the Atlantic City High school. She also had the honor of being the only organist to broadcast three recitals made up entirely of popular selections on the great Austin organ at the Sesqui-Centennial exposition in Philadelphia.

Born in Philadelphia, Miss Wiener began her musical studies on the piano with a private teacher, continuing later at the Zeckwer-Hahn conservatory. She is now studying with Rollo Maitland, famous recitalist and one of the greatest organ teachers in America. With the advent of the organ in motion picture theatres she was one of the first to realize the beauty and scope of the instrument.

After a period of intensive training she joined the musical staff of the Stanley Company of America, playing in their theatres for seven years. Miss Wiener then went to Atlantic City to make her home. During the inaugural week of the municipal Radio station she played her first Radio recital, January 6, 1925, and has continued her broadcasts since then.



VERNON KIMBROUGH, Birmingham's own baritone, returned recently from Italy, where he has spent the past two years in intensive study and preparation for grand opera. He studied voice in New York under Giuseppe Campanari and accompanied the master to Italy, where he continued to study with him until his death.

Then Marcantoni, operatic conductor and coach, became Kimbrough's instructor in Milan. The young baritone made his debut as the Count in "Trovatore" with great success and later sang "La Boheme" and "Traviata" in several Italian cities. After that he went to France, studying in Paris with Jarecki. There he added five French operas to his repertoire of sixteen Italian compositions.

When Kimbrough returned to Birmingham all the civic clubs of the city joined in presenting him in a concert which was an outstanding success. His beautiful baritone voice is now heard every Friday night over station WAPI.

WSUN Likes Place

JUDGE E. O. SYKES, Federal Radio commissioner, held a conference in Jacksonville recently at which every Florida station had representatives present. The mass of testimony presented painted a very clear and precise picture of every station within the state, with the exception of WFLA-WSUN of Clearwater and St. Petersburg being dissatisfied with wave assignment or time on the air.

Each station in rotation was called on the mat, and requested by the commissioner to give a resume of its operation, programs, and plans for the future.

The WFLA-WSUN station was heard after numerous stations had complained bitterly on the injustice of the situation. WFLA-WSUN—through its representatives, informed the Commissioner that they were in Jacksonville only to represent the station, did not desire to ask for anything, did not expect a change in the present set-up with reference to wave assignment or time on the air. All in all, WFLA-WSUN was satisfied with its allocation, and division of time and desired only to remain as and where it is.

* * *

WFLA has the distinction of being the only station in the state of Florida which carries a full orchestra on its station pay-roll during the winter months. This season it is rumored that a new ten-piece aggregation of national reputation will be signed.

Everybody Turns Dials to DIXIE STATIONS

ALABAMA Polytechnic Institute Is Making It Possible for Thousands to Get Education Information Daily Through Its Radio Station, WAPI.

Alabama Poly Gives Courses by Radio

ALABAMA Polytechnic Institute, long recognized as one of the leading colleges of the country on account of the work done by graduates in agriculture and engineering, has made it possible for countless thousands to get educational information daily through its own Radio station WAPI. At first discussions were given on topics relating to agriculture and home economics only. Later current topic discussions were added and at the present time discussions are presented daily which are of interest to every member of the family.

All discussions are prepared by specialists and human interest stories are injected in these so as to hold the attention of the listeners. The staff of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute consists of more than one hundred people trained along various lines, including specialists in agriculture and home economics connected with the Alabama Polytechnic Institute Extension service and Alabama Experiment station.

It is surprising to note the interest in market quotations which are given at regular times each day. A Radio fan in Tampico, Mexico, listens to this feature regularly. The audience has assisted in working out the market feature as requests have been sent in from time to time as to what the public really wants along this line. The Alabama State Department of Agriculture has become affiliated with the station and supplies market quotations received from the United States Department of Agriculture every day at noon.

Educational leaders in the City of Birmingham have expressed an interest to use the station in connection with a school program. Already the majority of children having Radio receiving sets are engaging in the exercises in the morning and the Birmingham Junior Safety council meetings are held in the Cathedral studio of WAPI, where more than two hundred take part. Children in all parts of the state listen to this feature. Setting-up exercises in the early morning are very popular and listeners are given instruction on care of the body and along general health lines. Letters have been received from more than one-half of the states east of the Mississippi commenting on the exercises which have been under way only two weeks.

It is the purpose of the station officials to present a well balanced program and during each of the morning programs a minister from one of the churches of the City of Birmingham presents a fifteen-minute inspirational talk.

* * *

WFLA has a new theme song, "Follow the Birds to Springtime" composed by Caroline Lee, "the Virginia Girl," who returns to the mike this fall for a fifteen week engagement, after nearly three years of silence, following a serious auto-train smashup.



MRS. BRUCE FUDGER, whose Radio pseudonym for the time being is "Miss Buy-It-from-Burwell" is enjoying a steadily increasing fan mail.

Mrs. Fudger is a dramatic soprano of ability and her clear, magnetic voice is heard every Monday night from 9:00 to 9:30 on the Burwell Motor hour over WJAX, municipal station at Jacksonville, Fla.

The program has been a popular weekly feature for the past 24 weeks and bids fair to continue for some time.

Concert Director of WSM Popular

ORIN GASTON, director of the WSM concert orchestra, left his home, sweet home in Indiana to come to Nashville twenty-six years ago, bringing his fiddle and his bow. He has been one of the outstanding figures in Nashville musical circles for a quarter of a century and has been an orchestra director for many years. He has had theatrical experience and has played at just about every known function in the gentle art of guiding a 'cello across the difficult passages of Mendelssohn.

Mr. Gaston has been with WSM for a year and has added thousands of Radio admirers to his already large number of friends. He began his musical career in Indianapolis and has taken part in many symphony programs.

* * *

Francis Craig, called by home folks "the young maestro," started his band at Vanderbilt university. He played his way through Vanderbilt and continued playing until today his organization ranks as the outstanding modern dance orchestra of the South.

His first national recognition came with the Columbia recording of "Marble Halls" (Bohemian Girl) and "Steady Roll Blues."

It was with Francis Craig's orchestra that James Melton, Seiberling tenor, launched his now famous career. He played and sang with Craig for three years, and when the two artists met recently in New York, Melton still knew his "hot chorus" in "Steady Roll Blues."

Southernmost NBC Station Is WIOD—On Isle O'Dreams

STATION WIOD, whose slogan is Wonderful Isle O'Dreams, is the Southernmost associated station of the National Broadcasting company, located on Collins Island, at Miami Beach, Florida. WIOD represents the greatest investment of any broadcasting station in the state of Florida and one of the largest investments of any station in the entire South. Its history of operation dates back five years. It was the first 1,000 watt station in the state and was designed and built to serve both the cities of Miami Beach and Miami, Florida, but its broadcasting system has been expanded to include also the cities of Hollywood and Coral Gables, Florida.

It is the official station of Miami Beach, contracting a network of permanent circuits which connect all of the leading hotels on Miami Beach, night clubs, theatres and other points of interest and also points in Miami, including the famous Embassy Club. The Nautilus Hotel, Roney Plaza Hotel, Flamingo Hotel, Pan Coast Hotel and Floridian Hotel, are a part of its permanent broadcasting system. Circuits run as far as Hollywood twenty-six miles distant, embracing the large Hollywood Beach Hotel.

On its Hollywood hour each winter, WIOD features Al Donahue and his orchestra, who is now head-lined at the new Fisher theatre in Detroit, Michigan. Also Edward J. Lord, organist from Boston. Other famous musical organizations which are included and which have been included in its broadcastings, are Meyer Davis orchestra, Roman Pool Casino Supper club, William Stang and his concert orchestra from the Nautilus hotel, E. G. Balzer and orchestra from the Flamingo hotel, and Charles Fisher and his orchestra from the Roney Plaza hotel.

WIOD has its own studio orchestra under the direction of Ross Allen. Also on its winter programs, it features Miller and Farrell, famous recording artists, Rex Reynolds and Jean Fosdick and his orchestra from the Embassy Club. It will also include this winter a famous orchestra from the Coral Gables Country club. During its winter operating season, WIOD is never on the air during an evening program with less than seven or eight of the finest orchestras, all of which are alternated on one-half hour periods. These orchestras are broadcast in addition to regular studio programs from the station. During the winter season its evening programs run from seven to midnight. Its daytime features include the national farm and home hour, matinee gems, Pacific little symphony, Radio household institute programs, Duco decorators and the musical education sermons under the direction of Walter Damrosch, all of these being NBC features.

Its winter program resources are the finest and most extensive of any station in the state and in addition to these programs it broadcasts, as an associated station of the National Broadcasting company, some of the leading NBC features. It is one of the only two chain stations in the state of Florida. During the visit last winter of President Hoover, station WIOD put on special features of the National Broadcasting company for his Radio entertainment at Miami Beach. Last winter station WIOD acted as a key station to broadcast the international hydroplane races between Major H. O. D. Seagrave and Com. Gar Wood.

WIOD is ideally located for transmission efficiency, on a small island, which it exclusively occupies. With its island location, it has one of the finest ground systems of any station in the state. The station has its own specially designed and constructed Radio building, one of the finest in the country, which incorporates two studios, one of which is said to be on a par with those of the National Broadcasting company of New York City. Its largest studio is featured by a twenty-foot ceiling and can easily accommodate an orchestra of twenty to thirty-five pieces.

Although WIOD is a thousand watt station it is designed and laid out to handle five to ten thousand watts. Everything which could better a station has been added to increase its efficiency of operation. Over the past five years it has a splendid record for high class programs, an average from 36 to 40 letters from Great Britain each winter season, is constantly heard throughout the New England states and Middle West. It has been heard frequently in Hawaii and has a record of 6,800 miles, having been picked up with loud speaker volume in New Zealand.

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Louis Rigo, director of the studio concert orchestra of Station WHAS, Louisville, is a native of Budapesth, Hungary. He is the son of Stephen Ritzko, widely-known Hungarian violinist. Rigo came to America with his parents when four years old. He began the study of the violin in Pittsburgh under von Kunitz and later studied under Ovid Mussin in New York, where he won a scholarship which took him to Budapesth to complete his musical education under the noted Hungarian violinist and teacher, Gaza Horvath. Before coming to Louisville, Mr. Rigo toured Europe and America as a concert violinist and was concert master of the Chatauqua Lake Orchestra for two years.

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Richard B. Macauley, formerly an announcer at Station WTMJ, Milwaukee, has joined the staff of WHAS, Louisville.

* * *

Meddlers Three, a novelty instrumental combination, will be featured by WHAS during the winter season. The trio will be directed by Ted Grubbs, trumpet soloist.



THESE two new members of the staff of WCKY, Covington, Kentucky, see to it that the dramatic productions put on the air are second to none. At the left you see Charles Egleston, in charge of dramatic productions, and at the left is Thomas Warner, his assistant.

Kentucky Station Stresses Drama

WITH the addition of two new members to the staff WCKY, Covington, Kentucky, is paying special attention to dramatic productions. Charles Egleston, formerly with the National Players of Cincinnati, has been put in charge of that branch of the studio work, with Thomas Warner acting as his assistant.

Believing that the success of putting performances on the air rests very largely in their preparation, Mr. Egleston is laying great emphasis on rehearsals. His program for the new northern Kentucky station includes a wide variety of entertainment ranging from short musical features, condensed musical comedies and operatic gems, to classic drama and, of course, popular features.

Mr. Egleston is a native of Covington who has had an interesting stage career, only recently leaving the footlights for Radio. He first went " on the boards" with Otis B. Theyer and Gertrude Bondhill in "Sweet Clover." He did character parts in eastern stock companies and later directed summer stock. Then followed several seasons in vaudeville, doing character sketches, where he developed a natural gift for dialect. In 1926 he became affiliated with the National Players and continued with the company until 1928, when he left to direct a company at Middleton, Ohio. During the early part of last summer he was with a Cincinnati Radio station for a short time, going to Covington from the Ohio city.

Thomas Warner, Egleston's assistant, is a native of Dayton, Ohio, where he studied voice with John Finley Williamson, director of the famous Westminster choir, and piano and composition with Charles Arthur Ridgeway. In New York he studied with both Witherspoon and Rosati, Gigli's teacher. In 1919 and 1920 he appeared as soloist with the Seattle, Washington Symphony orchestra, sang leading tenor roles with the Portland Civic Opera company, toured for 21 weeks over the Pantages Circuit in an operatic quartet and in 1926 appeared with the Cleveland Symphony orchestra. He later directed this orchestra in the cantata Hiawatha at Oberlin college.

WWNC Is Making Rapid Strides in Radio Land

ALTHOUGH only a little over two years old, WWNC, at Asheville, North Carolina, is rapidly coming into prominence. It is favorably known among the Radio audience for the excellence and unique quality of its programs.



G. O. Shepherd

Founded and operated for eighteen months by the Asheville Chamber of Commerce in August of 1928 it was leased to G. O. Shepherd, former Radio columnist. Mr. Shepherd operated under his lease-hold until January, 1929, when the Citizen Broadcasting company took hold of the station. This corporation, with Mr. Shepherd as president, George Stephens as vice president and Charles Webb as treasurer, purchased the station outright from the Chamber of Commerce. Since the organization of the Citizen Broadcasting company, WWNC has made many strides and is attracting widespread attention. One of the first important steps was the taking on of Columbia System programs—the first of these being the Majestic theatre of the Air, inaugurated in January and a regular feature every Sunday night since. This has been augmented by other programs from the WABC network, and by taking on of the complete Columbia schedule in October, when WWNC became a member of the permanent hook-up.

WWNC is the highest broadcasting station east of the Rockies, being located in the "Land of the Sky." Western North Carolina enjoys a worldwide reputation as a tourist and health-seeker's center, and Asheville, the home of WWNC, is a resort city of renown. Included on WWNC's regular schedule of local programs are periods originating in the world-famous and unique resort hotel, Grove Park inn, from Kenilworth inn, where the dinner programs by the Spencer Trio are cordially received, from the Langren hotel, and from the popular roof garden of the George Vanderbilt hotel. Jelly Leftwich and the Duke University Club Orchestra have broadcast frequently from WWNC.

THE Rev. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Rector of Calvary church, which is known as the "Westminster Abbey of the South" is featured regularly, in The Poet's Corner on Friday afternoons, and in a travel talk and The Twilight Hour of Peace, a nonsectarian religious program, both on Sunday afternoons. His readings from the poets have proved popular and The Poet's Corner has become a firmly established item on the station's schedule.

G. O. Shepherd, head of the operating company, takes an active part in the preparation and presentation of programs, doing a great proportion of the announcing and building continuities for the sponsored programs which are an important part of the station's schedule.

WWNC has set a standard for studio practice, insisting on the strict observance of schedules. It enjoys the confidence and friendship of the Radio audience and is constantly on the alert to add to its schedule items novel and interesting. For example, one period, known as "Laughtime," has been written up by the Associated Press all over the country. This period includes the broadcasting of jokes sent in each week by listeners—a sort of a joke roundtable, with members of the station staff grouped around the microphone to enjoy the jokes audibly. Hundreds of jokes are sent in by enthusiastic listeners and the period has been commended especially by shut-ins.

"RED CROSS," nationally known pianist, who holds the world record for endurance playing, is a member of the station staff, announcer and program director. A studio novelty is the program on Wednesday evening, when "Red Cross" and George Hartrick, also announcer, and baritone, "sell peanuts." This feature is popular, a clever handling of the request problem and brings much comment.

Being in the mountainland, the home of the true mountaineer, WWNC has a surplus supply of what is known as "fiddle bands." These are kept listed and used in rotation. This type of music has a large following. At WWNC, the question has been carefully handled and fiddle music is included once or twice a week, a half-hour program at a time. It has been estimated that there are upwards of one hundred such bands located in the mountains of western Carolina, and many musicians and those interested in the folklore and musical history of America have found in this section a fertile field for research. Music is handed down from father to son. Many bands are family affairs, in great demand for square dances which are still the vogue in the highlands. Certain individuals have found it quite profitable to make collections of these mountain tunes.

Ed Squires at WFLA

AN INTERNATIONAL luminary of the Radio world presides over the microphone at WFLA-WSUN these days. His name is Eddie Squires, "the globe trotting announcer" who has entertained Radio fans of three continents during the past decade, acquiring an international reputation.

Squires' role in the dramatic rise of Radio entertaining has been a colorful one, dating back to the pioneer days when he deserted a prosperous stock and bond selling business to announce at WDAP, the old broadcasting station on the Drake hotel in Chicago. Eddie was included in a list of the ten best announcers in New York a short time ago, being rated with Norman Brokenshire and Graham McNamee.

Among the American stations with which Squires has been associated, besides WDAP are: WLAG, Minneapolis; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WMCA, New York; WICC, Bridgeport, Conn.; and WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla. His programs, staged by "Eddie Squires and His Gang" have been heard from WJZ.

Known in Chicago and Minneapolis as the "Voice of the North," Squires performed during a week of programs from WEAF, joining forces with Lambdin Kay, "the Voice of the South," of WSB, Atlanta, and Walter Tyson, now of WSUN, then of WSB.

Educated at Yale, Squires majored in music, specializing in piano, pipe organ and voice, and among the famous artists he has served as accompanist is Rosa Ponselle.

Series of Programs at WHAS to Eclipse Past Seven Years

A SERIES of Radio programs hitherto unparalleled in the more than seven years that WHAS, the radiophone of The Courier-Journal and The Louisville Times, has been on the air, will be offered listeners during the winter schedule.

In addition to an augmented series of programs from the studios of the National Broadcasting company in New York, Washington and Chicago, the studio programs will offer a wide variety of entertainment. Two programs that have proven unusually popular—the Royal Hungarians and The Homing Hour—will be retained and around these an entirely new series is being built.

WHAS is on the air with 10,000 watts power, double the present 5,000 watts power, with the new schedule. With this power, on a nationally cleared channel, WHAS is the only station in this section of the country that can consistently serve listeners of Kentucky and adjoining states. Its wave length, 365.6 meters, is in the center of the dial.

A longer schedule, including special features for the home maker during the morning hours, is contemplated. A number of the leading department stores and other business houses supplying all the needs of the home maker, are co-operating with WHAS in preparing the series of morning programs. Miss Fanny May Baldridge, formerly associated with the National Broadcasting company and Station WLS, in Chicago, is in charge of the morning programs.

A schedule of music appreciation concerts for schools and colleges, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, similar to the programs Mr. Damrosch presented last season, has been arranged by the NBC, and will be presented from 10 to 11 o'clock each Friday morning. In addition to the music appreciation concerts for schools, the schedule provides for inclusion of programs designed especially for music clubs of the country. These programs will be available in Kentucky only through WHAS.

In addition to the chain programs being radiocast over WHAS, several of the popular programs that were on the air last winter will return, among them being the Ipana Troubadours, the Seiberling Singers, the Armstrong Quakers, the Philco Hour at the Baldwin and Radio-Victor Hour. The R-K-O Hour, the Fleischmann Hour, and the General Motors Family Party, all of which are on for one-half hour now, will be lengthened to the full hour period. The Choral orchestra, which made its debut last Sunday, will be continued and a new program sponsored by the National Laundry Association added to the schedule. Dr. Milton Work's bridge lessons will be resumed in November.

Among the regular studio features contemplated for the winter season are Richard B. Macauley, novelty pianist; "Ford and George," a singing duo; "Meddlers Three," an instrumental trio, and several unusual combinations of musical instruments. Dinner Dancers, an orchestral combination playing the popular dance tunes in concert style and a daily program of Matinee Melodies, will be regular features.

Programs especially designed for the children and radiocast in the late afternoon will be featured. Ewings' Safety Soldiers and the Greater Louisville Children's Club, two popular periods, will be continued and a Birthday Party to assist children in celebrating their birthdays will be added to the schedule soon.

Middle West Grows in Prestige

Chicago Especially Is Challenging the Leadership Long Maintained by Eastern Stations



WOULDN'T you know that as charming a miss as you see here would have a nice musical name like Halloween Martin? She is the "Musical Clock" of KYW, and a very busy young lady indeed. Like her cute playthings?

Musical Clock Girl

HALLOWEEN MARTIN, alias "Miss Musical Clock," of KYW, made her Radio debut as she timidly stepped forth from college into the busy home economic department of the Chicago Herald-Examiner. For two and a half years her time was occupied answering the home decoration problems that came to the Prudence Penny department, writing her columns and giving her daily Radio talk on interior decoration. Lectures at cooking schools and clubs added variety to the daily grind. For nearly a year she has been winding the Musical Clock for early listeners. Miss Martin says she is anxiously awaiting the perfection of television so she will have an excuse to buy a new hat and dress every day.

Rockford Station Adds to Staff

ROCKFORD, Illinois, is boasting the addition of two Radio luminaries to the staff of its station, KFLV. Peter MacArthur, the "Bobby Burns of the Air," formerly of WOC, is business manager, and Wesley W. Wilcox has been named musical director and announcer.

Wilcox is a noted concert and recital artist with a splendid, well schooled baritone voice. He is a musician of no small renown, having won a name for himself as a critic. He is at present a correspondent for the Musical Leader and also for the Music Editor.

Among Mr. Wilcox's prominent musical engagements aside from his regular concert and recital schedule is included guest soloist with the United States Army band, under direction of Capt. William Stannard, and with the Coronado Symphony orchestra, under direction of Arch Short, and with many other orchestral and choral organizations. Mr. Wilcox is also serving his fifth season as baritone soloist for the Second Congregational Church Choral society of Rockford.

Mr. Wilcox has won a large following of Radio admirers, judging from his press reports and daily mail, and not only has be proven of great success in his singing but also for his duties as announcer, a capacity that he fills with excellent results for clear enunciation and tone quality with novel and individual mannerisms which have made him a favorite.

Many unique and highly interesting musical programs have been arranged by KFLV's new director, and it will not be long before this station will be among those leading in the highest standards of Radio programs, and a wealth of artistic talent will be heard before the KFLV microphone.

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Andy Sannella, Radio virtuoso of saxophone and guitar, is back on NBC programs after an extended vacation on his ranch in the old Indian village of Monoquet, Indiana. While there, Sannella, who is a crack amateur pilot, went aloft with a neighboring farmer who had built his own plane. Andy reports that at the top of their climb he noticed the fabric on the wings flopping loosely and the rudder working erratically. He remained on the ground for the rest of his vacation.

Bobby Brown Owes His Radio Career to An Army Uke

RADIO is responsible for the entertaining career of Bobby Brown, director of productions at WBBM. Long ago before he went to France with the A. E. F., he made up his mind that he would never commercialize his singing because he enjoyed it so much. Although he has always from the time he was a little fellow enjoyed entertaining, he always did it in an informal way.

Then, when he entered the army, he took his ukulele to camp with him as all other boys did, the musical instruments they could play. A rollicking time was had by all the musicians. When the order came to go overseas, all musical instruments were ordered home and Bobby left his with a friend at camp, but the officers who had enjoyed his gay little ditties insisted that he take the ukulele with him. Bobby was afraid that if he were found over there with it, he would be court-martialed. Not until he received an official passport for it from the Colonel, did he consent to carry it with him. Bobby and his ukulele went overseas to serve thirteen months in France with the 35th Division.

During the serious business of winning the war when troops were transferred from one sector to another, the ukulele would be mislaid, but it would always come back because all the boys remembered Bobby and his faithful little instrument. In fact, he still has his "Overseas Ukulele" tucked away with his mementos of the war. It is badly cracked from its months in the trenches but proudly wears two service stripes.



BOBBY BROWN, WBBM

After the Armistice was signed Bobby Brown was much in demand by the Red Cross. He would go up and down the hospital corridors cheering up the boys who through fractured bones or other injuries were unable to sit up. He would sing and play softly to cheer them.



YE MERRY MEN OF WINDSOR, rollicking entertainers who revive old drinking songs of the English tavern, provide merry entertainment for Radio listeners of KSTP each Monday during the presentation of the Windsor club program. They are, left to right: Earl Stockdale, first tenor; Joe Williams, baritone; Raymond Walter, second tenor, and Nels Swanson, bass

Very often a Red Cross nurse would send a hurry up call for Bobby when a soldier was dying, and Bobby would go in and sit on the edge of the bed and make him smile.

"I remember one poor fellow," mused Bobby, "who was from Georgia. I sang, 'Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia,' and 'Georgia Moon,' and all the other Southern songs I could remember. I always tried to suit the music to the man who needed it most.

"The Y. M. C. A. wanted to sign me up for four months entertaining in Germany and France with two months of the Riviera, but after thirteen months of fighting, four months seemed like a lifetime and I packed the ukulele and set sail for the U. S. as fast as possible."

Once more at home, the ukulele went on the shelf and Bobby settled down to a serious life as a business man, but the fame he had won in the Army followed him and Jack Nelson, Director of the old Board of Trade Station, WDAP, wrote Bobby that he had received letters from his old army buddies asking for his Radio appearance. Bobby fished the overseas ukulele out of its hiding place and went down to sing two songs. At the end of the second, he prepared to depart thinking his broadcasting was over. However, Jack Nelson called him back to sing off and on during the next two hours and Bobby became one of the earliest paid staff artists. Those old army songs of Bobby's were many times his own inventions.

After he left WDAP, he was entertainer, announcer and World Crier for two and a half years at KYW. Then he received an offer to make personal appearance and thus discovered the footlights. Ever since, he has been divided between the lure of the stage and the fascination of the microphone. In the spring the feeling for the stage is most keenly felt.

An instance of the expert way in which Bobby meets the unexpected may be seen from the program he put on one morning when an artist shortly before her scheduled appearance for a fifteen minute program telephoned that she was delayed. Bobby announced a musical grab bag and asked the staff organist to play old time melodies. With his Radio audience he guessed at the names of the selections. The listeners were unaware that the program had not been planned and asked for more.

Bobby in a quiet way is a dreamer and likes to write poetry. Two of his own productions, Musical Comedy Memories and Golden Hour of Music, he starts with his own poems. It is much easier to write the bits of verse which express his thought than it is to search around for it in anthologies.

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Walter Connolly is back on the air after an absence of several months. After a season with a stock company the NBC thespian has an important role in the Soconyland sketch.

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Franklyn Baur of the NBC staff has a habit that is getting him into embarrassing positions. His habit of wearing a white carnation while at work before the mike carries itself with him as he takes a short cut through the Grand Central station in New York. Chipper young damsels are constantly mistaking him for the "man with the white carnation" they promised to meet. "Wrong number," Franklyn.



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Vincent Gulcher, plant engineer for NBC, went deep into the Adirondacks on his vacation to escape Radio and telephones or anything electric. The very first day he was there the natives insisted on showing him a magazine portrait of himself. Don't you think that was rather a tough break for Vincent?

Tropical Fish Is Hobby in Studio

THE staff at WLS, Chicago, boasts of a unique attraction. Studio artists as well as visitors to the station, have cultivated the habit of gathering around the large glass aquariums where Homer Courchene has assembled more than a dozen species of tropical fish.

Courchene acquired his unique hobby while a Radio operator on a tramp freighter. Attracted by the bright colors of fish in the tropical seas he made a study of the finny tribe and since coming ashore has pursued fish culture with success. His collection was greatly enlarged recently when a number of tiny, transparent guppys from the Indian ocean presented him with 250 young members, all of which are doing well.

Although all of the specimens are salt water species, only fresh water is used in the aquariums. Courchene has discovered that his pets will thrive as well in the strange element if the supply of plant life within the tank is carefully proportioned. Dried shrimp and powdered puppy biscuit form the daily bill of fare, Japanese snails on the sandy bottoms acting as scavengers for any waste food.

War-like Siamese fighting fish caused some trouble in the aquatic family with their ferocious habits until a separate tank was provided for them. Among other interesting specimens being raised are Paradise fish that build nests for their eggs on the surface of the water, brilliantly colored platys from far eastern waters, and curious sword-tailed halleri fish from the Gulf of Mexico.

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Radio advertising is on the increase. Paul R. Heitmeyer announces that KGW already has several days a week in which there is not one hour after twelve o'clock noon available for sale.



"HAPPY HARRY" GEISE is familiar to Radio fans all over the country. At various times during his career on the air, which started in 1921, he has appeared at more than fifteen broadcasting stations. The "How-do-you-do" man is now chief announcer, manager of the continuity department, entertainer and piano composer at KSTP, St. Paul, the National Battery station.

WFBE Aims High

CARL FULLER, formerly musical director of Rector's, New York, recently took over WFBE at Cincinnati, Ohio. With no pretensions as to size, WFBE has a man-sized ambition, namely to be the best small station on the air. Mr. Fuller has applied to the Federal Radio commission for permission to use 500 watts power, but he isn't waiting for official word to develop his programs to the best possible level.

Microscopic in size when compared with some of the giants, this Cincinnati station has a wonderfully large listening public and is having some interesting experiences working out Radio novelties that are entertaining without being absurd. Fuller is on record as having taken the first jazz band to Broadway, and made the earliest jazz recordings for Victor, Columbia and Edison, earning the title of "Daddy of Jazz." The famous orchestra that he has developed is now heard daily from his own station.

Alexander McQueen, the "Radio Scrap Book Man," who has recently been added to the staff at WFBE, is a musician, author, entertainer, puts on a unique question-and-answer feature besides many specialty numbers. His versatility adds much to the spice of the programs.

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Cy Taillon who talked, sang and played violin over WDAY for some months, now may be heard by North Dakota's neighbors, Montanans. Cy has left WDAY and joined the announcerial staff of KFBB at Great Falls.

* * *

When Steve Cisler, announcer and publicity director of WLS, and in charge of the "Old Hayloft" during the National Barn Dance, secured a three weeks' vacation, he went back home in Arkansas and searched for new ideas that could be used on the barn dance. Steve claims that he discovered several new hill folk songs and learned a lot of new ways of "swinging your pardner."

Call Mike at KSTP

The Voice of Service for Northwest

FROM the state capitol at St. Paul is guided the destinies of the State of Minnesota, and from the microphones of KSTP in that same city, comes the entertainment, the information, and the many service features to that great agricultural Northwest of the country. From early morning until the wee small hours of the following morning without a single break, the KSTP transmitter operates.

This station has an output of 10,000 watts power and is manned by an experienced staff of 79 men and women, the largest full-time staff of any station outside of New York.

Less than two years old, KSTP is known to its listeners as the northwest's leading Radio station. Its broadcasting service totals 125½ hours a week, the heaviest schedule of any station on the air. Outstanding among its entertainment features is the National Battery symphony orchestra of 35 pieces, which is directed by Henry C. Woempner, nationally known first flutist of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra. The National Male four, a vocal quartet and the KSTP mixed quartet, along with the Beachcombers, a Hawaiian team and the Novelty Trio, are other outstanding entertainment features provided for Northwest listeners.

During the winter season, KSTP brings the music of six popular Northwest jazz bands to its late-hour listeners. Its announcing staff of eight experienced Radio men and one woman is considered one of the best in the country. The state-wide drive against crime by KSTP has resulted in the apprehending of many criminals in Minnesota and nearby states. Police departments in Minnesota are tuned to KSTP for announcement of major crimes during the day or night in co-operation with both the Minnesota State Highway patrol and the Minnesota Bankers' association. Its studios are housed in the St. Paul hotel in St. Paul and in the Radisson Hotel in Minneapolis.

Sporting events are heard during the current seasons, with Phil Bronson, veteran sports writer and sports announcer at the "mike." KSTP conducts a women's hour at 3 p. m. daily, featuring the leading women's organizations of the Northwest. The Children's Hour at 5 p. m. daily brings Albert Ely, the KSTP Grandpa to the microphone. A program for old-timers brings the Novelty trio to the microphone every Monday at 10:15 p. m. with songs that never grow old. The National Battery station, also maintains its own dramatic organization, the KSTP players.

Its agricultural program features the daily broadcast of the National Farm and Home Hour of the NBC. The Minnesota director of the 4-H Clubs for boys and girls, Prof. Theodore A. Erickson, is a member of the KSTP staff.

Health exercises are presented each morning for men, women, and children by a staff of physical directors. Reports of the stock-exchange, the butter and egg market, the poultry, the South St. Paul livestock market, are other service features heard daily.

KSTP grew out of two Twin Cities stations, WAMD in Minneapolis owned by Stanley E. Hubbard, now vice-president and general manager of KSTP, and KFOY of St. Paul. KSTP has filed a petition with the Federal Radio commission asking for a permit to construct a 50,000-watt transmitter to develop a super-power station in the Northwest. The KSTP transmitter is equipped to broadcast television, when this development in Radio becomes popular.

The development of KSTP was recognized by the National Broadcasting company last December when it was made the Northwest representative of both the Red and Blue networks.

KSTP is owned and operated by the National Battery Broadcasting company and was founded by Lytton J. Shields, president of the National Battery company and is directed by Stanley E. Hubbard, vice-president and general manager.

Cheers Shut-Ins

BETTY JANE LAMBORN, program director of WGHP, takes an hour of each busy day to conduct an hour of pleasure for the blind and shut-in patients within the listening range of WGHP, Detroit. Miss Lamborn has conducted a home hour for women for three years over this station but has discontinued this hour in favor of the Shut-In Period which has proved one of the most delightful programs on the air because of its unusual character.

The first fifteen minutes of the hour is known as the Cheer Fairies trip in which an imaginary visit is made on the wings of Cheer Fairies to the home of some patient whose name has been sent in by friends who plan a surprise for a birthday or anniversary, or whose name was sent in with an invitation from the patient to the Cheer Fairies.

The nature of the program is light and happy in selection of musical numbers and readings which Miss Lamborn often reads and sings herself. At the conclusion of the program the Fairies are again heard carrying the artists back to the studio to continue another period.

This forty-five minutes consists of reading a continued story to the blind people.



ROSE DIVINSKY, WHK

GRADUATING from high school in 1925, Rose Divinsky worked for a time as a stenographer. But she had ambitions to do something in music, and tried out at WHK, where she has been playing ever since. Rose studied her violin with Charles V. Rychlik, of Cleveland, a former symphony player and composer. Rose has an ambition to practice six hours a day and become a virtuoso. At present she specializes in deep classical music—no jazz for her except for dancing, and there she loves it.

WGBF Precocious Hoosier Station

SIX years ago when broadcasting stations were all in their infancy, a furniture store located in Evansville, Indiana, put a few more wires on the roof of the building to keep chimney guy wires company. In a corner of the third floor storage room, they installed a bit of haywire and some temperamental generators. Adjoining the transmitter, thus evolved, they built a cardboard telephone booth with a microphone. And shortly, Radio station birth notices carried a modest announcement of the arrival of the infant station WGBF.

The baby was cute and its brain-parents fondled it. And let it cry upon the night air when it was convenient. For five years WGBF was more or less a plaything and an unreliable source of potluck entertainment.

Hit and miss entertainment programs have been supplanted by handpicked entertainers, carefully rehearsed and who are paid union scale or more for their work, with programs in charge of a program director who is a veteran of the vaudeville booking and rehearsing game.

The rebirth of WGBF was the result of the foresight of a former newspaperman, Curtis T. Mushlitz, who saw the possibilities of developing the station situated as it is in the city that is the metropolis for a million people.

Then suddenly Evansville found WGBF grown into lusty young manhood. From a pasteboard booth studio with a tin-roof antenna, that was an accepted local landmark, the station has developed into a civic and statewide institution that has its constant listeners in all parts of the nation.

One of the features of WGBF that attracts nationwide attention, is the Hoosier club jollification every Saturday night. The chief announcer of WGBF is Martin Hansen, who for several years was an editor on the leading Evansville newspaper. Next in seniority on the announcing staff is Paul E. Gregg, also a former newspaperman. The program director and studio organist is Lou Swain.



THE double role of announcer and "Daddy Hal" of the Junior Federation club is the job of Harold O'Halloran. Harold is on the air every evening except Sunday from 5 to 6 o'clock with his children's program at WCFL.



MARSHA WHEELER, Director of Women's Activities for the Crosley Radio stations, finds business so rushing that she travels by airplane in search of material to fill the programs at WLW

Travels by Plane to Get Material

SEARCHING for new information and material to entertain and instruct the women of the nation, Marsha Wheeler, director of women's activities for the Crosley Radio station, has taken to the air.

"Why do I travel by airplane? Because there are too many people to see, places to visit, contacts to bring back to the wideawake women who listen to their Radios to spend long hours on the train," Miss Wheeler said as she stepped into an Embry-Riddle plane at Lunken airport, Cincinnati. "Woman's sphere used to be the home. Today it is the world, the astronomy above and the geology below," she went on. "Anything that interests me I figure will interest some other woman. The stores and shops of the metropolis, the art museums, famous chefs and restaurants, schools, theatres, all offer a bounty of material for broadcasting to women."

On trips to Chicago Miss Wheeler visits the kitchens of the largest hotels and restaurants, and the tea shops most noted for their cuisine. She haunts the Art Institute, the Field Museum, the shops on Michigan boulevard, women's clubs and any other places where there are new things to interest women.

Asked to explain her title of Director of Women's activities, Miss Wheeler pointed out that the WLW woman's hour every morning is only a part of the women's activities at the station. Five meetings a week of the Woman's Radio club require a new speaker every day. Sixteen other programs every week for women include sports, college by Radio, sewing classes, nature talks, adventurer's clubs, and many other features that show how far the station has gone in the pursuit of informative, educational and entertaining material for the women.

Debate Best Time for Broadcasting

PROGRAM directors and station managers are constantly arguing the question as to which hour of the twenty-four has the largest Radio audience. In the development of broadcasting this topic probably has created at least as much discussion as any other. Executives of the chain programs evidently hold to the belief that from 7:30 to 9:30 in the evening is the period that attracts the majority of fans. At any rate most chain programs are presented at that time.

Morgan L. Eastman, pioneer broadcaster and manager of WENR, which has no chain connections, believes that these are not the best hours for the independent stations, and questions whether the largest number of fans listen at that time.

"Undoubtedly there is a vast audience that listens in between 7:30 and 9:30 at night," says Mr. Eastman, "but I believe that the Radio receiving set in the average home gets more attention from 6:30 to 7:30 and from 9:30 to 11:30 than at any other time.

"The second point that I make is that there are more people away from their homes in the evening between 7:30 and 9:30 than at almost any other time. It is during this period that the moving picture houses, theatres, concert halls, etc., have their peak attendance.

"Thus it seems to me that the independent stations should make a particular endeavor, if they cannot afford the money to spend for programs that will compete successfully with the chains, to put on their special features, their best entertainers, and their best programs either from 6 to 7:30, or better still from 9:30 to 11:30 at night.

Tillie of KFEQ Is a Real Toiler

HER real name's Lillie Mae, but she's nicknamed "Tillie the Toiler," and truly, for though she looks like the flappiest of flappers, there's nothing she doesn't do, from farm work to a counter in the ten cent store and thence to the microphone.

There's variety in Tillie's life. She begins close to nature in the morning. She helps her mother on the family's



TILLIE THE TOILER, KFEQ



KNOW who these lads are? You would if you could only hear them, for they are a team that nearly everyone who owns a receiving set has listened to. At left is the inimitable Charlie Garland, and whispering into the mike is his playmate at WBBM, Charlie Schultz

seven-acre farm before she starts to town. She's in the music department in the five and ten, but that doesn't prevent her giving five or ten sweeps with the broom when the sun's coming up, for she is just as old-fashioned as she is new-fangled.

But this is only the tiniest fraction of Tillie's day. After enjoying the scenery on a twenty-minute drive to town, she sells music to those who seek bargains in the dime store. She began as a steno in the boss's office and he first gave her the name of "Tillie the Toiler." She says he's the best boss in the world, but she hasn't had very many. Anyway, he gave her a chance when there was a vacancy in the music department and she more than made good.

But the job that's made her famous comes from 11:30 to 12, noon, when she's before the mike at KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. Then every inch of her seems music and rhythm.

She has received 12,000 fan letters in the year she has been broadcasting. But she's not set up by all this and when night comes, Lillie Mae Frizell loves to go to dances like any other girl of twenty-one.

WMAQ Makes Debut in New Studios

ON SEPTEMBER 17 The Chicago Daily News station WMAQ opened the most elaborate and complete broadcasting studios ever constructed for a single station. The gala occasion with stars of the opera, concert stage and theatre, officially inaugurated the studios that evening.

The huge two story Radio studio on the twenty-fifth floor of the building is the show spot of the Radio department. The studio is finished in a modernistic motif of blue, black and silver, combining latest in modern artistry and in scientific perfection of broadcast engineering.

The enormous studio "A" will easily accommodate an orchestra choral society, opera or concert company of 100 people. From its ceilings are hung the latest type of Western Electric microphones, the same kind as are used in making Movietone and Vitaphone talking movies.

Adjoining studio "A" are three others, ranging down in size to the one used for one, two or perhaps three people. They are all four arranged in a "U" shape around the control room so that operators in control of the program and artists and announcers in the studios may always see each other in action. The windows between the rooms for this purpose are heavily glassed in so that no noise will cause confusion. Therefore announcer and operators are developing a signal system for communication.

All the rooms are expertly treated to eliminate every kind of noise. The floors are rubber tile and the walls are made of sound deadening substance similar to cork. A reception room, information counter, ladies lounge, music room and storeroom are also on the twenty-fifth floor.

Above, on the top floor of the building are three rehearsal rooms and the visitors' reception room with a large glass panel looking into the big studio

On the twenty-fourth floor where the visitor enters the Radio department are offices. These include the executive offices of WMAQ, the offices of The Daily News Radio editorial department, the sales and continuity departments and Radio laboratories. The twenty-fourth floor also houses large lounging rooms and porches at both the north and the south ends.

THOUSANDS of Names Added to Radio Family During the Past Decade

Earl C. Reineke Pioneer in Radio

EARL C. REINEKE, manager and chief announcer of WDAY, Fargo, North Dakota, has been in Radio since 1907, when he built and operated the first wireless station in the Northwest. WDAY, which he founded in January, 1922, was the first station in the Northwest, antedating even WLAG, predecessor of WCCO at Minneapolis. Reineke handles two or more hours a day at the microphone himself, and has a large personal following.

Dave Henley, program director and announcer at the Fargo station, got his start directing amateur plays for the John B. Rodgers Production company, later gaining added experience working for an advertising agency in Duluth. He has a baritone voice, and occasionally, with Manny Marget as helper, stages request programs.

Bob Schulz is the announcer and studio operator. A student at North Dakota Agricultural college, Schulz manages to get away from his college work often enough to be heard several times a day from WDAY, starting his work with the breakfast program every morning.



Manny Marget

Manny Marget, staff artist, is a versatile entertainer, possessing a pleasant tenor voice, a knack for "fiddling," and a penchant for telling stories. Marget appeared for a year or more over KWK at St. Louis before going to North Dakota. While in St. Louis, his home town, he was master of ceremonies at St. Louis' "Coffee Dan's."

* * *

Several changes in the personnel of WFLA and WSUN took place during the summer months. Joseph Mitchell, of the WFLA staff, resigned to accept a post with station WMBR of Tampa. Ben Moss, former all round Radio roamer, has landed at WFLA as an assisting announcer to Walter Tison. Ben Moss, has been heard over stations throughout Ohio and the South. Mr. Moss is likewise an entertainer of no mean ability.

WJAG HAS CRADLE ROLL

For THE WEST



A CHARMING miss, in voice and in person, is Margaret Mahaffey of WJAG, Norfolk, Neb. Miss Mahaffey is the Norco Girl of the Norfolk Daily News. Popular tunes and old time songs bring thousands to the loud speaker to hear this petite blond. As a utility artist at the station she also serves as accompanist to visiting stars of the Radio world.

Sleepy Staff at WOW Gets a Jolt

A MEMBER of the staff at WOW contributed this amusing account of an incident at the Omaha station:

"One day, oh! so early in the morning, the entire staff of WOW had lost many hours of sleep. We were awaiting the broadcast of the Graf Zep as it landed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, completing its around-the-world journey. Eugene Konecky, our commercial director, was working away in his office, the rest of us reposing sleepily in Studio B. Suddenly Konecky dashed into the studio and said, 'It is now 3:00 A. M. and the Graf has arrived.' We, of course, wondered how he received his information; however, no questions were asked.

"The operators ran to their generators; the announcer to the microphone; the hostesses to the telephone. The soft hum of the generators was soon heard and after a series of necessary clicks, the light appeared on the control panel. We were ready for the air. Konecky with a noticeable, yet somewhat suppressed yawn, said, 'Go on the air with a few phonograph records.' I, for one, was dumbfounded, and inquired: 'How about the Graf's arrival?' and Konecky, with a more susceptible yawn, replied, ''Tis now 3:00 A. M. and time for the "phonograph." Pardon me, if there was some misunderstanding.' He was smiling quite perceptibly when he returned to his work. The staff's comments can't be decently produced." Comment, these folks must have their fun, even if the other fellow doesn't like it.

A CRADLE roll numbering thousands of names compiled over a period of ten years is the proud boast of WJAG, the Norfolk, Nebraska, Daily News station. For the past decade this pioneer station has added constantly to its Radio family. Every noon during the regular program new babies born to members of this great family are "rung in" to the list.

For ten years the names of these new babies have been read to the listeners every day, and a unique membership card has been sent out to the parents of the new boy, girl, twins, or triplets born during the twenty-four hours just past. Upon notification of the arrival of a baby, its name and sex, the station staff issues a membership card, and at the same time rings a cow bell in front of the microphone. These cradle roll cards are now scattered all over the United States, the majority of them being in homes in northern Nebraska, South Dakota and parts of Iowa and Kansas.

When the infant has grown to be eighteen years of age an adult membership card is issued and the possessor becomes a full-fledged member of the WJAG Radio family. Radio listeners must pass a rigid initiation to join this great family. They are required to listen to the noon program of the station, report its daily strength or any interference, make suggestions regarding programs and comment in any way on the service rendered.



PAUL A. JONES, Jr., president, general manager of KFUL, "The Voice of Treasure Island," is one of the youngest Radio executives in the country. A graduate of Baylor university, Jones is well known for his track work. He was a half-miler for the Illinois Athletic club and participated in many eastern meets before taking up the more serious life of broadcasting for a career.

Accuracy the Rule in Broadcasting of Football Games

ACCURACY as the prime requisite, with pictorial presentation as a minor feature, has been the policy followed by KOA in Denver in reporting football games this fall.

"The location of the ball, the number of downs, the score and the names of players are what listeners want to know," Freeman Talbot, manager, asserts. "Description of the sinking sun, fleecy clouds and the soughing of the wind during a 40-yard run might have been all right two years ago when broadcasting football games was still something new.

"It is woefully inadequate now since listeners have become so discriminating that they chart the game, either mentally or on paper.

"A football game contains inherently all the elements of drama. There is conflict, partisanship, curiosity, fear, hope, joy, despair, suspense, anti-climaxes and the climax. And with all these primarily interesting things to enthrall the listener, description should be relegated to the minor place it deserves in all narration."

* * *

A new chapter in cooperation between the army air corps and a private Radio station, indicating the service established stations might give in case of war, was written in Denver recently, according to army officers.

An army bombing plane from Langley field became stranded in Denver because a magneto was defective. Its sister ships were 150 miles away on their trip toward home when KOA broadcast a request from the commanding officer of the stranded ship for the squadron to send back a plane with a spare magneto.

The squadron's Radio receivers picked up the message and within an hour and a half, the spare part was in Denver and the plane soon was on its way.

Small transmitters on planes can send messages only a fraction of the distance possible for such stations as KOA. Army officers pointed out that during war time, powerful private stations could transmit orders in code to air fleets. The message might be intercepted, but before it could be decoded the fast planes could have done their work.

* * *

A woman alone on a ranch on the eastern Colorado prairies was an essential part in an intricate communication system recently.

Passing by her Radio, while doing her housework, she turned the set on and heard KOA broadcasting a message to a squadron of Langley field bombing planes winging their way from Denver to Kansas City. She heard the flyers talking by Radio between planes, heard the fleet commander order a ship back to Denver with a spare magneto for a stranded ship, heard the planes try to send a message to KOA and knew this last attempt failed because KOA repeated its original message. The range of the planes' transmitters was too small to reach the 150 miles to Denver.

"Maybe someone will phone the station," one of the flyers commented.

The ranch woman, Mrs. J. C. Traw, did phone KOA, and the stranded flyers were relieved to know their much needed relief was coming.

* * *

Joe Eaton, WOW announcer, tried to get away with a secret marriage. Lasted about six days! pardon us, the secret, we mean. The marriage seems to be getting along o.k.



COLLEGIATE, Collegiate, Oh, my, yes! The boys are good—and good-looking. Who are they? They're the Master Singers at KFAB, the 5,000 watt station out in Lincoln, Nebraska. They're all students at the University of Nebraska.

KFH Has Picture Taken at Night

ON ONE of the main highways leading out of Wichita, Kansas, stand two graceful towers. Luminous against the inky sky of evening they are a magnet to the eyes of the great throng of passing motorists. Adjacent to airport and aircraft factory, still vibrant with the day's activities, they yet somehow seem something aloof, something that beggars the imagination to describe.

Seen in the glory of the Kansas moonlight, the magic lure of their influence, powerful, unseen yet mighty, drew the attention of a Wichita editor until he could no longer resist the temptation. He called the local photographers and had a picture taken of the KFH studios at night. And what a picture!

The camera men set up their equipment about six o'clock one evening for a ten minute exposure. Then they let it stay in the same place until after dark, waiting for another exposure. The result is a composite picture that shows the tracery of the towers against the darkened sky, every gold painted brace and wire standing out clearly. It's so good it doesn't look real. Everything is there, even something of the ghostly majesty and magnetism.

* * *

IF AN out-of-town visitor to Shenandoah, Iowa, is lonely, doesn't find an agreeable place to hang his hat, or is otherwise disgruntled and doesn't feel at home, it is no fault of Henry Field of Radio station KFNF.

When you come to Henry's town there is always a warm welcome awaiting you. Henry and the whole family, Ma, Ruth, Georgia, John Henry, Josephine and Letty, all that are left at home, are on the job to see that you have a good time and don't miss anything.

Want to find a place to stay? A day or a week or longer, the man over at the filling station will fix you up with a cabin, or a room, whatever you want. Should you stay over for a few days, every inducement is offered you to shop in the modern stores. Prices, says Henry, are the bargains you usually dream of and seldom get, and if you spend twenty dollars he gives you five gallons of gasoline, with no strings to it.

There are lots of places to see. Field's big warehouses and shipping rooms, Sleepy Hollow farm where Henry got his start, the beautiful and modern studios and reception room of KFNF, of course, and other things they are glad to tell of and brag about.

* * *

Frank Hodek and his Nightingale Orchestra always present a novel program from WOW. The other evening he offered what he called a bird program, during which we heard all the old blackbird numbers of 1929 and the ever-current blue birds, not overlooking the humming bird. He even dedicated the program to Commander Byrd of Antarctic whereabouts.

WBAP Boasts New Studio, Fine Plans for All Programs

THERE is a broadcasting station down in the Southwest that is having a hard time getting a hat to fit its head these days. A mighty proud organization is WBAP at Fort Worth, for hasn't it moved into a brand new studio on the top floor of the new Blackstone hotel?

Not only is the new studio new in everything, but it's modern, up to the minute, not only in equipment but in decoration and idea. The colors are bright and cheery, those in the ensemble studio and reception room being a bright red, with the furniture upholstered in red. Even the piano is finished in the favorite Chinese color.

When the designers came to the solo studio they went a step farther. They decided that modern wasn't enough, and carried out their designs in the futuristic. Ever try to describe a futuristic setting? It can't be done. But with all these guesses toward the days to come, comfort for the artists at the studio was not neglected, and a roomy lounge for their exclusive use has been provided.

Word comes from the executive offices of the station, also located in the Blackstone, that the folks are all mighty proud of their outfit, which is one of the handsomest and most up to date in all the Southwest.

Even though The Hired Hand is taking a vacation from the microphone and giving his tonsils a long and needed rest, WBAP is a mighty busy place. In addition to the local features it is carrying a rather full schedule of National Broadcasting company programs. In fact, in cooperation with WFAA of Dallas, Texas, with which WBAP splits time, practically all of the NBC programs available for the Southwest are offered.

A new feature started last summer known as "Prissy and Jack" has taken hold and now boasts a great popularity with listeners. This is a serial written by Charles Harris of the editorial staff of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram and Record-Telegram. It is a modernization of the historical characters, Priscilla Mullins and John Alden. The story portrays the romance of a flapper stenographer and a soda jerker, and occupies a fifteen minute period each afternoon.

Another popular station feature at WBAP, known as the Home Hour, includes a string trio playing semi-classical and ballad numbers. The personnel of this group is Michael Cooles, violin, Walter Caughey, 'cello, and Ted Graves, piano. These programs are broadcast daily between eleven and eleven forty-five in the morning.

A rather unique organization known as the Melody Four, a male quartet composed of Negro musicians of Fort Worth under the direction of H. R. Johnson, also has a large following. They feature not only popular and classical numbers, but, of course, the Spirituals, a field in which they excel.

Once a week may be heard from WBAP the "C" Group, featuring the tunes of yesteryear, popular, semi-classical and classical. When this group was organized two years ago every person's name started with the letter "C" which gave rise to the name "C" Group. Some of the "C's" have gone but the name remains. It is under the direction of Charles Croxton, baritone. Even though the names have changed, "C" Group is still mighty popular. Director Croxton is to be congratulated on that difficult task, keeping a feature popular.



LUCKY thespians at KOA, Denver. Charming Iris Ruth Gilmore is dramatic director at the station, and what a pleasure it must be to work for her. Rehearsals at KOA are something to look forward to.

"Dad" Is Favorite Fiddler at WJAG

"DAD" PARKER, old-time fiddler, is a pronounced favorite with the rural listeners from station WJAG at Norfolk, Nebraska.

Like the Radio station, "Dad" Parker is a pioneer fiddler. Years ago, when Nebraska had no automobiles, and dance barns were popular, "Dad" Parker entertained in many a hay-loft and at many a barn dance. Now he plays the same music from the Radio station each day, and is leader of an old-time orchestra. "Dad" Parker has the record of never failing to play an old-time request number, having at his command practically all of the old-time tunes familiar to those who used to dance back in the '80's. He is a regular artist on the station of WJAG.

* * *

Gene Arnold boasts of holding what is probably a record for "ad lib" programs. It was during the Sunday morning Sunshine period at WENR. Gene was at the mike when suddenly the control room reported the reproducing machine was burned out. Of the sixty records scheduled for broadcast only twelve had been played. There were no artists or musicians in the studio at the time and Mr. Arnold had to assume the role of a one man staff. He sang all the songs he knew, told stories, recited poetry for over two hours and was amazed the next day to receive hundreds of letters congratulating him on his excellent performance. It was a wonderful chance to show his versatility, but do you envy Gene?



* * *

Announcing another embryo announcer. Don Malin, musical director and announcer at WLS, is the proud father of John William, now three months old, and John William promises to be a "chip off the old block" for he started broadcasting about his arrival the first day. Looks like Don's night work won't all be confined to lullabys from the WLS studios.

Studio Hostess at KOA Has Some Fun

Lucile Fowler tells a good one. KOA seems to be a mecca for visitors to Denver and little Lucile often draws the assignment of showing them around the studio and answering any and all questions that come up. The visitors are of all kinds and classes. One day an especially gawky lad from the mountains stumbled over the door sill. The hay seed still dangling from his hair, he was all open-mouthed wonder at all he saw. One of the grand pianos in the main studio especially caught his eye. After he had examined it from casters to name plate he turned to Lucile and asked, "What is this thing?" Now I ask you, what can a girl do?

* * *

The Eskimos may pull a string attached to a can when they want the sound of a barking dog, but it has remained for KOA to discover Radio's Rin Tin Tin. He is Gene Lindberg, continuity writer and a former newspaper man. He developed his barking talent in student shows at the University of Colorado several years ago, before he was eliminated by the faculty for editing a scandal edition of the campus paper



Gene, on the left, towers some six feet, but since bodily size makes no difference to the microphone, he is as good in poodle as in Great Dane roles. He prefers the big roles, however, if it is all the same to the director. The young lady at the right of the photo shares Gene's woes and joys—she is his wife.

* * *

The golf championship of WLS will not be decided until next season. Don Malin, musical director, works in the afternoon and late evening while Leonard Reinsch, his only rival, works in the morning and early evening. The verbal golf match between them ended in a draw when Don had to go in the studio to announce a program and Leonard had to write some publicity. However, next season both promise to break par, or something else, if necessary, and the chances are it will be something else.

THE Far West Has Advantage of Drawing on "Talkies" for Talent to Appear Before its Microphones.

PACIFIC COAST IS MECCA for Many

Jamboree "Sell-out" at KFRC Open House

ASK any Radio fan on the West Coast if he ever listens to KFRC's Blue Monday Jamboree and the answer will be, "I'll say I do—never miss it!" The Jamboree is an institution on the coast. It originates at KFRC in San Francisco and is carried over the Don Lee Broadcasting system to Los Angeles and Fresno, California, every Monday from 8:00 to 10:00.

Any production manager will tell you that it's "tough" to carefully rehearse a program and make it sound impromptu. On the contrary it's very easy to gather a "flock" of artists in a studio, do a "catch as catch can" and present an impromptu frolic. But the KFRC Jamboree is a combination of both—it's a well rehearsed, carefully thought out variety program that actually sounds impromptu.

About a year ago someone thought it would be "nice" to invite the audience to a public Jamboree to be held in the beautiful Cadillac-LaSalle showrooms of the Don Lee building where the station is located. Seven thousand five hundred fans accepted the invitation and "sardined" their way in. Two days later when 15 workmen had scrubbed the tile floor, revarnished the building's woodwork, replaced a plate-glass window; when 10 beautiful motor cars had been sent to the paint shop for refinishing and when the Jamboree staff had begun to convalesce from the onslaught, KFRC was convinced that the Jamboree was popular.

But the following Monday the staff realized that something had been started that was going to be difficult to tactfully finish. All of the friends of the guests of the previous Monday onslaught put in their unexpected appearance, assuming that they could invade the sacred confines of the main studio and see the action. Then began the task of getting the idea over to some hundreds that this after all, was Radio business, not a theatre and—diplomatically—that they were cordially invited to take a front row seat in front of their loudspeakers.

But that didn't satisfy. The seige continued Monday after Monday until it was finally decided to permit 40 people "behind the scenes" each week. Reservations were made by mail and at the present time the Jamboree audience is "sold out" eight months ahead.

* * *

Phil and Anne Brae are a charming young married couple who have put their every day experiences and life together to a profitable use. They recently celebrated their first birthday as stars of the Good as Gold hour at WOR, holding for months the fan mail record at the station. Anne, who writes the entire sketch, originated the idea. "Nowadays," she says, "when Phil and I get into an argument we make a sketch of it. Married friends tell us their troubles and many young wives and husbands write them. Naturally we avail ourselves of their humorous sides." Smart girl, Anne. Tell her what your wife said—?



ALL four members of the KPO Carolers are well known personalities. Left to right, Urban Hartman, Refa Miller, Mildred Baily and Harvey Orr. They are heard in pleasing bits of ballads and semi-classical numbers.

KPO Carolers a Hit

THE KPO Carolers, with pleasing bits of ballads and semi-classic numbers, have made a great hit. All four members of the team are well-known Radio personalities and have been heard often as soloists. Refa Miller, the soprano, has toured the world in comic opera. Urban Hartman, tenor, is an old vaudeville favorite. Harvey Orr, baritone, has had a colorful stage career on the West Coast, while Mildred Baily, pianist and contralto, has been in Radio work for some time.

"Singing Smithy" Joins KGW Staff

UNDER the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stood—at his anvil in the town of Pilot Rock, Oregon. Apparently Ted A. Roy, "the singing blacksmith," was forging not a horseshoe but a microphone for today he is a staff member of the Oregonian's station and broadcasts daily the voice that won him nationwide fame and some fortune in the 1927 Atwater Kent contest.

Ted, who is a senior at Oregon Agricultural college, won his metallurgical title because for the past few summers smithing was his business. Though rising swiftly to musical fame he went back to the forge where for 35 years his father shod horses.

Roy, whose voice reaches out to the Hill Billies in the far Northwest, has a fitting musical companion in Lucille Kirtley, soprano, also a member of KGW's staff. Lucille, unlike most Radio sopranos, is said never to have burned out the voice coil in anyone's dynamic speaker. Her girlhood spent in Kentucky apparently equipped her with a gentility of enunciation that keeps even the arch foes of aerial sopranos from dialling her out. And looks! Paul R. Heitmeyer, KGW's new manager, thanks the Lord daily that the station has no television transmitter. If the listeners could see Lucille they'd kidnap her—at least so Paul thinks.

Lucille gets a few letters of praise now and then. (No one ever writes telling her to shut up.) But Sid Goodwin, KGW's new chief announcer, is the man who gets a mail that necessitates the use here of the oft-heard and seldom believed phrase "thousands of letters."

KGW claims one distinction on which it absolutely will not back water, and that is in having in its household hints department a woman who really knows about households and how to run them. A glance might make anyone think that Betty Baker broadcasts beauty hints, but not so; her line is recipes and the like. She was graduated in Home economics from the University of Oregon. She is on the air daily.

* * *

KHQ listeners will soon be enjoying a series of dramatic episodes weekly. The production will be under Jean Paul King's direction, who handled this work for the San Francisco studios of the NBC for many months. Auditions are being held in the studios and many new effects, never before heard on the air, are being tried out. No one author is being chosen to write the dramas, as the character is to change from week to week, a melodrama one week, a love story the next. Several members of the KHQ staff will be used and the programs are to have musical background.



JENNINGS DOUGLAS PIERCE, Jr., gives the countersign "Ah—Goo" on the occasion of his audition test at the NBC San Francisco studios. His proud daddy is chief announcer for the NBC at the Golden Gate.

Spanish Songs Not Spanish, Really

SPANISH songs are—Spanish songs to almost everybody, but not to Virginia Flohri, featured soprano of KFI. Virginia rises indignantly in defense, or offense, take your choice, of the titles given to the songs now much in vogue.

"Properly speaking," says Miss Flohri, "there is no such thing as a 'Spanish' song. But there are Catalan songs, Asturian songs, Andalusian songs, songs of Malaga, Valencia, Extremadura. From America we have typical rhythms and melodies which are really provincial in origin and character but which are labeled Spanish because the lyrics are often in that language.

"But they are not Spanish. Their tonalties, their rhythms and their melodies are all distinct and strongly featured according to different localities and races. For instance, the popular song Estrellita is of strong Mexican character, just as Mi Viejo Amor. Then again, the popular La Paloma is of distinct Cuban flavor, its rhythm being that of the habanera."

Six announcers for one station is the boast of KHQ. Billy Sherwood and Harry Lantry are heard in the morning, Harvey Wixson, Willis Higley and Jack Chapman in the afternoons, and Jean Paul King at night. Wixon and Higley are staff singers. Chapman, aside from his microphone duties, is commercial manager, and Harry Lantry, manager.

Chapman remembers the day when he alone handled the work. Lantry was added to the staff, King has been at KHQ nearly a year and the others are recent additions to the staff.

"At any rate," says Louis Wasmer, the station's owner, "KHQ listeners don't have a chance to tire of our announcers' voices."

* * *

Walt and Winn, popular harmony team of KHQ, now known as the Cambern Dutch Doughboys, tried out a few special arrangements over the air the other evening. Now nearly seventy-five per cent of the requests which are telephoned and written to them are designated as "special arrangements." The boys are rehearsing several hours daily for their half hour program.

Land of Dreams is Brought to Earth

THE LAND OF DREAMS has been brought to earth. That's not as fantastic as it sounds, for Orville Goldner created and drilled the little folks from Fairy Land who live in "The Air Castle" and who entertain children and grown-ups every evening from KHJ, Los Angeles, KFRC, San Francisco and KMJ, Fresno for a personal appearance not so long ago.

The "Air Castle" was staged with its magic bell, which causes things to happen mysteriously, and all the characters as originally created by Baron Keys, The Story Man of KHJ. They were introduced by their author. Clickety-Clack, Bugler Murphy, Happy Duck, President Pip, The Gold Knight, Yip the little dog with the bag of tricks, Mumbo Gumbo the cannibal, and Mimba the monkey were all present. Even the tower itself was reminiscent of Fairy Land, with its minarets, towers, walls, banners, arms, shields and swords.

Goldner, the man who took these characters from the Land of Dreams, is one of the foremost marionette designers and builders in the country. He has been identified with this type of work in a national enterprise using marionettes in motion pictures. He has handled marionette shows in various parts of the country and has been active on the Pacific coast for the past five years. He joined the staff of the Don Lee-KHJ station last summer. There he made it possible for the famous little characters of the "Air Castle" to appear in person. Listeners were enabled to see them as well as hear them talk, sing, dance and do everything that children could desire from these little characters they had learned to know and love over the air.

Ranger's Dog Is Radio Enthusiast

EVEN the dogs get lonely during the winter months in the wilds of Glacier National park. At the Belly River Ranger station Joe Heimes has a huskie dog that has found Radio an excellent cure for the ennui that comes with the snow. She now enjoys listening at all seasons.

Belly River is a lonely Rocky Mountain post during the winter months and the dog Nellie has become accustomed to joining her master listening to the programs broadcast daily from the "great outside world." The dog likes orchestra music best of all but will listen attentively to the spoken human voice in whatever happens to be on the air.

Heimes fastens the receivers to the dog's ears when listening time comes. The other evening while the ranger was preparing supper the dog pawed the receiver from the little stand and got one of her ears down on the floor against the headpiece, listening patiently for sound. The ranger watched her with quiet amusement for a time before tuning in a station. The result was a sudden burst of animal growls. The huskie's neck hair stood up straight and she viewed the apparatus fiercely. Suddenly she sprang upon the receiver and would have chewed it to pieces if Heimes hadn't rescued it.

The unwelcome program happened to be a duet by trained seals that was being broadcast from New York. The ranger is careful now in selecting a harmonious program for his wolf dog of the North, for Radio sets can't be purchased across the street.

Dramatic Critic on the Air at KFI Proves Popular Feature

PROFESSIONAL criticism, once the exclusive property of newspapers and magazines, has been made a Radio program feature at KFI, Los Angeles. Carl Haverlin, manager of the California station, recently carried out an experiment which inaugurated broadcasting of dramatic criticisms by Edwin August.

Mr. August, actor, director and playwright both on stage and screen, was invited to view a play starring Ethel Barrymore and review the performance for the Radio audience. As courageous as he is talented, Mr. August accepted the assignment and proceeded to deliver an opinion of the play which in freshness, accuracy and justice delighted his listeners.

A heavy mail was the immediate result. The review was liberally praised for its honesty, clarity, and outspoken appreciation of the roles well interpreted and criticism of those which fell below the standard.

Tabloid Plays on Program at KFWB

A RECENT addition to the Tuesday night programs at Warner Brothers' Radio Station KFWB, Hollywood, entitled "Great Moments from Great Plays" has met with such an enthusiastic reception that Manager Gerald King has decided to continue it indefinitely.

This offering consists of condensed versions of classical and standard dramas presented by the distinguished stage and screen star, Herbert Heyes with whom is associated Mildred Von Hollen, Zeffie Tilbury, Wyndham Standing and Eugene Strong.

Owing to the fact that those artists are engaged in important screen productions and have their evenings free,



HERBERT HEYES, KFWB

Mr. Heyes has been able to secure their services, an achievement which would be difficult outside of Hollywood.

The tabloid editions so far presented include Othello, The Merchant of Venice, Ingomar the Barbarian, The Lady of Lyons, The School for Scandal, Don Caesar De Bazan and The Bells.



THE "Jazz Stylists" of KPO have taken the Far West by storm. Tommy Monroe and Bob Allen, or the "Sixteen Forty Boys," as they are known on the air, are quite some lads when they start singing and playing.

KPO Has Peppy Team

"THE Sixteen Forty Boys" have taken the West Coast by storm. Tommy Monroe and Bob Allen are some boys when they sit down to tickling the piano keys and singing a piece or two. Tommy is the singer of the team, while Bob, the other member of the "Jazz Stylists" as these KPO artists term themselves, is a pianist and composer. Besides appearing three nights a week before the mike they make records for Columbia.

Old Fiddlers Galore

OLD Fiddlers abound in the great Northwest, the State College of Washington proved for the fourth time this year when twenty men entered the contest. That the entries would be "sure enough" old timers the rules specified that the musician must be at least fifty years old. In addition he had to live within a 100 miles of Pullman, Washington, and must play at least six minutes before the microphone at KWSC, furnishing his own accompanist.

Merchants in Pullman furnished the prizes awarded the winners of the contest. The awards included almost everything from hair cuts to half soles, totalling 141, and everyone won something.

The winners were selected by popular vote of the station audience. Ballots were received from every county in Washington, and Oregon, as well as many towns in California, Montana, Utah, Nevada, and British Columbia.

* * *

Emelia da Prato, the young lyric soprano of San Francisco, is back on the coast after two years of intensive study for an operative career. Emelia came to America from Lucca, Italy, when she was only three years old. She lived with her parents in south Frisco and was a little bundle of sunshine when she was so small she had to stand on a table to attract attention. The whole Italian colony uesd to flock to hear her sing. Miss da Prato yearned for a career in opera through her school and working days and the contest of 1927 gave her a chance. She easily won in the state, later being awarded second place in the National finals. Reinald Werrenrath says she has a remarkable lyric soprano voice and that she has a "singing mind."

KOMO Engineer Composes Music as Avocation

JUST because most of a man's training has been along mechanical lines is no reason he can't become a musical composer, avers Robert Flagler, control operator at KOMO. His own experience bears out his claim, for he has achieved success as a song writer.

At a very early age Flagler showed strong mechanical tendencies. All of his interest in grade school was confined to the manual training shops and his teachers couldn't even get him to sing during the musical periods. By the time he was twelve years old he had constructed a wireless set and got a good start on his future career. At the age of sixteen he was wireless operator on the steamer President Grant. For the past two years he has been Radio operator at the Seattle station.

"A year ago," Flagler says, "I couldn't even carry a tune. Now I am studying music, not because I have any ambition to become a Radio artist, but because I find it a fascinating diversion. To me the technical side is far more interesting than studio performance."

Environment will tell, though. A short time ago Flagler astonished the KOMO family by bringing in a song he had composed. Fred Lynch was enthusiastic about its charming melody and introduced it to the Radio audience.

"Just a Dreamer" is the title of this composition which is soon to be published. Musical critics who have heard it declare that the author has real creative ability.

Canadian Station Is Growing



FRED KENT, popular piano accordionist who specializes in Italian melodies as well as being an exponent of popular melodies. He is heard from CKLC, Calgary.

Radio Great Help in Rural Canada

RESIDENTS of the rural districts of Canada are finding Radio an exceedingly valuable aid in the settling of the 240 million acres of land which are yet unplowed. Besides giving many advantages for entertainment and culture that were previously limited to the larger settlements, the pioneers find much of practical service in the broadcasts.

From the many American stations heard in Canada as well as from the broadcasters in the Dominion the farmer gets much that is of real value in his everyday life. The Radio gives him the weather forecast, market reports, talks on agricultural subjects, and a great deal of practical information that is useful to him in a business way. He may plan his harvesting or other farming operations according to the weather forecasts. By virtue of the advice received over the air he governs his plans for marketing.

Radio programs are broadcast in Canada by 87 stations. Thirteen of these are owned by the Canadian National railways, which owns the only transcontinental system of wires under one direction adapted for broadcasting. There are more than 1,000 other transmitting stations in the Dominion such as amateur, experimental, private, commercial, training school, aircraft and ship stations.

* * *

One of the achievements of the past summer for uniting the best interests of United States and Canadian broadcasting has been the tie-in by Canadian stations with the great trans-continental chains. This has been both by the wire and the wax systems.

"I believe it is of more than ordinary significance," said Mr. R. W. Ashcroft, manager of CKGW, Toronto. "We will find friendly Radio waves smile at international boundaries."

J. Arthur Dupont Is Director of CKAC

J. ARTHUR DUPONT, station director and chief announcer of station CKAC, Montreal, to use his own words, "inherited the position" upon the resignation of J. A. Cartier three years ago. Since that time there has been considerable expansion in and around CKAC and the latest development is the building of a new five kilowatt station located at St. Hyacinthe, thirty miles out of Montreal.

Mr. Dupont has been five years with the station and is one of the youngest men in the Dominion to be in such a position as he now holds. He is 27 years of age, unmarried and finds his greatest relaxation in automobile touring and in swimming. His bilingual ability has stood him in good stead. Readers will recall his remarkable achievement in the past season in broadcasting play-by-play reports of hockey games, in both languages. Mr. Dupont is so enthusiastic about CKAC's new station that he won't say much about himself. He points out that the new site was chosen as a result of careful study by the engineer-in-chief, Mr. Leonard Spencer, in co-operation with representatives of the Radio Branch of the Dominion Government.

The new station cost $200,000 and is one of the few high powered newspaper stations in Canada. CKAC has an exclusive wave length of 410.7 meters and is on the air seven days a week. It is stated that the power obtainable is eighteen times that given by the old equipment.

Broadcasting is done by remote control, the studios where the artists perform being located in the Bank of Commerce building at the corner of St. Catherine West and Metcalfe Streets, Montreal.

Another feature of CKAC which Mr. Dupont is boasting of is the new station orchestra. The La Presse station has recently engaged an orchestra of 25 picked musicians, attached to the studio on a permanent basis. CKAC is the only station in Canada which can boast of such a feature.

U. S. Girls at CNRA

LAST summer a group of American girls, all from the vicinity of New York, decided to have a real vacation in the north woods of Canada. They discovered just the place they were looking for at Camp Hermit Thrush, near Elgin, New Brunswick, Canada, in the heart of the great outdoors.

Included in the group at Camp Hermit Thrush was Miriam Campbell, head guide of the Woodcraft League of America, and, incidentally a master of arts, and a lecturer in garden and nature subjects. One day the opportunity presented itself to broadcast a program on woodcraft from Radio station CNRA of the Canadian National Railways chain at Moncton, New Brunswick. So Miss Campbell took a little group with her over to the studio and put on an exceedingly interesting program.

Besides Miss Campbell, whose home is in Staten Island, New York, Selma Gerhard, Scarsdale, Westchester, N. Y., Beatrice DeMille, Elizabeth Weber, Helen Warner and Elizabeth Hurlburt, all of Manhattan, took part in the program.

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

TALK about women having a real chance for a career in Radio! Here's a girl who was well on her way to doing great things in the diplomatic service changing her mind and going in for broadcasting. Pattie Field, first woman to hold a vice consulship in the service of the United States, has resigned to accept a position with the National Broadcasting company.



From vice consul at Amsterdam to industrial research work in the sales promotion department of the NBC is quite a change, but Miss Field is going to have an opportunity to use her experience. Much of the work she handled during three and one half years in Holland was industrial research and investigation.

The little lady is only 28 years old and says she "wants to grow up with Radio." She has a charming personality and had the entire corps at Amsterdam at her feet. She is a native of Denver, the daughter of E. B. Field, Jr., former president of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company.

* * *

The Silver Masked Tenor is back in New York again, and you can hear him on the NBC programs, Getta McClellan. You may hear him and not be certain that it is your man in the silver mask, unless you have a good ear for voices, for he often sings under his own name, Joseph White. He has only recently returned from a two year tour with the Silvertown Cord orchestra. You will be happy to know that your old friends Ford and Glenn are prospering so that they have added a third member to their team and are now known as Ford and Glenn and Gene at the WLW studios, where they are appearing. And Getta, Ralph Emerson is, besides being chief organist at WLS, chief organist on the "world's largest organ" at the Chicago Stadium. He is on the air from 6:30 to 7 every evening, and on the WLS Merry-Go-Round Saturday afternoons.

* * *

Doretta Guerin inquires about Jack Crawford and his recording orchestra. As far as we can find out he is now touring the country and what little broadcasting he does is not from any single station, but he goes on the air wherever and whenever he feels like it.

* * *

Everett George Opie pulled a surprise on his friends a short time ago when he announced that he and Ollene Andresen had made a visit to the preacher. It was quite a thrilling romance and certainly should win some sort of a prize for its speed. A very short time after Opie became the Town Crier for WJJD he discovered that the station director had a mighty attractive secretary. In four short weeks Everett and Ollene were married by Dr. Preston Bradley, pastor of the People's Church of Chicago and a pioneer broadcaster of religious services. Mrs. Opie hails from Elgin, Illinois, and is a graduate of the University of Illinois.



Everett says that he is busier than ever now that he has a household to keep him on the jump. He prepares commercial Radio continuities at WJJD, directs dramatic productions and announces feature programs. On the outside he is working on a series of musical and dramatic features which will cover broadcast by television. In between times he has been writing a book on Radio production which is scheduled for publication very shortly.

Opie first made a name for himself while with WIBO in Chicago. The National Broadcasting company thought he was so good they induced him to join the staff of their Chicago studio. From the NBC he went up to St. Paul to become one of the big moguls at KSTP, where he stayed until something told him WJJD offered a great attraction. He found her.

* * *

The newest addition to the staff of KGW, the Oregonian, is Archie Presby. Archie escaped being an ABC casualty by signing his contract a few days before the dissolution of the chain.

* * *

Wee Willie Robyn received a ten-foot fan letter the other day from a lass who calls herself the "Wee Lady from Worcester." She has been writing to the diminutive tenor of Roxy's Gang at the rate of two letters a week for the past four years. One day she decided to write everything she ever wanted to say and the result was a closely written masterpiece measuring ten feet in length, nearly twice as long as Willie is tall. Wonder what the "Wee Lady" from Worcester had to say? And wouldn't you like to know?



* * *

Well, Imogene of Lone Jack, Missouri, here is the low-down on Everett Lindstrom, the KSTP Troubadour. Everett is 27 years old, about medium height, rather boyish looking, with light brown hair and sparkling blue eyes. He has a "smile" in his voice that you will be crazy about. Everett's only love is for his 16-string harp guitar over which you have heard him croon. He has returned to his former activities as assistant trainer in athletics at the University of Minnesota, but is still on the air at KSTP.

* * *

KGW announcers are taking elocution lessons under the direction of Isabel Stout, who is the leading lady of the KGW players. Sid Goodwin, chief announcer, who doesn't need lessons, is somewhat skeptical of elocution teachers but he agrees that to say "tew" into the mike makes a sound more like "2" than does "too."

Paul Johnson has resigned from regular duty as studio director of KSTP to take up the practice of medicine and surgery. Not that we wish anyone any bad luck, but we sure hope the practice is good up there in St. Paul. Another little wish is that Paul doesn't devote all of his time to the sick, but can spare a few minutes now and then for his old friend mike.



Johnson was a pioneer announcer in Northwest Radio. He began at WBAH in 1922 and six months later went to WLAG in Minneapolis as chief announcer. When WCCO purchased the station Paul remained at the microphone until he joined the KSTP staff in March of 1928. Many of the celebrities of the world have been introduced to the Radio audience by Johnson, including Marshall Foch, President Coolidge, General Pershing, Amundsen Schumann-Heink, David Lloyd George, and a host of others.

* * *

"I like you as an aunt, but I'd like you better still as a mother," wrote a 17 year old Filipino boy from Manila to Aunt Betty (Ruth Thompson) of KGO. "If you will send me third class fare I'll come to the United States, get a job and be your son." And he enclosed his picture. And this Filipino lad is only one of the 5,000 children to whom Ruth is an aunt. What a job!

* * *

Maud Graham Marshall, who was KGW's Town Crier, has left, voluntarily, for Los Angeles. If she doesn't land in Radio she may return to school teaching. Radio's loss would sure be the school kiddie's gain.

* * *

Wendell Hall, my dear Celesta and Pattie, is not exactly good looking, but he has something that makes you like him, and, on the other hand, he might be considered quite good looking,—it all depends on whose eyes you are looking through. Some three or four years ago Wendell Hall and a sweet young thing stepped up before the microphone, accompanied by a preacher, and he has been happily married ever since.



The "Red Headed Music-Maker" is red headed, and don't let anyone tell you differently. And the color is natural and inheritable, apparently, since his baby boy is also crimson topped. The infant Hall was born on his daddy's birthday.

Still interested in how Papa Hall looks, girls? Well, he is five feet eleven inches tall and has bright blue eyes. You know about his hair already. He has several musical talents, can play the piano, ukulele and other instruments, and his crooning songs—well, it's just too bad. His only vice is cigars, which he likes big and strong, but pipes and cigarets are seldom his choice.

Radio has lured another luminary of the musical world to its doors. Clarence C. Moore who has made broadcasting his hobby for the past five years, has joined the staff of KOA, Denver, as bass soloist, actor, program builder and announcer. Clarence is a western product, having been born in Denver. He attended Culver, Denver university and Case school of applied science. He still retains an interest in the hardware and iron company his grandfather founded but devotes all of his time to Radio. He has sung leading roles in all Denver Music Week association operas of the past few years, is a church soloist, and has been singing with the KOA light opera company and the Arcadians mixed quartet.



* * *

Jack Barnet lays claim to being the worst Radio nut in Portland. He carries a portable receiver in his sedan wherever he goes. He takes it canoeing with his girl. He takes it flying with Tex Rankin. He plays it on the banks of streams while he is fishing. He even took it to a prize fight and while he watched the fighters he listened to a baseball broadcast. Can you beat it?

* * *

After a successful tour of the east Gretchen Brendel has returned to KPO and resumed her contralto solos and ensemble singing. Gretchen has a quality of voice that is peculiarly well adapted to broadcasting. For a number of years she was popular with audiences in the Keith-Orpheum theatres. She has also been soloist for Leo Ornstein, renowned pianist, during his New York appearances. Miss Brendel replaces Myrtle Leonard on the KPO mixed quartet.

* * *

Pat Flanagan was nearly mobbed the other day, and the mob was feminine at that. Baseball fans—but we're getting ahead of the story. Pat was riding in a crowded street car not so long ago when a cheery feminine voice spoke up. "Hello, Pat Flanagan of WBBM, you look just like your pictures." Pat said he had no idea so many women liked baseball until every girl, young and old, in that car stood up and started his way. Everyone of them claimed to have listened to his baseball broadcasts, especially when the Cubs were on the road. Now Pat, you shouldn't be so charming, really you shouldn't. It isn't fair to take advantage of your bachelor reputation and make the girls suffer so.



* * *

Annabelle Jones Rose has been holding out on the fans. For two years she has been singing love songs over KGO with crushing results upon the young swains of the Radio audience. Now it comes out that Reba Swan and Annabelle are one and the same person. Congratulations are due to Mrs. Rose on the double reputation she has built for herself at the San Francisco station.

* * *

Ruth Messmer, KOIN blues singer, is one of those girls preferred by gentlemen, and a striking one, too. The song writers have supplied plenty of numbers depicting a lady in distress, and the effective way in which Ruth sends out the SOS is positively alarming.

Two girls out in Evergreen Park, Ill., have been very much worried about what has happened to some of the artists they used to hear at WHT. I'm glad you asked, Dorothy and Louise, because lots of other people want to know too, but are too bashful to write and ask me. Ambrose Larry Larson is at WGN, and Warren Birkenhead is also still in Chicago, but he is with the NBC studios. Martha Linn is off the air entirely, and it's a shame, too. I'm trying to get a picture of Blue Emil for you, but he says he hasn't one that does him justice, so I'm afraid you will have to wait until he visits the photographer, and that probably means next month.

* * *

Gordon Onstad, tenor, is with the Oregonian's Radio station, KGW. Gordon, like Archie Presby, signed some days in advance of the dissolution of the ABC chain. Atta boy, Gordon!

* * *

Belle Baker is a stunning brunette who knocks 'em out visually as well as vocally. The former Ziegfeld star is said to have one of the best Radio voices in America, as many a loud speaker all over the country will testify. Belle's popularity is attested by the tremendous vote that recently made her one of the leaders in a national poll for the most popular vaudeville artist. Belle, who has appeared on Radio-Keith-Orpheum request programs, is a comedienne of no mean ability. Look her over.



* * *

I almost forgot, (but I wouldn't really, Getta). that Mrs. McClellan wants to know where Henry Burr can be heard. Mr. Burr is a tenor who has long been connected with the Victor Talking Machine company. He is known as one of the "eight popular Victor artists." He is not listed as a regular studio artist but can be heard from time to time on NBC programs.

* * *

Marjorie Anne of Waukegan wants to know whether Marion and Jim Jordan of WENR are man and wife. Well. Marjorie Anne, the story of Marion and Jim makes quite a pretty little romance. They both were born in Peoria, Illinois, where they first became acquainted. Now they are happily married. Jim has been an entertainer all his life, except for a short time when he tried selling. He and Marion had a harmony singing act in vaudeville until one day they were dared to stand in front of the mike at WIBO. Since then they have been on the air.

They certainly make a cute couple. Marion is a tiny little thing, only five feet four inches with her French heels. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Jim himself is no giant, standing only five feet six inches in his socks. His hobby is fishing, but he likes baseball and swimming 'most as well.

Jim says that he is no relation of Corine Jordan of KSTP and doesn't even know the lady. Wonder if Marion had anything to say about that?

* * *

A honeymoon recently kept Robert Simmons, NBC tenor, away from the microphone. It wasn't his own honeymoon, at that, but that of his parents, which makes it still more complicated. It seems the Rev. Richard Simmons, Methodist minister, finally found time for a honeymoon, and Robert's mother insisted on taking their grown son with them into the Adirondacks.

Walking through the corridors back stage at the Capitol theatre one day Major Edward Bowes heard a sweet tenor voice. He listened for a few minutes and then looked into the dressing room. He saw a tall, handsome young man, with dark, dreamy eyes, donning the resplendent uniform of doorman. Such was the discovery of William I. Carrigan, lyric tenor on Bowes' Capitol Family, broadcast through NBC. William, besides being too good looking to be safe, is only twenty-four years old. He is still studying at the Damrosch school and recently won a scholarship. Some people have all the luck.



* * *

Friend Louise out in Lincoln, Nebraska, has been waiting a long time to hear all about Ted Husing, I know. I have been so rushed these fall days that I hardly know where I am. But here is all the dope about good-looking Ted. Guess I'd better break the big news first, Louise. Ted has been married for five years and is the proud papa of a mighty pretty three-year-old girl. The senior Husing is about five feet, eleven inches tall, has dark brown hair and an olive complexion. And Ted just loves to dress up, going in for all the ultra-modern effects. He can't sing much or play a guitar or anything, but how he can dance! (That ought to be spelled with capital letters.) Ted is really a better buck and wing dancer, to say nothing of soft shoe shuffler, than many a "big shot" on the musical comedy stage. "The Playboy of the Columbia System," as he is known, is the chief announcer of that chain, and is one highly temperamental lad.

* * *

As to your other question, Louise, the mails seem to be on a strike out in Kansas, or else your friend, Dee D. Denver, Jr., is a very bashful specimen, for I haven't been able to find out one single little thing about him. Have patience yet a little longer and the streets of Lincoln shall ring with the echoes of his life. I promise you.

* * *

Caroline Andrews really loves to sing. One of the visitors to the NBC New York studios recently proved this. Caroline had just finished a program and was on her way to the elevator when the visitor stopped her in the corridor. "I like your voice, Miss Andrews, it is wonderful." Caroline was so pleased that she sang for her admirer right there in the hall of the building. A little thing like that makes the world a better place to live in, doesn't it?



* * *

There is a handsome young man down at KDYL who is going to be in a bad way one of these days when some girl's heart flutters a bit too hard at the thought of him. Tom Barbre has only one vice, girls, and as that one tends to label him as a he-man, you shouldn't mind. He does insist on smoking strong pipes that smell to high heaven. But he is good looking.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Get it off your chest.

HUMOR from the Studios

Being Amusing Bits of Gossip and Snappy Stories of Life and Fun in the Studios

By P. H. W. DIXON

WHENEVER a cartoonist runs out of ideas he draws a picture of a Radio announcer doing his stuff and does tricks with his pen to create the impression of static. Whenever a joke manufacturer spills his favorite inspiration, he dashes off a few lines at the expense of Radio. Old John W. Public reads 'em and laughs and then twirls the dials on the five-tube set with his usual enthusiasm.

But the cartoonists and alleged humorists don't know the half of it. In fact they don't know the one-half of one per cent of it in the matter of laughs pertaining to broadcasting.

Up on New York's Fifth Avenue in the vicinity of $10,000 necklaces and coffee at 20 cents a cup there's a dignified new building with the mystic number of 711. The Manhattan home of the National Broadcasting Company, no less. From the eleventh floor to the roof of this building life is just one amusing incident after another if the stories told—and some of them whispered—are true. The announcers tell them, the Radio artists tell them, and the pretty young ladies who greet the visiting public with a smile tell them.

For instance, there's the story of the Soprano Who Insulted an Announcer.

The soprano in this case was a somewhat excitable lady from Poland. Her Radio recital was to last fifteen minutes and she was told to have several songs ready in addition to her regular program in case extra numbers were needed to fill in the time on the air. She completed her program and had three minutes left to fill. The announcer walked over and, in a whisper, asked her the name of the selection she would sing.

"Leetle White Donkey" said the soprano, giving the announcer the Polish equivalent of a dirty look.

"But, Madame," said the announcer, "we must have the name of your next selection."

"Leetle White Donkey!" said the soprano, this time with some vehemence.

"But, Madame, this is no time for personal remarks," and his voice was deadly calm. "You must tell me the name of your next song."

Madame gave the announcer a look of despair and then snatched a piece of music from the rack in front of her.

"Look" she said.

And the title of the song was "The Little White Donkey."

* * *

THEN there's another story that might be called the Announcer Who Insulted a Soprano—only it was unintentional.

This particular singer had just finished her recital and the high notes still were echoing through the studio. At the moment she ended her song word came that the station was to go off the air because of an S.O.S. call. The announcer was on the job.

"You have just listened to Madama Kola Ratura, soprano soloist," said the announcer. "We will now stand by for distress signals."

* * *

THE Radio engineers, too, have their stories. This one came all the way from Houston and concerns the national convention of the late, lamented Democratic party.

The engineers in charge of the Houston end of the broadcast of the convention worked in a small booth with very little ventilation. In fact it was as hot as Houston in that booth. An enthusiastic orator with no regard for the delicate constitution of the microphone and amplifying equipment was bellowing away on the platform and the engineer was working frantically to keep the voice within broadcasting limitations. Then came a message from New York on a communication wire.

"Speaker has bad nasal tone. What can you do about it?"

The harassed engineer had an answer ready.

"Give us half an hour and we'll take his tonsils out."

* * *

BUT the engineering end of broadcasting isn't the main thing of interest to visitors to the NBC studios. Some months ago word was received that a party of 500 persons were planning to visit the studios in one evening. Many of the expected visitors were engineers and a special staff of hostesses was drafted from other departments in the studio to guide the visitors and answer questions. For several days the special duty hostesses studied the engineering end of broadcasting and were prepared to answer intelligently a barrage of technical questions.

The big night arrived and with it the 500 visitors. The hostesses, proud of their new knowledge, waited for technical questions. Then came the questions—and they were as follows:

"Is that the microphone Graham McNamee uses?"

"Where does Graham McNamee stand when he broadcasts?"

"How does Graham McNamee dress when he broadcasts?"

Etc. and many more etcs.

* * *

"JAZZING the classics" had evoked varying responses from the Radio audience. As an experiment, to get the reaction of the public, David Mendoza, conductor of the Fada hour on the Columbia Broadcasting System, invited criticisms when a Delibes composition was played in its proper form and then in fox trot time.

Two days later a letter, written in French, came from the Rev. O. Lacelle of Verner, Ontario, Canada, reading in part as follows:

"In listening to the beautiful selection of Delibes, I was peacefully rocking in a gondola along the Grand Canal in Venice; suddenly, your fox trot brought me abruptly out of my dream, and I found myself back in my gondola in the middle of the clatter of your Broadway."

From Providence, R. I., came this observation:

"David Mendoza's music is very nice—one of the best on the air.

"President Hoover says, 'Prohibition is a noble experiment.' So is trying to 'jazz' Delibes' 'Naila.' Leave well enough alone—or too many cooks spoil, etc. Play it Delibes' way, I say."

* * *

THE best alibi in the world for a husband who wants to get out at night is that he must broadcast over the Radio, that is, providing the Radio in their home is broken or they have none.

Two young ladies, members of the concert orchestra that plays nightly over the WBBM Air Theater, Chicago, have it the other way around. Their husbands sit at home, and tune in the station to hear the orchestra.

The husband of Maud Deist, cornetist, claims that he can tell when his wife is in the studio when he hears her instrument in the orchestra, and Beulah Mowers, pianist, sends little messages home via the piano keys to her husband in front of the loud speaker.

Both husbands were acquired this summer, and haven't as yet ceased to tune in to hear their better halves every evening.

* * *

THE wise-crackers don't spare the Radio folks, either. One of them 'phoned the NBC studio recently.

"Do you ever play anything by request?" he asked.

"Well, sometimes," the person on the studio end of the wires answered.

"Will you please play checkers while I get some sleep?" and the requester hung up.

* * *

THE audience mail—that's radioese for fan mail—has its quota of chuckles. Enthusiastic listeners write in to inform their favorite announcer that they've just named the latest addition to the family after him. Some of them want husbands or wives and seek a broadcast appeal for a life mate. Every Radio artist and announcer gets invitations to dinner and Roxy estimates that he could have free meals steadily for 420 years if he managed to accept all the invitations received in the course of a year. Gifts are many. Watermelons, crates of apples, hams, jugs of maple syrup, neckties, cigars and home-made cakes arrive every week. From Baltimore came a barrel of oysters and one broadcaster was presented with a brood of baby alligators. The leader of the Cliquot Club Eskimos received a knitted woolen cap to protect his ears from frostbite, and another musician received a dozen home-made biscuits.

Though the newspapers get a lot of fun out of the broadcasters, the Radio folk occasionally salvage a laugh from the printed column. One of the prized possessions in the NBC unofficial files is the following clipping from a Los Angeles paper—and it wasn't written by a press agent!

"Few men are better qualified to conduct a children's hour than Kenneth Hamilton, known to the air as Big Brother Ben. Mr. Hamilton was press agent and personal representative for Peggy Joyce for years. He has many charming anecdotes to tell the kiddies."

She Whistles For Roxy's Gang



MICKY McKEE, whistling star, featured with Roxy and His Gang in series of delightful programs.

HAVING sponsered bands, orchestra, singers, dancers, fun makers, divines, and men, women and even children from every walk of life, Roxy, otherwise known as S. L. Rothafel, Radio impresario deluxe, has announced the addition of a whistler to his staff, the artist being none other than Micky McKee.

Micky is featured with Roxy and His Gang, which means that practically every section of the country will have an opportunity to hear this able artist.

Whatever may be known in the art of whistling in so far as it pertains to present day imitations as well as delightful and finished solo work is included in the repertoire of Micky McKee, who is considered a valuable acquisition to Roxy and his staff of Radio entertainers.

Micky McKee is an established artist on Broadway, and her work has carried her fame to the four corners. Roxy has been fortunate in securing the services of Micky McKee, and the avalanche of letters that pour into his offices each day will soon bring in a sheaf of testimonials referring to the work of this whistler.

Roxy is a canny judge of talent, and is always alert to pass upon the ability of any group or individual eager for a test before the microphone.

More than four million letters have come to his desk the subject matter covering the reactions of the great army of men, women and children who are Roxy fans.

That Roxy is a judge of Radio talent is beyond a question; he is familiar with public taste, and has analyzed it to such a degree that he has a great family of stars appearing under his banner. Variety predominates and Roxy is constantly adding to his staff in order that the best may be available for the fans who have come to regard Roxy as the prince of Radio impresarios.

As pretty and charming as she is talented, Mickey is always a welcome arrival at the studios. Her happy smile and cheery voice do much to relieve the monotony of life in between periods of work before the microphone.

Roxy is a judge of Radio talent—no question about that. He is also a judge, and no mean one at that, of feminine comeliness. Just take a look at Mickey's picture at the top of this column. Wouldn't you like to meet her? Wonder if she's Irish?

Olive Palmer, a Great Artist

(Continued from page 15)

ability of the great Poe—she not only composes lyrics, but sets them to music and then sings them herself.

Miss Palmer was also among the first Radio artists to sign an exclusive contract, limiting her Radio performances to one feature presentation. To balance any inconvenience of this exclusive contract, her salary established a high record for Radio work, rivaling the fabulous sums paid to stars of the opera, stage and screen.

The interest of Radio listeners in the personality of this young woman who has carved such a place for herself, is only further corroboration, then, of the opinion of leading critics who have called her "an outstanding personality of the air."

Miss Palmer made her musical debut at the age of five. This was at a church concert in Louisville, Ky., where the Radio diva was born.

Her family was deeply interested in the young singer's promise of talent, but they frowned on her early ambitions to study for the operatic stage. Nevertheless she succeeded in winning a careful vocal education after her graduation from a Western university where she won high scholastic honors.

WHILE she believes that American methods of vocal training are just as effective as those employed abroad by noted European instructors, she still insisted on having the further advantage of study under various masters in both Paris and Milan. At the close of these studious years, she received a flattering offer to become a member of the Paris Opera company.

By this time, however, Olive Palmer was thoroughly homesick for America, and she regretfully declined the offer. She returned to New York and there continued her training with renewed interest after the recognition gained abroad. She was now determined to win operatic honors in her native land.

Petite, vivacious and charming, Olive Palmer's langorous Southern accent is every bit as delightful as her singing voice. The quality of her speaking voice, added to the magnetic appearance of the Radio diva, makes her a marked figure everywhere she goes. It is often remarked that Olive Palmer resembles Galli-Curci in her tonal effects, but she has a distinct individuality all her own. Her brilliant staccato and exceptional trilling when in voice, place her among the leaders of today's great masters of song.

With all these advantages, yet the unusual manner in which she secured her first operatic engagement in America was an unconscious forecast of her future Radio career.

It was in 1919. Miss Palmer learned that William Wade Hinshaw, discoverer of many musical celebrities, was planning a big revival of twenty operas at the Park theatre in New York. She was at her Southern home at the time, but in her eagerness to be considered for a place in the cast she obeyed an impulse to snatch the telephone and burn the long distance wires in an attempt to reach the impresario. She succeeded, and heard his own voice in reply.

"BUT I must decide at once," Hinshaw said. "It is impossible for me to wait until you come north."

"You don't have to!" was her dulcet response. "Just a moment, please!"

Then the astonished director heard the opening notes of the "Bell Song" from "Dinorah," coming sweetly and clearly over the wire. He was so astonished and so delighted that he engaged her at once.

Since then Olive Palmer has sung many operatic roles, but her favorite was always that of Gilda in "Rigoletto." Following her instantaneous New York success, Miss Palmer toured the United States singing to applauding audiences from coast to coast. In 1921 she went abroad again, and traveled all over Europe making concert appearances. Everywhere she went, the result was the same. Further triumphs for Olive Palmer.

Now she's thrown herself without reserve into the exacting whirlpool of Radio work. In spite of rigorous rehearsals, which occupy most of her day, she still finds time for golf and other outdoor exercise. "And, of course," she explains, "time must be given to beauty culture, as well. Whenever I make personal appearances I must not disappoint my public. That would be really dreadful for a Palmolive star—after all this talk about a 'schoolgirl complexion!'"

But fortune, as well as fame, has now come to Olive Palmer. The incident of the telephone audition which put her on the operatic stage set Miss Palmer thinking when broadcasting began. She set herself to studying the requirements of the microphone—with results that are known today to Radio listeners from coast to coast.

Her inheritance from the great poet has proved no handicap to Miss Palmer. She has no experience of the tragedy that often follows those endowed with two great gifts, her heart and soul are centered in her voice. Such talent as she has from the immortal Poe is utilized as a pleasure, an avocation, if you will. Her musical education is merely supplemented by her ability to compose lyrics, and it is a constant joy to write little bits, and bigger ones too, and set them to music.

Voice of the Listener

Here We Are, Miss Folts

What has happened to the Summer and Fall issues of Radio Digest? I have worn my welcome out at the book stores for I have been in every week since June to see if the Digest was in. I am ashamed to go in any more, so I am writing to you to find out what is the reason for the delay. I do enjoy the magazine so much, being a Radio fan, and it is a dreadful blow to have to wait six months (or more) between issues.—(MISS) LOUISE S. FOLTS, 47 Cayuga st., Auburn, N. Y.

* * *

They'll Come Regularly Now

Wish you would please advise if there is any other newsstand in this town that I can buy Radio Digest besides the Smoke Shop as they haven't had a new issue since March and I would like very much to have the Summer issues as well as the new Fall issue. So far I haven't been able to get either one. I am very much interested in Radio Digest and hate to miss getting any of the issues. —MRS. W. E. O'HARRA, 425 Howard st., Florence, S. C.

* * *

Bouquet for Pickard Family

I heard over the Radio a reading, "My Mother's Spinning Wheel." It was given by a man who was accompanied by a guitar. I thought it just fine. The announcer said to write to Pickard, Chicago, Ill., and gave the name of the station (National Broadcasting Company, Chicago—Editor) but I did not get it. He said they would send me the words if I would write for them. So I sure will be obliged if you can help me find him.—MRS. LEOTA SANFORD, 3240 Eighth ave., Fort Worth, Tex.

* * *

Finds He's Not Alone

I am very glad to find that some people agree with me in reference to chain and hook-up stations. I enjoy my Radio very much but the most disgusting and despisable thing that I could think of is to try and find a program that suits me and find about fifteen or twenty stations on my set putting out the same thing. Then I turn to my home station and stay with them. Old Boy just keeps on driving nails and takes care of the listeners. We don't have to listen to chain stations. The only thing that I could say in the way of a suggestion is that I do not believe any listener will sit in on one station for six hours. Why not limit each station to about two or three hours each day? Let all the high power stations hook up on one end of the dial and divide time. Why not make it a give and take proposition? I believe every listener should voice his opinion on this subject and make the politicians in Washington wake up.—A. R. HOUSTON, Birmingham, Ala.

* * *

Welcome to V. O. L., Mr. Stark

I have been a regular reader of Radio Digest for the past two years, and would not be without it as long as I have a Radio set, but this is my first attempt to write to you. You will probably not be interested at that, but here goes anyhow. I have read many times that Radio is not so good during the daytime but haven't had much chance to try it as I am a railroad man and away from home every day. Yesterday, however, I had a day off and sat down to my old Freshman to find out for myself. And this was the result: WHO, KYW, WEAF, WRC, KMA, WJZ, WMAQ, WJR, WLW, WOR, WGY, WOC, WJJD, WSAI, WWJ, WLS, KDKA, KMOX, WRHM, WADC, WTAD. These stations were all received between 3 and 5 p. m. on the loud speaker with good volume and quality, and as a number of these stations are more than a thousand miles distant from St. Louis I thought that was very good daylight reception. Don't you? —CHAS. H. STARK, 5774 Goodfellow ave., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Lives 107 Years to Broadcast

Radio Station WNAX, Yankton, S. D., claims to have the oldest speaker who ever spoke over the Radio. Solomon Strickner, who celebrated his 107th birthday on February 18, sent a message from his home in Palmer, Neb., some 200 miles distant by phone. He told about his birthday and seemed very happy. His message was given directly over long distance telephone into the studio at WNAX and Mr. Stickner listened to his own voice as it came back to him over the Radio in his home.—MRS. L. E. NICHOLS, Palmer, Neb.

* * *

Remembers Way Back When

Having had a Radio in the house since November, 1924, I would like to reminisce a bit. Remember when WTAS at Elgin used to put on nightly orgies of jazz and would cover thirteen points on the dials some nights? From there I first heard Collegiate. Then, remember the broadcasts on New Year's Eve that year? After having heard the celebration from the Marine dining room of the Edgewater Beach hotel over WEBH we tuned in KOA at Denver, which was then newly dedicated, and after that on KGO on 312 meters.

When Queen Marie, of Roumania, was traveling in America she spoke from KFKX, then at Hastings, Nebr., at 10 o'clock or thereabouts one morning, and I received it in Minnesota. In those days the KDKA Little Symphony broadcast their daily dinner concerts. By the way, what became of them? WGY had a peculiar hum which always accompanied its reception. In 1925 and '26 we, in Minnesota, could always tune in WSMB at New Orleans, and the old WSMB Special.—WILLIAM M. MENG, National Military Home, Ind.

* * *

Distance Lends Enchantment

Your magazine is sure a real one for the average Radio listener. So many of the Radio magazines dive too deeply into the science of Radio which many listeners care nothing for. Your magazine has pictures, write-ups of stars and the best record of stations of any magazine I have seen. I am a regular DX hound and have been since 1923 so your article on DX was sure appreciated. But if you were to gaze at my home-made set you would think it was the wreck of the Old 97. But she gets the distance. Too many of the manufactured sets are made for looks and simplicity and have nothing under the hood. I fairly hate opera, classical music, soprano singing, etc., over the Radio but I'll have to admit that since the links have been pounding away I've lost a little ground and occasionally I can enjoy some of the above mentioned music. —DUKE BETTELON, Dayton, O., R 1.

* * *

Liked Prohibition Editorial

I was glad to read your comment on Prohibition Enforcement in Radio Digest, and hope there will be many thousands of other papers and magazines that will have the courage to take a similar stand against the metropolitan whiskey ring owned newspaper octopus controlling nearly all our large city daily publications. More power to you and the Radio Digest.—G. J. P., 237 W. Union St., Somerset, Pa.

* * *

Benefits by Church Radio

The other day I read an article by a minister in which he said people who sat at home and listened to a sermon over the Radio were not worshipping God. Perhaps not.

It has been a year now since I have been able to attend church regularly on account of ill health and we have a Radio, which I think is a godsend in many ways; it is educational and what strikes me about the Radio is the fact it is alive, the person or persons to whom you listen are at that particular moment speaking, singing or otherwise, whatever the entertainment might be; you get the news first hand, the newest in music, also the very highest class of music from the old masters and by the leading artists of today.

Since I have said it was impossible for me to attend church, the church I am a member of, it was necessary for me to have some means of getting a sermon on Sunday, and being alone very much on Sunday evenings I adopted the policy of listening on the Radio to church services. One particular station interests me very much, and many are the times I have sat alone in my room silently thanking God that though I was unable to go to His house of worship I had the opportunity of hearing His word, and the fact that I was alone unhampered by the thought that someone might see me show emotion I was free to release my powers within me and worship God as I believe I had never done before in public, and by so doing I believe I have come closer to Him than I have ever been before.

I do not mean to say that public churches are not what they should be. They are that; and are earnest in their effort to get to people and should be attended as regularly as possible and with the reverence that is due to the House of God.

I am very fond and think highly of the pastor of the church of which I am a member, he took my two children and my husband into the church, he comes nearer my idea of a real Christian than any one of my acquaintance, and am by no means what one would call "down on the churches" but just wish to express the one fact that one can be just as sincere and earnest in worshipping God when listening to a sermon over that Radio as when listening in public.

Perhaps the minister whose article I read did not realize so many thousands of people like myself, and many much worse, derived untold benefit from the sermons over the Radio. Were it not for the Radio I, myself, would not today be the strong believer in God that I am. Being ill, one finds one's need for God greater than ever before; they rely upon Him more, and come to know Him better.

I believe and thought I was a Christian before I ever heard a sermon over the radio. But I know I am a better Christian now.—L. M. K., 2841 W. 15th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

COLIN O'MORE CALLS WAFFLES TO HUNGRY

FAMOUS Radio Tenor Discovers Recipe That Helps When the Unexpected Guest Arrives. He Likes to Cook as Other Men Like to Play Golf.

THE problem of something quick and easy to prepare for the unexpected Sunday evening guest is one that is always popping up in homes all over the country. And it's not always the unexpected guest but the ever recurrent light supper or gala breakfast that raises the same question.

Colin O'More is not only an exceedingly accomplished and popular tenor on the Philco hour but is a genial and conscientious host as well. The call of the dinner horn at the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. O'More, just a step from Central Park, New York, always brings a merry and hungry crowd of Radio entertainers to gather around the festive board and shout with one voice,—"WAFFLES!"

For Colin is a cook of no small fame, the reputation of his steaks, omelettes and waffles, as well as other substantial supporters of the inner man, being spread far and wide. O'More likes to cook, just as some men like to play golf, dig in gardens or dabble in the stock market—just for diversion. One of the main differences is that the art of cooking can be highly useful when company is on hand.

Some years ago O'More and Henry M. Neely, Philco's Old Stager, picked up a favorite recipe from an old Negro down in the wilds of Maryland near Chesapeake Bay. So far as either of them knows it has never before been made public and has never ventured into civilization at all except through them and their friends. It might be entitled, to make it sound official, "Corn Meal Waffles a la Colin O'More."

For those who seek an answer to that ever-pressing problem of something "a little different" for breakfast, supper, or any old time, and for those who like to experiment with new things to eat, Colin explains his recipe.

"It's really a modification of the old-time hoe-cake," he says. "I suppose 'corn-meal waffles' describes it as well as any other name. No matter what you call it, the recipe makes a waffle that I like mighty well, and I haven't found very many persons who don't like it and ask for the recipe."

The ingredients are:

Two cups of white flour
One cup of yellow corn meal
Three tablespoonsful baking powder
One teaspoonful sugar
One-quarter teaspoonful salt
Two eggs
Two cups milk
Two teaspoonsful melted butter

"Mix the dry ingredients first," O'More says. "Beat the whites and the yolks of the eggs separately. Put the two cups of milk in with the dry ingredients, mixing it in thoroughly. Then put in the yolks of the eggs, beaten thoroughly, and next stir in the whites. Add the two teaspoonfuls of melted butter.

"That should make a batter that is thin enough to pour. If it doesn't, thin it with milk. Cook on waffle irons, serve with plenty of butter and with honey or maple syrup.

"The amounts given should make enough for four persons, but it's rather hard to tell exactly. Sometimes two people can eat enough for four, you know—and I've known persons who could take on that much all by themselves."

But it isn't always waffle time at the O'More household and Colin often amuses himself preparing any number of other dishes.

Stuffed Calves Hearts

½ cup bread crumbs
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains celery salt
Few grains paprika
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons minced celery
1 calf heart

Wash the heart thoroughly; fill it with stuffing and sew the open part together. Season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour; place in a small baking dish in which two tablespoons of butter have been melted. Cover half way with boiling water and cover baking dish. Baste every ten minutes. Bake heart in slow oven for two hours. Serve the heart on a hot platter and make a gravy out of the liquid in the pan.



WITH a triumphant grin Colin waits for the finished product to come steaming from the waffle irons. The amount of ingredients given in his recipe should be enough for four persons.

American Chop Suey

1 lb. ground round steak
1 bunch celery
1 tablespoon butter
2 cans of tomato soup
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 medium-sized onions
1 tablespoon lard
1 box spaghetti or macaroni
1 teaspoon salt

Chop onion and celery together, not fine but just medium, add meat, pepper and salt and mix thoroughly. Put lard and butter into frying pan, add above mixture and fry for twenty minutes, stirring often. Have ready one package of macaroni or spaghetti that has been boiled in salted water until tender, drained, chilled in cold water and drained again. Add meat mixture to this, then the tomato soup; put into baking dish and bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Flank Steak

½ teaspoon mustard
3 tablespoons cider vinegar
1 onion sliced thin
½ cup water
1 flank steak

Make a paste of the mustard and vinegar. Spread this over the flank steak. Place in a baking dish and cover with onion sliced thin. Add one-half cup water, cover and bake in a moderate oven for one and a half hours. When ready to serve dot with butter and garnish with parsley.

Radio Offers Girls a Real Future

Primarily a Show-Business, Broadcasting Has Interesting Opportunities for Jobs "Behind the Scenes" of Studio

By Katharine Seymour

"WHAT does Radio broadcasting offer a girl?" Nine out of ten Radio listeners will reply promptly, "An opportunity of warbling sweet,—or perhaps not so sweet—soprano notes."

On the other hand, those who have visited the studios and offices of a broadcasting station, invariably offer this comment to every girl connected with the studios, "My dear, I envy you so! You must meet so many interesting people, and there's music all the time!"

It is true that there are many sopranos "on the air" who might better be washing dishes; it is also true that one meets many interesting people, but these are but superficial aspects of a great new business. For years, girls have flocked to Hollywood,—as everyone knows—pretty girls are essential to the motion-picture industry; but it is not known that to the girl with intelligence, initiative, and imagination, Radio opens another great door.

Like the theatre and motion picture, Radio is primarily a show-business, and just as one thinks first of an actress when the theatre is mentioned, so the Radio suggests only a voice. Many Radio listeners are amazed to find that in the New York offices of the National Broadcasting company, for example, there are five floors of workers "behind the scenes" who make possible the voices one hears.

Of the positions which girls hold with this company, there are, as in every great business, many secretaries and stenographers, but their duties are never mechanical and monotonous. Frequently these girls take part in broadcasts, either to lend atmosphere as part of a mob, or to sing or speak. Once a month, a group of girls was asked to sing children's songs on one of the early morning programs, and they received an amazing number of letters from Radio fans. After each of these programs there would be a jolly breakfast-party, and from time to time, boxes of candy arrived from the client sponsoring the broadcast, who enjoyed these special programs as much as the girls did.



KATHARINE SEYMOUR, the author of this article, knows whereof she speaks, for she herself has made a mark in the Radio world. She is assistant continuity writer for the NBC in New York.



BERTHA BRAINARD is one of the many attractive and talented girls who have made good "behind the scenes." She is assistant eastern program director for the NBC.

There are loudspeakers in every reception room and in many of the offices, and whenever an event of national importance is on the air, everyone gathers to listen to "Graham" or "Phil" or other favorite announcers.

A year or so ago, before there were so many staff-pianists, one of the telephone-operators who was an excellent jazz-pianist, would go on the air at a moment's notice to substitute for a speaker or soloist who had failed to appear. She received mail from enthusiastic Radio fans and in fact became a well-known jazz-pianist. Another of the office-girls who had a pleasant speaking voice, frequently would be called from her typewriter to fill ten minutes' time, reading children's stories.

THESE are trivial examples of the significant fact, that no matter what job a girl holds with a broadcasting company, if she has any spark of intelligence, she may go as far as she wishes. Program directors are always alert for new ideas, and any girl who wishes to be given an audition for musical ability or who wishes to write or to plan new Radio programs will be encouraged.

A pleasant position with the National Broadcasting company for the girl of personality and intelligence, is that of hostess. One girl is assigned to each floor and her duties are innumerable. She must be quick-witted, for she must not only answer telephones, but console distinguished artists suffering from "microphone fright." She must see that each artist reaches the studio at the scheduled time, and she must also interview everyone from distinguished statesmen and famous novelists to singing firemen and Italian organ-grinders with monkeys.

Even in this advanced age, in many long-established businesses, there is still a deep-rooted prejudice against woman's ability to fill a responsible position. Intelligent women have

(Continued on page 101)

Paris Styles Decree New Era

Silhouette to Predominate in Fashions This Season—Clothes Are to Show Personality; Skirts Much Longer

By Elsie Lichtenstul

Who Speaks Daily Through KDKA

INSTEAD of the usual "no radical change" which is ordinarily heard from those who have just returned from the Paris style salons, the comments are that we are entering a new clothes era. There are new silhouettes and there are new personalities to clothes. Many of those who observed the new fashion promenade in Paris recently remarked that the styles looked positively "old-fashioned," but here is an opportunity for ever-alert America to bring those styles up-to-date.

It has been said by those "in the know" that the changes in style thought are so fundamental and so extreme that it will take some time—perhaps several months, maybe several seasons—to crystallize the new mode. From all indications, the new silhouette is going to predominate the new fall and winter styles and will mark the year 1929-1930 as an outstanding one in the history of fashion. Any new thought or expression, whether it appears in women's styles, in art, in literature, in business, is usually met with opposition, but in the case of our new mode, such opposition must be suppressed, and to accomplish this, prejudices must be cast aside. For, if we are to enjoy and individualize ourselves by the new mode, it will be necessary to adopt an open-minded attitude toward it. We have worn long skirts before and liked them, and we must continue to like them, for they are definitely slated for success this coming season, it seems.

Women clients of fashionable French couture houses for a long time have been expressing a desire for a change—even a radical change, from the same, regular styles which each season Paris has given to the fashion-interested world. And so, leading French couturiers, always willing and even anxious, to satisfy whimsical customers' wishes, have this season almost outdone even themselves in producing a change in style that would relieve the usual tailored mode that has ruled the style world for many seasons past. It may be trite to say it, but isn't it true that "there is nothing new under the sun," for it isn't so far in the dim past when the Lily Langtry figure was the most desired, when waistlines were far, far away from the bottom of the skirt, when rotund, flowing skirts were quite common, and when one required yards upon yards of material to make just one dress.

Take heart, though, for the new mode is not going to demand such "flowing" extremes from us, in view of the fact that we are still in a more or less tailored period. We are assured by buyers returning from Paris, a trifle bewildered by the vastly new styles, that the new "princess" silhouette will be modernized; just as everything else is modernized in our day.

Skirts will be longer than we are wearing them now, but unvarying confidence in the success of the longer skirt has thus far been noted among higher-grade manufacturers who express content over the new styles inasmuch as they feel it will be difficult to imitate the new silhouette and there will be more real "exclusive" clothes. They also say that "it is felt that street dresses will not reveal any marked change, that is, the skirt will be possibly three or four inches longer."

IT seems that the chief changes will be centered in evening wear, for the French dressmakers are specializing at present in the floating elaborate skirts composed of two or more tiers and with loose floating panels at sides or back, which sweep the floor. These are topped by a bodice with a high waistline dropping at the back. New evening gowns are displaying at the waistline an effect which is called "puckered," meaning to say that one gathers the material about four inches at the center of the waist, at either side, and in the back. This "puckered" idea is considered so very smart that blouse manufacturers are displaying puckered blouses in satin, silk and panne and transparent velvet. To be sure, these blouses are quite expensive—prices start at $29.50—but, as Paris says, they are new!

Waistlines are going up and up; in fact, it will be quite "passe le mode" to place one's belt at the hip or thereabouts. And high waistlines mean long skirts; and it is because of the new waistline and new long skirt that we hear so much dissent, but this style can be quite becoming if not stretched to an extreme. The decidedly new style note does not, for a minute, mean that the old-fashioned Gibson full figure will be popular again; oh, no! It will be more important now than ever to keep our slim figures trim, for the long skirts and high waistlines are calling for slender bodies.



WOMEN must consider the new styles with an open mind if they are to have the opportunity to individualize themselves, says Elsie Lichtenstul of KDKA in commenting on the new modes.

Styles in street-wear, although not undergoing such a vast change as evening-wear styles, have just the same passed through a cycle of change. Affected simplicity will no longer be smart. Ensembles will still hold feminine fancy; the jackets will have fair-sized wide collars; the skirts will show some flares. Clothes for street wear will not be fancy by any means, but they will no longer display a strong tailored trend.

AS for colors, it appears that brown is the leading one, both for dresses and hats. From Newport, from Saratoga, from Southampton, we're told that brown is one of the most prominent shades. And where's brown, there's green, too. This color also plays an important role in the winter clothes.

Those of us who are fortunate to possess beautiful foreheads will be happy to know that it has been unanimously agreed that the new hats favor "off-the-face." Whether they are made up in berets, cap shapes or "sou-wester" style, they all agree on this point. Among the new materials being used for hats, are lisle, woolens and supple furs, such as galyak and breitzschwantz.

Autumn and early winter are the seasons when nearly every woman feels, or should feel, the need of giving a little serious consideration to the appearance of her skin and her hair.

Autumn has ravaged the rich coat of tan acquired on the golf links, at the sea or lake shore, or other chosen vacation spot. The question presents itself, what can be done about it?

The lovely toasted look fades to an undesirable yellow. Of course, we can let it fade. Again an attempt may be made to restore it to golden brown by means of sun ray treatment, or one of the creams made for this purpose. Or, again, it may be transformed to the whitened fairness usually associated with the winter season.

Who's Who In Broadcasting

CALDWELL, ELEANOR, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Carey, Norwood, WLW Staff Orchestra, Trumpet player.

Carhartt, Ruth, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Carr, D. C., News and Markets Announcer. WTAR.

Chaffee, Floyd, WLW Tenor.

Chaliff, Louis, WLW staff Clarinetist. Formerly one of the principal clarinetists with Sousa's Band. Solo clarinetist with Herman Bellstedt's band.

Chambers, J. A., Technical Supervisor of the Crosley Radio stations, WLW and WSAI.

Chandler, Arthur, Jr., WLW Organist. A 17-year-long career as a theatre musician served only to convince Arthur Chandler that he prefers Radio playing to any other work. While still a student at the Cincinnati College of Music from which he graduated, Chandler demonstrated his ability by playing the difficult Schuett "Concerto in F Minor," and the Mozart "D Minor Concerto" with the college Symphony orchestra. After graduating from the music school and the University of Cincinnati, he immediately went to work in the leading moving picture theatres and as a theatre organ demonstrator. Southern Radio listeners will remember him for his personal appearances in dedicating most of the largest theatre organs in the South.

Charles, Kamp, Announcer on Swift and Company programs. Native of Kansas. Married. Graduate from Northwestern university with M. A. in journalism.

Chuhaldin, Alex, Musical Director, CFRB.

Cino Singers Quartet, WLW. The quartet includes Richard Fiske, Director; Russel Dunham, Felton Pugh, and Ralph Hartzell. Walter de Vaux accompanies.

Cisler, Stephen A., Announcer at WLS and knows his microphones, for he has been speaking into them since 1924, when he paid his way through University with Radio work at stations WAMD, WDGY, KTHS, WLS. Came to WLS in 1928 from the chief announcership at KUOA, Fayetteville, Arkansas. Handles all the publicity for the station. Is in charge of "The Old Hayloft" for the National Barn Dance every Saturday and is the chief ticket-taker on the merry-go-'round Saturday afternoons. Isn't the least bit bashful in admitting that he hails from Arkansas.

Clark, Diah, Soprano.

Clark, John, WLW Commercial Manager.

Clark, Margaret, Accompanist, KMOX.

Clausen, Hazel, Assistant to Manager, news bureau, KSTP.

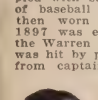
Clauve, Carl, WLW Banjo Player. Brother of Grace Clauve Raine, director of vocal music for the station.

Cleveland, Rev. D. E., Radio Pastor of WNAX and Director of Radio School of Vocational Guidance and Self Analysis. Is also pastor of The United Church of America, with 1,800 members. He conducts a friendly service daily 10 to 10:20 a. m.; Sunday church service, with studio choir assisting, 11 to 12; vesper service, 7 to 8 Sunday evenings. He secures 24 most outstanding men in the U. S. each week as a 20-minute address 1 to 1:30 Wednesdays. 500 high schools installed equipment to receive these messages on "His Vocation as a Challenge to the Youth."

Clevenger, Barbara, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Coffin, Terrel, Soprano Soloist, KSTP.

Colby, Carlton, Arranger, KYW-KFKX. Born, Waltham, Mass., where at an early age he studied piano, composition and instrumentation, under his father, Jas. W. Colby, widely known organist and composer. Coupled with study he engaged in the game of baseball with his eye on the crown then worn by Christy Mathewson. In 1897 was elected captain and pitcher of the Warren Avenue Reds. Two days later was hit by pitched ball in eye and retired from captaincy and the sport. Started public career in music as organist for church in Cambridge, Mass., and also conducted professional band and orchestra. Started writing symphony same year. Later he became musical director for various New York musical shows and traveled extensively. The year 1904 was epochal. Married to Jennie Elmore of the Elmore Sisters. After that wrote lyrics and music for "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Cow and the Moon," and "The Rajah of Bhong," musical extravaganzas which enjoyed considerable success. In 1910 organized Alford Colby company, publishing novelties for band and orchestra and supplying theatrical headliners with special material. In 1929 still has the idea of writing a symphony if the insatiable maw of KYW-KFKX orchestra ever allows time to start same. Slogan, "Be nondescript, light a Helmar."



Cole, Leon, Baritone, WAPI. During opening week of WAPI as 5kw station, Mr. Cole was heard in London, England. He is soloist for the Independent Presbyterian church of Birmingham.

Cole, Marshall, Tenor, Utica Jubilee Singer, NBC.

Collinge, F. Channon, Musical Director of the

Collins, Flora, Contralto. Sings frequently with Columbia Broadcasting system.

Collins, Juanita, Accompanist, WDAF.

Collins, Ovid, Baritone. Mr. Collins will be heard singing over WLAC the first Friday evening in each month, with the Vine Street Temple Choir of Nashville, WLAC.

Collins, Tom, String Trio, WFAA.

Colombi, Rose, Soprano, KGW's staff. Was crown princess of the Portland Rose Festival and is entered as this city's representative in the New York Radio Show beauty contest.

Colonial Theater Orchestra, KOA.

Columbia Broadcasting System's All Soloist Radio Symphony Orchestra.
Columbia Broadcasting system.

Colvar, Mrs. George, Organist and Accompanist, WLAC.

Comes, Vincent, Baritone Soloist, KSTP.

Combs, Hance and Vance, Old Time Music, KMA.

Combs, Joe, Tenor, WSM.

Compton, Homer, Tenor, KFAB.

Condon and Rogers, Harmony Pair, WGN.

Congdon, Kenyon, Baritone, WWJ.

Conlon, Dave, Operator, WLW-WSAI.

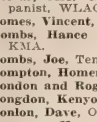
Conners, Harry, KSTP, Member "Nightingales."

Connet, Paul, Announcer, KOIN..

Contraras, Manuel, Trumpet Soloist, KFON.

Conver, George, WLW Pianist.

Convey, Thomas Patrick, Owner-Director-Announcer KWK, St. Louis. The pioneer broadcaster of St. Louis. Founder and builder of KMOX, St. Louis; later purchased KFVE, changing the call letters to KWK. Announcing under the name of Thomas Patrick, he is known as the best of middle-western sports announcers, through his work at the microphone giving the play-by-play accounts of the St. Louis National and American League baseball games. He is a native of Chicago and prior to broadcasting was connected with theatrical work as a producer. Announces all sports events broadcast by KWK, baseball, football, boxing. The experience of Thomas Patrick as a showman gives him that sense of showmanship to know what the radio fans want to hear, and has been instrumental in the great success he has had with his own radio station, KWK.



Cook, Doc, Orchestra, WLS.

Cook, Edmund, Violist, WBAL.

Cook, I. Milton, Tenor.

Cook, Mrs. I. Milton, Violinist and Member of Nashville Symphony Orchestra, WLAC.

Cook, Ollie Dean, Announcer, KOCW.

Cook Painters, WDAF.

Cook, Phil, Special Features, NBC.

Cooke, Betty, Mooney Girl, KGA.

Cooke, Edmund, Violist, WBAL.

Cooke, Eric Russell, Baritone, WHT.

Cooke, G. W., Engineer-in-Charge, WBAL.

Cooke, Pattie, Better Homes Girl, KEX.

Cooney, Carol, Orchestra, NBC.

Coon-Sanders, Original Nighthawks, WBBM.

Cooper, Harry, Baritone, KOIL.

Coots, F. Fred. Popular song writer, sings over Columbia Broadcasting system.

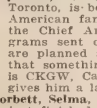
Copeland, D. H., one of the reasons CKGW, Toronto, is becoming well known to North American fans is D. H. Copeland, who is the Chief Announcer. The pleasant programs sent out by this Canadian station are planned and written by him. There's that something in the way he says, "This is CKGW, Canada's Cheerio Station," that gives him a large audience.

Corbett, Selma, "The Laughing Mammy," has just finished a year stage tour with Priscilla Dean. Now keeping the WCAU audience happy and contented with her funny programs.

Corelli, Alfonso, Director of Vienna Concert Orchestra, .KNX.

Cornhusker Trio, KMA.

Correll, Charles, the first half of Correll and Gosden, better known as Amos 'n' Andy, over WMAQ. The pair also give WMAQ listeners minstrel shows of black face humor and song. The inaugurators of Sam 'n' Henry, at WGN, the two have widely popularized their Amos 'n' Andy feature, which appears regularly in the radio section of The Daily News and is broadcast over several other stations throughout the nation by means of a special electrical method of record production.



Corwin, Tom, of WLS. Imitator of Anything—cows, hogs, chickens, dogs, bees, pumps, steamboats, trains or whatdoyawant. "Second mate" of the WLS Showboat for years and a veteran of te chautauqua and theaters. Hails from Kentucky and learned his stuff when a boy along the Mississippi river.

Cote, Emil, Bass, NBC.

Cotier, Frank, KSTP, Director Coliseum Dance Orchestra.

Cotton Pickers, Quartet, NBC, Chicago.

Cotton, Wint, Leigh Harline, Harmony Team, KFRC.

Courchene, Homer, Chief Operations Engineer WLS. Lives out in the country at Oregon, Illinois, home of the WLS transmitter. Raises tropical fish as a hobby. Been to sea as an operator. Married.

Courtwright, Homer, Pianist, KVOO.

Cox, Myrtle and Dorothy, Harmony Sisters KSTP.

Cox, Joe, Farm Hands, KFH.

Coykendall, Frank, Iowa Farm Speaker, KMA.

Cozzo, Frank, and Dante Barsi are two boys of Latin extraction who have a real American "sock" to their jazz work. Frank plays banjo, uke and sings in a certain unfaltering voice while Dante accomplishes difficult technical feats on his accordion in the modernistic manner at KTAB.

Crabb, James, Bass, WGY.

Crandon, Fred, Operator, WCSH.

Crane, Martha, Home Adviser of WLS. Graduate of Northwestern university. On Prairie Farmer staff as writer for women's page. Knows canning, baking, washing, and all the ins and outs of housekeeping work. Home state is Iowa.

Crawford, Claire, Director, WBIS.

Crocket, John, WDAF.

Crook Brothers, Six-Piece Orchestra, Old-Time Band, WLAC.

Crosby, Earnest, Tenor, KOIN.

Crosley Burnt Corkers, WLW Minstrels. Hink (Elmer Hinkle) and Dink (George Ross), end men, are assisted by the quartet including John Dodd, W. G. Drexilios, Irvin Meyer, Ed Weidinger, with Howard Evans at the piano.

Crosley Ensemble, Emil Heermann, Director, WLW.

Crosley, Powel (Jr.), President of the Crosley Radio corporation, which owns WLW and operates WSAI. He is a pioneer both in broadcasting and Radio manufacturing. Having decided to make Radio reasonably enough for the masses, he then proceeded to entertain the masses with one of the first broadcasting stations which since has developed into the 50,000-watt WLW.

Cross, Gladys, Hostess, Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.

Cross, Milton J., Chief Announcer, WJZ. Completed the music supervisors course of the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. After completing his musical education he toured for several seasons with the Paulist Choristers covering the entire western portion of the United States. After this Mr. Cross devoted himself to church and concert work. As a member of the quartet of the Progressive Synagogue of Brooklyn, he was one of the pioneer broadcasters. He is, at the present time, oldest announcer in years of service with WJZ, and is considered one of the foremost announcers in the country today. When any difficult classical announcing must be done, Mr. Cross is called upon. Remember his "Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen?" Member Arnchair Quartet. Won the medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for excellence of diction on the Radio during 1928-29.



Crowley, Victoria, Assistant Research Director and Continuity Writer, KSTP.

Croxton, Frank, Bass-Baritone, Columbia Broadcasting System.

Croxton, Olive, Soprano, WBAP.

Cruise, Harriett, Oriole of the Air, KFAB.

Culver, Louise, Pianiste, WSUN.

Culver, William, Bass, Utica Jubilee Singers, NBC.

Cummins, Bernie, and His Orchestra, NBC.

Cummings, Ira, Member of Ruby Trio, KM

Cummings, Mildred, Violin, WWNC.

Cunninghan, Roy, Baritone, KVOO.

Cunnington, Harry, Bassoon, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

Curry, A. F., Tenor, WDBO.

Curtis, Virginia, Vocalist, WJZ.

Curtright, Gale, Announcer, KMOX, formerly with KMBC and KFRU.

Custer, Vernon, WLW Trombone Player.

Cutter, Madame Belle Forbes, Soprano. She has been singing over various Chicago stations because her lovely soprano voice registers so well. She is at the present time a regular artist at WBBM. Madame Cutter has been spending the summer in Hollywood studying the new art of the talkies.

Cutting, Malcolm, Tenor Soloist, KSTP.

DAHL, Arnold, Tenor, WCCO.

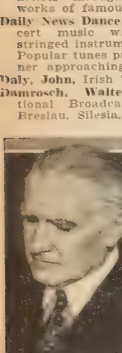
Dahm, Frank, at WGN since August, 1925. Sports Announcer at both pro-football and baseball games, WGN.

Daily News Concert Orchestra delights the classical music lovers among the WMAQ and WQJ audience. Joseph Gallicchio leads a group of well known and well trained artists through the most popular works of famous composers.

Daily News Dance Orchestra. Displacing concert music with syncopation featuring stringed instruments over WMAQ and WQJ. Popular tunes presented in a dignified manner approaching the concert style.

Daly, John, Irish Tenor, WJR.

Damrosch, Walter, Musical Director National Broadcasting Company. Born in Breslau, Silesia, January 30, 1862. Long director of New York Symphony, he now directs this group in Saturday night programs. Mr. Damrosch is working on educational musical programs which will eventually be important in every school room. When the children hear his voice they will be listening to a man who remembers Liszt, Wagner, Von Bulow, Clara Schumann, Tausig, Joachim, Auer, Haenselt, Rubinstein and many moderns besides. Mr. Damrosch has composed operas, symphonies and even music for Greek plays. Probably his favorite composers



were Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms. No man in America today has done so much for the appreciation of music and he continues to do his work, using Radio as an aid.

Damski, Henri, Director of Orchestra, KJR.

Dan and Sylvia. Their Irish home romance in typical Chicago setting charms late listeners to The Chicago Daily News station. Many things happen to the pair and their vaudeville experience gives them both trained voices of particular value to radio broadcasting.

Dane, Mitchell R., Violinist, WADC.

Danforth, Harold Potter, Announcer-Director, WDBO.

Daniel, Kathryn, Hostess and Accompanist, WWNC.

Daniel, Alfred P., Announcer, KPRC.

Daniel, Dave, Announcer, CJCJ.

Dann, Arnold, Organist, WWNC.

Daugherty, Doc, Director of Hotel Traymore Dance Orchestra, WPG.

Daulton, Jack and His Orchestra, KYOO.

Dauscha, Billie. The girl with the personality in songs of today. This crooning contralto is a member of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Dave and Evelyn, Dave Morris, Evelyn Klits, KOIL.

Davenport Hotel Dance Orchestra, KHQ.

Davenport, Uncle Dave, Hotel Dance Orchestra, KHQ. Some 15,000 children could tell you a lot about Uncle Dave, even if they haven't seen him. If you don't happen to know whom we mean, he is the man who conducts the "Children's Club" every evening through the week at exactly 5:30 o'clock. He probably is the happiest man in Topeka, because he spends so much of his time making boys and girls happy. He doesn't sit down and read something just to fill in his time; he tells stories and just seems to romp with his thousands of friends over the Radio. His famous laugh is a tonic to his little listeners, as he takes them in his big Radio lap.

Davidson, Dorothy, Studio Accompanist, KWK.

Davidson, Irene, Soprano, WMC.

Davidson, Mrs. C. L., Pianist, WLAC.

Davies, Edward, Bass. WENR-WBCN.

Davies, Edward A., Director-Announcer, WJR.

Davis, Bert, "The Clown of the Air," WSBC.

Davis, Clyde, Popular Singer, Violinist, KFAB.

Doc Davis, Doc's orchestra is a standard early evening event on The Daily News broadcast over WQJ, which is owned by the Calumet Baking Powder Company and operated by The Chicago Daily News.

Davis, Dorothy. Dorothy brings WMAQ's feminine listeners the daily features of the bargain counter, the latest in feminine style and charm. She is heard daily except Sunday on The Chicago Daily News station.

Davis, H. P., Vice-President of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, recognized as the Father of Radio Broadcasting, KDKA.

Davis, Kirby. Who has left the stage and her successes there to bring her genial hospitality to visitors to The Chicago Daily News station. The lead in the vaudeville show in "Excess Baggage," musical comedy, Miss Davis has a wide reputation in footlight circles, one built upon a constant and continuous line of successes and hits. She now serves as hostess in the studios of WMAQ, where her naturally sunny disposition enhanced by years of experience in presenting a charming front makes her indispensable.

Davis, Mildred, Cooking School, KDKA.

Davis, P. O., General Manager. Was one of the men who was behind the movement toward increasing the power of WAPI to 5,000 watts and move it from Auburn to Birmingham, Alabama.

Davis, Stanley, Musical Saw Artist. Featured on La Palina, Saturday and other important programs of the NBC.

Dawley, Walter, Organist, WTIC.

Dawson, Stuart, Announcer, WIBO.

Day, Collett, Violinist, KVOO.

Day, Francis, Violinist, KVOO.

Dayton, Eddie, Ukulele Soloist, WMAK.

Deaderick, M. M., Baritone, WSUN.

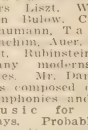
Dean, Eddie. Originally a Texan, has been with numerous music companies of the South. Also Radio and vaudeville out of Chicago and the May Seed and Nursery company at Shenandoah, Iowa. He is now with the Gurney Seed and Nursery company in Yankton, South Dakota, and known as one of the "Sunshine Coffee Boys," and Hawaiians who entertain regularly the many thousands of WNAX fans. He plays the Spanish guitar and other string instruments for the accompaniment of his lyric baritone voice.

De Babary, Joska, Violinist, KYW.

DeBeaubien, Fred J., Control Operator, KSTP.

DeBoer, H. O., Tenor, WOC.

DeForest, Dr. Lee, Inventor of the Vacuum Tube, has been awarded the John Scott medal by the board of directors of City Trust, Philadelphia. Dr. DeForest is an important man to Radio because in 1906 he invented the vacuum tube or audion. In 1921, he worked on the photographing of sound waves on motion picture film, as the basis for the present talking motion pictures. Among the honors already conferred upon Dr. DeForest is the cross of Legion of Honor from the French government.



Deist, Maud, Cornetist, WEBH.

Delauney, Mrs. Paul, Soprano, WAPI.

De Leath, Vaughn, Crooner, NBC.

De Leath, Vaughn, Soloist, National Broadcasting Company.

Delgado, Felipe, Spanish Lyric Baritone, "California's Leading Interpreter of Spanish Songs," KFI.

De Loca, Adelaide, Contralto, with Roxy and His Gang, WJZ, National Broadcasting Company.

DeLue, Willard, Director of Boston Globe Studio, WEEI.

Demoree, Dorothy, Pianist, KVOO.

De Moss, Lyle, Baritone, KFAB.

Dent, Lillian, Soprano, WLAC.

Denton, J. F., Tenor, WAPI.

Deutsch, Emery. "The Gypsy Nomad." Plays music that cannot be bought for his WABC and Columbia Broadcasting system listeners.

De Pasca, Signor, Marimba Artist, WOC.

De Rose, Peter, Baritone, NBC.

Derrfuss, Madame, Operatic Contralto, WCFL.

Derrybery, J. Elam, Baritone, WLAC.

Derus, Con, Trumpet, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

De Sylva, Richard, Violinist, WHAM.

Detamore, Mrs. H. R., Soprano, WFLA.

Detroit Symphony Orchestra, WWJ.

DeVaux, Walter, WLW. Organ and Piano. Accompanist for the Cino Quartette.

Dhosche, R. A., Flute, Piccolo, KFDM.

Di Benedetto, Giuseppe, Tenor, NBC.

Dicker, Martin, Tenor, KMOX.

Dickerman, Carlton H., Announcer, WEEI.

Dickey, Ellen Rose, Home Advisor of WLS, in charge of all women's features and programs. A graduate and experienced in home economics and started the first Home Makers' program over WLS nearly four years ago. A good cook herself and knows just the right mixture of service and entertainment to make a good home program just as she does the proper ingredients for a good cake. Author of several well known books on home entertainment, diet, cooking, etc. Was serving Sears, Roebuck and Co. in an advisory capacity when Radio and WLS beckoned.

Dickson, Artells. New WABC announcer. Mr. Dickson was formerly soloist with Paul Ash.

Diebert, Sammy, Conductor of Hollywood Sunnybrook Orchestra, WWJ.

Dieckmann, Herbert, WLW Flutist.

Dillon, Carl, KSTP, Director United States Third Infantry band, Fort Snelling. Director of bands in Twin Cities for over 30 years, director St. Paul firemen, St. Paul police band, other musical organizations.

Dillon, Zita, Pianist-Xylophonist, KOMO.

Dilzer, Mrs. I. B., Violinist and Pianist, WLAC.

Dimm, Dorothy Dukes, the girl with the baffing eyes, is the 'cellist for the Rembrandt Trio of KGO. Miss Dimm's eyes appear differently in artificial lights, and the staff at the General Electric station has had many a dispute as to their true color. In the light of day, the right eye is brown and the other blue. Her eyes are large, but heavily fringed dark lashes make it possible for the difference in coloring to go unnoticed unless one's attention is drawn to it.

Dine, Homer L., Tenor, Director Schubert Male Quartet, WADC.

Dirks, Dietrich, Program Director, Baritone, KFAB.

DiRocco, Vic, Operator, KFRC.

D'Isere, Guy, Clarinetist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony orchestra.

Diskay, Joseph, Hungarian Tenor, KNX.

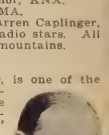
Dixie Girls, Alta and Opal, KMA.

Dixie Harmonizers, WADC, Warren Caplinger, Director. Vaudeville and Radio stars. All formerly from Cumberland mountains.

Dixie Tenor, Dell Reed, WWK.

Doane, Don, Announcer, KPO.

Dobbs, Hugh Barrett, of KPO, is one of the west's foremost Radio personalities. To dialers of the tuneful kenoh he is affectionately known as "Dobbsie." In the world of unseen entertainers he holds the distinction of having the greatest number of listeners ever accorded an artist of the unseen aerial world. Six days a week he conducts the S&W Health exercises from 7 to 8 a. m. and the Shell Happy Time from 8 to 9 a. m., a period dedicated to the shutins, convalescents, and those who are not up to physical exercises. In the mailing department of the station, 500,000 letters are filed to his popularity. Mr. Dobbs has that happy combination of a good voice and a happy cheerful personality, and this is what the listener gets.



Dodd, John, WLW, member of Crosley Burnt Corkers Quartet and Interlocutor.

Dodds, Everett, Singer of Scotch Songs, WOW.

Dodge, J. Smith, Chief Field Operator, WNAC.

Dodge, William, Leader of Pilgrims, WEEI.

Dodgen, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, Negro Comedy Sketches, KMOX. "Snowball and Sunshine."

Doerr, Clyde, Director of White Rock Saxophone Orchestra, National Broadcasting Company.

Doherty, Mel, Senator Roody of the WLW Variety Hour. Generally known for his dry and deliberate humor. Formerly directed the orchestra that bore his name and broadcast every week at WLW.

Dolin, Max, Musical Director, Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.

Donaghy, Harry, Bass, NBC.

Donahue, Jack. Even though his fame rests upon his musical comedy career with Marilyn Miller, he is never happy until he is clog dancing to a lively tune. His interest in vaudville began at an early age when he used to play hookey from school in Charleston, Mass. After an uncertain career of several years in vaudeville, Donahue was signed by Ziegfeld, under whose direction he appeared in a number of Broadway successes. He is now with the Columbia system.

Donaldson, Barton, Baritone, WDAF.

Donaldson, Grace, WLW. One of the Rhythm Rangers Trio (also known as the Donhalrose Trio), the one of the Maids of Melody. Has been heard at both WLW and WSAI for the past four years.

Donaldson, Will, Bass, NBC.

Doolittle, Mabel, Contralto, WHT.

Dophede, Hazel, Character Sketches, KMOX.

Doran, Morrell, Banjoist, KFAB.

Doremus, Frank, Baritone, WLAC.

Dorman, Emmet, possessor of the "magic violin" heard often over KTAB, has an enviable following for many years, for this youth who has only recently turned old enough to vote has brought literally stacks of mail in appreciation of his violin work on the air.

Dorte, P., Chief Engineer, CKGW.

Doss, Alyne, Organist, WDBO.

Doty, Eleanor, Popular Songs, WSUN.

Doty, J. Wilson, Organist, KOIL.

Douglas, James, Tenor, WADC.

Douglass, Pinkie, Director of Castle Heights Military Academy Orchestra, WLAC.

Dowd, John, Baritone, WSM.

Downing, James, Tenor, KHQ.

Downing, Patricia, Reader, KWK.

Downey, Morton, Tenor, NBC.

Downs, Wyeth, Orchestra Pianist, KOMO.

Doyle, Helen, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Dozier, Lydia, WLW. Soprano. Member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera company.

Dragonette, Jessica, Member of Light Opera Group, National Broadcasting Company.

Drake, Amelia, Pianist, WFLA.

"Dreamers" is the name of that new male quartette which has recently made its initial appearance over KTAB. These boys are noted for their versatility, having a repertoire that includes everything from the good popular songs to the classics, and their work is both rhythmic and interestingly melodious.

Drennon, Margaret, Soprano, WREN.

Dressler, Eugene, First Tenor of the Aerials, popular male quartet on The Chicago Daily News station.

Drexilius, W. G., WLW. Tenor in Crosley Burnt Corkers' Quartet.

Drexler, The Four Brothers, Hawaiian and Banjo Quartet, WADC.

Drittell, Anna, 'Cellist, Member Parnassus Trio, WBC.

Duc, Jules. A real Frenchman who can really teach others to speak his language correctly. This he does over The Chicago Daily News station. WMAQ.

Duey, Phil, Baritone, NBC.

Duffy, L. Roy, Program Director, KVOO. Well known in musical circles throughout the Southwest. Has been in Radio work slightly over four years, most of which has been spent with KVOO.

Duke, Elmer, Baritone, WSM.

Dumm, Mrs. Justine, Soprano, WLAC.

Dumont, Adolph, Orcesthra, NBC, Chicago.

Dumont, Paul, Announcer, National Broadcasting Company.

Dunmolin, Theodore, Solo 'Cellist of WLS. Member of Little Brown church players. Formerly with Chicago Symphony. Manages affairs of WLS orchestra.

Dunbar Quartet, KVOO.

Dunham, E. Leslie Pilot Juvenile Smilers, Organist, WNAC.

Dunham, Russel, WLW. Tenor in Cino Singers quartet. Also a member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera company and of the faculty of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Dunn, Claud, Guitarist and Member of Wilson Serenaders, WLAC.

Dunn, Ralph, WLW. Tenor.

Dunn's Orchestra, WWNC.

Dunstedter, Eddie, Organist, WCCO.

Dupont, J. H. The only announcer on the North American continent who can announce a sport event in two languages and not get his tongue twisted. During the recent hockey games in Montreal, Mr. Dupont had an exciting time keeping his French and English audiences supplied with a complete description of the games. Directs CKAC.



Durrell, Guy, Captain John Silver on KSTP Pirate Ship, KSTP.

Duva, Marion Bennett, Soprano, KOIN.

Duvoir, Alexandre, Oboe, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, WJZ.

D'Vis, Benny, Popular song writer. Sings over Columbia Broadcasting system.

Dyer, Pearl, "The Rhythm Girl," Staff Pianist, Organist, KFJF.

Dynamite, Jim, plays "Ole Sawbones" from WLS. Hails from Walkerton, Ind., and drifted into WLS one tryout day. Fiddles, plays guitar and harmonica, and sings.

EAST, Grace Adams, Cornetist, KGO.

Eastman, Doris, Soprano, WSUN.

Eastman, Morgan, General Manager. Came to WENR from KYW, where he had been since that station went on the air. He is known to the Radio public for his lectures and experiments in tone productions.

Eastman, Roy L., Announcer, WNAX. "Harmonica Dutch," "Dutch Uncle" of children's hour.

Eckels, Mrs. Lyman, Soprano, WLAC.

Eclipse Clippers, Dance Orchestra, WBAP.

Edelstein, Walter, Second Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony orchestra.

Eddie and Johnnie, Known as the Sunshine Coffee Boys, at WNAX. These two Scotchmen are accomplished vocalists. Their musical styles blend perfectly together or broadcast equally well in solo.

Eddins, Raynor, Welsh Tenor, KMBC.

Edes, Arthur F., Program Director, Chief Announcer, WEEI.

Edison, Harry, Vibraphone Soloist, National Broadcasting Company.

Edison String Trio, Jack Baus, Violinist; Sterra Feigen, 'Cellist; Sallie Menkes, Pianist and Director, WENR-WBCN.

Edward, Ethel Emery, Tenor, WWJ.

Edwards, George, Pianist, NBC, Chicago.

Edwards, Hulda Helen, Director of Matinees, KOA.

Edwards, W. E., Assistant Program Director, KOAC.

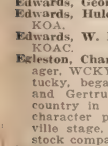
Eggleston, Charles, Dramatic Production Manager, WCKY. A native of Covington, Kentucky, began career with Otis B. Theyer and Gertrude Bondhill in 1906, touring country in "Sweet Clover." Prominent in character parts on legitimate and vaudeville stage. Writer playing in and directing stock companies.

Eken, Ann, Girl Baritone, WSBC.

Ek, Vernon, 5-year-old Harmonica Player, KSTP.

Eldredge, Mrs. Clarence, Director Farm Programs, KMOX. "Gay Lee."

Elmore, Smith, Bass Profundo, well known in concert, operetta and vaudeville circles, has been engaged as announcer by the Hotel Traymore of Atlantic City. With Mitzi and the Big City Four of New York, Mr. Elmore won wide favor as soloist and ensemble singer. He not only gives dramatic roles but takes part in the classical concerts given under the direction of the noted violinist, Alex Hill. WFG.



Elks Municipal Band, KMA.

Elliott, Hazel, Organist, WOC.

Elliott, John, Xylophonist, WMAK.

Ellis, Roger, Operator, WEEI.

Elmer Kaiser's Melody Masters, WCFL.

Elton, George, Trumpet, National Battery Symphony orchestra, KSTP.

Ely, Albert, Announcer and Staff Organist, "Grandpa of the Children's Hour," KSTP, has been Organist and Choral Director at both the Episcopal Church at Cairo, Illinois, and the Central Christian Church at Spokane, Washington, before joining KGA at Spokane, Washington, as Chief Announcer, Program Director and Chief Organist. He was employed by KSTP in February of 1928. He is a member of the Royal College of Organists in London.

Elysian Symphony Orchestra, KMA.

Emerick, Billy, Pianist, Tenor, KOMO.

Emerson, Ralph, the "Laughing Organist" of WLS. Now pumps the world's largest organ at the Chicago Stadium when not on the air. Been on the station for five years. Has a bag of tricks and a ready wit that keeps the laughs coming.

Emery, Bob, Big Brother of WEEI, is one of those early Radio stars who has made a place for himself in this ethereal world by doing what he liked best. He began his Radio work in the old days at WGI, Medford Hillside, playing the ukulele and singing a few songs. In fact, he managed the station. He began to appeal to the children through the title of Big Brother Bob. The children in this portion of Massachusetts liked him so much better as a Big Brother than they did the various uncles and aunts on the air that he became their leader. When they had Boy Scout programs he broadcast them. This last winter he made spelling bees popular through the state.



Emmerling, Mrs. Frank, Soprano, WLAC.

Ensley, Neel, Announcer, Baritone, NBC.

Epstein, Mildred, Soprano, KPO.

Epstein, Pauline, Continuity Writer, KMOX.

Erckenbrach, Bernice, Soprano, KVOO.

Erickson, Prof. Theodore A., Minnesota Director 4-H Club for Boys and Girls. "4-H Club Crier" of KSTP.

Erickson, Wally, and his Coliseum Orchestra, KSTP.

Erisman, A. J. "Al," was known for his tenor voice and his well planned Radio programs at WGR, Buffalo, for several years. Within the last two years he has become director of WMAK. He has made this station one of the best in the United States. The Columbia Chain broadcasts over this station. In the morning expert cooking chats are given by the best expert in Buffalo. Many popular features have been added and many program continuities keep listeners interested. Mr. Erisman is chiefly interested in giving the Radio public variety. The Three Musketeers is only an example of one of the popular features. George F. McGarret, and Robert Strigl are two members of the staff who aid Mr. Erisman in making up the continuities.



Erstinn, Gitta, Soprano, NBC.

Espino, Pedro, Tenor, WLS. From Evansville, Ind., after being born in Mexico. Works at Rivinia summer opera. Big and dark.

Etter, William, Chief Engineer, WJJD, Chicago.

Evans, Le Roy, Pianist of Ensemble, WBAL.

Evans, Mary Joe, Soprano, WAPI.

Evans, Mildred, Soprano, WMBB-WOK.

Evans, Richard C., Technician, KDYL.

Evans, Tommy, Tenor, WJR.

Evans, Walter D., Plant Manager, KYW-KFKX.

Everett, Gladys, Contralto, KFOA.

Ewart, Russell, Tenor, WOC.

Ewer, Mabel Swint, Women's Club Program, WFI.

FAASSEN, Uncle Joe, Chief Announcer. Winner of the Silver Cup in Popular Announcer Contest, 1927. Folks who hear him for the first time almost invariably picture him as older than he is. KSO.

Fabre, Georgette, Pianist, WADC.

Fadell, Michael J., Manager KSTP News Bureau, Assistant Director of Public Relations, former Manager University of Minnesota Student band; former Sports Editor, Gary, Indiana; Representative Associated Press, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Fair, Harold, recent addition to staff of KOIL. Announcer and Program Director. Mr. Fair's pronounced musical ability serves him in good stead in Radio work. His musical experience includes theatrical work, broadcasting, composing and playing with various dance orchestras. His recording work makes him appreciate the Radio.

Fanning, John J., Sales Manager, WNAC.

Farley, Madeline, Soprano, WDAF.

Farnham Trio, KMA.

Farr, Ray, Organist, WCFL.

Farr, Theo. H., Tenor, WAPI.

Farris, William, Jr., Bass-Baritone, WLAC.

Fauske, Oren, Organist on Tuesday Programs, KSTP.

Favorite, Mrs. Upton, Dramatic Critic, WCAU.

Fay, William, Announcer, WMAK. Mr. Fay was Announcer-Director of the light opera company, one of harmony twins, member of the Radio Four male quartet, bass fiddler in the WGY orchestra and baritone soloist at WGY. No wonder the Buffalo station took him away from Schenectady. At the present time he is one of the Three Musketeers at WMAK, announces, directs and does a little of everything.



Fearless Four, KVOO.

Feidelson, Judge C. N. Lecturer of wide reputation, conducts weekly book chat, WAP.

Feingold, Phyllis, Violinist Member of the WBBM Concert orchestra. She is a talented young violinist and is often called upon to play solo numbers.

Felber, Herman, Director of WLS Orchestra and Solo Violinist. Born and trained in Chicago. Directed six navy bands during late war. Joined Chicago Symphony orchestra while only 18. Conducted band and orchestra on President Wilson's ship to Paris peace conference.

Fentress, Aline, Violinist, WLAC.

Fentress, Daisy, Contralto, WLAC.

Ferguson, Dave, Hawaiian Guitarist, WLAC.

Ferguson, Marion, Violinist, KOMO.

Feringer, Fred C., Musical Director, KFOA.

Fernandez, Florence, Soprano, WLAC.

Ferry, Mabel, Soprist, WSUN.

Feyhl, Horace, Announcer of WCAU. One of the most unusual in the Radio field. He is a "Jack of All Trades." He whistles, sings, plays many speaking roles such as Italian, Southern and German, and last, but not least, the only monologist on the air today.

Fickett, Kenneth, Announcer, NBC.

Fidelity Accordion Man, KMA.

Field, Henry, Official Announcer, KFNF.

Fifield, Georgia, Director of KNX Playlets.

Fifield, Dr. James, World Traveler, WHB.

Fifield, Marie, Accompanist on Big Brother Club Program, WEEI.

Finley and Creek Hawaiians, WDBO.

Finley, Chester, Operator, WSAI-WLW.

Finley, Leslie E., Announcer, KSO.

Finnell, Noble, "Two-Gunned Cyclone," WLS. Blew in from the farm one Saturday and has stayed around ever since. His "Chicken Reel" sets the hens to scratching. Has a young boy. Been playing the harmonica-guitar for years. Cracks the bones with the fiddle band.

Finstein, Paul, Director of Orchestra, KNX.

Finzel's Dance Band, WWJ.

Fiorito and Gordy, Harmony Team, WCCO.

Fiorito, Ted, Orchestra, NBC, Chicago.

Fisch, Viola Jean, Soprano.

Fisher, Marion, Soprano, KOIL.

Fisk University Student Quartet, WSM.

Fitzer, H. Dean, Director of WDAF. The famous Jack of Jack and Jill is this versatile Announcer-Director of the Kansas City station. For the past three years or more he has guided the station in its path of popularity and only the Radio audience can know how well this has been done.

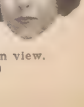
Fitzgerald, E., Publicity Director, KFOA.

Fitzpatrick, Mrs. C. B., Woman's Club Director, WFLA.

Fitzpatrick, Leo, Vice-President of WJR, is the Original Merry Old Chief of DAF. When the Nighthawk Frolic first began four or five years ago, Mr. Fitzpatrick directed them. He ranks with the pioneers, such as Bill and George Hay, Lambdin Kay and The Hired Hand. When famous announcers of the U. S. got together to open a new station, and opening a new station was a big event, the party was incomplete without Fitz.



Flake, Eileen, Hostess and Secretary at WBAP. For three years she has shown an unusual amount of tact and courtesy in answering fan correspondence and at meeting studio visitors. Next time you are in Fort Worth run in to WBAP and get acquainted with old-fashioned Southern hospitality. Perhaps they will have one of the Texas prize watermelons on view.



(Continued on page 122)

Log Your Favorite Stations

Met.	KC	STATIONS	DIALS 1	2	3	Met.	KC	STATIONS	DIALS 1	2	3
199.9	1500					293.9	1020				
201.2	1490					296.9	1010				
202.6	1480					299.8	1000				
204.0	1470					302.8	990				
205.4	1460					305.9	980				
206.8	1450					309.1	970				
208.2	1440					312.3	960				
209.7	1430					315.6	950				
211.1	1420					319.0	940				
212.6	1410					322.4	930				
214.2	1400					325.9	920				
215.7	1390					329.5	910				
217.3	1380					333.1	900				
218.8	1370					336.9	890				
220.4	1360					340.7	880				
222.1	1350					344.6	870				
223.7	1340					348.6	860				
225.4	1330					352.7	850				
227.1	1320					356.9	840				
228.9	1310					361.2	830				
230.6	1300					365.6	820				
232.4	1290					370.2	810				
234.2	1280					374.8	800				
236.1	1270					379.5	790				
238.0	1260					384.4	780				
239.9	1250					389.4	770				
241.8	1240					394.5	760				
243.8	1230					399.8	750				
245.8	1220					405.2	740				
247.8	1210					410.7	730				
249.9	1200					416.4	720				
252.0	1190					422.3	710				
254.1	1180					428.3	700				
256.3	1170					434.5	690				
258.5	1160					440.9	680				
260.7	1150					447.5	670				
263.0	1140					454.3	660				
265.3	1130					461.3	650				
267.7	1120					468.5	640				
270.1	1110					475.9	630				
272.6	1100					483.6	620				
275.1	1090					491.5	610				
277.6	1080					499.7	600				
280.2	1070					508.2	590				
282.8	1060					516.9	580				
285.5	1050					526.0	570				
288.3	1040					535.4	560				
291.1	1030					545.1	550				

Chain Broadcast Features

Sunday

Eastern 12:30 p.m. Metropolitan Echoes.
Central 11:30 a.m.
Mountain 10:30 a.m.
Pacific 9:30 a.m.

Meters	Kc.	Call
394.5	760	WJZ
221.1	1350	KWK

1:30 p.m. The Pilgrims. (12:30 p.m. / 11:30 a.m. / 10:30 a.m.)

394.5	760	WJZ
315.6	950	WRC

2 p.m. Roxy Stroll. (1 p.m. / 12 n. / 11 a.m.)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KAY	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WFAA
305.9	980	KDKA			

3 p.m. Friendly Hour. (2 / 1 / 12 m.)

205.4	1460	KSTP	282.8	1060	WJZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WHZ
234.2	1280	WEBC	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
263	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
277.5	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW

Symphonic Hour.

Key	Station—WABC (348.6-860)		
204	1470	WKBW	258.5 1160 WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7 1120 WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1 1090 KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6 950 KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1 900 WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	348.6 860 WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2 810 WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5 670 WMAQ
243.9	1230	WNAC	475.9 630 WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7 600 WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1 550 WKRC
545.1	550	WEAN	

4 p.m. National Sunday Forum. (3 / 2 / 1)

WJZ	760	WEAN	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
263	1140	KVOO	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	WAPI	379.5	790	KGO
265.3	1130	KSL	384.4	780	WMC
277.5	1080	WBT	405.8	740	WSB
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1040	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KAY	483.6	620	WTIC
302.8	990	WHZ	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WGR
331.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

Cathedral Hour.

Key	Station—2XE (58.5-970), WABC (348.6-860)				
204	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WOWO
227.1	1320	WADC	243.8	1230	WFBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	275.1	1090	KMOX
238	1260	KOIL	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WFBL
241.8	1240	WGHP	333.1	900	WMAK
243.8	1230	WNAC	370.2	810	WCCO
267.7	1120	WISN	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
545.1	250	WEAN	545.1	550	WKRC
348.6	860	WABC	204	1470	WKBW

4:30 p.m. The Maestro's Hour. (3:30 / 2:30 / 1:30)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR

5 p. m. McKesson and Robbin's Program. (4 / 3 / 2)

Key	Station—2XE—WABC (348.6-860)				
256.3	1170	WCAU	384.4	780	WTAR
243.9	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
545.1	250	WEAN	201.2	1490	WLAC
333.1	900	WFBL	234.2	1280	WDOD
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WCSH
499.7	600	WCAO	499.7	600	WREC
232.4	1290	WJAS	215.7	1390	KLRA
227.1	1320	WADC	230.6	1300	KTHS
545.1	550	WKRC	232.4	1290	KTSA
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
447.5	670	WMAQ	267.7	1120	WISN
258.5	1160	WOWO	239.9	1250	WDSU
275.1	1090	KMOX	535.4	560	KLZ
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WMVL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	491.5	610	KFRC
227.1	1320	WJAX	319	940	WCSH
238	1260	WLBW	394.5	760	KVI
475.9	630	WMAL	223.7	1340	KFPY
208.2	440	WHEC	428.9	1310	KFBK
322.4	930	WDBJ	249.9	1200	KMJ

5:30 p.m. "Twilight Reveries." (4:30 / 3:30 / 2:30)

245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WHZ	428.3	700	WLW

Tea Time Tunes. (5:30 / 4:30 / 3:30 / 2:30)

454.3	660	WEAF	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
315.6	950	WRC	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	299.8	1000	WOC
263	1140	KVOO			

6 p.m. Echoes of the Orient. (5 / 4 / 3)

245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
299.8	1090	WHO	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KWJ	545.1	550	KFBK
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

6:30 p.m. Whittall Anglo-Persians. (5:30 / 4:30 / 3:30)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WHZ	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

Eastern 7:05 p.m. The American Singers.
Central 6:05
Mountain 5:05
Pacific 4:05

Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK
245.8	1220	WREN
282.8	1060	WBAL
379.5	790	WGY
394.5	760	WJZ

7:35 p.m. Major Bowes' Family. (6:35 / 5:35 / 4:35)

206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.8	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WSAZ
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WFAA	545.1	550	WTAR

8 p.m. Enna Jettick Melodies. (7 / 5 / 6)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZA
221.2	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	KWK
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ			

8:30 p.m. La Palina Hour. (7:30 / 6:30 / 5:30)

Key	Station—2XE (58.5-970), WABC (348.6-860)				
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.7	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
241.8	1240	WGHP	348.6	860	WABC
243.8	1230	WNAC	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

Sonatron Program. (8 / 7 / 6)

204	1470	KGA	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	309.1	970	KJR
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
232.6	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	389.4	770	WBBM
243.9	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KSD	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WEAN			

9 p.m. Our Government. (8 / 7 / 6)

208.6	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KGO	405.8	740	WSB
265.6	820	WHAS	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WFAA	545.1	550	WGR

Majestic Theatre of the Air. (9 / 8 / 7)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WFJC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KGA	309.1	970	KJR
215.7	1390	WHK	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KTSA	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAX	370.2	810	WCCO
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	410.7	730	CKAC
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WEAN
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
254.1	1180	KSD	526	570	KMTR
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

9:15 p.m. Tone Pictures. (8:15 / 7:15 / 6:15)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL			

Atwater Kent Radio Hour. (9 / 8 / 7)

208.4	1440	WJZ	440.9	680	KPO
245.6	1220	WCAE	468.5	640	KFI
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	KGW
265.3	1130	KSL	508.2	590	KHQ
280.2	1070	WTAM	384.4	780	WMC
288.3	1040	WFAA	405.2	740	WSB
299.8	1000	WHO	416.4	720	WGN
315.6	950	WRC	461.3	650	WSM
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WEAF
325.9	920	KWJ	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
333.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOW
361.2	830	KOA	534.4	560	WFI
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

At the Baldwin. (9:45 p.m. / 8:45 / 7:45 / 6:45)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ

Eastern 9:45 p.m. Biblical Dramas.
Central 8:45
Mountain 7:45
Pacific 6:45

Meters	Kc.	Call
265.3	1130	KSL
379.5	790	WGY
384.4	780	WMC
440.9	680	KPO
454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	KMBC
333.1	900	WFBL
370.2	810	WCCO
389.4	770	WBBM
483.6	620	WTMJ
499.7	600	WCAO
508.2	590	WOW
516.9	580	WTAG
545.1	550	KSD
545.1	550	WGR

10 p.m. Arabesque. (9 / 8 / 7)

Key	Station—2XE (58.5-970), WABC (348.6-860)				
204	1470	WKBW	545.1	550	WEAN
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.9	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:15 p.m. Studebaker Champions. (9:15 / 8:15 / 7:15)

205.4	1460	KSTP	416.4	720	WGN
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	KPO
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

Longines Time. (10 / 9 / 8)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

National Light Opera. (10 / 9 / 8)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ

10:30 p.m. Around The Samovar. (9:30 / 8:30 / 7:30)

204	1470	KWBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WEAN
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

Key Station—WOR

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. (10:15 / 9:15 / 8:15)

394.5	760	WJZ	405.2	740	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	205.4	1460	KSTP
302.8	990	WBZA	234.2	1280	WEBC
260.7	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
305.9	980	KDKA	265.3	1130	KSL
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KAY	454.3	660	WEAF
222.1	1350	KWK	447.5	670	WMAQ
248.8	1220	WREN	428.3	700	WLW

Russian Cathedral Choir. (10:15 / 9:15 / 8:15)

238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
299.8	1000	WOC	374.8	800	WBAP
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD

Monday

10 a. m. Ida Bailey Allen. (9 / 8 / 7)

267.7	1120	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	389.4	770	WBBM
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WEAN	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

11:15 a.m. Radio Household Institute. (10:15 / 9:15 / 8:15)

205.4	1460	KSTP	454.3	660	WEAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
319	1020	KFKX	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

To Be Announced. (1:30 p.m. / 12:30 / 11:30 a.m.)

National Farm and Home Hour. (12:30 / 11:30 / 10:30 / 9:30)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WTAX	361.2	830	KOA
248.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WSAI
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WFI
293.9	1020	KAY	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:30 p.m. Roxy and His Gang. (6:30 / 5:30 / 4:30)

222.1	1350	KWK	309.1	970	WCFL
227.1	1320	WSMB	315.6	960	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
302.8	990	WHZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	461.3	650	WSM
305.9	980	KDKA	545.1	550	WIOD

Eastern 8:00 p.m.	Central 7	Mountain 6	Pacific 5
The Voice of Firestone.			
Meters	Kc.	Call	
499.7	600	WEAF	
468.5	640	WTIC	
461.3	650	WSAI	
454.3	660	WCAE	
447.5	670	WTAM	
441.1	680	WWJ	
434.4	690	WSAI	
428.0	700	WMAQ	
422.0	710	WSB	
416.4	720	WGN	
410.8	730	WSM	
405.2	740	WSB	
399.8	750	KSD	
394.7	760	WOW	
389.8	770	WMC	
384.9	780	WSM	
380.3	790	KSTP	
375.7	800	WBAP	
371.4	810	WFAA	
367.2	820	WSMB	
363.3	830	KTHS	
359.5	840	KPRC	
355.9	850	WOAI	
352.4	860	WDAF	
349.0	870	KOA	
345.8	880	WHAS	
342.8	890	WJAX	
339.8	900	WSB	
336.9	910	WBAP	
334.2	920	KPRC	
331.6	930	WOAI	
329.1	940	WDAF	
326.7	950	KOA	
324.4	960	WHAS	
322.2	970	WJAX	
320.1	980	WSB	
318.1	990	WBAP	
316.2	1000	KPRC	
314.4	1010	WOAI	
312.7	1020	WDAF	
311.1	1030	KOA	
309.6	1040	WHAS	
308.2	1050	WJAX	
306.8	1060	WSB	
305.5	1070	WBAP	
304.3	1080	KPRC	
303.2	1090	WOAI	
302.2	1100	WDAF	
301.2	1110	KOA	
300.3	1120	WHAS	
299.5	1130	WJAX	
298.8	1140	WSB	
298.1	1150	WBAP	
297.6	1160	KPRC	
297.1	1170	WOAI	
296.7	1180	WDAF	
296.4	1190	KOA	
296.2	1200	WHAS	
296.1	1210	WJAX	
296.1	1220	WSB	
296.2	1230	WBAP	
296.4	1240	KPRC	
296.7	1250	WOAI	
297.1	1260	WDAF	
297.6	1270	KOA	
298.2	1280	WHAS	
298.8	1290	WJAX	
299.5	1300	WSB	
300.3	1310	WBAP	
301.2	1320	KPRC	
302.2	1330	WOAI	
303.2	1340	WDAF	
304.3	1350	KOA	
305.5	1360	WHAS	
306.8	1370	WJAX	
308.2	1380	WSB	
309.6	1390	WBAP	
311.1	1400	KPRC	
312.7	1410	WOAI	
314.4	1420	WDAF	
316.2	1430	KOA	
318.1	1440	WHAS	
320.1	1450	WJAX	
322.2	1460	WSB	
324.4	1470	WBAP	
326.7	1480	KPRC	
329.1	1490	WOAI	
331.6	1500	WDAF	
334.2	1510	KOA	
336.9	1520	WHAS	
339.8	1530	WJAX	
342.8	1540	WSB	
345.8	1550	WBAP	
349.0	1560	KPRC	
352.4	1570	WOAI	
355.9	1580	WDAF	
359.5	1590	KOA	
363.3	1600	WHAS	
367.2	1610	WJAX	
371.4	1620	WSB	
375.7	1630	WBAP	
380.3	1640	KPRC	
384.9	1650	WOAI	
389.8	1660	WDAF	
394.7	1670	KOA	
399.8	1680	WHAS	
405.2	1690	WJAX	
410.8	1700	WSB	
416.4	1710	WBAP	
422.0	1720	KPRC	
428.0	1730	WOAI	
434.4	1740	WDAF	
441.1	1750	KOA	
447.5	1760	WHAS	
454.3	1770	WJAX	
461.3	1780	WSB	
468.5	1790	WBAP	
475.9	1800	KPRC	
483.6	1810	WOAI	
491.5	1820	WDAF	
499.7	1830	KOA	
508.2	1840	WHAS	
516.9	1850	WJAX	
525.9	1860	WSB	
535.4	1870	WBAP	
545.1	1880	KPRC	
555.2	1890	WOAI	
565.6	1900	WDAF	
576.4	1910	KOA	
587.5	1920	WHAS	
599.0	1930	WJAX	
610.9	1940	WSB	
623.2	1950	WBAP	
635.9	1960	KPRC	
649.0	1970	WOAI	
662.6	1980	WDAF	
676.6	1990	KOA	
691.1	2000	WHAS	
706.0	2010	WJAX	
721.4	2020	WSB	
737.3	2030	WBAP	
753.7	2040	KPRC	
770.6	2050	WOAI	
788.0	2060	WDAF	
805.9	2070	KOA	
824.4	2080	WHAS	
843.4	2090	WJAX	
863.0	2100	WSB	
883.2	2110	WBAP	
903.9	2120	KPRC	
925.3	2130	WOAI	
947.2	2140	WDAF	
969.8	2150	KOA	
993.0	2160	WHAS	
1016.8	2170	WJAX	
1041.3	2180	WSB	
1066.5	2190	WBAP	
1092.4	2200	KPRC	
1119.0	2210	WOAI	
1146.4	2220	WDAF	
1174.5	2230	KOA	
1203.5	2240	WHAS	
1233.3	2250	WJAX	
1263.9	2260	WSB	
1295.4	2270	WBAP	
1327.8	2280	KPRC	
1361.1	2290	WOAI	
1395.4	2300	WDAF	
1430.6	2310	KOA	
1466.8	2320	WHAS	
1504.0	2330	WJAX	
1542.2	2340	WSB	
1581.4	2350	WBAP	
1621.7	2360	KPRC	
1663.0	2370	WOAI	
1705.4	2380	WDAF	
1748.9	2390	KOA	
1793.5	2400	WHAS	
1839.3	2410	WJAX	
1886.2	2420	WSB	
1934.3	2430	WBAP	
1983.6	2440	KPRC	
2034.2	2450	WOAI	
2086.0	2460	WDAF	
2139.2	2470	KOA	
2193.7	2480	WHAS	
2249.6	2490	WJAX	
2306.9	2500	WSB	
2365.6	2510	WBAP	
2425.8	2520	KPRC	
2487.5	2530	WOAI	
2550.8	2540	WDAF	
2615.7	2550	KOA	
2682.2	2560	WHAS	
2750.3	2570	WJAX	
2820.1	2580	WSB	
2891.5	2590	WBAP	
2964.6	2600	KPRC	
3039.4	2610	WOAI	
3116.0	2620	WDAF	
3194.3	2630	KOA	
3274.5	2640	WHAS	
3356.5	2650	WJAX	
3440.5	2660	WSB	
3526.4	2670	WBAP	
3614.2	2680	KPRC	
3703.9	2690	WOAI	
3795.6	2700	WDAF	
3889.3	2710	KOA	
3985.0	2720	WHAS	
4082.8	2730	WJAX	
4182.6	2740	WSB	
4284.5	2750	WBAP	
4388.5	2760	KPRC	
4494.6	2770	WOAI	
4602.9	2780	WDAF	
4713.4	2790	KOA	
4826.1	2800	WHAS	
4941.0	2810	WJAX	
5058.2	2820	WSB	
5177.7	2830	WBAP	
5299.5	2840	KPRC	
5423.7	2850	WOAI	
5550.3	2860	WDAF	
5679.3	2870	KOA	
5810.8	2880	WHAS	
5944.8	2890	WJAX	
6081.3	2900	WSB	
6220.4	2910	WBAP	
6362.1	2920	KPRC	
6506.4	2930	WOAI	
6653.3	2940	WDAF	
6802.9	2950	KOA	
6955.2	2960	WHAS	
7110.2	2970	WJAX	
7267.9	2980	WSB	
7428.4	2990	WBAP	
7591.7	3000	KPRC	
7757.8	3010	WOAI	
7926.8	3020	WDAF	
8098.7	3030	KOA	
8273.5	3040	WHAS	
8451.2	3050	WJAX	
8631.8	3060	WSB	
8815.4	3070	WBAP	
9001.9	3080	KPRC	
9191.4	3090	WOAI	
9383.9	3100	WDAF	
9579.4	3110	KOA	
9777.9	3120	WHAS	
9979.4	3130	WJAX	
10183.9	3140	WSB	
10391.4	3150	WBAP	
10601.9	3160	KPRC	
10815.4	3170	WOAI	
11032.0	3180	WDAF	
11251.5	3190	KOA	
11474.1	3200	WHAS	
11699.7	3210	WJAX	
11928.4	3220	WSB	
12160.2	3230	WBAP	
12395.1	3240	KPRC	
12633.2	3250	WOAI	
12874.4	3260	WDAF	
13118.8	3270	KOA	
13366.4	3280	WHAS	
13617.2	3290	WJAX	
13871.3	3300	WSB	
14128.6	3310	WBAP	
14389.2	3320	KPRC	
14653.1	3330	WOAI	
14920.3	3340	WDAF	
15190.8	3350	KOA	
15464.7	3360	WHAS	
15741.9	3370	WJAX	
16022.5	3380	WSB	
16306.5	3390	WBAP	
16593.9	3400	KPRC	
16884.8	3410	WOAI	
17179.1	3420	WDAF	
17476.9	3430	KOA	
17778.2	3440	WHAS	
18083.0	3450	WJAX	
18391.4	3460	WSB	
18703.3	3470	WBAP	
19018.8	3480	KPRC	
19337.9	3490	WOAI	
19660.6	3500	WDAF	
19986.9	3510	KOA	
20316.8	3520	WHAS	
20650.4	3530	WJAX	
20987.7	3540	WSB	
21328.7	3550	WBAP	
21673.4	3560	KPRC	
22021.9	3570	WOAI	
22374.2	3580	WDAF	
22730.3	3590	KOA	
23090.3	3600	WHAS	
23454.2	3610	WJAX	
23822.0	3620	WSB	
24193.7	3630	WBAP	
24569.4	3640	KPRC	
24949.0	3650	WOAI	
25332.6	3660	WDAF	
25720.2	3670	KOA	
26111.8	3680	WHAS	
26507.4	3690	WJAX	
26907.0	3700	WSB	
27310.7	3710	WBAP	
27718.4	3720	KPRC	
28130.2	3730	WOAI	
28546.0	3740	WDAF	
28965.9	3750	KOA	
29390.0	3760	WHAS	
29818.2	3770	WJAX	
30250.6	3780	WSB	
30687.2	3790	WBAP	
31128.0	3800	KPRC	
31573.0	3810	WOAI	
32022.2	3820	WDAF	
32475.7	3830	KOA	
32933.5	3840	WHAS	
33395.6	3850	WJAX	
33862.1	3860	WSB	
34333.0	3870	WBAP	
34808.3	3880	KPRC	
35288.0	3890	WOAI	
35772.2	3900	WDAF	
36260.9	3910	KOA	
36754.1	3920	WHAS	
37251.8	3930	WJAX	
37754.1	3940	WSB	
38261.0	3950	WBAP	
38772.5	3960	KPRC	
39288.7	3970	WOAI	
39809.5	3980	WDAF	
40335.0	3990	KOA	
40865.2	4000	WHAS	
41400.1	4010	WJAX	
41939.7	4020	WSB	
42484.0	4030	WBAP	
43033.1	4040	KPRC	
43587.0	4050	WOAI	
44145.7	4060	WDAF	
44709.2	4070	KOA	
45277.6	4080	WHAS	
45850.9	4090	WJAX	
46429.1	4100	WSB	
47012.2	4110	WBAP	
47600.3	4120	KPRC	
48193.3	4130	WOAI	
48791.3	4140	WDAF	
49394.3	4150	KOA	
50002.3	4160	WHAS	
50615.3	4170	WJAX	
51233.3	4180	WSB	
51856.3	4190	WBAP	
52484.3	4200	KPRC	
53117.3	4210	WOAI	
53755.3	4220	WDAF	
54398.3	4230	KOA	
55046.3	4240	WHAS	
55699.3	4250	WJAX	
56357.3	4260	WSB	
57020.3	4270	WBAP	
57688.3	4280	KPRC	
58361.3	4290	WOAI	
59039.3	4300	WDAF	
59722.3	4310	KOA	
60410.3	4320	WHAS	
61103.3	4330	WJAX	
61801.3	4340	WSB	
62504.3	4350	WBAP	
63212.3	4360	KPRC	
63925.3	4370	WOAI	
64643.3	4380	WDAF	
65366.3	4390	KOA	
66094.3	4400	WHAS	
66827.3	4410	WJAX	
67565.3	4420	WSB	
68308.3	4430	WBAP	
69056.3	4440	KPRC	
69809.3	4450	WOAI	
70567.3	4460	WDAF	
71330.3	4470	KOA	
72098.3	4480	WHAS	
72871.3	4490	WJAX	
73649.3	4500	WSB	
74432.3	4510	WBAP	
75220.3	4520	KPRC	
76013.3	4530	WOAI	
76811.3	4540	WDAF	
77614.3	4550	KOA	
78422.3	4560	WHAS	
79235.3	4570	WJAX	
80053.3	4580	WSB	
80876.3	4590	WBAP	
81704.3	4600	KPRC	
82537.3	4610	WOAI	
83375.3	4620	WDAF	
84218.3	4630	KOA	
85066.3	4640	WHAS	
85919.3	4650	WJAX	
86777.3	4660	WSB	
87640.3	4670	WBAP	
88508.3	4680	KPRC	
89381.3	4690	WOAI	
90259.3	4700	WDAF	
91142.3	4710	KOA	
92030.3	4720	WHAS	
92923.3	4730	WJAX	
93821.3	4740	WSB	
94724.3	4750	WBAP	
95632.3	4760	KPRC	
96545.3	4770	WOAI	
97463.3	4780	WDAF	
98386.3	4790	KOA	
99314.3	4800	WHAS	
100247.3	4810	WJAX	
101185.3	4820	WSB	
102128.3	4830	WBAP	
103076.3	4840	KPRC	
104029.3	4850	WOAI	
104987.3	4860	WDAF	
105950.3	4870	KOA	
106918.3	4880	WHAS	
107891.3	4890	WJAX	
108869.3	4900	WSB	
109852.3	4910	WBAP	
110840.3	4920	KPRC	
111833.3	4930	WOAI	
112831.3	4940	WDAF	
113834.3	4950	KOA	
114842.3	4960	WHAS	
115855.3	4970	WJAX	
116873.3	4980	WSB	
117896.3	4990	WBAP	
118924.3	5000	KPRC	
119957.3	5010	WOAI	
120995.3	5020	WDAF	
122038.3	5030	KOA	
123086.3	5040	WHAS	
124139.3	5050	WJAX	
125197.3	5060	WSB	
126260.3	5070	WBAP	
127328.3	5080	KPRC	
128401.3	5090	WOAI	
129479.3	5100	WDAF	
130562.3	5110	KOA	
131650.3	5120	WHAS	
132743.3	5130	WJAX	
133841.3	5140	WSB	
134944.3	5150	WBAP	
136052.3	5160	KPRC	
137165.3	5170	WOAI	
138283.3	5180	WDAF	
139406.3	5190	KOA	
140534.3	5200	WHAS	
141667.3	5210	WJAX	
142805.3	5220	WSB	
143948.3	5230	WBAP	
145096.3	5240	KPRC	
146249.3	5250	WOAI	
147407.3	5260	WDAF	
148570.3	5270	KOA	
149738.3	5280	WHAS	
150911.3	5290	WJAX	
152089.3	5300	WSB	
153272.3	5310	WBAP	
154460.3	5320	KPRC	
155653.3	5330	WOAI	
156851.3	5340	WDAF	
158054.3	5350	KOA	
159262.3	5360	WHAS	
160475.3	5370	WJAX	
161693.3	5380	WSB	
162916.3	5390	WBAP	
164144.3	5400	KPRC	
165377.3	5410	WOAI	
166615.3	5420	WDAF	
167858.3	5430	KOA	
169106.3	5440	WHAS	
170359.3	5450	WJAX	
171617.3	5460	WSB	
172880.3	5470	WBAP	
174148.3	5480	KPRC	
175421.3	5490	WOAI	
176699.3	5500	WDAF	
177982.3	5510	KOA	
179270.3	5520	WHAS	
180563.3	5530	WJAX	
181861.3	5540	WSB	
183164.3	5550	WBAP	
184472.3	5560	KPRC	
185785.3	5570	WOAI	
187103.3	5580	WDAF	
188426.3	5590	KOA	
189754.3	5600	WHAS	
191087.3	5610	WJAX	
192425.3	5620	WSB	
193768.3	5630	WBAP	
195116.3	5640	KPRC	
196469.3	5650	WOAI	
197827.3	5660	WDAF	
199190.3	5670	KOA	
200558.3	5680	WHAS	
201931.3	5690	WJAX	
203309.3	5700	WSB	
204692.3	5710	WBAP	
206080.3	5720	KPRC	
207473.3	5730	WOAI	
208871.3	5740	WDAF	
210274.3	5750	KOA	
211682.3	5760	WHAS	
213095.3	5770	WJAX	
214513.3	5780	WSB	
215936.3	5790	WBAP	
217364.3	5800	KPRC	
218797.3	5810	WOAI	
220235.3	5820	WDAF	
221678.3	5830	KOA	
223126.3	5840	WHAS	
224579.3	5850	WJAX	
226037.3	5860	WSB	
227500.3	5870	WBAP	
228968.3	5880	KPRC	
230441.3	5890	WOAI	
231919.3	5900	WDAF	
233402.3	5910	KOA	
234890.3	5920	WHAS	
236383.3	5930	WJAX	
237881.3	5940	WSB	
239384.3	5950	WBAP	
240892.3	5960	KPRC	
242405.3	5970	WOAI	
243923.3	5980	WDAF	
245446.3	5990	KOA	
246974.3	6000	WHAS	
248507.3	6010	WJAX	
250045.3	6020	WSB	
251588.3	6030	WBAP	
253136.3	6040	KPRC	
254689.3	6050	WOAI	
256247.3	6060	WDAF	
257810.3	6070	KOA	
259378.3	6080	WHAS	
260951.3	6090	WJAX	
262529.3	6100	WSB	
264112.3	6110	WBAP	
265700.3	6120	KPRC	
267293.3	6130	WOAI	
268891.3	6140	WDAF	
270494.3	6150	KOA	
272102.3	6160	WHAS	
273715.3	6170	WJAX	
275333.3	6180	WSB	
276956.3	6190	WBAP	
278584.3	6200	KPRC	
280217.3	6210	WOAI	
281855.3	6220	WDAF	
283498.3	6230	KOA	
285146.3	6240	WHAS	
286799.3	6250	WJAX	
288457.3	6260	WSB	
290120.3	6270	WBAP	
291788.3	6280	KPRC	
293461.3	6290	WOAI	
295139.3	6300	WDAF	
296822.3	6310	KOA	
298510.3	6320	WHAS	
300203.3	6330	WJAX	
301901.3	6340	WSB	
303604.3	6350	WBAP	
305312.3	6360	KPRC	
307025.3	6370	WOAI	
308743.3	6380	WDAF	
310466.3	6390	KOA	
312194.3	6400	WHAS	
313927.3	6410	WJAX	
315665.3	6420	WSB	
317408.3	6430	WBAP	
319156.3	6440	KPRC	
320909.3	6450	WOAI	
322667.3	6460	WDAF	
324430.3	6470	KOA	
326198.3	6480	WHAS	
327971.3	6490	WJAX	
329749.3	6500	WSB	
331532.3	6510	WBAP	
333320.3	6520	KPRC	
335113.3	6530	WOAI	
336911.3	6540	WDAF	
338714.3	6550	KOA	
340522.3	6560	WHAS	
342335.3	6570	WJAX	
344153.3	6580	WSB	
345976.3	6590	WBAP	
347804.3	6600	KPRC	
349637.3	6610	WOAI	
351475.3	6620	WDAF	
353318.3	6630	KOA	
355166.3	6640	WHAS	
357019.3	6650	WJAX	
358877.3	6660	WSB	
360740.3	6670	WBAP	
362608.3	6680	KPRC	
364481.3	6690	WOAI	
366359.3	6700	WDAF	
368242.3	6710	KOA	
370130.3	6720	WHAS	
372023.3	6730	WJAX	
373921.3	6740	WSB	
375824.3	6750	WBAP	
377732.3	6760	KPRC	
379645.3	6770	WOAI	
381563.3	6780	WDAF	
383486.3	6790	KOA	
385414.3	6800	WHAS	
387347.3	6810	WJAX	
389285.3	6820	WSB	
391228.3	6830	WBAP	
393176.3	6840	KPRC	
395129.3	6850	WOAI	
397087.3	6860	WDAF	
399050.3	6870	KOA	
401018.3	6880	WHAS	
402991.3	6890	WJAX	
404969.3	6900	WSB	
406952.3	6910	WBAP	
408940.3	6920	KPRC	
410933.3	6930	WOAI	
412931.3	6940	WDAF	
414934.3	6950	KOA	
416942.3	6960	WHAS	
418955.3	6970	WJAX	
420973.3	6980	WSB	
422996.3	6990	WBAP	
425024.3	7000	KPRC	
427057.3	7010	WOAI	
429095.3	7020	WDAF	
431138.3	7030	KOA	
433186.3	7040	WHAS	
435239.3	7050	WJAX	
437297.3	7060	WSB	
439360.3	7070	WBAP	
441428.3	7080	KPRC	
443501.3	7090	WOAI	
445579.3	7100	WDAF	
447662.3	7110	KOA	
449750.3	7120	WHAS	
451843.3	7130	WJAX	
453941.3	7140	WSB	
456044.3	7150	WBAP	
458152.3	7160	KPRC	
460265.3	7170	WOAI	
462383.3	7180	WDAF	
464506.3	7190	KOA	
466634.3	7200	WHAS	
468767.3	7210	WJAX	
470905.3	7220	WSB	
473048.3	7230	WBAP	
475196.3	7240	KPRC	
477349.3	7250	WOAI	
479507.3	7260	WDAF	
481670.3	7270	KOA	
483838.3	7280	WHAS	
486011.3	7290	WJAX	
488189.3	7300	WSB	
490372.3	7310	WBAP	
492560.3	7320	KPRC	
494753.3	7330	WOAI	
496951.3	7340	WDAF	
499154.3	7350	KOA	
501362.3	7360	WHAS	
503575.3	7370	WJAX	
505793.3	7380	WSB	
508016.3	7390	WBAP	
510244.3	7400	KPRC	
512477.3	7410	WOAI	
514715.3	7420	WDAF	
516958.3	7430	KOA	
519206.3	7440	WHAS	
521459.3	7450	WJAX	
523717.3	7460	WSB	
525980.3	7470	WBAP	
528248.3	7480	KPRC	
530521.3	7490	WOAI	
532799.3	7500	WDAF	
535082.3	7510	KOA	
537370.3	7520	WHAS	
539663.3	7530	WJAX	
541961.3	7540	WSB	
544264.3	7550	WBAP	
546572.3	7560	KPRC	
548885.3	7570	WOAI	
551203.3	7580	WDAF	
553526.3	7590	KOA	
555854.3	7600	WHAS	
558187.3	7610	WJAX	
560525.3	7620	WSB	
562868.3	7630	WBAP	
565216.3	7640	KPRC	
567569.3	7650	WOAI	
569927.3	7660	WDAF	
572290.3	7670	KOA	
574658.3	7680	WHAS	
577031.3	7690	WJAX	
579409.3	7700	WSB	
581792.3	7710	WBAP	
584180.3	7720	KPRC	
586573.3	7730	WOAI	
588971.3	7740	WDAF	
591374.3	7750	KOA	
593782.3	7760	WHAS	
596195.3	7770	WJAX	
598613.3	7780	WSB	
601036.3	7790	WBAP	
603464.3	7800	KPRC	
605897.3	7810	WOAI	
608335.3	7820	WDAF	
610778.3	7830	KOA	
613226.3	7840	WHAS	
615679.3	7850	WJAX	
618137.3	7860	WSB	
620600.3	7870	WBAP	
623068.3	7880	KPRC	
625541.3	7890	WOAI	
628019.3	7900	WDAF	
630502.3	7910	KOA	
632990.3	7920	WHAS	
635483.3	7930	WJAX	
637981.3	7940	WSB	
640484.3	7950	WBAP	
642992.3	7960	KPRC	
645505.3	7970	WOAI	
648023.3	7980	WDAF	
650546.3	7990	KOA	
653074.3	8000	WHAS	
655607.3	8010	WJAX	
658145.3	8020	WSB	
660688.3	8030	WBAP	
663236.3	8040	KPRC	
665789.3	8050	WOAI	
668347.3	8060	WDAF	
670910.3	8070	KOA	
673478.3	8080	WHAS	
676051.3	8090	WJAX	
678629.3	8100	WSB	
681212.3	8110	WBAP	
683800.3	8120	KPRC	
686393.3	8130	WOAI	
688991.3	8140	WDAF	
691594.3	8150	KOA	
694202.3	8160	WHAS	
696815.3	8170	WJAX	
699433.3	8180	WSB	
702056.3	8190	WBAP	
704684.3	8200	KPRC	
707317.3	8210	WOAI	
709955.3	8220	WDAF	
712598.3	8230	KOA	
715246.3	8240	WHAS	
717899.3	8250	WJAX	
720557.3	8260	WSB	
723220.3	8270	WBAP	
725888.3	8280	KPRC	
728561.3	8290	WOAI	
731239.3	8300	WDAF	
733922.3	8310	KOA	
736610.3	8320	WHAS	
739303.3	8330	WJAX	
742001.3	8340	WSB	
744704.3	8350	WBAP	
747412.3	8360	KPRC	
750125.3	8370	WOAI	
752843.3	8380	WDAF	
755566.3	8390	KOA	
758294.3	8400	WHAS	
761027.3	8410	WJAX	
763765.3	8420	WSB	
766508.3	8430	WBAP	
769256.3	8440	KPRC	
772009.3	8450	WOAI	
774767.3	8460	WDAF	
777530.3	8470	KOA	
780298.3	8480	WHAS	
783071.3	8490	WJAX	
785849.3	8500	WSB	
788632.3	8510	WBAP	
791420.3	8520	KPRC	
794213.3	8530	WOAI	
797011.3	8540	WDAF	
799814.3	8550	KOA	
802622.3	8560	WHAS	
805435.3	8570	WJAX	
808253.3	8580	WSB	
811076.3	8590	WBAP	
813904.3	8600	KPRC	
816737.3	8610	WOAI	
819575.3	8620	WDAF	
822418.3	8630	KOA	
825266.3	8640	WHAS	
828119.3	8650	WJAX	
830977.3	8660	WSB	
833840.3	8670	WBAP	
836708.3	8680	KPRC	
839581.3	8690	WOAI	
842459.3	8700	WDAF	
845342.3	8710	KOA	
848230.3	8720	WHAS	
851123.3	8730	WJAX	
854021.3	8740	WSB	
856924.3	8750	WBAP	
859832.3	8760	KPRC

Eastern 11 p.m.	Central 10	Mountain 9	Pacific 8
Longines Time.			
Meters	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.

206.8	1450	WFJC	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.4	1330	WSAI
270.1	1110	WCAU	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	WWJ	265.4	1460	KSTP
333.1	900	KOIN	234.2	1280	KEBC
333.1	900	WKY	277.6	1080	WBT
379.5	790	WGY	236	1260	WJAX
379.5	790	KGO	535.4	560	WOD
384.4	780	WMC	365.6	820	WHAS
454.3	660	WEAF	405.2	740	WSB
461.3	650	WJZ	262	1145	WAFI
508.2	590	KHQ	227.1	1320	WSMB
508.2	590	WOW	263	1140	KVOO
535.4	560	WFI	325.9	920	KPRC
545.1	550	WGR	252	1190	WOAI
545.1	550	KSD	288.3	1040	KTHS
508.2	590	KEEL	361.2	830	KOA
336.9	890	WJAR	265.3	1130	KSL
516.9	580	WTAG	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	468.5	640	KFI

Wednesday

10 a.m.	9	8	7
National Home Hour.			
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	492.7	600	WIR
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key	Station—2XE	(49.2m-6120kc)	WABC	(348.6-860)
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WOWO
227.1	1320	WADC	313.9	960	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
239.9	1250	WRHM	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WMAQ	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
Radio Household Institute.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	WGR

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
Columbia Noon Day Club.			
Key	Station—WABC	(348.6-860)	
223.7	1340	WSPD	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	509	590	WABC
243.8	1230	WFBM	227.1	1320	WADC
256.3	1170	WCAU	223.7	1340	KFPY
333.1	900	WFBL	370.2	810	WCCO
333.1	900	WMAK	535.4	560	KLZ

2 p.m.	1	12 n.	11 a.m.
Patterns in Prints.			
215.7	1390	WHK	256.3	1170	WCAU
475.9	630	WMAL	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	232.4	1290	WJAS
384.4	780	WEAN	333.1	900	WFBL
545.1	550	WKRC	243.8	1230	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	394.5	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	394.5	760	KLZ
223.7	1340	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ

2:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	11:30 a.m.
National Farm and Home Hour.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

8 p.m.	7	6	5
Hank Simmons Show Boat.			
Key	Station—WOR	(422.3m-710kc)	
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.7	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	WRC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ

The Yeast Foamers.

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	303.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ

Mobiloil Concert.

206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
309.1	970	WCFL	535.4	560	WLIT
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
Happy Wonder Bakers.			
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	344.6	870	WLS
206.8	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WFAA
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	KVOO	483.6	620	WTMJ
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Sylvania Foresters.

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	545.1	550	KSD

9 p.m.	8	7	6
Ipana Troubadours.			
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

MacFadden Red Seal Hour.

256.3	1170	WCAU	238.5	1160	WOWO
283.1	1230	WNAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
384.4	780	WEAN	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	238	1260	KOIL
227.1	1320	WADC	223.7	1340	WSPD
545.1	550	WKRC	215.7	1390	WHK
241.8	1240	WGHP	238	1260	WLBW
475.9	630	WMAQ	243.8	1230	WMAQ

United Symphony Orchestra.

Key	Station—WOR	(422.3-710)	
204	1470	WKBW	384.4	780	WEAN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
Palmolive Hour.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
238	1260	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WGW
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

La Palina Smoker.

Key	Station—WOR	(422.3m-710kc)	
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	WRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	331.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO			

10 p.m.	9	8	7
Kolster Radio Hour.			
Key	Station—WOR	(422.3m-710kc)	
204.7	1470	KGA	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	309.3	970	KIR
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	VA	475	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	KMTR
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WEAN	545.1	550	WKRC

ABA Voyagers in Holland.

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	309.8	750	WJR

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
National Light Opera.			
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY			

Stromberg-Carlton.

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	440.9	680	KPO
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	468.5	640	KFI
283.9	1220	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990•	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
308.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC			

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
Dixie Echoes.			
Key	Station—WABC	(348.6-860)	
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.7	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

11 p.m.	10	9	8
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.			
204.5	760	WJZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	205.4	1460	KSTP
302.8	990	WBZA	234.2	1280	WEB
260.7	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
305.9	980	KDKA	265.3	1130	KSL
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	315.6	950	WRC
394.5	760	WJZ	447.5	670	WMAQ
245.8	1220	WREN	428.3	700	WLW

Thursday

10 a.m.	9	8	7
Ida Bailey Allen.			
Key	Station—2XE	(49.2m-6120kc)	WABC	(348.6-860)
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WOWO
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
239.9	1250	WRHM	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WMAQ			

10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
Morning Merrymakers.			
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	KHJ	280.3	1040	KHJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WIBO
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WIBI
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KTSA	333.1	900	WMAK
234.2	1280	WDOD	348.6	860	WABC
236.1	1270	WDSU	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKNC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN	384.4	780	WEAN

National Radio Household Club.

Key	Station—WABC	(348.6-860)	
201.2	1490	WLAC	243.8	1230	WNAC
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WEAN
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KHJ
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WIBO
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WTAR
234.2	1280	WDOD	389.4	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
236.1	1270	WDSU	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKNC
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
Radio Household Institute.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
309.1	970	WCFL	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

2:00 p.m.	1	12 n.	11 a.m.
Patterns in Prints.			
215.7	1390	WHK	256.3	1170	WCAU
475.9	630	WMAL	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	232.4	1290	WJAS
384.4	780	WEAN	333.1	900	WFBL
545.1	550	WKRC	243.8	1230	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
227.1	1320	WADC	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ

2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.
National Farm and Home Hour.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOI

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
Coward Comfort Hour.			
241.8	1240	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
336.9	890	WJAR	508.2	590	WEEI
454.3	660	WEAF	516.9	580	WTAI

8 p.m.	7	6	5
Fleischmann Sunshine Hour.			
454.3	660	WEAF	535.4	560	WIOD
508.2	590	WEEI	365.6	820	WHAS
516.9	580	WTAG	384.4	780	WMC
336.9	890	WJAR	405.2	740	WSB
319	940	WCSH	227.1	1320	WSMB
315.6	950	WRC	333.1	900	WKY
379.5	790	WGY	225.4	1330	WSAI
379.5	790	WGY	325.9	920	KPRC
545.1	550	WGR	361.2	830	KOA
545.1	550	KSD	252	1190	WOAI
545.1	550	KSD	270.1	1110	WRVA
206.8	1450	WFJC	265.3	1130	KSL
299.8	1000	WHO	252	1190	WOAI
508.2	590	WOW	461.3	650	WSM
491.5	610	WDAF	379.5	790	KGO
325.9	920	WWJ	483.6	620	WTMJ
483.6	620	WTMJ	325.9	920	KOMO
440.9	680	WPTF	508.2	590	KHQ
277.6	1080	WBT	309.1	970	WCFL
258	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP

Eastern 8 p.m.	Central 7	Mountain 6	Pacific 5
Lehn & Fink Serenade.			
Meters Kc.	Call	Meters Kc.	Call
252 1190	WREN	302.8 990	WBZA
268.8 1120	WREN	305.9 980	KDKA
294.9 1020	KFRC	333.1 900	WKY
345 870	WOAI	374.8 800	WBAP
260.7 1150	WHAM	394.5 760	WJZ
252.8 1060	WMAL	399.8 750	WJR
293.9 1020	KYW	423.3 700	WLW
302.8 990	WBZ		

9 p.m.	8	7	6
True Detective Mysteries.			
Key	Station—WABC (348.6-860)		
204 1470	WKBW	256.3 1170	WCAU
248.7 1390	WHK	288.3 1160	WOWO
253.7 1340	WSPD	258.5 1160	WEAN
224.1 1320	WADC	275.1 1090	KMOX
232.4 1290	WJAS	333.1 900	WFBL
238 1260	KOIL	389.4 770	WBBM
241.8 1240	WGHP	475.9 630	WMAL
243.8 1230	WNAC	491.5 610	WFAN
258.5 1160	WOKO	499.7 600	WCAO
267.7 1120	WISN	545.1 550	WKRC

11 p. m.	10	9	8
Nat'l Broadcasting and Concert Bureau Hour.			
206.8 1450	WFJC	379.5 790	KGO
225.4 1330	WSAI	379.5 790	WGY
245.1 1220	WCAE	454.3 660	WEAF
270.1 1110	WRVA	483.6 620	KGW
299.8 1000	WHO	516.9 580	WTAG
315.6 950	WRC	535.4 560	WEI
325.9 920	WWJ	535.4 560	WIOD
325.9 920	KPRC	545.1 550	KSD
325.9 920	KOMO	545.1 550	WGR
333.1 900	WKY		

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.			
394.5 760	WJZ	483.6 620	WTMJ
302.8 990	WBZ	205.4 1460	KSTP
302.8 990	WBZA	234.2 1280	WEBC
260.7 1150	WHAM	361.2 830	KOA
305.9 980	KDKA	265.3 1130	KSL
399.8 750	WJR	491.5 610	WDAF
293.9 1020	KYW	315.6 950	WRC
222.1 1350	KWK	447.5 670	WMAQ
245.8 1220	WREN	428.3 700	WLW

Longines Time.			
245.8 1220	WREN	302.8 990	WBZA
260.7 1150	WHAM	305.9 980	KDKA
282.8 1060	WBAL	394.5 760	WJZ
302.8 990	WBZ	399.8 750	WJR

Friday

10 a.m.	9	8	7
National Home Hour.			
245.6 1220	WCAE	374.8 800	WSAI
280.2 1070	WTAM	379.5 790	WGY
293.9 1020	KYW	454.3 660	WEAF
299.8 1000	WHO	299.6 600	WTIC
315.6 950	WRC	508.2 590	WEEI
319 940	WCSH	516.9 580	WTAG
325.9 920	WWJ	535.4 560	WFI
336.9 890	WJAR	545.1 550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.			
Key	Station—2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)		
215.7 1390	WHK	258.5 1160	WOWO
223.7 1340	WSPD	275.1 1090	KMOX
227.1 1320	WADC	315.6 950	KMBC
232.4 1290	WJAS	333.1 900	WFBL
238 1260	KOIL	333.1 900	WMAK
238 1260	WLBW	389.4 770	WBBM
241.8 1240	WGHP	475.9 630	WMAL
245.6 1220	WCAO	491.5 610	WFAN
256.3 1170	WCAU	545.1 550	WKRC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
Radio Household Institute.			
245.6 1220	WCAE	454.3 660	WEAF
280.2 1070	WTAM	483.6 620	WTMJ
293.9 1020	KYW	491.5 610	WDAF
315.6 950	WRC	499.7 600	WTIC
319 940	WCSH	508.2 590	WEEI
325.9 920	WWJ	516.9 580	WTAG
336.9 890	WJAR	535.4 560	WFI
379.5 790	WGY	545.1 550	WGR

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
Evening Stars.			
205.4 1460	KSTP	333.1 900	WKY
238 1260	WJAX	361.2 830	KOA
245.8 1220	WCAE	374.8 800	WBAP
263 1140	WAPI	379.5 790	WGY
265.3 1130	KSL	454.3 660	WEAF
270.1 1110	WRVA	461.3 650	WSM
277.6 1080	WBT	483.6 620	WTMJ
280.2 1070	WTAM	491.5 610	WDAF
299.8 1000	WHO	508.2 590	WOW
315.6 950	WRC	516.9 580	WTAG
319 940	WCSH	535.4 560	WLIT
325.9 920	KPRC	545.1 550	KSD
325.9 920	WWJ		

2 p. m.	1 p. m.	12	11 a. m.
Patterns in Prints.			
215.7 1390	WHK	256.3 1170	WCAU
475.9 630	WMAL	267.7 1120	WISN
204 1470	WKBW	232.4 1290	WJAS
384.4 780	WEAN	333.1 900	WFBL
545.1 550	WKRC	243.8 1230	WBBM
238 1260	KOIL	389.4 770	WBBM
227.1 1320	WADC	394.5 760	KVI
223.7 1340	WSPD	535.4 560	KLZ

2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.
National Farm and Home Hour.			
205.4 1460	KSTP	315.6 950	WRC
222.1 1350	KWK	325.9 920	KPRC
234.2 1280	WEBC	333.1 900	WKY
238 1260	KOIL	361.2 830	KOA
245.8 1220	WREN	365.6 820	WHAS
252 1190	WOAI	374.8 800	WFAA
260.7 1150	WHAM	384.4 780	WMC
263 1140	KVOO	394.5 760	WJZ
270.1 1110	WRVA	399.8 750	WJR
277.6 1080	WBT	428.3 700	WLW
282.8 1060	WBAL	440.9 680	WPTF
293.9 1020	KYW	461.3 650	WSM
299.8 1000	WHO	483.6 620	WSMB
302.8 990	WBZ	491.5 610	WDAF
302.8 990	WBZA	508.2 590	WOW
305.9 980	KDKA	535.4 560	WIOD

6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
Raybestos Twins.			
245.1 1220	WCAE	336.9 890	WJAR
280.3 1070	WTAM	379.5 790	WGY
315.6 950	WRC	454.3 660	WEAF
319 940	WCSH	499.7 600	WTIC
375.9 920	WWJ	516.9 580	WTAG

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
Dixies Circus.			
277.6 1080	WBT	384.4 780	WMC
282.8 1060	WBAL	394.5 760	WJZ
293.8 1020	KYW	399.8 750	WJR
302.8 990	WBZ	405.2 740	WSB
302.8 990	WBZA	428.3 700	WLW
305.9 980	KDKA	461.3 650	WSM
365.6 820	WHAS		

Eastern 8 p.m.	Central 7	Mountain 6	Pacific 5
Triadors.			
Meters Kc.	Call	Meters Kc.	Call
394.5 760	WJZ	260.7 1150	WHAM
302.8 990	WBZ	399.8 750	WJR
302.8 990	WBZA	428.3 700	WLW
305.9 980	KDKA	309.1 970	WCFL
245.8 1220	WREN	222.1 1350	KWK

Cities Service Concert Orchestra.			
205.4 1460	KSTP	361.2 830	KOA
245.6 1220	WCAE	454.3 660	WEAF
280.2 1070	WTAM	483.6 620	WTMJ
282.8 1060	WBAL	491.5 610	WDAF
288.3 1040	WFAA	508.2 590	WEEI
293.9 1020	KYW	508.2 590	WOW
299.8 1000	WHO	535.4 560	WLIT
315.6 950	WRC	545.1 550	KSD
325.9 920	WWJ	545.1 550	WGR
333.1 900	WKY		

9 p.m.	8	7	6
Interwoven Entertainers.			
222.1 1350	KWK	325.9 920	KOMO
227.1 1320	WSAI	333.1 900	WKY
238 1260	WJAX	361.2 830	KOA
245.8 1220	WREN	365.6 820	WHAS
252 1190	WOAI	374.8 800	WFAA
260.7 1150	WHAM	379.5 790	KGO
263 1140	WAPI	384.4 780	WMC
265.3 1130	KSL	394.5 760	WJZ
270.1 1110	WRVA	405.2 740	WSB
277.6 1080	WBT	428.3 700	WLW
288.3 1040	KTHS	461.3 650	WSM
293.9 1020	KYW	483.6 620	KFI
302.8 990	WBZ	483.6 620	KGW
302.8 990	WBZA	508.2 590	KHQ
305.9 980	KDKA	535.4 560	WIOD
325.9 920	KPRC		

True Story Hour.			
Key	Station—WOR (422.3m-710kc)		
208.2 1440	WHEC	258.5 1160	WOWO
215.7 1390	WHK	275.1 1090	KMOX
223.7 1340	WSPD	315.6 950	WRC
227.1 1320	WADC	333.1 900	WFBL
232.4 1290	WJAS	333.1 900	WMAK
236 1260	KOIL	370.2 810	WCAO
238 1260	WLBW	447.5 670	WMAQ
241.8 1240	WGHP	475.9 630	WMAL
243.8 1230	WNAC	499.7 600	WCAO
256.3 1170	WCAU	545.1 550	WKRC
258.5 1160	WEAN		

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
Philco Hour.			
205.4 1460	KSTP	302.8 990	WBZA
222.1 1350	KWK	305.9 980	KDKA
245.8 1220	WREN	394.5 760	WJZ
260.7 1150	WHAM	399.8 750	WJR
282.8 1060	WBAL	428.3 700	WLW
293.9 1020	KYW	483.6 620	WTMJ
302.8 990	WBZ		

Schradertown Band.			
225.4 1330	WSAI	454.3 660	WEAF
245.1 1220	WCAE	491.5 610	WDAF
299.8 1000	WOC	499.7 600	WTIC
315.6 950	WRC	508.2 590	WEEI
319 940	WCSH	508.2 590	WOW
325.9 920	WWJ	516.9 580	WTAG
336.9 890	WJAR	565.4 560	WLIT
344.6 870	KLZ	545.1 550	KSD
279.5 790	WGY	545.1 550	WGR

Philco Theatre Memories.			
205.4 1460	KSTP	302.8 990	WBZA
222.1 1350	WWK	305.9 980	KDKA
245.8 1220	WREN	394.5 760	WJZ
260.7 1150	WHAM	399.8 750	WJR
293.9 1020	KYW	483.6 620	WTMJ
302.8 990	WBZ		

10 p.m.	9	8	7
Armstrong Quakers.			
222.1 1350	KWK	302.8 990	WBZ
245.8 1220	WREN	302.8 990	WBZA
260.7 1150	WHAM	305.9 980	KDKA
282.8 1060	WBAL	394.5 760	WJZ
293.9 1020	KYW	428.3 700	WLW

Bremer-Tully Time.			
Key	Station—WOR (422.3-710)		
215.7 1390	WHK	258.5 1160	WOWO
223.7 1340	WSPD	267.7 1120	WISN
227.1 1320	WADC	275.1 1090	KMOX
232.4 1290	WJAS	315.6 950	KMBC
238 1260	KOIL	333.1 900	WFBL
238 1260	WLBW	333.1 900	WMAK
241.8 1240	WGHP	447.5 670	WMAQ
243.8 1230	WNAC	475.9 630	WMAL
256.3 1170	WCAU	499.7 600	WCAO
258.5 1160	WEAN	545.1 550	WKRC

Longines Correct Time.			
260.7 1150	WHAM	305.9 980	KDKA
282.8 1060	WBAL	394.5 760	WJZ
302.8 990	WBZ	428.3 700	WLW
302.8 990	WBZA		

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
Armour Program.			
205.4 1460	KSTP	325.9 920	KPRC
222.1 1350	KWK	325.9 920	KOMO
227.1 1320	WSMB	333.1 900	WKY
234.2 1280	WEBC	361.2 830	KOA
238 1260	WJAX	365.6 820	WHAS
245.8 1220	WREN	374.8 800	WFAA
252 1190	WOAI	379.5 790	KGO
260.7 1150	WHAM	384.4 780	WMC
263 1140	WAPI	394.5 760	WJZ
263 1140	KVOO	399.8 750	WJR
265.3 1130	KSL	405.2 740	WSB
270.1 1110	WRVA	428.3 700	WLW
277.6 1080	WBT	440.9 680	KPO
282.8 1060	WBAL	461.3 650	WSM
288.3 1040	KTHS	468.5 640	KFI
293.9 1020	KYW	483.6 620	KGW
302.8 990	WBZ	483.6 620	WTMJ
302.8 990	WBZA	508.2 590	KHQ
305.9 980	KDKA		

Jesse Crawford.			
Key	Station—WABC (348.6-860); 2XE (49.2-6120)		
475.9 630	WMAL	227.1 1320	WADC
215.7 1390	WHK	223.7 1340	WSPD
331.1 906	WAAB	256.3 1170	WCAU
447.5 670	WMAQ	499.7 600	WCAO
243.8 1230	WNAC	267.7 1120	WISN
245.1 1220	WCAE	232.4 1290	WJAS
370.2 810	WCCO	333.1 900	WFBL
238 1260	WLBW	394.5 760	KVI
238 1260	KOIL	535.4 560	KLZ

In a Russian Village.			
Key	Station—WOR (420.3m-710kc)		
215.7 1390	WHK	258.5 1160	WOWO
223.7 1340	WSPD	275.1 1090	KMOX
232.4 1290	WJAS	315.6 950	KMBC
238 1260	KOIL	333.1 900	WMAK
238 1260	WLBW	333.1 900	WFBL
241.8 1240	WGHP	447.5 670	WMAQ
243.8 1230	WNAC	475.9 630	WMAL
256.3 1170	WCAU	499.7 600	WCAO
258.5 1160	WEAN	545.1 550	WKRC

"Around the World With Libby."			
222.1 1350	KWK	365.6 820	WHAS
227.1 1320	WSAI	374.8 800	WFAA
245.8 1220	WREN	384.4 780	WMC
263 1140	WAPI	394.5 760	WJZ
270.1 1110	WHAM	399.8 750	WJR
275.3 1130	KSL	405.2 740	WSB
293.9 1020	KYW	440.9 680	KPO
302.8 990	WBZ	461.3 650	WSM
302.8 990	WBZA	468.5 640	KFI
305.9 980	KDKA	483.6 620	KGW
325.9 920	KOMO	508.2 590	KHQ
333.1 900	WKY		

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11 p. m.			

St. Regis Hotel Orchestra.

Meters	Kc.	Call
315.6	950	WRC
454.3	660	WEAF

Pepsodent Program—See Other Pages for Stations. "Amos 'n' Andy."

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Slumber Music.

260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA			

Saturday

6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

Tower Health Exercises.

245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15

Federation Morning Devotions.

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30

Parnassus Trio.

454.3	660	WJZ

10 a.m.	9	8	7

The Blue Birds.

394.5	760	WJZ	245.8	1220	WREN
222.1	1350	KWK			

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
290.2	1033	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	KN	516.9	580	WTAM
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	WGR

2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WDAF	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30

RCA Demonstration Hour.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WOC	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WFAA
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8 p.m.	7	6	5

Nit-Wit Hour

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WFBM			

Sorrento Serenade.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc.)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WEAN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

The Romancers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

9 p.m.	8	7	6

General Electric Hour.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
235.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	468.5	640	KFI
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KOW
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

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RADIO DIGEST is out each month with the best fiction, by nationally known writers, articles about luminaries in the Radio world, interesting stories of what is going on in the studios, and the most accurate log and wave length table published. Be sure of your copy—subscribe now. Clip the coupon on page six.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30

The Gulbransen Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860m)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOAU
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSMB	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	468.5	640	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WMAQ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

10 p.m.	9	8	7

Lucky Strike.

204	1470	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
238	1260	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	440.4	720	WFAA
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WJAW
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.

Key Station—236.9 (49.2-6120) WABC (348.6-860)

256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	201.2	1490	WLAC
384.4	780	WEAN	234.2	1280	WDOD
333.1	900	WFBL	322.4	930	WRRC
204	1470	WKBW	499.7	600	WREC
499.7	600	WCAO	215.7	1390	KLRA
232.4	1290	WJAS	204	1470	KFJF
227.1	1320	WADC	388.3	1040	KRLD
545.1	550	WKRC	230.6	1300	KTH
241.8	1240	WGHP	432.4	1290	KSA
447.5	670	WMAQ	370.2	810	WCCO
258.5	1160	WOWO	267.7	1120	WISN
315.6	950	KMBC	319.1	940	WDSU
238	1260	KOIL	535.4	560	KLZ
227.1	1320	WSMB	232.6	1290	KDYL
315.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	KHJ
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	KFRC
475.9	630	WMAL	319	940	KOIN
243.8	1230	WFBM	394.5	760	SAI
208.2	1440	WHEC	223.7	1340	KFPY
312.3	960	CFRB	258.9	1310	KTBK
322.4	930	WRRC	329.2	1200	KSMI
454.4	780	WTAR	275.1	1090	KMOX

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Jesse Crawford Program.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860m)

204	1470	WKBW	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.7	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WSMB	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11 p.m.	10	9	8

Longines Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

394.5	760	WJZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WJZ	205.4	1460	KSTP
302.8	990	WBZA	234.2	1280	WEBC
260.7	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
305.9	980	KDKA	265.3	1130	KSL
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	447.5	670	WMAQ
245.8	1220	WREN	428.3	700	WLW

Slumber Music.

245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL			

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30

Charles Strickland Park Central Hotel Orchestra.

245.6	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	454.3	660	WEAF
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD

OFFICIAL CALL BOOK AND LOG

KCRC
Enid, Okla. 218.8m-1370kc. 250 watts daylight, 100 watts after sunset. Champlin Refining Co. Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am, 12:15 pm, 6:30 pm. Central.

KDB
Santa Barbara, Calif. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Santa Barbara Broadcasting Co. C. W. Meighan. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-12 mid. Sun, 4-11 pm. Sat, 9 am-12 mid. Pacific. Founded Dec. 22, 1926.

KDKA
E. Pittsburgh, Pa. 305.9m-980kc. 50,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Daily ex Sun, 9:40 am, 12 n, 4 pm, 5 markets, weather; 6:30, dinner concert. Mon, 10:30 pm; Wed, 11 pm; Thurs, 10:30 pm; 9:40 am-11 pm. Tues, Fri, 9:40 am-10:30 pm. Sat, 9:45 am-11 pm. Sun, 11 am-10:15 pm. Eastern.

KDLR
Devils Lake, N. Dak. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Radio Electric Co. Announcer, Bert Wick. Daily ex Sun, 7-8:40 am, 11 am to 1 pm, 6 to 8 pm. Mon, 9:30-11 pm. Sun, 10:45 am, service. Founded Jan. 25, 1925. Central.

KDYL
Salt Lake City, Utah. 232.6m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Intermountain Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Philip G. Lasky. Slogan, "Dawn to Midnight." Daily ex Sun, 7 am-1 am. Sun, 12 n-12 mid. Mountain. Founded June, 1922.

KEJK
Beverly Hills, Calif. 256.3m-1170kc. 500 watts. R. S. MacMillan. Daily ex Sun, 7 am to sundown; 9 pm-1 am. Pacific. Founded Feb. 7, 1927.

KELW
Burbank, Calif. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Earl L. White. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-1 pm, 5-8 pm. Pacific. Founded Feb. 12, 1927.

KEX
Portland, Ore. 254.1m-1180kc. 5000 watts. Western Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Archie Presby, Louis G. Teegarden. Daily ex Sun, 7 am to 7 pm. 8-12 pm, 12 mid. Sun, 10 am. to 11 pm. Pacific. Opened Dec. 25, 1926.

KFAB
Lincoln, Neb. 389.4m-770kc. 5000 watts. Nebraska Buick Auto Co. Daily, 6 am-7 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 9 pm-12 pm. Tues, Thurs, 10 pm-12 mid Founded Dec. 4, 1924. Central.

KFAD
Phoenix, Ariz. 483.6m-620kc. 1,000 watts. Electrical Equip. Co. Announcers, Leo Gleim, Lee Foster, Harold Haughowout. Slogan, "The Voice of Phoenix." Sun, 11 am-4 pm, 7-11 pm. Mon, 9 am-2 pm, 6-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 7 am-2 pm, 3-4 pm, 6-11 pm. Founded Oct. 30, 1921. Mountain.

KFBB
Havre, Mont. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Buttrey Broadcast, Inc. Daily ex Sun, 12-2 pm, music, markets, weather reports, household talks; 3-4 pm, record hours; 4-5 pm, woman's hour. Mon, Wed, Fri, 8-10 pm. Sun, 11:15-2, Sunday School; 7:15, organ; 7:30-9, church services. Founded 1921. Mountain.

KFBK
Sacramento, Calif. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sacramento Bee. Bimball-Upson Co. Announcer, R. K. Clark. Founded 1921. Pacific.

KFBL
Everett, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Lesse Bros. Announcer, Al Folkins. Daily ex Sun, 9-12 am. Tues, 6-12 pm. Thurs, Sat, 6-10 pm. Sun, 10-11 am, 8-9:30 pm. Pacific. Founded Aug. 25, 1922.

KFDM
Beaumont, Tex. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Magnolia Petroleum Co. Announcer, Lee O. Smith. Slogan, "Kall Kow Dependable Magnolene." Daily ex Sun, 6:30 am-10:30 am, 12 n, 6:30 pm-10 pm. Sun, 11-3 pm, 7:30-8:30 pm. Central. Founded Oct. 1, 1924.

KFDY
Brookings, S. D. 545.1m-550kc. 1,000 watts. State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Announcer, Sam Reck. Daily ex Sun, 12:30-1:15 pm. Tues, Thurs, 7:40-9:30 pm. Central.

KFEC
Portland, Ore. 228.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Meier & Frank Co., Inc. Announcer, Sid Goodwin. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-mid. Sun, 8-10:30 pm. Founded 1922.

KFEL
Denver, Colo. 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Eugene P. O'Fallon, Inc. Announcer, Ralph Crowder. Daily ex Sun, 8:45-8:55 am, 9 am-12:30 pm, 3-4:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Sat, 6-6:30 pm; Tues, Thurs, Fri, 8-12 pm; Sun, 5:45 am, 10 am, 1:30 pm, 2:30 pm, 3 pm, 5 pm, Mountain.

KFEQ
St. Joseph, Mo. 535.4m-560kc. 2500 watts. J. L. Sensenich. Announcer, Clarence Koch. Daily ex Sun, markets, 8:45 am, 9:45-11, 12, 1, 2 pm; music, 2:30-3:20 pm. Central. Founded 1922.

KFEY
Nampa, Idaho. 247.8m-1210kc. 10 watts. Union High School Station. Announcer, Walter C. Clark. Slogan, "Voice of the Coeur D'Alenes." Pacific.

KFGQ
Boone, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Boone Biblical School. Founded April, 1923.

KFH
Wichita, Kan. 230.6m-1300kc. 1,000 watts. J. L. Fox. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-10, 11-12, 2-3, 4-5:30, 7-8:30, 10-11. Markets, 9, 10, 11, 12, 1:25, 2 pm. Concerts, religious; Sat, Program; 7-9, Program. Founded Dec. 1, 1925. Central.

KFHA
Gunnison, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Western State College of Colorado. E. Russell Wightman. Slogan, "Where the Sun Shines Every Day." Sun, 7:30-8:45 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7-10 pm. Daily, 12:30-1 pm. Founded May, 1922. Mountain

KFI
Los Angeles, Calif. 468.5m-640kc. 5000 watts. Earle C. Anthony, Inc. Announcer, Harry Hall. Slogan, "A National Institution." Daily ex Sun, 8 am-11 pm. Sun, 10 am-11 pm. Sat, 8 am-2 am. Installed spring, 1922. Pacific.

KFIF
Portland, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Benson Polytechnic School. Announcer, Alfred Skei, Omar Bittner, W. Hollensted. Tues, Wed, 7-8. Pacific.

KFIO
Spokane, Wash. 243.8m-1230kc. 100 watts. Spokane Broadcasting Corporation. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-7 pm, Sun, 2-5 pm.

KFIU
Juneau, Alaska. 228.9m-1310kc. 10 watts. Alaska Elec. Light & Power Co. Announcer, O. E. Schoenbell. Mon, Wed, Fri, 6-7 pm. Alaskan time.

KFIZ
Fond du Lac, Wis. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Fond du Lac Commonwealth Reporter. Daily ex Sun, noon, 5 and 8 pm Fri.

KFJB
Marshalltown, Iowa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Marshall Electric Co. Announcers, Phil Hoffman, Allen Warder and Darrel E. Laird. Daily, 7-8 am, 9:30-10 am, 12:30-2 pm, 3:30-5 pm, 6:30-8 pm, 10:30-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 3-5 pm, 6:30-7:30 pm. Central.

KFJF
Oklahoma City, Okla. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. National Radio Mfg. Co. Announcer, Tired Hand. Slogan, "Radio Headquarters of Oklahoma City." Daily ex Sun, 9 am-mid; 10, sacred music; 10:30, markets; 11:30 am-2 pm, music; 6-12, Sun, 9 am, I. B. S. A.; 10, Men's class; 11, services; 7:30-9:30 pm, services; 9:30-10:30 pm, entertainment. Central. Founded July, 1923.

KFJI
Astoria, Ore. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Kincaid News Co. Oregonian Fast Express. Announcers, Jack Keating, L. J. Allen. Daily, 9:30 am-1:15 pm, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 5-8 pm. Fri, 5 pm-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-8 pm. Pacific.

KFJM
Grand Forks, N. D. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. University of North Dakota. Announcers, Jack Stewart, Howard J. Monley. Daily, 12 n-1 pm, 6:40-7 pm. Sun, 10:45 am, 12:30 pm, 6, 7:15-8:15 pm. Founded Oct., 1923. Central.

KFJR
Portland, Ore. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Ashley C. Dixon & Son. Announcer, Ashley C. Dixon, Sr. Daily ex Sun, 11:30 am-2:30 pm. Mon, Thur, Sat, 5 pm-6 pm. Tue, Wed, Fri, 7-12 pm. Founded Sept. 23, 1923. Pacific.

KFJY
Fort Dodge, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Tunwall Radio Co. Announcer, Carl Tunwall. Daily 12:10-1:30 pm, 6:30-7:30 pm. Tues, 9:30 am-10:30 am. 9:30-10:30 pm extra. Fri, 6:30-8:30 pm extra. Sat, 9:30-10:30 pm extra. Founded Oct., 1923. Central.

KFJZ
Fort Worth, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. W. E. Branch. Announcer, Texas Joy Boy. Slogan, "The Voice of Texas, The Home of Texas Hour." Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1923.

KFKA
Greeley, Colo. 340.7m 880kc. 500 watts after 6 pm. 1000 watts day. Colorado State Teachers' College. Announcers, Geo. A. Irvin, Lynn Craig. Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am-6-7 pm. Fri, 11 am, school assembly program.

KFKB
Milford, Kan. 285.5m-1050kc. 5000 watts. J. R. Brinkley, M. D. Announcer, Dee D. Denver, Jr. Daily ex Sun, 5-8 am, 11:30-1 pm, 9-10 am, 4-8:30 pm. Sun, 8-8:30 am, sunrise service; 12-8:30 pm.

KFKU
Lawrence, Kan. 245.6m-1220kc. 1000 watts. University of Kansas. Announcer, Ellsworth C. Dent. Wed, 6:30-7:30 pm. Thurs, 8-9 pm. Founded Dec. 24. Central.

KFKX
Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 5000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 10 am, 11, 12 n, 1:15, 5:30. Sat, 10 am, 11, 12 n, 5:15, 5:30. Central.

KFKZ
Kirksville, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 15 watts. State Teachers College. Announcer, Carrol Underhill, John Hurty. Mon, 8:30-9:30 pm. Thurs, 8-9 pm. Founded 1923. Central.

KFLV
Rockford, Ill. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Rockford Broadcasters, Inc. Announcers, Paul Bodin, Willard Anderson, Aaron Shakenson, Harold Nelson. Founded October, 1923. Central.

KFLX
Galveston, Texas. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. George R. Clough.

KFMX
Northfield, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Carleton College. Central.

KFNF
Shenandoah, Iowa. 336.9m-890kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts evening. 6 am-10:30 pm except 5-6 pm and 7:30-9 pm. Henry Field Seed Co. Announcer, Henry Field. Slogan, "The Friendly Farmer Station." Founded Feb. 1924. Central.

KFOR
Lincoln, Neb. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Howard A. Chapman. Jack Strahl, announcer. Daily ex Sun, 7-8, 10-11, 12-1, 2-2:30, 7-10. Sun, 9-9:30, 2:30-3. Central. Founded March, 1924.

KFOX
Long Beach, Calif. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Nichols & Warriner, Inc. Announcer, Hal G. Nichols. Slogan, "The Hancock Oil Co. Station." Daily and Sun, 5 pm-3 am, 8-1 am. Founded March, 1924. Pacific.

KFPL
Dublin, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Announcer, C. C. Baxter. Daily ex Sun, 6 am. Mon, Thurs, 8 pm. Sat, 11 pm. Sun, 7:30-11 am, 1:30-7 pm, religious programs. Central.

KFPM
Greenville, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. The New Furniture Co.

KFPW
Siloam Springs, Ark. 223.7m-1340kc. 50 watts. John E. Brown College. Slogan, "Keeping Pace With Christ Means Progress." Daily ex Sun, 5-6 am, 1:30-2:30 pm. Sun, 1-2:30 pm. Central. Founded April 17, 1924.

KFPY
Spokane, Wash. 215.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. Symons Investment Co. Announcers, T. W. Baird, Jr., Wesley Bell. Daily ex Sun, Mon, Wed, 9 am-3:30 pm, 5-7:30, 10-12 mid. Tues, Sat, 9 am, mid. Fri, 9 am-3:30 pm, 5:12 mid. Thurs, 9 am-12 mid. Sun, 6 pm-10 pm. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KFQD
Anchorage, Alaska. 243.8m-1230kc. 100 watts. Anchorage Radio club. Alaskan time.

KFQU
Holy City, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. W. E. Riker, Announcer, C. E. Boone. Daily ex Sun, 11:30 am-4:30 pm, 7-8, 10 pm-2 am. Sun, 11 am-12 n, 10-11 pm. Founded November, 1924. Pacific.

KFQW
Seattle, Wash. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. KFQW, Inc. Electric. Announcer, Edwin A. Kraft. Daily ex Sat, 9 am-1:30 am. Sat, 9 am-3 am. Pacific. Founded June, 1924.

KFQZ
Hollywood, Calif. 348.6m-860kc. 250 watts. Taft Radio Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Jack Carrington. Daily, 7 am-6 pm, 9 pm-7 am. Pacific.

KFRC
San Francisco, Calif. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee, Inc. Announcer, Harrison Holliway. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 7-9 am, 10-12 n, 12-1 pm, 2-12 mid. Sat, 7-9 am, 10-12 n, 12-1 pm, 2-12 mid. Sun, 9 am-12 n, 12-12 mid; 12 mid-1 am daily ex Sun. Pacific.

KFRU
Columbia, Mo. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Stephens College. Announcer, Earl W. Lewis. Slogan, "Knowledge Flourishes Round Us." Daily, 6-9 am, 5-8 pm. Sun, 7:30-12 n, 2-6 pm. Founded October 25, 1925. Central.

KFSD
San Diego, Calif. 499.7m-600kc. 1000 watts. Airfan Radio Corporation. Announcer, Tom Sexton. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-1:30 pm, 3:15-4:15 pm, 4:45 pm-mid. Sun, 10 am-2 pm, 2:30-3:30 pm, 8-10 pm. Pacific. Founded March 28, 1926.

KFSG
Los Angeles, Calif. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Echo Park Evang. Assn. Slogan: "The Glory Station of the Air." Daily ex Sun, 9:30 am-12 pm, 2-5 pm, Mon, Thurs, Sat, 10-11 pm, Tues, 11 pm-mid. Sun, 10:15 am-12:30 pm, 2:30-4:30 pm, 7 pm-mid.

KFUL
Galveston, Texas. 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts night. Will H. Ford. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 7-8 pm ex Tues and Fri. Tues, Fri, 7:30-9:30 pm, 9:30-11 pm. Sun, 1:30-4 pm.

KFUM
Colorado Springs, Colo. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Corley Mountain Highway. Announcer, Edw. Norton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Rockies." Daily ex Sun, 9 am-12:30 pm, 5:15-7:30 pm. Mon, 7:30-10 pm, Tues, 7:30-10:30 pm. Thurs, 7:30-2 am special DX program. Fri, 7:30-9 pm. Mountain.

KFUO
St. Louis, Mo. (Tr. at Clayton.) 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Concordia Theological Seminary (Lutheran). Announcer, Herm. H. Hohenstein. Daily ex Sun, 7:15 am. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 9:25 am, 12:15 pm. Daily, 3 pm. Sun, 8:30 am, 10 am, 10:45 am, 3 pm, 3:30 pm, 9:15 pm. Founded Dec. 14, 1924. Central.

KFUP
Denver, Colo. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Fitzsimons General Hospital. Educational and Recreational Dept. Announcer, Major Transue. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 10-11 am. Tues, Thurs, Fri, 7:30 pm. Mountain.

KFUR
Ogden, Utah. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Peery Building Co. 5:30-11. Mountain.

KFVD
Culver City, Calif. 422.3m-710kc. 250 watts. Auburn-Fuller Co. Announcers, Al Weinert, Paul Meyers. Founded April, 1925.

KFVS
Cape Girardeau, Mo. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Hirsch Battery & Radio Co. Announcer, W. W. Watkins. Slogan, "The City of Opportunity." Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 12:15 noon; 5-7:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 8-9 pm; Tues, Thurs, Sat, 9 pm-12. Tues, Fri, 10 am, 12:15 noon, 5-7:30 pm. Sun, 11 am-12 noon, church. Founded May 27, 1925.

KFWB
Hollywood, Calif. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Warner Brothers. Announcer, William "Bill" Ray. Mon, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Tues, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-12 mid. Wed, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Thurs, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Fri, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Sat, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Sun, 9 am-1:30 pm, 6:30-11 pm.

KFWC
Pomona, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. James R. Fouch. Announcer, Frank Pierce. 12 n-11 pm. Pacific.

KFWF
St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Louis Truth Center. Slogan, "The Voice of Truth." Announcer, Rev. Charles H. Hartmann. Tues, Fri, 9:45 am. Thurs, 10:45 am. 7:45 pm. Sun, 9 am, 10:45, 7:45 pm. Founded 1925. Central.

KFWI
San Francisco, Calif. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Radio Entertainments, Inc. Announcer, Henry C. Blank. Mon, Wed, Fri, 7-8 am, 9-1:30 pm, 6-7 pm, 8:30-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7-8 am, 9-11 am. Tues, Sat, 10-1 am. Thurs, 12-1:30 pm, 6-7 pm, 8:30-9 pm. Sun, 7:50-9:15 pm. Pacific.

KFWM
Oakland, Calif. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Oakland Educational Society. Announcer, O. B. Eddins. Sun, 9:45-11 am, 12-2:30, 11 n.-7:45, 9:15-10:15 pm. Mon, 2:36-6 pm; 7-8:30 pm. Tues, 8-9 am; 11-12 am; 1:30-6 pm, 7-11 pm. Wed, 2:30-6 pm, 7-8:30 pm. Thurs, 8-9 am, 11-12 am, 1:30-6 pm, 7-11 pm. Fri, 2:30-6 pm, 7-8:30 pm. Sat, 8-9 am, 11-12 am, 1:30-6 pm, 7-11 pm.

KFXD
Jerome, Idaho. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. KFXD, Inc. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-1 pm. Wed, Sat, 8-10 pm. Sun, 11:20-12:20 pm. Mountain.

KFXF
Denver, Colo. 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Colorado Radio Corp. Announcers, W. D. Pyle, T. C. Ekrem, Lou Keplinger. Slogan, "The Voice of Denver." Daily ex Sun, 8 am-6 pm, 6-11. Sun, 7 pm-1 am. Mountain.

KFXJ
Edgewater, Colo. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. R. G. Howell. Slogan, "America's Scenic Center." Daily ex Sun, 8 am-1 pm. Wed, 3:30-10. Thurs, 3:30-10. Sat, 3:30-11:00. Mountain.

KFXR
Oklahoma City, Okla. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Exchange Ave. Baptist church. Daily, 8-10 pm. Sun, 10-12:30, 3-4 pm; 7:30-9:30 pm.

KFXY
Flagstaff, Ariz. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Kent Starkweather, Announcer, Frank Welburn. Daily, 12 n-1 pm, 5-8 pm, Mon, Wed, Sat, 9:30-10:30 pm. Mountain.

KFYO
Abilene, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 250 watts day. 100 watts night. Lubbock Kirksey. Daily ex Sun. 9-10 am, 11-11:15 am, 12-1 pm, 6-6:30 pm, 8-10. Sun, 12-4 pm, 8-10 pm. Central. Founded February 19, 1927.

KFYR
Bismarck, N. D. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Hoskins-Meyer, Inc. Announcer, Stanley Lucas. Daily ex Sun, 8:30-12 noon, 1:30 pm, 6-9 pm. Wed, Sat, 10-11 pm. Sun, 10:30-12 n, 3-5 pm. Founded December, 1925.

KGA
Spokane, Wash. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Announcer, Harry Long. Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, exercises; 8-12 n, chain programs; 12-12:30, news, farm; 12:30-5 pm, programs; 5 pm, studio; 6 pm, time, 6-12 pm, chain. Sun, 10 am-2 pm, chain; 2-7 pm, chain; 7:30-9 pm, church; 9-10 pm, chain. Pacific.

KGAR
Tucson, Ariz. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Tucson Citizen. Announcer, Harold S. Sykes. Tues, Fri, 8-9 pm. Sun, 11 am, 7:30-9 pm. Installed June, 1926. Mountain.

KGB
San Diego, Calif. 220.4m-1360kc. 250 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Co. Fitz Hall, Geo. E. Wilson. Daily ex Sun, 6-8 am, 12-1 pm, 4-9 pm. Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, 7:30-8:30 pm. Founded Aug. 11, 1926. Central.

KGBZ
York, Neb. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Announcer, Dr. George R. Miller. Slogan, "Keep Your Hogs and Poultry Healthy." Silent Monday night. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 5, 7, 11 am; 2, 5, 8:30 pm. Thurs, 7:00 pm, music. Alternate Sun, 9-11 am, 3-6 pm, service. Opened August, 1926. Central.

KGCA
Decorah, Iowa. 236.1m-1270kc. 50 watts. Sun, 10 am-11:30 am. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-10 am, 12:30 pm-1:30 pm. Chas. W. Greenley.

KGCI
San Antonio, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Liberty Radio Sales.

KGCN
Concordia, Kan. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Concordia Broadcasting Co. Daily ex Sun, 12:30-1:30 pm; 7-9. Founded August, 1926. Central.

KGCR
Brookings, S. D. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Cutler's Radio Broadcasting Service, Inc.

KGCU
Mandan, N. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Mandan Radio Assn. Announcers, H. J. Dahners, C. E. Bargles. Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, 10-11, 12-1:30 pm, 6:30-8. Mon, 11 pm-1:30 am. Sun, 11-12 n, 4:30-6:30 pm. Mountain. Founded 1925.

KGCX
Vida, Mont. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. First State Bank of Vida. Announcer, P. E. Krebsbach. Daily ex Sun, 12:15-1:15 pm. Sun, 10:30-12 n. Mountain. Founded Oct. 1, 1926.

KGDA
Dell Rapids, S. D. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Home Auto Co. Sun, 10-11 am, 1:30-5 pm. Tues and Fri, 2-3 pm. Central.

KGDE
Fergus Falls, Minn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. C. L. Joren. Daily ex Sun, 7-8:30, musical and time signals; 12-1, musical and time signals; 4-4:45, musical; 4:45-5, news, weather, markets; 5-6, 7-8, musical. Licensed Sept. 15, 1926. Central.

KGDM
Stockton, Calif. 272.6m-1100kc. 50 watts day. Peifer Music Co. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-1 pm, 2-4 pm. Pacific. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.

KGDY
Oldham, S. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 15 watts. J. Albert Loesch. Daily ex Sun, 11-12:30, Thurs, 8 pm-11 pm. Central.

KGEF
Los Angeles, Calif. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Trinity Methodist church, Announcer, E. C. Huckabee. Sun, 8 am-8 pm. Tues, Wed, Thurs, 6-11 pm, Pacific. Founded Dec. 26, 1926.

KGEK
Yuma, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Beehler Electrical Equipment Co.

KGER
Long Beach, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts C. Merwin Dobyns, owner. Herbert R. Conner, manager. Daily, 8-mid. Pacific. Founded Dec. 19, 1926.

KGEW
Fort Morgan, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. City of Fort Morgan. Announcer, Glenn S. White. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 5:15-6:30 pm. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 8-10 pm. Sun, 11-12:15 n. Mountain. Founded Jan. 15, 1927.

KGEZ
Kalispell, Mont. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Chamber of Commerce station. Announcers, John E. Parker, L. Jackson. Daily ex Sun, 12-1 pm, 6-7 pm. Thurs, 9-10 pm. Fri, 11-10 pm. Sun, 11 am-12 n. Mountain. Founded Feb. 20, 1927.

KGFF
Alva, Okla. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Earl E. Hamposhire. Daily ex Sun, 12 n-1:30 pm, 6-8 pm. Sun, 3 pm-5 pm.

KGFG
Oklahoma City, Okla. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Faith Tabernacle Assn., Inc.

KGFH
Glendale, Calif. 299.8m-1000kc. 250 watts. Frederick Robinson. Slogan, "Keeping Glendale Folks Happy." Daily ex Sun, 9-12 n. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 5-1 am. Pacific. Founded Feb. 7, 1927.

KGFI
Corpus Christi, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. Daily ex Sun, 12 n, 5 pm, 5:30 pm. Sun, 10:45 am, 7:45 pm, sermons. Central.

KGFJ
Los Angeles, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc, 100 watts. Ben S. McGlashan. Slogan, "Keeping Good Folks Joyful Twenty-four Hours a Day." 24-hour service. Pacific. Founded Jan. 18, 1927.

KGFK
Hallock, Minn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Kittson County Enterprise. Tues, Wed, Fri, 7:30-9:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 12:15-1:15 pm.

KGFL
Raton, N. M. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Hubbard-Murphy.

KGFW
Ravenna, Neb. 288.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Otto F. Sothman. Announcer, R. H. McConnell. Slogan, "Catering to the Home Folks." Daily ex Sun, 7-10 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 4-6. Central.

KGFX
Pierre, S. D. 516.9m-580kc. 200 watts, 6 am-6 pm. Dana McNeil. Daily ex Sun, 12:15 pm, news, weather. Central.

KGGF
Picher, Okla. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. Dr. D. L. Connell. Daily ex Thurs, 12 n-1 pm, 6-9:30 pm. Central. On air Sept. 1, 1927.

KGGM
Albuquerque, N. M. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. New Mexico Broadcasting Co., Inc. Daily, 11 am-2 pm, 6 to 10 pm.

KGHA
Pueblo, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. George H. Sweeney and N. S. Walpole.

KGHB
Honolulu, H. I. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Radio Sales Co. Announcer, Gaylord Byron. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri, 9-10 am, 11:30-1 pm, 3:30-5, 6-10. Thurs, 9-10 am, 11:30-1 pm, 3:30-5, 6-7. Sat, 9-10 am, 11:30-1 pm, 3:30-5, 6-12 mid. Sun, 10-12 n, 6-10 pm. 157½ meridian, 2½ hours earlier than Pacific. Founded Sept. 28, 1927.

KGHD
Missoula, Mont. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. 6 am-8 pm. Elmore-Nash Broadcasting Corp.

KGHF
Pueblo, Colo. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Curtis P. Ritchie, Joe E. Finch. Slogan, "The Voice of Pueblo." Announcer, J. Fitzpatrick. Daily, 8 am-1:30 pm, 4-11 pm. Mountain.

KGHG
McGhee, Ark. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Chas. W. McCollum.

KGHI
Little Rock, Ark. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Berean Bible Class.

KGHL
Billings, Mont. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. 7-12 mid. Northwestern Auto Supply Co., Inc.

KGHX
Richmond, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Ft. Bend County School Board.

KGIQ
Twin Falls, Idaho. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Stanley M. Soule.

KGIR
Butte, Mont. 220.4m-1360kc. 250 watts. Symons Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Leo McMullen, Clark Kellett, Emmett Burke. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-12 n; 4-6 pm, 7-8 pm. Tues, Thurs, 8 pm-mid. Sat, 8 pm-2 am. Sun, 2-6 pm, 7-12 mid. Mon, 10-12 mid.

KGIW
Trinidad, Colo. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Trinidad Creamery Co.

KGJF
Little Rock, Ark. 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts. First Church of the Nazarene. Daily ex. Sunday, 10:30 am-12 n, 2:30-5 pm, 7:30-8:30 pm. Sun, 11 am, 6-12 mid. First Church of the Nazarene.

KGKB
Brownwood, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Eagle Pub. Co. 7:30-8:30.

KGKL
San Angelo, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. KGKL, Inc.

KGKO
Wichita Falls, Texas. 526m-570kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts daytime. The Wichita Falls Broadcast Co. Announcer, Zack Hurt. Daily, 8-10 am, 12-1:30 pm, 5-6 pm, 7-10 pm. Sun, 11-12:30, 3-6, 7:30-9.

KGO
Oakland, Calif. 379.5m-790kc. 7500 watts. Gen. Elec. Co. Announcer, Howard L. Milholland. Daily ex Sun, 9:30-10:30 am, 11:30 pm, 1, stocks; 4-5, orchestra; 10:30-11:30 am. Daily ex Sun, Mon, 4-11:45 pm. Tues, 4:30-12. Wed, 3-11. Thurs, 3-12. Fri, 4-12. Sat, 3:30 pm-1 am. Pacific.

KGRC
San Antonio, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Eugene J. Roth, Announcers, L. G. Weber and J. Savage. Daily, 6-7 am, 8:30-10 am, 2-3 pm, 6-7 pm, 8-9 pm. Tues, 9:30-10 pm. Fri, 9-10 pm. Sun, 9-11 am, 1-2 pm, 8-9 pm. Central. Opened Jan. 31, 1927.

KGRS
Amarillo, Texas. 212.6m-1410kc. 1000 watts. Gish Radio Service. Daily ex Sun, 6:30 am, 10, 11:45, 6:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 9 pm. Sun, 8-11 am, 2-5 pm. Central.

KGTT
San Francisco, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Glad Tidings Temple and Bible Institute. Daily ex Sun, 9-11 am, music; 12:30-1 pm, Scripture study; 1-2, shopping hour; 2-4, classical and foreign recordings; 4-4:30, children's recordings; 4:30-6, request programs; Wed, Thurs, 8-10 pm, studio programs and church services. Sun, 2:30-3 pm, Sunday school; 3-5 pm, 7:30-10 pm, church services. Pacific. Founded Nov., 1925.

KGU
Honolulu, Hawaii. 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Marion A. Muirony. Announcer, Homer Tyson. Daily, 12-1 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 10:30-11 am. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 3-6 pm. Mon, Tues, Thurs, 7:30-9:30 pm Fri, 8-9:30 pm. Sat, 2-4:30 pm, sports. Sun, 7-9:30 pm. 157½ meridian, 2½ nursery and church earlier than Pacific. Founded May 11, 1922.

KGW
Portland, Ore. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Oregonian Publishing Co. Announcer, Paul Connet. Slogan, "KGW, Keep Growing Wiser." Daily, 2-2:20, stock quotations. Mon, 7:15 am-2:20 pm. 6-11 pm. Tues, 8 am-1 pm, 2-4 pm, 6-12 pm. Wed, 7:15-7:30 am, 8 am-4 pm, 5:30-12 mid. Thurs, 9:15 am-12:30 pm, 2-4 pm, 6-12 pm. Fri, 7:15-7:30 am, 9:30-n, 5:30-12 pm. Sat, 8 am-2:20 pm, 5-12 pm. Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, 1:30-11 pm. Pacific.

KGY
Lacey, Wash. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts day. 10 watts night. St. Martins College. Announcer, Sebastian Ruth. Slogan, "Out Where the Cedars Meet the Sea." Sun, 6-7 pm. Thurs, 8:30-9:30 pm. Pacific. Opened April 5, 1922.

KHJ
Los Angeles, Calif. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee. Daily ex Sun, 8 am, 9, time; 12:30, news; 1:30-12 mid. Sun, 8:30 am, concert; 10:30, service; 1-12. Pacific.

KHQ
Spokane, Wash. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Louis Wasmer. Announcer, C. P. Underwood. Slogan, "Tells the World." Daily ex Sun, 7 am-12 mid. Sun, 10:30 am-10:30 pm. Pacific.

KIAF
Sibtipoc, Minn. 422.3m-710kc. 500 watts. Steele Co. Slogan, "Far from the Maddening Crowd." Mon, Wed, Fri. 7-8 pm. Sun, 2-3 pm. Central.

KICK
Red Oak, Iowa. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Red Oak Radio. Announcer, C. P. Underwood. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-8:30 am, n-1 pm, 7-9 pm, Wed, 7 pm-1 am. Founded 1923. Central.

KID
Idaho Falls, Idaho. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Jack W. Duckworth, Jr.

KIDO
Boise, Idaho. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Boise Broadcast Station, Announcer, C. G. Phillips. Slogan, "The Voice of Idaho." Daily, 7:30 am-8:45 pm. Founded Oct., 1921. Mountain.

KJBS
San Francisco, Calif. 280.2m-1070kc. 100 watts. Julius Brunton & Sons Co. Announcers, Gordon Brown, R. J. Smith. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-5:30 pm. Sun, 9 am-5:30 pm. Pacific. Founded Jan., 1925.

KJR
Seattle, Wash. 309.1m-970kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-12 mid. Sun, 10 am-11 pm. Pacific. Opened July 2, 1920.

KKP
Seattle, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 15 watts. City of Seattle. Daily, 10 am. Pacific. Opened Dec., 1926.

KLCN
Blytheville, Ark. 232.4m-1290kc. 50 watts. Edgar G. Harris.

KLRA
Little Rock, Ark. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Arkansas Broadcasting Co.

KLS
Oakland, Calif. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Warner Bros. Radio Supplies. Daily 11:30 am-2:30 pm. Sun, 10 am-12 n.

KLX
Oakland, Calif. 340.7m-880kc. 500 watts. Oakland Tribune. Announcer, Charles Lloyd. Slogan, "Where Rail and Water Meet." Daily ex Sun, 7 am-11 pm. Sun, 5-6 pm. Pacific. Founded Nov. 20, 1922.

KLZ
Denver, Colo. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Reynolds Radio Co. Announcer, Vern Hiner. Slogan, "Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the West." Daily ex Sun, 7 am-mid. Sun, 10 am-mid. Mountain. Founded 1919.

KMA
Shenandoah, Iowa. 322.4m-930kc. 1000 watts. May Seed & Nursery Co. Announcer, Earl E. May. Daily ex Sun, 6-7:30 am, 9:30-11 am, 12:30-2 pm, 4:30-5 pm; 6:30-8:30. Mon, 6:30-mid. Wed, Fri, 10-11:30 pm. Sun, 8-9 am, 12:15-1 pm, 4-7 pm, 8-11 pm Central. Founded Jan., 1925.

KMBC
Kansas City, Mo. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Midland Broadcast Co. Announcers, Arthur B. Church, Dick Smith, Kenneth Krahl, George Biggar, Ted Malone, Dr. Frank Criley. Daily ex Sun, 7-7:30 morning health program; 7:30-8, educational; 9-9:30, entertainment features; 9:40-10, the morning mail; 10-10:30, homemakers' hour; 10:40-11:35, program features, organ; 12-10-1 pm, Dinnerbell program; 3:30-5, matinee program, town crier; 6-7 dinner music; 8-10 Columbia chain. Sun, Thurs, Sat, 6:30-7 am, devotional service; 10 pm-1 am, entertainment features. Sun, 9:30-9 am, Bible study; 9:30-11 am, Church services; 2-6 pm, Columbia chain; 6-7 pm, Vespers; 7-10 pm, Columbia chain; 10-11 pm, studio service. Founded April, 1922. Central.

KMED
Medford, Ore. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. W. J. Virgin. Daily ex Sun, 9:30 am-1:30 pm; 5:30-6:15 pm; Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri, 8-10 pm. Sun, 11 am-12 n, church; 8-9 pm, church. Pacific. Founded Dec. 22, 1926.

KMIC
Inglewood, Calif. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Daltons, Inc. Daily, 8-10 am, 12-2 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri, 5-12 mid. Thurs, Sat, 5-8 pm, 10:30-12 pm. Pacific. Founded Jan. 10, 1927.

KMJ
Fresno, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Fresno Bee. Daily ex Sun, 3-11 pm. Pacific. Founded Oct 1, 1922.

KMMJ
Clay Center, Neb. 405.2m-740kc. 1000 watts. M. M. Johnson Co. Daily ex Sun, 6 am-6 pm. Founded 1925. Central.

KMO
Tacoma, Wash. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. KMO, Inc. Announcer, Carl E. Haymond. Daily, 6:45-12 n. Mon, Wed, Fri, 6-9 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 6-10 pm. Sun, 9-10 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 8:30-12:30 am Sun, 9-9:30 pm. Pacific. Founded Aug. 25, 1926.

KMOX-KFOA
St. Louis, Mo. 275.1m-1090kc. 5000 watts. The Voice of St. Louis. Announcer, George Junkin. Daily ex Sun, 6:30 am, setting up exercises; 7:30 am, organ; 9 am, shopping helpers' program; 9:30, market reports, talks, music; 12 n, farm flash; 1 pm, orchestra; 2, bid and offer market; 2:30, studio program; 3, market report; 3:30, Lady Bee, the story book lady; 5:45, nursery and orchard talk; 6, children's club; 6:30, Melody Maids. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri and Sun, Columbia chain; 10 pm, Daily News; 10:10, Amos and Andy. Monday, 10:20, Skouras Monday Night Club; 11:40-1 am, dance music. Sat, 6:30-10 studio programs. Sun, 2-4, Columbia chain; 4-4:30 studio program; 4:30-5 Columbia chain; 5-8, studio programs.

KMTR
Hollywood, Calif. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. KMTR Radio Corp. Daily, 6-9 am, 12-2, 9-10 pm, 11 pm-1 am. Pacific. Installed June, 1925.

KNX
Hollywood, Calif. 285.5m-1050kc. 5000 watts. Western Broadcast Co. Announcer, Town Crier. Daily ex Sun, 6:45 am, exercises; 8, prayer; 8:58, time; 9, news; 10, Town Crier; 10:30, economics; 1:30 pm, book talk; 2-4, 4:55, markets; 5, 5:30, music; 5:45, Town Crier; 6, music; 7, organ. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 7-1 am. Sat, 7-2 am. Sun, 10-12:30 pm, church service; 12:45-1:45, 2-4, 6:30-9, 9:10:30, Installed Oct. 11, 1924. Pacific.

KOA
Denver, Colo. 361.2m-830kc. 12,500 watts. General Elec. Co. Announcers, Freeman Talbot, Ralph Freese, Everett E. Mitchell, Julian H. Riley. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 11 am, NBC; 11:45 studio. Mon, 12-1:15 pm, time signals, stocks, Aladdin; 5:30 pm, stocks; 6, band; 6:30, NBC; 7, studio; 7:30, NBC; 9:05, G. E. Hour; 10-12, NBC. Tues, 12-1:15 pm, time signals, stocks, Aladdin; 2:30, bridge; 3:30, matinee; 5, NBC; 6, NBC; 6:30, farm question box; 7, NBC; 9, concert; 9, financial questions; 9:05, NBC. Wed, 12-12:30, time signals, stocks, Aladdin; 6, stocks; 9-11, studio; 11-12, NBC. Thurs, 8:45 am, NBC; 12-1:15 pm, time signals, stocks; 12:15-1:15, NBC; 3:30, matinee; 5:30 stocks; 6, NBC; 6:30 Brown Palace; 7, NBC; 8:30, Extension services; 9, Reese Quartet. Fri, 9-10, NBC; 10-11, shopping hour; 12-1:15, time signals, stocks, Aladdin; 2-3, NBC; 5:30, stocks; 6, NBC; 8:30, answers to financial questions; 9:05, NBC; 10, studio; 11-12, NBC. Sat, 12-1:30, time signals, stocks, Aladdin; 1:30-2:30, NBC; 5-9, NBC. Sun, 12-1:30, time signals, stocks, Aladdin; 1:30-2:30, NBC; 5-9, NBC; 9, Sunday School, 9:30-10:30, dance. Founded Dec. 15, 1924. Mountain.

KOAC
Corvallis, Ore. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. Oregon State Agricultural College. Announcer, W. L. Kaderly. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 12-1 pm, 2:30-4 pm, 7-8. Pacific. Founded Dec., 1922.

KOB
State College, N. M. 254.1m-1180kc. 10,000 watts. N. M. College of Agr. and Mech. Arts. Announcer, Marshall Beck. Slogan, "The Sunshine State of America." Daily 11:55-1 time, weather, markets, road reports, news, music, weather, 6-9 pm. Mon, 6-7:30, 8:30-10. Tues, 6-7:30, 8-9. Wed, 6-8, 8:30-10. Thurs, 6-7:30, 8-9:30. Fri, 6-8, 9-10. Sat, 6-9. Founded 1920. Mountain.

KOCW
Chickasha, Okla. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Okla. College for Women. Announcer, Ollie Dean. Slogan, "Voice of the Great Southwest." Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am, 11 am-1 pm, 6-9 pm. Sun, 10:50-12 n, 6:30-8:30 pm. Central. Founded Nov. 1922.

KOH
Reno, Nev. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Jay Peters, Inc. Daily ex Sun, 7-9 am, 10-3 pm, 5:30-9 pm Sun, 10:30-3 pm, 8:10, 5:30 pm-8:30 pm. Sun, 11 am-2:30 pm, 6 pm-9 pm.

KOIL
Council Bluffs, Iowa. 238m-1260kc. 1000 watts. Mona Motor Oil Co. Announcers, Harold Fair, Wilson Doty and George Roesler. Daily ex Sun, 6-10 am, markets, news, weather, Columbia Chain; 10 am-2 pm, news, musical; 5 pm-12 mid, musical, Columbia Chain. Sun, 10-11 am, services, Columbia Chain; 12:15 pm-12 mid, musical, Columbia Chain. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.

KOIN
Portland, Ore. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. KOIN, Inc. Announcers, Art Kirkham, Gene Baker. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-10 am, 11 am, 12 n, 2 pm, 3 pm, 5 pm, 6 pm, 7 pm, 8 pm, 9 pm, 10 pm, 11 pm, 12 n. Sat, 11-2 am. Sunday, 12 n-1 pm, 1:30-2:30 pm, 6-7 pm, 7:30-9 pm, 10-11 pm. Pacific. Founded April, 1926.

KOL
Seattle, Wash. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Seattle Broadcasting Co. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, 6:45 am to mid. Fri, Sat, 6:45 am-1 am. Pacific. Founded May, 1922.

KOMO
Seattle, Wash. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Fisher's Blend Station, Inc. Announcers, George Godfrey, Art Lindsay, James Harvey, Bob Vierling. Daily ex Sun, 10 am, health exercises; 10:15 am, recipes; 7:55 am, inspirational; 12 n, U. S. Farm Talks; 5 pm, Kiddies' Court of Storyland; 5:30, stocks; 5:45, news; 6-12:30 am, music. Sun, 11 am-11 pm. Pacific. Founded Dec. 31, 1926.

KORE
Eugene, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Eugene Broadcast Station. Daily 8:30-11 am, 12-1:30 pm, 3-4 pm, 5-9 pm. Sun, 11-12 am, 2-3 pm, 4:30-5 pm, 7:30-9 pm.

KOY
Phoenix, Ariz. 215.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. Nielsen Radio Supply Co. Announcers, E. A. Nielsen, J. A. Murphy, W. T. Hogg. Slogan, "The Radio Voice of Arizona." Mountain.

KPCB
Seattle, Wash. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Pacific Coast Biscuit Co. Announcer, L. D. Greenway. Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, 7:30-9 pm. Mon, 8 am-4:30 pm. Tues, 4 pm-12 mid. Wed, 8 am-4:30 pm. Thurs, 4 pm-12 mid. Fri, 8 am-4:30 pm. Sat, 4 pm-12 mid. Pacific. Founded April 1, 1927.

KPJM
Prescott, Ariz. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Miller & Klahn. 12-1 pm, 3-4, 5:30-8.

KPLA
Los Angeles, Calif. 299.8m-1000 kc. 1000 watts. Pacific Development Radio Co. N. H. Marshall. Daily, 6 am-7 pm, 9 pm-6 am. Pacific. Founded March, 1927.

KPO
San Francisco, Calif. 440.9m-680kc. 5000 watts. Hale Bros. and the Chronicle. Announcer, Curtis Peck. Slogan, "The Voice of San Francisco, The City by the Golden Gate." Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, exercises; 8, music; 9:30-10:30, utility features; 12 n, time, weather, music. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 2 pm, Theatre; Fri, 12:30 pm, club programs. Daily ex Sun, 4:30-12 mid. Sun, 9:00 am-1 pm, church; 3-9:30 pm, Pacific.

KPOF
Denver, Colo. 340.7m-880kc. 500 watts. Pillar of Fire, Inc. Slogan, "And the Lord Went Before Them in a Pillar of Fire." Sun, 9-10 am, studio church service. Mon, 7:30-8 pm, music and lecture. Thurs, 6:45-7:20 am, Bible class. Sat, 7:15-8:15 pm, Young People's hour. Mountain.

KPPC
Pasadena, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Announcer, Frederick T. Swift, Jr. Sun, 9:45 am-12:45 pm, 6:45-9 pm. Wed, 7-9 pm. Founded Dec. 25, 1924. Pacific.

KPO
Seattle, Wash. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Taft and Wasmer, Inc. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 8 am-4 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 4:30-11. Sun, 8 and 11 am.

KPRC
Houston, Texas. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Houston Post-Dispatch. Slogan, "Kotton Port Rail Center." Announcers, Alfred P. Daniel, Ted Hills and H. S. Roberts. Daily ex Sun, 6:30 am, 10 am, Housewives' Hour; 11 am, time, weather, markets; 12 n, entertainment; 2-4 pm, 5-12 mid. Sun, 11 am, services; 12:30 pm-mid, entertainment. Founded May 8, 1925. Central.

KPSN
Pasadena, Calif. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Pasadena Star-News. Announcer, P. C. Pryor. Daily ex Sun. First Sunday, 8-9 pm. Second and fourth Sundays, 12:15 pm, news; 6, news. Sun, 10:30-12:30 am. Installed Nov. 23, 1925. Pacific.

KPWF
Westminster, Calif. 201.6m-1490kc. 5000 to 10,000 watts. Pacific Western Broadcasting Federation.

KQV
Pittsburgh, Pa. 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Doubleday-Hill Elec. Co. Announcers, Ford Miller, Ted Kaufman, Lloyd Donley. Daily ex Sun, 11-1 pm, 3-5 pm, 6-12 mid. Sun, 10-11 am, 1-2 pm, 5-10 pm. Eastern.

KQW
San Jose, Calif. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. Pacific Agricultural Foundation. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-12:30 pm, music; 12:30-1, market reports; 1-5, music; 5-5:30, children's hour; 5:30-6, Aunt Nancy; 6-6:20, U. S. D. A.; 6:20-6:50, market reports; 6:50, Farmers' exchange, notices, weather, markets; 7:20, farm topics; 7:30, mail bag; 7:40, talk; 7:55, riddles; 8-9:30, program; Sun, 10:15 am-7:30 pm, church. Pacific.

KRE
Berkeley, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Pacific School of Religion. Daily, 8-11:30 am, 2-4:45 pm, 7-8 pm, ex Wed, 7 pm-12 mid, 10-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-7:45 pm.

KRGV
Harlingen, Texas. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Valley Radio Electric Corp. Sun, 8:15 am-9:15 am, 12:30 pm-2 pm, 5 pm-7 pm. Daily, 6 am-10 am, 1 pm to 4 pm. Mon, 7 pm-11 pm. Tues, 7 pm-9 pm, Wed, 7-11 pm. Thurs, 7-9 pm. Fri, 9-11 pm. Sat, 7-9 pm.

KRLD
Dallas, Texas. 288.3m-1040kc. 10,000 watts. KRLD, Inc. Announcer, T. J. Driggers, Jr. Daily ex Sun, 9-11 am, 12:30-2 pm, 2:30-3 pm, 3-4 pm, 5-6 pm, 9-10, 10-11 pm. Sat, mid-3 am, 9:30-10:30 am, 12:30-6 pm, 7-8 pm, 10-11 pm. Central. Founded Oct. 30, 1926.

KRMD
Shreveport, La. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Airphan Radio Shop. Daily ex Sun, 8:30 am-1 pm, Sun, 8:30 am-9:30 am.

KRSC
Seattle, Wash. 267.7m-1120kc. 50 watts. Radio Sales Corp. Announcer, Robert E. Priebe. Daily, 9 am-12 n. Pacific.

KSAC
Manhattan, Kan. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts nights, 1000 watts days. Kansas State Agricultural College. Announcer, Lisle L. Longsdorf. Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am, 10-11 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 4:30-5:30 pm. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1924.

KSCJ
Sioux City, Ia. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. The Sioux City Journal. Announcer, C. W. Corkhill. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-8:50, markets, weather, 9:30-1 pm, news, music; 3-7 pm, music, educational; 8-9. Sun, 10:30 am, 2 pm, 8. Central. Opened April 4, 1927.

KSD
St. Louis, Mo. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Pulitzer Pub Co. Announcers, W. F. Ludgate, R. L. Coe. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-9:30, 10:40-11:40, 12:40, 1:40, 3:40. Mon, Fri, Sat, 7-11:30 pm. Tues, 7-9:30 pm. 10-11 pm. Wed and Fri, 9-9:15 am; 9:50-11 am, 11:45-12:15. Wed, 7-10:30 pm. Thurs, 7-10 pm. Sun, 12:30-1:30 pm, 4:30-9:15 pm. Central. Founded June 24, 1922.

KSEI
Pocatello, Idaho. 333.1m-900kc. 250 watts. KSEI Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, W. J. O'Connor. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-12 m, 3-4 pm, 6-8, 9-11. Sun, 9-11 pm. Mountain. Opened Jan, 1925.

KSL
Salt Lake City, Utah. 265.3m-1130kc. 5000 watts. Radio Service Corp. of Utah. Announcers, Roscoe Grover, Douglas Nowell, Douglas Done. Daily ex Sun, 6:30-12 n, 12 n-1 pm, 2 pm, 2 pm-12 mid. Sun, 9:30-11:30 pm. Mountain.

KSMR
Santa Maria, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Santa Maria Valley Railroad Company. Announcer, Sydney C. Peck. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 11-1, 2:30-3:30, 6-7, 8-9:30. Sat, 11-2, 6-7, 8-9. Pacific. Founded Dec. 3, 1925.

KSO
Clarinda, Iowa. 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Berry Seed Co. Announcer, Joe Passen. Slogan, "Keep Serving Others." Daily ex Sun, 6:30-8 am, 10:30-11, 11:45-1 pm, 3-4, 6:30-8 pm, 9-10 pm. Sun, 11-12 n, 2:30-3:30 pm. Founded Nov. 2, 1925. Central.

KSOO
Sioux Falls, S. D. 270.1m-1110kc. 2000 watts. Sioux Falls Broadcast Assn. Announcer, Randall Ryan. Slogan, "A Friendly Station in a Friendly City." Daily ex Sun, 6 am-6 pm. Sun, 9:30 am-6 pm. Limited time nights. Central. Founded 1922.

KSTP
St. Paul-Minneapolis, Minn. (tr. Wescott, Minn.). 205.4m-1460kc. 10,000 watts. The National Battery Station. Slogan, "The Gulf of the North." Daily ex Sun, 7 am-5 pm; 10-10:20; 12 mid, 12:45 am. Mon, 6 to 10:45 pm. Tues and Sat, 6 to 10 pm. Wed, Thurs and Fri, 6-9:30 pm. Sun, 12:30-9:45 pm. Central. Founded May, 1924.

KTAB
Oakland, Calif. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Pickwick Stages Station. Announcers, Mel Le Mon, Irving Krick, W. G. Hobart. Slogan, "Knowledge, Truth and Beauty." Daily ex Sun, 6:45-1:30 pm, 4 pm-2 am. Sun, 9:45-12:30 pm, 1 pm-9 pm. Pacific. Opened August 1, 1925.

KTAP
San Antonio, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Robert B. Bridge, Alamo Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Kum a Kross Kwick Around." Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, 11-12, 1-2 pm, 3-4, 6-7, 9-12. Sun, 5-7 pm, 9-12. Central. Founded September 15, 1927.

KTAT
Fort Worth, Texas. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Texas Air Transport Broadcast Co. Announcer, Alva R. Willgus. Daily ex Sun, 10:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 2:15-3, 7:30-8:30, 9:30-11. Wed, 10:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm. Sun, 11-12 n, 2-4 pm, 7:30-11. Central.

KTBI
Los Angeles, Calif. 230.6m - 1300kc. 750 watts. Bible Institute of Los Angeles. Announcer, H. P. Herdman. Mon to Fri, 8 am-2:30 pm. Mon, Fri, Sat, 7-10 pm. Sun, 6-7, 8-10 pm. Pacific. Founded September, 1922.

KTBR
Portland, Ore. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. M. E. Brown. Announcer, M. E. Brown. Daily ex Sun, 6-7 pm, dinner program, markets. Mon, Thurs, Sat, 8-12. Tues, 8-12 mid. Sun, 10 am-12:15 pm, 2-4 pm, 7:30-10 pm, church services. Pacific. Opened Sept. 23, 1925.

KTBS
Shreveport, La. 206.8m-1450kc. 1000 watts. Shreveport Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, W. G. Patterson. Daily ex Sun, 9:15 am, 12:15 pm, 2:15, markets, news, time; 4 pm, studio program. Sun, 11 am, 7:30 pm. Central. Founded March 14, 1922.

KTHS
Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 288.3-1040kc. 10,000 watts. The Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, G. C. Arnoux. Slogan, "Kum to Hot Springs." Daily ex Sun, 11:30 am-12:30 pm. Mon, 5-6:30 pm, 7-9 pm. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 7-8, 9-10, 11-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, 8-10 pm, 11 pm-12 mid. Installed Dec. 20, 1924. Central.

KTM
Santa Monica, Calif. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp. Daily and Sun, 6-8 am; 1-5 pm; 8-12 m. Pacific.

KTNT
Muscatine, Iowa. 256.3m-1170kc. 5000 watts. Norman Baker. Slogan, "The Voice of Labor and Farmer." Announcers, Norman Baker, Wm. McFadden, Charles Salisbury, Rene Bellows, Fonda Jarvis. Daily ex Sun, 6 am-6 pm, 10 pm-12 pm. Sun, 12-1 pm, 2:30 pm-4:30 pm. Central. Founded 1924.

KTSA
San Antonio, Texas (tr. Woodlawn Hills). 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts night, 2000 watts day. Lone Star Broadcasting Co. Daily, 9-11 am, 1 to 2:30 pm, 6-9:30 pm. Mon, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-6:45, 8-9:30 pm. Tues, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-9:30 pm. Wed, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-6:45 pm, 10-11:30 pm. Thurs, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-8:30 pm. Fri, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-6:45 pm, 8-11 pm. Sat, 7-9 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-7 pm.

KTSL
Shreveport, La. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Houseman Sheet Metal Works. Announcer, G. A. Houseman. 2-4 pm, 7:30-10:30 pm. Central. Founded Sept. 15, 1927.

KTUE
Houston, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 5 watts. Uhalt Electric. Announcer, Walter Ivanhoe Zaborski. Daily ex Sun, 2-3 pm, 7-10 pm. Sun, 2-3 pm. Central.

KTW
Seattle, Wash. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. First Presbyterian Church. Announcer, J. D. Ross. Slogan, "Hear Ye, Hear Ye, the Gospel." Sun, 11-12:30 pm, 3-4:30, 7-9:30, church service. Pacific.

KUJ
Longview, Wash. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Columbia Broadcasting Co., Inc. Mon, Wed, Fri, 6-9 pm. Sat, 6-12 mid. Pacific.

KUOA
Fayetteville, Ark. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. University of Arkansas. W. S. Gregson. Daily ex Sun, 12:30-2 pm, 5-5:55 pm. Mon, 7-9 pm. Wed, 7-9 pm. Central. Founded 1923.

KUOM
Missoula, Mont. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. University of Montana. Mon, Thurs, 8-10 am, Sun, 9:30-10:45 pm. Mountain. Founded 1924.

KUSD
Vermilion, S. D. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts night, 750 day. University of South Dakota. Announcer, Bill Knight. Slogan, "South Dakota University for South Dakotans." Mon, Wed, Fri, 8-9 pm. Central.

KUT
Austin, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. University of Texas. Announcer, J. G. Adams. Mon, Wed, 8 pm. Fri, 8 pm. Founded 1925. Central.

KVEP
Portland, Ore. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Schaeffer Radio Co. Daily ex Sun., 9-12 am, 5-11 pm. Sat, 5-1 am. Sun, 11-12 am.

KVI
Tacoma, Wash. 394.5m-760kc. Puget Sound Radio Broadcasting Co. Daily, 7 am-mid, ex 15 min, 7:30-7:45 pm. Sun, 12 n-mid, ex 7:30-7:45 pm. Pacific.

KVL
Seattle, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Arthur C. Dailey, Calhoun Hotel. Mon, Wed and Fri, 12-4 pm, 5-12 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 12-6 pm. Sun, 4:30-7, 9:30-12 pm. Pacific. Founded July 13, 1926.

KVOO
Tulsa, Okla. 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Southwestern Sales Corp. Announcers, Gordon Hittenmark, Roland R. Wiseman, Harry K. Richardson. Daily ex Sun, 9-10:45 am; 11:45, markets; 12-1:45 pm, 3-4 pm; 5:25-9 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, 5:25-6 pm; 9 pm-mid. Thurs, Fri, Sat, Sun, 9 am-8 pm. Central. Opened January, 1925.

KVOS
Bellingham, Wash. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Mt. Baker Station. Daily ex Sun, 8 am-10 pm. Sun, 10 am-1:30 pm. Daily Organ Features, 6:15 pm-7 pm.

KWCR
Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. H. F. Paar. Slogan, "The Voice of Cedar Rapids." Daily ex Sun, 6:30-8 am, 11:30-1 pm, 5-6:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 10:30-11:30, organ programs. Mon, Wed, Fri, 9-11 pm. Sun, 9-11 am, 4-8 pm, 9:30-10:30 pm. Central. Founded July 29, 1922.

KWEA
Shreveport, La. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. William Erwin Antony. Daily, 24 hours.

KWG
Stockton, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Portable Wireless Telephone Co. Announcer, George L. Turner. Slogan, "Voice of the San Joaquin Valley." Daily ex Sun, 8-9 am, 4-5 pm, news, concert, markets; 5-6, 6-7:30, 8-10, concert. Sun, 7:30-9:30, service. Daily ex Sun, 9-9:30, devotional period; 9:30-10:00, recordings; 12 n-2 pm concert. Pacific.

KWJJ
Portland, Ore. 282.8m-1060kc. 500 watts. Wilbur Jerman. Slogan, "The Voice From Broadway." Daily ex Sun, 1-6 pm, 6-8, 8-10:30, Wed, 10:30-12 mid. 12-1. Sun, 12-1 pm. Pacific. Founded July 25, 1925.

KWK
St. Louis, Mo. 222.1m-1350kc. 1000 watts. Greater St. Louis Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Thomas Patrick Convey, Bob Thomas, John McDowall, Allan Taylor, Orson Curtis, Jack Casserly and Ray Schmidt. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am-mid. Sun, 8 am-mid. Central.

KWKC
Kansas City, Mo. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilson Duncan Studios. Announcer, Elmer C. Hodges. Slogan, "Keep Watching Kansas City." Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 7 pm, 9. Central. Founded 1925.

KWKH
Shreveport, La. 352.7m-850kc. 10,000 watts. The W. K. Henderson Iron Works & Supply Co. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 9 pm-12 mid. Tues, Thurs, 6-9 pm. Sun, 7:45 pm-12. Central. Founded Jan. 8, 1925.

KWLC
Decorah, Iowa. 236.1m-1270kc. 100 watts. Luther College.

KWSC
Pullman, Wash. 215.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. State College of Washington. Announcer, Harvey Wixson. Mon, Wed, Fri, 3:30-5 pm, 11 am-1 pm. Mon, Wed, 7:30-10 pm. Sun, 4-5 pm. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KWTC
Santa Ana, Calif. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Dr. John Wesley Hancock. Mon, Thurs, 5-10 pm. Tues, Wed, Fri, 5-7:30 pm, Sat, 5-9 pm. Pacific. Founded November 15, 1926.

KWWG
Brownsville, Texas. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce.

KXA
Seattle, Wash. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. American Radio Tel. Co. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-12 n. Sun, 9 am-1:30 pm, 6:30-10:30 pm.

KXL
Portland, Ore. 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts. The Portland Telegram. Announcers, A. R. Truitt, H. B. Read, Chet Blomsness. Slogan, "The Voice of Portland." Founded Dec. 13, 1926.

KXO
El Centro, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. E. R. Irey and C. M. Bowles. Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, 11 am-1 pm, 5:30-10 pm. Sun, 10 am-2 pm, 6-9 pm. Pacific.

KXRO
Aberdeen, Wash. 211.1m-1420kc. 75 watts. KXRO, Inc. 7-11:15 am, 12 n-3:30 pm. Daily ex Sun, 5-11 pm. Mon, Thurs, Fri, 8-12 mid. Tues, Wed, Sat, Sun, 12-1:30 pm. Organ program, remote. Sun, 6-7:30 pm. Dinner Trio, remote.

KYA
San Francisco, Calif. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Pacific Broadcasting Corp. & American Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Edward Ludes. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-12 mid. Sun, 10 am-12 n. Pacific. Founded December 18, 1926.

KYW—KFKX
Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 10,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Herald and Examiner. Announcers, Gene Rouse, Parker Wheatley, Barney McArville, D. L. Gross, Daily ex Sun, 7 am-1 am, 5:30, Uncle Bob. Sun, 10:40 am-12 mid. Central.

KYWA
Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.

KZIB
Manila, P. I. 260m-1153kc. 20 watts. I. Beck, Inc. Daily, 6:30-8 pm. Wed, 7:30-10:30 pm.

KZM
Hayward, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Western Radio Institute (Hotel Oakland). Announcer, Elbert Cowan. Daily ex Sun, 6:30-7:30 pm. Sun, 8-10 pm. Pacific. Founded June 29, 1921.

KZRQ
Manila, P. I. 413m-726kc. 1000 watts. Radio Corp. of the Philippines.

NAA
Washington, D. C. 434.5m-690kc. 1000 watts. United States Navy Dept. Daily and Sun, 10:05 am, 10:05 pm, weather; noon, 10 pm, time. Daily ex Sun, 3:45 pm, weather. Fri, 7:45-8 pm. Eastern.

WAAF
Chicago, Ill. 325.9m-920kc. 500 watts. Chicago Daily Drovers Journal. Announcer, Carl Ulrich. Daily ex Sun, 8:45 am, 10:30, 11, 12:30 pm. Daily ex Sun. Sat, 1 pm, 4:30 pm. Central. Founded May 22, 1922.

WAAM
Newark, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 2000 watts day, 1000 watts night. I. R. Nelson Company, Announcers, Jack Van Riper, James Cosier. Daily ex Sun, 7-9 am, 10-12 n. Daily ex Mon, 2-4:30 pm, Mon, 10-12 pm, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 6-9 pm. Wed, Fri, 9-12 mid. Sun, 11-12:30 pm. Eastern. Experimental call 2XBA 65.18m. Founded February, 1922.

WAAT
Jersey City, N. J. 280.2m-1070kc. 300 watts. Bremer Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, J. B. Bayley. Slogan, "The Voice at the Gate of the Garden State." Daily ex Sun, 10 am to sunset and after mid. Sun, 8:30-3:15 pm, 4:30 pm to sunset and after mid. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WAAW
Omaha, Neb. 454.3m-660kc. 500 watts. Omaha Grain Exchange. Announcer, James Thompson. Slogan, "Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the West." Daily ex Sun, 6 am, 8, 9:30, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45, 12:45, 1:15, 1:30, 4-6 pm. Founded 1921. Central.

WABC
New York, N. Y. 348.6m-860kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Corp. Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am to mid or 1 am. Sun, 10:50 am-11:30 pm. Eastern.

WABI
Bangor, Me. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. First Universalist church. Slogan, "The Pine-Tree Wave." Announcer, Prof. W. J. Creamer, Jr. Sun, 10:30 am, 7:30-9 pm. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WABY
Philadelphia, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. John Magaldi, Jr.

WABZ
New Orleans, La. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. The Coliseum Place Baptist church. Announcer, Charles B. Page. Slogan, "Station With a Message." Thurs, 8-9 pm, Sun, 11-12:15 pm, 7:30-9, church service. Central. Founded January, 1924.

WADC
Akron, Ohio. 227.1m-1320kc. 1000 watts. Allen Theater Broadcasting Station. Announcer, George F. Houston. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-11 pm. Daily ex Tues, 11 am-12 n, Sun, 10:30 am-11:45 am, 12:45 pm-6 pm, 7 pm-11 pm. Eastern. Founded March, 1925.

WAGM
Royal Oak, Mich. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Robert L. Miller. Announcer, Fred Stanton. Slogan, "The Little Station With the Big Reputation." Daily ex Sun, 9 am-12:30 pm, 6:30-9 pm-12 mid. Wed, 6-9 pm. Thurs, 10-12 mid. Friday, 6-10 pm. Sat, 2-4 pm. Central. Founded Oct. 3, 1925.

WAIU
Columbus, Ohio. 468.5m-640kc. 5000 watts. American Insurance Union. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 9:30 am-1 pm, 5:30-8 pm. Sat, 9:30 am-1 pm, Sun, 10:30 am, 3-4 pm, 5-8:30 pm. Eastern. Founded April, 1922.

WALK
Willow Grove, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Albert A. Walker.

WAPI
Birmingham, Ala. 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Announcer, W. A. Young. Installed 1922. Central.

WASH
Grand Rapids, Mich. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Wash Broadcasting Corp., Baxter Laundries, Inc. Announcers, Hugh Hart, "Uncle Jerry," Leonard Greenway, Richard Smith. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 12-1 pm, 5-6 pm, Sun, 7-8 pm, Sun, 10-11:30 am, 2-4 pm, 6:45-9 pm. Wed, Sat, 11:15 pm-12:15 am. Central. Founded March 13, 1925.

WBAK
Harrisburg, Pa. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Pennsylvania State Police. Announcer, A. E. Poorman. Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am, 1:30-4 pm. Mon, Wed, 7 pm. Eastern. Founded 1919.

WBAL
Baltimore, Md. 282.8m-1060kc. 10,000 watts. Consolidated Gas, Elec. Light & Power Co. Director, Frederick R. Huber. Slogan, "The Station of Good Music." Mon, Wed, Fri, 1:30 pm-7 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7-12 mid. Sun, 1-8 pm. Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1925.

WBAP
Fort Worth, Texas. 374.8m-800kc. 50,000 watts. Carter Publications, Inc. Daily ex Sun, 9, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Mon, Wed, Fri, 9-12 mid. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 6-9 pm. Sun, 10:45 am-12 n, 3-6 pm, 9:30 pm-12 mid. Central. Founded April, 1922.

WBAR
Sisith, Wis. 270.1m-1110kc. 500 watts. Koop Radio Co. Slogan, "The Station of Northern Wisconsin."

WBAX
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Announcer, Earl H. Fine. Slogan, "We Burn Anthracite Xclusively." Tues, 6-11 pm. Thurs, 6-11 pm. Sat, 8-11 pm. Sun, 6-11 pm. Eastern. Founded May, 1922.

WBBC
Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Brooklyn Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Bob Fram, Leon Sherman. Sun, 9-12 n, 3-4:30, 6-10:30 pm. Mon, 11:15-1:30, 4-7:30, 10:30-12 mid. Tues, 9-11:30 am, 3:45-7:30, 9-10:30 pm. Wed, 9-11:15 am, 1:30-4, 7:30-10 pm. Thur, 11:30-3:45 pm, 7:30-10:30 pm. Fri, 11:15-1:30, 4-7:30, 10-12 mid. Sat, 9-11 am, 3:45-6, 7:30-9, 10:30-12 mid.

WBBL
Richmond, Va. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church. Founded Feb., 1924.

WBBM
Chicago, Ill. (Tr. at Glenview.) 389.4m-770kc. 25,000 watts. Atlantic Co., Inc. Daily, 8 am-6 pm, 8 -10 pm, 12 mid-8 am. Tues, Thurs, 10 pm-12 mid. Sun, 10 am-12 m. Central. Founded 1922.

WBBR
Rossville, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Assn. Announcer, Victor F. Schmidt. Mon, 10 am-12 n, 2-4 pm. Tues, 12-2 pm, 6-8 pm. Wed, 10 am-12 n, 9-12 pm. Thurs, 1-3 pm, 8-10 pm. Fri, 2-4 pm, 6-8 pm. Sun, 10-11 am, watchtower chain program. Eastern. Founded February, 1924.

WBBW
Norfolk, Va. 249.9m-1220kc. 100 watts. Ruffner Junior High School. Announcer, Lee M. Kline-lelter. Slogan, "The School You'd Like to Go To." Eastern. Founded Feb. 26, 1924.

WBBY
Charleston, S. C. 249.9m-1200kc. 75 watts. Washington Light Infantry. Slogan, "Seaport of the Southeast." Eastern.

WBBZ
Ponca City, Okla. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carrell. Announcer, Morton Harvey. Daily ex Sun, 6:30-8 pm, 10:30-11:30 am, 12-1:15 pm, 5:30-6 pm, 6:30-8:30 pm. Sat, 6:30-7:45 pm. Sun, 11-1 pm, 6-8 pm.

WBCM
Bay City, Mich. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Bay City Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, S. F. Northcott. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-1. Daily, 12 n-1 pm, 4-4:30 pm, 7-10 pm. Sat, 9 pm-2 am. Sun, 11 am, services; 4-5 pm, concert. Eastern. Founded June 15, 1925.

WBIS
Boston, Mass. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Boston Information Service. Announcer, Grace Lawrence. Daily ex Sun, 8-9 am, 2-3 pm. Eastern. Founded Jan. 29, 1927.

WBMH
Detroit, Mich. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Braun's Music House. Announcers, Ray A. Miller, O. F. Gabbert, Jr. Tues, 8-11:30. Wed, 9-11:30. Thurs, 7:30-10. Fri, 10-11:30. Sat, 8:30-11:30. Eastern. Founded Jan. 11, 1927.

WBMS
Fort Lee, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. WBMS Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Bergen County." Sun, 12-2 pm, 5:45-7:30 pm. Mon, 12-3 pm. Tues, 6-9 pm. Wed, 3-6 pm. Thurs, 10-12 am, 9 pm-2 am. Fri, 12-3 pm. Sat, 8-10 am, 6-9 pm. Eastern.

WBNY
New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Barstone Corp. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WBOQ
Richmond Hill, N. Y. 348.6m-860kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Co.

WBOW
Terre Haute, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Banks of Wabash Broadcasting Assoc.

WBRC
Birmingham, Ala. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Birmingham Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Dud Connolly. Daily ex Sun, 12 n-3 pm, 7-11 pm. Sun, 11 am, church; 7:30 pm, church; 9-11 pm, music. Central. Founded May 18, 1925.

WBRE
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Liberty State Bank and Trust Co. Announcer, Louis G. Baltzer. Mon, Tues, 12:30-1:15 pm, 6:30-12. Wed, 12:30-1:15 pm, 6:30-11:30. Sun, 9-12 mid. Eastern.

WBRL
Tilton, N. H. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Booth Radio Laboratories. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 9 am-12 pm. Sun, 10 am-12 n, 3-5 pm, 7-9 pm. Eastern.

WBSO
Babson Park, Mass. 384.4m-780kc. 250 watts. Babson's Statistical organization. Announcer, Ross Wood. Daily ex Sat & Sun, 3:30-4:30 pm. Daily, 12-12:30 am. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WBT
Charlotte, N. C. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. C. C. Coddington, Inc. Announcer, Donnell O'Connor, Fritz Hirsch. Daily ex Sun, 12:30 pm. Mon, Sat, 6:30-12 mid. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 7-12 mid. Sun, 10 am-11:15 pm. Eastern.

WBZ
Springfield, Mass. 302.8m-990kc. 15,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Radio Station of New England. Announcers, Aidan Redmond, Bernard W. Burdick. Mon, 10 am-11:30 pm. Tues, 10 am-11 pm, Wed, 10 am-11:30 pm, Thurs, 10 am-11:30 pm. Fri, 10-11:30 pm. Sat, 11 am-10:45 pm. Sun, 11 am-11:30 pm. Installed Sept. 19, 1921. Eastern.

WBZA
Boston, Mass. 302.8m-990kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Same programs as WBZ.

WCAC
Storrs, Conn. 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Connecticut Agricultural College. Announcer, Daniel E. Sohle. Slogan, "From the Nutmeg State." Mon, 7:30-8 pm. Wed, 7-7:30 pm. Eastern. Founded June, 1923.

WCAD
Canton, N. Y. 245.6m-1220kc. 500 watts. (1000 watts 6 am-6 pm.) St. Lawrence University. Announcer, Ward C. Priest. Slogan, "The Voice of the North Country." Daily, 6:30 pm, weather reports, talks, music, time. Wed, 4-5 pm. Eastern. Founded Dec. 7, 1922.

WCAE
Pittsburgh, Pa. 245.8m-1220kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Brothers. Daily ex Sun, 6:45-8 am, devotions, 10-12:15, 12:15 pm-1, concert; 4-12 mid. Sun, 9 am-2 pm, 4-11:15 pm. Eastern.

WCAH
Columbus, Ohio. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Commercial Radio Service. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-7 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7 pm-9 pm. Mon, 10 pm-12 mid. Wed, Fri, 9 pm-11:30 pm. Sun, 12-2 pm, 6-7 pm, 9-10:30 pm. Eastern. Founded April, 1923.

WCAJ
Lincoln, Nebr. 508.2m-590kc. 500 watts. Nebraska Wesleyan University. Announcer, J. C. Jensen. Daily, 10 am, convocation exercises; 4:30 pm, weather and education lectures. Sun, 10 am, services; 2 pm, vesper. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am, morning radio service. Tues, 8:30 pm, educational program. Thurs, 9 pm, musical program. Founded Oct., 1921. Central.

WCAL
Northfield, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Dept. of Physics, St. Olaf College. Announcer, Hector Skifter. Slogan, "The College on the Hill." Daily ex Sun, Thurs, 9:45 am, Mon, 7-8:30 pm. Wed, 9-9:30 pm, Sun, 8:30-9:30 am, 3-4 pm. Central. Founded 1922.

WCAM
Camden, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Camden. Announcer, J. A. Howell. Mon, 2-5 pm, 7:30 to midnight. Tues, Thurs, 2-3 pm. Wed, 2-5 pm, 7-8 pm. Fri, 2-5 pm, 9-12 pm. Sun, 10:45 am-12:15 pm, 3-5 pm. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1926.

WCAO
Baltimore, Md. 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Monumental Radio, Inc. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-11 pm, Sun, 10:50 am, services; 3 pm-11 pm. Founded May 17, 1922.

WCAP
Asbury Park, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Thomas F. Burley, Jr. Mon, Tues, Thurs, Sat, Sun, 10 am-12 n, Sun, 1-3 pm, 8-12 pm. Mon, 6-7 pm. Tues, 4-12 pm. Wed, 6-7:30 pm. Thurs, 3-12 pm. Fri, 6-9 pm. Sat, 1-8 pm. Eastern. Founded July 1, 1927.

WCAT
Rapid City, S. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. South Dakota State School of Mines. Announcer, J. O. Kammerman. Daily ex Sun, 9:30 am, 12:30 pm, weather, reports. Mountain. Founded 1920.

WCAU
Philadelphia, Pa. (tr. Byberry). 256.3m-1170kc. 10,000 watts. Universal Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Stan Lee Broza, Norman Brokenshire. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-mid. Sun, 10 am-mid. Eastern. Founded May, 1922.

WCAX
Burlington, Vt. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. University of Vermont. Slogan, "The Voice of the Green Mountains." Eastern.

WCAZ
Carthage, Ill. 280.2m-1070kc. 50 watts. Carthage College. Daily ex Sat, Fri, 2-3 pm, Sun, 11:40-12:15 pm. Central.

WCBA
Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. B. Bryan Musselman. Announcers, Clarence Dreisbach, Don Rayburn, Chas. Melson. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-9:15 am. Mon, 6:30-8:30 pm. Wed, 6:30-11 pm. Fri, 6:30-12 pm. Sun, 10 am, 5:30-12 pm. Eastern.

WCBD
Zion, Ill. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Wilbur Glenn Voliva. Announcer, J. H. DePew. Slogan, "Where God Rules, Man Prospers." Founded May, 1923. Central.

WCBM
Baltimore, Md. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Baltimore Broadcasting Co. Francis Dice, announcer. Daily, 12-1:30 pm, 6-7:30 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 9:30-11:15. Sun, 6-8. Eastern. Founded March 25, 1923.

WCBS
Springfield, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harold L. Dewing, Charles H. Messter. Slogan, "Home of Abraham Lincoln." Daily, 9:30 am-4:30 pm, 7:30 pm. Tues, 10:30 am-4:30 pm, 7-9:30. Wed, 10:30-4:30, 7-9:30. Thurs, 10:30-4:30, 7-10. Fri, 10:30-4:30, 7:10. Sat, 10:30-4:30, 7-11. Sun, same (ex 7-8:30 pm. Central. Founded April 8, 1923.

WCCO
Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn. (Tr. at Anoka.) 370.2m-810kc. 10,000 watts. Washburn-Crosby Co. Announcers, L. E. Seymour, A. J. Snyder, F. K. Titus, A. B. Sheehan, C. W. Husted, F. F. Laws. Slogan, "Service to the Northwest." Daily ex Sun, 7 am, music; 9 am, Radio University; 9:15 am, program for day, news; woman's hour; 9:50, weather, markets; 11:30, markets; 12, music; 1:30, weather, markets; 3, markets; 5:45, livestock. Mon, 6:30 pm, dinner music; 7, 7:30, CBS, orchestra; 8:30, 9, opera stars; 10, weather; 10:05, orchestra. Tues, 6:30-7:30, symphony orchestra and tenor; 7:30-8, orchestra and male quartet; 10:05, Columbia Chain; 10, weather; 8, N. W. Musical Comedy Co., Izaak Walton. Wed, 7-8, Show Boat; 8:30-10, Columbia Chain; 10, weather; 10:30, dance program; 11:30, organ. Thurs, 6, dinner music; 7-7:15, talks; 7:30, music; 8:30, Columbia; 9-12, theater; 10:20, weather and dance music. Fri, 6, quartet; 7, music; 8, tenor solo; 8:30, Radio play; 9, Columbia; 9:30, music; 10, weather; 10:05, music. Sat, 6:15 pm, music; 7-8, Columbia; 8-8:30, music; 8:30-10, Columbia; 10, weather, dance program. Sun, 7:15-10:15 pm. Founded Oct. 1, 1924. Central.

WCDA
New York, N. Y. (Tr. at Cliffside Park, N. J.) 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Italian Educational Broadcasting Co. Mon, Wed, 1:30-3 pm; Tues, 4:30-9 pm; Thurs, 5:30-9 pm; Fri, 12-4 pm; Sat, 6-9 pm; Sun, 8 pm-mid.

WCFL
Chicago, Ill. 309.1m-970kc. 1500 watts. Chicago Federation of Labor. Announcer, Harold O'Hallgren. Slogan, "The Voice of Farmer and Labor." Daily ex Sun, 7-9 am, 12-1 pm, 3-8 pm. Sun, 11 am-12 m, 3 pm, 8 pm. Central.

WCGU
Coney Island, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. U. S. Broadcast Corp. Eastern.

WCLB
Long Beach, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Arthur Faske.

WCLO
Kenosha, Wis. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. E. Whitmore. Announcer, James Boutelle. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-11:30 pm. Founded Aug. 4, 1925. Central.

WCLS
Joliet, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. WCLS, Inc. Slogan, "Will County's Largest Store." Central. Founded June, 1925.

WCMA
Culver, Ind. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Culver Military Academy. Announcer, C. F. McKinney. Sun, 11:30 am-12:30, chapel service. Central. Founded 1925.

WCOA
Pensacola, Fla. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Municipal Broadcasting Station. Announcer, John E. Frenkel. Slogan, "Wonderful City of Advantages." Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am, 12-1 pm, 12:30 pm, Mon, Wed, Fri, 8 pm. Sun, 12:30 pm. Central. Founded February 2, 1927.

WCOC
Columbus, Miss. 340.7m-880kc. 1000 watts. Mississippi Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, T. C. Billingsley. Slogan, "Down in the Old Magnolia State." Daily full time. Central. Founded Feb. 26, 1925.

WCOD
Harrisburg, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Norman R. Bottman. Daily ex Sun, 8-10:30 pm 2nd and 4th Sun, 11 am, 7:30-10:30 pm. Eastern. Opened September 30, 1925.

WCOH
Yonkers, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Westchester Broadcasting Corp. Tues, 9 pm-12 mid. Wed, Thurs, 3-7 pm, Thurs, 9 pm-12 mid. Fri, 3-9 pm. Sat, 3-5 pm, 7-11 pm.

WCRW
Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Clinton R. White. Announcers, Fred K. Weston, Al John, Miss Josephine. Slogan, "For Your Entertainment." Daily ex Sun, 7:30-8:30 am, 11:30-1:30 pm. Daily, 6-7 pm, 9-10 pm. Central. Founded May, 1926.

WCSH
Portland, Me. (tr. Portland). 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Congress Square hotel. Slogan, "Sunrise Gateway of America." Announcer, L. T. Pitman. Mon, 10-11:30 am, 12-1:30 pm, 2:30-4:30, 5:30-11. Tues, 10-11:30, 12-1:30 pm, 2:30-4:30, 5:30-12. Wed, 10-11:30 am, 12-1:30 pm, 5:30-11. Thurs, 9:15-11:30 am, 12 n-1 pm, 5:30-10:30. Fri, 10-11:30 pm, 12-12:30 pm, 3-5:15, 5:30-8, 9-11. Sat, 11-11:30 am, 12-1:30 pm, 3:30-11. Sun, 9:30-12 n, 1:30-3 pm, 4-9:15. Eastern. Founded June, 1925.

WCSO
Springfield, Ohio. 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. Wittenberg College. Announcers, Lester Crowe, James Thrasher. Women's Hour, Charlotte Johns. Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am-12 n. Mon, Tues, Fri, 7:30-8:30 pm. Wed, 6-8 pm, Thurs, 6:30-9 pm. Athletic activities also broadcast. Eastern. Founded Dec., 1921.

WDAE
Tampa, Fla. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Tampa Daily Times. Announcer, Bruce Lum. Slogan, "Florida's Most Reliable Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.

WDAF
Kansas City, Mo. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Kansas City Star. Announcer, H. Dean Fitzer. Slogan, "Nighthawks." Daily ex Sun, 9:30 am, 11:30, 1:15 pm, grain quotations. Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, record program; 8 am, Bible lesson. Mon, 11:45-12 pm, Aunt Sammy; farm school; 1:30-2, matinee; 5:30-11:45, musicale; 11:45-1, Nighthawk frolic. Sun, 9-10 am-3:30 pm. Founded June 5, 1922. Central.

WDAG
Amarillo, Texas. 212.6m-1410kc. 1000 watts. J. Laurence Martin. Daily ex Sun, 8-10 am, Happy Hour program; 12:30-2:00 pm, 7:30-9 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 9-10 pm. Sun, 7:30-9:30 pm. Central. Founded May 16, 1922.

WDAH
El Paso, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. 7-8, musical clock; 8-8:15, news report; 10-11, musical request; 12-12:..., musical request; 12:45-1, news reports; 3-4, recorded program; 6:30-7, news and sports; 7-10, musical; 11-12, Coco Noodle Club, on Fri only. Mountain.

WDAY
Fargo, N. D. 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. WDAY, Inc. Announcer, Earl Reineke. Daily ex Sun, 7-9:30 am, musical program, 12 n-1 pm, 3-4 pm, markets, Mpls, grain markets, 10 am, 11 am, 12 n-2 pm, St. Paul Live Stock market, 8-10 am, 10 am, 12:30 pm, Fargo Live Stock market; 3:45 pm, USDA farm feature; 10 am, 2 pm, 11 pm, 2 am, Evening musical features. Mon, 8-10 pm, **Tues**, 8-10:5 pm. Wed, 8:30-10, Thurs, 9-12, Fri, 7-8. Sat, 7-10 pm. Sun, 11 am-12, 2-5 pm. Central. Founded May, 1922.

WDBJ
Roanoke, Va. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Richardson Wayland Elec. Corp. Announcers, J. V. Huffman, C. E. Stone, Harmon P. Black, R. P. Jordan. Slogan, "Roanoke Dixie Land, Virginia." Daily ex Sun, 10-11, organ; 12:30-1:30 pm, music; 5:30-7:30 pm, musical, news, weather; 7:30-11, studio musical program. Sun, 4-6 pm, church; 9-10 pm. Eastern. Founded May, 1924.

WDBO
Orlando, Fla. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Orlando Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Harold Danforth. Slogan, "Down Where the Oranges Grow. Daily ex Sun, & Thurs, 12:45-2 pm, 5-7 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 9-10 pm. Thurs, 9-10, 7:45-9 pm, 10-11 pm. Sat, 7:45-9 pm. Sun, 11-12:30 pm, 4-5 pm, 7-9 pm. Founded 1921. Eastern.

WDEL
Wilmington, Del. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts night, 500 day. WDEL, Inc. Daily, 10 am-2 pm, 6-10 pm. Sun, 3:30-5 pm, 7:30-10 pm. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WDGY
Minneapolis, Minn. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Dr. George Young. Daily, 6:30-11 am, 2-8 pm. Sun, 9:30 am-12 n, 1-8 pm. Central. Founded 1923.

WDOD
Chattanooga, Tenn. 234.2m-1280kc. 2500 watts daytime, 1000 watts night. Chattanooga Radio Co., Inc. Announcer, Frank S. Lane. Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am-1:15 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 6:30-10 pm. Sun, 11 am, 7-9 pm. Sat, 6-10 pm. Central. Founded 1925.

WDRC
New Haven, Conn. 225.4m-1330kc. 500 watts. Doolittle Radio Corp. Announcer, W. B. Haase. Daily ex Sun, 10-1 pm, 6:45-10. Sun, 11 am, 3:30-5 pm. Eastern. Founded Dec., 1922.

WDSU
New Orleans, La. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Daily 10 am, 5:30-11 pm. Joseph H. Uhalt.

WDWF
Cranston, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dutee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Daily ex Sat, 3:30 pm, 8 pm. Eastern.

WDZ
Tuscola, Ill. 280.2m-1070kc. 100 watts. James L. Bush. Daily ex Sun, 9 am, 9:30, 10, 10:30, 11, 11:30, 12 n, 12:30, 1, 1:15, 1:30, 2:45 pm, grain markets, livestock markets. Central. Founded March, 1921.

WEAF
New York, N. Y. (tr. at Bellmore). 454.3m-660kc. 50,000 watts. National Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "Voice to the Millions." Daily ex Sun, 6:45 am-mid. Sun, 12-11:15 pm. Eastern. Founded July 25, 1922.

WEAI
Ithaca, N. Y. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Cornell University.

WEAM
Plainfield, N. J. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. W. J. Buttfield.

WEAN
Providence, R. I. 384.4m-780kc. 250 watts daytime. The Shepard Stores. Announcers, Edmund Cashman, Fred Long, James Cairn, June Abbott, Jane Day, Beau Brummel. Slogan, "We Entertain a Nation." Daily, 9 am-12:30 next am, Polar Bears, Woman's Institute, Dandies of Yesterday, Ted and Ganz, music, news, weather reports, concert Columbia Chain. Sun, 8 am-12 mid. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WEAO
Columbus, Ohio. 526m-570kc. 750 watts. Ohio State University. Announcer, Robert Coleman. Daily, 9:30-10:30, 11-11:30, 12:30-2:45. Mon, Wed, Fri, 7-10 pm. Sat, 9:30-10:30, 11-11:30, 12:30-1 only. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WEAR
Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 1000 watts. WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 11:35 am-4 pm. Sat, 11:35-1:30 pm. Eastern. Opened Jan. 15, 1926.

WEBC
Superior, Wis, Duluth, Minn. 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. Head-of-the-Lakes Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Sam Kiley. Slogan, "At the Head of the Lakes." Daily ex Sun, 6:45-10:15 am, 11:30-2:45 pm, 5:45-10:30 pm. Thurs, 5:15-10:30 pm. Sun, 10:30 am-2 pm, 4:30-8:45 pm. Central. Founded 1924.

WEBE
Cambridge, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Roy W. Waller. Slogan, "The Voice of Southeastern Ohio. Daily ex Sun, 12-1 pm, Mon, Wed, 6-7 pm. Fri, 6-11 pm. Sun, 10:30 am-7 pm. Eastern. Founded July, 1924.

WEBQ
Harrisburg, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. First Trust & Savings Bank. Announcers, Dr. H. J. Raley and Inglis M. Taylor. Slogan, "The Voice From Egypt. Mon, Wed, Fri, 7:30-8, 9-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7:30 pm, Sun, 10:45-12, 7-8. Central. Founded. Sept. 1, 1923.

WEBR
Buffalo, N. Y. 228.9m-1310kc. 200 watts. H. H. Howell. Announcers, E. J. Hinckley, Lowell Kitchen. Slogan, "We Extend Buffalo's Regards." Daily, 7 am-4 am, 22 hours as the All Night and Day Station. Eastern. Founded Oct. 8, 1924.

WEBW
Beloit, Wis. 499.7m-600kc. 350 watts. Beloit College. Sun, 4:30 pm. Central. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.

WEDC
Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Emil Denemark Broad. Station. Central.

WEDH
Erie, Pa. 211.1m-1420kc. 30 watts. Erie Dispatch-Herald. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am-2:30 pm, 5:30-11 pm. Sun, 11-1:00, 4-10:30 pm.

WEEI
Boston, Mass. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Edison Electric Illuminating Company. Announcers, Robert Burlen, Carlton H. Dickerman, Edward Gisburne, Frederick Hawkins. Slogan, "The Friendly Voice." Daily ex Sun, 6:45-8 am, exercises; 8-8:45, musicale; 10-11:30, service features; 11:15-12, "Billy" Williams and "The Friendly Five"; 12-12:15, news; 12:15-12:45 pm, "Billy" Williams and "The Friendly Five"; 12:45-1, market and garden reports; 2-3, 3-4, Metropolitan Dutch Girls; 4-4:10, news; 4:10-4:45, A & P Afternoon Tea, varied musical; 5:30-6:45, service features and music; 6-7, Big Brother Club; 7-11, local and New York features from Red Network NBC. Sun, 10:55-12:15, church; 12:15, symphony; 1-4:45, concert; 4-5 pm, Cadman; 5:30, musicale; 6:30, band; 7:20, news; 7:30, symphony concert; 9:15, Atwater-Kent. Eastern. Founded Sept. 29, 1924, succeeding WTAT.

WEHS
Evanston, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Victor C. Carlson. Announcer, Jessie Robinson. Sun, 5-6 pm, 7:9-30 pm. Tues, 4-8 pm. Wed, 4-6, Thurs, 4-6, 7-9 pm. Fri, 4-6, 7-8 pm. Sat, 4-6, 7-9 pm. Central. Founded February, 1924.

WELK
Philadelphia, Pa. 218.9m-1370kc. 100 watts. Howard R. Miller. Slogan, "The Voice of the Elks." Daily, 9 am-1 am ex Sun, 5 pm-12:30 am. Eastern. Founded June, 1922.

WEMC
Berrien Springs, Mich. 508-2-590kc. 1000 watts. Emanuel Missionary College. Announcer, John E. Fetzer, Willard Shadel. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-9 am, 12-1 pm, 2:30-4:30 pm. Sun, 9:30-11 am, 2-4:30 pm. Slogan, "The Radio Lighthouse." Central. Founded April 1, 1923.

WENR
Chicago, Ill. 344.6m-870kc. 50,000 watts. Great Lakes Radio Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice of Service." Central.

WEPS
Gloucester, Mass. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Matheson Radio Co., Inc.

WEVD
Woodhaven, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Debs Memorial Radio Fund. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1927.

WEW
St. Louis, Mo. 394.5m-760kc. 1000 watts. 6 am-6 pm, St. Louis University. Announcer, Geo. Ruepuet Daily ex Sun, 9 am, 10, 2 reports. Mon, Tues, 4 pm, lecture. Wed, 4 pm, students hour, music, reading. Thurs, 5 pm, musical. Fri, 4 pm, Library Hour. Sun, 9:35 am, 11, 2 pm, 4. Founded April 26, 1921. Central.

WFAA
Dallas, Texas. 374.8m-800kc. 500 watts. Dallas News and Dallas Journal. Adams Colhoun. Slogan, "Working for All Alike." Daily, 7:30-8:30 am, 9:05-9:15 am, 10-11 am, 11:30-12 n, 1:45-2:30 pm, 3-3:30 pm, 4-5 pm, 6-7 pm, 8-9 pm, 10-11 pm. Central. Founded June 26, 1922.

WFAN
Philadelphia, Pa. 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Keystone Broadcasting Co. Hotel Lorraine. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, 1:30-3 pm, 4:30-6:30 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7:30-mid. Sun, 3:30-9 pm. Eastern.

WFBC
Knoxville, Tenn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. First Baptist church. Sun, 9:30-10:30 am, Bible class; 10:45 am; 7-7:30, Children's Hour; 7:30 pm, services; 9 pm, sacred music. Central. Founded 1924.

WFBE
Cincinnati, Ohio. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Hotel Park View. Announcer, Clark Waskom. Daily ex Sun, 12-1 pm, 3-4 pm, 5:30 pm, 11:30. Tues, 5:30 pm, 8:30, 9, 12:30. Wed, 6-8:30 pm, 9, 10, 11-12:30. Thurs, 6 pm, 8, 10, 10:30, 11, 12:30. Fri, 5:30 pm, 6:30. Sat, 3-4 pm, 6-8, 9-10, 11, 2:30. Sun, 1-2 pm, 6:30-7:30 pm, 11, 12:30. Central.

WFBG
Altoona, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. The Wm. F. Gable Co. Announcer, Roy F. Thompson. Slogan, "The Original Voice of the Air." Daily ex Sun and Mon, 11:45 am-12:15 pm, 2, 3, 3:45, 7-10 pm. Wed, 11:45-12:45 am. Sun, 10:45 am, 3:30, 7, 7:30 pm. Mon, silent. Eastern. Founded Aug. 28, 1924.

WFBJ
Collegeville, Minn. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. St. John's University. Announcer, Hilary Doerfler. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Cloister Garden." Mon and Wed, 4-5 pm, Tues, Thurs, 6:45-7:15 pm. Fri, 8:30-9:30 pm. Central. Founded October, 1924.

WFBL
Syracuse, N. Y. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. Onondaga Co. Announcer, Charles F. Phillips. Daily, 8:30 am-12 mid. Eastern. Opened Nov. 19, 1924.

WFBM
Indianapolis, Ind. (tr. at Perry Township). 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Indianapolis Power and Light Company. Announcer, John Tribby. Slogan, "The Crossroads of America." Central.

WFBR
Baltimore, Md. 236.2m-1270kc. 250 watts. Baltimore Radio Show, Inc. Announcer, S. R. Kennard. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-1 pm, 3-5 pm, 5:30 pm-mid. Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, 3-5 pm, 8-11 pm. Founded Oct. 1, 1924.

WFDF
Flint, Mich. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Frank D. Fallain. Announcer, Fred L. McKittrick. Mark Gaumer. Daily, 7:45-8 am, 12 n, 1 pm, 6 pm, organ 6-6:30 pm, dinner hour; 6:30-7:30, Buick band. Wed, 9:30-10:30 pm. Sun, church, 12 noon, 8 pm. Mother Goose children's time, Wed, 7:30-8; request hour, 8-9 pm, 3:30-5 pm.

WFI
Philadelphia, Pa. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Strawbridge & Clothier. Announcer, John Vandersloot. Daily, 6:45-8 am, Daily ex Sun, 9:45 am, 1 pm, 3, 6:15, 7:30 pm. Daily ex Sun, Mon, 7:30 pm. Tues, 8-11:30 pm. Thurs, Sat, 8 to 11:30 pm. Sun, 10:20 am, 7:30, 4:30 pm, 9:15-11:15 pm. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1922.

WFIW
Hopkinsville, Ky. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. Acme Mills, Inc. Announcer, D. E. "Plug" Kendrick. Sun 9-12 am, 8-10 pm. Daily, 10-11 am, 12-1:30 pm, 5-11 pm. Central. Founded Feb. 12, 1927.

WFJC
Akron, Ohio. 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. W. F. Jones Broadcasting, Inc. Daily, 1-3 pm, 5:30-12 pm. Sundays, 1-4 pm, 7-11 pm. Eastern.

WFKD
Frankford, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Foulkrod Radio Eng Co. Sun, 12:30-2 pm, 5-9 pm. Mon, 12-1 pm. Tues, 12-1:30 pm, 4:30-8 pm. Wed, 12-1 pm. Thurs, 12-1:30 pm, 4:30-12 pm. Fri, 12-1:30 pm, 7:30-9 pm. Sat, 12-3 pm, 4:30-9 pm. Eastern.

WFLA—WSUN
Clearwater, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Walter Tison. Daily ex Sun, 7:45-12 mid. Founded Dec. 25, 1925. Eastern.

WGAL
Lancaster, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Lancaster Elec. Supply & Construction Co. Announcers, J. E. Mathiot, Luther J. Mathiot. Slogan, "World's Gardens at Lancaster."

WGBB
Freeport, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harry H. Eckman. Sun, 9 am-12 mid. Mon, 11 am-3 pm, 9-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, 7-9 pm. Wed, 9 am-12 n. Sat, 11 pm-1 am. Eastern. Founded Dec. 13, 1924.

WGBC
Memphis, Tenn. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. First Baptist church. Announcer, A. L. Cowles. Sun, 9:30-11 am, 8 pm. Central. Opened 1925.

WGBF
Evansville, Ind. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Evansville on the Air, Inc. Announcer, Martin Hansen. Slogan, "The Air Cross Roads of America." Daily, 7 am-7pm. Sun, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7 am-12 mid. Central. Founded October, 1923.

WGBI
Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Broadcasters, Inc. Daily, 10-12:30 pm, 6 pm, Sun, 10 am, 6 pm, 9 pm. Eastern.

WGBS
New York, N. Y. (tr. at Astoria). 254.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. General Broadcasting System. Dailey Paskman. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.

WGCM
Gulfport, Miss. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Frank L. Kroulik, announcer. Daily, 11:30-12:30 pm. Tues, Fri. 8-10:30 pm. Sun, 3-5 pm. Gulf Coast Music Co.

WGCP
Newark, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 250 watts. Paramount Broadcasting & Artists Service, Inc. Announcer, Irving Porter. Daily ex Sun, 3:30-6 pm. Mon thru Fri, 6-8 pm. Tues, Sat, 10-12 mid. Wed, Thurs, 8-10 pm, Sun, 12 n-3:30 pm. Eastern. Founded March, 1922.

WGES
Chicago, Ill. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Guyon's Paradise Ballroom, Announcers, Harlow Wilcox, Geo Keicher. Founded August, 1920. Central.

WGH
Newport News, Va. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Virginia Broadcasting Co. and Hampton Roads Broadcasting Corp, Inc. Announcers, E. Ellsworth Bishop, G. Douglas Evans, Malvern Lee Powell. Slogan, "World's Greatest Harbor." Daily ex Sat, Sun, 7:30-9:30 am, 12-2:30 pm, 5-10:15 pm. Sat, 7:30-9:30 am, 12-2:30 pm, 5-11:30 pm. Sun, 11 am-12 n, 8-9 pm.

WGHP
Mt. Clemens, Mich. 241.8m-1240kc. 750 watts. George Harrison Phelps, Inc. Announcers, Corley W. Kirby, Robert Childe. Eastern. Founded Oct. 19, 1925.

WGL
Fort Wayne, Ind. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Allen-Wayne Co. Fred C. Zieg. Slogan, "The Home Sweet Home Station." Founded 1924. Central.

WGN
Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Elgin). 416.4m-720kc. 25,000 watts. Chicago Tribune. Announcers, Quin Ryan, Pat Barnes, Russ Russell, John Stamford, Robt. Elson. Central.

WGR
Amherst, N. Y. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. W. G. R., Inc. Announcers, Bradley D. Yaw, Frank Murphy, John Gannon. Daily ex Sun, 6-7:8 am, 10:45-11, 11:15-11:30, 11:45-12 n, 12, stocks; 2-4:30 pm. Tues, Thurs, 8-11 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 8-12 mid. Sun, 10:45-12 n, 1:30-5 pm, 6-7, 9:15-9:45. Mon, Thurs, 7-1 am. Eastern. Founded May 21, 1922.

WGST
Atlanta, Ga. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Georgia School of Technology. Announcer, J. O. Turner. Slogan, "The Southern Technical School With a National Reputation." Mon, 9:30-10:30 pm. Thurs, 7-8 pm. Central. Founded January, 1924.

WGY
Schenectady, N. Y. 379.5m-790kc. 50,000 watts. General Electric Company. Announcer, A. G. Cogeshall. Slogan, "Good Evening to You All." Founded 1922.

WHA
Madison, Wis. 319-940. 750 watts. Univ. of Wis. Central. Founded 1920.

WHAD
Milwaukee, Wis. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Marquette University. Cy Foster, Dick Macaulay. Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 4:30-5, 7:30-8. Wed, Fri, 8-9. Central. Founded Oct., 1921.

WHAM
Rochester, N. Y. 260.7m-1150kc. 5000 watts. Stromberg-Carlson Tel. Mfg. Co. Announcers, F. H. Warren, Ben Weaver, W. Fay, L. C. Stark, Frank Kelly. Slogan, "This Is Rochester—Where Quality Dominates." Daily ex Sun, 10-11 am, 12:45-2:15 pm, 5:30-11 pm. Sun, 10:30-12 n, 2-11 pm. Eastern. Founded July 11, 1922.

WHAP
New York, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Defenders of Truth Society, Inc. Announcer, Franklin Ford. Mon, 6-8 pm, Wed, 6:30-9 pm. Fri, 8-12 pm. Sat, 8:30-11 pm. Sun, 9-11 pm. Eastern. Founded May 1925.

WHAS
Louisville, Ky. 365.6m-820kc. 10,000 watts. Courier-Journal and Louisville Times Co. Daily ex Sun, farm news, 12-12:30; 12:45-1:15, markets; 1:15-1:20, 11:50-12, 2:30-2:45, intermezzo musicale; 2:45-5:30, police bulletins, weather, 5:15; Children's club, 5:30; R.C.A. Hour, 2:30-3:30. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 6-12 NBC concerts and studio concerts. Sun, 10 am, church service. NBC concerts; 2-4:30; Choral Evening Service; 4:30-5:30; NBC and studio concerts, 5:30-11. Founded July, 1922. Central.

WHAZ
Troy, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst. Announcer, Rutherford Hayner. Slogan, "Transcontinental and International Broadcasting Station Located at the Oldest College of Science and Engineering in America." Club, R. P. I. students. Mon. 8-12 mid. Tues, 12 mid-1 am. Founded June 22. Eastern.

WHB
Kansas City, Mo. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. Sweeney Auto & Electrical School. Announcer, John T. Schilling. Slogan, "Heart of America." Central. Founded 1922.

WHBC
Canton, Ohio. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. St. John's Catholic Church. Slogan, "Ignorance Is Our Greatest Foe." Sun, 2:30-3 pm. Central. Founded Feb., 1925.

WHBD
Bellefontaine, Ohio. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. First Presbyterian church. Sun, 10:45 am, 7:30 pm. Eastern. Founded February, 1925.

WHBF
Rock Island, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Beardsley Speciality company. Announcer, C. L. Beardsley. Slogan, "Where Historic Blackhawk Fought." Daily ex Sun, 12-2 pm, 6-8 pm. Mon, Wed, 9-11 pm. Sat, 2:30-5 pm, 11 pm-1 am. Central. Founded February, 1925.

WHBL
Sheboygan, Wis. 312.6m-1410kc. 500 watts, 6 am-6 pm. C. E. Broughton. Daily, 7-9, 10-10:30, 12-1:15, 3:45-5:15, 6-8 pm. Sun, 9-10 am, 12-1 pm. Fri eve, 11:30-12:30. Founded 1925.

WHBQ
Memphis, Tenn. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Broadcasting Station WHBQ, Inc. Founded March, 1925.

WHBU
Anderson, Ind. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Citizen's Bank. Announcer, A. L. McKee. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Anderson."

WHBW
Philadelphia, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. D. R. Kienzle. Tues, Fri, 6 pm-12:15 am. Sun, 7:30-10:30 pm. Eastern.

WHBY
West De Pere, Wis. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Norbert's College. Green Bay-De Pere Broadcasting Station. Daily, 10-11:30 am, 12-1 pm, 6-8 pm, markets, time, weather. Sun, 10-11 am, services; 5-6 pm, religious program. Central. Founded Jan., 1925.

WHDI
Minneapolis, Minn. 254.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. Wm. Hood Dunwoody Industrial Institute. Announcers, M. R. Bass, A. P. Upton, G. W. Haverty. Slogan, "Northwest Leading Trade School." Mon, 7-8 pm. Wed, 7-8 pm. Fri, 7-8 pm. Daily ex Sun, 6:30-9:30 am. Sun, 9-9:30 am. Central. Founded May 22, 1922.

WHDL
Tupper Lake, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. George F. Bissell.

WHEC
Rochester, N. Y. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Hickson Electric company, Inc. Slogan, "The All Day Broadcasting Station." Daily ex Sun, 7 Sun, 10:30-12 n, 4:30-5:30 pm, 7:30-10 pm. Eastern, am-12 mid. Sun, 10:30-12 n, 4:30-5:30 pm, 7:30-10 pm. Eastern. Founded January, 1924.

WHFC
Chicago, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Goodson & Wilson, Inc. Central.

WHK
Cleveland, Ohio. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Radio Air Service Corp. Slogan, "Cleveland's Pioneer Broadcasting Station." Sun, 10 am-1:30 am. Mon, 10 am-12 mid. Tues, 9:15 am-1 am. Wed, 9:45 am-1 am. Thurs, 9:15 am-12 mid. Fri, 9:45 am-1 am. Sat, 10 am-2 am. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WHN
New York, N. Y. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Marcus Loew Booking Agency. Announcers, Perry Charles, George Nobbs. Slogan, "The Voice of the Great White Way." Eastern. Founded March, 1922.

WHO
Des Moines, Iowa. 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. Bankers Life Co. Announcers, Bobbie Griffin, Connie Ahearn, Edward Breen, Jr. Mon, Wed, Fri, 6:30 am-5 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 5 pm-12 mid. Sun, 9 am-5pm, 5-12 pm, alternate. Central. Founded 1924.

WHP
Harrisburg, Pa. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Penna. Broadcasting Co. Announcer, W. S. McCachren. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Central Penna." Sun, 9 am-9 pm. Daily, 7-9 am, 11:30 am-1:30 pm, 4:45-11:30 pm. Eastern. Founded March 1, 1924.

WHPP
New York, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Bronx Broadcasting Co. Daily, 9 am-1 pm. Tues, Sat, 7 pm, mid.

WIAS
Ottumwa, Iowa. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Poling Electric Co. Announcer, Thomas J. Doonan. Daily ex Tues, 12-1, 2:30-3:30, 5-6 pm. Wed, 7:30-9 pm. Sun, 10:45-12:30. Central. Founded June 12, 1922.

WIBA
Madison, Wis. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. The Capital Times Company. Announcer, Kenneth F. Schmitz. Slogan, "Four Lakes City." Daily ex Sun, 7-8:45 am, 11 am-1 pm, 6-9 pm. Sun, 10:45 am-12 n. Central. Founded June, 1924.

WIBG
Elkins Park, Pa. 322.4m-930kc. 50 watts. St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church. Announcer, W. Le Roy Anspach. Sun, 10:55 am, 3:55 pm. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WIBM
Jackson, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carroll. (Portable.)

WIBO
Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Des Plaines). 526m-570kc. 5000 watts. Nelson Brothers Bond and Mtg. Co. Announcers, Walter Preston, "Stu" Dawson. Central. Founded May 20, 1925.

WIBR
Steubenville, Ohio. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Robert Merryman. Daily ex Sun, 9-11 am, 1-4 pm, 8-9 pm. Sun, 10:30 am-12 n, 7:15-8:30 pm. Founded January, 1924. Eastern.

WIBS
Elizabeth, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. New Jersey Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Capt. H. J. Lepper, J. H. Lepper. Sun, 10:30 am-12, 3:30-5:45 pm. Mon, 8:30-10 am, 6-9 pm. Tues, 11 am-12, 1-3 pm. Wed, 11 am-1 pm, 9-12 mid. Thurs, 3-5 pm. Fri, 8:30-10 am, 5-8 pm. Sat, 12 n-3 pm, 9-10:30 pm. Founded June, 1925.

WIBU
Poynette, Wis. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. The Electric Farm. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.

WIBW
Topeka, Kan. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 day. Capper Publications. Announcer, Joe Nickell. Daily ex Sun, 6-8, 10:10-11; 12:15-1:25, 1:30-2, 3-4, 5:30-7, 8:30-10. Fri, Sat, 11-12 pm. Sun, 10:40-1:25, 5:20-7. Central. Founded 1926.

WIBX
Utica, N. Y. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 300 day. WIBX, Inc. Daily ex Sun, 6 am-9:30 pm. Daily ex Sun, Wed, 6:30-10 pm. Sun, 10:30-12 n, 1-9:30 pm. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WIBZ
Montgomery, Ala. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. A. D. Trum.

WICC
Easton, Conn. 252m-1190kc. 500 watts. The Bridgeport Broadcasting Station, Inc. Announcers, Edw. Hall, Art Withslandly, Walter Ryan, George Dana, Leonard Andrews. Slogan, "The Voice That Serves." Daily, 9 am to 1½ hours after sunset. Sun, 9 am to 1½ hours after sunset. Eastern. Founded Aug. 3, 1925.

WIL
St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. Missouri Broadcasting Co. Announcers, "Bill" Ellsworth, L. A. Benson, C. W. Benson. Mon, 10 am-9 pm. Tues, 11:15 am-9 pm. Wed, 10 am-1 am. Thurs, 9 am-1 am. Fri, 11:15 am-1 am. Sat, 10 am-4 am. Sun, 9:30 am-1 am. Central. Founded September, 1922.

WILL
Urbana, Ill. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts daytime. 250 watts night. University of Illinois. Announcer, J. C. Bayles. Daily ex Sun, 5-6 pm, 7:30-8 pm, music and 10 min. educational talk. Central. Founded 1922.

WILM
Wilmington, Del. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Delaware Broadcasting Co. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-1pm, 5:30-11 pm. Sun, 5 pm-12 mid.

WINR
Bay Shore, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Radiotel Mfg. Co.

WIOD
Miami Beach, Fla. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Isle of Dreams Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Jesse H. Jay. Slogan, "Wonderful Isle of Dreams." Daily ex Sun, 12 n3- pm. Daily, 6 pm-12 mid.

WIP
Philadelphia, Pa. 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Bros. Announcers, E. A. Davies. Slogan, "Watch Its Progress." Daily ex Sun, 9:30-11 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 3-4:30 pm, 6:30-7:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 7:30 pm-12 mid. Sun, 10 am-2:30 pm, 9 pm-12 mid. Eastern. Founded November, 1921.

WISN
Milwaukee, Wis. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Evening Wisconsin Co. Managed by Wisconsin News. Central. Founded Sept. 21, 1922.

WJAC
Johnstown, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Johnstown Automobile Co. Announcer, J. C. Tully. Slogan, "The Voice of the Friendly City." Daily ex Sat, Sun, 9 am. Daily ex Sun, 5 pm. Mon, Thurs, 12 n. Tues, Fri, 11 am. Wed, 8 pm. Fri, 9:30 pm. Sat, 9 pm. Eastern.

WJAD
Waco, Texas. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Frank P. Jackson. Daily ex Sun, 8:30-9:30 pm. Central. Founded July 22, 1922.

WJAG
Norfolk, Nebr. 282.8m-1060kc. 1000 watts. Norfolk Daily News. Announcer, Karl Stefan. Slogan, "The World's Greatest Country Daily and Home of Printer's Devil." Daily, 2:30-8:30 am, 12:15 pm, 2 pm, 3-5 pm, 6:30-7:30 pm, orchestra. Sun, 1 pm, 2 pm, 3 pm, music, orchestra. Central. Founded 1922.

WJAK
Marion, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Marion Broadcast Co. Arthur Curran. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-12:30 pm, 4:30-9 pm. Founded September, 1921. Central.

WJAR
Providence, R. I. 336.9m-890kc. 400 watts day, 250 watts night. The Outlet Co. Announcers, John J. Boyle, David L. Stackhouse, Howard G. Sawyer. Slogan, "The South Gateway of New England." Daily ex Sun, 1:05-2 pm. Mon, 9-11:30 am, 6:15-11:15 pm. Tues, 9-11:30 am, 6:15-12 mid. Wed, 9:15-11:45 am, 6:15-11:15 pm. Thurs, 9-11:30 am, 6:15-11 pm. Fri, 9-11:45 am, 6:15-11 pm. Sat, 10:45-11:30 am, 6:15-11:15 pm. Eastern. Founded Sept. 6, 1922.

WJAS
Pittsburgh, Pa. 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Pittsburgh Radio Supply House. Announcer, Howdy Clark. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-12 am, 12 am-3 pm, 5:55 pm to 11 pm. Sun, 9-12 am, 3-11 pm. Founded Aug. 4, 1922.

WJAX
Jacksonville, Fla. 238m-1260kc. 1000 watts. City of Jacksonville. Daily ex Sun, 11:57 am-1 pm. Daily ex Sun and Wed, 5 pm-mid. Wed, 6:30-10:30 pm. Sun, 11 am-n, 6:30-8:30 pm, 10-11 pm. Eastern. Founded Nov. 26, 1925.

WJAY
Cleveland, Ohio. 483.6m-620kc. 500 watts. Cleveland Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Joe O'Toole. Eastern. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WJAZ
Mt. Prospect, Ill. 202.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Zenith Radio Corp. Announcer, George G. Smith. Daily, 8-10 pm. Sun, 7:30-9:30. Founded 1922. Central.

WJBC
La Salle, Ill. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Hummer Furniture Co. Announcer, Loyal Ponaski. Slogan, "Better Home Station." Daily ex Sun, 7:30-8 am, 6-9:30, 12:30-2 pm. Sun, 7-8. Sun, 10-11 am, 12:30-2 pm. Founded May 4, 1925. Central.

WJBI
Red Bank, N. J. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Robert S. Johnson. Founded Sept. 15, 1925.

WJBK
Ypsilanti, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. J. F. Hopkins. Announcer, Don Cole. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thur, Fri, Sat, 9-12 am, 5-6 pm, 8 9:30 pm. Sun, 10-11:30 am. Eastern. Founded Oct. 27, 1925.

WJBL
Decatur, Ill. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. William Gushard Dry Goods Co. Announcer, W. H. Wiley. Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1925.

WJBO
New Orleans, La. 218.8m-1370kc. 2500 watts. Valdemar Jensen. Daily, 11-12, 2-3, 6:30-10:30 Sun, 12:30-2:30, 5-10:30. Central. Founded 1922.

WJBT
Chicago, Ill. 389.4m-770kc. 25000 watts. Paul Rader and Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. Announcer, Don Hastings. Sun, 10 am-7:30 pm, 9:30 pm-mid. Central. Founded 1926.

WJBU
Lewisburg, Pa. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Bucknell University. Announcer, Geo. A. Irland. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Keystone State." Fri, 8 pm. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WJBW
New Orleans, La. 249.9m-1200kc 30 watts. C. Carlson, Jr. Tues, Fri, 7-8 pm. Sun, 9-11 pm. Daily, 1:30-2:30.

WJBY
Gadsden, Ala. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Gadsden Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Leo Wheatley. Central.

WJJD
Chicago, Ill. 265.3m-1130kc. 20,000 watts. Loral Lumber Co. owns. Palmer House Station. Slogan, "The Voice of State Street." Announcers, Ellen Berg, Gleason Kuhler. Daily, 11 am-4 pm, 7 pm-9 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, Sat, 10:30 pm-1 pm Thurs, Fri, Sun, 10:30 pm-mid. Central. Founded Aug. 16, 1927.

WJR
Detroit, Mich. (tr. at Pontiac). 399.8m-750kc. Sister station WJR, the Goodwill Station. Announcers, Leo Fitzpatrick, John F. Patt, Neal Tompkins, John B. Eccles, John K. Harper, Lowell E. Crusoe, Norman White. Daily, 8 am-1 am, Eastern. Founded August, 1925.

WJW
Mansfield, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Mansfield Broadcasting Association. John F. Wermer. Daily ex Sun, 5:45-11:30 am, 6:00-8:30 pm, Sat, 6-12 mid. Sun, 10:30-11:30 am, 7:30-10:30 pm. Eastern. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.

WJSV
Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 205.4m-1460kc. 10,000 watts. Independent Pub. Co. Announcer, T. A. Robertson. Daily ex Sun, 8-10 am, 11:30 am-1 pm, 3-5 pm, 6-12 mid. Sun, 7-11 pm.

WJZ
New York, N. Y. (tr. at Bound Brook). 394.5m-760kc. 30,000 watts. R. C. A. Managed by National Broadcasting Co. Best Coffee Grows." Announcers, Milton J. Cross, Marley Sherris, Norman Sweetser, Curt Peterson. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am-mid. Sun, 9-10 am, 1-11:15 pm.

WKAQ
San Juan, Porto Rico. 336.7m-890kc. 500 watts. Radio Corporation of Porto Rico. Announcer, Joaquin Agusty. Slogan, "The Island of Enchantment, Where the World's Best Coffee Grows." Wed, 7:30-9 pm. Fri, 9-11 pm. Eastern. Founded Dec. 3, 1922.

WKAR
East Lansing, Mich. 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. Michigan State College. Announcer, Keith Hinebaugh. Daily ex Sun, 12-12:30 pm, weather, markets, agricultural topics. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WKAV
Laconia, N. H. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Laconia Radio club. Sun, 11 am. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.

WKBB
Joliet, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sanders Brothers. Al Sanders, announcer. Sun, 2-3 pm, religious, educational. Mon, 9-11 pm, local events, studio program. Wed, 9-12 pm, orchestra. Sat, 9-11, orchestra and studio program. Central.

WKBC
Birmingham, Ala. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. R. B. Broyles. Daily 12-2 pm, 6-10 pm. Sun, noon, 1-4 pm, 7-8 pm. Sat, 5:30-9 pm. Central. Founded June, 1926.

WKBF
Indianapolis, Ind. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Noble B. Watson. Announcer, Carl Watson. Daily ex Sun, 10 am, 10:30, 10:40, 5 pm, 7, 7 10. Daily ex Sun, 12 n, Mon, 7 pm, 8:30, 9. Tues, 8:30-10:30 pm, Thurs, 7:30-12 pm, Fri, 8-12 pm, Sat, 10-12 pm. Sun, 9 am, Watch Tower; 2:30, 3:30, 7:30 pm. Central. Founded October, 1925.

WKBH
La Crosse, Wis. 217.8m-1380kc. 1000 watts. Callaway Music Co. Announcer, Arthur J. Hecht. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am, 10, Aunt Sammy; 12 n, weather, U. S. Farm talks; 5:30-7 pm, 8-9 pm Wed, Sat, 10-11 pm. Sun, 10:30 am, 4 pm. Central. Founded 1924

WKBI
Chicago, Ill. 238.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Fred L. Sonnenschein. Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am, 1-4 pm, Mon, 7-9 pm, Tues, 8-10 pm, Wed, 8-9 pm, Thurs, 9-11 pm, Fri, 9:30-12 mid, Sun, 12:15 am-5 am. Central. Founded August, 1926.

WKBN
Youngstown, Ohio. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Warren P. Williamson, Jr., and Arthur Brock. Announcers, Arthur Brock, Warren P. Williamson, Jr., Frank Proprietor, Don Hoffman, Bill Hammerman. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 5:30-6:30 pm, musical echoes; 2 pm, musical matinee; 5 pm, hodge podge; 6 pm, studio programs. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.

WKBO
Jersey City, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Camith Corp. Announcer, H. F. Bidwell. Mon, 10-12 n, 9-12. Tues, 3-6 pm, Wed, 7-10 am, 6-9 pm. Thurs, 3 pm, 12-2 am, 10-12, 9-10 pm. Sat, 7-9 pm. Sun, 2-3:30, 9:30-12 mid. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 7-8 am. Eastern. Founded Sept. 11, 1926.

WKBP
Battle Creek, Mich. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Battle Creek Enquirer and News.

WKBQ
New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Standard Cahill Co., Inc. Announcer, Allan Cahill. Mon, 12-1:30, 6-mid. Tues, 12-4:30 pm. Thurs, 3-5:30 pm. Fri, 6-7 pm, Sat, 12-6 pm. Sun, 6-8 pm. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.

WKBS
Galesburg, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Permil N. Nelson. Announcer, Paul W. Palmquist. Slogan, "The Voice of Galesburg." Mon, Wed, Fri, 9:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 6:30-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, 9:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 6:30-9 pm, 10-11 pm. Sat, 9:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1 pm, 2-3 pm, 6:30-9 pm, 10-12 pm. Central. Founded October, 1926.

WKBW
Amherst, N. Y. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Churchill Evangelistic Assoc., Inc. Daily ex Sun, 2-4 pm, 6:30-10, Sun, 9:30 am, 10:30, 3 pm, 7-9, 10:15-12 mid. Eastern. Founded 1926.

WKBZ
Ludington, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. "The Voice of Western Michigan." K. L. Ashbacker Daily ex Sun, 10-11 am, 12-1 pm, Mon, 8-10 pm Sun, 10:30-12 n, 7-9. Central. Founded Nov. 23, 1926.

WKEN
Buffalo, N. Y. 288.3m-1040kc 1000 watts. WKEN, Inc. Announcers, Walter L. Amdon, Leon Fisher. Daily daylight broadcasting. Eastern. Founded Fall, 1925.

WKJC
Lancaster, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Kirk Johnson & Co. Announcers, M. W. Gehman, L. H. Bailey. Daily ex Sun, 11-12 n. Daily, 6-8:30 pm Sun, 10:45-12 n, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Eastern. Founded November, 1921.

WKRC
Cincinnati, Ohio. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Kodel Elec. & Mfg. Co. Eastern. Founded May, 1924.

WKY
Oklahoma City, Okla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. WKY Radiophone Co. Daily, 6:30 am-11:45 pm. Sun, 11 am-11 pm. Central.

WLAC
Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. Life and Casualty. Daily ex Sun, 6-9 am, 12-3 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, 9-12 pm. Thurs, Fri, Sat, 6-9 pm, Sun, 4:30-5:30 pm, 6-7, 9-10 pm. Central. Opened Nov. 24, 1926.

WLAP
Louisville, Ky. 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. Virginia av. Baptist Church. Sun, 10:45 am, 7:30-8:45 pm. Central. Founded 1922.

WLBC
Muncie, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Donald A. Burton. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-8:30 am, 10-11:15 am, 12-12:30 pm, 6-10:50 pm. Sun, 10:35-12:15, church service; 2-4, studio; 8-11, novelty.

WLB
Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts. U. of Minnesota. Announcer, Gordon C. Harris. Tues, 6:30-8:30 pm. Wed, 7-9 pm. Fri, 6:30-7:30 pm. Sat, 8-10 pm. Central. Opened 1921.

WLBF
Kansas City, Mo. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Everett L. Dillard. Slogan, "Where Listeners Become Friends." Central. Founded Nov. 13, 1926.

WLBG
Petersburg, Va. 249.9m-1200kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. R. A. Gamble.

WLBL
Stevens Point, Wis. 333.1m-900 kc. 2000 watts. 6 am-6 pm, Wisconsin Dept. of Markets. Slogan, "Wisconsin, Land of Beautiful Lakes." Central.

WLBO
Galesburg, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Frederick A. Trebbe, Jr. Central. Founded Jan. 16, 1927.

WLBW
Oil City, Pa. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Radio Wire, Program Corp. Slogan, "The Home of Quaker State Motor Oil. Announcers, Wm. S. Perry, Leigh Orc. Haren Haas. Mon, 9 am-2 pm, 5-11 pm, Tues, 8:30 am-3 pm, 5-12 pm. Wed, 8:30 am-2 pm, 5-12 pm. Thurs, 8:30 am-3 pm, 5-11:30 pm. Fri, 8:30 am-2 pm, 5-11:30 pm. Sat, 8:30 am-3 pm, 5-10:30 pm. Sun, 10:15 am-12 mid, 2-11 pm. Eastern. Founded 1926.

WLBX
Long Island, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. John N. Brahy. Mon, Wed, Fri, 12-1 pm, 6-8 pm. Tues, Thurs, 12-1 pm, 10-mid. Sat, 12-2 pm, 9-mid. Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 6-7 pm.

WLBZ
Bangor, Me. 483.6m-620kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts day. Maine Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Jack Atwood, Henry C. Wing. Slogan, "This is the Maine Station." Daily, 10 am-12:30, 5:30-mid. Sun, 10 am, Watch Tower; 11 am, church services.

WLCI
Ithaca, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Lutheran Assn. of Ithaca. Announcer, A. B. Berresford. Slogan, "The Church at the Gate of the Campus." Sun, 10:45 am, 3 pm, 7:45 pm. Eastern. Founded 1926.

WLEX
Lexington, Mass. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Lexington Air Station. Announcers, Gerald Harrison, Carl S. Wheeler. Daily, 4:30-11 pm. Sun, 11 am-12 noon. Eastern. Founded October, 1926.

WLIT
Philadelphia, Pa. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Lit Bros. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1923.

WLOE
Boston, Mass. (tr. Chelsea). 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Boston Broadcasting Co. Announcers, H. Holtzhauser, Paul Welsh. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-2 pm, 4-12 pm. Eastern.

WLS
Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Crete). 344.6m-870kc. 5000 watts. Prairie Farmer. Announcer, Steve Cisler. Edgar L. Bill, manager; Don Malin, program director. Daily ex Sun, 7-10 am, 10:30-11:15 am, 11:45 am-5 pm, Mon, Fri, 5:30-11:30 pm, Thurs, 5:30-11 pm. Tues, Wed, 5:30-9 pm. Sat, 5:30-mid. Sun, 12:30-2:30 pm, 6-8 pm. Central. Founded April 6, 1924.

WLSI
Providence, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dutee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Announcer, H. Holmquist. Daily ex Sat, 3:30 pm, 8 pm. Eastern. Founded January, 1925.

WLTH
Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Voice of Brooklyn, Inc. Eastern.

WLW
Cincinnati, Ohio. 428.3m-700kc. 50,000 watts. The Crosley Radio Corp. Ford Billings, director. Slogan, "The Nation's Station." Operated in conjunction with WSAI. Daily, 6:15 am-2 am. Sun, 9:30 am-mid, ex Sat, 10 am-1 am, 2 pm ex Sun, 9:30 am-mid; Sat, 10-1 am. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WLWL
New York, N. Y. (tr. at Kearney). 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. The Paulist League. Announcer, Bartholomew Sheehan. Slogan, "For God and Country." Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 6-8 pm, Sun, 3:15-4:30 pm, 8-9:15 pm. Eastern.

WMAC
Cazenovia, N. Y. (tr. at Cazenovia). 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Divides time with WSYR, popular studio. Founded 1922. Eastern.

WMAF
South Dartmouth, Mass. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Round Hills Radio Corp.

WMAK
Buffalo, N. Y. (tr. at Martinsville). 333.1m-900kc. 750 watts (tr. Tonawanda). WMAK Broadcasting Systems, Inc. Announcers, Jeff Baker, Robert Steigl, Mark Hawley. Founded Sept. 22, 1922.

WMAL
Washington, D. C. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. M. A. Leese Radio Co. Eastern.

WMAN
Columbus, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. First Baptist church. Announcers, J. E. Anderson, C. S. Bullack. Sun, 10:30-12 am, 7:30-9 pm Eastern. Founded September, 1922.

WMAQ
Chicago, Ill. 447.5m-670kc. 5000 watts. The Chicago Daily News. Announcers, Bill Hay, George Simons. Daily ex Sun, 6 am-2 am. Sun, 10:45 am-11 pm. Central. Founded April 13, 1922.

WMAZ
Macon, Ga. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts. Mercer University. Announcer, E. K. Cargill. Daily, 7-8:30 am, 12 n-1 pm. Tues, Wed, Fri, 7:30-9:30 pm Sun, 11:30-1, 1:30-2:30 pm. PC church. 1-3 pm Eastern. Founded 1925.

WMBA
Newport, R. I. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. LeRoy J. Beebe.

WMBC
Detroit, Mich. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Michigan Broadcasting Co. Daily, 10 am-mid. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WMBD
Peoria Heights, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Peoria Heights Radio Laboratory. Daily ex Sun, 12 n.-12 mid. Sun, 11-12:30, church services, afternoon concert.

WMBF
Miami Beach, Fla. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Fleetwood Hotel. Announcer, Paul Whitehurst. Daily, 9-11 am, 12-2 pm, 5-6 pm, 9-11 pm. Eastern. Founded 1924.

WMBG
Richmond, Va. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Havens and Martin. Announcers, H. W. Jones, W. H. Wood, L. Stone. Daily ex Sun, 6-9. Sun, 6:30-7:30 pm. Eastern.

WMBH
Joplin, Mo. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Edwin Aber. Announcer, E. E. Aber. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 12:15-1:45 pm, 6-7:30 pm, 8:30-10 pm. Sat, 12:15-1:15 pm, 6-7:30 pm. Sun, 10:50-1:10 pm, 6-7 pm, 7:30-8:30 pm. Central.

WMBI
Chicago, Ill. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Moody Bible Institute. Slogan, "The West Point of Christian Service." Announcer, Wendell P. Loveless. Daily ex Sun, 7-7:40 am, 10:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 3-4 pm. Sun, 4-5:15 pm. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 4-4:30 pm. Fri, 12-1 am. Central. Founded July 28, 1926.

WMBJ
Wilkensburg, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Rev. John W. Sproul.

WMBL
Lakeland, Fla. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Benford's Radio Studios. Daily ex Sun, 9:30-10 am, 1:15-2 pm, 7-9 pm. Sun, 11-12 n, 7:30-8:30. Eastern.

WMBM
Memphis, Tenn. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Seventh Day Adventist church.

WMBO
Auburn, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Radio Service Laboratories. Daily ex Fri, Sat, Sun, 11:30 am-1:30 pm. Fri, 11:30 am-2:30 pm. Sun, 8-10 am, 6-7:30 pm.

WMBQ
Brooklyn, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Paul J. Gollhoier.

WMBR
Tampa, Fla. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. F. J. Reynolds. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 2-4 pm, 6:30-11:30 pm. Eastern.

WMC
Memphis, Tenn. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. The Commercial Appeal. Announcer, Francis S. Chamberlin. Slogan, "Station WMC, Memphis, "Down in Dixie." Daily ex Sun, 12 n. Mon, 7-10 pm, N.B.C. Tues, 9:50 am, 7 pm, N.B.C.; 7:30, music. Sun, 11 am, services; 5:30, concert; 6:20, N.B.C.; 8, N.B.C.; 9:15, N. B. C. Founded Jan. 20, 1923. Central.

WMCA
New York, N. Y. (tr. at Hoboken). 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Henry McAlpin. Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Harry Mack. Slogan, "Where the Searchlight Flashes and the White Way Begins." Daily ex Sun, 8:30 am-6 pm, 7 pm-12 mid. Sun, 9:30 am-5 pm, 6-8 pm, 9:15-11:30 pm. Eastern.

WMES
Boston, Mass. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Mass. Educational Society. Announcer, A. Berggren. Sun, 10:30 am-12:30 pm, 7:45-9. Eastern. Founded Aug. 1, 1927.

WMMN
Fairmont, W. Va. 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts day. Fidelt Rowe Novelty Co. Daily ex Sun, 3-4 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 11-n. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 10:30 am-12 n. Mon, 7-10 pm. Tues and Fri, 7-9 pm. Wed, 8-10, mid.-2 am. Thurs, 8:30-10:30 pm. Sat, 7 pm-1 am. Sun, 10:30 am-n, 2-5 pm, 7:30-9:30 pm.

WMPC
Lapeer, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. First Methodist Protestant Church. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 12-1:30 pm. Daily ex Sat, 4-5:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 6:30-10 pm. Sun, 10-12 n, 12-1 pm, 4-5:30, 7:30-12. Central. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

WMRJ
Jamaica, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Peter J. Prinz. Tues, Thurs, 7:30-12 mid. Sat, 12-2:30 am. Sun, 12-5:30 pm. Eastern. Opened July 9, 1926.

WMSG
New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Madison Square Garden. Announcer, Horace E. Beaver. Mon, 3-6 pm. Tues, 9-12 pm. Wed, 3-9 pm. Thurs, 12-3 pm, 9-12 pm. Fri, 8:30-11. Sat, 9-12 pm. Eastern.

WMT
Waterloo, Iowa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night. 250 watts day. Waterloo Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Raymond L. Hill, Harold E. Clark. Daily ex Sun, 8:45-11:15 am, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 8 pm. Sun, 9 am, 4, 6, 7:30 pm. Central. Founded July 29, 1922.

WNAC
Boston, Mass. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. The Shepard Stores. Announcers, Ben Hadfield, John Wardell, Joseph Lopez, Edward J. Lord, Jean Sargent. Daily, 8 am-mid. Eastern. Founded July 31, 1922.

WNAD
Norman, Okla. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. University of Oklahoma. Announcer, Bill Cram. Slogan, "Voice of Sooneriand." Mon, Thurs, 7:15-9 pm. Wed, 9-10 pm. Sat, 2-5 pm. Sun, 3:15-4:15 and 4-5 (alternating). Central. Founded September, 1922.

WNAT
Philadelphia, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Lennig Bros. Co. Daily ex Sun, 9-10:30 am, Tues, 5-12 pm. Wed, 7:30-10 pm. Sat, 1-4 pm, 7:30 pm-mid. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WNAX
Yankton, S. D. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Gurney Seed & Nursery Co. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-8 pm. Sun, 10:30 am-8 pm. Central. Founded 1921

WNBF
Binghamton, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Howitt-Wood Radio Co., Inc. Daily ex Sun, 10:50 am-2 pm, 5:30-10:30 pm. Sun, 10 am-12 n, 5:30-10:15 pm. Eastern.

WNBH
New Bedford, Mass. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. New Bedford Hotel. Announcer, Donald Morton. Mon, 6-10:30 pm, Tues, Thurs, 7-11 pm. Wed, 6-10 pm. Fri, 6-10:30 pm. Sun, 11 am-12:15 pm, 1-5 pm, 7:30-9:30 pm. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WNBJ
Knoxville, Tenn. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Lonsdale Baptist Church. Thurs, Sun, 9:45 am, 10:45, 5-6 pm, 7. Central.

WNBO
Washington, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. John Brownlee Spriggs. Slogan, "The Voice of South Western Penna." Daily ex Sun, 2-4 pm, 9-11 pm. Sun, 11 am, 7 pm, services. Eastern.

WNBQ
Rochester, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Gordon P. Brown.

WNBR
Memphis, Tenn. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Popular Radio Shop. Announcer, Mrs. John Ulrich. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-11 am, 2-4 pm, 6-10 pm. Sun, 4:30-7 pm. Central. Opened Feb. 28, 1927.

WNBW
Carbondale, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 5 watts. Home Cut Glass and China Co.

WNBX
Springfield, Vt. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. First Congregational Church Corp.

WNBZ
Saranac Lake, N. Y. 232.4m-1290kc. 50 watts. Smith and Mace. Daily, all day. Eastern.

WNJ
Newark, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Radio Investment Co. Inc. Eastern.

WNOX
Knoxville, Tenn. 535.4m-560kc. 2000 watts to local sunset. 1000 watts after. Sterchi Bros. Every night, 8-10:30 pm. Every day, 12-1, 3-4, 6-8 pm. Central. Founded 1921.

WNRC
Greensboro, N. C. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Wayne M. Nelson. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 12:30-3 pm, 6:30-9:30 pm. Sun, 11:15 am and 8 pm, services. Eastern. Founded March 24, 1926.

WNYC
New York, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. New York Municipal Radio Station. Slogan, "Municipal Broadcasting Station of the City of New York." Eastern. Founded July 8, 1924.

WOAI
San Antonio, Texas. 252m-1190kc. 5000 watts. Southern Equip. Co. (Evening News-Express). Announcer, J. G. Cummings. Slogan, "The Winter Playground of America, Where the Sunshine Spends the Winter." Daily ex Sun, 10 am, weather, markets, news; 12-1:45, Farm and Home hour; 2:30, 3:30, music; 4:30, 5:45, markets, news, sports. Mon, 5:30-6, 7-7:30, 8:30-9:30, N.B.C. Tues, 5:30-6:45, 7-10:30, N.B.C. Wed, 8-9:30, N.B.C. Thurs, 9:45-10 am, Hands of History; 6-7 pm, organ; 7-9:30, N.B.C. Fri, 10-11 am, R. C. A. School program; 12, 8:15 N.B.C. Sat, 1:30-2:30 pm, R. C. A. Demonstration hour; 8-10, N.B.C. Sun, 11 am, 12:30-1, 5-5:30, 7-7:15, 8:15-9:15, N.B.C. Central. Founded summer 1922.

WOAN
Lawrenceburg, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. Vaughn School of Music. Announcer, Y. M. Cornelius. Sun, 11-12 n. Daily, 12-1 pm, 7-8 pm. Tues, Thurs, 11-12 pm. Central.

WOAX
Trenton, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. F. J. Wolff. Slogan, "Trenton Makes; the World Takes." Daily, 12-2 pm, Wed, Sat, 8-12 pm. Sun, 7:45-10 pm. Eastern. Founded March 2, 1923.

WOBT
Union City, Tenn. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Titsworth Radio Music Shop. Daily ex Sun, 9:30-10:30 am, 3:30-4:30 pm. Sun, 4-5 pm. Eastern.

WOBU
Charleston, W. Va. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Charleston Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Wally Frederick. Daily ex Sun, 10-12, 1:30-3 pm, Mon, Wed, Fri, 7-9 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 9-11 pm. Sun, 5-6:30 pm. Eastern.

WOC
Davenport, Iowa. 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. The Palmer School of Chiropractic. Announcers, Peter MacArthur, Edgar Twamley. Slogan, "Where the West Begins and in the State Where the Tall Corn Grows." Mon, Wed, Fri, 10 am-mid. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7:30 am-5 pm. Sun, 10:45 am-5 pm, alternating 5 pm-10:45 pm. Founded May, 1922.

WOCL
Jamestown, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 25 watts. A. E. Newton. Slogan, "We're on Chautauqua Lake." Announcer, Bob Page. Tues, 6-9 pm. Wed, 6-7:30 pm. Fri, 6-9 pm. Sat, 2:30 pm, sports. Sun, 10:30 am, bible students' lectures; 7:30 pm, Christian Science service. Eastern.

WODA
Paterson, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. O'Dea Temple of Music. Slogan, "A Voice From the Silk City." Founded April 13, 1925. Eastern.

WOI
Ames, Iowa. 535.4m-560kc. 3500 watts. Iowa State College. Announcer, A. G. Woolfries. Daily ex Sun, 6:30 am, 7, 7:15, 9, 9:10, 9:30, 10, 10:30, 12:20 pm, 12:30, 12:40, 12:45, 1:15, 1:30. Founded April, 1922. Central.

WOKO
Mt. Beacon, N. Y. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. H. E. Smith, R. M. Curtis. Slogan, "The Voice From the Clouds." Daily, 10-11 am, 12-1 pm, 5:30-6 pm, 9-12 pm. Sun, 10 am-12 n, 3-4 pm. Eastern. Founded March, 1924.

WOL
Washington, D. C. 228m-1310kc. 100 watts. American Broadcasting Co. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am-12 n, 5:45-8 pm, 10 pm-mid. Sun, 10 am-1:30 pm; 5-9:15 pm. Founded 1924. Eastern.

WOMT
Manitowoc Wis. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. The Mikadow theater. Announcer, F. M. Kadon. Daily ex Sun, 11:45 am-1:10 pm, 5:45-7. Sun, 10:30-12 am, Fri, 7-8 pm. Central. Founded July, 1926.

WOOD
Grand Rapids, Mich. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Walter E. Stiles, Inc. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 9-11 am, 3:30-4:45 pm, 6-7 pm, 8-11:15 pm. Tues, 9-11:30 am, 3:30-4:45 pm, 6-7 pm, 8-11:15 pm. Sat, 9-11 am, 3:30-4:45 pm, 6-7 pm, 8-10 pm. Sun, 11:30 am-12:45 pm, 4-6:15 pm, 9-10 pm. Central.

WOQ
Kansas City, Mo. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Unity School of Christianity. Announcer, Rex G. Bettis. Daily ex Sun, 11-11:30 am. Wed, 10:30-11:30 pm. Thurs, 6-7 pm. Fri, 9-10 pm. Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, Daily ex Sun, 11-11:30 am. Wed, 10:30-11:45 pm. 2:30-3:45, 8-9:15 pm, 10-11 pm. Central. Founded 1921.

WOR
Worcester, Mass. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. A. F. Kleindienst. Free time except 11-12 am. Eastern. Founded Feb. 27, 1925.

WORD
Batavia, Ill. 202.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Association. Announcer, J. P. Holmes. Slogan, "Watchtower Station, WORD." Daily ex Sun, 10-11 am, 7-8 pm. Sun, 9 am-n, 1-7:30 pm. Central. Founded December, 1924.

WOS
Jefferson City, Mo. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. Missouri State Marketing Bureau. Announcer, Jack Heiny. Slogan, "Watch Our State." Daily ex Sun, 9 am, 10, 10:30, 11, 12 n, 1 pm, 2, markets, stocks, weather. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 6:45 pm; markets, 7:15, news, Fri, 4 pm, children's hour. Mon, Wed, 8 pm. Fri, 8:15 pm. Central. Founded 1922.

WOV
New York, N. Y. 265.3m-1130kc. 1000 watts. International Broadcasting Corp. Daylight until 6 pm.

WOW
Omaha, Neb. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Woodmen of the World. Announcers, Ezra McIntosh, Joe Eaton, Eugene Kohrer, Slogan, "The Omaha Station." Daily ex Sun, 8 am, 9:15, 12:45 pm, 1 pm, 5, markets. Programs daily at 8:15 am, 9:30 am, 11 am, 11:20 am, 12 n, 1:30 pm, 2 pm, 3 pm, 5 pm, 6 pm, 7 pm, 8 pm, 9 pm, 10 pm, 11 pm, mid. Central. Founded April 2, 1923.

WOWO
Fort Wayne, Ind. 258.5m-1160kc. 10,000 watts. Main Auto Supply Co. Announcers, Joe Becker, Joe Poehling, Howard Ackley, A. H. Kuckein. Daily ex Sun, 9:30 am-2 pm. Sun, 1-4 pm. Sat, Sun, 7-10 pm. Mon, 11:15 am. Tues, 6-11 pm. Wed, 8:30-11 pm. Thurs, 6-11 pm. Fri, 8-11 pm. Central. Founded April, 1925.

WPAP
Palisade, N. J. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Palisade Amusement Park. Announcer, Perry Charles. Eastern.

WPAW
Pawtucket, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Shortenberg & Robinson Co. Director, A. K. Stone. Slogan, "The Cradle of American Industry." Eastern. Opened January, 1924. Reopened August, 1926.

WPCC
Chicago, Ill. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. North Shore Church. Announcer, Ralph E. Briggs. Daily ex Sun, 4-5 pm. Wed, 11 pm. Sun, 10.30 am-12:30 pm, 4 pm-mid. Central. Founded July, 1924.

WPCH
Hoboken, N. J. 370.2m-810kc. 500 watts. Assoc. Broadcasters, Inc. Daily, 1-10 pm. Sun, 10 am-10 pm. Eastern.

WPEN
Philadelphia, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts day. 250 watts night. Philadelphia School of Wireless Telegraphy. Slogan, "First Wireless School in America. Eastern. Founded 1908.

WPG
Atlantic City, N. J. 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. Municipality of Atlantic City. Slogan, "World's Playgrounds." Daily ex Sun, 1-2, 4-6 pm, 6:45-12 mid. Sun, 3:15 pm, 4:15-5, 5:15, 9:15, 10:30. Eastern. Founded Jan. 3, 1924.

WPOE
Patchogue, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 30 watts. Patchogue Order of Elks. Daily, 9-12 n, 8-11 pm. Sun, 9-12 n, 3-5 pm, 8-11 pm. Eastern.

WPSC
State College, Pa. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. Pa. State College. Announcers, E. H. Rohrbeck, K. L. Holderman. Slogan, "The Voice of the Nittany Lion." Mon, Thurs, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 12:45 pm. Sat, 2 pm. Sun, 11 am. Eastern. Founded Nov., 1921.

WPTF
Raleigh, N. C. 440.9m-680kc. 1000 watts. Durham Life Ins. Co. Slogan, "We Protect the Family." Daily ex Sun, 11:45 am to sunset Pac. Coast Time. Sun, 10-12:15, 1-2:15, 7:15-9. Eastern Founded October 1, 1927.

WQAM
Miami, Fla. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Miami Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Frederick W. Myer. Slogan, "The Most Southern Broadcasting Station in the U. S." Daily ex Sun, 9 to 10:30 am, 11:30 am-1 pm, 5-9 pm. Sun, 9-12 n, 7-9 pm. Eastern. Founded February 1, 1922.

WQAN
Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Times. Announcer, T. V. Nealon. Slogan, "The Voice of the Anthracite." Daily ex Sun, 12:30-1 pm, 4:30-5, news, reports, sports, music. Tues, Fri, 8 pm, entertainment. Sat, 6:30-7:15 pm, dance music. Sun, 4-5 pm. Eastern. Opened Jan. 8, 1923.

WQAO
Palisade, N. J. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Calvary Baptist Church. Announcer, D. Jones. Slogan, "The First Church Owned and Operated Broadcasting Station in the World." Wed, 7:30-8:30. Sun, 11-12:30, 3-4:30, 7:30-9:30. Founded 1922. Eastern.

WQBC
Utica, Miss. 220.4m-1360kc. 300 watts. Utica Chamber of Commerce, Inc. Daily, 8 am-2:15 pm. Tues, Fri, 7-10 pm. Sun, 12:30-1:30 pm. Central.

WQBJ
Clarksburg, W. Va. 249.9m-1200kc. 65 watts. John Raikes.

WQBZ
Weirton, W. Va. 211.1m-1420kc. 60 watts. J. H. Thompson.

WRAF
La Porte, Ind. 249.9m-1200 kc. 100 watts. Radio Club, Inc. Announcer, Charles Middleton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Maple City." Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am, music; 12:15-12:30, news; 5:30-8, music. Fri, Sat, 8-9:30 pm. Sun, 10:45 am-12:15 pm, 4:15-5:15 pm, 7-8 pm, church services. Founded April, 1923. Central.

WRAK
Erie, Pa. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. C. R. Cummins. Slogan, "The Voice of Presque Isle." Eastern. Founded 1924.

WRAW
Reading, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Avenue Radio & Elec. Shop. Slogan, "The Schuylkill Valley Echo." Announcer, C. M. Chafey. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-9:30 am, 12 n-1 pm. Tues, 8-11:30 pm. Thurs, 7-12 mid. Sun, 11 am, 3-4, 7. Eastern. Founded June 5, 1923.

WRAX
Philadelphia, Pa. 293.9m-1020kc. 250 watts daylight. Berachah Church, Inc. Announcers, Walter S. Smalley, Herbert Hogg. Tues, 3-4 pm. Thur, Fri, 7-8 pm. Sun, 11:10-12:10 pm, 4-5 pm. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WRBI
Tifton, Ga. 228.9m-1310kc. 20 watts. Kent's Furniture and Music Store.

WRBJ
Hattiesburg, Miss. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Woodruff Furn. Co. Daily ex Sun, 12-1 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 8-10 pm. Central.

WRBL
Columbus, Ga. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Roy E. Martin.

WRBQ
Greenville, Miss. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. J. Pat Scully. Daily, 12-1 pm, weather, markets, music; 6-8 pm, music. Sat, 12 am, frolic.

WRBT
Wilmington, N. C. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilminston Radio Assn.

WRBU
Gastonia, N. C. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. A. J. Kirby Music Co.

WRBW
Columbia, S. C. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Paul S. Pearce. Daily ex Sun, 1-2 pm. Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 2-6:30 pm.

WRBX
Roanoke, Va. 322.4m-930kc. 250 watts. Richmond Development Corp.

WRC
Washington, D. C. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. National Broadcasting Co. Announcer, George F. Hicks. Slogan, "The Voice of the Capitol." Daily, 6:45 am-12 mid. Eastern.

WREC
Memphis, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts night, 1,000 watts day. WREC, Inc. Announcers, Hoyt B. Wooten, S. D. Wooten, Jr., Doc Sunshine, Bob Alberty, Bob Brooks. Daily, 9 am-12 mid. Central. Founded Sept. 1923.

WREN
Lawrence, Kan. 245.8m-1220kc. 1000 watts. Jenny Wren, Announcers, Vernon H. Smith, Ernest Pontius. Daily ex Sun, 6:30-11 am, 12-1:30 pm, 4-11 pm. Sun, 8-9:30 am, 11 am-10:15 pm. Central. Founded February, 1927.

WRHM
Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Rosedale Hospital, Inc. Announcer, Troy S. Miller.

WRJN
Racine, Wis. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Racine Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, H. J. Newcomb, Dick Mann. Daily, 12-1 pm, 6:30-10 pm. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1926.

WRK
Hamilton, Ohio. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. S. W. Doran. Mon, Wed, Fri, 1-2 pm, 6:45-10. Tues, Thurs, 12-2 pm, 6:45-2 am. Sat, 1-2 pm, 2:30-3, 6:45-2:50 am, 10:30. Eastern. Founded 1919.

WRNY
New York, N. Y. (Tr. at Coytesville, N. J.) 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Aviation Radio Station, Inc. Mon, Fri, 2:30-9 pm. Tues, 10 am-1 pm, 5-11 pm. Wed, 12:30 pm, 4 pm, 9:30 pm-1 am. Thurs, 10 am-1:30 pm. Sat, 10 am-1:30 pm, 5 pm-1 am. Sun, 2-10:30 pm. Eastern. Founded June 12, 1925.

WRR
Dallas, Texas. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Dallas. Announcer, John Thorwald. Slogan, "City of Achievements." Daily ex Sat, Sun, 11 am-12:45 pm. Mon, Thurs, 6-11 pm. Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat, 6-10:30 pm. Sat, 11 am-12:30 pm, 2:30-3:30 pm. Sun, 11-12 n, 1:30-4:30 pm, 7-10:30 pm. Central.

WRUF
Gainesville, Fla. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. University of Florida. Announcer, Chas. Lee. Daily, 10 am, Homemakers' hour; 1 pm, noontime program; 6-11, variety program. Sat, mid to 2 am, frolic. Sun, 1 pm-7:30 pm.

WRVA
Richmond, Va. 270.1m-1110kc. 5000 watts. Larus & Bro. Co., Inc. Slogan, "Down Where the South Begins." Announcer, Robert Beadles. Daily ex Sun, 10:30-3 pm, 6 pm-12 mid, Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 2-4 30 pm, 7:30-11 pm. Eastern. Opened Nov. 2, 1925.

WSAI
Cincinnati, Ohio. (Tr. at Mason.) 325.4m-1330kc. 500 watts. Operated by Crosley Radio Corp.

WSAJ
Grove City, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Grove City College. William L. Harmon, activities. Irregular schedule. Founded April, 1920.

WSAN
Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Allentown Call Pub. Co. Announcer, Charles Walp. Mon, Tues, Thurs, Sat. Eastern.

WSAR
Fall River, Mass. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Doughty & Welch Elec. Co., Inc. Announcers, Barton G. Albert, Leonard A. McGrath. Daily, 11-1 pm, 5:30-7:30 pm, 9-10:30 pm. Founded Jan., 1923. Eastern.

WSAZ
Huntington, W. Va. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. W. C. McKellar, Announcer, F. B. Smith. Daily, 12:30-3:30 pm, 6 pm-12 mid. Sun, 7-12 mid. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 3-9 pm. Sun, 19 am-1 pm, 7:30-9. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WSB
Atlanta, Ga. 405.2m-740kc. 1000 watts. Atlanta Journal. Announcer, Lambdin Kay. Slogan, "The Voice of the South." Mon, Tues, Thurs, 9:15 am-2:30 pm. Wed, 9:15 am-10:45 pm. Fri, 9 am-10:45 pm. Sat, 10 am-10:45 pm. Sun, 9:15, 10 55 am, 1, 2 pm, 5-9 pm. Central.

WSBC
Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. World Battery Co. Daily, 10-11:30 am, 1:30-3:30 pm, 5-6 pm, 8-9 pm, 11 pm-1 am. Central.

WSBT
South Bend, Ind. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. South Bend Tribune. Announcer, C. G. Livengood. Tues, 6-8. Wed, 6-6:30, 10-11. Thurs, 6-6:30, 8-10, 11-12. Fri, 6-6:30, 8-11. Sat, 10-11. Sun, 10:45-12 n. Founded April, 1922. Central.

WSEA
Portsmouth, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Radio Corp. of Virginia. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WSGH—WSDA
Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Amateur Radio Specialty Co. Announcer, E. C. Rhodes. Daily ex Sun, 4 pm, 12 mid. Sun, 12:30-3 pm. Eastern. Opened Nov. 3, 1926.

WSIS
Sarasota, Fla. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Financial Journal. Announcer, Jack Dadswell. Eastern. Founded 1920.

WSIX
Springfield, Tenn. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. 638 Tire and Vulc. Co. Announcer, George H. Lawrence. Central. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WSM
Nashville, Tenn. 461.3m-650kc. 5000 watts. National Life and Accident Insurance Co. Announcers, George Hay, Jack Keefe, Harry Stone. Daily ex Sun, 11:45 am-2:30 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, 5:30-11 pm. Fri, 5:30-10 pm. Sat, 6-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 3-4:30, 6-10:45. Founded Oct. 5, 1925.

WSMB
New Orleans, La. 227.1m-1320kc. 500 watts. Saenger Theaters, Inc., and The Maison Blanche Co. Announcer, C. R. Randall. Daily ex Sun, 12:30-1:30 pm, 6-7. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 8:30-10:30 pm. Fri, 10-11 am. Founded April 21, 1925. Central.

WSMD
Salisbury, Md. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Tom F. Little. Announcer, H. A. Beach. Slogan, "Voice of the Eastern Shore." Daily, 7-9 am, 11 am-1 pm, 6-9 pm. Eastern. Opened January, 1923.

WSMK
Dayton, Ohio. 217.3m-1380kc. 200 watts. S. M. Krohn, Jr. Slogan, "The Home of Aviation." Eastern Standard.

WSPD
Toledo, Ohio. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. The Toledo Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Willard Rippon, Eddie McLeod, Harry Hansen, Dwight Northrup, Merrill Pheatt. Slogan, "The Gateway to the Sea." 9:30 am-2 pm, 5 pm-11 pm. Eastern.

WSRO
Middletown, Ohio. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Middletown Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Harry W. Fahrlander. Central. Founded 1923.

WSSH
Boston, Mass. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Tremont Temple Baptist Church. Announcer, Raymond B. Meader. Fri, 7:30-9 pm. Sun, 10 am, 6:30 pm. Eastern. Founded June 8, 1924.

WSUI
Iowa City, Iowa. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Univ. of Iowa. Announcer, Carl Menzer. Daily ex Sun, 9 am, 1 pm. Daily, 12 n, 6 to 6:30 pm. Mon, 8:30-9:30, mid. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, 11-12 n, 2:30-4:30 daily. Fri, 11 am-12:30 pm. Sun, 9:15, 9:45. Founded Feb. 12, 1924. Central.

WSUN—WFLA
St. Petersburg, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. City of St. Petersburg. Announcer, Eddie Young. Slogan, "The Sunshine City. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 12-1, 2-4 pm, 7-12. Eastern. Founded Nov. 9, 1925.

WSYR
Buffalo, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Seneca Vocational School. Announcer, David Warnhoff. Slogan, "Watch Seneca Vocational School." Mon, 9:30-11 am, Tues, 7:30-10 am. Wed, 9:30-10 am, 8-9:30 pm. Thurs, 9:30-10 am, Fri, 9:30-10 am, 8-9:30 pm. Eastern. Founded Nov. 9, 1925.

WSYR
Syracuse, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Slogan, "Voice of Central New York." Daily ex Sun, 8:30 am-mid. Sun, 2 pm-9 pm. Eastern. Founded 1922

WTAD
Quincy, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Illinois Stock Medicine Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Agriculture." Daily ex Sun, 10 am-1 pm, 3 pm-1 am, 7 pm-9 pm. Central. Founded Dec. 27, 1926.

WTAG
Worcester, Mass. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Worcester Telegram-Gazette. Announcer, Chester Gaylord. Slogan, "The Voice From the Heart of the Commonwealth." Daily ex Sun, Sat, 10 am, 10:30, 11:45, 12 n, 12:30, 1:30, 2:45, 4:30, 6:30, 7, 7:30, 8:30, 9, 10, 11. Tues, 10:30 am-1:15 pm, 6:30 pm-12:15 am. Sat, 10:45, 12:30, 1 pm, 6:15-11:15 pm. Sun, 1:30, 3, 4, 5:30, 6-11 pm. Eastern. Founded May 1, 1924.

WTAM—WEAR
Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 3500 watts, WEAR, 1000 watts, WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Announcer, Fred Ripley. Daily, 8:55 am-1 am. Sun, 1:30 pm-1 am. Founded Sept. 26, 1923. Eastern.

WTAQ
Eau Claire, Wis. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. Gillette Rubber Co. Announcer, C. S. Van Gorden. Slogan, "Where Tires Are Quality."

WTAR—WPOR
Norfolk, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. WTAR Radio Corp. Announcers, Fred Pfahler, George Beck, Joe Klucz, D. C. Carr, Tom Hanes. Daily, 7:30-10:30 am, 12-1:30 pm, 4:30-12 mid. Sun, 10-11 am, 4-10 pm. Eastern. Founded Sept. 21, 1923.

WTAW
College Station, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Founded 1922. Central.

WTAX
Streator, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Williams Hardware Co., Radio Division. Wed, Fri, 8-10:30 pm. Tues, Fri, 10-11 am. Central.

WTAZ
Richmond, Va. 247.8m-1210kc. 1500 watts. W. Reynolds, Jr., and T. J. McQuire.

WTBO
Cumberland, Md. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Cumberland Elec. Co.

WTFI
Toccoa, Ga. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Toccoa Falls Institute. Announcer, Kelly Barnes. Eastern. Founded Oct. 4, 1927.

WTHS
Atlanta, Ga. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Atlanta Technological H. S.

WTIC
Hartford, Conn. 282.8m-1060kc. 50,000 watts. The Travelers Insurance Co. Slogan, "The Insurance City." Wed, Fri, Sun, 7-12 pm. Tues, Thur, Sat, daytime program up to 7 pm. Founded Feb. 10, 1925. Eastern.

WTMJ
Milwaukee, Wis. (Tr. at Brookfield.) 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Milwaukee Journal. Announcers, Merrill Trapp, Donald T. McNeil, Merl Blackburn, Richard B. Macaulay, Robt. D. Boniel. Slogan, "Voice of Wisconsin, Land of Lakes." Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 7 am-12:30 am. Sat, 7 am-1:30 am. Sun, 8:30 am-12:30 am. Central. Founded July 28, 1927.

WTNT
Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. WTNT Broadcasters. Announcer, Fred Waldrum. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-12 n, 4 pm-6 pm, 10 pm-12 mid. Founded Feb. 24, 1924. Central.

WWAE
Hammond, Ind. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Dr. Geo. F. Courier.

WWJ
Detroit, Mich. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. The Detroit News. Announcers, E. L. Tyson, F. P. Wallace, Lynn Gearhart. Daily ex Sun, "9:30 am, tonight's dinner; 9:50, woman's hour; 10:30, weather; 11:15, N. E. A.; 11:55, time; 12 n, orchestra; 12:40, time flashes; 1, organ; 3, program; 4, weather; 5, orchestra; 5:45, markets; 6, organ; 6:30, dinner music; 7, news; 7:15, evening program. Sun, 10:30 am, services; 2 pm, program; 7:20-10:15, N.B.C. Eastern. Founded Aug., 1920.

WWL
New Orleans, La. 352.7m-850kc. 5000 watts. Loyola Univ. Announcers, Jean Paquet, J. D. Bloom. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 7:30-9:30 pm. Tues, Thurs, 6-8 pm. Sun, 10-11 am. Central. Founded March 31, 1922.

WWNC
Asheville, N. C. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Citizens Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan: "Radio Voice of Asheville Citizen." Announcer, G. O. Shepherd. Eastern. Founded Feb. 21, 1927.

WWRL
Woodside, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. W. H. Reuman. Sun, 1 pm, Hubert's Happy hour; 5 pm, Watch Tower hour. Wed, 9 pm, Barrett's Entertainers. Mon, Fri, 11:30 pm, Queensboro Theater program. Founded Aug. 15, 1926.

WWVA
Wheeling, W. Va. 258.5m-1160kc. 5,000 watts. West Va. Broadcasting Corp. Daily ex Sun, 8, 11, 12, 2 pm, 6. Mon, 7-11 pm. Wed, 7-10:30 pm. Sat, 11-1 am. Sun, 10:30 am, 1 pm, 3, 7:30. Eastern. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

CANADA, CUBA, MEXICO

Canada

CFAC
Calgary, Alta., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. Calgary Herald. Announcer, Fred Carleton. Daily ex Sun, 11:30-12:15 pm, 1:15 pm, weather, markets. Mon, 3:30-4:30 pm, 5:30-10:30, Tues, 7-9 pm. Wed, 3:30-4:30 pm, 7:30-9 pm. Thurs, 7 pm-9 pm, 9:30-10:30, 12, Fri, 3:30-4:30 pm, 8:30. Sun, 11 am, 7 pm, service.

CFCA
Toronto, Ont., Can. 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. Toronto Star. Announcer, Gordon W. McClain. Daily ex Sun, 12:30 pm, 6 pm, weather, stocks. Mon, 6:30-10 pm. Tues, 6:30-12 pm. Wed, 6:30-11 pm. Thurs, 6:30-7:30 pm. Fri, 6:30-11 pm. Sat, 7-11 pm. Sun, 11 am, 7 pm, church services; 6-8:30 pm, musical program. Eastern. Founded March, 1922.

CFCF
Montreal, P. Q., Can. 291.1m-1030kc. 1650 watts. Canadian Marconi Co. Announcers, W. Dundas Simpson, R. Paul French announcer, C. A. Charlesos. Daily ex Sun, 11:45-2 pm. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 10:30 am-12:15 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 3 pm-4 am, 4:45-6:30 pm, 7-1 am. Tues, 4:30-11 pm. Sat, 3-11 pm. Sun, 9-11 pm. Eastern.

CFCH
Iroquois Falls, Ont. 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Abitibi Power and Paper Co., Ltd.

CFCN
Calgary, Alta., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 1800 watts. W. W. Grant, Ltd. Slogan, "Voice of the Prairies." Mountain.

CFCO
Chatham, Ont. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Western Ontario "Better Radio" Club. Slogan: "Coming from Chatham, Ontario." Mon, Wed, Fri evenings.

CFCT
Victoria, B. C., Can. 329.5m-630kc. 500 watts. The Victoria Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, Cliff Deaville. Daily ex Sun, 8-8:30 am, 6-8 pm. Daily ex Sun, Mon, 11-12 pm. Wed, 8-10 pm. Fri, 5:30-9 pm. Sat, 9:30-10 pm. Tues, Thurs, Fri, 11-12 pm.

CFCY
Charlottetown, P. E. I. 312.3m-960kc. 100 watts. Island Radio Co.

CFGC
Brantford, Ont. 296.9m. 50 watts.

CFJC
Kamloops, B. C. 267.7m-1120kc. 15 watts. N. S. Dalgleish and Sons, Weller and Weller.

CFMC
Kingston, Ont., Can. 267.7m-1120kc. 20 watts. Monarch Battery Mfg. Co., Ltd.

CFNB
Fredericton, N. B. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. James S. Neill & Sons, Ltd. Atlantic.

CFQC
Saskatoon, Sask., Can. 329.5m-910kc. 500 watts. The Electric Shop Wholesale Supplies Ltd. Announcer, Stan Clifton. Slogan, "The Hub City of the West Where No. 1 Northern Hard Wheat Grows." Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am, 1-2 pm, markets, reports, music. Mon, 7-10 pm. Wed, 7:30-10 pm. Thurs, Fri, 7:30-9 pm. Sun, 11 am, 7 pm, church service. Mountain.

CFRB
Toronto, Ont. 312.3m-960km, 4000 watts. Standard Radio Mfg. Corp., Ltd. Announcer, Charles Shearer. Slogan, "Just Plug In, Then Tune In." Eastern.

CFRC
Kingston, Ont., Can. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Queen's University, Inc. Oct., 1923.

CFYC
Burnaby, B. C., 410.7m. 500 watts.

CHCA
Calgary, Alta. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. The Western Farmer, Ltd. Announcer, D. E. Daniel. Daily ex Sun, 6-7 pm. Sun, 5-6 pm.

CHCS
Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.7m-880kc. 10 watts. Hamilton Spectator.

CHCT
Red Deer, Alta. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. Messrs. G. F. Tull and Ardern, Ltd.

CHGS
Summerside, P. E. I. 267.9m-1120kc. 50 watts. R. T. Holman, Ltd. Daily, 12:15 n, 5:15 pm. Sun, 11 am, 3:15 pm, 7 pm. Atlantic.

CHMA
Edmonton, Alta. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Christian & Missionary Alliance. Mountain.

CHML
Mount Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.7m-880kc. 50 watts. Maple Leaf Radio Co. Mon, Wed, Fri, 5-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, 10 am-2 pm. Sat, 9:30-12 am. Alternate Sundays, 11 am-12:30 pm, 7 pm-8:30 pm. Eastern.

CHNC
Toronto, Can. 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. Toronto Radio Research society.

CHNS
Halifax, N. S. 322.6m-930kc. 100 watts. Herald, Ltd. Slogan: "At Halifax, N. S. The Front Door of Canada—Always Open." Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am-1:30 pm. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 6 pm-8 pm. Tues, Thur, Sun, 6 pm-12 mid. Friday 2 pm-5:30, 10 pm-mid. Atlantic. Founded May, 12, 1926.

CHRC
Quebec, Que. 340.7m-880kc. 5 watts. E. Fontaine.

CHWC
Regina, Sask., Can. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. R. H. Williams & Sons, Ltd. Daily ex Sun, 12-1 pm, 5-6. Mon, Wed, Sat, 8-10 pm. Mountain.

CHWK
Chilliwack, B. C., Can. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Chilliwack Broadcasting Co., Ltd. Daily ex Sun, 12-1 pm, 5:30-6:30 pm.

CJBR
Regina, Sask. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Saskatchewan Co-operative Wheat Producers, Ltd.

CJCA
Edmonton, Alta., Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Edmonton Journal, Ltd. Announcer, R. A. Rice. Slogan, "Altogether for the Journal." Daily ex Sun, 12:30-2 pm. Mon, 7-8 pm, 11:15-12:15 am. Tues, 3-5 pm, 7-8, 11:15-12:15 am. Wed, 7-1. Thurs, 7-8 pm. Fri, 5-6 pm, 7-10:30. Sat, 7-8, 8:30-12. First Sun, 11-1 pm, 4:30-5:30, 9-12. Other Sundays, 4:30-5:30 pm, 7-9:30. Mountain.

CJCJ
Calgary, Alta. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. The Albertan Pub. Co., Ltd. Announcer, D. E. Daniel. Daily ex Sun, 7-7:30 am, 9-10 am, 1:45-3:30 pm. Mon, 8-9 pm, 10:30 pm, 11:30 pm. Wed, 11 pm-mid. Fri, 7-8:30 pm. Sat, 8-mid. Sun, 9:30-10:45 am, 1:30-2:30 pm, 6-7 pm, 10:30-11:30 pm.

CJCR
Red Deer, Alta., Can. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. The North American Collieries, Ltd.

CJGC
London, Ont., Can. 329.7m-910kc. 500 watts. London Free Press. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 12:15-1:45 pm, 6:45-11 pm. Sun, 11, 2, 7-11 pm. Eastern.

CJGX
Yorkton, Sask. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. The Winnipeg Grain Exchange. Daily ex Sun, 8:30 am, 10:30, 12:45 pm, 7:15. Tues, Fri, 8:30-10 pm. Central.

CJOR
Vancouver, B. C. 291.1m-1030kc. 100 watts. G. C. Chandler.

CJRM
Moose Jaw, Sask. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. James Richardson & Sons, Ltd. Daily ex Sun, 8:30-9:00 am, 9:45-10:35 am, 11:55 am-2:30 pm, weather, markets. Mon, Wed, Fri, 7 pm. Sat, 10-12 mid. Sun, 1-2:30 pm. Mountain.

CJSC
Toronto, Can. 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. The Evening Telegram.

CJWC
Saskatoon, Sask. 329.5m-910kc. 250 watts. Radio Service, Ltd.

CKAC
Montreal, Que., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 1200 watts. La Presse. Announcer, Arthur Dupont. Mon, Fri, 1:45 pm, 4:15, weather, stocks. Tues and Thurs, 10:30 am, music, stocks; 10:45, cooking school; 10:15, news, time; 12 n, music; 4:15 pm, weather; 7, markets. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7:15-11:30 pm. Eastern.

CKCD
Vancouver, B. C., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 50 watts. Vancouver Daily Province. Announcer, W. G. Hassell. Slogan, "Canada's Western Gateway." Daily ex Sun, 8:30-9 pm, news bulletins only. Pacific.

CKCI
Quebec, Que. 340.7m-880kc. 25 watts. Le Soleil, Ltd.

CKCK
Regina, Sask., Can. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Leader Pub. Co. Announcer, A. W. Hooper. "The Queen City of the West." Mountain.

CKCL
Toronto, Can. 517.2m-580kc. 500 watts. The Dominion Battery Co., Ltd. Eastern. Founded May 5, 1925.

CKCO
Ottawa, Ont., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 100 watts. Dr. G. M. Geldert (Ottawa Radio Assn.). Announcer, Dr. O. K. Gibson. Slogans, "Ottawa's Radio Voice," "The Community Voice of Canada's Capitol." Eastern. Founded March, 1924.

CKCR
St. George, Ont., Can. 257.7m-1120kc. 25 watts. John Patterson.

CKCV
Quebec, P. Q. 340.7m-880kc. 100 watts. G. A. Vandry.

CKFC
Vancouver, B. C., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 50 watts. Chalmers United Church.

CKGW
Toronto, Ont., Can., 312.5m-960kc. 5000 watts. Gooderman & Worts, Ltd. Daily.

CKLC
Red Deer, Alta. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. Alberta Pacific Grain Ct., Ltd. Daily ex Sun, 11:45 am, news, markets, weather; 4 pm, musical program. Mon, Wed, Fri, 9 pm, women's program; 7 pm, oil and mine bulletins; 7:30 pm, weather, time, news; 8 pm, studio program. Sun, 11 am, 7:30 pm, service; 5, organ; 9:15, studio program. Mountain.

CKMC
Cobalt, Ont. 247.8m-1210kc. 5 watts. R. L. MacAdam.

CKNC
Toronto, Ont., Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Eveready Battery Station. Announcers, Gordon Callder, Ernest Bushnell, Rupert Lucas, Charles Jennings. Daily ex Sun, 11:30 am-12:30pm, 2-4 pm, 5-6 pm. Mon, Thurs, Sat, 6-mid. Sun, 11-12, 1-6 pm. Eastern. Founded May 2, 1924.

CKOC
Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.9m-880kc. 100 watts. Wentworth, Radio Supply Co., Ltd. Announcer, L. Moore. Slogan, "The Voice of Hamilton." Sun, Mon, Wed, Fri, 10 am. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 12 n-1:30 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 6 pm. Eastern.

CKOW
Searboro Station, Ont. 291.1m-1030kc. 500 watts. Nestle's Food Co. of Canada.

CKPC
Preston, Ont. 247.8m-1210kc. 10 watts. Wallace Russ. Announcer, Jas. Newell. Eastern.

CKPR
Midland, Ont. 267.7m-1120kc. 50 watts. Midland Broadcasting Station. E. O. Swan. Slogan, "Voice of Canada's Northland." Daily ex Sun, 12:25 am, 5:45, stocks, news, weather. Mon, Wed, Fri, 12:30-1 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 11 am-2:30 pm, 2:30-3:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, Trans Canada Chain, 8-11 pm. Thurs, 8-12 pm. Sat, Blue Bell Chain, 10-11 pm. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 6-7 pm. Tues, Fri, 12 mid-1 am. Sun, 10:45, 12:45, 7 pm. Eastern.

CKSH
Amst. Hyacinthe, P. Q. 312.3m-1010kc. 50 watts. Scientifically rising 296.9m-1010kc. 50 watts. City 1 St. Hyacinthe, Sun, 4:30-6 pm.

CKUA
Edmonton, Alta. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. U. of Alberta. Announcer, Harold P. Brown. Sun, 3-4:30 pm, program. Mon, 3-4, homemakers; 5:30-6 pm, children; 6-7 pm, dinner hour of music; 8, program; 8:20, colleges; 9:45, lecture; ½ teature. Thurs, 3 pm, homemakers' hour; 5:30-6 pm, children; 6-7, dinner hour of music; 8-9, concert; 9 pm, farmers. Mountain.

CKWX
Vancouver, B. C. 410.7m-730kc. 100 watts. Sparks Company. Announcer, H. W. Paulson. Daily ex Sun, 8-8:30 am, 10:30-12 n, 4:30-7:30 pm. Tues, 7:30-8:30. Wed, 7:30-8:30, 9:30-12 mid. Thurs, 10:30-12 mid. Fri, 9-10:30 pm. Sat, 11:30-1 am. Pacific.

CKY
Winnipeg, Man., Can. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Manitoba Tel System. Announcer, F. E. Rutland. Slogan, "Manitoba's Own Station." Central.

CNRA
Moncton, N. B., Can. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, W. E. Powell. Slogan, "Voice of the Maritimes." Started Nov. 8, 1924.

CNRC
Calgary, Alta., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 1,800 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mon, Thurs, 9:30-10:30 pm. Mountain.

CNRE
Edmonton, Alta, Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Tues, 10-11. Mountain.

CNRM
Montreal, Que., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 1,200 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcers, J. S. McArthur, W. V. George, A. J. Black, W. H. Chodat. Eastern.

Gertrude

LITTLE HARRY had red hair and that was just one fly in Victor's ointment. There was not the slightest tinge of red in either his or Gertrude's hair. He almost went back to his first wife on that account. Gertrude was too proud to even discuss the matter. Besides she had other worries. You'll enjoy this new story by Stansbury Field in the December issue of Radio Digest.

CNRO
Ottawa, Can. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, A. W. Ryan. Daily ex Sun, 2:57-3 pm, time; 3-4:30, music. Mon, Thurs, 7:30-12 mid. Eastern. On the air Feb. 27, 1924.

CNRQ
Quebec City, Can. 340.7m-880kc. 50 watts. C. N. R. Eastern.

CNRR
Regina, Sask., Can. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.

CNRS
Saskatoon, Sask., Can. 329.5m-910kc. 500 watts. Announcer, Stan Chilton. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.

CNRT
Toronto, Ont., Can. 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Sun, 5-6 pm. Tues, 9-11 pm. Thurs, 10-11:30 pm. Eastern. First broadcast May 16, 1924.

CNRV
Vancouver, Can. 291.1m-1030kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, G. A. Wright. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 10:30-11:30 am. Mon, Wed, 10-11 pm. Tues, 9-12 am. Thurs, 10-11 pm. Fri, 7:30-12. Sun, 9-10:30 pm. Pacific.

CNRW
Winnipeg, Man., Can. 384.4m-780kc. 5000 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, R. E. Roberts. Mon, 11 pm. Tues, 9 pm, chain. Thurs, 9 pm, chain. Sat, 10 pm. Sun, 4 pm. Central.

Cuba

CMC
Havana, Cuba. 347m-840kc. 500 watts. Cuban Telephone Co. International Tel. and Teleg. Corp. Sun, Mon, Wed, 7-12 pm. Eastern.

2FG
Hershey, Cuba. 226m-999.4kc. 20 watts. Alberto A. Ferrera.

2HP
Havana, Cuba. 205m-1460kc. 200 watts. Cristina W. Vda. Crucet.

2JF
Matanzas, Cuba. 252m. 15 watts.

2JL
Mariano, Cuba. 249m-1020kc. 7½ watts. Jose Leite.

2MA
Mariano, Cuba. 277m-980kc. 50 watts. Modesto Alvarez.

20K
Havana, Cuba. 360m-833kc. 100 watts. Mario Garcia Velez.

2RK
Havana, Cuba. 326m-950kc. 50 watts. Raoul Karman. Casa De La Porte.

2UF
Havana, Cuba. 228m-844kc. 100 watts. Roberto E. Ramirez.

2XA
Havana, Cuba. 230m-1300kc. 200 watts. Lecuona Music Co.

2XX
Havana, Cuba. 225m-1333kc. 10 watts. Antonio A. Ginard.

5EV
Colon, Cuba. 360m-833kc. 100 watts. Leopoldo V. Figueroa. Sun, 9-11 pm. Eastern.

6BY
Cienfuegos, Cuba. 260m-1153kc. 200 watts. Jose Ganduxe.

6EV
Caibarien, Cuba. 250m-1200kc. 50 watts. Maria Josefa Alvarez.

6HS
S. La Grande, Cuba. 200m-1500kc. 10 watts. Santiago Ventura.

6KP
Sancti Spiritus, Cuba. 280m-1540kc. 20 watts. Antonio Galguera.

6KW
Tuinucu, Cuba. 368m-880kc. 100 watts. Frank H. Jones. Slogan, "If You Hear the Koo of the Cuckoo You Are in Tune With Tuinucu." Eastern.

6LO
Caibarien, Cuba. 325m-920kc. 250 watts. Manuel A. Alvarez.

6YR
Camajuani, Cuba. 200m-1500kc. 20 watts. Diege Iborra.

7AZ
Camaguey, Cuba. 225m-1333kc. 10 watts. Pedro Nogueras.
Port au Prince, Haiti. 361.2m. 1,000 watts.

Mexico

CYA
Mexico City, Mex. 300m-1130kc. 500 watts. Partido Liberal Avanzado. Mexican.

CYB
Mexico City, Mex. 275m-1110kc. 500 watts. El Buen, Tono. Mexican.

CYF
Oaxaca, Oax., Mex. 265m-1110kc. 100 watts. Federico Zorrilla. "The Voice From South of Mexico." Mexican.

CYL
Mexico City, Mex. 400m-625kc. 500 watts. La Casa del Radio. Announcer, George Marron. Slogan, "The Land of Eternal Summer." Mexican.

CYR
Mazatlan, Sin., Mex. 475m. 250 watts. Rosseter y Cia.

CYX
Mexico City, Mex. 325m-900kc. 500 watts. Excelsior & Revista de Revistas. Announcer, Rafael Hermandez dez Dominguez. Slogan, "Land of the Aztecs." Mexican.

CYZ
Tampico, Mex. 20 watts. Liga Central Mexicana de Radio. Mexican.

CYH
Monterey, Mexico. 311m-964kc. 250 watts. Tarnava y Cia. Slogan, "The Industrial Center of the Mexican Republic." Daily, 7:55-8:15. Mon, Sat, 8-9 pm. Wed, Sun, 8:30-10 pm. Mexican.

CYJ
Mexico City, Mex. 400m-730kc. 2000 watts. General Electric Co. Daily ex Sun, 8-10 pm. Mon, 9-10, Ampico Hour. Tues, "El Aguila" Cigarettes. Wed, Mexican Ipana Troubadours. Thurs, R. C. A. Hour. Fri, General Electric Hour. Sat, Eveready Hour. Central.

Salvador

AQM
Salvador. 482m. 500 watts.

Reader's Asiatic Log

Radio Digest is indebted to Frank A. Johnson, 367 West Englewood avenue, Chicago, Ill., for the following list of Asiatic stations. Mr Johnson received the list in answer to his inquiry for confirmation of DX programs he had tuned in from the opposite side of the world in Chicago.

Station	Watts	Wave Length
Peping ..... COPK	100	315
Tientsin ..... COTN	500	483
Mukden ..... COMK	2,000	425
Harbin ..... COHB	1,000	445
Shanghai ..... KRC	150	345
Shanghai ..... SSC	50	370
Shanghai ..... NKS	50	315
Shanghai ..... KMS	50	277
Nanking ..... XGZ	50	420
Hanchow ..... XGY	250	315
Hongkong ..... SHK	150	425
Tokyo ..... JOAK	10,000	345
Osaka ..... JOBK	10,000	400
Nagoya ..... JOCK	10,000	370
Hojyo ..... JODK	1,000	360
Hiroshima ..... JOFK	10,000	353
Kumamoto ..... JOGK	10,000	380
Sendai ..... JOHK	10,000	500
Sapporo ..... JOIK	10,000	361
Taihoku ..... JFAK	1,000	333
Dairen ..... JQAK	500	378
Vladiostok RL20	1,500	480
Manila ..... KZRM	1,000	413
Tokio 7CA	5,000	370

Official Wave Lengths

Kilo-cycles	Meters	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGHR	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KFJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		10	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	KWTC	Santa Ana, Calif.
		50	WALK	Willow Grove, Pa.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		100	WHBW	Philadelphia, Pa.
		15	WIBZ	Montgomery, Ala.
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	Wilkensburg, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMFC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		15	WNBQ	Rochester, N. Y.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.,
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WBAW	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
204	1,470	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WBW	Amherst, N. Y.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	Westcott, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Fort Lee, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greenville, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WABK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFOU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		50	KGCN	Concordia, Kan.
		15	KGCX	Vida, Mont.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFD	Missoula, Mont.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		50	KGTT	San Francisco, Calif.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		50	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		5	KTUE	Houston, Texas
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		10	WHDL	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
		10	WHPP	New York, N. Y.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBK	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		50	WLBH	Farmingdale, N. Y.
		100	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich.
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo.
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		50	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		100	WSRO	Middletown, Ohio
		250	WSSH	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WSSH	Boston, Mass. (night)
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBL	Sheboyzan, Wis.
		500	WGCM	Bay City, Mich.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
		250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		50	KFEC	Portland, Ore.
		50	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		50	KFUR	Ogden, Utah
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz.
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		100	KGCB	Enid, Okla.
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KGRC	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KKP	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		50	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md.
		100	WFLK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		500	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		2,500	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Erie, Pa.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KFBB	Havre, Mont.
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		250	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		500	WGES	Chicago
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		300	WQBC	Utica, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa
		500	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	250	KGHB	Honolulu, H. I.
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo.
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		15	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla.
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHC	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
288.9	1,310	200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Frankford, Pa.
		15	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WHFC	Chicago
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		10	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		50	WKBI	Chicago
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WKBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WLBO	Galesburg, Ill.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		15	WOBT	Union City, Tenn.
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		100	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
		100	WSMD	Salisbury, Md.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
		500	WEVD	Woodmere, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		2,500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		1,000	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (day)
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (night)
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		500	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		500	WLB	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KTAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		750	WGHP	Fraser, Mich.
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
243.8	1,230	100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
		100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WBIS	Boston, Mass. (day)
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WNAC	Boston, Mass. (day)
		500	WNAC	Boston, Mass. (night)
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		500	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb.
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KPQ	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF	Cranston, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
247.8	1,210	100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio
		50	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBL	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WLBW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		100	WLSI	Cranston, R. I.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
		1,500	WTAZ	Richmond, Va.
249.9	1,200	100	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWC	Ontario, Calif.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		100	WBBW	Norfolk, Va.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAI	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		100	WEPS	Gloucester, Mass.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y.
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WKBE	Webster, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBC	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa (day)
		100	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		5	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WPRC	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOIA	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		500	WCBS	Astoria, L. I.
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
		10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		1,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KUT	Austin, Texas
		500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas.
270.1	1,110	2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
		5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,000	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	10,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WEAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		3,500	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
				(Temporarily assigned to 250W, 499.7m-600kc)
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas
288.3	1,040	10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		1,000	WKAR	East Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WKEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
293.9	1,020	10,000	KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	WLW	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		5,000	KYW	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	KYWA	Chicago
		250	WRAX	Philadelphia
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picker, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSIS	Sarasota, Fla.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	250	KGFH	Glendale, Calif.
		1,000	KPLA	Los Angeles, Calif.
		5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		2,500	KMBC	Independence, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Independence, Mo. (night)
		1,000	KPSN	Pasadena, Calif.
		1,000	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		500	WHB	Kansas City (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	250	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		250	KFKX	Hoyer, Colo.
		500	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif.
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala.
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va.
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		2,500	WFLA	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Mortinsville, N. Y.
		2,500	WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KUSD	Vermilion, S. D.
		500	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga.
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo.
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Columbus, Miss.
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFOZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		5,000	WABC	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		500	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Glouster, Mass.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	10,000	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		500	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I.
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		10,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
		25,000	WLIB	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.9	680	5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		5,000	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KFAD	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me. (day)
		250	WLBZ	Bangor, Me. (night)
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
499.7	600	500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif.
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		350	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, M
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan.
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		250	WOBU	Charlestown, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Iowa
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KUOM	Missoula, Mont.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill.
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Ashville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas
		2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WMBF	Miami Beach, Fla.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		3,500	WOI	Ames, Iowa
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D.
		500	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		500	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

Vote for Your Favorite Station

WHICH is the most popular broadcasting station? Radio Digest is conducting a poll among its readers to decide that question. By means of your ballots you may help bring honor to the station which gives you the most entertainment and the greatest service.

Read the announcement on page 3, turn to the rules of the contest printed on page 118, then clip the nomination and ballot coupons and send them to the Popular Station Editor, RADIO DIGEST, 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

State and City Index With New Waves

Alabama

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1,140	5,000
	WBRC	322.4	930	500
	WKBC	228.9	1,310	10
Gadsden	WJBY	247.8	1,210	50
Montgomery	WIBZ	199.9	1,500	15

Arizona

Flagstaff	KFXY	211.1	1,420	100
Phoenix	KFAD	483.6	620	1,000
	KOY	215.7	1,390	500
Prescott	KPJM	199.9	1,500	100
Tucson	KGAR	218.8	1,370	100

Arkansas

Blytheville	KLCN	232.4	1,290	50
Fayetteville	KUOA	215.7	1,390	1,000
Hot Springs	KTHS	288.3	1,040	10,000
Little Rock	KGHI	199.9	1,500	100
	KGJF	336.9	890	250
	KLRA	215.7	1,390	1,000
McGehee	KGHC	228.9	1,310	50
Siloam Springs	KFPW	223.7	1,340	50

California

Berkeley	KRE	218.8	1,370	100
Beverly Hills	KEJK	256.3	1,170	500
Burbank	KELW	384.4	780	500
Culver City	KFVD	422.3	710	250
El Centro	KXO	249.9	1,200	100
Fresno	KMJ	249.9	1,200	100
Holy City	KFQU	211.1	1,420	100
Glendale	KGFH	299.8	1,000	250
Long Beach	KFOX	239.9	1,250	1,000
	KGER	218.8	1,370	100
Hayward	KZM	218.8	1,370	100
Hollywood	KFQZ	348.6	860	250
	KFWB	315.6	950	1,000
	KMTR	526	570	500
	KNX	285.5	1,050	5,000
Inglewood	KMIC	267.7	1,120	500
Los Angeles	KFI	468.5	640	5,000
	KFSG	267.7	1,120	500
	KGEF	230.6	1,300	1,000
	KGFJ	256.3	1,170	100
	KHJ	333.1	900	1,000
	KPLA	299.8	1,000	1,000
	KTBI	250.2	1,300	750
Oakland	KFWM	322.4	930	500
	KGO	379.5	790	7,500
	KLS	508.2	1,440	250
	KLX	340.7	880	500
	KTAB	545.1	550	500
Ontario	KFXC	249.9	1,200	100
Pasadena	KPPC	249.9	1,200	50
	KFSN	315.6	950	1,000
Sacramento	KFBK	428.3	1,310	100
San Diego	KFSD	499.7	600	500
San Francisco	KFRC	491.5	610	1,000
	KFWI	322.4	930	500
	KGB	220.4	1,360	250
	KGTT	211.1	1,420	50
	KJBS	280.2	1,070	100
	KPO	440.4	680	5,000
	KYA	243.8	1,230	1,000
San Jose	KQW	296.9	1,010	500
Santa Ana	KWIC	199.9	1,500	100
Santa Barbara	KDB	199.9	1,500	100
Santa Maria	KSMR	249.9	1,200	100
Santa Monica	KTM	394.4	760	500
Stockton	KGDM	272.6	1,200	50 Day
	KWG	249.9	1,200	100
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1,490	5,000 to 10,000

Colorado

Colorado Springs	KFUM	236.1	1,270	1,000
Denver	KFEL	319	940	250
	KFUP	228.9	1,310	100
	KFXF	319	940	250
	KLZ	535.4	560	1,000
	KOA	361.2	830	12,500
	KPOF	340.7	880	500
Edgewater	KFXJ	228.9	1,310	50
Fort Morgan	KGEW	249.9	1,200	100
Greeley	KFKA	340.7	880	500
Gunnison	KFHA	249.9	1,200	50
Pueblo	KGHA	249.9	1,200	50
	KGHF	227.1	1,320	250
Trinidad	KGIW	211.1	1,420	100
Yuma	KGEK	249.9	1,200	50

Connecticut

Easton	WICC	252	1,190	500
Hartford	WTIC	282.8	1,060	50,000
Storrs	WCAC	499.7	600	250
New Haven	WDRC	225.4	1,330	500

Delaware

Wilmington	WDEL	267.7	1,120	360d 250n
	WILM	211.1	1,420	100

District of Columbia

Washington	NAA	434.5	690	1,000
	WMAL	475.9	630	500d 250n
	WJSV	205.4	1,460	10,000
	WRC	315.6	950	500
	WOL	228	1,310	100

Florida

Clearwater	WFLA	333.1	900	2,500d 1,000n
Gainesville	WRUF	204	1,470	5,000
Jacksonville	WJAX	238	1,260	1,000
Lakeland	WMBI	228.9	1,310	100
Miami	WQAM	241.8	1,240	1,000
Miami Beach	WIOD	535.4	560	1,000
	WMBF	535.4	560	500
Orlando	WDBO	483.6	620	1,000
Pensacola	WCOA	267.7	1,120	500
Sarasota	WSIS	296.9	1,010	250
St. Petersburg	WSUN	333.1	900	2,500d 1,000n
Tampa	WDAE	482.6	620	1,000
	WMBR	247.8	1,210	100

Georgia

Atlanta	WGST	336.9	890	500d 250n
	WSB	405.2	740	1,000
Columbus	WRBL	249.9	1,200	50
Macon	WMAZ	336.9	890	500
Toccoa	WTNT	206.8	1,450	250

Idaho

Boise	KIDO	239.9	1,250	1,000
Jerome	KFXD	211.1	1,420	50
Idaho Falls	KID	227.1	1,320	250
Pocatello	KSEI	333.1	900	250
Twin Falls	KGIQ	227.1	1,320	250

Illinois

Carthage	WCAZ	280.2	1,070	50
Chicago	KFKX	293.9	1,020	5,000
	KYW	293.9	1,020	10,000
	KYWA	239.9	1,020	500
	WAAF	325.9	920	500
	WBBM	389.4	770	25,000
	WCFL	309.1	970	1,500
	WCRW	247.8	1,210	100
	WEDC	247.8	1,210	100
	WENR	344.6	870	50,000
	WGES	220.4	1,360	500
	WGN	416.4	720	15,000
	WHFC	228.9	1,310	100
	WIBO	526	570	5,000
	WJAZ	202.6	1,480	5,000
	WJJD	265.3	1,130	20,000
	WKBI	228.9	1,310	50
	WLS	344.6	870	5,000
	WMAQ	447.5	670	5,000
	WMBI	277.6	1,080	5,000
	WORD	202.6	1,480	5,000
	WPCC	526	570	500
	WSBC	247.8	1,210	100
Decatur	WJBL	249.9	1,200	100
Evanston	WEHS	228.9	1,310	100
Galesburg	WKBS	228.9	1,310	100
	WLBO	228.9	1,310	100
Harrisburg	WEBQ	228.9	1,210	100
Joliet	WCLS	228.9	1,310	100
	WKBB	228.9	1,310	100
La Salle	WJBC	249.9	1,200	100
Peoria Heights	WMBD	208.2	1,440	1,000d 500n
Quincy	WTAD	208.2	1,440	500
Rockford	KFLV	212.6	1,410	500
Rock Island	WHBF	247.8	1,210	100
Springfield	WCBS	247.8	1,210	100
Streator	WTAX	247.8	1,210	50
Tuscola	WDZ	280.2	1,070	100
Urbana	WILL	336.9	890	500d 250n
Zion	WCBD	277.6	1,080	5,000

Indiana

Anderson	WHBU	247.8	1,210	100
Culver	WCMA	214.2	1,400	500
Evansville	WGBF	475.9	630	500
Ft. Wayne	WGL	318.8	1,370	100
	WOWO	258.5	1,160	10,000
Gary	WJKS	220.4	1,360	500
Hammond	WWAE	249.9	1,200	100
Indianapolis	WFMB	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WKBF	214.2	1,400	500
La Porte	WRAF	249.9	1,200	100
Marion	WJAK	228.9	1,310	50
Muncie	WLBC	228.9	1,310	50
So. Bend	WSBT	243.8	1,230	500
Terre Haute	WBOW	228.9	1,310	100

Iowa

Ames	WOI	535.4	560	3,500
Boone	KFCQ	228.9	1,310	100
Cedar Rapids	KWCR	228.9	1,310	100
Clarinda	KSO	217.3	1,380	500
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1,260	1,000
Davenport	WOC	499.8	1,000	5,000
Decorah	KGCA	236.1	1,270	50
	KWIC	236.1	1,270	100
Des Moines	WHO	299.8	1,000	5,000
Fort Dodge	KFJY	228.9	1,310	100
Iowa City	WSUI	516.9	580	500
Marshalltown	KFJB	249.9	1,200	100
Muscatine	KTNT	256.3	1,170	5,000
Ottumwa	WIAS	211.1	1,420	100
Red Oak	KICK	211.1	1,420	100
Shenandoah	KFNF	266	890	500
	KMA	336.9	890	500
Sioux City	KSCJ	225.4	1,330	1,000
Waterloo	WMT	249.9	1,200	2,500d 100n

Kansas

Concordia	KGCI	211.1	1,420	50
Lawrence	KFKU	245.6	1,220	1,000
	WREN	245.6	1,220	1,000
Manhattan	KSAC	516.9	580	500
Milford	KFKB	285.5	1,050	5,000
Topeka	WIBW	230.6	1,300	2,500d 1,000n
Wichita	KFH	230.6	1,300	500

Kentucky

Hopkinsville	WFIW	319	940	1,000
Louisville	WHAS	365.6	820	10,000
	WLAP	249.9	1,200	30

Louisiana

New Orleans	WABZ	249.9	1,200	100
	WDSU	239.9	1,250	1,000
	WJBO	218.8	1,370	2,500
	WJBW	249.9	1,200	30
	WSMB	227.1	1,320	500
	WWL	352.7	850	500
Shreveport	KTSL	228.9	1,310	100
	KRMD	228.9	1,310	50
	KTBS	206.8	1,450	1,000
	KWEA	247.8	1,210	100
	KWKH	352.7	850	10,000

Maine

Bangor	WABI	249.9	1,200	100
	WLBZ	483.6	620	500d 250n
Portland	WCSH	319	940	500

Maryland

Baltimore	WBAL	282.8	1,060	10,000
	WCAO	499.7	600	250
	WCBM	218.8	1,370	100
	WFBR	236.2	1,270	250
Cumberland	WTBO	211.1	1,420	50
Salisbury	WSMD	228.9	1,310	100

Massachusetts

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Boston	WBIS	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WBZA	302.8	990	1,000
	WEEI	508.2	590	1,000
	WLOE	199.9	1,500	250d 100n
	WMES	199.9	1,500	50
	WNAC	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WSSH	211.1	1,420	250d 100n
Fall River	WSAR	206.8	1,450	250
Gloucester	WEPS	249.9	1,200	100
	WHDH	361.2	830	1,000
Lexington	WLEX	220.4	1,360	500
New Bedford	WNBH	228.9	1,310	100
South Dartmouth	WMAF	220.4	1,360	500
Springfield	WBZ	302.8	990	15,000
Wellesley Hills	WBSO	254.4	760	250
Worcester	WTAG	516.9	580	250
	WORC	249.9	1,200	100

Michigan

Battle Creek	WKBP	211.1	1,420	50
Bay City	WBCM	212.6	1,410	500
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508.2	590	1,000
Calumet	WHDF	218.8	1,370	1,000
Detroit	WJR	399.8	750	5,000
	WMBC	211.1	1,420	100
	WWJ	325.9	920	1,000
East Lansing	WKAR	288.3	1,040	1,000
Flint	WFDF	228.9	1,310	100
Grand Rapids	WASH	236.1	1,270	500
	WOOD	236.1	1,270	500
Jackson	WIBM	218.8	1,370	100
Lapeer	WMPC	199.9	1,500	100
Ludington	WKBZ	199.9	1,500	50
Mt. Clemens	WGHP	218.8	1,240	750
Royal Oak	WAGM	228.9	1,310	50
Ypsilanti	WJBK	218.8	1,370	50

Minnesota

Collegeville	WFBJ	218.8	1,370	100
Fergus Falls	KGDE	249.9	1,200	50
Hallock	KGFK	249.9	1,200	50
Minneapolis	WCCO	416.4	720	10,000
	WGDY	215.7	1,390	1,000
	WHDI	254.1	1,180	500
	WLB	239.9	1,250	500
	WRHM	239.9	1,250	1,000
Northfield	KFMX	239.9	1,250	1,000
	WCAL	238.9	1,250	1,000
St. Paul	KSTP	205.4	1,460	10,000

Mississippi

Columbus	WCOC	250.7	880	1,000
Greenville	WRBQ	247.8	1,210	100
Gulfport	WGCM	247.8	1,210	100
Hattiesburg	WFOR	199.9	1,500	10
Utica	WQBC	220.4	1,360	300

Missouri

Cape Girardeau	KFVS	247.8	1,210	100
Columbia	KFRU	475.9	630	500
Jefferson City	WOS	475.9	630	1,000d 500n
Joplin	WMBH	211.1	1,420	100
Kansas City	KMBC	315.6	950	2,500d 1,000n
	KWKC	218.8	1,370	1,000
	WDAF	491.5	610	1,000
	WHB	315.6	950	500
	WLBF	211.1	1,420	100
	WOQ	491.5	610	1,000
Kirksville	KFKZ	249.9	1,200	15
St. Joseph	KFEQ	535.4	560	2,500
	KGBX	218.8	1,370	100
St. Louis	KFUO	545.1	550	1,000d 500n
	KFWF	249.9	1,200	100
	KMOX	275.1	1,090	5,000
	KSD	545.1	550	1,000
	KWK	222.1	1,350	1,000
	WEW	394.5	760	1,000
	WIL	249.9	1,200	250d 100n

Montana

Billings	KSML	315.6	950	250
Butte	KGIR	220.4	1,360	250
Havre	KFBB	220.4	1,360	500
Kalispell	KGEZ	228.9	1,310	100
Missoula	KGHD	211.1	1,420	50
	KUOM	526	570	500
Vida	KGCX	211.1	1,420	10

Nebraska

Clay Center	KMMJ	405.2	740	1,000
Lincoln	KFAB	389.4	770	5,000
	KFOR	247.8	1,210	250
Lincoln	WCAJ	508.2	590	500
Norfolk	WJAG	282.8	1,060	1,000
Omaha	WAAW	454.3	660	500
	WOW	508.2	590	1,000
Ravenna	KGFW	288.9	1,310	50
York	KGBZ	322.4	930	1,000d 500n

New Hampshire

Laconia	WKAV	228	1,310	100
Tilton	WBRL	209.7	1,430	500

Nevada

Reno	KOH	218.8	1,370	100

New Jersey

Asbury Park	WCAP	234.2	1,280	500
Atlantic City	WPG	272.6	1,100	5,000
Camden	WCAM	234.2	1,280	500
Elizabeth	WIBS	206.8	1,450	250
Fort Lee	WBMS	206.8	1,450	250
Hoboken	WPCH	370.2	810	500
Jersey City	WAAT	280.2	1,070	300
	WKBO	206.8	1,450	250
Newark	WAAM	239.9	1,250	2,000d 1,000n
	WGCP	239.9	1,250	250
	WNJ	206.8	1,450	250
	WOR	422.3	710	5,000
Palisade	WPAP	296.9	1,010	250
	WQAO	296.9	1,010	250
Paterson	WODA	299.8	1,250	1,000
Red Bank	WJBI	247.8	1,210	100
Trenton	WOAX	234.2	1,280	500

New Mexico

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Albuquerque	KGGM	243.8	1,230	500
Raton	KGFL	218.8	1,370	50
State College	KOB	254.1	1,180	10,000

New York

Auburn	WMBO	218.8	1,370	100
Bay Shore	WINR	275.8	1,210	100
Binghamton	WNBF	199.9	1,500	50
Brooklyn	WBBC	214.2	1,400	500
	WLTH	214.2	1,400	500
	WMBQ	199.9	1,500	100
	WSDA	214.2	1,400	500
	WSGH	214.2	1,400	500
Buffalo	WEBR	228.3	1,310	200
	WGR	545.1	550	750
	WKBW	204	1,470	5,000
	WKEN	246.3	1,040	1,000
	WMAK	333.1	900	750
	WSVS	218.8	1,370	50
Canton	WCAD	245.9	1,220	500
Cazenovia	WMAC	526	570	250
Coney Island	WCGU	214.2	1,400	500
Freeport	WGBB	214.2	1,400	500
Ithaca	WEAI	236.1	1,270	500
	WLCI	247.8	1,210	50
Jamaica	WMBJ	211.1	1,420	10
Jamestown	WOCL	247.8	1,210	25
Long Beach	WCLB	199.9	1,500	100
Long Island	WLBH	199.9	1,500	100
New York City	WABC	348.6	860	5,000
	WBNY	222.1	1,350	250
	WCDA	222.1	1,350	250
	WEAF	454.3	660	50,000
	WGBS	254.1	1,180	500
	WHAZ	230.1	1,300	1,000
	WHN	296.9	1,010	250
	WHPP	211.1	1,420	10
	WJZ	394.5	760	30,000
	WKBQ	222.1	1,350	250
	WLWL	272.6	1,100	5,000
	WMCA	526	570	500
	WMSG	222.1	1,350	250
	WNYC	526	570	500
	WOV	265.3	1,130	1,000
	WRNY	296.9	1,010	500
Patchogue	WPOE	211.1	1,420	30
Peekskill	WOKO	208.2	1,440	500
Richmond Hill	WLIB	348.6	860	5,000
Rochester	WHAM	260.7	1,150	5,000
	WHEC	208.2	1,440	500
	WNBO	199.9	1,500	15
Rossville	WBBR	230.6	1,300	1,000
Saranac Lake	WNBZ	232.4	1,290	50
Schenectady	WGY	379.5	790	50,000
So. Yonkers	WCOH	247.8	1,210	100
Syracuse	WFBL	333.1	900	750
	WSYR	526	570	250
Troy	WHAZ	230.6	1,300	500
Tupper Lake	WHDL	211.1	1,420	10
Utica	WIBX	240	1,250	100
Woodhaven	WEVD	230.6	1,300	500
Woodside	WWRL	199.9	1,500	100

North Carolina

Asheville	WWNC	526	570	1,000
Charlotte	WBT	277.6	1,080	10,000
Castonia	WRBU	247.8	1,210	100
Greensboro	WNRC	208.2	1,440	500
Raleigh	WPTF	440.9	680	1,000
Wilmington	WRBT	218.8	1,370	100

North Dakota

Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550	500
Devils Lake	KDLR	247.8	1,210	100
Fargo	WDAY	234.2	1,280	1,000
Grand Forks	KFJM	218.8	1,370	100
Mandan	KGCU	249.9	1,200	100

Ohio

Akron	WADC	227.1	1,320	1,000
	WAPI	296.8	1,450	500
Bellefontaine	WHBD	218.8	1,370	100
Cambridge	WEBE	247.8	1,210	100
Canton	WHBC	247.8	1,200	10
Cincinnati	WFBE	249.9	1,200	100
	WKRC	545.1	550	500
	WLW	428.3	700	50,000
	WSAI	225.4	1,330	500
Cleveland	WEAR	280.2	1,070	1,000
	WHK	215.7	1,390	1,000
	WJAY	483.6	620	500
	WTAM	280.2	1,070	3,500
Columbus	WAIU	468.5	640	5,000
	WCAH	209.7	1,430	500
	WEAO	526	570	750
	WMAN	247.8	1,210	50
Dayton	WSMK	217.3	1380	200
Hamilton	WRK	228.9	1,310	100
Mansfield	WJW	247.8	1,210	100
Middletown	WSRO	211.1	1,420	100
Springfield	WCSO	206.8	1,450	500
Steubenville	WIBR	211.1	1,420	50
Toledo	WSPD	223.7	1,340	500
Youngstown	WKBN	526	570	500

Oklahoma

Alva	KGFF	211.1	1,420	100
Chickasha	KOCW	214.2	1,400	{ 500 250n
Enid	KCRC	218.8	1,370	{ 250n 100n
Norman	WNAD	296.9	1,010	500
Oklahoma City	KFJF	204	1,470	5,000
	KFXR	228.9	1,310	100
	KGFG	218.8	1,370	100
	WKY	333.1	900	1,000
Picher	KGGF	296.9	1,010	500
Ponca City	WBBZ	249.9	1,200	100
Tulsa	KVOO	263	1,140	5,000

Oregon

Astoria	KFJI	218.8	1,370	100
Corvallis	KOAC	545.1	550	1,000
Eugene	KORE	211.1	1,420	100
Marshfield	KOOS	218.8	1,370	50
Medford	KMED	228.9	1,310	50
Portland	KEX	254.1	1,180	5,000
	KFEC	218.8	1,370	50
	KFIF	211.1	1,420	100
	KFJR	230.6	1,300	500
	KGW	483.6	620	1,000
	KOIN	319	940	1,000
	KTBR	230.6	1,300	500
	KVEP	199.9	1,500	15
	KWJJ	282.8	1,060	500
	KXL	239.9	1,250	500

Pennsylvania

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Allentown	WCBA	208.2	1,440	250
	WSAN	208.2	1,440	250
Altoona	WFBG	228.9	1,310	100
Carbondale	WNBW	249.9	1,200	5
Elkin's Park	WIBG	322.4	930	50
Erie	WEDH	211.1	1,420	30
	WRAK	218.8	1,370	50
Frankford	WFKD	228.9	1,310	50
Grove City	WSAJ	228.9	1,310	100
Harrisburg	WBAK	209.7	1,430	500
	WCOD	249.9	1,200	100
	WHP	209.7	1,430	500
	WPRC	249.9	1,200	100
Johnstown	WJAC	228.9	1,310	100
Lancaster	WGAL	228.9	1,310	15
	WKJC	249.9	1,200	100
Lewisburg	WJBU	247.8	1,210	100
Oil City	WLBW	238	1,260	500
Philadelphia	WCAU	256.3	1,170	10,000
	WELK	218.9	1,370	100
	WFAN	491.5	610	500
	WFI	535.4	560	500
	WHBW	199.9	1,500	100
	WIP	491.5	610	500
	WLIT	535.4	560	500
	WNAT	228.9	1,310	100
	WPEN	199.9	1,500	{ 250n 100d
	WRAX	293.9	1,020	250
Pittsburgh	KDKA	305.9	980	50,000
	KQV	227.3	1,380	500
	WCAE	245.8	1,220	500
	WJAS	232.4	1,290	1,000
Reading	WRAW	228.9	1,310	100
Scranton	WGBI	340.7	880	250
	WQAN	340.7	880	250
State College	WPSC	243.8	1,230	500
Washington	WNBO	249.9	1,200	100
	WBRE	228.9	1,310	100
Willow Grove	WALK	199.9	1,500	50

Suggestions

RADIO DIGEST welcomes suggestions from its readers at all times for improvements in presenting the log and index to broadcast stations.

Address your letter to Program Editor, RADIO DIGEST, 510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Rhode Island

Cranston	WDWF	247.8	1,210	100
	WLSI	247.8	1,210	100
Newport	WMBA	199.9	1,500	100
Pawtucket	WPAW	247.8	1,210	100
Providence	WEAN	384.4	780	250
	WJAR	336.9	890	250

South Carolina

Charleston	WBBY	240.9	1,200	75

South Dakota

Brookings	KFDY	545.5	550	1,000
	KGCR	247.8	1,210	100
Dell Rapids	KGDA	218.8	1,370	50
Oldham	KGDY	249.9	1,200	15
Pierre	KGFX	516.9	580	200
Rapid City	WCAT	249.9	1,200	100
Sioux Falls	KSOO	270.1	1,110	2,000
Vermilion	KUSD	336.9	890	500
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1,000

Tennessee

Chattanooga	WDOD	234.2	1,280	{ 2,500d 1,000n
Knoxville	WFBC	249.9	1,200	50
	WNBJ	228.9	1,310	50
	WNOX	535.4	560	{ 2,000d 1,000n
Lawrenceburg	WOAN	499.7	600	500
Memphis	WGBC	209.7	1,430	500
	WHBQ	218.8	1,370	100
	WMC	384.4	780	{ 1,000d 500n
	WNBR	209.7	1,430	500
	WREC	499.7	600	{ 1,000d 500n
Nashville	WTNT	201.2	1,499	5,000
	WLAC	201.2	1,490	5,000
	WSM	461.3	650	5,000
Springfield	WSIX	247.8	1,210	100
Union City	WOBT	228.9	1,310	15

Texas

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Abilene	KFYO	211.1	1,420	{ 250d 100n
Amarillo	KGRS	212.6	1,410	1,000
	WDAG	212.6	1,410	250
Austin	KUT	267.7	1,120	500
Beaumont	KFDM	535.4	560	500
Brownsville	KWKC	236	1,260	500
Brownwood	KGKB	199.9	1,500	100
College Station	WTAW	267.7	1,120	500
Corpus Christi	KRIS	199.9	1,500	100
Dallas	KRLD	288.3	1,040	10,000
	WFAA	374.8	800	500
	WRR	234.2	1,280	500
Dublin	KFPL	228.9	1,310	15
El Paso	WDAH	228.9	1,310	100
Fort Worth	KFJZ	218.8	1,370	100
	KTAT	241.8	1,240	1,000
	WBAP	374.8	800	50,000
Galveston	KFLX	247.8	1,210	100
	KFUL	232.4	1,290	{ 1,000d 500n
Greenville	KFPM	228.9	1,310	15
Harlingen	KRGV	238	1,260	100
Houston	KPRC	325.9	920	1,000
	KTUE	211.1	1,420	5
Richmond	KGHX	199.9	1,500	50
San Antonio	KGCI	218.8	1,370	100
	KGRC	218.8	1,370	100
	KTAP	211.1	1,420	100
	KTSA	232.4	1,290	1,000
	WOAI	252	1190	5,000
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1,240	1,000
Wichita Falls	KGKO	526	570	{ 500d 250n

Utah

Ogden	KFUR	218.8	1,370	50
Salt Lake City	KDYL	232.4	1,290	1,000
	KSL	265.3	1,130	5,000

Vermont

Burlington	WCAX	249.9	1,200	100
Springfield	WNBX	249.9	1,200	10

Virginia

Newport News	WGH	228.9	1,310	100
Norfolk	WBBW	249.9	1,220	100
	WPOR	384.4	780	500
	WTAR	384.4	780	500
Petersburg	WLBG	249.9	1,200	{ 250d 100n
Richmond	WBBL	218.8	1,370	100
	WMBG	247.8	1,210	100
	WRVA	270.1	1,110	5,000
	WTAZ	247.8	1,210	150
Roanoke	WDBJ	322.4	930	500
	WRBX	322.4	930	250

Washington

Aberdeen	KXRO	211.1	1,420	75
Bellingham	KVOS	249.9	1,200	100
Everett	KFBL	218.8	1,370	50
Lacey	KGY	249.9	1,200	{ 50d 100n
Longview	KUJ	199.9	1,500	10
Pullman	KWSC	215.7	1,390	500
Seattle	KFQW	211.1	1,420	100
	KJR	309.1	970	5,000
	KXP	211.1	1,420	15
	KOL	236.1	1,270	1,000
	KOMO	325.9	920	1,000
	KPCB	247.8	1,210	100
	KPQ	247.8	1,210	100
	KRSC	267.7	1,120	50
	KTW	236.1	1,260	1,000
	KVI	218.8	1,370	100
	KXA	526	570	500
Spokane	KFIO	243.8	1,230	100
	KFPY	223.7	1,340	500
	KGA	204	1,470	5,000
	KHQ	508.2	590	1,000
Tacoma	KMO	223.7	1,340	500
	KVI	394.5	760	1,000

West Virginia

Charleston	WOBU	516.9	580	250
Fairmont	WMMN	336.9	890	{ 500d 250n
Huntington	WSAZ	516.9	580	250
Weirton	WOBZ	211.1	1,420	50
Wheeling	WWVA	258.5	1,160	5,000

Wisconsin

Beloit	WEBW	499.7	600	350
Eau Claire	WTAQ	225.4	1,330	1,000
Fond du Lac	WFLA	211.1	1,420	100
Kenosha	WCLO	249.9	1,200	100
La Crosse	WKBH	217.3	1,380	1,000
Madison	WHA	319	940	750
	WIBA	247.8	1,210	100
Manitowoc	WOMT	247.8	1,210	100
Milwaukee	WHD	267.7	1,120	250
	WISN	267.7	1,120	250
	WTMJ	483.6	620	{ 2,500d 1,000n
Poynette	WIBU	228.9	1,310	100
Racine	WRJN	218.8	1,370	100
Slsibt	WHAR	270.1	1,110	500
Sheboygan	WHBL	212.6	1,410	500
Stevens Point	WLBL	333.1	900	2,000
Superior	WEBC	234.2	1,280	1,000
West De Pere	WHBY	249.9	1,200	100

Alaska

Anchorage	KFQD	243.8	1,230	100
Juneau	KFIU	228.9	1,310	10
Ketchikan	KGBU	333.1	900	500

Hawaii

Honolulu	KGHB	227.1	1,320	250
	KGU	319	940	500

Philippines

Manila	KZIB	260	1,153	20

Porto Rico

San Juan	WKAQ	336.9	890	500

Foreign Wave Lengths Table

Europe

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
158	1,898	600	Beziers, France	
187.5	1,600	250	Sundsvall, Sweden	
196	1,530	250	Karlskrona, Sweden	
198	1,515	1,500	Biarritz, France	
200	1,500		Fecamp, France	
201.3	1,490	250	Jonkoping, Sweden	
202.7	1,480	250	Kristinehamn, Sweden	
204.1	1,470	250	Gavle, Sweden	
216.3	1,387	250	Halmstad, Sweden	
217.4	1,380	250	Luxemburg	
220.4	1,361	250	Karlstad, Sweden	
222.2	1,350	300	Strasbourg, France	
229.1	1,309	250	Umea, Sweden	
229.4	1,308	150	Halsingborg, Sweden	
230.5	1,301	250	Boras, Sweden	
236.2	1,270	250	Orebro, Sweden	
		500	Stettin, Germany	
238	1,260	1,500	Bordeaux, France	
238.1	1,260	250	Kiruna, Sweden	
239.5	1,253	1,000	Nimes, France	
240	1,250	400	Viborg, Finland	
241.9	1,240	4,000	Nurnberg, Germany	
243.7	1,231		Trondjhem, Norway	
246	1,219	500	Nice-Juan les Pins, France	
		2,000	Toulouse, France	PTT
249.7	1,201	1,500	Munster, Germany	
		250	Eskilstuna, Sweden	
250	1,200	200	Uleaborg, Finland	
252.1	1,190	250	Saffle, Sweden	
		130	Bradford, Great Britain	2LS
252.3	1,189	700	Cassel, Germany	
253	1,185	125	Montpellier, France	
253.8	1,182	500	Linz, Austria	
254.2	1,180	250	Kalmar, Sweden	
		1,500	Rennes, France	
		700	Kiel, Germany	
260.9	1,150	800	Malmo, Sweden	
263.2	1,140	2,000	Kosice, Czechoslovakia	
266.9	1,124	500	Lille, France	PTT
272.7	1,100	500	Klagenfurt, Austria	
		250	Hudiksvall, Sweden	
		700	Danzig	
		700	Bremen, Germany	
		130	Sheffield, Great Britain	6FL
		100	Oviedo, Spain	
273	1,098	1,000	Limoges, France	
275.2	1,090		Ghent, Belgium	
		250	Norrkoping, Sweden	
		130	Nottingham, England	5NG
			Jacobstad, Finland	
275.7	1,088	700	Dresden, Germany	
277	1,083	1,500	Barcelona, Spain	EAJ13
277.8	1,080	1,500	Kaiserslautern, Bavaria	
		130	Leeds, Great Britain	2LS
		1,000	Cartagena, Spain	EAJ16
279	1,075	400	Vindlathen, Sweden	
283	1,060	4,000	Cologne, Germany	
288.5	1,040	350	Edinburgh, Great Britain	2EH
289.8	1,035	2,000	Bordeaux, France	
291.3	1,030	1,500	Lyons, France	
293.8	1,021	500	Innsbruck, Austria	
294.1	1,020	250	Uddevalla, Sweden	
		200	Liege, Belgium	
		130	Swansea, Great Britain	5SX
		130	Stoke, Great Britain	6ST
		130	Dundee, Great Britain	2DE
		130	Hull, Great Britain	6KH
297		250	Agen, France	2BH
297	1,010	100	Jyvaskyla, Finland	
297	1,010	250	Varberg, Sweden	
		130	Liverpool, Great Britain	6LV
		500	San Sebastian, Spain	EAJ8
297.3	1,009	700	Hanover, Germany	
299.4	1,002	2,000	Paris, France	Vitus
299.7	1,001	480	Agen, France	
300	1,000	500	Bratislava, Czechoslovakia	
303.6	988	4,000	Konigsberg, Germany	
304.2	936	1,000	Bjorneborg, Finland	
306.1	980	1,000	Belfast, Great Britain	2BE
309.2	970	125	Zagreb, Yugoslavia	
312.5	960	1,000	Newcastle, Great Britain	5NO
316.7	947	2,000	Falun, Sweden	
317.4	945	1,500	Marseilles, France	PTT
319.1	940	1,000	Dublin, Great Britain	2RN
323.2	928	4,000	Breslau, Germany	
324.3	925	1,000	Almeria, Spain	EAJ18
326.1	920	1,000	Bournemouth, Great Britain	6BM
330.4	908	4,000	Gleiwitz, Germany	
333.3	900	500	Reykjavik, Iceland	
334.4	897	1,500	Naples, Rome	1NA
337.4	889	750	Copenhagen, Denmark	
340.1	882	500	Paris, France	
		700	Huizen, Holland	
343.2	874	1,500	Posen, Poland	
344.8	870	1,500	Barcelona, Spain	EAJ1
348.9	860	5,000	Prague, Czechoslovakia	
353	850	1,000	Cardiff, Great Britain	5WA
353	850	500	Graz, Austria	
361.4	830	2,000	London, England	2LO
366.8	818	4,000	Leipzig, Germany	
370.4	810	500	Bergen, Norway	
370	811	500	Paris, France	
375	800	1,500	Madrid, Spain	EAJ7
375.4	799	1,000	Helsingfors, Finland	
375	800	1,500	Madrid, Spain	EAJ7
375.4	799	1,000	Helsingfors, Finland	
379.7	790	4,000	Stuttgart, Germany	
384.6	780	1,200	Manchester, Great Britain	2ZY
389.1	771	3,000	Toulouse, France	
396.3	757	4,000	Hamburg, Germany	
400	750	300	Simmerfors, Finland	
		130	Plymouth, Great Britain	5PY
		1,000	Cork, Great Britain	6CK
		1,500	Madrid, Spain	EAJ2
		500	Cadiz, Spain	EAJ3
		200	Bolzano, Italy	
		700	Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany	
402.6	745	1,500	Mont de Marsan, France	
		5	Salamanca, Spain	EAJ22
405.4	740	1,000	Glasgow, Great Britain	5SC
408	735	2,200	Tallinn, Reval, Estonia	
410.5	731	1,500	Berne, Switzerland	
412	728	200	Notodden, Norway	
414.9	723	1,000	Grenoble, France	
416.6	720	1,000	Goteborg, Sweden	
422.5	710	10,000	Kattowitz, Poland	
426.7	703	600	Wiino, Poland	
429	699	4,000	Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany	
434.1	691	2,000	Seville, Spain	EAJ5
435.4	689	1,000	Frederikksstad, Norway	
441.1	680	2,500	Brunn, Czechoslovakia	
446	672	250	Malmberget, Sweden	
447.7	670	300	Rome, Italy	1RO
447.8	673	750	Paris, France	FPTT
448	669	100	Rjukan, Norway	
450	666	4,000	Moscow, U. S. S. R.	RA2
455.1	659	1,500	Stockholm, Sweden	
460	652	2,000	Belgrade, Yugo-Slavia	
461.5	650	1,500	Oslo, Norway	
470.9	637	1,500	Langenberg, Germany	
476.9	629	500	Lyons, France	
477	629	4,000	Kharkov, U. S. S. R.	
483.9	620	4,000	Berlin, Germany	
491.8	610	24,000	Daventry, Great Britain	5GB
500	600	1,500	Porsgrund, Norway	
		250	Linkoping, Sweden	
		250	Upsala, Sweden	
			Tromso, Norway	
508.5	590	1,000	Brussels	
511	587		Aalesund, Norway	
517.2	580	20,000	Vienna, Austria	
529	567	2,000	Riga, Latvia	
536.6	559	4,000	Munich, Germany	
545.5	550	800	Sundsvall, Sweden	
547.4	548	700	Milan, Italy	
555.5	540	20,000	Budapest, Hungary	
566	530	1,000	Hamar, Norway	
		100	St. Michel, Finland	
		50	Bloemendaal, Holland	
		700	Augsburg, Germany	
567	529	1,500	Cracow, Poland	
574.7	522	500	Freiburg, Germany	
576.9	520	500	Vienna, Austria	
588.2	510	630	Zurich, Switzerland	
680	441	600	Lausanne, Switzerland	HB2
720	416	1,000	Ostersund, Sweden	
760	395	250	Geneva, Switzerland	
775	387	1,200	Kiev, U. S. S. R.	
840	357	1,800	Nizni Novgorod, U. S. S. R.	
870	345	4,000	Tiflis, U. S. S. R.	
1,000	300	10,000	Leningrad, U. S. S. R.	
		250	Basle, Switzerland	
1,071	279	4,000	Rostov-Don, U. S. S. R.	
1,100	273		De Bilt, Netherlands	
1,111.1	270	800	Warsaw, Poland	
1,117	269	4,000	Novosibersk, U. S. S. R.	RA
1,150	261	4,000	Ryvang, Denmark	
1,153.8	260	750	Kalundborg, Denmark	
1,180	254	20,000	Stamboul, Turkey	
1,190	252	2,000	Boden, Sweden	
1,250	240	20,000	Konigswusterhausen	
1,380	217	20,000	Motala, Sweden	
1,450	207	40,000	Moscow, U. S. S. R.	
1,522.8	197	20,000	Lahti, Finland	
1,604.8	187	25,000	Daventry, Great Britain	5XX
1,700	177	15,000	Kharkov Narkompostchtel,	Russia
1,765	170	12,000	Paris, France	CFR
1,818	165	20,000	Angora, Turkey	
1,829	164		Nordkeich, Germany	
1,870	160	700	Kosice, Czechoslovakia	
1,875	160	700	Huizen	
1,920	154	250	Scheveningen, Haven, Netherl'ds	
2,000	150	700	Kovno, Lithuania	
2,525	119		Berlin, Germany	
2,650	113	5,000	Paris, France	FL

North Africa

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
305	984	2,500	Radio Casa-Blanca, Morocco	
353	850	2,000	Algiers	PTT
416	721	10,000	Rabat, Morocco	
1,850	162	2,000	Tunis	TNV

South Africa

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
368	815	1,500	Cape Town	
406.5	738	1,500	Durban	
443.5	676	500	Johannesburg	JB

Australia-Tasmania

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
249.9	1,200	1,000	Prospect, S. Australia	5KA
255	1,176	500	Melbourne, Victoria	3DB
267.7	1,120	500	Sydney, N. S. Wales	2UW
275.1	1,090	250	Bathurst, N. S. Wales	2MK
280.2	1,070	1,500	Sydney, N. S. Wales	2KY
288.3	1,040	100	Newcastle, N. S. Wales	2HD
293.9	1,020	250	Sydney, N. S. Wales	2UE
293.9	1,020	100	Toowoomba, Queensland	4QR
313	958	500	Parkside, S. Australia	5DN
315.6	950	100	Sydney, N. S. Wales	2BE
		3,000	Sydney, N. S. Wales	2GB
319	940	100	Melbourne, Victoria	3UZ
358	850	5,000	Sydney, N. S. Wales	2BL
370.2	810	5,000	Melbourne, Victoria	3LO
384.4	770	5,000	Brisbane, Queensland	4QG
394.5	760	5,000	Adelaide, S. Australia	5CL
442	678	5,000	Sydney, N. S. Wales	2FC
461	620	3,000	Melbourne, Victoria	3AR
516.9	580	3,000	Hobart, Tasmania	7ZL
1,250	239	5,000	Perth, Western Australia	6WF

Argentina

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
252	1,190	1,000	Buenos Aires	LOO
260.7	1,150	500	Buenos Aires	LOQ
285.7	1,050	5,000	Buenos Aires	LOS
302.8	990	1,000	Buenos Aires	LOW
315.8	949	1,000	Buenos Aires	LOY
329.5	910	1,000	Buenos Aires	LOZ
344.8	870	1,000	Buenos Aires	LOR
365.5	820	1,000	Buenos Aires	LOV
379.5	790	500	Buenos Aires	LOX
399.6	750	1,000	Buenos Aires	LOT
425	705	1,000	Buenos Aires	LOP

Brazil

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
399.8	750	1,000	Rio de Janeiro	SQIA
320	937	500	Rio de Janeiro	SQIB
350	856	1,000	Sao Paulo	SQIG

Ceylon

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
800	375	1,750	Colombo	

Chile

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
239.9	1,250	100	Temuco	CMAK
285.5	1,050	100	Santiago	CMAE
308	973	100	Santiago	CMAD
340	881	100	Tacna	CMAI
360	832	1,000	Santiago	CMAC
480	624	1,000	Santiago	CMAB

China

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
338	885	500	Shanghai	KRC

Chosen

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
344.6	870	1,000	Keipo	JODK

Haiti

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
361.2	830	1,000	Port au Prince	HHK

India

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
350	857	350	Rangoon, Burma	2HZ
357.1	840	3,000	Bombay	7BY
370.4	810	3,000	Calcutta	7CA

Japan

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
345	867	10,000	Tokyo	JOAK
353	849	10,000	Hiroshima	JOFK
380	789	10,000	Kumamoto	JOGK
400	750	10,000	Osaka	JOBK

New Zealand

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
306	960	500	Christchurch	3YA
333	901	500	Auckland	1YA
420	714	5,000	Wellington	2YA
463	647	250	Dunedin	4YA

Peru

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
360	831	1,500	Lima	OAX

Venezuela

Wave Lgth.	Frequency, Kilocycles	Power, Watts	Location	Call Signals
375	800	1,000	Caracas	AYRE

Stations on Cleared Waves

Call Letters	Location	Wave Length	Fqcy. in Kiloc.
WAIU	Columbus, Ohio	468.5	640
KFI	Los Angeles, Calif	468.5	640
WSM	Nashville, Tenn	461.3	650
WEAF	New York, N. Y.	454.3	660
WAAW	Omaha, Nebr.	454.3	660
WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.	447.5	670
WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.	440.9	680
KFO	San Francisco, Calif.	440.9	680
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio	428.3	700
KFVD	Culver City, Calif.	428.3	700
WOR	Newark, N. J.	422.3	710
WCN	WLIB—Chicago, Ill.	416.4	720
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	405.2	740
KMMJ	Clay Center, Nebr.	405.2	740
WJR	WCX—Detroit, Mich.	399.8	750
WJZ	New York, N. Y	394.5	760
WEW	St. Louis, Mo	394.5	760
KFAB	Lincoln, Nebr.	389.4	770
WBBM	WJBT—Chicago, Ill.	389.4	770
WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.	379.5	790
KGO	Oakland, Calif.	379.5	790
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio	374.8	800
WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas	374.8	800
KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark	374.8	800
WPCH	New York, N. Y.	370.2	810
WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.	370.2	810
WHAS	Louisville, Ky.	365.6	820
KOA	Denver, Colo.	361.2	830
KWKH	Shreveport, La.	352.7	850
WWL	New Orleans, La	352.7	850
KFOZ	Hollywood, Calif.	352.7	850
WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.	348.6	860
WLS	Chicago, Ill.	344.6	870
WFNR-WLS	Chicago, Ill.	344.6	870
WCFL	Chicago, Ill.	309.1	970
KJR	Seattle, Wash.	309.1	970
KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.	305.9	980
WBZ-WBZA	Boston, Mass.	302.8	990
WHO	Des Moines, Iowa	299.8	1,000
WOC	Davenport, Iowa	299.8	1,000
KGFH	Glendale, Calif.	299.8	1,000
KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.	293.9	1,020
WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.	285.5	1,050
KNX	Hollywood, Calif.	285.5	1,050
WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	277.6	1,080
WCBD	Zion, Ill.	277.6	1,080
WMBI	Chicago, Ill.	277.6	1,080
KMOX	KFQA—St. Louis, Mo.	275.1	1,090
WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.	272.6	1,100
WLWL	New York, N. Y.	272.6	1,100
KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.	272.6	1,100
WRVA	Richmond, Va.	270.1	1,110
KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.	270.1	1,110
WOV	New York, N. Y.	265.3	1,130
KFKB	Milford, Kans.	265.3	1,130
KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah	275.3	1,130
WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.	263	1,140
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	263	1,140
WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.	260.7	1,150
KGDM	Stockton, Calif.	260.7	1,150
WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.	258.5	1,160
WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	258.5	1,160
WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.	256.3	1,170
KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa	256.3	1,170
WICC	Bridgeport, Conn.	252	1,190
WOAI	San Antonio, Texas	252	1,190
WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.	205.4	1,460
KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.	205.4	1,460

Radio Offers Future to Girls

(Continued from page 75)

learned to accept without bitterness the fact that they must work twice as hard as a man of equal ability to obtain a real job. However, the Radio industry which is a product of the present generation, is essentially more tolerant towards women. Witness the fact that a young woman is eastern program director of the National Broadcasting company, and in this capacity supervises many men. Likewise, a woman is responsible for the booking of all speakers on the programs of the two stations operated by this broadcasting company.

The daytime Radio listeners are to a great extent women, and in the evening there are undoubtedly as many women Radio fans as men. In recognition of this fact, there is in almost every department of the National Broadcasting company a woman who helps plan those programs which appeal primarily to women. Those musical programs which are sponsored by a company advertising foodstuffs, cosmetics, etc. are written by a woman; the morning and afternoon programs which are planned for women and children are directed by a woman, and so on. A large correspondence department which handles the enormous amount of mail from Radio listeners, is managed by a woman.

IN THE music department, a girl arranges auditions and rehearsals, and another helps engage artists. A girl is in charge of the master program book; she must know which periods are free to be booked for weeks in advance and even a slight mistake would be serious.

And so we reach our starting point,—or at least the point of contact with the Radio listener—the voice or instrument which is transmitted to one's home. The listener is well-acquainted with the meteoric rise to fame of artists unknown before the advent of the Radio. The time-honored joke in every broadcasting company is that Radio is a blessing to those vocalists endowed with more talent than good looks, and that television would be a disillusionment to the listeners as well as a catastrophe to the performer. However, like all jokes, this should not be taken too seriously, for some of the Radio's most popular artists have had many offers to go on the stage.

Radio still is in the formative period and it is obviously far less difficult to "break in" than it is to impress theatrical producers with one's ability. Every artist who wishes it, is given a hearing, and the unknown artist is heard as eagerly as the concert prima donna who steps haughtily into the studio. For in many sad instances, great stars of the theatre have failed miserably before the microphone.

With Radio, more than with any other form of art, imagination is required on the part of the listener, for Radio appeals to one sense only—the sense of hearing. Likewise the girl who has sufficient imagination to visualize this great new industry, and to invent, if necessary, the type of job she would like, is almost certain to succeed in a job which she will really enjoy.

Hal Totten Going Big In Sports

(Continued from page 39)

SOME sports events run hours at a time and Hal is on the air all the way through with a running line of chatter. The longest broadcast he ever did was the National Interscholastic basketball tourney at the University of Chicago.

The games were run one right after the other. He was on the air for seven consecutive hours, talking continuously.

Baseball also taxes his vocal organs sometimes. The Cubs played a doubleheader in Philadelphia one day and on the same day the Sox met Philadelphia in Chicago. That meant six straight hours for Totten.

Last year the Giants-Cubs doubleheader went 15 and 10 innings—25 innings of baseball in one day. Wrigley called up when it was all over from his Lake Geneva home.

"Great game, Hal," he yelled into the long distance receiver.

"Yeh," came the weak voice of Totten, just this side of exhaustion at Wrigley field.

"Yeh, it was a great game," Wrigley repeated. "My dinner went cold a long time ago because I wouldn't leave the Radio long enough to eat."

Hal has been broadcasting sports for a long time now. In fact he has been on the air, over WMAQ, for longer than has any other station sports announcer in the country with regular sports schedule.

This year marks his fifth season of big league baseball. Over The Chicago Daily News station Totten was on the air with daily baseball reports for two years before any other station tried a daily schedule.

The current season is his sixth in college football. In addition he reported various prize fights, chief of which was the Dempsey-Tunney go in Soldier field. Races and basketball are alsofrequently on his schedule of broadcast activities. Hal is a great man with the boys of Chicago, too. It is a treat to watche them flock around when he appears to get autographs.

Night on the Banda Sea

(Continued from page 41)

canoe is moving. He is trying to get up. Now he is on his feet. He is waving his arms frantically. He is too weak to stand. He is staggering. He will fall overboard. I start to call to him, but I remember that I am looking through the powerful glasses. He is still a quarter of a mile away. He is crouching down now and is steadying himself by holding onto the sides of the canoe. He is a white man with a short growth of beard on his chin and a mustache. He is clad only in scanty rags and he seems to be fearfully burned by the sun. The ship's engine has stopped and we are drifting.

Several passengers aroused from their siesta by the unusual blast of the whistle come hurriedly on deck. The man in the canoe seems to be entirely exhausted. He is lying down again. The second officer is directing some men to lower a lifeboat. Now they are in the water. They have taken the man out of the canoe and are rowing back to the ship. They have placed the fellow in a sling and are heaving him aboard. The passengers rush to get a better view of this human derelict. I am with them, but we are waved back by the captain, who has now taken charge of the rescue. The ship's doctor arrives and the stranger is carried into the smoking room. We wait breathlessly to hear whether he is alive and to learn the mystery of his drifting on the sea in an open boat.

The man is in a state of coma, exhausted by prolonged exposure, but the doctor says that he will recover. Nothing of his story can be learned at present, and the passengers, conscious of their varying stages of undress, retire to complete their siesta or to dress leisurely for the evening.

This will be the night of the captain's dinner, for some of the travelers are leaving the ship at Makassar. Champagne will be served and a Javanese orchestra from the crew will play for dancing. The smoking room is deserted except for the rescued man who is lying quiet and motionless on a leather sofa. Entering and signaling to the bar boy for a whiskey and soda, I observe the ragged stranger.

He is a man about thirty, I judge, although it would be difficult to assign to him a definite age. He is long and lean and the muscles of his bare arms and legs indicate great strength. His hair is of a light reddish hue and wavy. It is probably bleached by the sun. On his upper lip he wears a short red mustache turned up slightly at the ends. His bronzed face is covered by a stubbly growth of beard. His lips in repose resolve themselves into a cunning smile. In spite of his unkempt condition he has the undeniable appearance of an Englishman of culture.

THE BAR boy brings my drink and I sip it reflectively. This unconscious man from the sea has a robust look about him that belies the fact that he has just been rescued from starvation and thirst. He seems to be a particularly well fed specimen of humanity and there is not a mark on him to denote that he has just come through a period of great distress and suffering. He is sun burnt, that is all.

Through the window I see a dark bank of clouds billowing up from the horizon, that will soon obscure the sun and bring the slight coolness of late afternoon upon us. Suddenly, I am aware of the sensation of being stared at by someone. My man of the sea is still lying motionless, but he is boring me through with a pair of fierce blue eyes, eyes that seem to smile mischievously at my apparent discomfiture.

"Are we alone?" the man asks in a hollow whisper.

I jump in spite of myself.

"Quite alone," I answer.

The man sits up suddenly, and involuntarily I jump again.

The man laughs. "Don't be frightened," he says. "I am not a ghost. Get me a whiskey and soda and my recovery will be complete."

I walk over to the bar window and procure the drink.

"You are surprised that I am so much alive?" he asks.

"No," I reply, "I haven't sufficient imagination in this heat to be surprised."

"You do not ask how it happens that I am found drifting in a canoe in the middle of the Banda Sea?"

"Naturally, I am curious, but if you do not wish to explain, that is your affair."

"Quite so. But the others will not be so easily satisfied. I must think of a good tale to tell them." It seems but yesterday.

HIS EYES sparkled as if in anticipation of some huge prank. "By the way, this is the **S. S. Van Hooten?**" His manner in putting the question was quite casual, but his anxious tone denoted that my answer would be of momentous import to him.

"Yes," I said. "Melbourne-Singapore with a cargo of flour, race horses, and twenty thousand English pounds gold."

"Good!" he ejaculated. He was visibly relieved. "Then I can go on with my plans?" He seemed to be thinking out loud rather than directing a question to me so I waited.

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Strange Case of Dr. Thrale

(Continued from page 14)

after him. The nut had been watching him for some time, and the cop turned him down. He got away before his name and address could be taken."

"That's all?" I asked.

"Sure—all there ever will be, probably. We ran a couple of sticks about the case the day after he was brought in. A lot of friends and relatives of missing men have been in to look him over. Nothing doing, though."

"How old is he?" I was determined to play Thrale's game as well as I could, silly though it seemed.

"About thirty-five, they think—though he might be older."

I had been writing down Jackson's report as he gave it to me and Thrale was looking over my shoulder at what I wrote.

"Just a second, Jackson," I said. And then I asked Thrale: "Anything else?"

"ASK him if the policeman noticed anything about the women he spoke to—or if he spoke to all who came along?"

"No record as to that," said Jackson. "Say—what's eating you, anyway? There's nothing more to this than to most of these cases."

"All right—forget it," I said. And then I added, mechanically: "Don't let any of the other station men know I was asking."

"All right—g'bye," he said.

Jackson was a youngster who had shown some promise. He was going through the mill; the assignment to Bellevue, one of the most trying and monotonous a New York newspaper can give, was part of his training.

Thrale was excited to an extraordinary degree. I have seldom seen a man more moved.

"They didn't ask about the women?" he said. "They wouldn't—of course! And that flat-footed policeman wouldn't have been able to answer if they had. But I can. I was the one who tried to take him home. I was a fool, Morgan! I had the thing in my hands, and waited too long. I might have known one of those women would call a policeman—but I waited to make my observations."

"But—I can't see what difference it makes!" I said. "After all—there are hundreds of cases like this in a year, aren't there?"

"No," he said. "There's never been a case like this before and there never will be again. And that's true of every case, Morgan—every case in which the mind is affected. Wait a minute."

"HERE!" he said. "I'll give you a hint. I've heard this man speak. Your reporter at Bellevue told you about him—you got the impression that he was a rough laborer?"

I nodded.

"But I listened to him!" said Thrale. "His voice was that of a cultivated man—what you'd call a gentleman, a man of birth and breeding. I marked the way he approached those women—his gestures. And—oh, a dozen other things. Has anyone of special importance been reported as mysteriously and unaccountably missing lately?"

I searched my memory for a minute.

"There have been a few cases," I said. "None that this chap could fit, though. Of course, the last really sensational case was that of Andrew Brayden—"

He waited.

"Well?" he said, when I didn't go on. I laughed.

"That's like talking about Charley Ross!" I said. "It's just the typical case that one thinks of. Brayden disappeared two and a half years ago, on his way to his wedding. There's no doubt that he's dead. The search for him has been abandoned—"

He pounced on the name.

"Damn your deductions and conclusions!" he said, brutally. "Give me the facts—so far as your intelligence permits you to distinguish them!"

"Brayden was an architect," I said, ignoring his manner. "A Beaux Arts man—recognized as one of the coming big men in his game. He did the Carstairs Hotel and the new St. Phillip's Hospital, among other things."

"I know—I know," Thrale said, impatiently. "I know the man, too—by sight."

"Well—?" I said. "Then this bum in Bellevue can't be he—"

"Oh—you know that, do you?" said Thrale, with a snarl. "My God—will you get on with the facts and stop wasting time with the confused processes of what you call your mind?"

"HE was engaged to a girl in Brooklyn—Anne Rutledge. They were to be married on a Saturday in June, in a church near her home on Brooklyn Heights. He dressed for his wedding at his rooms here—he lived on Washington Square. He telephoned for a cab, but none came, and he started to walk. He told the door man he would walk up Fifth avenue until he found a cab. And that's the last that was ever seen or heard of him. If you want all the facts that are known or that came out I can get you the envelopes of clippings that were made after his disappearance—"

"Of course I want them!" Thrale snapped. "Where are they? In your office? Let's go down now—"

"I want some sleep!" I protested.

He just stared at me. I have accused him, since then, of using hypnotic influence. But he denies that, angrily; says that only a charlatan would descend to such methods. His own explanation of why I accompanied him to the Planet office at three o'clock in the morning is less flattering to me. He says, very simply, and, now, almost affectionately, that I yielded to a stronger will.

At any rate, I took him down to the old shop, and sat and dozed in the library until five o'clock, while he read and digested, taking copious notes, the enormous mass of material that had been printed about the Brayden case. I knew, roughly, what there was. Interviews with all sorts of people who had known Brayden. Attempts, by the yellows, to stir up scandal in connection with every woman the poor devil had ever known. Surmise and speculation. And then, after a few weeks, telegraphic dispatches from all over the country, announcing that Brayden had been found. And, all the time, of course, columns of matter about the broken-hearted bride, deserted at the altar. Here, again, the yellows were in their glory. There were feature stories by their highly paid sob sisters, pictures—all the customary stuff.

Thrale got up at last, stretched himself, and grinned at me.

"You think I'm crazy, too, don't you?" he said.

I was too sleepy to think anything, and said so.

"LOOK here," he said. "Morgan—I have what you, unscientifically, would call a hunch—that this poor devil in Bellevue is Andrew Brayden. As a matter of fact, I'm making a guess—but it's a guess based upon a method of scientific reasoning you don't understand and would ridicule if I tried to explain. I'm casting no reflections on your intelligence when I say that—as a matter of fact your mind's rather above the average. Practically every trained psychiatrist in America would have a reaction identical with yours. I'll give you a hint—the whole thing I'm working on is contained in the selective process the poor chap used in picking out the women he addressed. I observed that, you'll remember, for fifteen minutes. Now—"

"Hold on a minute," I said. "This man in Bellevue is mad, isn't he?"

"Not so far as I know. He's a case of auto-psychic amnesia. Which means to you—?"

"Words!" I said.

"Precisely! I'll translate. It means he's forgotten who he is—I use forgetting in your loose and incomplete sense—because it would involve action sharply and terribly distasteful if he remembered. It means, in other words, that he forgot his identity because it suited his real wishes to do so."

"But—Brayden was on his way to be married—it was the happiest day of his life—"

"Piffle! How do you know that? Don't you suppose some of the men and women who contract tragic and unhappy marriages do it with their eyes open—knowing that they're headed for unhappiness and disaster, but going on because circumstances have forced their hands?"

"Well—but you haven't convinced me this is Brayden—"

"Right! I haven't convinced myself. But what I say is true if he's John Peterson or Richard Romney or Bertram Brown. He has forgotten his identity because of a deeply buried, unconscious wish to escape the consequences of remembering it. Now—here's what I want. They won't let me see him. They're down on me at Bellevue. I suppose I've insulted them! But I've got to have a chance to work with that man. I want you, or some one you can trust, to identify this man and take him away. You can manage that—you can convince them. I'll guarantee you a story—an exclusive one. You can solve the mystery of his identity. If it is Brayden you have the biggest sensation of years—"

"Why not call on people who knew him—his fiancee—his family?"

"FOR several reasons. One is that his physical appearance is changed. I told you I knew him by sight. He might be Brayden—there is nothing impossible about it. But no one who knew Brayden would identify this man now. Come—come! Will you take a chance for the biggest story you ever had a chance to write?"

Again I felt myself yielding to him, against every impulse of judgment and common sense. And again, in later talk, Thrale has denied contemptuously, my suggestion that he was hypnotizing me. He insists that there was no need of any devise so cheap—although he admits that he could have done so. Be that as it may, I agreed.

I dared not appear in the matter myself. But I spoke, the next morning, to Harmon, my chief—that amazing genius who inherited the Planet, then moribund, from his father, and turned it into the most brilliant newspaper of its time. Harmon had

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Radio Stars in Hollywood

(Continued from page 11)

her participation in Show Folks, Night Club Romances, Our Little Playhouse, the La Palina Hour, all well-known programs broadcast over that chain. As a result of her microphone activities, Miss Shea was given second lead in the Paramount production "Glorifying the American Girl," which followed her portrayal of Peter Pan in the talkie short entitled "Book Lovers."

New laurels were loaded upon Miss Shea when she was elected by internationally known judges as the most beautiful girl in Radio. The occasion, the National Radio Artists beauty contest, held in New York City the latter part of September. It was sponsored by the Radio World's Fair.

Miss Shea is considered to have a brilliant future in the picture world. As Miss WABC, she was chosen the most beautiful Radio girl in America for 1929. Although beauty contests have proven that the winners are not sure of lasting fame or fortune, after her recent victory, Miss Shea is fortunate to have personality and ability to sing and dance, which, with her natural beauty, should make for her a star in the Hollywood heavens.

CHARLOTTE WOODRUFF, another young woman who appears in programs over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System, has been filmed in over eighteen pictures, shorts and features. In six of these, she appeared on the screen while in the other twelve it was only her voice that was photographed. This itself is considered a compliment to her dramatic soprano voice as only the most capable artists are selected for synchronization.

Alan Ray, Columbia System tenor, who came to Radio from the stage, joining the film work with the talkies, feels that there are, even today, opportunities for expression in audible films for those who qualify.

In discussing his activities in the sound studios, Mr. Ray says, "Microphonic technique is practically the same whether in Radio or talking pictures, the only difference being the distance it is necessary to work from a mike.

Much more is required of the Artist in Audible films—for instance in Radio broadcasting, it is not necessary to commit the program to memory, neither is any particular mode of dress required. Appearance is not essential to Radio broadcasting—it is only important to have a Radio personality.

A talking picture artist must have all the qualities required of an actor, plus a Radio personality. A voice which sounds well on the stage may lack the qualities essential to good broadcasting, as the microphone has a tendency to exaggerate any pecularities a voice may have—just as the photographic lens accentuates the physical features.

Phil Maher, an actor of the old school, who is heard in Hank Simmons Show Boat and Show Folks on the air, took the voice of Mutt in the Mutt and Jeff cartoon talkie. Mr. Maher describes his experiences: "I rather enjoyed it. The work was unique—as it was so different from a stage appearance where you have an audience swayed by your comedy and pathos. In taking the part of Mutt I used a thin tenor voice as I thought Mutt should have. The fact that you have no audience except the camera and technical men, eliminates any possibility of an enthusiastic response on the part of your listeners. The only laugh I got out of my part was from Jeff. After all it was a great experience."

HELEN KANE, now a Paramount featured player and noted as a "Boop Boopa Doop" girl, was brought to the attention of Paul Ash, while broadcasting over the Radio. She made such a success at the Paramount Theatre in New York that she was immediately placed under contract. She appeared with Richard Dix in "Nothing But the Truth" and has just been featured in a comedy "Sweetie."

Abe Lyman and His Californians, Benny Krueger, Guy Lombardo, Paul Whiteman and others were all broadcasting before they entered audible films. Lillian Roth is another featured screen player who entered motion pictures via the Radio. She was one time a Ziegfeld dancer and singer.

All this means that Radio has gone through a lot of development in southern California, which in turn brings the logical thought that program development has not lagged behind other parts of the country. We found that out when Vitaphone Jubilee Hour programs produced in Hollywood were many times as popular as those emanating from New York.

As every good program director knows, there are only two kinds of programs; not good or bad as might hastily be assumed, but roughly a program is either built around a featured artist, who may or may not be termed a Radio star, or the program lays aside personalities and tries for listeners on the merit of its production.

The hundred and one programs featuring a great artist of the stage, screen, opera or concert are examples of the one type. Of the other, like the Main Street Sketches, probably can stand on merits for that type of Radio presentation.

But this story has to do with Radio stars in Hollywood only. And, cries an anguished voice, what is there to write about! Every station, every city, has its favorite Radio artists and entertainers. But have you, a listener, ever heard a guest artist from KFI, KFWB, KHJ or KNX that you didn't have a pitying smile for? And we in Hollywood have had so many guest artists from other stations, with glowing recommendations, turn out to be flops of the first floppage that when one is received it is with tongue in the cheek. Who is to say who is a star of Radio and whether Joe Doakes, who sings so well for the people of Boston, may be an awful rummy when he appears at Boise, Idaho.

TAKE Charlie Hamp, for example. His career, so far as Radio is concerned, began at KFWB. Later he was heard at other stations in southern California, always with good success but nothing like the way the people of San Francisco took him to their bosoms, speaking, of course, in a dynamic loudspeaker way. And his San Francisco appeal was overshadowed by that of Detroit and Detroit in turn topped by New York.

Then again we might speak of Vernon Rickard. Rickard was singing at WGN, helping Quin Ryan with his sports, reading stock market quotations and the news items when the Duncan Sisters came along and swiped him for their leading man. When the run of "Topsy and Eva" was finished Rickard came to Hollywood to study, began singing on Radio. His popularity grew, a contract was made with Brunswick for recordings, several Vitaphone shorts followed as well as parts in Fox productions. Rickard, according to those who ought to know, is destined to become one of the biggest leading men of the musical comedy stage. And yet he might still be just another Radio singer if he should go back to Chicago. He is one of Hollywood's big stars.

Then there is the case of David Percy. No, my children, not another of those mystery stories. David has a fine, strapping baritone voice. He did Radio work, anywhere he could get it. He knew just how to sing at KMTR, or KFI, KNX or KFWB. He needed money, too, because the prospects were good that a David, Jr. was about to appear, and when a Radio singer needs money, it's just too bad, because this devil-take-it industry hasn't had the money, until just recently, to pay big salaries. Things looked quite black and there was some talk of laying the baritone voice on the shelf for a time while a pair of hands did more profitable work. Just at this time Percy got a call from Fox to do a bit in a picture; a not unusual thing for almost anyone who does Radio work in Hollywood, except that a few days later David walked out of the gates of the Movietone City with a 5 year contract in his pocket that will support David, Jr. quite well, thank you.

Now the question is, at least so far as this article is concerned, should we say that David Percy is a Radio star of Hollywood or had we better wait until his first picture is released and say "I knew that guy when he used to sing over KFWB."

STILL probing into the subject, with an open and unprejudiced mind, how about all these picture stars and stage people now in Hollywood. Aren't they Radio stars, too? Nearly everyone of them has been on the Radio in some way or other, theater openings, network broadcasts or on local programs.

Stripped of their names it is doubtful if more than a handful of cinema folk could hold their own on Radio. Conrad Nagel is an exception. Without doubt, his quality of voice, good delivery and Radio personality would carry him along regardless of his name.

Nick Lucas and Ted Lewis the same, although the former was on the air for a long time in Chicago without receiving a lot of applause from the listeners.

Of the great list of famous stars we have put on the air over KFWB Irene Bordoni and Ted Lewis undoubtedly were able to get over to the listener their personalities in a way that would have made them great stars of Radio. In most all other cases, something seemed missing. When Charlotte Greenwood sang "So Long Letty," something was gone when her long legs could not be seen in action; likewise the swaying rythm of the Brox Sisters was gone, the roughhouse tactics of Winnie Lightner, the extreme manliness of John Boles and Buddy Rogers and the good-fellow smile of Sophie Tucker. Every one was good on the air but not a single one of those mentioned could have achieved the success they have by microphone appearances alone.

At KNX, a station connected with Paramount's westcoast studio, as KFWB is with Warner Bros. and First National, they, too, have found their best consistent performers are those who sing for Radio alone. One of the big features of that station is Calmon Luboviski, young Russian violinist, who has been a featured artist on KNX for over four years. His earnings have enabled him to buy into the station as a stockholder, something the new and impoverished Radio artist should not overlook when trying to decide which branch of the amusement profession to adopt.

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The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 32)

into some sort of pouch in the back of her mouth as she talked. "When I saw how easy it was to make money, I went into the game, too. You bet! And all I learns from Mr. McNaught's talk—that helps a poor girl, too. Don't you know girls make mighty good retail salesmen for hootch—the best, in fact? No—I ain't givin' up my manicure work. Betcha life, no. That is my office—the hotel barber shop. I got lots of customers."

"You get the orders; how do you fill them?"

She looked at him sharply as though she would have said, "Wouldn't you like to know, Mr. Man!" What she actually said was, "Oh, there's runners comes about and takes 'em. They pays me the commission. Sometimes they gives me a telephone number to call up. Always a different one."

KENNEDY might draw his own conclusions, but she was a tough witness. There was much to reflect on in that conversation as we rode up in the elevator. But there was more coming before the afternoon was over.

We found Deitz. He was a stocky fellow of medium height, with a sharp, weasel nose. I don't know how it is, but Kennedy seems to be able to sell himself to bootleggers and parsons; perhaps he is a good actor. Anyhow, with the card of Julius he sold himself to Deitz in five minutes and had him talking about the intimacies of the business in a way that would have read well in print but would have got the printer into a lot of trouble.

Not only that, but he led the conversation around until we got to the Bahama whisky fleet. He knew all about Ev Barr. In fact, it wasn't long before Deitz opened up and told us practically that he knew where the stuff that Barr was bringing in was.

"That stuff off the 'All Alone' is sold already," he added.

"Well, I want good stuff; the best," emphasized Kennedy.

"I'm getting lots of it from the boats. Most of what the public buys, of course, just between you and me, is this redistilled industrial alcohol. But there's good stuff, too, from the boats and from Canada. But, being as you're friends of Mr. Barr, I'll tell you that that stuff he's bringing in is the best. Lots of it gets cut, with water after it's landed—even while they're bringing it over."

"And some of it has never seen the Bahamas at all, I understand," I put in. "They tell me there are ships with gigantic stills, copper coils that mount up from the hold to the deck, that turn out a couple of hundred gallons a day—with labels, bottles, corks, seals, carried out to the ships."

"Don't believe all you hear," laughed Deitz.

I said nothing. Anything having to do with the subject I have learned to believe when I know it; otherwise to suspend judgment. I had not forgotten a prohibition director's denial in an interview with me once that there were any rum-running boats—whereupon the "Star" hired a tug, sent a photographer out and snapped fourteen.

Kennedy was pondering the question from a practical angle. "Where is this stuff that has been landed?" he asked. "Can I see it—sample it?"

DEITZ, who had an office full by this time waiting to see him, nodded. "Sure," he said under his breath. "If you want to run over to the warehouse. It's the Great Rapids Furniture Warehouse on West Street. I'll give you a card. Only, be a little careful. Go over there, Bob will let you sample the stuff direct, there. Then have dinner with me tonight and we'll talk turkey on price."

Outside Maisie was no longer in the lower hall. Kennedy called a cab and we rode over within a block of the address on the card where Craig dismissed the cab and we walked the rest of the way.

"Did you see that fellow with a cab hanging around up there by the market on the corner?" asked Craig, without stopping.

"Yes; I saw a cab."

"I'd be willing to bet that is Jake Merck, from the description. Wonder what he's doing here? Maybe they don't trust each other too much and are watching each other."

We entered. Back of the grimy windows of the blackened brick warehouse I saw such sights involving bottles as might have made a feature story any Sunday for the paper. There was nothing from Great Rapids in this furniture warehouse. But there was lots of other stuff.

It seemed that there were two classes of goods, as Bob readily explained from Deitz's O. K. Some, like that Eversley Barr had brought in, was going to wealthy connoisseurs who were constant customers and whose trade was not only constant but valuable. This stuff was let alone; that was what they were paying for. But there was much that was not.

I had heard of filling non-refillable bottles, of cutting the bottom out of bottles, fusing the glass again after they had been filled with half water or half low-grade stuff. These people had the science of it. No bottle was non-fillable to them. In such a case the label was all right; the seal was all right. But they were getting better than two for one on the contents with the aid of the excellent city water supply and some flavoring. As for the remainder, there were bottles with names blown in them, labels counterfeited, seals duplicated so well, so much to see, that it took us a long time to get down to the real ostensible purpose of our visit. In fact, we never did get to it.

SUDDENLY there was an outcry inside, a clanging and smashing outside—and on our first visit to a whisky warehouse under the present regime, we found ourselves captives in a raid by the enforcement forces!

"McNaught!" muttered Kennedy under his hand as we saw our friend, who was evidently engineering the raid.

"For the love of Mike!" McNaught eyed us among the miscellaneous group that had been herded by a couple of his armed men in the bookkeepers' office. "Step outside. I want to see you."

"Was it you pinched little Judy Hancock out there?" asked Kennedy the moment we were in the hall.

"No, but my men tell me the office got a tip—underground—same as this tip was. How did you fellows get here?"

Kennedy evaded answering. I could see, however, that McNaught was much impressed. How was it that he had bobbed up there and at just such a time?

We had crossed wires on the trail. As far as Craig was concerned he was principally anxious to get back on the main line along which he was acting. Thus it resulted in taking Deitz up on his offer of a dinner and we three went to a rather famous restaurant that conformed with the law.

In spite of the fact that it was Deitz's loss, he did not seem to be unduly worried by the raid. To Deitz it was just an unfortunate hazard in the course of an extra-hazardous undertaking. Besides, his partners were really lawyers. There was always a chance of beating the case.

"I'm amazed at how philosophically you take the raid," remarked Kennedy, as the waiter took our order.

"YOU CAN'T kick when you lose, sometimes," returned Deitz. "Think what you win other times! For instance, those fellows out there—" he waved his hand with a sparkler on it in the general direction of the Atlantic ocean—"pay an average, let us say, of fifteen dollars a case in Nassau. They might average forty dollars out there on the Banks. That's a hundred and fifty per cent profit and no great risk so far; none from the law as long as they keep out of the twelve-mile limit; it's all on the high seas. Well, suppose these other fellows that bring it from them get a hundred a case ashore. That's another hundred and fifty per cent profit to them. They have the risk, though."

Kennedy smiled. "It's a great business, slaking the national thirst—over five hundred per cent profit from Nassau to New York."

The broker was complacent. "More money in it than in anything I ever tackled, and I've been a bookie, in the market, 'most everything. It's just like any other industry. The middleman is getting all the profits. The producer has to shave his close—and the consumer's the sucker! Now, come back to my terms. Half down—the other half as and when delivered."

"What if the stuff is seized?"

"Not a chance!" Deitz laughed at Craig's scepticism. "We can put a revenue man on every truck, if we want. You take your chance after delivery, of course—just like the rest of us—just like you saw this afternoon. But from the time the stuff is landed, not a chance—not with this bird!"

"You know I didn't get an opportunity to sample any of that 'All Alone' stuff. That confounded McNaught jumped in there before your man, Bob, could get to it. Mine are fastidious people. Besides, I'm told the 'All Alone' has been moved to some other spot along the coast from Long Island. I really must know what I am buying, see it."

Deitz looked at him a moment critically. "No trouble on that if you're game," he said quickly. "She's been moved down here to the Jersey fishing banks. Take you out to the fleet if you don't mind the risk."

"Risk?" repeated Kennedy nonchalantly, betraying no whit of his satisfaction at accomplishing what had looked like the unattainable next step in the case only a few hours before. "I think it would be a lark!"

Chapter VI.

RUM ROW

DOWN near the Battery, Deitz conducted us along a wharf until we came to a staunch but dirty cruiser, the "Skoal," tossing restlessly in the swirl of the tide.

"There are three of the ships in the rum fleet that I have been doing business with," remarked Deitz. "They are lying about fifteen miles out, I should say, and they had pretty full cargoes of the stuff to start with. You say you're most interested in the stuff that Eversley Barr has brought in. Well, we'll see that and the others, too."

(Continued on page 116)

From dance hall floors to railway coach ceilings ..this grainless wood board

Beauty, such as paneled ceilings need, is usually required to sell a product. Durability, that a floor must have, is necessary to keep it sold. Manufacturers who adopt Masonite Presdwood find that it gives their products both durability and beauty. Samples for testing will be gladly supplied.



FOR DANCE HALL FLOORS

In a Denver dancing academy the tap-tap-a-tap of metal tipped clogs resounds from a floor of Masonite Presdwood. At Pullman, Illinois, ceilings of Presdwood are applied to railway coaches. And in scores of widely varying industries, hundreds of products are being made better and at lower cost because of this grainless wood.

Many of these Presdwood products require the strength and durability that are indicated in the service rendered at Denver. Used eight hours a day at the Fred Merritt School of Tap Dancing, the Presdwood floor showed no signs of wear, even after weeks and weeks of usage. Other Presdwood products may require smoothness and ease of finishing — there, again, Presdwood is ideal, as evidenced by its use for paneling . . . not only in ceilings of railway coaches but in fine homes and buildings as well.

Is easily cut

Beauty and lasting qualities are but a part of the advantages of Masonite Presdwood. It is moisture resisting and almost immune from warping, shrinking and buckling. It is extremely easy to work with. It can be sawed, punched, planed, milled or sanded. It is liked by shop foremen, experienced with materials of all kinds, and is just as welcome in homes where handy men put up shelving or build a radio cabinet. Wherever it is used it never harms fine tools, for it contains no artificial binder.



FOR RAILWAY COACH CEILING

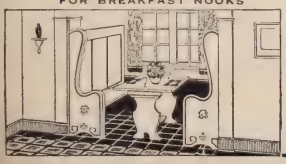
Has wide range of uses

The uses of Presdwood are many and varied. They range from bedroom screens to toys, from motor truck bodies to hydroplane hulls, from bread boxes to loud speaker tension boards, from out-door signs to kitchen cabinets, from office partitions to billiard tables, from clothes hampers to breakfast nooks.

Fully eighty of Presdwood's many uses, in industry and the home, are listed in the Presdwood booklet which is gladly sent to those who appreciate the beauties of fine materials or who wish to effect manufacturing economies with this workable grainless wood.

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Dept. 730-A, 111 West Washington Street
Chicago, Illinois

FOR BREAKFAST NOOKS



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PRESDWOOD
Made by the makers of
MASONITE STRUCTURAL INSULATION
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOR PANELING



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Night on Banda Sea

(Continued from page 101)

"But, of course, you do not know," he said apologetically a moment later. "This is going to be the most splendid night of our lives. We are going to have a ripping bit of excitement!"

"The captain's dinner—" I volunteered.

"And a thrilling dessert!" he added.

Suddenly he became secretive and leaned closely to me and whispered: "Can I trust you to do me a great favor?"

"Yes," I answered dubiously, "if it's short of murder."

"Tomorrow morning the ship will arrive at Makassar," he continued. "I want you to deliver a small packet at the Bank of Holland."

"But can you not perform the errand yourself tomorrow?" I asked.

"I shall not go to Makassar," he answered.

"But you cannot avoid going there," I observed incredulously, "unless you swim away from the ship tonight."

"Never mind about that," he said sharply. "Just hand this packet to the cashier of the Bank of Holland. I ask you nothing else." He drew a small packet from a pocket in his scanty trousers. It was carefully wrapped in oiled cloth and tied with twine.

The sound of footsteps approaching on the deck caused him to start. "What is the number of your stateroom?" he asked hurriedly.

"Twenty-two."

"Good! If you value your life, don't tell anyone you have talked with me." He winked as he threw himself on the lounge, and in an instant, he was again apparently unconscious.

I thrust the mysterious packet into my pocket just as the ship's doctor entered the room. The doctor sat down beside the inert form, felt his pulse and listened to his heart.

"Is he in a bad way?" I asked.

"I think not," answered the doctor still examining his patient. "His physical condition is good. He seems to be suffering from shock. When he awakens, he should be all right."

"How do you suppose he got adrift in a canoe?"

"That is a question he can best answer himself."

"Quite so," I agreed. The doctor was not a man of conversation. He ordered himself a cocktail and suggested that it would soon be time for dinner. I accepted the hint silently and retired to my stateroom to don the proper togs for the occasion.

WHEN next I reappeared on deck it was to run into an uproar of conversation. Most of the passengers had assembled on the promenade with their dinner cocktails and each individual seemed to be trying to talk at once, shouting the louder in order to be heard. The exciting word "pirates" was the only intelligible sound that I could distinguish out of the babble and confusion.

The chief interest was apparently vested in the man from Chicago, so I joined the knot of people surrrounding him in order to learn the cause of the disturbance. It seemed that the fat chimney builder and his wife, having dressed early, had repaired to the smoking room for another round of beer.

There they had discovered the mysterious man from the sea still comatose, and being curious to hear his story, they had succeeded directly in reviving him with the aid of a vial of smelling salts. He had awakened with a terrifying scream of "Pirates!" which had so startled poor Mrs. Plunkett that she overturned a stein of beer on her evening frock.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett were tremendously impressed by what they heard. The man had told them everything. He had been the victim of a piratical raid. It had happened while he was touring the native ports of Celebes on an inter-island steamboat. The little vessel had been surrounded one night as it lay at anchor a few miles off shore by a fleet of catamarans. The catamarans had approached very close to them, and without warning a horde of savage pirates swarmed aboard yelling like demons and flashing their long curved knives.

They slaughtered the crew and passengers and forthwith weighed anchor and proceeded to sea with the ship. He alone had escaped by diving into the water, and crawling into a canoe he had found attached to one of the catamarans he had paddled away in the dark in the hope of making the coast. He was not to realize this hope, however, for next morning he found himself drifting out of sight of land on an empty burning ocean. Three days had passed without rescue. He was parched and burnt by the merciless sun and was dying of thirst when luckily he was sighted from the bridge of the *S. S. Van Hooten*.

"RIDICULOUS!" exclaimed the captain when he heard the tale. "The man is delirious. He does not remember what happened to him. No canoe could have drifted this far in three days from Celebes. Furthermore, in three days he should have been sighted and rescued by any one of fifty fishing boats that undoubtedly have passed this way."

"Then there is no danger of pirates?" asked a woman timorously.

"Pirates?" The captain laughed. "Madame, I have sailed these waters for thirty years and I have yet to see a pirate. Pirates! Ha! Ha! A good joke on the Royal Dutch Navy!"

But Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett were unconvinced. The man had told a graphic story. He had said the Banda Sea was swarming with murderous buccaneers. And who should know better than he? Hadn't he just escaped from their horrible clutches!

The sun had set and the tropic night had swallowed the world with awe-inspiring suddenness, clouds obscured the sky and there was not a single star. Staring out into the impenetrable dark from the lighted deck, I could not prevent a chilling tingling sensation from creeping down my spine. Out in that black void, anything might happen. I did not envy anyone the experience of drifting on the Banda Sea in an open boat.

In the flag bedecked dining saloon, in spite of the scoffing of the captain, the conversation continued to dwell on piratical subjects. Someone told the tale of the *S. S. Sunning*, the ship taken recently by Chinese pirates just outside of Hong Kong harbor. The pirates directed its course immediately to Bias Bay. But by some miracle, the officers had regained control of the pilot house and turned back to Hong Kong. The vessel had been set afire and steamed into the harbor a blazing furnace. There were other hair-raising tales as the champagne flowed. Immediately after coffee the Javanese orchestra struck up a fox trot on deck, American jazz tunes sounding weirdly on jangling barbaric instruments.

SUDDENLY the second officer came running up the deck. He interrupted the captain who was dancing with a young English girl and whispered something into his ear. The captain bowed his excuses to his partner, signaled to the first officer, the assistant engineer, the purser, and the doctor and the lot of them disappeared below. The orchestra continued playing loudly for several minutes, but the passengers collected in groups to discuss this new excitement. What had caused the agitation and hurried departure of the officers? Something was in the air. Perhaps, the ship was on fire,—people sniffed apprehensively. One woman left to secure a life preserver, and the fat Mr. Plunkett, filled up to the brim with champagne, mumbled something about "pirates." If there had been a greater number of passengers, there would have been a panic.

As the orchestra paused for a moment's intermission, we heard a terrific noise from the direction of amidships, shrieking and shouting and cries in native dialects. The bravest of us hastened to investigate. From the rear of the passenger deck we looked on the main deck amidships to see a howling, tangled mass of humanity dimly illuminated in the eerie glow of a hooded lantern.

Knives were flashing swiftly. The white officers had just arrived and were laying right and left with their fists, kicking and trampling on brown bodies as they waded into the mob.

The captain fired several shots from a revolver and in a few moments the spirit of the riot was subdued. One man had had his eye carved out and another had been stabbed in the back. They were removed post haste to the infirmary.

The fight had resulted from a game of dice that had been started by some white man. He was a strange white man the natives said, one whom they had never seen before. He was very tall, they exclaimed, almost as tall as the mast, and had fiery red hair.

Members of the crew had been strictly forbidden to take part in games of chance under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The captain believed that they were now lying to save themselves from punishment. But there was very little he could do about it, though he arrested several Chinese boys on general principles. We remained to see the end of the affair and to watch the officers clear the deck. The natives who had been arrested were protesting their innocence with loud cries, the others were shouting and gesticulating.

AS IF by magic two horses leaped furiously from the shadows near the port and starboard entrances to the stables. Rearing and pawing and kicking and snorting, they assumed gigantic proportions in the uncertain light. Freed from captivity for the first time in weeks all of their pent up energies were released at once.

Excited by the noise of the fight and by the strange surroundings in which they suddenly found themselves, they plunged into the terrified crowd of natives who pushed and scrambled and fought and trampled one another in a frenzied effort to escape from the accursed deck.

Into their midst rushed other frantic horses in a mad stampede, screaming and snorting in delirious fright. The shrieking, yelling, writhing, struggling mass of men and beasts was like a wild scene from a nightmare in bedlam. It was as if the ship had gone riotously mad with the heat.

Two of the horses leaped over the rail and plunged with sickening groans into the sea; another bolted through a door and into a passageway which led to the forward cabins. Racing furiously down the long corridor he mounted the stair-

(Continued on page 108)

the new MORTON Georgian and Vanitie Venetian



Artistic lines — distinctive beauty — rich design — these are the chief characteristics of two new all-mirror door bathroom cabinets which are offered for your consideration in 1928.

THE Vanitie Venetian will be approved by architects, builders and realtors who appreciate the unusual in bathroom cabinets. It is made in one size only, with standard etched mirror, 18 x 32 in., and side wings 8 in. wide. The absence of miter lines permits a clear 3-way vision. The cabinet, 5 in. deep, recesses in a wall opening 14¾ x 25½ in., and is completely concealed when the door is closed. There is no cabinet space behind the wings.

The Georgian was designed to meet the demand for an attractive cabinet between Models A and B and the Venetian type. It is made in one size only, a 16 x 20 in. beveled, etched mirror, having slightly rounded corners, decorative rosettes and clear vision. It requires a wall opening 12¾ x 16¾ in.—recessing a full 5 in. if desired.

A Complete Line

11 models in the MORTON Line of Bathroom Cabinets, to recess or hang on the wall. Built of steel, electrically welded; finished in a beautiful white enamel, permanently baked on. Many distinctive features of construction. Installed instantly — "Out of the carton into the wall."

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case at the end, kicked over chairs and tables in the social hall and cavorted onto the promenade deck. Passengers fled before him. Women screamed and fainted. Some were dragged by the men from under the galloping hoofs.

The captain and the officers shouted orders that went unheard in the confusion. They waved their arms and tore their hair. They tried to seize the halters of some of the horses, and were forced to retreat to save themselves from being crushed under the hoofs of the savage beasts.

At the height of the uproar every light on the ship snapped out. Some hand had pulled the master switch. The great leviathan of commerce wallowed on blindly through the inky blackness of the tropic night. Then the ship stopped. Engines were thrown into reverse with such swiftness that horses and men alike were thrown off their feet, and the twin screws of the vessel churned the water with a roar until her vast hull trembled and shivered as if she would break in two.

THE howling of the natives, the wailing of the women, the crying of the horses, the cursing of the men resounded like a medley of doom on the last hideous night.

Descending pell mell from the bridge to discover why the ship had been stopped, the officer on watch collided with the engineer who had come running up from below to learn why the order had been given for reversing the engines.

They were already unnerved when they located the captain in the hell amidships. When they flashed their electric torches on the scene, they first thought of mutiny and both landed their fists on the heads of the nearest natives. The captain forced his way over to them and demanded angrily why they had stopped his ship. He dared the devil, himself, to stop his ship.

Someone located the master switch and turned on the lights, and the vessel again proceeded on her forward course. In the meantime, several other horses jumped into the sea, and the remaining beasts were finally quieted and put back into their stalls. One magnificent bay had fallen through a hatch and had to be shot.

The infirmary was overcrowded with damaged members of the crew who had suffered bruises and cuts, and two or three of them were laid up with internal injuries.

Gradually the hysteria subsided, the women who had fainted were revived, and by midnight order had been fairly reestablished.

Investigation proved that the horses had been deliberately set free. The bar of their stalls had been mysteriously removed. The captain was enraged. He offered a large reward for the apprehension of the villain.

BUT the night was not yet over. One of the passengers, who had retired to his stateroom, came running back on deck with the news that he had been robbed. His luggage had been rifled and various articles of value were missing. Other passengers, hastening to investigate, likewise reported that their staterooms had been looted. My cabin, number twenty-two, had not been entered, so I could not share in the general indignation. Then it was discovered that the safe in the purser's office had been broken open and everything, including the twenty thousand pounds shipment of gold was gone. The purser was breathless, but he managed to swear like a trooper between gasps.

The captain was dazed and paced the deck like a madman. He directed that the ship be searched and the culprit brought before him. Nothing like this had ever happened to anyone in the history of the sea. It was humiliating. He cursed in Dutch and Malay and in English and Chinese. He mumbled incoherently in his fury. Someone suggested pirates and the captain laughed a wild, incredulous laugh.

When the passengers were lined up and counted, it was discovered that fat Mr. Plunkett, the chimney builder from Chicago, was not present. He was not in his stateroom, he was not on deck, he was not in the smoking room, he could not be found at all. His wife screamed hysterically that he must have jumped into the sea, and the other passengers, remembering the quantity of beer and champagne he had taken earlier in the evening, were inclined to take the same sad view of the matter. They were relieved when the fat woman promptly fainted for the fourth time and they made no attempt to revive her.

A quarter of an hour later the searching squad reported that lifeboat number five from the starboard side of the boat deck was gone and that the man who had been rescued that afternoon from the drifting canoe could not be found anywhere on the ship. He had vanished unseen.

Then the awful truth began to dawn at last in the captain's mind. The red headed Englishman whom he had saved was beyond doubt a lone pirate of the sea. The captain's wrath knew no bounds. He fumed and stormed. He cursed the Royal Dutch Navy who permitted such a villain to be loose on the Banda Sea, and he cursed himself for a blithering fool. It was unbelievable. He inspected the broken safe in the purser's office and he cursed again. The safe was a flimsy affair that could have been opened by an amateur with a jackknife.

THE poor man from Chicago must have been murdered and thrown overboard by the pirate. The passengers were aghast when they thought of the awful fate that might have overtaken any one of them, and they temporarily forgot to grieve over their personal losses sustained in the affair. But Mr. Plunkett was found at last in the furnace room stoking the fires. His hands and face and his starched white shirt were black with coal dust. He was very, very drunk, and his dinner clothes were ripped and scorched.

The only information they could get out of him was to the effect that he had in some miraculous manner saved the ship from pirates. He had acted instantly on the first alarm. He knew that all speed was necessary to escape from the fleet of catamarans that surrounded the ship. They must fly to port before they were boarded. He had rushed down to stoke the fires. They must have steam to produce the speed.

The fat man passed out as soon as he was brought into the cool air on deck, and was put to bed. Nothing concerning the robbery could be learned from him. His wife declared that she would never travel again, never would she leave the quiet and peace of Chicago.

Lights on the coast of Celebes were now visible and most of the passengers remained on deck until daylight when the ship steamed in behind the islands, reefs and headlands that form the harbor of Makassar.

THE weary captain went ashore immediately to report to his company. No one else would be permitted to land until the affair had been investigated by the coast guard.

The morning dragged on, the tropic sun bore down on the idle ship with unmitigated ferocity. Black and brown men, clad in loin cloths, moved in stately procession toward the vessel with baskets of coal on their heads, the sweat glistening on their naked bodies, while a white man in a helmet, linen jacket and shorts, checked the weight of coal as it went to the bunkers. On a neighboring pier Javanese boys in khaki were measuring giant logs of mahogany and teak. Bamboo poles were stacked against the side of a warehouse.

Officials of the coast guard and the customs came aboard and the tiresome investigation proceeded without result. No one knew anything. The only definite fact was that the ship had been looted by a lone pirate, who had escaped in a lifeboat. This explanation the exasperated officials would not believe. Finally, I confessed that the pirate had requested me to deliver a certain packet to the Bank of Holland. I hinted that its contents might throw some light on the mysterious affair. The officials determined to confiscate the packet, but I warned them that if it were taken from me by force on the ship, I would report the matter immediately to our consular agency.

Shortly after noon, we arrived at the Bank of Holland and I turned over the packet to the cashier. Representatives of the ship's company, officers of the coast guard and the customs, and officials of the bank crowded around. Very deliberately the cashier cut the twine and removed the oiled cloth that surrounded the packet. A small chamois bag was opened and on the counter before us were revealed about a hundred magnificent pearls. An exclamation of surprise and wonder arose from the crowd. The pearls were each about the size of a pea and were perfectly matched. A fortune lay before us. For a moment we forgot the purpose for which we had assembled. The cashier picked up a slip of paper which had dropped from the packet. On it was inscribed in English a brief note:

"The pearls enclosed in this packet are valued in excess of twenty-one thousand pounds. They should be sufficient to secure the underwriters against the loss of the gold that I found necessary to remove from the *S. S. Van Hooten*, and the ship's owners against whatever damage I may have done to their vessel or to any part of their cargo. The personal effects of the passengers which I took from them will be found in an unused cupboard in the stateroom occupied by the bearer of this packet. He is not cognizant of this fact, and should in no way be held responsible for the pirating of the good ship *S. S. Van Hooten*. My respects to the captain, the Royal Dutch Navy and to the passengers. I hope they enjoyed the frolic as I did myself.

"Signed: THE LAST PIRATE."

The remainder of the voyage to Java and to Singapore was uneventful and tame. No one dared mention the piratical episode in the presence of the captain, for he was not amenable to conversation on the subject. The Orient was to provide me with no greater thrill than I experienced on that wild night in the Banda Sea, though I was in Canton during the December uprising of the Communists, and I witnessed the execution of bandits in Peking.

After several months spent in wandering about in China and Japan, Siam and Burma, I took passage for Europe. One night I was dining with a friend at the Cafe Royale in London. We were swapping yarns and relating our

(Continued on page 110)





Fashion Note
By Paris
Everywhere this summer gentlemen are wearing colorful suspenders without vests. They are good looking and decidedly comfortable. Trousers hang perfectly, shirt "stays put", waist muscles function freely—helps make waistline trim and slim.



Set pictured at top, $2.50
Below, $3.00; others at $1.50

A new way to a Man's Heart

Several days ago he told her this: "I'm going to get several of the new matched sets of PARIS Garters and Suspenders. They're made to harmonize with the newest colors in neckwear, shirts, and hose. You know, the popular color harmony idea everyone is talking about." But although he forgot—*she didn't.* He was "tickled pink" with her selections. She blushed when he said, "Dear—you're a jewel. You can discover a new way to a man's heart almost daily." Then he . . . but that's personal.

(By the way—has HE a few matched Garters and Suspender sets by PARIS? If your dealer hasn't them, we'll supply you. They come beautifully packaged at $1.50, $2.50, and $3. Please send your dealer's name with your remittance to Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.)

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DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED

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experiences in foreign parts, when my eyes were riveted on a man who was sitting at a table on the other side of the room. He was strikingly familiar. Copper colored wavy hair, a red mustache turned up at the ends. He was wearing an evening suit and his chin was clean shaven. But his face showed signs of having been burned by the sun. I could not be mistaken. This was certainly the pirate of the Banda Sea. At the table with him was a beautiful girl. She was smartly dressed and her manners revealed that she was a woman from an upper stratum of British society.

As I gazed at the man, he turned and looked at me with his piercing blue eyes. He recognized me and the corners of his mouth turned up in an amused smile. Later, he and his companion finished their dinner and began weaving their way through the tables in the direction of the cloak room. As they passed our table, the man leaned over and whispered:

"Let's rob the Bank of England, what?"

I had half risen from my chair, but before I could say a word the last of the pirates had disappeared through the doorway. I never saw him again.

Vallee First Radio Vamp

(Continued from page 9)

make good. And are on pins and needles to see the movie Rudy has gone to California to make.

"Pretty soon after that first 'sax' arrived—and do you know, he's still got the thing? Yes, sir, keeping it as a sort of souvenir—chances for teaching got pretty well used up. Musicians in the small towns in those days didn't know a lot about 'hot' saxophones, I gathered. Rudy promptly bought all the phonograph records he could find and tried to learn from them.

"He saw right away that this wouldn't work, so he tried another stunt. Rudy Wiedoeft was the only man in the world who stood out as a 'sax' artist at that time. And the kid wrote to him. It was just a simple sort of a school boy letter—I saw a copy of it—but it went across with Wiedoeft. He answered, giving pointers.

"I reckon this was about the first correspondence course in saxophone playing.

"YOUNG Rudy began to cash in on all this work while he was in high school; people began to call on him to play for dances. And he got paid pretty well for playing.

"By the time he was ready for college he was pretty well wrapped up in his musical stuff. His dad sent him to the University of Maine, but he only stayed a year.

"Yale, he figured, offered a better opportunity for a kid with a 'hot' saxophone. And he moved over to Yale, even though the folks at home did do an awful lot of howling.

"He put the kibosh on the howls, though, when money from his playing around began to come in. He paid every red cent of his college expenses out of his own pocket. Yes, sir, every nickel. You probably don't know that he graduated with some pretty high marks, too. Sort of specialized in languages.

"A lot of his money was made during a year he dropped out of Yale for a tour of eastern vaudeville houses and a season abroad."

The locomotive jolted to a stop. The recital was interrupted while the new friends worked the travel cramps from their legs during the brief halt in Philadelphia.

"Gosh, how time flies," the man from Fort Smith bromided when the train was once more roaring through the darkness. "It must be about half-past nine.

"Let's see now, we had Rudy abroad, didn't we? Well, the playing abroad was mostly in London. And the kid the home folks thought noisy sure clicked there. He called his band the Yale Collegians, and they played 'most every night at the Savoy Hotel—that's about the swankiest place in London, I'm told.

"Rudy's still right proud of that season. He told me a lot about things that happened over there.

"THE Prince of Wales heard them—that Prince fellow never misses anything worth while—and liked them a lot. That liking, of course, raised the British estimation of the Yankees still higher.

"And say, it was in Europe—and this is something else that a lot of the newspaper people don't know—that the kid got his first Radio experience.

"Yes, sir, during most of the time he was at the Savoy the band played over 2LO. That's about the most popular station in that country. And the Radio people over there liked him a lot, too.

"From what I could gather, it was about that time that people began to notice Rudy's voice. They said it seemed to be different. Had a sort of yearning or something that other singers couldn't get. He had been singing a little through a small megaphone for the dances around Yale.

"He never had any voice training, to speak of, he said. Seems his musical studies had been confined pretty strictly to learning all there was to know about the wind instruments.

"But in spite of the way things were breaking in England—they wanted him to stay for another season—he came back to go to Yale some more. I guess he wanted that education. And I know he wanted to lead the big Yale band at foot ball games and things. That's a point he was very clear on, when he talked to me.

"And he came on to do just that—he was official band leader during his last year. Meanwhile he still played at dances and things—played lots.

"He told me, more or less confidentially, that he averaged $1,500 a year while he was at college.

"AFTER he graduated, Rudy says, he made up his mind to tuck those language honors away somewhere and keep at the music. A lot of his friends said go to New York, but the kid couldn't see it. He wanted more experience before crashing Broadway.

"This experience he got by playing all through New England with the dance band. He was in Boston quite a bit and other big towns, too.

"During this time—several months—he played some with Gilda Gray, Barney Rappee and others who amount to a lot. When he did head for Broadway he landed at the Heigh-Ho Club, over in the 'fashionable fifties.'

"People really began to sit up and take notice about that time. They were getting kind of 'Vallee-conscious.' He was doing a little Radio work, first at one station and then at another. Folks noticed he had a 'catchy' voice, while writers began to talk about his 'melody technique.'

"It was just about then that the band was re-named The Connecticut Yankees. And it wasn't long before things began coming his way fast. He signed a contract, exclusive with the NBC and was featured in a night club named for him—the Villa Vallee—and everybody knew he'd arrived.

"But the old arrival went much deeper than even the Radio folks expected, or hoped, for the matter of that. His songs clicked, people packed some of the biggest show houses in New York to see him and those 10,000 letters a day began to come in.

"Now he's gone to Hollywood to make a movie—I saw him just a few days before he started. And during that trip across the country he'll probably write a new song, maybe two of them. He does that sort of thing, they say.

"One writer said he wrote one of his best songs during traffic jams. Seems he'd drag an old envelope out of his pocket every time his car was stopped and work on a new verse.

"Oh, I found out a lot about Rudy Vallee. I don't think the women back home can ask one question that I can't answer.

"FOR instance, I saw the place where he lives—a little apartment over in Long Island City, that probably rents for about $80 a month. And I also saw the automobile he runs around in. That's pretty inexpensive, too. And they told me how every member of the band had been with him for almost two years. Also, that all share in the profits.

"'Course, I'll have to tell the girls what he looks like; that's why I spent so much time with him personally—as a matter of fact I got a lot of the other dope from folks who know him.

"That description'll probably be the hardest part for me—I never was much good at that sort of thing.

"He's kind of tall, but not noticeably so—that's something one of the sob sisters wrote about him—and weighs, I judge, about 160 pounds.

"Here's a good one—one woman described him as having 'a long blond head, with curious eyes, slanting downward at the corners, a hardboiled little red mouth'—she said it would be called 'rosebud in a girl,' with rather full under-lip.

"This same writer—see, I copied what she said—told how his expression was 'poised, a bit hard and coldly vivacious.' She also found out that his 'hair is a golden bronze and looks marcelled.'

"It's funny, but nobody seemed to agree about the kid's eyes. A lot of 'em described the color differently. Some said they were bluish-gray, others insisted they were grayish-green and a lot picked plain gray or hazel. Me, I'd say off-hand they are greenish-gray.

"Oh, yeah, Rudy's been married. Years ago, but it didn't take. Seems there was an annulment or something, sometime back—the papers had that, too.

"Another funny thing, every member of the band, with one single exception, is a married man.

"Say, it must be 'way past bedtime. Let's duck back into the club car, while George makes down our berths.

"Golly, I'll be glad to get home and show the folks what a good job I've done in finding out about Rudy. I hope I haven't bored you?"

"Oh, no," the girl stretched, and spoke for almost the first time since the acquaintance was made. "I always like to hear about Rudy."

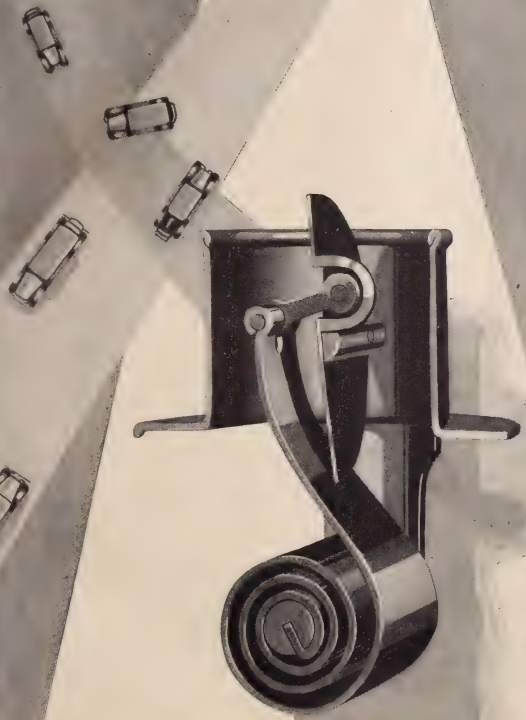
Husing a Real Athlete

(Continued from page 18)

established himself as a very capable worker and outstanding announcer. Probably the highlight of his accomplishments was his description of the funeral of Floyd Bennett, who gave his life so tragically and so unselfishly. It was only the evening before the funeral that it was decided to broadcast this

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event of national interest from Arlington, in order to permit the great Radio audience to join with those present at the ceremonies in tribute to the great airman. There were many obstacles to surmount before this could be done. Permission had to be obtained from government officials, from the director of the Arlington cemetery and from the widow herself. In addition, a control wire had to be extended over nine miles of stream, hill and forest to the nearest transmitter. After hours of continuous work this was all accomplished, and, from a small tent which hardly offered sufficient shelter from wind and rain, Ted Husing began his vivid description of the burial. The tent leaked so badly that the safety of the microphone was threatened, and Ted's quick thought in covering it with his hat is probably what saved the day. His was a difficult talk, well done, and the thousands of letters he received commenting favorably on his work, attested to the fact that it did not pass unappreciated.

In the early fall Ted made a hurried trip to the seat of the Republican convention in California in order to introduce Hoover to the air when he formally accepted his nomination for President. That same day he left the Coast and rushed to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to describe Senator Joseph Robinson's speech. Back in New York, he again left hastily for Washington, where he opened the Republican Radio campaign.

With all this, he finds time for other types of broadcasts. For the past year he has announced the popular True Story Hour by request of its sponsors, and, in addition handles another broadcast over stations of the Columbia Broadcasting system, the Old Gold Hour. At the major football games, he is, of course, in his element, and, to show that he is not restricted to announcing, he often takes part in dramatic productions on the air.

There is very little connected with Radio that Ted Husing cannot and does not do. Quick in his actions and versatile in his talents, he has made a success of almost everything he has attempted, and it is not chance that has given him the large and enthusiastic following that he now possesses.

A Jazz Impression

APROPOS of Ted Husing Radio Digest is in receipt of the following impression of the great announcer from Mrs. Dorris R. Campbell, Newport, New Hampshire, who is a dyed-in-the-wool Radio fan and listens to programs from all over the country:

"HERE we are, ladies and gentlemen. . . ."

How many times during the past several years have you heard this, the personal identification formerly used by one of the most popular of announcers, from various stations?

Right you are—that Voice of Columbia that is the voice of Ted Husing.

It's a perfectly good voice, too, and its owner is every bit as interesting as he sounds; a tall, slim, very personable young man, darkly haired and eyed, remarkably keen of mind and clever of tongue. A lover and follower of sports, he appears to be what is known to the trade as a square-shooter—calling 'em as he sees 'em. And for all his veneer of sophistication and his years of experience, he's just one of those awfully likable boys about whom one cannot say too many nice things.

He once told me that he gets a tremendous thrill out of his work, that he loves it—and that he loves jazz, asking me with reminiscent enthusiasm, "'Member the original Dixieland Jazz band? M-m-mmm!!" Hearing him announce the programs of both extremes of this musical mode, as well as all those others of various degree of betweenity, it strikes me what a gorgeous time he must have, on these broadcasts.

It seems no time at all since he was the youngest of the WJZ staff. One remembers him pleasurably, in his years there, with many different dance orchestras—particularly, perhaps, for his exploitation of the Melody Hour, built up around the Waldorf-Astoria orchestra of Harold Leonard. . . . Harold of the facile fiddle and modest mien. And then one night — remember? — the George Olsen Special, which made a mythical trip with the close of each program, took him to Washington where he had been transferred to WRC. There he did his Husing-est by the Suwannee syncopators, also presenting the Mayflower Hotel orchestra and Meyer Davis' Le Paradis band. Perhaps others, I don't know, and I doubt if he cared much. For Ted, the bored, the blasé, the (borrowing of William Slavens McNutt) "Broadway wise and Forty-second Street hard-boiled" was homesick. It stuck out all over him. To him, New York was heaven and all other places anything but. Well, home is home to most of us—and Ted got back, eventually, to his. It was after his return that he wrote, in collaboration with a pianist with one of the orchestras for whom he announced (Specht's, if I remember correctly, which perhaps I don't), a song, titled, "Can't You Tell?" There ensued a brief sojourn in Boston with the now defunct WBET and a time at WHN, in New York, but the new Columbia Broadcasting system soon appropriated him, and his pleasant voice with its carelessly careful enunciation now modulates intriguingly over that hook-up, in announcerial accompaniment to several of the CBS dance aggregations, of which two stand out clearly at opposite ends of the gamut of jazz.

IT IS a far cry from the obviously carefully woven tapestries of Paul Whiteman's perfectly controlled, perfectly balanced, perfectly executed jazz masterpieces, deftly and deliberately shaded, to the indescribable, inimitable, unrestrained riot of color that is the Duke Ellington Jungle band—not more than two lopes out, I'd say. The Whiteman musical machine is suavé, polished, with the scientific skill and smooth speed of a Tunney. . . . clear-headed, artful, poised. Perhaps they can still play hot, but this headset hound, who still gets a great kick out of every new little 100-watt station a few hundred miles away that the old set pulls in, hasn't happened to hear them work up much of a fever since Henry Busse took his hot lips and his torrid trumpet and went places—and, incidentally, got married, so I hear.

On the other hand, while the Ellingtons are clever, capable, versatile musicians, they operate more after the fashion of Dempsey . . . . aggressive, instinctively colorful, with a powerful if sometimes rather awkward grace—and *what a punch!* Here is a band that is really different. Whiteman is widely imitated and has been for so long and in some cases so successfully that if something similar to the w. k. cigaret test, freely ballyhooed by the tobacco company for whom he does a weekly commercial account, were to be applied, it's my contention that there's no telling who'd top the list. But these others, dispensers of the bluest and wildest of rythms, headed by a clever Washington lad who writes many and arranges most, if not all, of his band's numbers, well . . . . there's a sweet reed or two and a soft, smooth sax that can shinny a colorature like you'd be surprised!—but for the most and prominent part it's a husky-voiced tribe of savage-sounding horns and barbaric brasses and I, for one, have never caught another thing on anybody's wavelength to approach it.

Their theme song, written I believe by Mr. Ellington himself, is a hot and haunting affair, averaging three more doohickies up the back to the bar than Mr. Gershwin's famous Rhapsody (which, you know, is Mr. Whiteman's adopted air-mark) at Mr. Whiteman's bluest. And what Mr. Whiteman's boys would do to the St. Louis Blues in competition with Mr. Ellington's boys' absolutely priceless interpretation of that ageless W. C. Handy classic is heart-breaking to contemplate—if you like your blues *blue*. To paraphrase the Raybestos Twins, it's *NOT* a beautiful thought, and let's *not* dwell on it! Well . . . . all that is by way of leading up to this: for both these bands, differing so widely in type, Ted has supplied most sympathetic program treatment—a simple inflection of voice, perhaps, rather than a fashion of phrasing—the effect, possibly, of his own unconscious reaction to the musical influence of the moment . . . . at any rate, a subtle something which seeps out thru the sensitive mike. And concerning that term "air-mark"—

IN MY personal recollections, Ted Husing and Paul Specht are peculiarly associated because of a humorous happening one evening . . . . long, long ago. You are no doubt familiar with the little flat-laden break which identifies this orchestra's programs—you know, where the announcer says, "This is Paul Specht . . . ." and pauses while the band offers its short musical signature, then continues ". . . . and his orchestra, etc., etc."

This particular evening Ted began, according to formula, "This is Paul Specht . . . ." and then followed the pause—a pause as was a pause, let me tell you—heavily and continuously laden with plenty of the very best Grade A syncopated silence and nothin' but. Not a last fading ripple of applause from the dancing audience wafted thru it . . . . not even a least faint rustle of static interrupted the prolonged quiet.

One will probably never know just what did finally galvanize Mr. Specht's baton to action, but at last the familiar strains issued symphonically forth. Whereupon Mr. Husing promptly proceeded to broadcast a somewhat shorter but very effective silence of his own, after which he observed, in the manner of one who, having considered a deep and distressing problem from every angle with no result, washes his hands of it and resorts to philosophy—but speaking with a crispness which removed all trace of triteness from the words—"Well—better late than never."

A Real Princess

(Continued from page 19)

gypsy costume adornments and headdress. The swarthy musician finally departed.

"We had been expecting trouble from the revolution," she said when all seemed secure. "There had been street disturbances. Ruffians had been prowling around our house. There was a smell of smoke in the air. When it began to appear really dangerous we barricaded our doors as best we could and hid ourselves in the basement. There

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my father knelt in prayer and asked God to spare our lives. By a miracle we escaped although our house was burned to the ground. We fled in the darkness and found temporary refuge in Crimea. Oh I shall never forget that night of terror."

Zinaida was eighteen as she escaped from the Red deluge. Friends of her father began to plan for her further protection.

"One dark night I looked out of the window and was shown a gray cloaked figure pacing up and down in front of the place where we had stopped. I was told to walk out on the street but not to be alarmed if someone suddenly bumped into me—and, if all was well, I might be carried away to safety.

"So with farewell kisses I stepped out to see what fate had in store. Out of the mist came another figure that bumped into me. It seemed but an accident but shortly afterward I was in an automobile and when the journey ended I found myself in Constantinople."

Through the influence of her father's Turkish friends Zinaida was presented to Sultana Rafia, daughter of the late Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, and thenceforth was welcomed as a permanent guest at the palace. For nine months she remained as companion to the Sultana and studied to master the Turkish language. When she had become sufficiently proficient she was presented at court and at once attained wide popularity. It was a remarkable experience for her and almost like a tale from Arabian Nights. She was called upon to sing at all important functions. Thus she became acquainted with many important personages.

"LET'S have a little light," said Bob as he came toward Zinaida and me to assist with details that the Russian songstress had modestly withheld. He had already pressed a button and a soft radiance mantled the bright colors in the shawl Zinaida had draped over her shoulders.

Zinaida smiled and Bob recalled the incident that led to her departure from the palace of the Sultana. It was during one of her recitals when there chanced to be among the distinguished guests the famous Russian, Michael Tolstoy, son of the great novelist and philosopher. He was moved to tears by her vivid interpretation of old Russian folk songs. He thought of his compatriots exiled in Paris and with the thought came the demand that Zinaida should accompany him there to sing for them and keep alive the spirit of a Russia that had gone.

Thus from Turkey to France Zinaida moved in the next step of her career and made her debut as a professional artist. She was accepted there with the same enthusiasm with which she had been received in Turkey. She sang the real music of Russia, folk songs and classics. She appeared at many diplomatic social functions, was known to President Millerand; Alfonso, King of Spain; Emanuel, King of Portugal, and our own late countryman, Ambassador Myron Herrick.

Life had suddenly become for her all that her parents could have dreamed before those dark, dreadful days at Koursk. Destiny led her on. At one of her numerous concerts in Paris a short stocky individual, obviously a Russian, leaned forward most attentively in his chair as she sang. His eyes grew bright, a happy smile spread over his face. It was Balieff, famous director of the Russian Chauve Souris. He needed a coloratura soprano and had searched everywhere for someone who could sing to his satisfaction The Nightingale. In Zinaida he found the one for whom he had searched in vain. And Zinaida joined him.

With the American presentation of Chauve Souris Zinaida found herself in the swift flow of events that bring her to the present moment. She has toured the country in concerts and vaudeville. Joining the talented staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System she became a star. Besides the two performances weekly as La Palina she is featured in the Russian program, Around the Samovar. Her next goal is Covent Garden in London.

SUDDENLY while we three sat there in the half light, doors were opened on both sides of the studio. Musicians came sauntering in with instrument cases. A young operator inspected two microphones and moved them to another part of the room. We stood up to make more room as other artists and guests entered.

"I think you have the whole story now with Mr. Taplinger's help," smiled Zinaida with an expression that reminded me of that mystic smile of the Madonna. "And if you really would like a picture I'm sure Mr. Taplinger will arrange it."

The Case of Dr. Thrale

(Continued from page 102)

a scent for a story incomparably keener than that of any man on his staff; his estimates of men were formed instantaneously. He picked Thrale as a big man at sight; listened to my story and Thrale's curt confirmation of my statement; nodded his head.

Just how he managed it I don't know. But that afternoon an ambulance delivered the patient, "John Brown," at Harmon's door. Thrale was waiting; he was like a cat in his nervous eagerness.

Brown was a tall man, with hair slightly grey at the temples. His hands were coarse and rough; his face was tanned, as if from exposure to wind and sun. He was extraordinarily gentle; he shook hands with Thrale very quietly.

"Doctor?" he said, uncertainly. "I don't know who I am—"

"Suppose you had to guess," said Thrale. "Who would you guess you were—or what?"

"John Brown," he said.

"Surely. But what are you? What should you guess you had done?"

"Artist!" said Brown, startlingly—to me, at least, though I saw the quick flash of triumph in Thrale's eyes.

"Well—let's see," said Thrale. He took me aside.

"I want your help in this next test," he said. "I'm going to call a list of words over to him. He is to say the first thing that comes to his mind in answer. You are to note his answers and the time it takes him to give them."

He gave me a stop watch, and with paper and pencil I made ready.

THRALE began with a number of ordinary words. He called, for example, "cat," and almost instantly Brown replied, "dog." So with "pen" and "paper," "fire" and "hot," "ice" and "snow," and a dozen more. The answers came without hesitation; the average time was a second or less—I was to time these in fifths of a second. Then came the word "capital." There was a perceptible hesitation; the answer was not "Washington," which had been my own instinctive response, but "column." A little later Thrale called "order"; the swift reaction in my own mind was "knighthood." But Brown, almost as quickly, said "Doric" and again, watching Thrale, I saw his eyes flash. Again came a string of unimportant words; one of them, "cliff," developed great hesitation and doubt in Brown, and the final reply, after nearly five seconds, "can." Then came, boldly, it seemed to me, "architecture." The reply amazed me—it was "Vitruvius." Thrale had to tell me, later, that this was the name of the first classical writer upon architecture!

The name "Anne" was called; instantly Brown replied "can." To "can," a little later, he replied, perversely as it seemed to me, "root." I could go on indefinitely; Thrale carried the test to wearying lengths. But he ended it at last; saw to it that Brown was made comfortable, and then, with me watching him, attacked our notes.

"Look at those reactions to architectural terms!" he said. "To 'capital' he says 'column.' To 'order' 'Doric'—one of the classical orders of the art! And old Vitruvius! How many men, except architects, ever heard of that old Roman?"

The thing was uncanny—and, to me, it began to be convincing.

"I can't explain it in detail," said Thrale. "But what has happened is this. This man was leading a life, was doing things, that didn't correspond with his real desires. Those desires, for some reason, he couldn't gratify. He may have been in love with some woman already married, and have decided to bury the thought of her. What he did, you see, if that's it, was to deny to himself that he cared for her—instead of admitting it and beating his illicit wish. So—the wish disappeared into his subconscious mind. I don't know yet—but it will all come out! He can't hide the truth from me!"

"YOU mean tests like this game with words will bring it?"

"Those and others," said Thrale, exultingly. "That's the method of psychoanalysis, Morgan—developed by Freud, in Vienna. I'll get him through his dreams, too. Those wishes and thoughts are always stirring. When a man's asleep the forces that bury such thoughts are weak—and they emerge, disguised, in dreams. But we hold the key to the symbolism of such dreams. Oh—he has no more chance to hide his secret from me than the child that denies it has stolen the jam while its fingers are covered with it!"

"Why did he say 'can' to 'cliff'?" I asked.

"He shied off from 'ledge' entirely," he said. "But there was 'can' to 'Anne'—just as to 'cliff.' 'Ledge' came in there somewhere—and 'root' to 'can.' Remember the name 'Anne Rutledge.' He doesn't want to remember it—but it's storming at the gates of his consciousness all the time. Wait—this was only a start!"

Next day there was more. This time Thrale spent much time making Brown guess the answers to questions.

"What is your name?" he would ask, and when Brown shook his head and said, gently, that he did not know, Thrale would say, "Yes—but if you had to guess?"

And Brown made different guesses. First it was Graham; then Anderson; then Drew—even I jumped at that—then Bray. Thrale made him guess whether or not he was married, and he guessed, with great emphasis, that he was. To whom? I listened eagerly; I jumped when the answer came.

"Miss Leonard!" he said.

And he betrayed symptoms of great excitement; he complained, too, of a headache. Thrale ended the tests abruptly, and dragged me to the Planet

(Continued on page 116)



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office. Once more he went through all the clippings. He fairly cried out in triumph, at last.

"HERE we are!" he cried. "Here's a friend of Brayden's, talking about his case. Look up Leonard Loomis—"

I found a slender envelope bearing the name. The first clipping was an obituary notice; Loomis had been dead a year. He had been a comparatively young man; a lawyer; he had left a wife. There was a photograph of Mrs. Loomis, clipped from a magazine—a picture taken at the time of her marriage, four years or so before. Thrale pounced upon it.

"Good!" he said. "Look, Morgan! Blonde. Rather an ordinary type—"

The picture was that of a strikingly beautiful woman, and I said so.

"Oh, yes!" said Thrale, impatiently. "It's the type I'm talking of. The point is this—I told you this man asked his questions only of women, and of a particular type? His fiancee didn't correspond to that type at all—she was dark, with black hair—the antithesis of this picture. He approached only women who resembled, no matter how vaguely, this Mrs. Loomis."

"Well—" I said. "Shall you get in touch with her?"

"Of course!" he said. "You can see where we stand now! We're like the boy who has a problem in algebra to solve and looks up the answer in the back of the book. He still has to find out how that answer is reached. We have to find out what became of Brayden during the period of his amnesia. He was probably near a recovery of his memory when they picked him up—but their treatment would have made the amnesia more powerful than ever."

We found that Mrs. Loomis was living with her parents in Boston. Thrale dragged me over with him, on the midnight train; we called on her at ten o'clock in the morning. She was a woman of thirty. She was dressed in black, although not in heavy mourning; there were traces of great beauty in her pale, rather wistful face. I introduced myself first; Thrale occupied himself by staring at her in the most disconcerting way.

"This is Dr. Thrale, Mrs. Loomis," I said. "We are here because you were a friend of Andrew Brayden—"

She caught her breath, and I saw Thrale start.

"The fact is," I went on, "that we have reason to believe that you may be able to identify a victim of amnesia as Mr. Brayden—"

"Andrew!" she said.

"MRS. LOOMIS!" Thrale's voice was surprisingly gentle. "I have some curious questions to ask. I hope they will not offend you. Was Mr. Brayden in love with you?"

She colored painfully and hesitated.

"I—he never—" Suddenly she shook her head, and made a sweeping gesture with her hand. She faced him proudly.

"Yes!" she said. "He was! He never said so. But I know it. I won't lie—"

"Thank you!" said Thrale. "I meet few people I can really respect, Mrs. Loomis—and you are one of them. You—returned his feeling?"

"I—I've scarcely admitted that to myself!" she said. "But—yes, I think it has been true for a long time."

"Then—will you come back to New York with us at once, Mrs. Loomis? I will try to explain what has happened. I think you can restore Mr. Brayden's memory—and I think you and he have a great deal to say to one another."

She hesitated only a moment, and agreed. We caught the first train; that evening Thrale, after seeing Brayden alone for a moment, took Mrs. Loomis in. Brayden knew her at once. The effect of seeing her was amazing. Incredulity, bewilderment, doubt, came and went in his eyes, to be banished by a look of supreme joy.

"Why—Margaret!" he said. "I'm glad to see you. I—I seem to have been ill. I'm not awfully clear about things. But it's bully of you to be here! How's old Len?"

Thrale shook his head.

"Mr. Loomis isn't here," he said. "You know Mrs. Loomis? You know that you are Andrew Brayden?"

"Of course!" said Brayden, impatiently. And then he looked uncertain.

"Look here!" he said. "There's something queer. I haven't been—forgetting my name—?"

"Yes, you have—but don't worry about it now," said Thrale. "You—well, you have forgotten everything about yourself for some time. Now—what is your last memory—?"

Brayden cried out, suddenly.

"Good God!" he said. "My wedding—Anne—"

He seized Thrale's arm.

"How long have I been—ill?" he cried. "Does everyone understand?"

"STEADY!" said Thrale. "Yes—everyone understands—or will. You've lost two years and a half—but you've gained a good deal more than that. Mrs. Loomis—if you will wait outside?"

And then, very gently, with more tenderness than I could have guessed he possessed, Thrale explained matters to Brayden. He told him of his disappearance; of Anne Rutledge's marriage six months before; of Loomis's death.

"You will have to be patient a little longer," he said. "You're not ready yet to grasp everything I can tell you. And we will have to find out all about these last years. But there's plenty of time. The great thing is that you needn't feel guilt, any longer, when you acknowledge to yourself that you love your friend's wife."

Brayden slumped in his chair. I was concerned, but Thrale smiled.

"Best thing for him," he said. "He'll be all right when he comes out of it. H'm! It's a pleasant settlement—but how absurdly simple the case was! It looked as if it might be interesting. And it degenerated into one a child could have solved—or even an old fashioned psychiatrist! Still—you have your story!"

That was true enough. Harmon and I planned that story together; really, we printed little more than the fact that Brayden had been found, and hinted at Thrale's method. Even so, it was a sensational story—the Planet, naturally, beat the town and the country. Brayden's wanderings, which he had completely 'forgotten' were revealed by Thrale; in a few weeks he was as well as ever, and as normal as the next man. He and Mrs. Loomis were married a year later.

Thrale was, or professed to be, annoyed by the complimetns Harmon paid him.

"The case was ridiculously simple," he said. "There's a reason for everything. No action is without a motive. Find out why people do things and you hold the key to every mystery. In Brayden's case the whole thing was like a solved puzzle the moment we had his motive. It's so in all the criminal mysteries—the mystery persists because detectives and police don't know enough to concentrate on motives and let everything else go hang until they have found them. Why—there's this Janney murder—"

"What?" Harmon and I cried together, and Harmon said: "Do you mean you think you could solve that?"

The Janney murder had baffled the police and the best detective agencies in America. There was nothing to work upon—nothing that gave a hint as to the reason for the crime, nothing to point to its perpetrator.

"Come off, Thrale!" I said. "You couldn't touch that—"

"I'll solve it if I get the chance," said Thrale, and looked at Harmon.

"I—think—you'll—have the chance," said Harmon, in his slow, emphatic way.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 104)

On the other side of the slip in the rising moonlight I noted another small boat tossing, evidently waiting for someone. As an arc light on the other wharf swung in the smart breeze, it revealed the face of one man in the boat. To my surprise it was the same face that Kennedy and I had seen watching on the corner as though he might have been a look-out just before the raid.

I called Craig's attention to him, but as the fellow did not seem ready to move and was certainly not watching us, there did not seem to be anything to do but to let him alone. In fact, we forgot him a few moments later when we were underway, slipping out into the choppy waves, down past Governor's Island to the left and the Statue of Liberty to the right.

As we were gliding along through the Narrows and in the Upper Bay we passed a couple of police boats on the hunt for rum smugglers. Kennedy was talking an order of a thousand cases and this caused him to express a fear that it would never get through.

Deitz merely laughed. "Delivery guaranteed for ten dollars a case added to what you pay out here for it!"

"But I've heard of its costing that just to lighter it," I interposed.

"NOT ME!" protested Deitz. "I'll run it ashore—somewhere—get it on four trucks—my trucks carry about two hundred and fifty cases each—and deliver it anywhere you say—ten dollars a case for delivery. How about that?"

I marvelled at the organization of it all. Of course, everyone was taking a chance. But this man talked of it as though the science of booze blockade-running had reduced the thing to a state where he could quote liquor like cotton.

Still, as we chug-chugged along down in the expanse of the lower bay and around Sandy Hook into the ocean, I was convinced that some at least of the swift-moving craft we saw now and then were revenue boats, fast cruisers of the Dry Navy.

Nothing shook the confidence of Deitz who continued to descant on the quality of his goods, his reputation for prompt and satisfactory service and his credit. Every statement called forth an acquiescent nod from the skipper of the "Skoal," a thick-handed, blond progeny of Norse Vikings.

It was not quite three hours after we started and some miles southeast of Ambrose Lightship when we sighted a part of the liquor fleet, as free as if it were no man's sea out here within the very beams of Scotland Lightship and Sandy Hook Lightship.

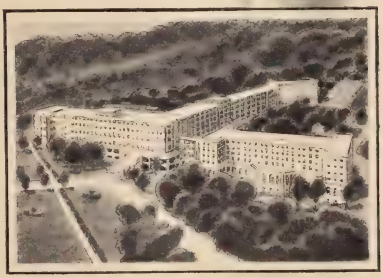
I counted a dozen of them as we ran along, and there were more than that which I could not see. This was the Bahama rum fleet just off shore in the safety zone, hove to, or riding at anchor

(Continued on page 118)

America's greatest Spa

brought to you in your own home!





EACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

For hundreds of years this famous spa has been the rendezvous of the ailing. The Indians knew French Lick before the white man came. Then the early settlers discovered the properties of the waters, and they, too, spread the fame of French Lick far and wide. In recent years French Lick has become known throughout the world as America's greatest health resort—a spa comparable to those at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.



If Nature Won't, Pluto Will

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make the health-giving waters available to everyone. The solution was a simple one. It involved fortifying and bottling the water of the most famous of the French Lick Springs — Pluto. Here it is fortified, placed in sterilized bottles, and shipped out to drug stores in every section of the country.

Pluto Water is recommended by physicians, because it gently but thoroughly *washes* the eliminative tract clean of the waste substances that are the underlying cause of ill health. It acts quickly—thirty minutes to two hours—yet it cannot gripe, cannot harm delicate tissues. And since it is a pure, *natural* mineral water, it is non-habit-forming. Its action is that of a *wash*—not an intestinal stimulant.

Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at French Lick, Indiana, is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 116)

saucily. As our Norse skipper ran us close to some of them we were taken for buyers and greeted with offers of varied and assorted liquors at prices that fell sharply under what was really international competition.

Here and there I saw a steamer, a trawler, at anchor, looking mightily expectant as they smudged the horizon further out. There were even some auxiliary schooners outside the twelve-mile limit and the stuff they had for sale was Scotch and Canadian liquors.

I learned from the skipper that there were many Nova Scotian and New England vessels, that some came down from Canada to unload, then went on to the Bahamas for a new cargo, coming back and going on again to Canada for more, swinging around the big circuit, as it were. They were migratory birds.

I HAD HEARD a great deal of talk about the rum fleet being mythical, that it was press-agent talk to promote bootleg sales. But what of this schooner, a slate-gray craft from Halifax? Why was it down from the neighborhood of the Great Banks where fish are about as plentiful as anywhere in the world, to cast its nets in waters off New York where fish are pitifully few?

The skipper changed his course and swung across the trough of a restless sea. The "Skoal" plunged her nose into the swells that mark the deep water some twenty-five or more miles out from the Battery.

"I don't know the 'All Alone'," confessed Deitz after a conference with the skipper. "Nor does the Swede. We're going to put in and ask this Frenchman here. I buy from him sometimes."

We had run alongside a schooner with no topmasts, all stripped down, ready for any gale or anything else. The captain had signs hung out quoting prices —just like gasoline. If he found competition he cut the price to meet it.

"This chap's a wonder," explained Deitz. "The eels aren't any slicker than he is. The government's been trying to get him a long time."

A couple of cargo booms swung out from the masts and over the side hung rope fenders as inviting as a door-mat with "Welcome" worked on it. The lookout shouted. I could not make out what he called, nor the reply of our Viking, but a couple of other muffled figures appeared on deck and stolidly watched us until we came around to the lee, then helped us aboard.

Down in the cabin, with my eyes wide, I saw that guns were everywhere, and knives. It was the mangiest looking crew imaginable. The captain was not

(Continued on page 120)

Nominate 43 Stations

Following are the stations whose nomination for the World's Most Popular Station were received up to the last minute before Radio Digest went to press for the November issue:

Nominated East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	8
WBZA	Boston	1
WPG	Atlantic City	1
WABC	New York City	3
WBZA	Boston	1
WCAU	Philadelphia	1
WEAF	New York City	2
WGR	Buffalo	1
WHAM	Rochester	1
WOR	Newark	2
WPG	Atlantic City	2
WRC	Washington, D. C.	1
WTIC	Hartford	1
Nominated South	**City**	**Votes**
WCOA	Pensacola	1
WFLA	Clearwater	1
WHAS	Louisville	1
WSMB	New Orleans	2
WWNC	Ashville	1
WSM	Nashville	1
KWKH	Shreveport	3
Mid-West		
KFH	Wichita	1
KMOX	St. Louis	4
KSTP	St. Paul	2
KYW	Chicago	6
WBBM	Chicago	6
WBCM	Bay City	1
WCCO	Minneapolis	1
WCFL	Chicago	11
WENR	Chicago	5
WFBM	Indianapolis	1
WGBF	Evansville	1
WGN	Chicago	5
WJJD	Chicago	4
WJR	Detroit	2
WHK	Cleveland	1
WLS	Chicago	14
WLW	Cincinnati	22
WMAQ	Chicago	9
WTMJ	Milwaukee	3
West		
KOA	Denver	1
WBAP	Ft. Worth	4
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	1
Far West		
KFI	Los Angeles	1

If your favorite station has not already been nominated, cut out and fill in your nomination blank on page 3. Also fill in Ballot No. 2 and mail at once to Popular Station Editor, Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. If your favorite station is already nominated, cut out the No. 2 Ballot and send it made out to the station of your choice.

Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1929, and ends at midnight, March 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, March 20, 1930.

2. Balloting will be by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly, each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For the complete series of the six consecutively numbered coupons, sent in at one time, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. Canada will comprise the sixth district. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri. District number four, known as the WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon. District number six, known as Canada, will comprise the entire Dominion of Canada.

6. The broadcasting station holding the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared the WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BROADCASTING STATION and will be awarded a Gold Cup. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the broadcasting station holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared to be the most popular station of their district and each awarded a Silver Cup. No broadcasting station is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

FREE PROOF YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY *in* RADIO!



Why continue to struggle for years on a meager salary? Why put off the success that can so easily be yours when in possibly only 9 months, you—like hundreds of other men—can be headed straight for a bright financial future? Radio pays big—salaries from $2,000 to $25,000 a year are common.

Astounding World-Wide Opportunities

A glorious future awaits you in this huge industry. Millions of sets need servicing, thousands of ships require radio operators . . . manufacturers and broadcasting stations throughout the land are eagerly seeking trained men . . . and now, nationwide radio telegraph service, telephony, television, photoradiograms open up thousands of new and amazing opportunities.

Magnificent Laboratory Outfit Makes It Easy To Learn At Home

You don't have to know an antenna from a vacuum tube. By means of this marvelous, simplified home training course, sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America . . . you can now prepare for success in every phase of Radio. The remarkable outlay of apparatus given to you with this course . . . enables you to learn by actual practice how to solve every problem in radio work . . . such as repairing, installing and servicing fine sets. That's why you, too, upon graduation can have the confidence and ability to command big money.

Only Training Course Backed by Radio Corporation of America

Graduates of this school are always posted in newest up-to-the-minute developments in Radio. That's why they are always in big demand. The progress of Radio is measured by the accomplishments of the great engineers in the huge research laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America. This gigantic organization sets the standards for the entire industry . . . and sponsors every lesson in the course.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

This marvelous home-laboratory training practically insures your success by preparing you thoroughly in every phase of Radio manufacturing, servicing, broadcasting, photoradiograms, television and airplane radio equipment. As a student you will receive an agreement signed by the president of this school assuring you of complete satisfaction upon completion of your training—or your money will be instantly refunded.

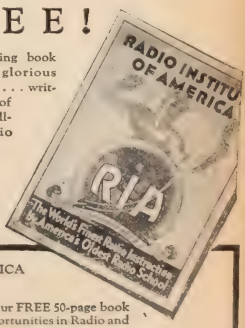
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Free . . . everything you want to know about Radio . . . 50 fascinating pages . . . each one packed with pictures and descriptions about the brilliant opportunities in this fast-growing profession. See for yourself why R. I. A. training has placed thousands of men in well paid positions—usually from 3 to 10 days after graduation. Mail this coupon now and receive your Free Book.

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Radio Operator $90—$200 per month with all expenses paid. Broadcast Operator $1,800—$4,800 a year. Radio Repair Mechanic $1,800—$4,000 a year. Radio Inspector $2,000—$4,500 a year.

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Dept. RD-10,
326 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE 50-page book which illustrates the brilliant opportunities in Radio and describes your laboratory-method of instruction at home.

Name.....

Address.....

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 118)

visible at first but at last he came in, a burly, scarred, frayed black man, who greeted Deitz warily in West Indian French-American.

All the while I was watching the ratty crew and wondering what besides those we saw might be under cover down below in the hold or up in the fo'castle.

WHAT AN atmosphere, I thought, for murder, for any crime that ran against the laws of God or man!

A question about the tanker "All Alone" elicited first a gruff grunt. It was an invitation to keep off the secrets of the business. But Deitz was too important a customer to be put off with a grunt. The captain finally whispered hoarsely to him and gestured in a general direction southward.

Over the perilous side again to our craft, our skipper headed down to the south'ard and pointed as we came at last abeam of a dirty almost rusty tanker, if anything more disreputable than all the rest, smaller and more wicked-looking. I wondered if it would hold together until we got aboard—and after.

A look-out in olive drab, once issued by a supply officer of the army of the United States, flapped his arms about in a vain attempt to beat off the freezing wind.

"How much for Scotch?" shouted Deitz, the inveterate joker, seizing a little megaphone.

"Blah-blah-blah!"

The answer was lost in the wind. In fact, the lookout did not seem to care whether they sold or kept. He seemed to know they had plenty of outlets through chance jobbers. Contemptuously he took out a black bottle, ostentatiously tipped it up as he threw his head back, drained the dregs left in it, then flung the bottle overboard into the lacy crest of a wave that was slinking along the lifting hull of the little tramp tanker.

"What you got?" repeated Deitz, now a bit miffed as his joke miscarried.

"Dynamite!" growled back the other, his hands cupped to do the megaphoning.

Our Viking guffawed. Just then a rather athletic-looking chap in a sheep-lined khaki reefer came from below. I saw that this was Ev Barr himself. After him came a dapper fellow in a smart cloth polo cap greatly in favor on Broadway between Longacre Square and Columbus Circle. I took him instantly to be Don the Dude.

"It's Deitz!" shouted Barr excitedly. "Come aboard! Maybe you can help us—something terrible has happened!"

EVERY forward step on the trail of the mysterious murderers of the lovely Lola Langhorne is fraught with new peril. What was the terrible thing that had happened aboard when Barr shouted to Dietz to come aboard with Craig Kennedy and his companion? Read the thrilling sequence in the December Radio Digest.

Thoughts Via Ether

(Continued from page 43)

"One or two of the letters were very amusing. Someone in New York, who has witnessed one of my theatrical exhibitions of mind reading, wanted me to predict the outcome of the elections this fall. Let me take time to repeat once more, I am no fortune teller—but a bitter enemy of the notion that any mortal can see into the future. Yet that letter brings a smile as it recalls the amusement it gave former Governor Alfred E. Smith and Mayor James J. Walker—as well as myself—to have their minds read by me just before and after the Presidential election last fall.

"As a matter of fact, some people still insist that my psychic powers turned the election for the mayor in Bradford, Pa., some years ago. But that, too, can be accounted for by natural means. A friend of one of the candidates asked me from the auditorium of the theatre if his man would be elected. I refused to forecast the outcome, but the man persisted and asked for my impression just from the attendance in the theater that night. I laughingly replied that as far as I could tell the man he named seemed to be the favorite. Then I forgot the matter until a letter reached me stating that I had swung the election in his favor by a great majority. You can easily see, however, that it wasn't my word—it was mass psychology, pure and simple, that did it.

"MENTAL telepathy, or thought transference, is another thing entirely. Of five American Presidents whose minds I had the honor of reading, Roosevelt seemed most intensely interested, and had me in for him to study on five separate occasions.

"There is something fascinating about the study of mental phenomena, and you discover some unusual things about the great men of America—and the world. For instance, the super-mind of Thomas Edison is not a myth. This was clearly demonstrated very recently, when I joined his party at West Orange for the Typical American Boys selected by governors all over the country at his request. It was on the day Edison's party broadcast to a nation-wide Radio audience through the NBC system. Before broadcasting began, while we were still at table, they called on me for some mind reading.

"I made my own mind receptive, and within a few moments reported that the dominant idea which reached me was that someone was concerned at having burned something. Edison himself acknowledged the thought. Unknown to anyone, he had dropped some ashes from the incessant black cigar, and these had burned a hole through the tablecloth. He had just noticed the fact himself when I rose to my feet, but even at his age that thought completely dominated the stream of ideas which came to me from others concerned with much more serious things.

"The scientific importance of telepathy was demonstrated on several occasions when I had the pleasure of working with the psychology class at Harvard with Professor MacDougall. But it has a lighter side, too.

"Not long ago the New York police presented me with a ticket for parking too long. The judge recognized me when I reported.

"Well, if it isn't our mind-reading friend!" he laughed. "Perhaps you can tell us how much this is going to cost you."

"Ten dollars," I ventured.

"You're right!" he said—and I paid.

Radio Stars in Hollywood

(Continued from page 103)

Another example of Hollywood's stars of the microphone can be found in the career of Don Warner. As a piano player with Henry Halstead's orchestra playing over KGO four years ago Don Warner was voted the most popular Radio artist on the Pacific Coast because of his intermission solos. Much like Lee Sims in work and habits, which automatically places Don Warner in the minds of Chicago listeners.

There are no whispering tenors, baritones or whatnots in Hollywood. Search as I may through the catalog in my mind, which includes every Radio singer ever on the air for any length of time in Los Angeles or Hollywood, I cannot recall even one. No explanation for this remarkable phenomena. Probably some reason just as vague as why Florida had to suffer from the Mediterranean fruit fly while California goes along unscathed.

In closing this remarkable article, which is remarkable because it started for nowhere and has now reached its goal, three of Hollywood's great motion picture producing studios this fall are placing on the air over local stations hours devoted to the development of the unknown screen players. They will be featured, rather than the great names of the cinema. Perhaps these hours will develop some unknown talent from the lists of Central Casting whose names will later show up in Hollywood's roster of Radio stars.

Another thing. This fall, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, you will have the opportunity to hear many Hollywood programs. These will originate in KHJ, really a Los Angeles station and a competitor of ours, but if anyone can tell me where Hollywood leaves off and Los Angeles begins, I will be glad to award a trip through Warner Bros.' studios, including the holy of holies, Central Recording.

With the editor's permission, and if he doesn't like it hecan sue me, I'm leaving and will be up to my ears in blue Pacific water in less than 20 minutes. Adios.

Whiteman, Music Master

(Continued from page 28)

musical language into something that real musicians could really speak, as it were.

"I did not sleep for nights. I heard saxophones bleating in my dreams, when I did sleep. I imagined all sorts of imitative stuff that could be used in a jazz orchestra to produce a more refined jazz than that which I had heard in the Barbary Coast beer dive. I remembered that I had once been pretty good at sort of ragging the classics. Could I learn to jazz the classics, to play this so-called jazz at all?

"I deliberately quit the symphony job to see. The next week I worked two nights at Tate's restaurant (in San Francisco) in a jazz band and got fired.

"I took the canning good-naturedly. I had to. It was true that although I was a good musician I was no jazz artist. They played by ear rather than by note. Only had sort of lead sheets. The jazzing part, I found, was simply a method of playing a certain theme. Mostly, a maddening thing. It made me mad, all right, when they said I couldn't 'jazz it up,' therefore, had to give it up. I went away from that job smiling outwardly but fuming within. I'd show them!

"In these jazz orchestras that I had heard, old fellows, guiltless of regular musical education, were getting it, playing remarkably well, too. They imagined, I knew, that if they really studied and played by a real score they would immediately lose the naturalness, the care-free-ness of the jazz rhythm. I knew better, that here was a truly Amer-

(Continued on page 12?

R. T. I. QUALIFIES YOU TO MAKE MONEY AND ITS SERVICE KEEPS YOU UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ON THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN RADIO, TELEVISION, AND TALKING PICTURES **R. T. I.**



GOOD JOBS *Right at Your Finger Tips*

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BIG PAY JOBS! SPARE TIME PROFITS! A FINE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN! They're all open to you and other live wire men who answer the call of RADIO. The fastest growing industry in the world needs more trained men. And now come Television and Talking Movies—the magic sisters of Radio. Will you answer this call? Will you get ready for a big pay job NOW and step into a BIGGER ONE later on? You can do it EASILY now.

R. T. I. Home Training Puts You In This Big Money Field

Radio alone, pays over 200 MILLION DOLLARS a year in wages in Broadcasting, Manufacturing, Sales, Service, Commercial Stations and on board the big sea going ships, and many more men are needed. Television and Talking Movies open up other vast fields of money-making opportunities for ambitious men. Get into this great business that is live, new and up-to-date, where thousands of trained men easily earn $60 to $100 a week—where $10,000 a year jobs are plentiful for men with training plus experience.

Easy To Learn At Home—In Spare Time

Learning Radio the R. T. I. way with F. H. Schnell, the "Ace of Radio" behind you is EASY, INTERESTING, really FUN. Only a few spare hours are needed and lack of education or experience won't bother you a bit. We furnish all necessary testing and working apparatus and start you off on practical work you'll enjoy—you learn to do the jobs that pay real money and which are going begging now for want of competent men to fill them.

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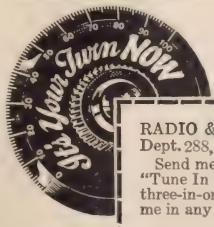
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Who's Who in Radio

(Continued from page 79)

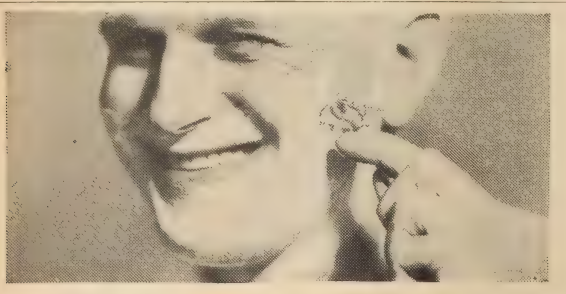
Fitzsimons, Mrs. W. E., Contralto, WCCO.
Fjelde, Astrid, Soprano, NBC.
Flagler, Robert, Assistant Announcer, KOMO.
Flaherty, J. A., Operator, WDAF.
Flannigan, Pat, Feature Announcer of WBBM Air Theater. Pat first became famous through his unique method of conducting the morning exercises for women. He entertained them with jokes, a song or two and made reducing so pleasant thousands joined his class. His exercises were first put on at WOC, Davenport, where he was known as the Happy Hour man, and then, last winter, at WBBM. Now he is popular for his baseball and football broadcasts. Have you ever heard him sing German? He gets an accent that would make anyone think he has the wrong name.



Flautt, Mrs. Meredith, Contralto, WLAC.
Fleck, G. Dare, Program Director, KDKA.
Fletcher, Mrs. Vera, Soprano, KTHS.
Flick, C. Roland, Violinist, WSM.
Flick, Helen, Pianist, KSTP.
Flohri, Virginia, Coloratura Soprano at KFI. Formerly in musical comedy.
Flynn, George "Skipper," Brunswick Artist, Tenor, WGES.
Foeste, William, Bass Horn, Bass Viol, Jules Herbuveaux' KYW orchestra. Born in Hanover, Germany. He says he inherited his desire for the rhythm instruments from his mother, a full-blood Yaqui Indian. He began his professional career as a member of John F. Stowes' Uncle Tom's Cabin company and in the after pieces he appeared as a boxer, which led him to a side career of professional boxer. During the Pershing expedition he served with the Second Illinois Infantry and during the World War with the Forty-sixth Infantry.
Foley, Elsa Zelinda, Coloratura Soprano, KNX.
Folger Serenaders, WDAF.
Fonteyn, J. L., Oboe. English Horn Soloist. Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Ford, Gilbert, Tenor, who, in combination with Love, Pontius and Talbot, composes the WGN Male Quartet.
Ford, Helen, Contralto, WSUN.
Ford and Glenn, known in every nook and corner of the continent as the Lullaby Boys of WLS. One of the best known harmony teams in Radio. Have been with WLS since the first program was broadcast the night of April 12, 1924, with the exception of a few months off for personal theater engagements in East and Middle West. Glenn is pianist of the duo and an accomplished one, too. Ford has a rich baritone voice that blends just right with Glenn's tenor. Known to millions of kiddies as Big Ford and Little Glenn as a result of their Lullaby Time, and famous, too, through their Wood Shed Theatre, Song Shop, Twin Wheeze and other original Radio program stunts. Always smiling, their sincerity and smiles carry on the ether, too. Co-authors of many songs that have become widely popular. Ford Rush and Glenn Rowell is the way they sign their names. They have added a third member, Gene.
Fordham, Howard and Jimmie White, Singing Serenaders, KFH.
Fordham, Louise, petite blonde Soprano at KPO. She sings every Wednesday morning during "Bobbsie's Shell Happy Time."
Fort Worth Club Stringed Orchestra, WBAP.
Forte, Grady, One of the Apple Sauce Twins, KMA.
Fortier, Anselmo, Bass, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Foss, William L., Manager, WCSH.
Foster, Everett E., Baritone-Announcer, KOA.
Foster, J. R., Director, CKLC.
Foster, Wilbur, KSTP. Former boy Soprano, making debut as child at St. Mark's church, Minneapolis. In Marines during World War, and after being wounded sang with Community Service and in Fifth Liberty Loan drive.
Four Aces of Harmony, WADC.
Four Indians, Nate Caldwell, Evelyn Kitts, John Wolfe, Mrs. Nate Caldwell, KOIL.
Four Kings of Harmony, Arthur Thomas, Clair Marshall, Renus Lytle, Ben Jordan, WHO.
Four Legionnaires, Male Quartet, WLS.
Fowler, Ethel Rattay, Publicity Director, WJG.
Fowler, Lucile, Contralto, KOA.
Fox, J. Leslie, Chief Announcer, KFH.
Fox, S. S., prominent Salt Lake business man, has been heading KDYL since 1922. Prior to his Radio entree he was identified with the motion picture industry.
Foyer, Kenneth, Staff Singer, WCFL.
Fram, Arthur, Studio Director, KJR.
Francesco Longo, Director of the American Salon Orchestra, KJR.
Franham Trio, KMA.
Frank, Leon, Pianist, WSM.
Franklin, Dorothy, Assistant Shopping Reporter, WEEI.
Franklin, Leon, Saxophonist and Director of Leon Franklin's Orchestra, WLAC.
Franklin, Leon, and his Orchestra, WSM.
Franz, Jack, Michigan Theater Organist, WJR.
Frazetto, Joseph, Silver Slipper Supper Club Dance Orchestra, Director, WFBG.
Frederick, Corrine, Pianist, KMOX.
Fredlund, Myrtle, Girl Baritone, KOIN.
Freeark, Clarence, Tenor, WSUN.
Freedman, Max C., Announcer-Tenor, WCAU.
Freeland, Carroll, Operator, KFRC.
Freese, Ralph, Tenor-Announcer, NBC.
Freese, Ralph, Announcer, Tenor, KOA.
French, Catharine H., Announcer, Hostess, WCHS.
Frenkel, John, Director, WCOA.
Frey, Eugene, Six-Year-Old Boy Organist, Pianist, and Soloist, KSTP. Is a pupil of his father, Oscar Frey. Sings in three different languages.
Freymark, Frances Klasgye, Organist, WDBO.
Frisco, Ernest, Operator, KVOO. Formerly with WHB, Kansas City.
Frisk, Leslie, Contralto, NBC.
Fritzland, Frances, Pianist, KFH.
Fruit Jar Drinkers, G. W. Wilkerson, Director, WSM.
Frye, Rosalie Barker, Contralto, KNX.
Fucile, Nino, Baritone, NBC.
Fuller, Earl, Operating WFBE. For many years general musical director of Rector's, New York, brought first jazz band to Broadway; made earliest jazz recordings for Victor, Columbia and Edison, earning title of "Daddy of Jazz." Among headliners formerly with Earl Fuller are Ted Lewis, Irving Aaranson, Rudy Wiedoeft, Joe and George Green, Ted and Art Weems, Johnny Hamp, Bennie Selvin, and Eddie Peabody. Fuller was a pioneer broadcaster, and his famous orchestra is now heard daily from his own station.



Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the December Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.



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Name.....
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Whiteman, Music Master

(Continued from page 120)

ican method that could be applied to good popular music and make it better through proper instrumentation, study and scoring.

"AMONG the crowd that listened to these jazz bands were the people who knew nothing of real music, classic music. Some of them had never been inside of a concert hall or had the simplest music lessons. Yet, here they were, sympathetically interested in music now. Every night singing to it, dancing to it, swaying and strumming on tables while they ate to it. Young women seemed to be looking more youthful under its influence. Old women were forgetting age in their music mad mood. It was for them a safety valve. For them it was what it had been for me, a moral agent for good. If anyone was morally undermined by attending the nightly sessions of even those early rough-and-tumble jazz band cafes, it was not the jazz that undermined them. It was, rather, the things they ate, and drank, and smoked, that had the ill effect, and in only a few places were real extremes reached.

"It was, in a hazy way, my idea that jazz was good company and should itself be placed in a better environment so that it could do its emotional and nerve salvation work amidst an intelligent as well as a sympathetic crowd.

"I decided to devote myself to jazz, to its elevation, too. Of course, I was ridiculed. My best friends and my worst enemies joined in the same chiding chorus. 'Young Whiteman is through!' —that's what they said. They often expressed the thought that I was disgracing myself, also my family, all classical musicians, especially disgracing my dad.

"Well, he did not think so, although he was of the old school and a master of it at that. He must have sensed, in some way, that I was really trying to follow in his footsteps but through methods distinctly my own. I did not realize this myself, I was merely feeling my way.

"I mean by that that dad was a teacher of music to the masses. For more than thirty years he served as a public school director of music. All the girls and boys who came under dad's influence learned to love music, to play some instrument.

"Mother and dad had always stood behind me in everything. Having given me a very fine home environment, fair education and particularly good musical training they felt that I was able to cope with my own later day moral and vocational issues.

"My dad's influence and training had been toward a well balanced outlook. He was, himself, the most well-balanced person I ever knew or have since known. Wilburforce J. Whiteman, my dad, never tasted liquor until his head was thoroughly gray; he never smoked until long after that. He never did anything to excess. He is, in my estimation and in that of everyone who has known him in my home town of Denver for a lifetime, just a 'Grand Old Man.'

"DAD is no prig, don't get that notion. He has never lost interest in life itself, in recreation of healthful sorts, in athletics. Once his head got real swelled when I was named as among the dozen physically perfect fellows enrolled in regular gym class work at the Denver Y. M. C. A. He lost his chance to keep on bragging about me when I lost my figure and got fat. He was real mad, too; said lots about lazy fat men in my hearing.

(Continued on page 124)

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"Oratorio and choir work claimed my mother. She had a splendid voice and was a thorough musician. My sister, Ferne, had a good voice too, but once when she and I were trying to reach high C, simultaneously, some new neighbors sent over to our house to see who was hurt.

"I was always in rapt ecstasy when my mother sang for me. I don't know whether I love her most for her singing or for her cooking. She always managed between music lessons and singing engagements to make the most of her home and no one but mother was ever allowed to cook our meals. She loved to cook and cooked and sang equally well. Many a time I have gone miles out of my way to get back home for a dinner cooked by mother.

"Our family name was originally Wightman. On father's side of the family I trace ancestors of mixed bloods, most of them Holland Dutch, English, Scotch and Irish.

"My family thought I was something of a musical prodigy when, as a child they thrust a toy violin into my small fists at such an early age that I cannot remember the first tunes that they tell me I created upon it. But you know what a reputation a doting family can build when filling in the background for friends of later days.

"I deny that I was a prodigy of any sort. My memory hasn't failed to recall, for me, the fact that although I loved music from the first strains I heard, it pained me mightily, nevertheless, to be locked in mother's room every single afternoon at four o'clock and thus forced to remain a prisoner until I had played my violin lesson through to the satisfaction of listening ears beyond the door.

"Nor does it help me to believe in early gifts from the gods when I recall that I had to do household chores for more than five years following a practice-hour fit of temper in which I smashed a new and expensive violin on the footboard of mother's solid mahogany bedstead.

"When I was born, on March 28, 1890, the wind was howling around our Denver home. A hurricane blew up the next day and drowned out my best musical efforts. The stars, according to a famous astrologer, were waging a hellish war in the heavens about that time. I've often wondered if it was over my advent, a sort of prophecy of the havoc I should one day cause in other serene places.

"OUR big house, surrounded and segregated by a great lawn, was a childhood playground for the whole neighborhood. It was always over-run with singing, dancing and playing children, all of them proteges of my dad. People who did not know our small family intimately used to wonder if mother did not really have just about as many children as the old woman who lived in a shoe. True, mother had so many children she didn't know what to do at times, but then, she could always resort to chasing them home, since they were not hers.

"On Sundays, and other company days, I was paraded with my toy violin under my arm into the parlor. Young ladies kissed me, and said: 'Oh, doesn't he look just like Little Lord Fauntleroy?' Gosh! how I hated that guy! Old ladies patted and petted me, then whispered a promise of reward if I would 'stand right out there like a little man and play a piece.' Heavens, how glad I was when I grew out that show-me-off age!

"Then I got a chance to show the world at large that I was really a roughneck at heart. When I doubled up my

(Continued on page 126)

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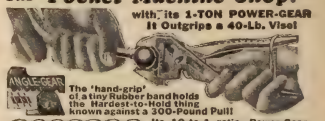
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Ever so often a new business is started in this country. We have seen how the growth of the automobile industry, electricity and others made men rich. Now Radio is doing the same thing. Its growth has already made many men rich and will make more wealthy in the future. Surely you are not going to pass up this wonderful chance for success.

More Trained Radio Men Needed

A famous Radio expert says there are four good jobs for every man trained to hold them. Radio has grown so fast that it simply has not got the number of trained men it needs. Every year there are hundreds of fine jobs among its many branches such as broadcasting stations, Radio factories, jobbers, dealers, on board ship, commercial land stations, and many others. Many of the six to ten million receiving sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. This has made your big chance for a spare time or full time business of your own selling, installing, repairing sets.

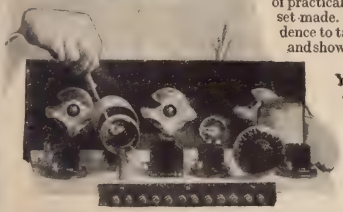
So Many Opportunities You Can Make Extra Money While Learning

Many of our students make $10, $20, $30 a week extra while learning. I'll show you the plans and ideas that have proved successful for them—show you how to begin making extra money shortly after you enroll. G. W. Page, 1807-21st Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., made $935 in his spare time while taking my course.

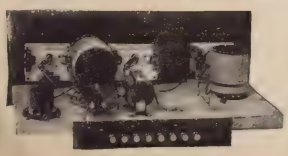


I Give You Practical Radio Experience With My Course

My course is not just theory. My method gives you practical Radio experience—you learn the "how" and "why" of practically every type of Radio set made. This gives you confidence to tackle any Radio problems and shows up in your pay envelope too.



You can build 100 circuits with the Six Big Outfits of Radio parts I give you. The pictures here show only three of them. My book explains my method of giving practical training at home. Get your copy!





I Will Train You At Home In Your Spare Time

I bring my training to you. Hold your job. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a college or high school graduate. Many of my graduates now making big money in Radio didn't even finish the grades. Boys 14, 15 years old and men up to 60 have finished my course successfully.

You Must Be Satisfied

I will give you a written agreement the day you enroll to refund your money if you are not satisfied with the lessons and instruction service when you complete the course. You are the only judge. The resources of the N. R. I. Pioneer and Largest Home-Study Radio school in the world stand back of this agreement.

Get My Book

Find out what Radio offers you. My 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio" points out the money making opportunities the growth of Radio has made for you. Clip the coupon. Send it to me. You won't be obligated in the least.

This Book points out what Radio offers you. Get a copy!



Address

J. E. Smith, Pres.

Dept. 9-YR,

National Radio Institute

Washington, D. C.

This coupon is good for a FREE copy of my Valuable Book. Mail it NOW!

J. E. Smith,
President,
Dept. 9-YR.
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Send me your book. I want to know more about the opportunities in Radio and your practical method of teaching at home in spare time. This request does not obligate me to enroll and I understand no agent will call on me.

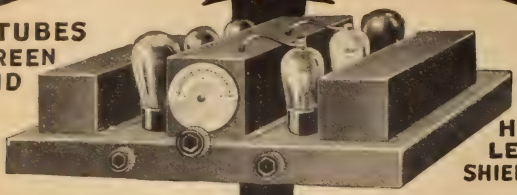
Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

"AC" RADIO

6 TUBES SCREEN GRID



HUM-LESS SHIELDED

AGENTS WANTED

Here at last is the radio everybody has been waiting for! A high-powered, long distance, 6 tube set with 2 stages of screen grid. No "AC" hum. Illuminated single dial drum control. Plenty of volume to operate power dynamic speaker. Beautiful clear tone, equal to high-priced sets. Guaranteed to give years of perfect satisfaction. All for the unheard of low price of $24.00!

No wonder it has become an overnight sensation! No wonder it is going like wildfire—selling itself almost at sight! And no wonder our agents are cleaning up $60. to $75.—yes, even up to $200. a week during spare time—evenings!

BIG PROFITS, QUICK
Choice, Exclusive Territories Still Open

This is your opportunity to tune in on station S-U-C-C-E-S-S! All you need is a sample ELGIN to find out what you really can do. Try it. Compare it with others for results. Demonstrate the ELGIN to your friends. When they hear its marvelous performance and the astonishingly low price—it's a sure sale nine times out of ten. The more people you see, the more you sell and the more money you make.

ONLY $24

ACT QUICK *for Exclusive Territory*

Live wires are tying up choice territories on exclusive contract. You can do the same in your territory if still open.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY

START MAKING $60. A WEEK
But You Must Act NOW!

Today, without quitting your job, you can begin making real money, supplying the big demand for the new ELGIN. Work a few hours every evening—and before you know it, you have a profitable business of your own.

No miracles. No luck in this deal. Just plain facts. It's being done every day by our enthusiastic, successful band of Elgin agents. You can, too. No experience necessary. All we ask is your willingness to work—to get out and demonstrate the great new ELGIN. Now is the time to start. Fill in and mail the coupon today and you're all set to make money—yes, sir, *real* money—if your territory is still open. Find out now. Don't delay. Mail coupon or, better still, wire! **Be sure to give your county.**

DON'T LET A 2c STAMP STAND BETWEEN YOU AND SUCCESS!

ELGIN RADIO COMPANY, 4902 North Crawford Ave., Chicago. **(Be sure to give your county.)**

Please let me know immediately if the opportunity of cashing in on the new low-priced Elgin Radio is still open in my territory.

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Address..... County.....

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Songwriters

SONGWRITERS: Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on publisher's acceptance. New booklet, "Song Requirements of Talking Picture," sent free. Newcomer Associates, 778 Earl Bldg., New York.

Motorcycles

MOTORCYCLES. Outboard motors. New. Used. Bargains. Easy Terms. Catalog free. Clymer, Denver, Colorado.

Patents

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Manufacturing Company, 555 Enright St., St. Louis, Missouri.

Radio

Two "World Wonder" Crystals, 65c. W. A. Talley, "Crystal Set Wizard," Beaudry, Arkansas.

Maps

New Radio Map and Log. We are now able to supply our readers with a new radio map and log, showing location of stations, list of all stations by call letters. Send 25 cents, stamps or coin, to Shopping Service, Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Who's Who Complete

***Radio Digest's' Who's Who in Radio,* 1930 edition, will give you interesting information about all the great and near great entertainers of the air. To obtain the complete list from A to Z, subscribe for Radio Digest today. Fill out the coupon at the bottom of page 6 and mail to Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.**

fists no fellow in the neighborhood said anything about me being a 'sissy,' even though I spent most of my time practicing music.

"There were only a few in our block who did not like music as well as I did and they had to practice too. That was dad's job and he did it right well, turned every kid within his reach into some sort of musician even if some of them only played a cheap tin harmonica.

"It was my dad who urged the taxpayers of Denver to finance music in the schools. He turned every school child into some sort of musician after that and our house was a conservatory filled with boys playing trombones and French horns. Other boys were there to listen. The lucky ones begged dad to tell their parents that they too had musical talent and should be allowed to join the band.

"Finally a wealthy patron of music named Wilcox became so interested in Dad and his innumerable proteges that he put up the money for instruments for the many boys whose parents could not afford to buy them. Soon we had in Denver the best bunch of amateur orchestras that I have ever heard anywhere.

"There were oratorio orchestras too. I joined one of those when I was only ten years old. 'Me and my pals' of those days have come to make good money in jazz orchestras since then. Some of these oratorio boys have played for me and with me in my own recent Jazz Symphony orchestra.

"Guess we were all lucky to grow up in Denver, one of those rare places where a boy of twenty years ago could play in a high class orchestra without being considered a 'sissy.' It would have been sad had even some of them fallen by the wayside from such criticism for I, being sensitive at that time, would probably have given up oratorio work at the first word of condemnation.

"I escaped being a square peg in a round hole only because I was born and reared in the right sort of environment for a young musician. It's true that I might have been something else, but I never should have been happy being anything else than what I am.

"Naturally, as a kid it never occurred to me that I was a born musician, really unfitted for anything else. As I recall I hated to practice during some of the hard years of adolescence.

"Yes, jazz has helped to teach musical appreciation. I've had a good time, as have others, watching the surprisingly satisfactory results. Many a man and woman who never cared for music until the new form of jazz took hold will be found today to be quite familiar with the popularized classics or the popular themes taken almost bodily from the classics and 'jazzed up.'

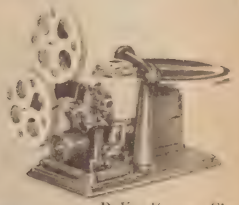
"Many a new composer, wishing to express what might be called the futuristic point of view musically, has found in present day elevated jazz his medium, and turned out, not trash, but masterpieces that reflect our country and our age.

"The personal cost of becoming a musical reactionary has been tremendous. Let me tell later of the tremendous hardships, real and fancied, that I have suffered, of the great avalanche of criticism from friend and enemy, from the music critic and master and from the rank and file of the people."

In interviewing the "Music Master" Miss Campbell has uncovered a new Paul Whiteman. Continue these highlights and sidelights on the man who is creating an American Folk Music. The third article will appear in the December issue of Radio Digest.

DeVry

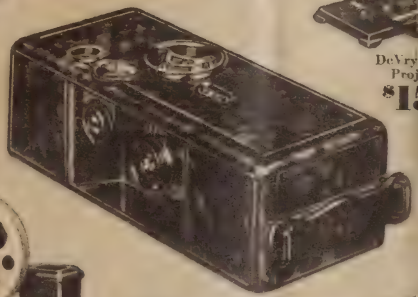
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Someone points a DeVry Motion Picture Camera at you—and shoots. Then out on the silver screen you come—to see yourself as others see you.

—Trips, pastimes, your family—all can be recorded for all time in life—in motion.

Also—the DeVry Still Camera that takes 40 still pictures at one loading—double exposure impossible—prints any size pictures you want—very low costs—practically indestructible.

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What a treasured store of visible memories you will have. Your children throughout the years—sports—travel—stirring scenes of action—will live again at your command.

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest Illustrated

Harold P. Brown, Editor

December, 1929



DEAR to the hearts of the great CKLC audience is the sparkling-eyed Gladys Dickson. She touches the throaty pipe organ and it purrs soft poetic words from its tuneful lips—voicing the mountain's thunder or whispering maple leaves.

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JESSICA — exquisite Jessica Dragonette—dainty idol of a countless throng who believe her possessed of the most perfect singing voice on the air. Her simple and unaffected personality wins for her the listener's highest esteem.



WHILE far from Red Deer is little Ann Leaf in rumbling New York, where she enchants a million harmonies from the great Columbia organ, making it pour forth a riot of song from its mystic caverns to begin and end the Radio day.



YOUNGER and more beautiful each day grows the dark and langorous Bebe Daniels (see page 21). Somehow when you heard her over the National net and from the screen were you not reminded of Spanish patios, balconies and moonlight? No foolin'.

Eastern Representatives: Ingraham & Walker, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City. Phone Lackawanna 2091-2

Western Representatives: A. T. Sears & Son, 122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Phone Harrison 3077-8

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

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VOTES COME BY THOUSANDS IN Gold Cup Contest

Ballots for Most Popular Broadcaster Point to Hot Battle for Honors

BIG and small—nation reaching and local only—the fans like them and don't hesitate to say so. Flocks of new nominations and ballots have flooded the Contest Editor's desk since this new Gold Cup Contest for the most popular station in North America was announced in the October issue of Radio Digest.

Every indication points to the hottest contest ever sponsored by this magazine. Not only are the Radio listeners writing warm letters of praise to the Contest Editor, but the stations nominated are straining every nerve to put on the best programs possible that their listeners may judge them to be their favorite station.

To the station in the United States or Canada which receives the largest number of popular votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold cup. This trophy will be in the form of a golden microphone, and will be engraved with the name of the winning station.

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite station in your section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, six silver cups will be awarded in the sectional race. These trophies will be similar in every way except the metal of the principal award and will be given to the most popular stations in the six divisions of the continent representing the East, South, Middle West, West, Far West, and Canada.



Gold Cup Design for Popularity Award

FOR the individual station winning the Gold Cup will come world-wide recognition as the most popular station on the globe. Nowhere else has Radio achieved such unanimous popularity and general utility as in North America.

It is by no means the most powerful stations of the metropolitan area that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the broadcaster that has the staunchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite listening post.

You have a favorite broadcasting station. Everyone who owns a receiving set has one broadcaster who, to his mind, puts on better programs and renders better all-around service than the other fellow. Don't just sit back and think to yourself, "I like that station, wish it could win the Gold Cup offered by the Radio Digest." So it is with other stations.

Give them a chance. Fill in the coupons at the bottom of this page, read the contest rules, and send them in. The prestige and success of every broadcasting station rests solely upon the strong support of its listeners.

Every broadcasting station has an individuality—an individuality and characteristics built up over a period of time and determined by personalities appearing before its microphones and the type of programs offered. There is always that indefinite and yet very real SOMETHING that gives a station popularity.

NO INDIVIDUAL can tell with any great degree of accuracy exactly how any given station rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each station in the country.

"I hope that my vote may be one of the many necessary to give WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal station, the Gold Cup," writes Mrs. Leroy Burlingame of Milwaukee. "We enjoy the programs that come from our favorite station and may always depend on it to furnish us with uniformly good entertainment and service."

"Here is my nomination for KFNF and Henry Field of Shenandoah, Iowa," says H. C. L. of Omaha. "Of all the stations in this country, and I hear most of them, KFNF wins all honors, hands down, for real service. Henry Field is a great man, and has built up a great station."

From New Mexico and Virginia come strong letters of praise and nominations for WLS, and countless other correspondents are sending in their ballots, accompanied by letters. This race is getting hotter and hotter, and the fans themselves seem to realize it. This is their chance and they are taking advantage of it.

Whether or not your favorite station is listed among those already nominated, fill in the coupons today and give it a boost on the road to winning the Gold Cup for the most popular station in the world.

(Rules and nominations on page 118)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate.....

Station.....
(Call Letters)

in the World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest.

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Number 3

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please credit this ballot to:

Broadcasting Station.....
(Call Letters)

....
(City) (State)

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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RECORDED programs on sixteen-inch discs endorsed and used by many national advertisers who appreciate superiority and economy—

One sixteen-inch disc for a fifteen minute program—two for a half hour—no stock records used—every program especially recorded in world-famous studio by experts — finest talent available used—tone quality of discs unequalled by any type recording.

One sixteen-inch plays a fifteen minute program and costs $125—two discs for one-half hour program costs $250. Home variety records cost $75 each and require seven for half hour, costing $525. You save more than one-half by using sixteen-inch discs.

Our equipment used by more than eighty key stations for reproducing Bureau of Broadcasting programs.

Our service to advertisers and agencies includes the selection of talent, arranging programs, supervising and guaranteeing recordings, sending discs to stations, taking complete charge of entire campaign and rendering one invoice monthly.

We Handle Everything in Broadcasting

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Advance Tips

YOU are holding in your hand right now the magazine Radio Digest has long contemplated. Besides the innumerable Radio features including the illustrated log of chain specials (our surprise), and original broadcast scripts with specially posed scenes, there are fiction stories by some of the best known writers in America.

* * *

But just as we have looked forward to this December, 1929, edition of Radio Digest with its diversity of interesting contents so now we are looking forward to the January, 1930, issue and other succeeding numbers with still greater hopes and ambitions.

* * *

Doty Hobart will be back with us in January with a most interesting article entitled "This Way to the Big Show." He will tell you more concerning some of the great celebrities he has schooled to the microphone—and those near, intimate sketches that show you better how they act and think than you could observe with your own eyes even if you were there yourself.

* * *

Fred Smith, the Greenwich Villager who takes you touring through the town in this issue with Ford and Glenn, is working on another interesting article that will entertain and inform you equally well.

* * *

Frank R. Adams, one of the most popular fiction writers in the United States, has written a graphic study of a girl, a man and a married woman who came between. It is called The Background. The first background was plotted by the girl who did not know of the other background—and the man, being a knight of modern chivalry, could not explain. It comes in January.

* * *

Gertrude, by Salisbury Field, which starts in this issue for a three part serial, will reach an astonishing peak of comedy romance in January. This is a story you probably will see and hear later in the talking pictures. It will create a great deal of talk.

* * *

There's another Octavus Roy Cohen story on the schedule. You will like this story probably better than any you have ever read before by this scintillating young author.

* * *

Everybody seems to be talking about Seth Parker. Well, we finally heard from Seth himself and it appears likely we'll be having one of the meetin' house singin' school episodes along about January. And we're goin' to have a picture of ol' Seth, too, by hookey.

* * *

For the more serious minded of our readers there will be an article of interest by Miss Margaret Harrison of the Teachers College of Columbia University on what Radio is doing for public education today—and what it is expected to do tomorrow.

* * *

There's real Radio romance in the story of Sen Kaney, senior announcer and program director at the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. Sen Kaney originated a style eight years ago and it's been growing in favor ever since. He's a vet, proud of it, and you'll like the story.

Across the Desk

"WHAT is the biggest thing in Radio today?"

This question was put to an executive of one of the greatest broadcasting organizations a few days ago by a representative of Radio Digest.

"Education," came the immediate and emphatic response. It is the foremost subject in the minds of the leaders. Even the most casual program carries an appeal to the mind. Before another year rolls around many of us may be enrolled in serious courses of study and research directed by daily lectures from some great university. State schools throughout the country have already carried on the preliminary experiments with marked success. Great plans are afoot by some of America's greatest educators.

It would be hard to imagine a world without Radio today. Mind to mind, thirty million strong, we sit unitedly listening to a promulgation of national thought by the President. Who can estimate the power of such thinking? What will it lead to? What has it already accomplished? Those who are in a position to know say this: That we have grown measurably in our appreciation of good music, that we have responded nobly with appeals for help, that we have become infinitely more spiritual and that we have manifested unmistakably an almost passionate thirst for greater knowledge. People in middle life, even in advanced age are grasping at instructive programs. And thus Radio is lifting us to heights where the mass mental vision is broader than ever before in the history of the world. No wonder the broadcast generals and the chief educators hold daily councils of historic importance on this subject!

* * *

THERE are many people who turn their feelings quickly into action when they are pleased or displeased. The first and most common manifestation of this action is by voice. When it is a fine bit of acting on the stage we applaud with our hands. If it is an especially pleasing program on the air we write a letter. And perhaps it is because the Radio listener has learned to write applause letters to the broadcast station that Radio Digest has received so many kind letters from its reader-listeners. These letters have from time to time done more to make this magazine a success than any other one factor. Without real, sincere, well-wishing friends no magazine can hope to survive. It is with the utmost heart-felt gratitude that the publisher and the editor of Radio Digest take this occasion to publicly thank all those who have so kindly encouraged us by their letters—especially those letters that have come since we have resumed monthly publication.

* * *

ART is an important element in the structure of a first class magazine. Radio Digest readers will be glad to note that we have another cover by the famous artist, Guy Hoff. Mr. Hoff doubtless owes a great deal of his artistic success to his infinite patience. We know that he has patience because when he received the commission to paint two covers for this magazine he had booked passage on a certain large liner for a trip to Europe. And it so happened that Miss Olive Shea, the subject for the second portrait, was elected betimes the world's most beautiful Radio entertainer. Rushed hither and yon on the crest of her new wave she found it more difficult to keep her appointments with Mr. Hoff. The result was that Mr. Hoff canceled his first reservations for sailing and took passage on a smaller boat departing twenty-four hours later and for no other reason than to have Miss Shea pose at her very best, for the Radio Digest cover. You will see this eventful portrait on the January number.

Dudley Gloyne Summers who illustrates the Salisbury Field story, Gertrude, in this issue is new to Radio Digest but not new to various of the best known magazines in America. He will continue to be represented in future issues of these pages.

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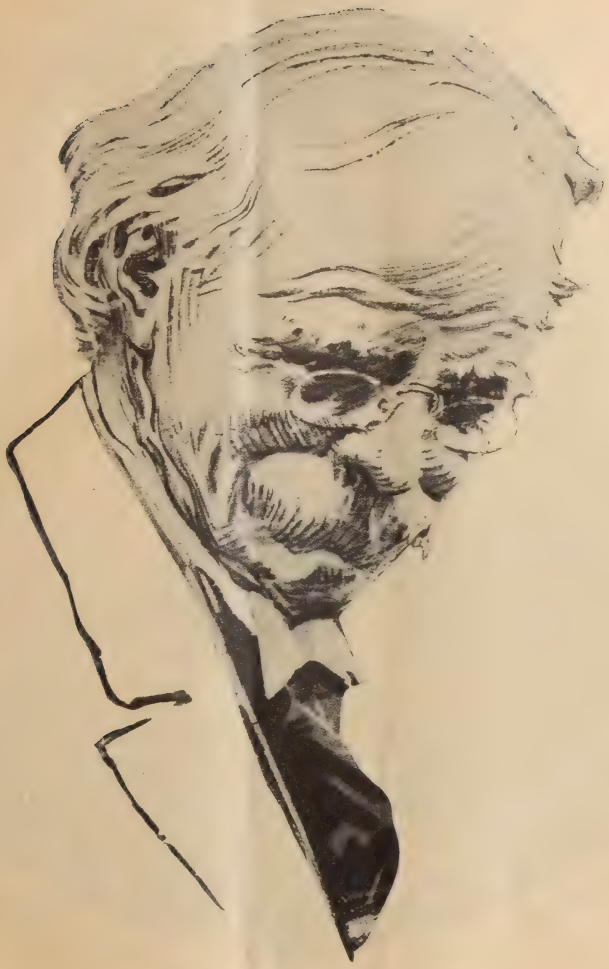
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Address .....

City..... State.....



Uncle Henry

(See The Collier Hour, by John B. Kennedy, on page 16)



BRADFORD BROWNE, Radio's latest idol, is the man who gave life to the Nit Wit Hour, Cellar Knights, and others. He received his first widespread popular recognition as Captain Kid in the Kid Boots program, a feature which achieved great popularity under his direction. Brad has a very definite ideal in his service of entertainment to the Radio audience, and works hard at it. Bill Schudt, Jr., gives us many interesting sidelights on the Chief of the Nit Wits in the story on the opposite page.

Pin Boy Makes Strike in Radio

Bradford Browne, Creator of Famous Nit Wits and Chief of the Tribe Once a Floorwalker— a Thrill or a Laugh a Minute's His Goal for You

By Bill Schudt, Jr.

ONCE he was a floor-walker in a department store, now he entertains millions! Once he was a pin boy who plunked on an old banjo when away from the alleys, now his pleasing voice echoes and re-echoes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the border, thundering its way through ethereal lanes. . . . Bradford Browne, the announcer; Bradford Browne, who gave life to the Nit Wit Hour, Cellar Knights and others; Bradford Browne, who introduced Moran and Mack for countless Sunday nights in the Majestic Hour last year has had countless adventures and disappointments before finally locating his life work—Radio.

To interview Browne is something that has to be done in a series of five minute conversations either riding up and down in the elevator as he goes from studio to studio or during the brief few minutes he spends in the lunchroom "grabbing a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

When we first cornered Bradford for this interview he was half way through his script for the next Saturday's Nit Wit Hour.

Bradford is the brother of Harry Browne, who, incidentally, is the writer and producer of Hank Simmons' Show Boat broadcasts heard every week over the Columbia chain. He was born in North Adams, Mass., and had a versatile career about which more will be revealed in subsequent paragraphs.

No doubt the success of the Browne productions can be traced to the fact that much time is spent on every script. Detail and time mean much to Radio productions, Browne will tell you. How many hours does he work? Usually from about ten o'clock in the morning until midnight during which time Bradford writes scripts, announces, plays parts in his own productions' rehearsals or broadcasts, and does his regular work as continuity writer.

A WARM New England sun shone down on a frowzy-headed little boy sitting on a rock by the farm house in North Adams, Massachusetts. The little boy was plunking away on a banjo which was nearly as large as he. There was melody coming from that banjo being plunked by eight-year-old Edson Bradford Browne, who in later years was to be known to Radio listeners of WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system stations for his unique, fascinating dramatizations of almost everything. In later years he temporarily forgot his music and studied law, also at times setting pins in a bowling alley, and then acting as a floorwalker in a department store. Then he found Radio his life work.

"YOU have to give them something good on the Radio," Browne told this writer. "Poor stuff just doesn't go, it falls flat and causes your regular listeners to lose faith in your acts and tune them out on other nights." That is why he spends so much time on the details. If it's a comedy Bradford believes in giving the audience a laugh a minute or suffer the consequences.

"You haven't got the people in your theatre," he explained, "they are out there . . . scattered everywhere and if you don't 'click,' your act is tuned out." Bradford laughed. Just like that, he said, snapping his fingers. "They don't care," he continued, "who you are or what you might give them later in the program . . . it's what you're giving them every instant that counts and you either give them a thrill or a laugh a minute or you lose two or three million listeners."

Bradford Browne's first attempt at Radio drama, The Cellar Knights, was made about four years ago, just after he left the department store and became affiliated with a Newark, New Jersey, Radio station. The Cellar Knights were so good that some months later when Bradford was asked to join the staff of WABC, then owned by A. H. Grebe, the officials asked him to continue his skit over their station. This Bradford did and when the Columbia Broadcasting system purchased WABC early this year the Cellar Knights skit was immediately put on the huge national chain.

It was shortly after Columbia had acquired WABC that Bradford got the idea of the Nit Wit Hour. Half a dozen scripts were prepared and promptly discarded following rehearsals. Bradford knew what he wanted but when the production went into rehearsal it did not sound just right. So he started all over again. Finally he hit on the keynote idea. The present Nit Wit Hour series is the result.

The popularity of this highly burlesqued hour of entertainment can best be judged by the fact that in a recent voting contest conducted by the New York Telegram the Nit Wit Hour was named among the biggest hours on the air in America today.

IT IS not generally known that Bradford recently married one of the members of his Nit Wit cast. The character of Patience Bumpstead, which is portrayed by Margaret E. Young (officially, assistant program manager for the Columbia system), is well known to Radio listeners. Miss Young and Bradford were married early in the summer of this year.

Edson Bradford Browne has had an eventful life, although pleasant. He was born in North Adams. His father was the end man in a minstrel show. Most of Bradford's relatives are musically inclined.

A banjo was the inspiration that sent Bradford Browne on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world.

Browne never studied music. When he became of sufficient age to study for his future profession he took up law. He studied law at Georgetown University and finally was graduated with honors.

But that is getting ahead of our story. Back in North Adams, Bradford plunked away on his banjo. Now and then he would play something that sounded different and people would sneer and think him funny.

From the banjo Bradford went to plunking on his father's piano. Here is where he first began composing original music. His musical ability made him the "life of every party" and it was not long before he was in great demand.

His musical education ended here for a brief time. He became pin boy in the local bowling alley. Then wanderlust gripped him and he went to Washington, and from there traveled extensively.

AFTER the war he worked in a department store in Newark, where he became floorwalker and held a large assortment of other jobs in the organization over a period of four years.

This work just didn't appeal to Bradford, and he began his music work again. In Newark he teamed up with Al Llewelyn, who was later to become his colleague in the Cellar Knights act at WABC. They sang well together. People often said so.

They sang so well, in fact, that it was not long before the duo received an invitation from a Newark Radio station to appear over the air. This they did and the response was electric.

Bradford liked the atmosphere of the broadcasting station and spent much of his spare time there. Finally one day his chance came. One of the announcers was ill. The others, for some reason or other, were not present. Perhaps young Browne could aid them, the studio manager thought. Browne jumped at the idea. He did very well, in fact so well that he earned himself a job immediately at the station where he became announcer and finally chief continuity man. In this latter capacity he turned out many interesting dramatizations.

Then one day Bradford received an invitation from officials of the Atlantic Broadcasting corporation in New York, then operating WABC, WBOQ and other stations. He was offered a position. He accepted it.

For a while things went rather quietly at WABC for Bradford Browne. He did much announcing work.

When Columbia Broadcasting system purchased WABC,

(Continued on page 118)

Ford and Glenn Tour Green

Famous Lullaby Boys Are Conducted by Fred Smith, Who Deserted

FRED SMITH, who was director of WLW for five years, left Cincinnati eighteen months ago to manage a daily news service sent by Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine, to a national group of Radio stations. Mr. Smith, who originated the Radio news service and many other broadcast features, is credited with having written the first Radio play and subsequently many others. He adapted a number of the most famous dramas in modern literature to Radio presentation form and dramatized for Radio the first serial story ever presented over a large group of Radio stations—The Step on the Stair by Robert J. Casey, published in Radio Digest. Now he is in New York for the exclusive purpose of writing.

During the past year he has made several biographical studies of noted men in contemporary life, including a number of Radio celebrities. In the atmosphere of Greenwich Village Mr. Smith is now concentrating on a book of short stories, notes for which were gathered during his eight years in Europe (1913-1922).

By Fred Smith

IN ANSWER to the bell, I stepped to the door, opened it, called: "Come on up—just keep on coming!"

Three flights down I heard Ford's baritone voice answering: "We're on the way!"

Marjorie and I stood in the hallway, welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Madame and Little Glenn.

"So this is the Village!" exclaimed—puffing—Little Glenn.

"Oh, some of the modern apartments have elevators—but our building was once a livery stable, our apartment formerly a hay loft."

"No foolin'!"

To prove it I led them to the double doors of glass, in the front of the apartment, opened them, pointed to the little courtyard below which was paved with patch-work cement and stone.

"Look—there to the left, in the corner, is the old trough for the horses. Right under us, where the stable used to be, there is a garish restaurant . . . see, they are bringing out the tables and placing them about in the courtyard for those who enjoy dining as they do in Paris! Also, they've had a mason decorate the trough, transform it into a fountain . . . Then you see the window to the right? That is the window to a single room apartment—once the office of the stable where you paid your quarter for a rig!"

Glenn, looking about our apartment, measuring with his eye the forty-foot room, the huge, decorative mirrors, the fire-place, the books, grand piano, velvet curtains—remarked:

"Nothing left of the barn here but the rafters!"

"Come," I said, "have a look at Greenwich Village!"

I LED them to the balcony on the East side of the apartment, led them into the twilight, showed them below the garden of Cherry Lane, the row of little houses and apartments—each three stories high, with here and there one towering an extra story higher, pointed out to them the little, gabled, three-story brick house, only twelve feet wide—reputed to be the smallest in Manhattan—where Edna St. Vincent Millay had lived and written so long and so much.

"Lots of writers down here, I guess," suggested Ford.

"Lots trying to be—some getting away with it. The Village, as you will see as we walk over to the restaurant in a few moments—is, to first glance, chiefly Italian. Then there are still some of the old-timers—Americans, Irish—descendants of families who settled here long time ago. But not until you get into the restaurants will you find the crowd that has given the Village its most popular reputation—I mean the writers, artists, models."

"Let's hurry!" exclaimed Glenn, then perceived that his curiosity had beaten his discretion to tongue, so he added: "An' hear about 'em!"

"Famous writer lives in the apartment below us," said I.

"Who?"

"Clement Wood."

"What did he write?"

"*The Outline of Man's Knowledge, Henry The Rake,* and——"

"Was he the Henry who raked hay for the barn in the Village?"

I picked up a thin volume of Clement Wood poetry, read:

"WAY down south in Greenwich Village,
Main Street maidens come for thrillage,
From Duluth and Pensacola,
To live a la Flaubert and Zola;
After each new thrill still racing,
Rarely chaste, and always chasing;
Apartments keep no maids, in Washington Square!

Geniuses from middle Texas
Solve the social ills that vex us;
College radicals, post-progressive,
Damn all culture as oppressive.
Ph.D.'s are D.Ph's,
Swear the Dots and Jens and Raches;
Deans get Gunga'd, down in Washington Square!

Way down south in Greenwich Village,
Thinking is mere bourgeois frillage,
Since the Freudians dared to launch us
On that ocean called Subconscious.
Ev-e-ry erotomania
Known from Auckland to Ukrania
Is a daily dozen, down in Washington Square!"

"Oh boy!" exclaimed Glenn, "Where is Washington Square?"

"Now! Now! called cautious Ford. "The evening i before us."

"Let's get behind it, then, and give it a push!"

To give them a bird's-eye view of the previous Village, befor plunging into it, I led the crowd up a narrow stairway fro the hall to the storm door atop the building, thence on to th roof—a sway-back roof, reminiscent of horses grown sway back under heavy loads. We dodged under aerials, gaze through the sunset glow at the Village—buildings chiefly thre to five stories high—and to the great beyond of sky-scrape rising like sentinels over the world's greatest city.

Standing there, Little Glenn knitted his blond brows, sai

"What worries me is which——"

"Now, now," cautioned Ford, "I told you many days ago th you should never allow yourself to worry about anything th happens any place except in front of a microphone. *There* where the worrying act should come in."

"Excuse me, teacher, "apologized Glenn, "but may I ask question?"

"You may if you don't ask me."

Interposed Mrs. Glenn: "That goes for me, too!"

Thereupon Glenn looked all around the group, received a perceived no further objections, smiled, said:

"Which is it—*wich* or *ich,* and why?

"Who?"

"And is it *green* or *gren,* and why do the people who insist *wich* say *gren* instead of *green?*"

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"The name of this place, of course! G-R-E-E-N-W-I-C- Village!"

"Why my boy," condescended Ford, "you have eviden forgotten your latitudes and longitudes."

"I certainly couldn't tell you from here—looking at all th crooked streets!—which way North is to save my life!"

"I did not speak of direction—I spoke of relative position.'

"Where's that?"

"It begins in Greenwich England, pronounced by all go dictionaries—and people of intelligence—*grin,* like the thing generally wear on your face, *grin-ij,* so that it sounds just lik said it: Grinij."

Glenn brightened, said: "Then Green-wich is not right."

"No."

"And the people who say Grenich are wrong, too?"

"Why, of course!"

Glenn was now grinning triumphantly. "So," he said, turns out that nobody's right."

"I wouldn't say that," contradicted Ford. "I am."

"That's what I said the first time—*nobody's* right."

THE PASSIONATE look of scorn which Ford threw Glenn at this moment, caused me to interpose hastily by

(Continued on page 90)

wich Village—See Things!

Through Historic Gotham Art Colony Cincinnati for Ol' Manhattan



Ford, Gene and Glenn just after Ford and Glenn had returned from New York, where they toured Greenwich Village as guests of Fred Smith, formerly of WLW and now one of the Villagers

GERTRUDE

By Salisbury

Marriage Proved a Mirage

So She Figured Out Her Own Course For True Love—And Brother Harry Paid the Bills



GOD gave me brains and a natural love of culture and refinement—and on my father's side, an Uncle Harry for whom I was named. We hadn't heard from Uncle Harry for years; and then, suddenly, a letter came from Australia saying he'd died and left me a million dollars. It was a shock to me, of course—but a pleasant one. And right then and there I made up my mind to two things—to live on my income, and to make a lady out of my sister Gertrude. Which was some job if you knew Gert. A sweet child, you understand, and all that, but a wild Indian if there ever was one.

Gert and I were living at the time in a little town called Spring Lake in the San Bernardino mountains. Mother was living, too—but with her fourth husband in Salt Lake City. So the first thing I did, after making arrangements with the Spring Lake bank, was to stake the organist at the Gem theater to a divorce.

What Gert wanted with the baldheaded little bozo was beyond me. But music is a refining influence, and with a Radio and Victor in the home (that was his silly name, Victor, though he looked like defeat from the feet up) . . . Anyway, with Victor Wiggins and a swell flat in Hollywood, I thought maybe Gert would turn over a few new leaves and get refined.

So I gave her my blessing and a bank roll, then bought a ticket on one of those 'round-the-world cruises with the idea of getting a little culture myself. Not that I wouldn't have preferred seeing my own country first. But how can one, safely, when it's so full of bad gin? It was a swell trip at that. And if I didn't corral all the culture in the world, by the time I got back I could at least tell the difference between a Nautch girl and a narghile—even if I had a cold.

You may be sure I sent Gert a picture postcard from every port and a lot of other junk besides. And it was on her account that I only spent four months in Paris. For I'd been almost a father and a mother to that girl, and being full of ideals and hopes for her, I made it a point to be home for her wedding. (It takes a year to get a divorce in California.) And say, it was as pretty a wedding as you'd wish to see; Gert and Victor . . . and the baby . . .

I was real proud of Gert. If she hadn't had bobbed hair and been a whole lot younger, she'd have looked like one of those madonnas an Italian guide showed me. Of course Victor still looked like Ignatz, the mouse, and why, after a whole year, it was a wedding instead of a funeral was beyond me. The baby, though, was a knockout.

"A great kid," I said, "and he does you both credit. Only where in the world did he get his red hair?"

"Sssh!" said Gert. "That's the only thing Victor is sensitive about. We've named him after you, Harry. Because where would we be today if you hadn't been named after your uncle?"

You can see for yourself Gert had changed: common sense, a good wife, a splendid mother . . . We had a nice brother and sister talk while Victor was changing the baby.

"On the level, how's everything?" I asked.

"Grand," said Gert.

"Still strong for Victor?"

"Yep."

"Is he working?"

"No."

"Has he worked since you came to Hollywood?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He's never seemed to get 'round to it," said Gert. "I us to raise Cain with him about it, but every time I did he'd p on his hat and say he was going back to his wife."

"Well, he can't run that bluff on you now. He's your law wedded washout now, and if he ever does go back to his fi wife you can put him in jail."

"Can I really? Oh, Harry! You're such a comfort to m she said.

Illustrations by
DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS



"Get out of here," cried Gert. "What do you mean by trailing a dead fish over my best rug?" "I gotta trail it," said Victor.

"YOU'VE improved a lot yourself," I replied. "You got repose."

"Yes, I sleep well."

"And you don't paint your face the way you used to."

"You can't, Harry—not when you're a mother."

"I saw girls in Paris out with dukes and earls that weren't a patch on you, Gert."

"Did you, honest?"

"Yes. And that's what I wanted. I wanted you to be a lady. Well, you are. You got a nice home, a swell kid, and now you're married and I can quit worrying about you."

Just then the bootlegger came. And as he was a friend of Victor's, we invited him to stay for the wedding breakfast.

After living for a whole year among the effete nations of the earth, to sit down to a simple American meal in simple American surroundings touched me deeply. I even warmed towards Victor.

"Here's a couple of hundred," I said. "You can take Gert and little Harry over to Catalina for your honeymoon."

So off they went, leaving me and the bootlegger to finish the ice cream.

"It's a great day for me," I said. "Will you have strawberry or vanilla?"

And when Carbona, the black cleaning-woman, woke us up next morning—it was afternoon.

CHAPTER II

THAT night was all right, too, because I slept some more. But the next day I was lonely. Here I'd traveled six thousand miles to see Gert, only to have her leave almost once on her honeymoon. And you can't very well join your sister on her honeymoon—even if you don't like her husband. So I hired an automobile and drove up to Spring Lake with the idea of giving the old home town the once over.

It's funny. But you can't go 'round the world and see cathedrals, skyscrapers and what-not without getting a new point of view. Compared to the way I remembered it, the whole town had shrunk to the size of a peanut. And I'm found to admit my interest in its inhabitants had shrunk the same.

To tell the truth, of all the folks I knew there, nobody seemed interested in what I'd done or where I'd been excepting Elmer Lovejoy, who was an old flame of Gert's. And, later, he spoiled everything by borrowing a hundred dollars off me. So I spent only two nights at Spring Lake, instead of the week I'd planned, getting back to Hollywood late in the afternoon, with three days to fill in before Gert got back—or so I thought. But I hadn't been in the house ten minutes

when who should walk in the front door but Gert and little Harry.

At the sight of me she tossed her hat on the floor, little Harry into an overstuffed chair, then fell on my neck.

"Harry!" she cried.

"What's the matter? Why are you back from Catalina so soon?"

"Soon? It may seem soon to you, but it seems like a lifetime to me."

"Where's Victor?"

"COMING in another taxi. I wouldn't even ride with him. Do you know what that little side-winder did to me?"

"There, there," I said. "Be calm. Whatever it was, he'll answer to me. What did he do, anyway?"

"Do? The minute we got on the boat he began acting like a husband—left me flat. I didn't see hair nor hide of him the whole way over. He spent all that evening at a place called the Tuna club. And next morning he got up at four o'clock and went on a fishing trp with a man he'd met on the boat.

"When he didn't get back for dinner that night I was nearly crazy. I just knew he was drowned. And then who should come in but a Wop fisherman with a note Victor had given him off San Clemente, which is another island, saying he was having a swell time, and if I didn't mind he'd stay out another day.

"Can you imagine, Harry? Us on our honeymoon, and Victor laying off one island, and me and little Harry all alone on another and not knowing a soul?"

"Did Victor catch anything?" I asked.

"I'll say he did! You don't know what it means to a wife and mother, Harry, to go on her first honeymoon—and then not have any."

"If you're really through with him," I began . . .

I never finished the sentence, for in through the door came Victor, red as a lobster with sunburn, but with a light in his eye that never was on sea nor land; for he was trailing a fish almost as big as he was—a sixteen pound barracuda.

"GET out of here," cried Gert. "What do you mean by trailing a dead fish over my best rug?"

"I gotta trail it," said Victor. "I brought it home to you, Harry."

"You have no home," said Gert. "Not after the way you deserted me on our honeymoon."

"It wasn't a honeymoon. We've been having a honeymoon for a whole year. What I went to Catalina for was a vacation."

There are two things no thinking American will ever get mixed up in if he can help it—a League of Nations and a family row. When I got back from my walk around the block, Victor was busy cleaning the fish, and all seemed quiet along the Potomac. But you never can tell about Gert.

"I've decided on one thing," she confided, as we partook of a bit of cheer in the pantry. "Victor has got to go to work."

"Do you think you ought to disturb him? He seems so happy with his fish."

"That was all right before we were married. But now the time has come when he's got to stand on his own feet."

"That cuts out giving dancing lessons," I said. "What else can the poor prune do, besides play the pipe organ?"

"He's awfully quick at figures. Couldn't you use him as a sort of secretary?"

"I could."

"Will you?"

"I will not."

"Not even for me? You see now that I'm married to Victor, I want little Harry to be proud of him."

"If little Harry can manage that," I said, "there's nothing that kid can't do."

CHAPTER III

WHEN you try to put through a merger, sometimes it's the Senate that objects, sometimes it's the Attorney General. But in the merger we planned between Victor and work, nobody objected but Victor.

"I don't see why I should work," he declared.

"You owe it to little Harry," said Gert. "And you owe it to big Harry, too. Why, who do you think has been supporting you all this time—and paying your first wife's alimony?"

"But he promised to pay my alimony."

"I did," I said. "And I'm willing to go on paying it. Only now you're married, Gert feels you ought to make something of yourself."

"What?" demanded Victor.

"You're full of music," said Gert. "You might become a great conductor."

"Or a good brakeman," I said.

"Well, I'll think about it," said Victor.

So we passed a peaceful two weeks with Gert and me making trips to the beaches and movie studios, and Victor staying home with little Harry, and thinking about work.

Occasionally, after reading the want ads in the morning paper he'd come to me with a cheerful: "Here's just the thing." But it was always something on this order:

WANTED aggressive partner with fifty thousand dollars to invest. No experience necessary.

"Very nice," I'd say. "But if you can land a job at four dollars a day, I'd take it."

So things ran along. And then, one morning, Victor got up on the wrong side of the bed, or Gert did, or maybe it was little Harry. Anyway, at breakfast—

We'd planned that day to run out and look at a rabbit ranch. For after a lot of figuring on the backs of old envelopes—mostly multiplying—Victor had decided that raising rabbits was the thing he was best fitted for.

It seems a couple of bright real estate lads, having subdivided some land you couldn't raise anything else on, were as good as broke till they thought of rabbits. And now they were getting rich. RAISE RABBITS AND RULE THE WORLD.

Not to eat, you understand, but for the fur. There was a startling shortage of fur. Women were using it on everything. And the rabbit had been Burbanked till now you could raise ermine rabbits, chinchilla rabbits, wire-haired Astrakhan rabbits— In fact, the only coat they couldn't supply was a raccoon coat—and raccoon coats weren't fashionable any more, anyway.

Even Gert thought it was a swell idea. "They'll be so cute," she said, "for little Harry to play with."

AND while I didn't believe in it as a strictly commercial venture, if Gert and Victor were willing to live in a sand wash, and do K. P. to a regiment of rabbits, it was all right by me.

But this morning Victor wasn't so optimistic. "If little Harry makes pets of all our rabbits," he said, "how can we have the heart to kill them?"

"We can't," said Gert.

"But if we don't kill 'em, how are we going to sell the fur?"

"Maybe we can keep them," said Gert, "till little Harry grows up and goes to Harvard."

"He's not going to Harvard," said Victor. "He's going to Stanford."

"You're mistaken," said Gert. "He's going to Harvard."

"Not if I have anything to say about it."

"You haven't."

"No, nor about anything else in this house."

"If you ask me," said Gert. "You're lucky to have a roof over your head."

"Sure," said Victor; "I'm a fool for luck. Had a fine wife—left her. Had a good job—left it, too. And now look at me. What am I? Nothing but a nursemaid to somebody's kid."

I'll have to hand it to Gert. She might have shied a plate at him; instead, she drew herself up like a duchess.

"This is the end," she said.

"Suits me," said Victor. "If your lawyer wants to get in touch with me, he can send me a letter, care of my first wife."

"I'm sorry, Gert," I said, as the front door slammed behind Victor.

"Oh, that's nothing! Victor and I used to have little spats like this two or three times a day. He'll come back."

"But what made him talk that way about little Harry?"

"OH, THAT'S just one of those things, Harry. Just another of those crosses a wife and mother has got to bear. You see he's still jealous of Elmer Lovejoy. Of course, I *did* go around with Elmer, and Elmer *has* got red hair. I guess I was in love with him, too. Only when it came to a showdown, he wasn't the marrying kind—and Victor was crazy about me. So—"

"You mean to tell me you never were in love with Victor?"

"Not much—at first. But I am now."

"Honest?"

"Honest!"

"Then if you really love him, why in the world didn't you tell him your grandfather had red hair?"

"I got too much pride, Harry. Besides, I don't remember pa's pa, or ma's pa. Which one of them had red hair?"

"Neither of them," I said. "So you can take your choice."

"I think I'll choose Grandpa Giddings," said Gert. "Only maybe you'd better be the one to spring it on Victor."

"Right," I said. "I can put it over, too. Have I ever mentioned little Harry's red hair to Victor? No. Why haven't I? Because I wasn't surprised he had it. Why wasn't I surprised? Grandfather Giddings."

"Do you think Victor will fall for it?"

"Certainly. And once he does, all this nonsense will be ended. As a man thinks, so he is."

"He might be, at that," said Gert. "Anyway, when I go around to it, I'm going to see that little Harry has a sister."

"Little Harriet," I said.

"Sold!" said Gert. "That's exactly what I'll call her. Now I'm going to slip on something and run over to the fish market and get Victor a cracked crab for his supper."

But Victor didn't come home to supper. At seven o'clock Gert was nervous; by eight she was frantic.

"But he told you he wasn't coming back," I said.

"He's told me that dozens of times. And he's gone out slamming the door so hard we've had to get new hinges. But



"Who's your girl friend, Victor?" she says. Then I told her who I was and what she was and chased her out of the apartment. . . . and after I had chased her out I told Victor a few things.

ie's always come home in time for supper. I'm sure something errible has happened to him."

Gert was right. Something terrible had happened to Victor. When he strolled in an hour later and told us about it, I ould hardly believe my ears.

"Where have you been?" demanded Gert.

"Down town."

"You wouldn't lie to me, honey?"

"Sure I would. But I don't have to. I was down town aving dinner with the boss."

"Boss?" I said. "Whose boss?"

"My boss," said Victor. "You see, Harry, old scout, I've gone to work."

CHAPTER IV.

YOU'D have thought, having got her own way, Gert would have been perfectly happy. Not at all. She complained bitterly when Victor didn't come home to dinner, which he

(Continued on page 117)

Uncle Henry's Editor Man Writes About

The COLLIER HOUR

By **JOHN B. KENNEDY**

ON A STREET in Trenton one morning three citizens met. If Will Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Kit Morley, or any of the Elizabethan loudspeakers who are particularly interested in overhearing and reporting conversations between citizens at street corners—if any or all of this blessed trio had been commissioned to put down the triologue, this would be about it:

1st Citizen: "Didst hear strange sounds i' the air last night?"



2nd Citizen: "Zounds, yes! And merrily o!"

3rd Citizen: "Music and voices with play-acting. All passing pleasant, but methought at first 'twas pranks or trickery."

1st Citizen: "By my bodkins I'll swear 'twas a relishable hour. . . ."

Well, this sort of thing could go on for weeks. The fact remains as attested by a letter postmarked Trenton and signed with due knowledge by a citizen of the ancient capital, that three men did meet on the streets one morning, and they did talk about sounds they had heard in the air between eight-fifteen and nine-fifteen the night before, and they did unanimously agree that the sounds were about the best they had ever heard on their Radio sets. So one citizen, in the name of the others, told Collier's Weekly the true story of that incident, to use as the case might be.

FAMOUS artists who make up the Collier hour as they gather in the NBC New York studios. Below, John B. Kennedy, associate editor of Collier's magazine, and director of the Collier Hour.

COLLIER'S has resumed broadcasting. That is good news to millions of Radio listeners.

Before Collier's experimented with broadcasting the contents of a magazine, air-programs were of a level that ran mostly to the mediocre, save when the names of celebrities in politics, the theatre or movies, music and, of course, prize-fighting were included in a studio offerings. Pioneer attempts had been made, it is true, to furnish drama ensembles and to bring stage atmosphere to the American living-room as far as the limitations of one vehicle that of sound, would permit. But the trend of the larger commercial programs, in frankly engaging orchestras or renowned vocalists—not excepting eminent publists—to play and sing and split ears and noses between direct advertising appeals, showed that the technique of combining entertainment with commercial utility was raw and undeveloped.

Then came Collier's, and from the first hour's product there was no mistaking the success of the project. The contents of the magazine, interesting enough to command attention of some 1,500,000 each week, were found, when transcribed to air delivery, attractive to Radio fans in every corner

(Continued on page 115)

Al and Fay Who
OOPY-OOP AT KMOX



Al, of Al and Fay, hanging on to a deep one while Fay chimes in.

BEHOLD Al and Fay, the melodious duo at KMOX, in the midst of one of those soul-stirring rhapsodies for which they are noted. Al seems to be reaching low down in his throat for a deep note and for all we can tell by the picture he's made it and is still holding it. Maybe it's "Oopy-oop-doop."

Al and Fay have a national reputation. After President Coolidge had listened to them on the White House lawn they were considered good enough for WBAP of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram. They played for that fiery knight of the Southland, W. K. Henderson, owner of KWKH, Shreeveport, La.

George Junkin heard them while dialing around the country one night and whistled them over to KMOX at St. Louis. Finding the spirit of St. Louis very suitable to their air diversissements, Al and Fay have camped on the KMOX campus since last June much to the listeners' joy.

Many Radio listeners will recognize Al Hurt and Fay Smith as former members of the Ray Miller's Brunswick Recording orchestra, which has toured the country playing at the best vaudeville houses. They also were featured with Thelma Terry's Play Boys, a Columbia recording orchestra. Fay is versatile with the strings and plunks a banjo with the same facility that he cajoles a guitar. Al is a boom-boom artist, aside from his vocal talents. He made his first public appearance as a drummer at the age of eight.

So it's oopy-oop and boom-dee-ay on your loud speaker when you tune in to KMOX. But don't worry, it's only this famous melody team doing its stuff before the mike for the entertainment of the thousands who love their offerings.

Some Big Timers

Artist Cugat Sketches Whose Business It Is Their Stuff So You



ERNO RAPEE, on the Roxy symphony over NBC, December 23.





LEADER of the Philadelphia Philharmonic, Leopold Stokowski, above. Lopez speaking, Vincent, in person, at the left. Radio listeners have been dancing to his music for five years.

a la Caricature

Headliners of the Air to Make Musicians Do Will Tune in Again





NONE other than Nat Shilkret, Victor artist, seen above in an amiable mood.



EVERYBODY Happy? The headless gent above is the inimitable Ted Lewis, while at the right you see Sam Lanin of the Ipana Troubadours and Ingraham Shavers.

Montegle Kidnaps Margot and Robs

MYSTERY HOUSE

Episode From Finis Farr's Serial Over NBC Provides Thrilling Story

STANDING bleak and alone, the only dwelling in a neighborhood of lofts and warehouses down near the river in New York is the old Denby mansion, remodelled after a fashion and made tenable for Richard Brooke III, wealthy young bachelor.

For some special reason, not altogether clear to his associates, young Brooke has taken up his abode in the old place where he is visited most often by his good friend Johnny Walker. His personal needs are attended to by his faithful valet, Williams.

Haunting the district of the old Denby home, in more recent years known as Mystery House, is a particularly vicious gang of murderous cutthroats under the domination of a powerful overlord known as Professor Montegle. Who Montegle really is or from whence he came seems to be somewhat legendary. There are those who live in the neighborhood who say he is only a myth. Others maintain he is a super-educated man gone daft on socialism—that he formerly held a high position on the faculty of a prominent New England university.

Montegle in recent months has directed a villainous campaign against young Brooke, to drive him from Mystery House. He has been aided by his powerful henchman, Fragoni, patroon of the Club Siena and a sinister shadow between the law and the outlaw.

Not long ago the New York newspapers were filled with the accounts of the strange kidnaping of Brooke who was aided in his escape by a dancing girl named Sally. And Sally was discovered to be one of the girls at the Club Siena. This embarrassing publicity brought Margot Hemingway, Brooke's fiancee, to his strange abode to ascertain for herself the true facts.

"I WISH I could tell you the whole story now," said Bob as they sat in the re-made splendor of the old drawing room, which still contained some of the original furniture. "There are some things I am trying to straighten out which so far are only theories of mine. They involve names that must not be smirched by unproven suspicions."

"But who is this strange bandit Montegle? Why does he seem so vindictive toward you," Margot persisted as she leaned back in an old plush upholstered chair with intricately carved woodwork over the back.

"Now you would laugh if I told you that Williams doesn't believe he is a real man at all. He thinks he is the ghost of Old Man Denby. He says that he is the exact counterpart of a picture of the old renegade taken shortly after the Civil War. And you may as well know, Margot, that old Denby and my grandfather were partners in this old house where they piled up a fortune through all kinds of nefarious schemes. Montegle is no ghost but he may be blood relative of old Denby, and I suspect he knows that there is a great deal of valuable treasure hidden in this building. He would like to get rid of me so he can ransack the place."

"And what about this girl Sally, Bob?"

"An unfortunate little waif in very bad hands—good at heart—"

"Listen, what was that?" Margot stirred uneasily.

"Spooks, maybe," said Johnny, who had just come in from an adjacent room. "The place is haunted, you know. Why, Old Man Denby was strangled to death in that very chair where you are sitting, Margot. They looped a piece of window shade cord around his neck and tied the ends to the carved lion heads on the back. They say he comes back every Friday at midnight and groans from that chair."

"Don't be silly," laughed Margot.

"But this is Friday night, and in five minutes it will be—"

"Say, ghosts or no ghosts, I certainly heard something then," said Bob. The two men walked toward the street window and peered through the old fashioned shutters.

MARGOT feasted her eyes on a heap of gems—the Denby diamonds—which Ransome Renwick, the expert criminologist, had discovered while searching for young Brooke after he had been kidnaped. They had been hidden for forty years in a secret chest off from the living room.

"Did this girl Sally really rescue you?" asked Margot, whose mind apparently was elsewhere from the object of her vision.

"She helped, but it was Renwick and Sergt. Hanrahan and our friend Johnny here who really performed the thrilling deed. . . . I feel kind of creepy right now—but I guess we are all alone—

"It's 12 o'clock—hear the funny old grandfather clock tolling away down stairs," said Johnny.

Suddenly a large, dark figure like a grotesque shadow from a candle flame slid silently into the room. He laughed—a silly madman's cackle.

"Not quite alone, my friends," he said. "You are not quite alone—Professor Montegle is here. And the fabulous Denby diamonds—they sparkle there on the table. Ah ha!"

"Montegle—himself—in person—not a picture!" Bob exclaimed, and then he added softly, "nor a ghost. Well, what do you want, Montegle?"

"You shall soon see, Mr. Brooke."

"Don't try to bluff me, Professor. That won't work. Besides I've a mind to—"

"Stop where you are, Brooke—one more step—don't move, I warn you now."

Brooke glared blue lightning at the intruder but he stopped. Margot gasped audibly and Johnny emitted a venomous growl.

"Margot! Johnny! Stay right where you are. I'll take care of this—" Bob hissed under his breath.

"Oh, Bob, be careful; he'll hurt you," begged Margot.

This brought a grin of amusement to Montegle's massive face.

"You are quite right, Miss Hemingway," he agreed. "Mr. Brooke is in acute danger. He should heed your advice. And now for a look at those diamonds—"

Bob twitched under mighty restraint as Montegle edged rather hesitatingly toward the table. Suddenly he threw back his shoulders with a roar.

"Keep away from that table!"

(From the NBC Continuity Script)

MONTEGLE: I'm going to get those diamonds, Brooke, and you can't stop me.

BROOKE: Sorry, old man, but you are going to do nothing of the sort.

WALKER: For heaven's sake, Bob! Leave him alone.

BROOKE: Not this time. This is too good a chance.

MONTEGLE: You're right. This is a good chance Fragoni!

FRAGONI: All right, boss. What's it gonna be?

MONTEGLE: Just stand here beside me.

BROOKE: Here's the other one; this is a nice little reunion. I'm awfully glad to see you, Mr. Fragoni.

FRAGONI: Yeah?

MONTEGLE: Don't talk, Fragoni. Leave that to me.

BROOKE: By all means.

FRAGONI: Yeah? Say, boss, I'm going to drill this fellow

MONTEGLE: Wait, wait! Do you see those diamonds on the table?

FRAGONI: Sure, I see 'em. They're puttin' me eyes out

MONTEGLE: Good. Close the box and put them in your pocket.

BROOKE: I warn you, Mr. Fragoni, you'd better leave them alone.

MARGOT: Bob! Don't talk to them!

WALKER: If those diamonds are all they want, what I say is, they're welcome to them.

BROOKE: Let me run this, Johnny.

WALKER: By all means.

MONTEGLE: Go on, Fragoni, pick up the diamonds.

BROOKE (whispering): Johnny! When he reaches for them upset the table. I'll do the rest.

FRAGONI: Have you got 'em covered, boss?

MONTEGLE: Certainly. If you move, Mr. Brooke, I'll shoot you through the head.

BROOKE: You haven't that much nerve. One shot would bring the police in here in half a minute.

MONTEGLE (laughing): The police! That's pretty good eh, Fragoni?

FRAGONI: Them cops won't bother us now.

MONTEGLE: Go ahead and pick up the diamonds, Fragoni

FRAGONI: O. K., boss.

BROOKE: Now! Johnny!



As they moved toward the door Fragoni seized Margot's wrists in his gorilla grip. Just as she screamed in sheer agony came a strange voice, "Let go that woman!"

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the clatter of the falling table the room was plunged in darkness. This was an incident neither Bob or Johnny had anticipated. There was the sound of a dull popping explosion, Margot screamed, and her voice was suddenly muffled as though a hand had closed over her mouth.

"Turn on the lights, Johnny. Turn on the lights," Bob shouted with a stifled sneeze and a burning sensation in his eyes.

Then the lights flashed on, but Johnny continued to grope, stumbling over the furniture.

"Margot! Margot!" Bob called frantically. There was no answer. They were alone in the room.

"Good Lord, Johnny," Bob wailed, "They've kidnaped her!"

"And those confounded diamonds too," Johnny observed.

Williams was aroused from his sleep and sent scurrying to the nearest police station. Bob and Johnny returned to the room for clews as to the raiders' retreat. They were confronted by a fog of eerie green gas, it came seeping in from beneath an unused door.

"Open the window quick, I'm dying," moaned Johnny as he wilted blindly down on the rug.

"Professor Montegle's trick," Bob surmised. "We're locked in. We'll both be dead by the time Williams gets back."

Blinded and mentally in a whirl, Bob reeled a half a dozen steps and also collapsed without reaching the window.

"I SUPPOSE this is the Club Siena," said Margot after a tempestuous motor ride in which she had been conducted blindfolded to the room where she now sat. It was indeed a small private room. Beyond could be heard faint snatches of dance music and intermittent singing.

"It is, Miss Hemingway," said Montegle. "Perhaps you have not come here before?"

"Certainly not," Margot tilted her nose haughtily as she answered. "I suppose you realize you are putting yourself in a very dangerous position. Kidnapping is a penitentiary offence. Mr. Brooke will be certain to bring you swift retribution."

"Whatever Mr. Brooke may do does not interest me in the least, my fine lady."

"Anyway you must let me go at once."

"Oh no, no! Why, you've only just come! And you're being here is a most flattering tribute to my genius. Moreover, the diamonds—you must see them. It was so peculiar—they were falling off the table when Fragoni caught them and absent-mindedly stuck the diamonds, morocco case and all in his pocket."

"Most remarkable dexterity, I must say. But you will have to give them back to Mr. Brooke, you know."

"Now how could you possibly be so utterly mistaken, Miss Hemingway? Mr. Brooke never will see the Denby diamonds again. Alas!"

"The police will be here at any moment."

"Do not be alarmed; they will not find you."

"Can't you see how absurd this is? Everybody will know you have these diamonds."

"Ah, Miss Hemingway, how little you understand everything! If the unexpected should happen and Mr. Brooke would put in a demand for the Denby diamonds, I am sure you would be very useful in helping to persuade him that it would be much better for him to forget all about the Denby diamonds."

"Plain blackmail is your game, then, Professor Montegle?"

"Terminology, my dear Miss Hemingway, is sometimes misleading. Nothing is plain where beauty is concerned. Blackmail is ambiguous."

"WHY do you not call up Mr. Brooke and arrange your terms immediately? It would be better for all of us."

"Doubtless that is the most sensible thing I ever heard you say, but there are certain contingencies now in suspense. At almost any moment I expect a report on the results of a certain scientific experiment that may render further parley with Mr. Brooke unnecessary. And, you know, there is a girl named Sally in whom he was so much interested. It is such a pity—I fear she will not be with us long."

"Yes, I read about Sally. Why, what is the matter with her?"

"Why, she tried to help Mr. Brooke more than she did me. And now she will have to die—die, just as you would if you were to make the same mistake."

"Is she here now?"

"Yes. Would you like to see her?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Fragoni, bring Sally here, please. She may tell you something of her experience that will be useful to you, Miss Hemingway."

"You are going to murder her?"

"Again I must call attention to your frightful terminology. Murder? Ugh! No, we must all die sooner or later. And death usually is such a wasteful transition. Nothing is accomplished. When I take a human life it is a laboratory experiment that adds to my scientific knowledge. Murder, as you think of it, is generally the result of passion or greed for gold. My obliteration of a human life achieves a nobler purpose. You see how misleading your terminology is."

"Here's you gal, Boss." Fragoni pushed a trembling young woman in dancing frock into the room.

"We'll leave you to get acquainted," said Montegle as the two men walked from the little room to the crowded dance floor beyond.

Margot regarded the girl with a chill at her heart.

"And you are the girl Sally?" she said softly, as though speak-

(Continued on page 120)



HARRIET CRUISE, known to KFAB listeners as the Oriole of the Air—not that she sings exactly like an oriole, but she has that brilliant, flashing color in her voice. She's soloist in the Capella choir.



BEBE DANIELS seems to look younger every day, as this picture indicates. That may come from her joy at the discovery of her singing voice for the pictures. She has been featured by NBC on the Fleischmann hour.



LOIS BROWNING is a Lone Star beauty who radiates curls, smiles and a dulcet voice from WFAA at Dallas. She was a candidate for the Radio World's Fair beauty queen, but this picture was lost in the mail.



JEANETTE MACDONALD sings songs in "The Love Parade" and the Radio crowds stand up on their toes and cheer. She is one of the stars heard during the Paramount-Publix hour over the Columbia Broadcasting System.





RHENO MARSHALL (above) and Ruth Messmer, blues artistes. Smiley blues is their specialty according to these photos; otherwise they are members — and popular, too — of the **KGW** *staff at Portland, Ore.*



HILDA HANNAN, A. T. C. M.—and how our British friends do love a nice collection of letters after a name! Miss Hannan as pianoforte soloist in CKLC Calgary studio gets inspiration for her classical repertoire from a doll.





MARIE CONNER, able leader of the Rainbow Orchestra broadcasting from WIL, and Janice Smith (below), clever staff artist from the same station at St. Louis.



GEORGIA MILLER is another one of those favorites at KOA Denver, whose voice gives the mile-high station personality and distinct individuality. Georgia is as restful to the eye as to the ear.

MADGE in a

Exact Reproduction of Columbia Radio Drama Script Wherein Madge Helps Her Dad and Rescues Her Man

By **Donald Clark**



EACH new season finds a keener interest in the dialog form of Radio entertainment. Probably one of the most outstanding features of this character to be brought out during the past year is the series of Night Club Romances, written and directed by Donald Clark, chief of the continuity department of Columbia Broadcasting System.

Don Clark is a young man of exceptionally vivid imagination and facility of expression. His fertile mind may be judged from the fact that the script reproduced herewith was the twenty-fourth in the weekly series, each a complete story, and each with a similarity of background.

Madge, the heroine of this particular story, is the daughter of the managing editor of a newspaper. Her rival lovers are newspaper reporters, and of course, one is a villain. Clark knows all about newspaper men, their codes and their weaknesses; he has spent much of his time since graduating from Union College covering the news and writing it himself.

For you who hear and never see how these dramas are acted this is a typical Radio drama script reproduced exactly and as originally written.—*EDITOR*

ANNOUNCER: Again tonight, we invite you to travel out with us, in fancy at least, into the night life of the metropolis,

NIGHT CLUB ROMANCE



TED: In your condition? You're boiled to the ears, Wilson . . .

JACK: I can manage my own affairs, I guess, Droman. Will you dance with me, Madge?

It has become our custom to seek out, one night in each week, some story in the making—some unusual incident in the cabarets of New York. Broadway at night presents a vivid, kaleidoscopic picture, with its dazzling electric signs—its hurrying crowds, laughing or shouting as they go, ever in search of diversion and entertainment. It is in one of the many glittering, gaudy cabarets burrowed down behind a battery of lights that we find ourselves tonight—here, we hope, we shall witness the creation of another Night Club Romance. Let's go inside and look around.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA STARTS PLAYING No. 1, UP FULL UNTIL CUE (——).

(Continued on page 91)

Dan Cupid Cues In on Johnny's

*B*IG TIME

And When the Great Headliner Comedian Finds His Lines Mixed He Almost Gets the Hook—Love's Wings and Exit

THE HUGE electric sign in front of the Lyric theater proclaimed to all and sundry that Jimmy Harper was in town. The daily papers were more specific: "Jimmy Harper, World's Funniest Comedian, Assisted by The Carrigan Sisters—In a Rib-Tickling Potpourri of Mirth and Melody."

Gala week for the Lyric theater: Biggest headline attraction in years. The dear, dollar-spending public choked the house twice daily. Lobby signs proclaimed that it was Jimmy Harper—in Person; Not a Picture. Any citizen who, at this stage of the week's engagement, had failed to see Jimmy Harper was declassé.

And yet now—at 11 o'clock at night while the lobby was disgorging patrons, two male figures slunk through the stage door and down the alley. One of them seemed shrunk within himself; he walked with a guilty air and his eyes quested about in the hope that he might not be recognized. Somehow, the great Jimmy Harper was not participating in his own ballyhoo.

THE TWO men discovered a furtive little restaurant where the oysters were reputed to be good. They sheltered themselves at an alcove and ordered—with cocktail sauce. The friend turned worried eyes upon the frowning countenance of Jimmy Harper.

"Jimmy," he said, "I wonder if I'm a good enough friend to be honest."

Jimmy sighed. "Petey," he answered—"you are. So shoot."

Petey drew a long breath. "I seen your act tonight, Jimmy."

"Yeh?"

"It's rotten."

"Aw say—"

"Well, maybe it ain't fair for me to call it rotten. Really, it's worse than rotten. It's a flat flop."

"Didn't they laugh?"

"Sure they did. They was laughing at Jimmy Harper but they couldn't of told you why. It's a hard thing to explain, Jimmy; you was awful funny, but nothing like you ought to be. Every time I've seen you up 'til tonight you put half the paying guests into hysterics. You used to be a wow. Acts didn't use to like to follow you when you was working single because the house wouldn't quit laughing at you. Tonight when the curtain dropped, you was completely forgotten. Folks was saying—'Jimmy Harper, he's right funny, ain't he?' Now, Jimmy, I ask you—what's wrong?"

The World's Funniest Comedian turned harrowed eyes upon his friend.

"Everything," he answered mournfully.

Petey probed more deeply. "Them two wimmin?"

"Yeh."

"Hmm! They ain't bad . . . swell lookers, and they dress the act nice, and they step snappy. But say; what did you team up with them for in the first place?"

"Just like you said, Petey; to dress the act. I been a single for so many years—well, my agent thought it would be a good hunch to give 'em a little variety for a season or so, and he got me forty weeks' booking. I ain't losing nothing on it; I net what I got single and the rest goes to those girls, and the act is different—"

"Sure it is. It's all wet. Now tell me what's wrong."

"Well—" Jimmy sighed. "They ain't really sisters."

"I heard that. But they been together for three-four years, haven't they?"

"Uh-huh. That's the trouble; each one feels like a mother to the other, and since they started fighting. . . ."

"Holy smokes! they haven't both gone and fallen in love with you, have they?"

"Good Gawd, no!"

"Some hope then. Tell me something, Jimmy—didn't you know everything I told you before I said it?"



"Guess so."

"And ain't you worried?"

"Sweet mama!"

"Wouldn't it do you good to spill your troubles and get some friendly advice?"

JIMMY inhaled a large oyster. "I told you how I come to sign 'em up; forty weeks—even break in money compared with what I was drawing single . . . and I was lonely. Looked like a good idea. Well, we started out fine. They said we was a panic, and we was. Stopped the show a dozen times. Swell kids, both of them. And I guess we would of made vaudeville history or something if it hadn't been for Oscar Swanson."

"What's that?"

"Oscar Swanson is a man. I ought to hate him, but I don't. He's a nice feller. He sells rubber goods."

"I didn't know anyone did that."

"Yeh—I guess somebody has to. Hot water bottles and ice bags and surgeons' gloves . . . lot of stuff they use around hospitals. They say he's a hound on that sort of stuff. Well, I blame Oscar for everything."

Petey lighted a cigarette. "One thing I'll hand you, Jimmy—you sure do make things clear. Now tell me, who is Oscar?"

"Well, he sells hot water bottles and—"

"Not to you."

"No-o. But he's been following us around for about ten or twelve weeks. It seems he's the champion water bottle sales-

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrations by W. H. Wiest



They motored [illegible] Broad Ripple through moonlight . . . the first thing he remembered Evelyn was in his arms.

man of the world and he routes himself where he likes. And every night and some matinees he's out front giving us the hungry eye."

"Is it possible?" Petey leaned forward under the urge of an idea. "Is he in love with one of them Carrigan girls?"

"I'm afraid so. You noticed the brunette, didn't you?"

"Yeh."

"Well, her name is Nora."

"Ain't that remarkable!"

"The blonde is named Evelyn."

"I can hardly believe it!"

"Well, Oscar Swanson used to be married to Nora, and he's been following us around—"

"Trying to re-marry her?"

"No!"

"Don't bite my head off; say something."

"Well, he's trying to marry Evelyn—she's the blonde."

Silence fell between them. Then—"Lemme get this straight, Jimmy. Oscar used to be Nora's husband and now he wants to become the property of Evelyn; is that it?"

"You said it."

"Well, why don't he?"

"Nora objects."

"Ah! Still in love with her ex-husband, eh?"

"No. That is, she swears she ain't."

"Then I don't see—"

"WELL, I do. She says it's bad enough to see him out front twice a day when we're on, but it just naturally would be indecent to have him marry Evelyn and travel with us all the time. Think of it, Petey: Suppose you had been married and happily divorced and your ex-wife was married to your partner and you was traveling around the country together . . . I certainly can understand why Nora objects all right, all right."

Petey lost himself in thought for a moment—"And Nora ain't jealous at all?"

"I don't exactly say she ain't—although she does. But you never can tell about wimmin."

"You said it! Now, suppose Oscar went and married Evelyn, what would happen then?"

"Nothing. Because he wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because him and Nora split up on account of her refusing to quit the stage and stay home while he was selling rubber goods and he has told me private that even if he could marry Evelyn, he wouldn't unless she would resign from the two-a-day."

"But suppose he did marry her?"

"Then Nora would walk out."

"Aaah! We begin to see daylight. It sure is lucky for you, Jimmy Harper, that you had the brains to discuss your troubles with me, because I see a way to help you."

"Yeh . . . ?"

"All you got to do is to work it so Oscar marries Evelyn; then Nora gets sore and walks out on you, and that breaks your contract, because you must of contracted with the team—"

"I did."

"— And when the team busts within itself you are clear of both wimmin and you go back to the single."

"Hmm!"

"Ain't my plan a swell one?"

Jimmy Harper shook his head slowly and solemnly. "Nope. It's terrible."

"Why?"

"I—well, to tell you the truth, Petey—I don't want Nora walking out on me."



"Listen, Sugarfoot; you got an awful fine head on your shoulders. Let's think up a scheme."

PETEY opened his lips to speak, then closed them very suddenly. His eyes popped and he emitted an exclamation of amazement.

"Good, Lord! You?"

Jimmy blushed. "Uh-huh."

"In love with Oscar's Nora!"

"Well, listen, Petey, you ain't got no right using that tone of voice because you don't know Nora. She's a swell kid, the sweetest—"

"Dearest, cunningest, cutest, winsomest, wonderfullest little girl in the world and you can't live without her and—I commence to understand, Jimmy, why your act has went flooie. Nora is afraid Evelyn will marry Oscar, and you are kind of suspicious that maybe Oscar is trailing around because he wants to marry his ex-wife again, eh?"

"Well, why shouldn't he? She lays it over Evelyn seven ways from the ace—and, besides, I get kind of nervous with him around, having been married to Nora like he was. I'm in a terrible fix—"

"Boy! I'll say you are."

"And I don't know what to do . . . and with all that sort of thing going on the act is getting flatter than a pancake which was cooked for last Sunday's breakfast."

"It ain't doin' nothin' else. Now, suppose you was to marry Nora—"

"There ain't any use of supposing anything like that, Petey, because she will not discuss it with me at all except to say that it doesn't seem proper with her own husband looking at us all the time."

"Hmm! There ain't but one answer to that."

"What is it?"

"Get rid of the husband."

A slow smile of derision appeared on Jimmy Harper's lips. "I told you, you didn't know nothin'," he explained feebly. "You ain't met this bird Oscar or you wouldn't advise nothing like that."

"Why?"

"Oscar ain't the kind you can get rid of. I don't wonder that baby is a success in rubber goods. He could sell umbrellas to sheiks, he could. I never see a guy so persistent in all my life. Twice a day I see him out there staring at the stage . . . and Nora and Evelyn see him, too, and—"

"How does Evelyn feel towards Mr. Swanson?"

"We-e-ell, I wouldn't say for certain, but I think she's awful crazy about him. Reason I thinks so is that she seems kind of jealous of Nora which used to be his wife. And, remember, that Oscar ain't the kind of a bimbo you think he is from his name; he's big and tall and broad with blonde, wavy hair—regular Norseman type, whatever that is; and, I guess if I was a woman I would fall for him also—but not if I was two women."

"I see. . . . Just the same, you have got to get rid of him."

"Can't be done."

"Yeh—it's got to." Petey cupped chin in palm and gave himself over to a session of intensive cogitation. Suddenly he looked up and his face radiated optimism. "Got it!"

"What?"

"The idea how you can get rid of Oscar."

A gleam of hope shone from Jimmy's tired eyes. "Spill it."

"Well—you say yourself that Oscar is probably nuts about Evelyn."

"Yeh."

"And even if he ain't and is really daffy over Nora, his ex-wife, you would prefer to know it, wouldn't you?"

"Uh-huh. Like the doctor telling me I ain't got more than thirty days to live. I guess I would, though. Then I could buy me another pipe to smoke."

"All right. That makes everything jake. Now the way to handle this thing is to find out where Oscar and Evelyn stand with each other—and how you are to do that is to give Evelyn the grand rush."

"Give who the what?"

"GIVE Evelyn a royal time. Shower her with attentions; flowers and candy and taxi rides and all that sort of stuff and—"

"Petey, did your folks ever let you fall when you was a baby?"

"I'm talking sense. Minute you begin to crowd Evelyn, what happens?"

"I get put in the daffydill factory."

"No, sir, nothing of the sort. Everything straightens out. If Oscar is in love with Nora, he don't pay no attention to your interest in Evelyn. Same thing goes for Nora—and you know right where you stand."

"In muddy water. I see. Go on."

"But if Oscar really is nuts about Evelyn, he gets awful jealous when he sees you rushing her and he makes a compromise about letting her stay on the stage and marries her and even if that does break up them two girls on account of Nora not wanting to buddy around with her husband's wife—it leaves you with a clear field for Nora."

"I see. . . . Maybe you ain't as senseless as you sound, Petey."

"Sure. Right you are, kid. Also, the minute you begin to show Evelyn that you think she's the swellest chick that ever swallowed corn, you find out where Nora stands as regards you. If she gets upstage and snippy you know she's jealous—and if she gets jealous you know it's all applesauce. Any way you look at it you win—even if it's only by finding out that you're bound to lose; ain't that a fact?"

(Continued on page 112)

HOW does a young girl feel at the moment of her Radio debut? Let Dolores of the Crescent City tell you under her own title—

My LUCKY STAR

By Dolores Lila Martinez



THRILLS had come early to Dolores Lila Martinez, and she was confident of her first Radio appearance. But then came old man Mike Fright, and success in spite of him.

MY GREATEST thrill? My Radio debut! Successful—yes, because of my Lucky Star!

When I was of an age when most little girls rejoice in their dollies, I was scribbling verse and knowing the thrill of having the little songs of the soul accepted and published, and even praised. People used to tell me I should be proud of my verse and what "a bright little girl" I was. I almost believed them for awhile.

Then I grew up a-bit, donned short skirts and had my hair bobbed; isn't that how girls grow up now? And my first grown up thrill was to have my first short story accepted and featured in a nationally known magazine. More than that, my name and the title of my story appeared on the cover! What a thrill—the thrills of seeing my poems published from early childhood seemed so very small compared with this great thrill. The magazine was conspicuously displayed everywhere. It was quite a thrill to walk into a store and see one's name staring at her from the cover of a brightly colored magazine—to hear people you had never seen before asking for the magazine containing your story—Dolores Lila Martinez's story—it was all so wonderful, life seemed unreal!

Publicity—I was given loads of it. "The Rival Blondes" was a much read story, and the authoress was feted and praised and congratulated. Some one said I was sitting on the top of the world, and I really felt that way.

The Editor of the Magazine of the Hour, Freeman Hubbard, asked who were I, that I had received so much publicity for my first story. I asked myself the same question. I wanted to ask him a question—why did he feature my first story, the story of an unknown writer? How many writers can boast of that honor, their first short story being accepted by a national known magazine and featured? I wonder. While I was rejoicing in this triumph, a friend of mine remarked, "Dolores, you were born under a lucky star"—I almost believed him at that time. Life was like a wondrous dream.

THEN there was the Radio. Everywhere, everyone was discussing the Radio. It was, as is now, the topic of the hour, and secretly I thought it would be a great thrill to speak over the Radio, with thousands of fans listening in—many times did I muse over this

My wish came true! I received a letter from our most popular announcer, Mr. Clyde Randall of WSMB, stating that they would be pleased to have me recite my poem, "Mother," over that station on the eve of Mother's day. I literally leaped with joy, walked on air. My dream had been realized . . . almost. . . .

I was notified just one day before the eve of Mother's day: hence, I had but little time to memorize the poem. It was my own composition, 'tis true, still I never attempt to memorize every poem that I write—I read and re-read the lines, regretting a thousand times, I had been so averse to studying expression. But I was so thrilled, so optimistic, I did not think or even dream of "Radio fright," or that my recitation would not be a decided success—I was confident of myself. Very. That night and the next morning I read and reread the lines in eager anticipation of the night to follow. At 6:30 p. m. I was to face the "mike".

At 5:30 p. m. I sat composedly through a manicure. I eagerly told my manicurist of my triumph-to-be and the proximity of it, and she queried curiously, "You're not at all nervous . . . ?"

"Nervous, why no . . ." I answered surprisedly. But the

(Continued on page 108)



HERE'S the man who helped give Dolores the biggest thrill of her life when she appeard before the microphone. He is Clyde Randall of station WSMB, New Orleans, Louisiana.



Happy bridegroom is James Melton, brilliant tenor of the Seiberling Singers. Sometimes he sings to 30,000,000 and again just to One, as he is doing here



You heard Gary Cooper (above) on the Paramount - Publix hour



"Co-boss! Co-boss!" Cows were the first to discover George German's (WNAX) voice



Robert Hasenjaeger, 12, official announcer and master of ceremonies for the Billiken Troupers' program at WLW



South Sea Islanders! To your left, ladies and gentlemen. They are now heard from coast to coast on the NBC Fleischmann hour



Paul Ash jazzed from Pacific to Atlantic; now he broadcasts coast to coast



Can a cat smile his affection? Ask Mary M'Coy, NBC soprano on Tea Time Tunes—and look at Tommy's face



Artells Dickson comes from Arkansas and scores big as the WABC versatile announcer. He is louder than Harry Lauder himself



Emery Deutsch, pilot of CBS Dream Boat



This is the famous French Trio that comes to you over CBS—Elfreda Bos, violin; Sallie Possell, flute, and Lydia Savitzkaya, harp



Think they're a little devilish? Maybe so, they're the Dare Sisters of KHJ.



All set for Kitten on the Keys with variations, Kathleen Stewart, WEAF, directing.



Jane Froman is the varsity grad with a Bachelor of Blues degree. She's featured on WLW King's Taste Night Club program.



Look, girls—Borden Quartet! Yar theyar from the left—Harry Stanton, Myron Niesley, Ben Klassen and Austin Mosher. They Hail, Hail from NBC, California.



Time to put on the ol' nose bag when the Dinner Bell gang tunes up at WLS. Them's the Prairie Daisies at the piano.



Here is the Barber Shop Trio on the Ingraham Shavers program—Henry Shope, Walter Preston and Taylor Buckley.



Guess you know these two all right—Jack Oakie and Helen Kane on Paramount-Publix hour.



Moran and Mack, heard recently over the Columbia system, always score tremendously, but as the Two Black Crows would say, "Why bring dat up?"



Andy Mansfield talks as he plays and plays as he talks over the Nation's Station at Cincinnati—Andy and Virginia Lee at midnight every Thursday.



This midnight jamboree is perpetrated every Sunday as a frivolous outburst of repressed desires over the Sabbath day by the WBBM Nutty Club.

Professor Paul Whiteman

Word Picture of Jazz Maestro at Rehearsal and Sketch of His Colorful Career "Up to Now"

By Jean Campbell

OLIVE SHEA, the darling little blonde who won the beauty contest at the last Radio World's Fair, beamed happily at me as I entered the artist's reception at the Columbia studios in New York last Tuesday.

"Please take me in with you to see Paul Whiteman rehearse," she pleaded after a sidelong glance at her mother who sat beside her on the yellow leather upholstered bench against the wall.

"If we can crash through those formidable doors," I answered. They were heavy green baize with small oblong plate glass windows. They frowned down from the top of a short flight of eight steps. Mrs. Shea and her talented young daughter joined me with the assault which was headed by a member of the press relations department.

The doors cracked open. Ted Husing, whose deep announcing voice gives you the impression that he is serious minded, ushered us through a maze of brass, wood-winds and tinkling cymbals to seats in the back of the big studio. There we sat down and watched the show. A special performance of the highest priced band of its kind in America.

AND it was a show—something to see as well as to hear. The genius whom we have called Professor Whiteman stood on a slightly raised stage sans coat, vest, collar and tie. The band was rollicking through a medley of tunes scheduled for the evening performance. Every member seemed to be on a lark. Those who were resting between measures were disporting themselves according to their individual fancies although they seemed all to be swaying to the rhythm of the unceasing movements of their leader.

The great Paul himself bulked against the windows of the operating room, the most conspicuous figure in the room. I felt constrained to ask "What is Paul Whiteman thinking about when he stands there, his face blandly expressionless, although his arms are jerking up and down like engine pistons with steam and vigor that shakes his whole body?" Is his mind far away? Is he alertly conscious of all the multitude of sounds that permeate the room? Does he hear every tiny vibration and check it against the accurate register in his mind? The eyes are unwavering, the lips immobile, not a tremor disturbs the even brow. How profound—and yet those massive elbows tight against the sides continue their perfect rhythm—ah, a hip sags, the other responds! Yes he is almost dancing.

Suddenly, as though a wandering sunbeam had struck into the room, a twinkle sparkles in the leader's eye. He turns to one of the players and points. His mouth is wide open as though for an explosive laugh. But no sound escapes his lips. He shakes his baton and continues. The piccolo player notes several cigarette stubs on the floor. He shuffles from one to the other and kicks them all into a little pile.

YOU find yourself looking again at Whiteman. You mark his well rounded figure and the tight belt that cuts in on the upward slope, the perky little mustache astraddle his puckering lip, the tiny smile crinkles at the corners of the eyes and again the face becomes passive, the eye expressionless and you wonder what is going on behind that ponderous brow. He is rightly called professor, probably working out the intricacies of some new jazzical interpretation while he subconsciously beats to the tune in hand. Suddenly the eyebrows twitch a bit quizzically, the hands cease their rhythmical piston movements—and like magic the music reels on while Paul dives for a cigarette, lights it, takes a puff or two, lays it on the music rack before him and the guiding hands snap again to the pulsing rhythm.

Husing ambles up from behind and speaks to him. He smiles and they both laugh as they look toward the hard working blower of the oom-pah. Husing shoulders out the flutist and they begin trotting back and forth near the chairs where we sit. This is too much for our vivacious Olive. Why should two mere males be wasting such priceless moments—so the flutist goes back to his fluting and flaming youth dances, just one boy and one girl, to the one and only Paul Whiteman orchestra! I enjoyed that moment and I think Mrs. Shea was happy too.

Informal, brisk and airy the rehearsal flowed along for an hour or more. Ted injected a perfunctory announcement here and there while the pianist rambled intermittent strains from the Rhapsody in Blue. This frank informality accounts for the fine morale of the organization. It is 100 per cent cooperative—the best for one is the best for all.

In the evening, when the real concert was filtered out to all America and a waiting world via New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and a score of other cities, the Paul Whiteman orchestra was on its toes every minute. They all wore yellow smocks and tams bearing the label of the Old Gold cigarette, the manufacturers of which were sponsors of the program.

Ted Husing also garbed in smock and tam seemed to repress his ebullient spirits with difficulty. But nothing went amiss—it never does so far as the Radio audience can discover. Paul Whiteman with a tam quite too small for his broad dome looked the leader that he is in spite of the somewhat ludicrous costume. His eye was full of fire—no vacant dreaming now. It was a concert and for me not half so interesting as the rehearsal had been in the afternoon.

IT WAS not until after the evening program I had my opportunity to chat with Professor Paul. He was still alive with the keen intensity with which he electrifies his men during the concert.

"We must have dinner together one of these evenings," he said. There was some confusion in getting away. A bus was waiting below to take them all to a rendezvous at Valley Stream on Long Island. Subsequently we had our dinner when I learned all about the early struggles that lead to the contract to appear at the Palais Royal in New York—his first big engagement and the beginning of the rise of Whiteman over the horizon of the world's gayest night life.

"Our pictures were in the papers," he said. "The Palais Royal, then the newest of New York's great cafes, was the haunt of celebrities from near and far. Thus we came to meet Lord and Lady Mountbatten while on their honeymoon. This English nobleman proved his democratic spirit by making the acquaintance of each member of the band and declared that we must come to London so that the Prince of Wales could hear us. The Prince is his cousin.

"It was soon evident he was really in earnest for scarcely had he returned to England than we received a reminder in the form of an imposing letter all bedecked with crests, and coronets and formally sealed with wax.

"Soon we began to realize what New York popularity meant. We were the vogue. Contracts were thrust at us from every angle. Society demanded our services at their most exclusive functions. Our time was at a premium.

"Out of this endless swirl we found ourselves face to face with a contract to join the Ziegfeld Follies. The contract was signed. New experiences followed.

"It could not be denied—we had won out in New York. Yet sometimes I feared that New York might prove fickle, that it might be easy for anyone suddenly to lose her good graces. Novelty more than ability seemed to be the watchword for success.

"We then decided to go to Europe, as that was the next logical step for the ambitious plans we had. Besides it would be advantageous to acquire some of that exotic manner to be accomplished only by foreign travel.

"In March, 1923, we set sail to accept some of those numerous invitations from our friends among the notables on the Other Side. And such a seasick bunch of play boys we found ourselves to be aboard that staunch ship, the S. S. President Harding."

How the Paul Whiteman orchestra took the European capitals by storm is a story that has now become a vital chapter in the history of American music. But the objective was attained.

And now we are soon to see and hear him on the screen as the King of Jazz. His adventures in Hollywood would make a story in itself. His first trip ended in failure, for the play the producers wanted did not suit Paul. Then Paul had a play written and it did not suit the producers. At last reports the producer's play had been written to suit Paul's idea of what it should be. That he has real picture possibilities may be judged from the movie tests that were taken on the lot and which are reproduced on the opposite page.

KING of JAZZ

PAUL WHITEMAN wanted to be taken seriously. The world insisted on making him a clown. So here he is in Hollywood making faces at the camera. Who knows, perhaps another Chaplin!







"Easy there Big Boy"

"Oh, you will!"

"Never do that again!"

"Toodle—oo—"

"Wait 'till I get you!"



The Gigolo Mystery

CRAIG KENNEDY and Jameson in Their Search for the Murderers of Lola Langhorne Step into Line of Fire Between Two Rum Ships.

WHAT subtle and mysterious ingredient had entered the blood stream of Lola Langhorne and caused her skin to turn a ghastly green as her life ebbed away in the lonely cabin of the Gigolo?

Even the master detective, Craig Kennedy, was mystified. But searching for a motive he discovered a suddenly organized clique under the direction of Eversley Barr to import a cargo of contraband booze. Barr and Donato, known as Don the Dude, were using their peculiar charm for women to involve not only Lola Langhorne, the pretty divorcee, and her yacht but also little Judy Hancock, the seventeen-year-old banker's daughter. Then there were the night club girls Mazie Mellish, jealous of Trixie Dare and perhaps of Lola, too.

From Mazie Craig obtained his first clews that led him through some of the intricacies of the New York rum runners' labyrinth. He obtained an introduction to Dietz, a liquor broker, and through Dietz as a guide and sponsor Kennedy went out to the fleet in search of the ship that had carried the other members of the party that had been associated with Lola Langhorne just before her death.

Dietz brought Craig Kennedy and his newspaper reporter friend, Walter Jameson, to the tanker where Eversley Barr peered over the rail and directed them to come aboard.

"Come aboard," shouted Barr, "something terrible has happened—maybe you can help us."



With a whack on each cheek and moans from Trixie, Mazie picked her up and flung her . . . so that she dropped in his lap uncaught by his trussed-up hands.

By ARTHUR B. REEVE,
Author of Famous Craig Kennedy Detective Stories

Chapter VII.

THE TWELVE-MILE LIMIT

ACROSS the water out there beyond the twelve-mile limit I looked at the West-Indian Frenchman, perhaps a quarter of a mile away.

In the cold moonlight we could see a small boat come up, but we were too far away to see who it was that was making the transfer to the other rum-runner.

Our Viking laughed. "Cap'n has customer already! I gass we bane bring him luck!"

"These fellows in small boats have their nerve, with the revenuers all on the watch," I observed.

"Nerve?" repeated Deitz. "You mean they have no nerves! They don't know what fear is. Take a chance on anything—even being sunk out here in the ocean itself. They gotter be that way. I tell you, you don't know what bein' high-handed is until you run up against one of these here revenue boats. They don't know no law of God or man in keepin' our country pure!"

We had difficulty getting over the side of the "All Alone," as Ev Barr had re-named his tanker which looked to me like she might be rusted so through and through that she would founder if you poked a stick at her.

The name "Haugesand: Norway," a little fishing village in the Land of the Midnight Sun, had been clumsily painted out, in spite of the well-known superstition of the bad luck that attends the change of a boat's name. These were no ordinary sailors, however.

(Continued on page 88)



CHICAGO'S CIVIC GRAND OPERA

WORLD'S Greatest Singers Come to You Free from Advertising Through NBC.

On the Air Everywhere

By A. R. Williamson

SCARCELY ten years ago, when the Radio infant was first beginning to try out its lungs and little groups of amateur enthusiasts were gathering every evening to "see what they could get," grand opera was broadcast for the first time. It was not much of an event in the history of music, for the sounds which came into the ears of listeners, mingled with "static" and other interference and marred by the inadequacy of the equipment, could hardly be called music. But it was, nevertheless, an event, for it was a forecast of the great things which the rapid advance of Radio science and the eager response of the American public to broadcast programs would some day make possible.



A. R. Williamson

In the light of present day knowledge, it seems strange that early operatic broadcasting should have so thoroughly ensnared the public fancy as it did in those early days. Broadcasting operas was at that time, and still is, one of the most difficult feats accomplished by Radio engineers, and in the first attempts, the broadcasters made what would seem to us now "a sorry mess" of it. It is comparatively simple to send out a good reproduction of the voice of a single singer, who sings with his mouth close to the microphone, or a group of artists, performing within the confines of a small studio, where acoustic properties and other details are especially engineered for broadcasting. But it is a different matter to broadcast a performance which takes place on a large stage, upon which the actors move freely back and forth, in a theatre designed to hold and seat spectators rather than for the sole purpose of broadcasting.

But in spite of these handicaps, which the nature of the performance makes unavoidable, operatic broadcasting has remained one of the most popular aspects of Radio entertainment. There is something wonderful to the average listener in knowing that he is hearing the finest the musical world can produce—arias sung by the world's greatest artists, orchestras composed of the finest musicians and conducted by internationally known conductors—all within the walls of his own home. As methods and means improved during the years, the practice of broadcasting operas over the air has become more and more popular, until now, when the operatic scores can be heard with the same distinctness and delicacy of tone through the loud-speaker as in the theatre itself, America's opera-going, or, more properly, "opera-listening" audience numbers in the millions.

WITH the beginning of the Chicago Civic Opera season this year, millions of families all over the West tuned in on their Radios for the broadcast of the programs. This year the performances will make musical history. Gathering artists from all over the world, noted singers, dancers, musicians, composers and critics for the dedication of its new twenty-million-dollar opera house, the Chicago Civic Opera company has done everything that money and talent can do to make the season one of the most colorful and brilliant in the operatic world. And not only the theatre audience, but the Radio audience as well, will expect great things.

In order to meet this expectation, every improvement of modern Radio science has been called into use by the National Broadcasting company in its series of opera broadcasts which are carried over a wide network of stations throughout the heart of America. In the old opera house, Radio was regarded somewhat as a noisy boy who made lots of trouble but had very little importance. Although facilities were the best which could be provided under the circumstances, they were of a hit and miss nature, and those in charge of operations had to work under great difficulties. The designers of the new building, however, realized the true importance of the Radio audience in making their plans, and scientific installation of the microphones and control boards in the new building has been treated as a necessity rather than a somewhat superfluous added feature.

Fourteen performances of the Chicago Civic Opera will be broadcast during the season. Every Saturday night from nine to ten, Central standard time, is Chicago Civic Opera hour. Among the artists not heard last year who will sing this season during broadcasts are Claudia Muzio, who returns to the company after an absence of one year; Hallie Stiles, from the Opera Comique of Paris, a newcomer to the Civic Opera forces, and a tenor new to America, Theodore Strack, who is heard in the German repertoire; and Thelma Votipka, American soprano.

Mary Garden, Edith Mason, Frida Leider, Margherita Salvi, Maria Olszewska, Alice Mock, Cyrena Van Gordon, Coe Glade, Tito Schipa, Antonio Cortis, Charles Hackett, Richard Bonelli, Vanni-Marcoux and Alexander Kipnis are a few favorites of the Civic Opera company who are again heard in the Civic Opera broadcasts.

Surrounding the stage from every quarter is a group of microphones, designed and placed to pick up the music and send it out over the air in exactly the same way that the ears of the audience pick up the music from the stage. Microphones are installed in the footlights, in the wings, back-stage and in the orchestra pits. Far up in the last balcony, occupying much the same position as the projection room in a motion picture house, are the two sound-proof, glass-windowed control booths, where the monitor boards are installed. Under the stage is a power control room, where the power sent to each microphone may be controlled as desired.

AND in the control booth are the two men upon whom the success of the broadcasting will depend, possibly even more than upon the efforts of the artists on the stage. Sitting at the monitor board, where the control of the microphones on and about the stage is handled, is C. C. Gray, NBC staff engineer, who has performed this duty for several seasons, and at his elbow Don Bernard, program manager of the Chicago studios. It is Mr. Bernard's task to supervise the handling of the controls in much the same way the conductor of the orchestra directs the work of the musicians. He has the score of the opera in his hands, which conforms exactly with the score being used by the musicians. Following the music carefully as it is played, it is necessary for him to instruct Mr. Gray during the whole course of the entertainment. If there is to be a loud crash of brass in the opera, Mr. Bernard will foresee it by reading his score in advance, and the proper modifications will be made by the engineers to preserve the full beauty of the passage as it is heard from the stage. Further adjustments will have to be made every time a singer changes his position on the stage, and there are a thousand and one changes to be made and emergencies to be met during the program, which only careful preparation and constant vigilance can make possible.

Included in this booth is the announcer, Thomas Breen, Jr., who gives out the necessary information to the Radio world. The advantage of the new equipment in the opera house is at once apparent, when it is realized that this booth gives a full view of the stage, instead of being in the basement as it was in the old opera house. In this way, those in charge of the broadcast are not only able to see all that happens and able to reproduce it with more exactness, but get much more of the "feel" of the production.

Another element with which the broadcasters have to contend is that of time. The Chicago Civic Opera this year is broadcast for one hour only, which means that everywhere one turns in the control booths he will see stop-watches, electric clocks, and other time-keeping devices. The broadcast must begin exactly on the scheduled time and end an hour later, regardless of the time schedule of the opera. There are times, for instance, when the Radio broadcast must end right in the middle of an inspiring aria, and in order to prevent a "chopped off" effect in closing the program, the microphones must be "faded out" in a manner which requires all the skill and delicacy of touch of a concert pianist.

Unlike many attractions of a similar nature, this year's broadcast of the opera is not a commercially sponsored program. It comes as free as the air over which it is sent into the homes of America's millions, bringing them a touch of art and beauty which, without the magic of the Radio, they would never know. Until the last few years, grand opera has affected the lives of only a small per cent of the country's more cultured classes; now the Radio makes it the heritage of the millions.



Cyrena Van Gordon as Amneris in Aida.

argherita Salvi
Rosina in The Barber of Seville

Three charming songbirds scheduled for this season's broadcast of Chicago Civic Opera by the National Broadcasting Company.

Alice Mock as Gilda in Rigoletto.

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Newsy Gossip of the Stations

Glimpses Behind the Scenes at

Chatter of What's Going on of Those Who Put on

Here's News for You

HERE in this twenty-four page section of Radio Digest you will find, from month to month, interesting, newsy stories of what is going on at your favorite listening post, the station, or stations, which above all others you enjoy. If they have a new studio, if new artists are added to the staff, if the chief announcer gets married, you will want to hear and read all about it.

If you live in the South, you will find a special part of this section devoted to the stations which come in best on your loud speaker. If you live in the West, the East, the Middle West, Canada, or out on the Pacific Coast, you will find in these pages particular attention paid to your district.

If you don't find any mention of your favorite stations here don't blame us. We have asked for the co-operation of every station in the country. If they haven't responded, then write them a letter and be sure that by another month we will have a picture or story about them. The aim is to make this department of Radio Digest as complete and interesting as possible, and to include as many stations each month as possible.—D. B.

Feibel Is "Find"

FRED FEIBEL, Radio's latest arrival in the organ field, who broadcasts regularly during the "Organ Reveries" period heard at 8 o'clock each weekday morning over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system, is considered one of the best men in his field in America despite the fact he is but twenty-three years old.

At the age of ten, as a school boy in Union City, N. J. Feibel started his musical education with instruction in violin, shortly after playing at local concerts and with school musical organizations. Despite his interest in the violin, the piano fascinated the boy and although he did not study it, he managed to puzzle out for himself the right and left hand fingerings until he could get them both working together and by constant practice he finally developed a fair degree of technique.

It was at church, however, that he found the instrument he really wanted to play and after his first attempt at that instrument he began to study the organ. So well did the boy apply himself that he was made one of the assistant organists of his church when only fourteen.

The youngster's big opportunity came one afternoon when, watching a motion picture show in a small local theatre, he noticed that there was no musical accompaniment for the movie. While he was not particularly interested in motion pictures, Feibel had been interested in this particular theatre because of the organ music and when an announcement flashed on the screen that an organist for afternoon work was needed, he hurried to the manager's office and offered himself as an applicant for the job. The manager was dubious but gave Feibel a chance and seating himself at his first unit console, the boy launched himself and on his career.

Before long Feibel was transferred to a more important afternoon position and became chief organist in the theatre and pioneered among ambitious young men. On his twenty-first birthday Feibel was commanding his fifth year as organist in the neighborhood theatre and celebrated by accepting an offer to play on Broadway, which enabled him to train himself in the latest developments of featured organ music so that when a position at the Paramount theatre in New York was vacant he satisfied every requirement of that outstanding house and was engaged as assistant organist.

Artists Train for Air

TIME was when first-class artists of the concert and operatic stage viewed Radio with unconcealed scorn. Then a few of them, tempted by unprecedented emoluments, "consented" to appear "incog" and with the condition that nothing that might disclose their identity should go to the press.

Little by little conditions changed to the point that now, eight years after the birth of the industry, artists are not only willing but anxious that the public know everything about them. They even furnish their "pedigrees" for filling in the station's records, and Radio appearances before any of the "Big Four" stations of the metropolitan area form no little part of the literature that precedes a personal appearance on a concert stage.

It is very easy to visualize a day when a "microphonologist" will be employed by prominent vocal and instrumental teachers and institutions in the training of students with actual broadcasts by advanced pupils.

In present-day broadcasting it is surprising to see to what lengths artists go to prepare themselves for broadcasting. Take the case of Marion Selee, contralto, singing from WOR, for instance. She has a fellowship at the Juilliard Graduate school, with Paul Reimers for the two years 1928-29, and 1929-30, studied at the New England conservatory in Boston and received her diploma at the Conservatoire Americain, Fontainbleau, France. Last year she was a star principal with the Chautauqua Opera association and has many recitals behind her. Her Radio appearances include the Eiffel Tower station, KDKA and WOR.

Culture in Demand

ONE of the gauges of the importance of Radio is the type of men it is attracting into its ranks. There was a time when the average listener viewed the announcers, collectively if not individually, as a group of playboys, the male counterparts of finale hoppers.

To crash the staff of any of the major stations nowadays there must be more than a thin veneer of culture, education and sangfroid.

Floyd Judson Neale, a recent addition to the staff of WOR, furnishes a good example. He was educated in Connec-



HERBERT HOOVER, Jr., is not highly excited over the fact that his father occupies the White House. His chief interests are Radio and aviation. As Radio expert for the Western Air Express he is heard over the air from time to time.

and Artists You Hear Daily

Studios Both Great and Small

in Broadcasting and Tales the Programs for You

ticut's public and private schools and graduated from Harvard in 1912. He has studied music, piano, organ and vocal in Boston, New York, Munich and Rome. His business training includes such positions as confidential secretary to Charles R. Flint, "father of trusts," with the late Col. George Harvey, ambassador to Great Britain, on the North American Review, the Financial Chronicle and on the advertising staff of the New York Times.

He is credited with making the original suggestion of awarding a medal for diction to a Radio announcer.

A Musical "Scoop"

SIDEWALK cafes of Paris, Berlin music halls, singing gondoliers of Venice and gorgeous Viennese operettas passed in vivid panorama before the Radio listeners of America when the Seiberling singers score a musical "scoop" and James Melton, Seiberling tenor, sang the outstanding European song hit of the moment for the first time in America.

The Song is "Gern Hab' Ich Die Frau Gekuht," from Franz Lehar's latest operetta, "Paganini." The golden voiced Melton sang the original German lyrics. In introducing this beautiful composition to America, Melton fulfilled a promise made last summer, when he left with the Seiberling Singers for a concert tour of Europe. He promised that he would bring back with him the newest and finest examples of modern European music—and this was his first selection.

The Seiberling Singers program also included another solo by Melton, a song that Melton has endeared to Radio listeners by his splendid interpretation—"The Hills of Home," by the American composer Fox.

The Seiberling quartet also offered a special four part vocal arrangement of Schubert's "Serenade," a new transcription of Jolson's "Little Pal," from the sound-motion picture, "Say It With Songs," and Deppen's ever-popular "Japanese Sunset" in modernistic quartet form. Frank Black, musical director of the Seiberling hour, gave another of his surprise piano solos, and the famous Seiberling singing violins rendered Rubinstein's "Melody in F" in special string chorus arrangement. Altogether, it was one of the greatest musical scoops that Radio listeners have ever been privileged to hear.

* * *

"Bill" Schudt's "Going to Press" began as a one-station feature last December. Now just a year on the air this feature, dedicated to newspapermen and newspaper topics, is now on the coast-to-coast facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting system.



THREE generations as seen at NBC studios. Two of them, Philip Katzman, the grandfather cornetist, and Louis Katzman, director, are regular members of the Hoover orchestra. Henry, at the piano, only visits and plays occasionally during intermissions. He already is leader of his school orchestra.



BEAUTY is not lacking among the stars of the Philco hour, as witness this picture of attractive Kitty O'Neill, one of the sopranos of this popular feature. She would be a hit in any stage production.

Money for Musicians

IN THESE days when the "Did you know" columnists are having their innings in the newspapers, one might be tempted to ask: "Did you know that the musicians in broadcasting orchestras get $18.00 a broadcast?" Most of them are actually on the air less than an hour for that sum. They are required to rehearse much more than that, however, and like actors are not paid for their rehearsals.

Not a few musicians appear in as many as five broadcasts a day, which makes a tidy weekly wage. One might recall, however, the story of Michael Angelo, who when told that the sum he demanded for retouching a painting was exorbitant, replied: "It is true that it took me a moment to do it, but think of the years I've been learning to do it in so short a time."

* * *

Horace Heidt, leader of the Californians, heard from the NBC studios in the R-K-O hour, didn't start out to be a musician. He was considered as a possible representative of America in the Olympic games during his school days at Culver Military Academy. Thomas Neeley, of the NBC music department, who met Heidt for the first time in eight years in the studios, recalls that the band leader on the day before his graduation pitched a one-hit game of baseball; broke a school shot put record for the track; as captain of the swimming team, set a new record for the 50-yard swim and then boxed at night. That's what happened to one athlete.

* * *

Radio is following Broadway's example of using all male casts in dramatic shows. The cast for "The Wilderness March" included Arthur Allen, Charles Webster, T. Daniel Frawley, Wright Kramer, Alfred Shirley, John Knight, Charles D. Brown, Lawrence H. Cecil and Alfred Swenson.



THIS dangerously good-looking male creature is none other than Eli Spivak, the Russian baritone whose crooning solos with his guitar are so popular over the CBS.

CBS to Encourage Composers of U. S.

ENCOURAGING native composition and to enable composers who have not yet attained wide reputation to present their works to as large an audience as possible, the Columbia Broadcasting system has instituted a series of monthly concerts devoted exclusively to scores by composers native to or resident in the United States. In this category are included all composers of talent, of whatever race or age. In addition to works by living composers, the scores of American musicians of former periods will be presented from time to time on these programs, which had their premiere early in November at a time yet to be decided.

It is hoped by this means to create an even wider public interest in American music and to give opportunity to composers of sincerity and talent, however modest their expression may be, who would otherwise have no opportunity for an advantageous representation.

At present, twelve monthly concerts are to be given, but if the number of scores accepted for presentation warrants, more concerts will be added to the list. Composers are asked to submit scores which they consider eligible for public performance. The music may be in any form, for voice, or for symphony orchestra. Those who listen to these performances will be asked to give their opinion on the music by letter, and at the end of the season the works which have received the most popular support will be submitted to the conductors of representative symphony orchestras for use on their program.

Scores should be submitted to the Librarian of the Columbia Broadcasting system at 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. Orchestral works to be performed may be submitted for selection in score or piano reduction, but the orchestral parts for performance must be furnished by the composer.

An unusual feature of the series is that when the composer of a work selected for presentation so desires, he may conduct the rehearsals and the public presentation of his score. The Columbia Symphony orchestra is used in all these presentations.

Selections submitted will be judged by a committee headed by Adele G. Lewisohn and William S. Paley, President of the Columbia Broadcasting system, Howard Barlow, Julius Mattfeld and Julius Seebach of the Music and Program Departments of Columbia are the other members of the committee.

Six Symphonies on Air Over NBC

SIX complete symphonies will be performed during the Winter for Radio listeners by the General Electric Symphony orchestra, it was announced by Walter Damrosch, who resumed conducting the Saturday evening concerts October 12. These programs are broadcast during the General Electric hour over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting company.

The eminent maestro, who also conducts the National orchestra, has announced plans for the entire winter series. The first complete symphony to be broadcast was Glazounow's Symphony No. 3. Damrosch has selected for the other five symphonies of Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Mozart, Brahms and Haydn.

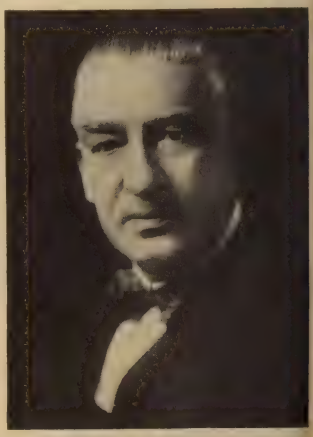
Damrosch explained that he had received a deluge of requests for complete symphonies and he had reached the conclusion that the musical intelligence of his Radio audiences warrants this innovation.

"I have refrained from giving too large doses of any one work and included only portions of symphonies in my programs," he declared. "Now, however, I am convinced that the Radio listener is as eager and capable of enjoying the same musical fare as a regular concert hall audience."

The General Electric hour goes on the air each Saturday evening at 9:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard time.

* * *

German Radio authorities have guaranteed the expenses of the 1930 Wagner Festival in Bayreuth.



TO HIS multiple duties as managing director of the Capitol theatre, vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Major Edward Bowes several years ago added the important one of serving as liaison between the Capitol theatre and the Radio public.



IF IT wasn't for that big brass horn and the cello, to say nothing of the trombone and clarinet, you might easily imagine this was a picture of a tribe of wild red men in council before going on the war path. Yes, you've guessed it, it's the United States Indian band, led by Chief Roaring Thunder, the big boy down in the center of the front row.

See Revolution of U. S. Musical Life

WALTER DAMROSCH, dean of American conductors, has returned to the Radio audience with a new series of educational programs broadcast through a coast-to-coast network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting company.

Programs in the new series, described as the most comprehensive ever built for broadcasting, are known as the NBC music appreciation hours, broadcast from 11 to 12 o'clock, noon, each Friday until April 4, and are designed for students of schools and colleges in all sections of the United States. A complete orchestra is heard in each program.

This year's series will be the basis for a survey on the part of the rural education department of the Teachers college, Columbia university, to determine the value and best use of Radio as an educational aid. This announcement was made by Miss Margaret Harrison, director of Radio studies at the institution, shortly after it was announced that Walter Damrosch had been authorized by the National Broadcasting company to conduct a three-year course in music appreciation. She will be in charge of the research.

Schools covering a wide area in the East will be included in the study, but particularly intensive research will be done at Wilton, Conn., where a group of schools is conducted under the supervision of Teachers college, Miss Harrison said.

"Who shall test carefully the reaction of pupils to these programs and definitely ascertain the usefulness of Radio as an educational medium," the educator declared.

WITH the inauguration of the music appreciation series, Mr. Damrosch, known wherever music is heard as a conductor and composer, will launch a career devoted entirely to Radio, he has announced. Much of his summer vacation was spent in preparing details for the new program series.

More than 2,000,000 children listened in on "Damrosch's Musical University of the Air" last year, according to a survey made at the close of the school season. With the addition of many new stations, bringing the total number above sixty, this audience is expected to be more than doubled this year, according to NBC officials.

The courses this year are in four series, graded to appeal to the musical development of children from the third grade upward to high school and college students.

Programs for the two younger groups will be presented in two half-hour periods on the same Friday.

"Results last season convinced me that in three years we can revolutionize musical life in America," Mr. Damrosch said. "Probably ninety-nine per cent of the school boys and girls in this country had never heard the great musical works before Radio became a part of school life. Our survey has convinced me that a majority of those who listened last year were impressed and will benefit from what they heard."

The conductor pointed out that the new series is not designed to take the place of personal instruction. It is a course in appreciation rather than technique, he said.

Thirty-eight national leaders in music education, representing twenty-two different states, will act in an advisory capacity to Mr. Damrosch during the current season, he stated. In addition they have agreed to co-operate in furthering the establishment of the concerts as part of the regular curriculum of schools in their territories.

* * *

One day John Wainman, who conducts auditions for the NBC in New York, took a little longer than the usual hour for lunch. Keith McLeod, musical supervisor, wanted to know "How come?"

"I had to go all the way down to City Hall," John explained.

"Why?"

"Well, you see I took my lunch hour to get married."

Europe's Show Is a Real Sensation

THE great "Deutsche Funkausstellung" or German Radio exposition, has again been Europe's most important show of its kind this year. Its opening ceremonies in the vast halls on the Exposition grounds in the western part of Berlin were of festival character. The full orchestra of the Berlin broadcasting station played the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," and Beethoven's Seventh symphony, Sigrid Onegin sang songs by Richard Strauss and Mozart, and addresses were made by Minister of Posts Schaetzle and Mayor Boess of Berlin.

All the Radio manufacturing concerns in Germany without exception were represented at this, the fifth exposition of its kind, and many of Europe's leading Radio experts and inventors were in attendance. There were in all 320 exhibitors. This is about thirty less than last year, but the area devoted to the exposition has been increased by some 4,000 square yards to a total of more than 17,300 square yards.

A new hall had to be added to those already on hand for last year's exposition, and another has had to be built this year. Its walls and half of its roof are of glass. Moreover, a second new hall is under construction. These buildings represent the beginning of preparations for the "Great German Building Exposition," to open in 1931.

In order to give the public a peep behind the scenes of the Radio, the sending operations of the Berlin "Funkstunde" were carried on during the exposition in a large hall adjoining the exposition grounds. From here concerts, cabaret performances, songs, etc., were broadcast every evening in the presence of the public. Albert Braun, the favorite Berlin announcer, appeared personally at the microphone.

* * *

Larry Cecil, heard in many NBC Dramatic Programs including Soconyland Sketches, has deserted the microphone temporarily for the stage.

TOSCANINI Wears None of the insignia of Popular Idol, an Extraordinary Man. His Concerts Always Bring Forth Richly Deserved Plaudits of Acclaim.

PHILHARMONIC, PRIDE OF East Over WOR

WBAL Looks Back on Four Years on Air

By Frederick R. Huber
Director, WBAL

FOUR years ago station WBAL, Baltimore, came out of the ether and it didn't take long for the Radio listeners back in 1925 to realize that here was a youngster for you. In the first place, the new station created a veritable furore in the listening world by announcing that nothing but good music would be broadcast from it. And by good music it didn't mean maybe. It meant precisely what its announcement, then termed extremely radical, said—that there would not be any jazz on the air from this broadcaster. Just how closely WBAL has lived up to that announcement since it was made four years ago may be judged by the fact that it is now nation-music," a slogan which it has justly earned.

When one looks back over the past four years of broadcasting and sees the development of a gigantic industry, it is impossible to suppress a smile as some of the things that were done then one would not think of doing today, though it is plain to be seen that each of those now obsolete methods proved to be stepping stones to better and more improved ways.

Station WBAL came on the air at Baltimore in November, 1925, beginning its broadcasting the first of that month. It began its career on 5,000 watts, being at that time among one of the comparatively few stations, broadcasting on that power, the majority of stations then operating on less wattage. Within the past year, however, WBAL has increased its power to 10,000 watts, being officially licensed to operate on that full power. The big Baltimore station is operated by remote control, the studios being located in the heart of Baltimore's business district, while the transmitter is twenty miles out in the country.

All the programs from WBAL for the first two years were broadcast exclusively from our own studios. Chain programs had not then been developed as they are now and, consequently, this station, depending solely on its own features for Radio recognition, soon became known on the air as a broadcaster with decided individuality and, as the air then was not so full of signals, fans in practically every state in the Union and in Canada, Cuba, Mexico, became regular listeners to Baltimore's only high power station.

For a while WBAL had its own opera company, its own musical scenarios, its own dinner orchestras, concert orchestras, etc. Then the next step brought the commercial program.

Recently WBAL has commenced broadcasting in the mornings as well as afternoons and evenings, its new fall schedule putting it on the air every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. The other days in the week WBAL broadcasts from 7 in the evening until midnight, while on Sundays it is on the air practically all day, commencing at 11 o'clock in the morning and broadcasting continuously until 8 p. m.



THIS clever little singer, dancer and impersonator of stage celebrities, Rose Marie, started her professional career last summer at WPG. Since then she has toured the country as a Keith circuit headliner. She is frequently heard over the NBC and Columbia chains.

Mayo Is Seeking New Dimensions

WALDO MAYO, concertmaster of the Capitol Grand orchestra in New York and soloist violinist of Major Edward Bowes' Capitol Family, under the name of Mayo Wadler, made his concert debut in Carnegie hall in 1918. He made extensive tours throughout Europe, the United States and Canada as co-artist with Enrico Caruso, Tetrazzini and Rosa Raisi. He has been a member of the Family for four years and is a native of New York. He received most of his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin.

The peculiar reaction of the microphone to sound effects, resulting in the development of orchestral arrangements unique in the concert field, has been taken advantage of by Mayo, who has experimented for three years with broadcasting. Contrary to former conceptions of Radio music he has built an orchestral combination with the microphone itself as the nucleus. His presentation began with the playing of violin solos to piano accompaniment and then gradually add to the volume of tone as the mike increases its absorption strength. He hopes to give rise to another "Dimension" in musical and symphonic compositions with this orchestra.

TOSCANINI, Mengelberg, Mollinari —truly names to conjure with. What lover of music fails to thrill at the mention of such men, fails to feel a glow of anticipation when a program by the great Philharmonic orchestra of New York is announced? For the third successive season WOR is broadcasting concerts by the Philharmonic, with an augmented schedule destined to become a landmark in American musical annals.

The season is one of twenty-nine weeks, one week longer than last year. Toscanini officiates during the first and last eight weeks of the season. Mengelberg directs eight weeks, beginning November 25, and Mollinari the next five weeks from January through to February 23.

The opening concert, incidentally, began the 88th year of the Philharmonic Symphony society's existence. It is Mr. Toscanini's fifth year with the society, and his third as regular conductor. Mr. Mengelberg returns for his ninth year.

Ernest Schelling has complete charge of the young people's concerts, comprising two series of children's concerts, and one series of Junior orchestral concerts.

Beginning in 1842, in which the musicians shared directly in the profits and deficits of each season, the orchestra has become one of the leading organizations of the world. In recent years, its growth both in artistic accomplishment and physical expansion is due primarily to the activity and generosity of the board of directors with Clarence H. Mackay as chairman.

Each concert that Toscanini has given has been the occasion for extraordinary acclaim. In foreign countries demonstrations, such as he has evoked, are perhaps more common than in this one; certainly it is a sight rare in the annals of American concert rooms to behold an audience risen to its feet, shouting, stamping, waving hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, programs—whatever comes quickest to hand—even weeping, for a quarter of an hour after the end of one of his concerts.

THE facts are the more remarkable because of the entirely unsensational appearance and methods of the conductor. Toscanini wears none of the obvious insignia of the popular idol. He is less than average height, but so erect and tense in his bearing that he is a dominating figure. He is gray haired and sixty-two years of age. He dresses with simplicity and precision. He is, in fact, that rare blend of the aristocrat, the intellectual, and the man of imperious force whose most extreme conceptions are quickly translated into action.

Toscanini was born in Parma, Italy, March 25, 1867. He was graduated from the conservatory of that city when he was eighteen with a diploma for 'cello playing and composition. He leaped into fame one year later when a member of the orchestra at the opera house of Rio de Janeiro, South America. The circumstances of his debut are legendary by now. South American patrons of opera are nervous and demonstrative. Deciding that the conductor of the eve-



VILLAINOUS looking bunch of cut-throats, aren't they? From what little can be seen of the background they might be a band of European Gypsies posing in one of the famous cellars of Paris. Really it is Emery Deutsch and his Gypsy Nomads, heard over WABC and the Columbia chain.

ning was incompetent, the poor fellow found it expedient to depart just before the curtain. The opera was Aida and, of course, the manager was in despair. His wealthy patrons and subscribers were insistent that the performance be given. Then someone observed that the score was known to the young Toscanini. He was dragged from a shelter he vainly endeavored to retain, and put in the conductor's chair. It is related that he removed the score from the stand in front of him and sat on it. The bare facts, at least, are that Toscanini, at the age of nineteen, conducted Aida from memory, and from that moment directed performances instead of taking part in them as a player.

TOSCANINI does not merely memorize, he actually absorbs a score, to its final detail. Thanks to an unprecedented synthesis of the gifts of a great mind and a flaming spirit he does indeed recreate the music which he performs —recreating it not in his own image but in that of the composer. Interesting to those who know the psychology of the musician's task; in Toscanini's score there are no conductor's markings. Everything is clear, ordered, precise in the memory, and pencil marks, for this man perhaps of all conductors, are superfluity.

Those who understand something of the conductor's technique realize certain things not apparent to the inexperienced observer. They recognize the clearness, decision, yet plasticity of the beat of the right arm, and the complex independence and virtuosity of a left hand and arm which mold the phrase and build the climax.

When Toscanini conducts, he allows no breach of discipline. The absolute musical monarchy of Toscanini in Metropolitan performances was early made known in his famous passage of arms with Geraldine Farrar. She stopped the rehearsal.

"Maestro, I am the star of this performance—not you."

"Madame, there are no stars in my performances. There are only stars in heaven."

Toscanini lives for his art. Serving it, he knows no obstacle and has no price. He lives with his music, often working all day and night, having few recreations, and as a principal relaxation the reading of poetry or philosophy.

Honesty Pays Him Well

FIFTY dollars interest for honesty. Pays pretty well, at least in some cases. Ask Clifford Jarrett if you don't believe it.

Jarrett, formerly an usher at the Roxy theatre in New York who has enrolled at the Randolph Macon academy at Fort Royal, Virginia, was greatly surprised to receive in the mail one morning a hundred dollar check from S. L. Rothafel to be applied to his tuition.

Fifty dollars of that amount represented a bill which the boy found at the theatre just before he left for school and turned over to the management. It is a rule of the Roxy theatre that after waiting two weeks for a claimant, unclaimed money is turned over to the finder. The other fifty is a bonus which Roxy himself added as a reward for the boy's honesty.

This little incident emphasizes the truth of the old copy book adage and is convincing evidence of the moral caliber of the Roxy uniformed staff. Little things like that make for loyalty.

New Transmitter at KDKA Is Under Way

WORK on the new transmitting Station of KDKA near Saxonburg, Pa., is well under way. The transmitter itself is now under construction. The first broadcasts from the new station will be early in 1930, it is predicted. This will be the second big transmitter move of the Pioneer station since it began broadcasting in 1920. The first was from the East Pittsburgh works to the present site, one mile from the works.

Westinghouse officials are reluctant about predicting the value of their Radio equipment because of the fact that their own men built it, thus reducing the cost, and because experiments now being carried on may alter their plans and add materially to the final expense. It is known, however, that the station will embody the latest developments in the Radio field.

The new building is located a mile from Saxonburg on the road to Butler. The site was chosen only after extensive surveys and tests. Important among the reasons for the choice were the location on an elevated rolling land, the presence of ground water near the surface, and no big industrial sections nearby.

The building which will house the transmitter will be one story high in front with a deep basement which will be above the ground level in the rear. It will be similar to the building being erected for KYW in Chicago, which will soon be completed.

Originally eighty acres were purchased for the station site, but Westinghouse has just added forty acres adjoining so that 120 acres of land are available for future development.



THIS studious looking chap is Clarence I. Dreisbach, director and announcer of WCBA, Allentown, Pennsylvania. He is doing big things at this 250-watt station.

Roxy and His Gang Have New Hits

TRUE to his reputation of offering the best available in every field of entertainment, Roxy recently presented, in his New York playhouse and on the air, a program of brand new songs. Certainly not the least interesting of the compositions offered were two from "Great Day," by Vincent Youmans, for which William Rose and Eddie Eliscue provided the lyrics. "Great Day," the principal song of the operetta, was sung by Douglas Stanbury and the Roxy male quartet. Ethel Louise Wright sang the second new number, called "Without a Song."

Another work heard for the first time anywhere was "My Fate Is in Your Hands," a new song by Thomas Waller, composer of the music in "Hot Chocolates." It was sung by Mary McCoy. "Evangeline," the most recent effort from the pen of Irving Berlin, was contributed by Willie Robyn and the Roxy male quartet. David Drollet and Viola Philo presented to the Radio audience "Dance Away the Night," theme song of "Married in Hollywood," a new effort by Dave Stamper that promises to succeed the "Merry Widow" waltz in popularity.

The program further marked the return of Arturo Fillippi to the ranks of the "Gang." Fillippi had been on a successful concert tour of the West. He sang Cilea's "The Narrative of Frederico," one of the notable compositions in his repertory.

Dancers in the Roxy Ballet Corps have been recruited to participate in experiments to determine the ideal feminine type for television broadcasting. The tests were made as a special feature of the Radio World's Fair in New York. Those selected represent perfect types of the red-head, the blond and the brunette. Among the headliners Irene McBride and Julia Diamant, outstanding types of brunette beauty, were pitted against Ann Fleming and Lo Reitzig, blonds, with Patricia Bowman, premiere danseuse of the Roxy, as the intermediate red-head.

Dorris Relates Very Interesting Story of Record Boys

By Dorris R. Campbell

REMEMBER the "Record Boys from WJZ"—Al Bernard, Frank Kamplain and Sammy Stept?

Who that had felt the spell of their personalities could forget their broadcasts, every period chock-full of fun? With that past master in the art of 'round-the-bush conversation, that wanton waster of words, the intriguing Norman J. Brokenshire, gracing the mike in a fashion of his own!

This talkingest of announcers,—he whose gift o' gab has contributed so much fun and humor and just charming nonsense to George Olsen's dance music programs (and this band and this announcer seem peculiarly and delightfully suited to each other), to the Kansas Frolickers and to numerous other broadcasts,—is, at the moment of writing, a CBS attraction. The boys themselves separated at the cross-roads some time ago. Frank, the balladist and yodler of the trio, kept to the road straight ahead; with the consent of the others, and with their good wishes, he took the unit name with him. Perhaps you see them sometimes in vaudeville as "The Record Boys," but this is not the original line-up.

Sammy, the pianist—and a corking one — and accompanist, occasionally added his own vocal efforts which were for the most part hot, clippt little syllables, softly staccatoed, of the do-do, dut-dut-dut type and the first of their kind I'd heard. He and Al wrote many of the songs they used. The last time I heard from Al, who is obviously very fond of the slim, dark, good-looking Stept boy, he told me that Sam was in business for himself, publishing his own songs, and "doing great." I've heard since, tho, that Sammy has struck the western trail along with the many other song-writers signed by various companies to work on musical shows for the out-loud movies.

But Al . . . Al is still a record boy, any way you look at it. He records his own songs, as well as others, for several phonograph companies; he makes an occasional personal appearance at some theatre; he is a prominent and popular NBC entertainer, scintillating brightly as Ray, one of those wise-cracking songsters, on the WEAF chain, known as the Raybestos Twins, and he adds, in his own inimitable way, to the general hilarity of the Dutch Masters Minstrels (which are heard each week on the WJZ chain), sharing many honors with Percy Hemus. I read in Billboard that the Dutch Masters have renewed his contract for one year, holding an option on his services for two years, and that he has refused an offer of $1,000 a week for regular personal appearances at first-class movie houses.

One of Al's newest songs is "Louisiana Susie," and Al should know all about these southe'n gals, for he was born 'way down South in New Orleans and he has been imitating the Negro "from so high," as he expresses it. He's tall, slim, good-looking, with dark hair and twinkling dark eyes. Married? Yes, ma'am—a nice guy like him *would* be.

He's still crazy about that puppy, Bud, the one he and Sammy wrote the song about and without mention of whom any story about Al is utterly incomplete. "Black and white, with great, big feet, and when he's dressed he's hard to beat," says the song. "My Buddy," Al, assures me, "is still the outstanding pup around. He has an invitation from the Astor Hotel, and he is the only animal except Tom Mix's horse, Tony, to be allowed in the hotel. He also holds a written invitation from the National Broadcasting company." Of course, Buddy—who is one of these little-but-oh-my! chaps, a Boston Bull,—is quite grown up now; his feet no longer get in his, and other people's, way and he has acquired those gentlemanly qualities which make him so welcome at the high-hat joints. However, all dogs in the neighborhood are, no doubt, still stepping aside—"'cause he looks so good!" A popular man-about-town,—Mr. Bud Bernard,—and a real good guy. No wonder Al is proud to be his accepted pal!



THE attitude of dreamy concentration is doubtless induced by one of the many problems which come with building up a broadcasting station. For this is Howdy Clark, the Howdy man and station manager of WJAS at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Her Second Birthday

HANNAH KLEIN, the popular young pianist of Major Edward Bowes' Capitol "Family," recently celebrated her second birthday as a member of this well-known Radio group by being the featured soloist on a "Family's" Sunday evening concert program. Miss Klein played an elaborate concerto opus with the Capitol Radio orchestra playing the accompanying orchestral score.

With Sergei Rachmaninoff, Harold Bauer, Leopold Godowsky and others of equal note as judges, Miss Klein won two gold medals in contests held by the New York Music Week association—in 1924 she won a gold medal for sight-reading and in 1925 the highest gold medal award in the open piano competition for all ages.

Her concert appearances include recitals at Albany, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Carnegie Hall, New York; Town Hall, New York; MacDowell Club, New York; Hotels Roosevelt and Pennsylvania, New York; Chickering Hall, New York; Orange and Lakewood, N. J.; Barrington, Mass., and Thetford, Vt. She was twice soloist with the Brooklyn Choral Society and the Elizabeth Oratorio Society, New Jersey.

Dodge Conducts Big Musical Moments at Boston Station

By Lewis S. Whitcomb

"WILL" DODGE, well-known to every Radio listener in New England as organizer and director of broadcasting orchestras, is the musical advisor in program production and conductor of various programs at WEEI.

Dodge was the leader of the first commercial broadcasting orchestra in New England, more than six years ago, and has had no difficulty in maintaining musical leadership in broadcasting. He has been referred to many times as New England's Radio impresario.

While the music of various Dodge units has been heard for the past four years continuously on broadcasts from the Boston Edison station, his association with WEEI marks the broadcasting by this station to give regular daily periods of music by an orchestra comprising thirteen musicians.

Every morning from 9:00 to 10:00 o'clock a concert orchestra under "Will" Dodge supplements and furnishes a background for the shopping tours of Caroline Cabot and Nan, a feature sponsored by the "Radio wise" merchants of Boston. This hour opens with a straight concert program of twenty minutes then "Caroline and Nan," battle over the bargains for 20 minutes and the hour is brought to a peaceful and happy end with another 20-minute period of concert music.

The second new feature is heard each day from 10:30 to 11:15 and consists of a daily group of old time tunes with a different title each day. For instance, "The Family Album" is depicted in music each Thursday morning and "Will" Dodge has arranged 45 minutes of music that remind the listeners of the wedding picture of Aunt Hattie and Uncle Phineas that always held the frontispiece position in the album on the parlor table.

Symphonic dance music furnishes the third big feature at WEEI, heard every evening from 5:00 to 6:00 o'clock. In securing Dodge and his organization the Boston Edison station was fortunate in taking intact a broadcasting group with several years microphone experience and a Radio following second to none in New England.

Now for something about William E. Dodge. He has had a long and varied career of musical activities. At the early age of eight he began the study of the violin, through no fault of his own, except that he seemed to have an inclination to get noise out of cats. Not always having a cat that was agreeably inclined, the best substitute was a violin. His early endeavors gave a near enough imitation to satisfy his unusual propensity. From then on an appreciation and love for music developed.

His teachers included Emil Mollenhauer, Jacques Hoffman, and Felix Winternitz, each well-known to symphony lovers. At the age of 14 he was playing solos publicly and also leading orchestras and occasionally assuming leadership of the town band in the village of Natick, Massachusetts.

Dodge first appeared in Boston musical circles, at the age of 15, with the Boston Festival orchestra under the direction of Emil Mollenhauer and at the first concert no less an artist than the eminent pianist de Pachmann was the soloist. His virtuosity made a profound impression and added fresh fuel to the musical flame in the heart of the embrionic musician.

From then on his varied experiences included the leadership of the Boston Municipal orchestra, seasons with the Philharmonic symphony under the direction of Fritz Schael, concert tours with his own trio, engagements as director of music at several of the leading hotels of the country. He was also the assistant concert master of the Boston Opera company during its entire existence and has played with the Chicago Civic Opera company in its appearances in Boston.

Mr. Dodge is one of the few musical directors able to bring the same interesting and finished interpretation to both a classical and a modern dance music program.

* * *

An announcer's "day's work" in Denmark is prodigious, according to what Carl F. Schionning, chief of the microphone specialists of Denmark, told the staff of the British Broadcasting company. Mr. Schionning begins his labors at 9 a. m. every day, Sundays included, and on alternate days maintains activity until midnight, on the other days at 5 p. m. Danish announcers also conduct auditions and rehearsals, and make business arrangements in connection with the engagements of artists and the programs with which they will be connected.



JUST why they call this highly decorative sextette the Co-eds is rather hard to tell, for it is evident that two of the members are very masculine. They are heard weekly in light operettas over WCAU, Philadelphia.

Helen and Ted Meet

A BRIGHT eyed, dark haired young woman walked into one of the WABC studios not long ago, looked at the orchestra, the director, the microphones and the announcer, and prepared to walk out again.

The announcer forestalled this when he stepped forward and apologized, "Just a moment, Miss Morgan," he remarked, and brought another microphone from the control room, placing it beside the piano. "And you should have your handkerchief in your hand," he reminded, as he assisted Helen Morgan to climb to the top of the piano.

The star of Show Boat, Applause and other Broadway successes turned to the director and nodded toward the announcer, who had retired to the other side of the studio. "Who is he?"

"That's 'Ted' Husing," was the reply. "It's a part of every announcer's duty to know as much as possible about celebrities and their idiosyncrasies," he added, "and 'Ted' knew you wouldn't feel at home should you try to sing any place but on top of the piano, and knew as well you wouldn't look natural without your handkerchief in your hand."



THIS serious looking gentleman with the high forehead is Tom McCrae, the genius who acts as program director at WTIC, the Traveller's Radio station at Hartford, Conn.

Hartford is Famous
Radio Headquarters
By George M. Smith

HARTFORD, Connecticut, has for generations been known as the nation's insurance center. It is the "home office" of half-a-hundred nationally known insurance companies.

Of recent years it has attained national significance in still another field—that of Radio. It is the birthplace and headquarters of the American Radio Relay league, the organization of more than 17,000 Radio amateurs in the United States.

It is also the home of Station WTIC, one of the half-dozen "Big Fellows" of Radio broadcasting. With its booming signal strength, Station WTIC is serving the entire nation, and is capable of sending entertainment almost around the globe.

Station WTIC, operated by The Travellers, familiar to millions as the largest multiple-line insurance organization in the world, transmits its programs on 50,000 watts from a plant which is the last word in the mechanics of modern broadcasting. Its transmitter bears the number "One," being the first of its kind manufactured by the Radio Corporation of America. It is the model after which the transmitter for the proposed national station in Rome is being constructed.

Although it is the primary principle of Station WTIC to be "the Voice of New England," and to give the Eastern States consistent service, Radio columnists of newspapers scattered throughout the country assert "it comes in like a local" practically everywhere. There is not a state in the union nor a dominion in Canada in which the station cannot be heard. Early morning broadcasts are received regularly in Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and other islands of the Pacific. To the East, out across the Atlantic, the station's weekly programs are heard with remarkable consistency. To quote a British listener in Lancaster, England, "the carrier wave of Station WTIC is by far the strongest of the American stations we have heard here, and the modulation is excellent."

THE growth of Station WTIC from an unpretentious "local" station of 500 watts to a gigantic 50,000-watt transmission plant of international scope is a story which has occupied approximately five years of broadcasting progress.

Station WTIC mounted the ether waves for its initial program on February 10, 1925. During that first year it completed almost 700 hours of broadcasting, utilizing a total of 19 remote controls. One of these was at Yale university in New Haven, which is some 40 miles from Hartford.

In the first two years of its history it become increasingly evident that the Hartford station intended to grow into an institution of more than local importance. During that period it broadcast several events of national importance. President Coolidge, Secretary Hoover and other members of the cabinet (including Davis, Jardine and Mellon) Chief Justice Taft and Vice-President Dawes, were among the celebrities whose messages were transmitted to the public from the antennae of Station WTIC. Shortly after its second anniversary, in 1927, it served a nation-wide network by hooking up with the National Broadcasting company for a broadcast of a Chamber of Commerce meeting in New Haven, at which Secretary Hoover was the principal speaker. Walter Johnson, WTIC's first announcer, had sole proprietorship of the microphone for this chain feature, an honor never before accorded an announcer not directly affiliated with the NBC.

In the light of events which have transpired since that time, it is interesting to note that John Philip Sousa made his first broadcast from Station WTIC. In those days he was much averse to Radio, but he was prevailed upon to give an address through a WTIC microphone. Also of some historical significance is the face that Rudy Vallee—now the idol of the feminine audience—made his Radio debut from Station WTIC.

DURING its second year—1926—the Hartford station inaugurated a plan which was later adopted with great success by Walter Damrosch through the NBC chain, that of teaching music appreciation to the children of the public schools by Radio. Dana S. Merriman, who was then musical director of Station WTIC and is now a member of the NBC staff, collaborated with members of the Connecticut State Department of Education to conduct a course in musical education for the pupils of the schools of five New England states. Approximately 175,000 children benefited by this course, and the idea attracted nation-wide interest.

During its third year Station WTIC became the pioneer in another field of Radio activity which developed with nation-wide significance. The station began one night a week to broadcast the proceedings from the stage of the Fox-Poli Capitol theatre, then known as Poli's Capitol. It was the first station to broadcast professional vaudeville from the stage. Today the Radio-Keith-Orpheum and the Paramount-Publix organization recognize the value of broadcasting and each sponsors a weekly program. In 1927, however, vaudeville magnates regarded Radio as hostile competition. In face, performers' contracts were constructed in a manner designed to prevent their appearance in Radio presentations. Sylvester C. Poli, owner of the Poli chain of variety houses, did not share this antagonism. Rather, he encouraged it. His attitude made it possible for the WTIC audience to hear Doctor Rockwell, Belle Baker, Eddie Foy, Bert Lytell, Theodore Roberts, Pat Rooney, Bob Murphy, Aileen Stanley and a whole firmament of other stage stars.

For these broadcasts James F. Clancy, manager of the Capitol theatre and a veteran showman whose experience covered many years in theatrical enterprises in both the United States and Canada, was drafted for the role of announcer. His descriptions of proceedings on the stage and in the pit, together with his intimate back-stage gossip, won him a large following among Radio devotees. He later became manager of Station WTIC, and today heads the WTIC studio staff.

Since 1928 the nation has looked to Station WTIC for the broadcast of one of America's most colorful and thrilling sports events, the annual Yale-Harvard regatta on the Thames river, near New London, Conn. Acting as key station for the NBC chain, the Hartford station each year installs a system of Radio and telephonic connections that covers the entire course of the race. More than 60,000 feet of telephone wire was used last June to facilitate the broadcast. Approximately 100 Radio and telephone technicians, under the supervision of H. M. O'Neill, plant manager, and J. Clayton Randall, plant engineer of Station WTIC, installed the connections through which five stellar announcers stationed at points of vantage along the four-mile stretch narrated eye-witness accounts of the contest. The announcers were Graham McNamee and Paul Dumont of the NBC staff, James F. Clancy, Paul Lucas and Walter Johnson of WTIC. Nine operators and three engineers manipulated the controls for this broadcast, one of the most spectacular of the year.

South Boasts Historic Site

VIRGINIA'S VOICE, first big station in the Old Dominion, stands on site of Civil War battle near Richmond. It is historic in location, sentiment and many features on its Daily Program of Broadcasts.

"VIRGINIA'S VOICE," the first big broadcasting station in the Old Dominion, is on the air with a new plant boasting five times its previous strength. Historic in location, sentiment, and in many features on the program, the transmitter of WRVA stands on the site of the Civil War Battle of Seven Days, at Mechanicsville, near Richmond, Virginia. The studios are on Main street, known to Pocahontas as an Indian trail: the same street up which Benedict Arnold and his British soldiers and, later, General Weitzel and his Union soldiers marched. Long ago the site was familiar to Colonel William Byrd, the founder of Richmond, and ancestor of Commander Richard Byrd. It was known to Alexander Tardy, the pirate, and to Edgar Allan Poe. Libby prison stood near the location of the present studios and St. John's church, famous for Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech, is a stone's throw away.

Past the hill where the tall towers now stand at Mechanicsville, the confederate soldiers of Robert E. Lee marched against the forces of General George B. McClellan in 1862 when the Seven Days battle began. General Lee is said to have had his headquarters near the site of the WRVA transmitter building.

"In soil which was soaked with the blood of Americans in mortal combat we have built the foundations of what we believe will be an agency of peace and understanding forevermore," said C. T. Lucy, station manager, on the occasion of the dedication ceremonies. "From these towers Virginia will send out daily messages of welcome to the world. The tourist who pauses in his study of the worst battles in the war between the states will look upon a symbol of the new Virginia and the new South. The voice from those towers that the distant listeners hear will have in it, we hope, the ancient spirit of Cavalier Virginia—courteous, romantic, adventurous, hospitable."

"Virginia's Voice," owned and operated by Larus and Bro. company, began in October 1925. Until the fall of 1928 it was a strictly non-commercial station. Since then it has accommodated numerous chain programs and has acted as an advertising medium for many Virginia business concerns. More than 15,000 persons have performed from WRVA under the slogan of "Down Where the South Begins," the station which uses as its signature "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." Approximately 100 Virginia communities have used the station's facilities, and the programs have been heard in every state in the Union, the greater portion of Canada, and in Mexico, Honduras, Bermuda, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, Australia, New Zealand.

Among the popular features at WRVA are: the music of J. Harold Lawrence, the blind musician; the addresses of Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, the editor of the Richmond News-Leader and one of the foremost authorities on the history of the South; talks and songs by Holland R. Wilkinson, the "Sunshine Hour Man"; Negro spirituals; and the Corn Cob Pipe club.



HERE is Harry Stone, assistant director, announcer and chief high mogul of the microphones when the boss is away, down at WSM in Nashville. Harry is quite a lad, in spite of his serious expression in this picture.



HARRY O. NICHOLS of WREC at the console of the giant studio organ of "The Voice of Memphis," down in Tennessee.

WJAX Band Popular

THE Hotel George Washington orchestra directed by John Lucy has been one of the most consistent broadcasting units ever to put out a program over WJAX at Jacksonville, Fla.

Their schedule calls for three luncheon and five dinner programs each week and this schedule has been continuous since the summer of 1928. They grind out some snappy dance stuff and are highly popular both with the George Washington diners and the Radio listeners. Randolph Mai handles the warbling interruptions.

This aggregation also does the music on the Burwell Motor broadcast.

WDBJ is Now Part of Columbia Chain

RECEIVING sets within the radius of service of WDBJ, Roanoke, Virginia, are revelling in at least eight hours a day of programs from New York these days, for the Richardson-Wayland Electric company, operators and owners of the station, have signed up with the Columbia Broadcasting system. For the past year a few programs have been used from the CBS studios, but Roanoke now boasts a full time arrangement.

In May, 1924, Station WDBJ started its first broadcasting on a transmitter having 20 watts. This first station caused much interest locally at that time. A little later the station was rebuilt to operate on 50 watts; then again Station WDBJ was increased to 250 watts, on which power it has been operating for some time.

WDBJ now has an entirely new station with all operating machinery and antenna located on top of the Shenandoah Life Insurance company building. The present station operates on 500 watts.

One of the special features of the transmitter of WDBJ is 100 per cent modulation, which makes it possible to cover the same distance and produce signals as loud as a station having twice the power and using the ordinary degree of modulation.

The present station is capable of operating on 1,000 watts and is readily adaptable for use up to 5,000 watts when permission is granted.

The present station has been on the air since March 12 of this year, and during that time has drawn letters from practically all sections of the country.

The staff personnel of WDBJ is as follows: F. E. Maddox, manager and technician; R. P. Jordan, program director; J. Virgil Huffman, announcer; Robert Avery, associate technician; J. Hayden Huddleston, operator; R. C. Wolfenden, associate operator; Chas. E. Stone, announcer; H. E. Painter, Morse telegrapher.



SINCE WBT moved into its new studios at Charlotte, N. C., a full studio orchestra has been maintained which, as a unit or in parts furnishes the sustaining programs. The station is under the management of Earl Gluck, with Donnell O'Connor as program director and Fritz R. Hirsch as chief announcer.

Dedicate Studios of Station WBT

DEDICATION of the new studios of Radio station WBT, located in Charlotte, N. C., was made recently when installations were completed in the Wilder building a new and modern office structure centrally located. The 5,000-watt transmitter operates near Pineville, eight miles from the city.

Until recently the station was owned by the former C. C. Coddington, a motor car distributor of national repute. Mr. Coddington's death made the transfer of the station to new interests essential, and it was recently reorganized as station WBT, incorporated. The studios were housed in the Coddington building, the taking over of which by the Buick Motor company made necessary the removal to new quarters.

Officials of the station state that equipment and facilities have been so rounded out that it is second to none of comparable size in the country.

WBT is a member of the National Broadcasting company network and has been evolved from one of the pioneer stations of the world. A full studio orchestra is maintained which furnishes the sustaining programs. The station is managed by Earl Gluck, with Donnell O'Connor as program director and Fritz R. Hirsch, chief announcer.

* * *

Pauline Haggard, NBC soprano, has her own "mike" technique when she sings sentimental songs. She pretends the mike is "him" and flirts with it.



SACRED music is the specialty of this quartet, heard from WSM, Nashville. From left to right stand Ovid Collins, baritone; Christine Lamb, contralto; Margaret Rich Ackerman, soprano, and George Nevins, tenor. Seated is Miss Frank Hollowell, accompanist. This talented group is on the air each Sunday evening from the Tennessee station.

Recalls the Old Days

HARRY STONE, Assistant Director of WSM in Nashville, who dates the beginning of his Radio career back in 1922, likes to look back on those days occasionally and recall the many and varied experiences which were the foundation for his training in Radio.

A so-called "hay-wire" transmitter, homemade microphones, tents for studios, sometimes ten and twelve hours' work to broadcast one hour, fan mail by the thousands on a single program, and all the while paying money out of his own pocket to get to do it. It is no wonder then that he tells you that he is in Radio today because of the love of the game. And, he adds, there are none of us sorry that those days are gone forever.

Harry knows quite a little about all phases of broadcasting from the technical side through the business side and his announcing is one of the features of WSM. His work at the Nashville station has had much to do with the wide popularity it has achieved with the Radio audience.

* * *

The Bok Carillon at Lake Wales, Florida, which is the only thing of its kind in Florida, is to be heard on regular schedule over WFLA this winter. The tower is located almost 75 miles inland from the WFLA towers, and the weekly hookup over the Radio will give the listeners a timely treat.

* * *

WFLA—won new honors for summer broadcasting when a postal card was received from a listener in Washington state, who described himself as a frequent listener in spite of static.

* * *

Harry Reser, leader of the Clicquot Club Eskimos in their weekly broadcasts over the NBC system, has been elected a fireman of Merrick, L. I., where Reser lives. The Eskimo chief says he's not sure yet which end of the hose is the nozzle—being too busy giving banjo lessons to the rest of the volunteer fire company.

* * *

Due to its rapidly increasing staff and number of entertainers, the Columbia Broadcasting system has taken over another floor in its new building for its exclusive use, despite the fact it was thought ample provision for everyone had been made when the building was occupied a few weeks ago.



IDEAL location for a broadcasting station, or almost anything else for that matter, is the Wonderful Isle of Dreams, site of WIOD. Just outside the limits of Miami and Miami Beach, Florida, towers 250 feet high shadow the beautifully designed buildings of studio and transmitter.

New Talent Is Aim of WJSV Stunt

DEVELOPING new talent for broadcasting stations that is really capable of providing worth while entertainment, and which is "mike wise," is something of a problem. WJSV at Washington, D. C., has evolved a plan for bringing local talent not engaged in Radio work before the microphone.

Each Saturday evening anyone desiring to be heard over the air from WJSV is given an audition. A committee hears all prospective entertainers, and the first few evenings brought forth a wealth of soloists of every variety, musicians and readers who had never broadcast.

Another feature emphasized by WJSV is an undenominational church service broadcast each Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. These services include scripture reading, singing of the old Gospel hymns by a choir of twelve voices, and an inspirational sermon by a prominent evangelist.

Orchestras, trios, old time fiddlers, sopranos, contraltos, bassos, tenors, baritones, watermelon, roasting ears, lemonade, hot dogs, tennis, kilocycles, grand masters and old time square dances—all these were gathered together in one spot when WJSV went on a picnic at Mt. Vernon Hills, near Washington. Entertainers, their families, their friends, their friend's families, and notables from the legislature and judiciary, it was quite a gathering and a large time was had by all. This was really several months ago, but they are still talking about it, and everybody says it isn't too early to start promoting another big party for next year.

Voice Dixie Product

MANY years ago, but not too many at that, a Kentucky girl migrated to Florida. Whether the state of Colonels or the more southern state is to get the credit is a question, but at any rate Miss Blanche Cloyd, the person in question, has a mighty sweet golden voice.

Blanche Cloyd first came to the attention of the regular WFLA staff at Clearwater, Florida, when her soprano voice won that station's Golden Voice audition contest. The result was her appointment as a regular staff member. Her musical education was attained at Louisville Conservatory of Music and Chicago Musical college.

Miss Cloyd is best known to the Radio audience in her character sketches. In addition to her regular studio work she has made many personal appearances as a soloist in the open air aggregation for the entertainment of the tourists.

Wonder Island of Dreams Is Real Dream

WONDERFUL Isle of Dreams—that's the slogan of WIOD, down at Miami Beach, Florida, and if ever a slogan was borne out by reality that of this southern station is an inspiration. Not only is the island, which is just outside of the city limits, an ideal spot for a transmitter, but a spot of rare beauty besides. Special buildings in the southern patio style are grouped about the towers which stand 250 feet high in the center of the land.

Situated as it is in the heart of a beautiful tropical setting, the headquarters building is considered one of the most beautiful Radio buildings in the country. An unusual design for a studio or transmitter, a Spanish court is featured.

The main studio of WIOD compares favorably with those of the largest cities in the country. The ceiling is twenty feet high and space is adequate to provide for a thirty-five piece symphony orchestra. It has been acoustically treated to provide the best broadcasting conditions.

Jesse H. Jay is the announcer and directing manager of this Isle of Dreams station. With such an inspiring situation it is no wonder that Mr. Jay has developed his station to such a high point of service and entertainment.

Gold Chain Used at WSM Birthday

***By* Donald Burchard**

CELEBRATING its fourth birthday, WSM presented an anniversary program that will live long in the minds of the listening audience. Five southern stations joined in the festivities called the Gold-Filled chain. Those included in the broadcast were WSB, WMC, WAPI, and WSMB, besides the birthday station itself.

The reason for the trick name of the hookup is twofold, the principal one being that the program was a burlesque of chain broadcasting, filled with good-natured hokum about the various programs which are heard regularly each week through a network of many stations across the continent.

Phillips Carlin, celebrated National Broadcasting company announcer, Leo Fitzpatrick, "The Merry Old Chief" of WJR, Detroit; Lambdin Kay, "The Little Colonel" of WSB, Atlanta, Georgia; Walter Campbell of WAPI, Birmingham's excellent representative of the air; and Bucky Harris, of WMC, Memphis, left their microphones to take part in the festivities which originated at WSM on October 5. Clyde Randall of WSMB, New Orleans, on account of a heavy schedule was not able to be present.

In addition to the guest announcers who took part in the program, several of the outstanding musical organizations of Nashville added their able support.

The National Life and Accident Insurance company's station was represented on the air by members of its own staff, including George D. Hay, "The Solemn Ol' Judge," director and announcer, and Harry Stone, assistant director and announcer.

* * *

Bobby Tucker has been retained as staff pianist in the studios of WFLA. Bobby has the distinction of being one of the youngest musicians in such a capacity.

Specialists for Radio Central

PICKED Men Behind the Mike at World's Largest—NBC Chicago Studios



A RECENT addition to staff of KOIL, Harold Fair is announcer and program director. His musical experience includes theatrical work, broadcasting, composing and playing with various dance orchestras, including recording for Victor.

THE men behind the men behind the microphones who will be responsible for the efficient operation of the world's greatest broadcasting central—the new studios and offices of the National Broadcasting Company in Chicago—are all specialists in their respective work.

Niles Trammell, vice-president and manager of the Chicago division of the NBC who will head the organization in its new headquarters, is a veteran in the Radio industry. Born and reared in Georgia and educated at the South's famous institution, Swanee, he joined the Radio Corporation of America soon after the World War and at the time of his joining the NBC was their Pacific Coast sales manager. In May, 1928, he was chosen by M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting company, as manager of the Chicago division. So noteworthy was his work and so great has been the progress of the Chicago division under his management that early in 1929 he was named a vice-president of his company.

Don Bernard, program manager for the Chicago division, the man who is responsible for the high type of Radio productions that have established Chicago as one of the foremost program originating centers in the country, is a product of Ohio. When but a boy he came to Chicago and made his professional debut as a singer and violinist in motion picture theatres, and his Radio debut over KYW, the Middle West's pioneer broadcaster. Later he became manager of a station in Columbus, Ohio, and from there went to the NBC in New York. He is a finished musician, a fine showman and a good executive.

Howard Luttgens, division engineer, is a typical product of the Radio industry. He is young, efficient, a product of eastern training, and one of the most capable young engineers in the country. He was sent to Chicago from the New York studios of the NBC and in less than two years has handled some of the most difficult engineering assignments possible with the highest possible credit. He is responsible for the good transmission and quality of programs from Chicago, and has won the praise of engineers in the highest circles.

Frank E. Mullen, director of agriculture for the NBC, has his headquarters with the Chicago division and is the man responsible for the nationwide transmission of agricultural programs. His work with the National Farm and Home hour, in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture, and other notable broadcasts of infinite value to the farmer, has won the acclaim of farmers and agricultural experts in every part of the country. He is a product of mid-western farms and agricultural colleges and has been in Radio since its inception—first as a Radio editor on agricultural publications, and then as a broadcaster and director of Radio activities.

J. Oliver Riehl, music supervisor, is another Chicago division man who has been in Radio since its earliest days. He is a Pittsburgh product and joined KDKA soon after the war because Radio fascinated him. He has never been able to throw off the fascination, and consequently is now the music authority of the Windy City studios, and Bernard's most capable assistant.

George Redman, continuity editor, is an Illinois product who polished off his writing ability at Illinois Wesleyan University and won his first prominence by contributions to newspaper columns. His friendship with Richard Henry Little took him to WGN soon after he had written "finis" on his college days, and from there he came to the NBC a year ago last June. His ability to use the King's English and a typewriter won him praise from the program manager and before long he was writing continuity for all of the shows out of Chicago. He is now writing the notable Empire Builders program from material he gathered this summer during a month's tour of the Northwest and Puget Sound country.

In charge of the Chicago Press Relations department is another Illinois Wesleyan man—Albert R. Williamson—who was editor-in-chief of the school paper when Redman was business manager. He is a veteran newspaper man, having been trained on the famous Bloomington Pantagraph, edited a country weekly, learned metropolitan journalism on Mr. Hearst's evening paper in Chicago and then managed a group of press association bureaus before joining the NBC.

The sales department in Chicago is headed by I. E. Showerman, Chicagoan, University of Illinois product and a thorough advertising man, who knows advertising and especially Radio advertising from A to Z.

The newly organized Chicago division of the National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau is headed by Alex Robb, a showman of the old school, who was responsible for discovering Radio's most famous comedians, Amos 'n' Andy, and putting them on the high road to success. His experience has been long and varied and his fine work known to almost everyone in the field.

* * *

It's always fair weather in the studios of WBBM since Harold Fair arrived to join the announcing staff. Harold is experienced, capable, a fine pianist, and a general all 'round good Radio man. He came to WBBM from KOIL at Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he was chief announcer and director of studios. Under the latter title comes timing of programs, checking continuity in much the same manner as a proofreader in a newspaper office. Versatility is the word in an announcing staff, and Harold has "it."

* * *

The artists who appear before the microphones of the WBBM Air Theatre, Chicago, have an added incentive for making perfect broadcasts. If letters are received from the audience about a performer's work, he or she is summoned to appear before the court which will be held every Thursday night at 10 o'clock. Pat Flanagan, the tough old Irish judge, presides on the bench, and he hands down severe sentences to artists found guilty of misdemeanors on the air. Instead of working out the sentence on the rock pile, however, the artists are put to work before the microphone.

New Announcers on Staff at KMOX

TWO new announcers, A. Russel Walker, Jr., and Homer C. Combs, have joined the staff of KMOX. Walker, who will be night announcer, succeeds Gale Curtright, who has resigned to enter the newspaper field, and Combs will serve as relief announcer.

Both Walker and Combs served as announcers during the Lions club Better Baby Show broadcasts over KMOX, and now become regular members of the staff.

Graduating from Cleveland High school in 1925, Walker attended Washington university for two years, and since that time has been connected with the Superior Hardwood Floor company and the law firm of Strubinger and Tudor. He has been active in the work of the St. Louis Junior Chamber of Commerce. Combs is a teacher of science at the Webster Groves High school, coming from Georgetown college, where he attended college and was instructor in biology. While at Georgetown he was a member of the men's glee club and a member of the champion male quartet of Kentucky.

* * *

Using the weather forecast to decide what dress to wear each morning is one of the unique services of WLS, according to a listener at Durand, Ill. The two girls of the family listen to the 6 a. m. report from WLS before finishing their dressing for school. As they ride five miles on horseback to school each day the forecast for rain or fair weather is especially important in determining what to wear, the girls said.

* * *

Activity is the key word at WBBM since Carnival time arrived. Every other Saturday from 9:00 until 10:00 P. M., the carnival broadcasts. You would have an added treat if television were national, because you could see the dancers, the trained seals, the horses, as well as see and hear the Bally Hoo artists.



THE SHOWERBATH WHEEZE being put into action by Pudd'n Rice of the Maple City Four. These four boys specialize at WLS on trick arrangements of songs. Helping Al with his tin flute and rubber hose are: Pat Patterson, Art Janes and Fritz Meissner, some singers.

Life of Lincoln on Air for Two Years

A RADIO biography of Abraham Lincoln is being unfolded in a series of weekly dramas, "The Prairie President," broadcast by WLS, Chicago, each Friday evening at 8:30 p. m., CST.

The picure of Lincoln's pioneer family, their hardships in Kentucky and migration to Indiana and Illinois forms the first part of the biography which began November 1. Week by week the WLS broadcasts trace the life of Lincoln. The "rail splitter" as a youth in the Middle West, as a promising lawyer, as the soldier, the town philosopher, and finally as the president of the United States passes before the WLS microphone in a variety of dramatic episodes.

Through the trials and events of Civil War Lincoln's life will be followed until his tragic assassination at Ford's theatre in Washington. Interwoven with the thread of Lincoln's life is the story of the American people and their customs, home life, and their work during past decades. Because of the immense amount of material available the biography will extend over two years of broadcasting, leaving no gap in the continuity of the Great Emancipator's life.

Documents, books, pamphlets and old newspapers contemporary with the Lincoln period have been combed by Raymond Warren, author of the series, in search for accurate historical material. Although possessing one of the outstanding collections of Lincoln books and objects in the country, Warren, a prominent Chicago author and artist, has searched in many states for anecdotes and sidelights of human interest on the great president.

Many months were spent by Warren living with old settlers in the Middle West who knew Lincoln personally. From the author's home town, Hannibal, Mo., came anecdotes and stories of Lincoln who often visited the river town when a young Illinois lawyer. Correspondence with other students of Lincoln resulted in a wealth of material to use. Authentic programs of ceremonies and meetings where Lincoln appeared have been used to construct the individual dramas. Campaign songs, war songs, and old folk tunes handed down from the Civil War days will appear frequently throughout the series.

The biography on the air is to be supplemented by a complete book of the series which will be published at the conclusion of the broadcasts.

* * *

A middle-aged woman with an urge to do something applied at NBC recently for a place on the programs.

"What can you do?" she was asked.

"Bake and sew," she answered.

Gala Dance Music on WHK Program

WHK IN its programs for the Winter season will bring to its audience the best to be had in dance music. The broadcasts of Kay Kyser and his orchestra are from the Bamboo Gardens. This band originated at the University of North Carolina during Kyser's senior year. All of the members of the band graduated from the University a year later and came North to New York City where they were featured by the National Broadcasting company. While in the East they also made recordings for Victor. The band consists of twelve men and their instrumentation includes two pianos with both their brass and sax sections doubling on many novel instruments.

Lines are being installed in the Piccadilly for the programs to be played by Mickey Katz and his orchestra. No introduction need be made of Mickey Katz, for he is one Radio artist whose name is on the lips of everyone.

Sammy Watkins and his orchestra will continue on the program of WHK. The remaining dance bands on schedule will continue to be Ed Day and his Bedford Glens Orchestra; Stubby Gordon and his Orchestra from Victors and Treg Brown from the Club Madrid.



KNOWN as one of the outstanding singing trios of the air, the announcers trio of WMBI is listened to in thousands of homes throughout the nation. Loveless, program director, is a versatile man, singing tenor, playing the organ, as well as arranging the programs. Hermanson, also a minister, sings baritone, is also a handy man at almost anything in the studio. King, in addition to his ability as announcer, renders vocal selections and sings bass in the trio.

Musical Melange on Weekly, WGN

MUSICAL MELANGE, a program fashioned of the most delicate works of the masters, now appears weekly under the baton of Gaston du Moulin, conductor of the WGN Symphony orchestra. It is a Sunday afternoon concert, maintaining the dignity of the Sabbath.

Announcements will be of the instructive nature, give biographical notes on the composers as well as the circumstances under which the work was done.

The WGN Symphony orchestra is one of the largest and most complete concert organizations performing for the Radio exclusively. Most of the musicians are men of national and international reputation.

Pat Barnes, chief studio announcer of WGN. Chicago, first tried his hand at the drama in productions of the silver screen. That, of course, was in what he refers to as the "old days," before the days of the celluloid.

Pat says that on their small sized lot, they were engaged in making sports pictures. They covered baseball, football, swimming and tennis. All of them had plenty of action. Finally, however, they came to fishing. They were stumped. Their pond was empty. The fisherman sat still. The cameraman ground. The flies buzzed, but no action. No sex appeal. Just a man in a boat, inspecting his contented worm at regular intervals.

Ah! Pat the original to the rescue! He dived into a trunk and produced a couple of hundred feet of some dancing nymphs. They had the fisherman doze off, and hitched up the nymphs for a dream, and their fishing shot was done.

King Taste Trio Lucky

TALK about lucky breaks! The three boys who sing as the King Taste Trio at WLW certainly had theirs. Bill Hibbs, Johnny Free and Vic Armstrong were three high school chums in Ulrichsville, Ohio, harmonizing around any old piano that happened to be handy. Inspired by local acclaim, they set out and made a tour of small Radio stations around Ohio.

Assured by their Radio appearances, they picked out a day to attempt the big Crosley station in Cincinnati. What a day! The one day when the sponsors of the King Taste Night club happened to be at WLW. The sponsors heard the boys sing. They liked them. They hired them as exclusive entertainers for their program. Commercial contracts, by the way, are the most coveted, because they pay the most.

Now Bill and Johnny and Vic have moved to Cincinnati. They sing once every week on the King Taste Night club and they do nothing else. Pretty soft, yes?

They should be called the Lucky Three after that experience.

* * *

A feature that became popular during its first presentation has been scheduled for regular broadcast over WENR. It is known as the "Musical Memory Album" and is to be heard each Sunday afternoon at 4:40 p. m. central standard time. The idea was worked out by Everett Mitchell, chief announcer, and Howard Neumiller, musical director. During the broadcast, the musical compositions of a well known composer, who may or may not be alive at the present time, will be given. Each broadcast, however, will be restricted to the one composer.

Daily Theme Song WENR Innovation

MORGAN L. EASTMAN, manager of WENR, has started something. This time it is a theme song for each day of the month, an innovation in broadcasting technique. Inaugurated in October, the theme song for each day of the month is the same. In other words, if Ben Bolt is the song for the fifteenth, it will be repeated on the same day of the ensuing month, and the fifteenth of succeeding months.

The audience will be asked to select its favorites and ultimately the themes will be made up entirely from requests of the listeners. During the period of the broadcast, the theme selection will be played from ten to fifteen times and each time with a different musical arrangement. Thus far twenty-four arrangements of the same number have been worked out by a committee composed of Mr. Eastman, Howard Neumiller, musical director; Everett Mitchell, chief announcer, and Gale Swift, assistant manager. These range all the way from full orchestra to vocal solo.

Among the selections that have been chosen thus far as theme songs are: Last Rose of Summer, My Old Kentucky Home, Annie Laurie, Auld Lang Syne, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling; Alice, Where Art Thou; Silver Threads Among the Gold and Annie Roonie.

The station's listeners have been asked to give their opinion of the innovation. The idea came from Harry Lawrence, staff continuity writer and author of "The Smith Family" sketches.

* * *

Over a hundred—that is the record boasted by the Smith Family sketch, program feature at WENR. This total includes 90 original plays and ten repeat performances. All of the plays were written by Harry Lawrence, staff continuity writer, and were given by WENR players. The last forty or more of these were under the direction of Lester Luther.



CLARENCE KOCH, chief announcer of KFEQ, has been with the St. Joseph, Mo., station for nine years. One of the original organizers of the station, Koch's enthusiasm and ability have been instrumental in developing its resources and service.

Milwaukee Diners Given Rare Treat

DINNER hour in Milwaukee has taken on an added attraction—something more than the rather prosaic process of stowing away food. For WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal station, is broadcasting a program called Around the Dinner Table. This feature is on the air every evening from 6 to 7, except Wednesday and Thursday, when the time is shortened. On Wednesday it is from 6:30 to 7, and on Thursday from 6 to 6:30.

Glenn Welty, who has recently joined the WTMJ staff as head musical arranger and conductor, personally directs the 18-piece symphonic orchestra which plays during the Around the Dinner Table hour.

Mr. Welty, one of the most successful of the old school of legitimate musicians who have been able to adapt classical standards to the new trends in musical mediums, is well known in Wisconsin musical circles. For six months he was engaged in arranging material for Gene Goldkette's Studebaker hour, a National Broadcasting company program. He is known as a theatre musical director, vaudeville headliner and coach of the Milwaukee Athletic club orchestra.

The repertoire of the Dinner Table feature is varied. With specially arranged orchestrations of jazz as a nucleus, it also includes semi-rhythmic and purely classical numbers. The wide range in types of music to be played calls for a great diversification in musicians and instruments.

Among those who compose the orchestra are Frank De Bona, Chicago harpist, and Frank Uyvari, accordion player who was formerly a member of Arnold Johnson's and Frankie Cortell's orchestra and of Paul Whiteman's colegians.

* * *

Eighty different kinds of Radio features crowded into a ten-minute program was the stunt put over by WENR in its Radio Manager's Nightmare. The production was so intricate that it required three rehearsals and the presence in the studio of every person on the staff.



THIS diminutive young lady, Margaret Starr of WTMJ, is an authority on fan mail. Her daily organ program over the Milwaukee station brings in more applause than any other feature. Black hair, dark eyes, and 95 pounds of It—That's Margaret Starr for you.



SOFT lulling music of the Hawaiian Trio is one of the most popular features of WMBD. Everything except the swish of Hula skirts goes into their very realistic and tuneful melodies. Van Dyke, Hoyt and Weber compose this team.

Fans Like Symphony

SYMPHONY music as rendered by the symphony orchestra at WEBC has achieved a widespread popularity. Under the direction of Foca di Leo, this group of musicians is one of the most popular organizations at the head of the Great Lakes. Maestro di Leo, as musical director of the Voice of the North, conducts many other programs, among which his Floorwalkers is most prominent. He is recognized the country over as a musician of rare ability. He was engaged by the station last year, having come directly from Naples, Italy.

* * *

Doing new things with old instruments feature the informal WLS programs. Among the queer combinations listeners hear are jewsharps twanging away with pipe organ and piano; the old fashioned dulcimer accompanied by mandolin; Pudd'n Rice of the Maple City 4 with his fantastic invention, the "Showerbath Wheeze," made out of a tin flute with six feet of rubbing tubing.

* * *

One announcement on the WLS National Barn dance about how the gang would like to hear from all the "Nells" who listen to Bradley Kincaid sing "Give My Love to Nell" resulted in 38 separate and distinct members of the "Nell" fraternity writing in.

They're from Peoria

PEORIA, that Illinois city of vaudeville gags and jokes of various natures, did at least one thing for the world when it was the scene of the birth of Marian and Jim. Jordan is the last name, in case you didn't recognize this famous team from WENR, Chicago.

Jim has been an entertainer all his life, except for a short spell when he tried the selling game. Always something of a song bird, he studied and became proficient under the tutelage of E. Warren K. Howe at the American Conservatory of Music. He has sung over WIBO, WBBM, WGN and WENR.

Marian is something of an old stager too. With her husband she was at least one-half of the team known as the Jordans in a vaudeville skit. She studied music at Runnell's School of Music, Peoria, and later at the American Conservatory of Music.

The Jordans got their start in broadcasting one day when they were visiting at WIBO. Dared to sing in front of the microphone they scored an immediate success and have been at it ever since.

* * *

Ted Weems and his band have the rhythm and cadence that make you roll back the rug, yank grandpa off his couch and trip the light fantastic. WBBM has signed them up for the winter.



RAMBLING, rambling, over the dancing floor, to paraphrase rather crudely an old favorite, is the business of this exceedingly attractive band at KMOX. And they call themselves the Ramblers, at that.

Great Things Are on the Air Over WMBD

GREAT things are transpiring down at station WMBD in that city famed in vaudeville wisecrackery, Peoria, Illinois.

The announcer's voice wafting to thousands of listeners throughout the Central West, and signing off with the familiar appellation, "WMBD on the World's Most Beautiful Drive," comes from a new, luxurious and spacious studio installed on a lavish scale in the Mayer hotel in the heart of the downtown business district. Substantial improvements have been made in the transmitting equipment at Peoria Heights, including a lofty pinnacle of a broadcasting tower, and the winter will see more pretentious commercial recognition on the part of industries in which this section of the country abounds, than ever before.

All in all, the station appears to be on the threshold of a deserved expansion.

The new studios have already attracted such stellar Radio lights as "Uncle Bob" Walter Wilson, of KYW; Charles Correll, the "Andy" of the famous "Amos n' Andy" team of WMAQ; Quin Ryan, of WGN; Howard Nuemiller, musical director of WENR, and other artists of equal prominence. The guest register of the attractive new quarters of the Illinois station reads like a Radio "who's who?" These have declared the three new broadcasting rooms, their equipment and expensive furnishings on a par with metropolitan studios of Chicago, New York and other large cities. They are installed in the Mayer hotel, which also houses the offices and audition quarters of Charles C. Adams, operator of the station.

It is the versatility and caliber of WMBD programs that have won so many listeners throughout the corn belt. Morning hears the voice of Announcer Bill Abbott and assistants in a series of household programs, recipes, suggestions as to family budgets and market reports. Early afternoon is given over to commercial announcements interspersed by numbers by a dance and symphony orchestra and studio staff artists. In the evening artists from Peoria and surrounding cities combine in an attractive series of numbers.

Dr. Stock Again on Air

DR. FREDERICK STOCK and the world famous Chicago Symphony orchestra is again on the air this year under the sponsorship of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, through the NBC chain.

Because of the enthusiastic reception accorded the famous musicians last year, when they consented to broadcast for the first time over a wide network of stations, Dr. Stock decided to accept the invitation to give another series of concerts this season.

The hour of truly great music, under the personal direction of Dr. Stock, is broadcast 2:00 to 3:00 p. m., Central time, each Sunday afternoon from the Chicago NBC studios.

Acclaimed by music critics both in America and abroad as one of the finest musical organizations in the world, the Chicago Symphony orchestra has established a firm place in the hearts of American music lovers, and last year won nation-wide praise for their series of Sunday concerts under the same sponsorship.

Every modern broadcasting facility that engineers have devised will be used to make the reproduction of every note heard by the Radio audience faithful to the finest degree. Dr. Stock has placed his approval on the broadcast.

Sioux City Station on Columbia Chain

NEW and modernized throughout, and boasting a hookup with the Columbia Broadcasting system, KSCJ, the Sioux City, Iowa Journal station, is again on the air after having undergone a thorough renovation. Neither time nor effort was spared in equipping the Journal station with the latest transmitting apparatus, a new location for the plant and many other new features.

Although KSCJ is still operating on 1,000 watts, new features have made possible to concentrate the waves in such a fashion as to make for better reception. It is estimated that the distance at which the station's programs may be heard is at least trebled.

Special events, music, sermons and other programs from 21 different points in Sioux City can be broadcast by remote control over the Journal station now.

The studios, remodeled and re-equipped, remain at their old location in the city. New equipment has been installed throughout, assuring a more even quality of transmission. In announcing the tieup with the Columbia system, the directors of KSCJ plan to use only the best of the chain programs at first, but later on will use more and more of the Columbia programs until all of the offerings are re-broadcast.

In addition to the feature service KSCJ continues to broadcast exceptional programs of entertainment provided by regular KSCJ entertainers. A host of entertainers unite to give varied programs that will please everyone, including the Journal Joy boys, KSCJ Little Symphony orchestra, the Singing Coloes, Stanley's Aristocrats, the Mississippi Meadow Lark and members of the staff of the Sioux City School of Mus-

Thousands Sing As WLS Puts On Choral Musical Features

By **Don Malin**
Musical Director of WLS

"Since Singing is so goode a Thinge
I wish all Men would learne to Singe."

WILLIAM BYRD, organist of the Chapel Royal and official musician to Elizabeth, Queen of England, penned the above couplet in 1585 as a preface to "Psalms, Sonets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie."

Men learned "to singe" in the Elizabethan age. Thomas Morley, friend of Shakespeare and a composer of talent, tells us that in the time of "Good Queen Bess" the madrigal books were passed around after the evening meal and that any guest who failed to sing his part readily was regarded with that mixture of scorn and pity which falls to the lot of those who fail to cultivate the social graces.

In these hurried modern times it is easy to take our music second-handed, particularly since Radio and the phonograph have made the art of the world's finest musicians available to every home. We believe at WLS, however, that William Byrd was right, and that "all men," insofar as they are capable, should "learne to singe."

It is this ideal of the Elizabethan age, which by the way was held also in Continental Europe during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries, that we are seeking to revive at WLS through our season of choral music which annually offers to our listeners the music of some forty or fifty of the best choral societies in Chicago and the vicinity. During each Fall and Winter approximately three thousand men and women appear before our microphones as members of these choirs and choral bodies. Among all our broadcasters none are more enthusiastically interested in their programs than the group singers. Many of the organizations rehearse weekly for several months in preparation for one or two broadcasts.



OCTAVIO BERMUDEZ announces in Spanish the Los Amigos program broadcast by WLW each week for its Latin-American listeners. Bermudez was an Argentine gaucho (cowboy) before he came to the United States. He also sings songs of the Pampas.



MIGHTY nice people, these Jordans. Yep, the same, Marian and Jim of WENR, Chicago. They hail from Peoria, but it was a long hail ago and they have lived it down

This enthusiasm is projected through the microphones. Anyone who hears Dr. Daniel Protheroe direct his seventy Welshmen of the Chicago Welsh Male choir cannot fail to feel the genuine joy and satisfaction with which they sing "Mifawny" or "Land of My Fathers." The true mission of music—bringing happiness to human hearts—is achieved when D. A. Clippinger leads his fifty members of the Chicago Madrigal club through the mazes of a six part madrigal. Music brings rest and enjoyment when the seventy-five men of the Swift and Company Male chorus or the International Harvester group of 125 people gather for a rehearsal or a concert after a day's work in a great industrial organization.

When the young men and women of the University of Chicago choir assemble to sing the ethereally beautiful anthems of the Russian and Catholic churches there is a feeling of having done something towards making the world a happier place to live in. And the best part of it is that the happiness felt by these singers is transmitted to the listeners. The joy of singing together is a force which welds people together, making of them better friends, better citizens. It is that force which we seek to develop in our program plan at WLS, the Prairie Farmer station.

This has prompted us to equip a studio especially for choirs, and it is to help this cause that our engineers have given many hours of experimenting to solve the problems of broadcasting large groups of singers in a clearly articulated, well balanced manner.

Centuries ago people expressed in poetry and song what was in their hearts. Out of their expressions came folk songs. The appeal of folk songs is greatest when people can join their voices in singing. Listen to Prof. J. Wesley Jones and his Metropolitan Church choir in one of their four or five hundred Negro spirituals and you have the true essence of folk music. Equally is this true of the splendid German, Russian, French, Polish, Lithuanian, and Swedish organizations which sing from WLS.

Lastly, attention to choral music as a part of our program plan at WLS has opened to our listeners a vast treasure house of music, the pages of which open only to "those who sing together." Orchestras and soloists do not have the key to this trove of song and melody; it is in the hands of those who direct our choral organiaztions. Our choral music season presents an infinite variety of the works of the world's most talented and inspired composers.

On one night it may be a Palestrina motet, sung by the Paulist Choristers of Chicago. Another time it may be a Bach chorale offered by the young men of the Elmhurst College Glee Club. It may be "I Love My Love" or some equally attractive old English folk song, sung by the WLS Singers. Then again we hear the majestic choruses of "The Messiah" coming from the New First Congregational Church choirs, or the eight part anthems of Russia, sung a capella and from memory by the 300 boys and girls of the Senn High School chorus.

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ONE of Chicago's pioneer announcers, Jack Nelson, is now achieving fame on Broadway as a playwright. In collaboration with Clyde North and Albert C. Fuller, Jack has written Remote Control, produced and marked for success on the Great White Way.

Nelson broke into the air lines in the old days of WDAP, a 100-watter that once hovered atop the Drake hotel.

SIX Years Ago Omaha Started Sending Its Voice Across the Continent Until Nearly Everyone Had Heard WOW

WEST HAS WOW OF A STATION in WOW

By Donald Burchard



THEY'RE hot stuff! Just take a look at those fur coats and the high-powered fan to keep them cool. Why the coats? To keep the heat from burning things up, and the fans help. Who are they? The Battery Boys of WNAX, the Gurnee Seed and Nursery station at Yankton, South Dakota.

ONE of the usual things Radio stations undergo is a change of personnel. It's been about two years since Radio Digest had the opportunity of giving a glimpse of the personalities who help to maintain WOW's reputation for uniqueness and originality, as well as popularity.

Six years ago, when Radio programs were a family event the City of Omaha, through its powerful new Station WOW (then WOAW) became familiar to the nation as the city whose Radio station could be depended upon day in and day out for good programs and good reception. That was proved when WOW set a world's record for letters, telegrams, post-cards and long distance 'phone calls, totalling 187,000 in response to a single evening's broadcast.

WOW is now an affiliated station of the National Broadcasting Company's Red network. It continues to serve midwestern listeners with musical, educational, dramatic and civil features, augmenting its national programs with interesting and high class local entertainment.

Among its prominent services are the daily broadcast, morning and afternoon, of police bulletins directly from the police headquarters. In this way, WOW aids the Omaha police forces in the apprehension of criminals, the location of lost persons and property, and in the recovery of stolen goods. Police educational broadcasts in the promotion of safety, have also won wide attention. Omaha has a juvenile police traffic squad of several hundred boys who have reduced automobile fatalities more than fifty per cent. These boys periodically broadcast over WOW.

Another important service is the daily broadcast of Chicago, Omaha, Sioux City, Kansas City live stock quotations. These reports are broadcast from WOW six times each day right from the Live-stock Exchange building in South Omaha by Charles Bruce, representative of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, bureau of market news. Thousands of farmers depend upon WOW for such market news as affect agricultural economics.

WOW's educational features have been growing with remarkable rapidity and scope. It regularly broadcasts programs of Creighton university and the University of Omaha. These programs consist of educational talks, dramatic presentations and music. They appeal particularly to students. It is planned to augment these programs with regular features sponsored by the Midland College of Fremont and Bellevue college. Regular educational talks are also broadcast by representatives of the County Medical association, Nebraska Parents-Teachers council, and the Nebraska Federation of Women's clubs. Periods are also conducted by the Omaha public library and the Omaha World-Herald which twice daily broadcasts news items. Book reviews are broadcast twice weekly.

Extensive educational and civil service features are by no means an incidental arrangement. The station management realizes that such service is the fundamental function of a Radio station and has consciously built up this elaborate program. In fact, plans are in the em-

Hays Is Leader of Empire Builders

EMPIRE BUILDERS, who dramatized the discovery, settlement and early history of the West in a series of Radio programs last year, have returned to the air in a new series dramatizing the modern development of the country west of the Mississippi in a series of broadcasts through the NBC Coast-to-Coast System.

Harvey Hays, who was heard as the Old Pioneer last year, plays a leading part in the modern drama programs which center around American business men whose enterprises are building cities, railroads and factories where the Indian and buffalo once roamed at will.

The series represents an innovation in the writing of continuities for Radio dramas in that the scripts are the original works of writers, who were sent to the West and Northwest to familiarize themselves with the locale of the stories and gather background and local color. Several well known writers of Western stories also contributed specially written playlets.

The first dramalogue told the story of a young Easterner whose faith in the West determined the location of a branch factory of a large Eastern company. A beautiful girl of the Pacific Coast helps change the course of the West's development and brings added complications and interest to the playlet. Musical selections harmonized with the scenes.

* * *

ALL carrier pigeon activities of the United States Navy have been abolished and the navy will send all its messages by Radio, it has been announced by the navy department. Four hundred birds will be kept at the Lakehurst, N. J., naval air station, and the naval station at Guam, but will not be used in regular message service. The Anacostia, D. C., naval air station lofts now have the greatest number of prize-winning birds.

* * *

Milton J. Cross, prize announcer of NBC, leads a bevy of the youngest Radio stars heard each Sunday morning in the "Children's Hour," to a personal concert appearance at State Teachers College, East Stroudsburg, Pa.

* * *

For the first time since his advent as conductor of the Capitol Grand Orchestra, Yasha Bunchuk, famous cellist, was heard in a cello solo in commemoration of the Jewish holiday, Yom Kippur, playing the famous Hebrew chant, "Kol Nidre."



JUST real folks, those Old Time entertainers heard regularly over KFKB. From left to right you see: Roy Hall, guitar; Forrest Larkan, piano; Sam McRee, Jr., harp; Elmer Allen, guitar; Rudy McRee, singer; Uncle Bob Larkan, fiddle; Sam McRee, Sr., fiddle; Mildred McRee, banjo and singer.

bryo for enlargement of this type of service. At present, valuable information is given to the large and varied Radio audience through the bulletins of the agricultural department of Nebraska university and the U. S. Department of Commerce. In addition, the operation of national government is presented in detail by a twice-daily broadcast of the U. S. Daily News service.

In this way, WOW justifies the favorable assignment of the Federal Radio commission, and utilizes its 6/7ths time on the preferred 590 kilocycle frequency with the most valuable features obtainable. While serving as an outlet for the National Broadcasting company and furnishing its listeners with important and high-class national programs, through its local features WOW retains that individuality which made it a WOW from the first day of its brilliant career.

W. A. Fraser, President of the Woodmen of the World Life Insurance association, which owns and operates WOW, has laid down the broad policy of winning public good will with real, practical types of service. Mr. Fraser, for twenty years a leader in the insurance field, has made the station the progressive medium for bringing the fraternal message of the Association directly into millions of homes. The director of the station, Orson Stiles, has ably carried out Mr. Fraser's liberal policy.

Other members of the efficient staff include: Eugene Konecky, poet, book reviewer and commercial director; Marie Kieny, program director and pianist; Frank McIntosh, chief operator; Ezra McIntosh and Joseph Eaton, announcers; William Kotera and Roy Blanton, operators; Dorothy Cogswell, hostess-pianist; Margaret Cook, secretary, and Nora Harrington, mails.



MUCH of the credit for the splendid service and extreme "hearability" of WOW must be given to this comely young lady. She is none other than Marie Kieny, program director of the Omaha station.

Finding persons who have written his "obituary," is no unusual experience for Floyd Gibbons. But working in the same organization with one of these persons, is, he thinks, worthy of comment. Miss Neil Galbreath, NBC librarian, wrote Gibbons' death notice when he was reported lost at sea about twelve years ago. He met her recently.

KFKB Started as Hospital Station

THE primary object in establishing KFKB in 1923 was to afford entertainment and instruction to the patients in the hospital at Milford, Kansas, because at that time no one dreamed of the far-reaching possibilities of Radio.

The station had been established but a few months when Sam Pickard, who was then a student in the State Agricultural college at Manhattan, Kansas, conceived the idea of a "school of the air." Manhattan being about twenty-five miles distant, and the programs originating in the college, it was necessary to broadcast them by remote control, this possibly being one of the first long distance remote controls.

When Mr. Pickard, who later became a Radio commissioner, approached Doctor Brinkley, the owner of KFKB, consultation was had with William Jardine, then president of the college and later Secretary of Agriculture, and through this arrangement Mr. Pickard succeeded in interesting Mr. Jardine, and the first "school of the air" was broadcast during the years of 1923 and 1924, and was so successful that the State Legislature appropriated money for the college to own its own station, resulting in the present KSAC, heard from Manhattan, Kansas.

Little happenings in the lives of people ofttimes mean a great deal, and no doubt Mr. Pickard's early association with KFKB and Mr. Jardine were the stepping-stones to the position he occupies today.

In those earlier days not as much attention was paid to program material as



THIS is Dee D. Denver, chief announcer at KFKB, the Milford, Kansas, station that is so popular with listeners throughout a large part of the Mississippi valley.

now, and many of the broadcasts that were thought good then would not even be tolerated over the station today.

And there were not many broadcasting stations then, and 500 watts power was about the equal of any, and long-distance reception was easy to be had. Many applause letters came from the Argentine republic in South America, as well as from the city of Rio De Janerio in Brazil, from our little 500-watt transmitter.

Broadcasting stations in those days afforded wonderful experimental opportunities for the operators in charge. The operator would hook up one circuit and after one night's broadcast he would spend the next day in assembling another circuit, and we never knew when the evening came forth what kind of a broadcast we would have.

It was found that the entertainment and health lectures given over the station for the entertainment of the patients in the hospital were well received by the listening public, and the station has been gradually increasing in power and equipment and quality of programs until today it has thirty full-time entertainers, consisting of orchestras and individual artists, three full-time operators, two announcers, and a complete 5,000-watt Western Electric crystal transmitter.

In the old days one operator was usually sufficient for operator, engineer and announcer, as well as janitor. Now the station is an institution all by itself and employs more people and is just as carefully supervised and handled as the hospital.

The slogan of KFKB, "The Sunshine Station in the Heart of the Nation," was contributed by a little shut-in, a poor crippled girl who said that the friendly attitude of the station and the good cheer brought to the homes of those who were forever crippled made her think that the station was a beacon of sunshine, and since the station is located within 12 miles of the geographical center of the United States, the "heart of the nation" was appropriate.

Within the past few weeks the KFKB Broadcasting corporation has been formed and associated with it are prominent bankers, attorneys and business men, and its capitalization of $150,000 represents but a small fraction of the potential wealth behind it, assuring its future existence as a station.

KFKB has never permitted price quotations and never will. Direct selling and phonograph records are "taboo" and the sponsored advertisements are carefully scrutinized, and a large number that are submitted are rejected.

It is the aim of KFKB to be a "little different," having a maximum amount of entertainment with a minimum amount of advertising. From the time we begin broadcasting at 5 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening you will hear concert orchestras and popular orchestras that are a credit to any station, every member being a former star in some well-known group.

If you are a rural or small town listener and like old-time southern melodies and songs of long ago, you will hear these from Uncle Sam and Uncle Bob; and if you like a quartet, the Sunshine Four will entertain you; and if you like Blue singers, Dutch and his uke will please; if you like pipe organ, Cook with his accordion will be welcome, and Vossburg and his vibrephone will please.

If you like string orchestras, Elmer Allen and his group of entertainers will provide them; if you are interested in the world market, local market or weather reports, World Series baseball, play by play, you will have these.

If you like religious services and Bible lectures and fraternal talks, you will hear these on Sundays. If you like talks dealing with good health, you may hear these morning and evening.

You will always be assured of a well-rounded program throughout the period of broadcast from this station, and anything broadcast over this station is absolutely reliable and dependable.

WKY Is Product of Hull's Pioneering

BACK in 1921 when Radio sets were a curiosity and before Oklahoma City had become an oil center, a license was granted to a modest little broadcasting transmitter in a Westwood addition garage. It was known as 5XT, but early in 1922 was given the call letters of WKY by the Federal Radio commission. Thus was WKY born,—the result of the experimental efforts of Earl Hull, still chief announcer and one of the oldest Radio pioneers in America.

The history of WKY reads like a story through the early days when receiving sets reproduced programs with a sort of bee hive and siren whistle effect, and when the performer talked or sang as loudly as he could into a large horn, up to the present time when it is one of the most modern and up-to-date stations on the air with the finest equipment available.

On November 12, 1928, WKY went on the air formally as the good will station of the Daily Oklahoman, the Times and the Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman, with an elaborate fifteen-hour program, that brought messages and letters from every state in the union. This program was followed by a banquet for the Radio dealers and leading business men of the city, at which time E. K. Gaylord, editor and publisher of these three leading state papers, dedicated the station to the state of Oklahoma.

Light musical presentations, spot news and market reports, problems of the home and farm, and programs of human interest and inspiration take up the daylight hours. Two of the outstanding daytime broadcasts are the early morning exercises at 6:30 that are participated in by Radio listeners from New York to Los Angeles, and "Aunt Susan's" morning talks to housewives at 9:45.

With evening comes a different type of program, but equally diversified—grand opera, the latest hits from musical comedies sung by the stars of the shows,



GOOD MORNING—This is Station KGKO, Wichita Falls, Texas, says Dr. Paul H. Packard as he sits in front of the microphone. He puts the Radio Revival program of the Church of the Air on each day at ten o'clock.

addresses by national figures on world events; and in fact a notable collection of interesting features are at the disposal of the dialer who turns to WKY. This national scope of events of the day is made possible by this station's association with the National Broadcasting company.

Guiding the destinies of WKY in the capacity of managing director is Edgar T. Bell, who also holds the position of secretary-treasurer of the Oklahoma Publishing company.

Gayle V. Grubb's title is station manager, but he is more, much more, than that. He writes continuities for all the studio programs and under the name of "Gloomy Gus" has won a national reputation as an entertainer, playing and crooning many of his own compositions that have been recorded by three recording companies. Grubb came to WKY from Lincoln, Nebraska, where he had for many years been associated with KFAB, making it the most popular station in that section of the country.

* * *

All programs broadcast from KOA are now in charge of the National Broadcasting company. This service, inaugurated in the fall, means that the NBC, besides providing network programs from other points of origin will maintain a program department in Denver for local programs over KOA. The General Electric company retains ownership of the station.

* * *

Life's most unique ambition is in the possession of Bob Boulton, WLS announcer and continuity writer, who hopes to go through his span of years without ever having to push a revolving door! Always when confronted by one of the "round-we-go" doors Bob waits until some kind person goes ahead and starts the door around. So far he has been successful.

* * *

Rush Hughes, who recently joined the Columbia Broadcasting System staff has an interesting record in the field of athletics. While at Mercersburg Academy he was on the track team, winning the captaincy in his third year. He excelled in the shot put—and keeps himself in condition now by extended workouts.

Coast Singer Is U. S. Trained

GREENWOOD MITCHELL of KOMO in Far West Boasts of Musical Training in Adopted Land



THIS attractive miss is Jean Wakefield, vocalist, pianist, composer and continuity writer. She writes whimsically humorous song stories which she sings and plays herself. One of her latest numbers, Lila, is to be played by Paul Whiteman.

Fair Spokesman for Better Radio Plays

KGO HAS a splendid spokesman for the cause of the Radio drama in the ierson of Wilda Wilson Church, pioneer lirector of the KGO players.

For the past few months Mrs. Church as been making quite a campaign in alking before clubs, or any other pubicity channel that has been afforded her n an effort to make the public realize hat Radio drama has a great deal of art hat has been more or less dormant.

KGO has been the Radio drama producing center in the Far West for the ast five years, but the support of the ublic is needed if the General Electric tation is to continue developing this art o the highest degree according to Howrd Milholland, studio manager.

Neither Mrs. Church or Mr. Milholand believe that dramatized educational alks, vaudeville skits, little vignettes, istorical episodes or travelogues are rama in its highest sense. They believe iat Radio drama when it is created will e a work of art in itself.

* * *

Evidently Annabelle Jones Rose enoys great favor in the political world of erkeley as well as the Radio world of ie California city. Thousands of her ellow citizens voted for Miss Rose when er name was recently entered in the ace for councilwoman. Unfortunately, liss Rose was unable to do any platorm work. Instead she was kept busy nging, playing the 'cello, piano or rgan at KGO, where she is a staff artist. liss Rose polled a large vote at the ection, but lost the office by a small argin.

IT IS THE ambition of most American vocalists to boast of musical training with European masters. But, a reverse situation occurred in the case of Greenwood Mitchell, staff baritone and director of vocal ensembles at KOMO.

Brought to America as a boy, his first vocal training was received in Pittsburgh. He returned to England at the call of his country in 1914 and following the world war remained in England where his American training proved to be a very valuable asset.

In England, he again took up vocal training and at a musical festival for the North of England in 1923 Greenwood Mitchell won the challenger's cup at the Open Championship for voice. A direct result of this was the invitation to sing on the Newcastle station of the British Broadcasting Corporation, 5NO.

Two years ago Mr. Mitchell returned to America and shortly after his arrival in Tacoma came to KOMO for a try-out which resulted in his engagement for a series of special programs and his subsequent addition to KOMO's staff in the capacity of featured baritone.

Mr. Mitchell has continued his interest in British broadcasting and offers many interesting comparisons between the British system and the American system. There are no staff artists in England; the programs, rather, being made up from outstanding vocalists from the neighborhood who are invited to appear before the microphone. Continuities, the vogue in American broadcasting, are unknown in England. Due to the fact that programs are supported entirely by license fees paid by the listeners, there is a complete absence of commercial advertising on English programs. Although all important political events are covered by English Radio, campaigning over the air, so common in American politics, is entirely unknown to the Britains, according to Greenwood Mitchell.



STARTING with KHJ at about the same time Don Lee took over the station, Will Garroway was pianist and orchestra accompanist. After a tour with Lawrence Tibbett he returned to the studio as coach and accompanist for the singing ensemble.



PLAYERS at the KNX studios are under the direction of Georgia Fifield. The one act presentations over this Hollywood station are followed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

DeLasaux Signs Up With West Coast NBC

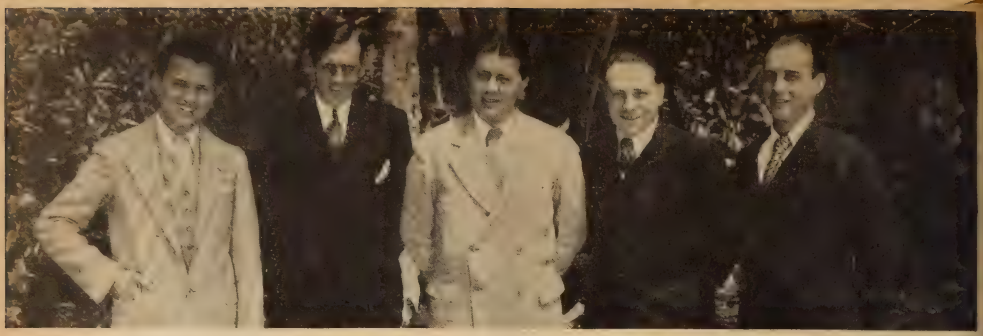
HARRY DE LASAUX, recently added to the production staff at the NBC's San Francisco studios, made his debut in the theatre when he was two years old. Standing between his father's knees during a performance by Kelley and Leon's Minstrels in Chicago, the child sang and talked in public for the first time.

When he reached the school age, De Lasaux returned to England, his native country. He came back to America in later years for a stage career. De Lasaux appeared in support of such noted theatrical stars as Blanche Walsh, E. H. Crane and Nat Goodwin, and toured Canada with Robert Ganthony and an English company. For many years he played in stock in the East, never appearing professionally west of Kansas City, Mo.

De Lasaux is also known for the large number of vaudeville sketches he has written for leading artists. He joined the NBC staff about 18 months ago as an actor. Now, however, he is devoting most of his time to writing Radio dramas.

* * *

Mrs. Lucille Joy Rude of Los Angeles who owns a pedigreed Irish setter has named her blue ribbon cup winning thoroughbred canine after Kevin Ahearn, KPO's Irish tenor. Mrs. Rude pondering over what to call the dog, tuned into "Dobbsie's" S&W Health Exercises program recently and heard Dobbs announce "Kevin Ahearn, the Irish lad, will now sing," and as Mrs. Rude writes in a letter to Ahearn "right then and there my dog was named." "Well, as long as they be after namin' thoroughbreds from me, phwat should I care—ainyhoo thot's a foine dog."



THE famous KNX Rounders heard over the Paramount Express station, KNX, are in talking pictures. Here they just stepped out into the Hollywood sunshine to greet the camera man with a California smile. The squinting gentleman in the center is Dudley Chambers, director of the organization.

Penwomen Give Program on KPO

AMERICAN Penwomen of San Francisco are on the air again. Those who listen to KPO will already have heard several of the programs offered in this, their third year of broadcasting. Grace Boles Hedge, noted soprano, is in charge of the numbers this season.

Some of their broadcasts consist entirely of the creative work of the association's members in both literature and music.

Olive May Richards, prima donna of the Pacific Coast Opera company, was one of the guest artists on the early programs, as was Stella Howell Sampson, noted pianist of Oakland and Los Angeles. Mrs. Charley Curry, well known authority on art, inaugurated an interesting series of lectures on "Art of the Home."

These broadcasts of the American Pen Women are the only programs in the West devoted to the interests of artists of the pen, pencil and brush.

Personal glimpses and gossip of the California writers is a feature that will be continued during the new series of programs.

* * *

Paul Pitman, KPO's Big Brother, has been receiving congratulations from Radio fans everywhere since the stork left a bouncing baby girl, "Elizabeth Anne," at the Pitman home. His son, Paul Marsh, Jr., is included among the youngest Radio announcers in the country. Since the lad was six months old he has been assisting "Big Brother" during his "Children's Hour" at various times. His broadcasts class him as a "Radio prodigy."



PRETTY Carlma Dorn and Betty Hampton, members of the KPO staff, find the broadcasting air a good place to go skylarking in. They are shown here being kidded by Ernst Voss, formerly one of Germany's war aces, attached to Richtoffen's circus. The trio are about to hop off from Frisco's municipal airport on a joy ride.

Song Result of Dream

HIS newest song resulted from a dream, Ted Maxwell, NBC Production manager on the West Coast doesn't mind revealing.

"Fagan Love Song" is the new number which already has been introduced to the Radio audience by Ben McLaughlin. Maxwell visioned the title one night at the Russian River, where he was vacationing. He tells the story thus:

"While I slept, I dreamed that I received an artist's copy of the 'Pagan Love Song,' but a horrible typographical error had been made. The title page read, 'Fagan Love Song.' That gave me a hunch and before morning I'd finished the lyric for a song to be published under that title. Billy DeBeck's comic strip provided an idea for the words."

Larry Yoell and Virginia Spencer collaborated with Maxwell in the musical arrangements.

Don Warner a Jurist

DON WARNER, who has successfully officiated as Studio Pianist at KFWB, Hollywood, California, and has also conducted his own orchestra at that station, is now a jurist. A year ago he received the degree of L.L.B. from the University of Southern California and last fall passed the Bar examination of that state which resulted in his being admitted to practice law by the Supreme Court of California September 18th. Mr. Warner's popularity may be estimated from the fact that he received approximately three hundred congratulatory telegrams and letters from all over the Pacific Coast, most of them being from Radio entertainers and fans.

* * *

Helen Norris has made such a success with her plays over KGO that she has been invited to write the pageant for the opening of the airport at Medford, Oregon. Miss Norris is to be paid handsomely for her contribution, the entire state of Oregon being interested in the project.

* * *

So popular has KPO become with fans at various points of the nation that all they have to do is to address a letter to "Any Broadcasting Station in San Francisco" and the mailman whose ears are naturally inclined toward KPO finds that his feet are likewise inclined and the letter reaches the correspondence department of KPO. Such is the case of a letter recently received by KPO from Knoxville, Tennessee.



AVERAGING more than 250 letters a week from fans, the Rhythm Makers of the Pacific Coast club are one of the most popular features on the air over KGER. Much of the popularity of this hot time dance orchestra is ascribed to their versatility. Each member of the band is an artist along some special line.

Station in Richmond

RESIDENTS of Richmond, California, are bragging that they have an official broadcasting station. This is how it is. KFWM, operated by the Oakland Educational society and broadcasting from a plant in East Oakland, selected Richmond as its location when the Federal Radio commission served notice that broadcasters must move out of residential neighborhoods.

The owners of the station have taken about two acres at East Shore park, where they will develop a modern transmitter, with plans for 5,000 watts, putting KFWM on a par with other stations in the Bay region.

Arrangements have been made, it is announced, for studios in the Hotel Carquinez at Richmond, at the same time maintaining quarters in Oakland.



COW pony and lariat were forsaken by Clarence Tolman in favor of the broadcasting studio. Clarence learned to sing to the cattle out on the great open prairies. The lads and lassies of the old home town of Pocatello, Idaho, liked him so well that he tried Broadway, and got by like a million. He now features on KPO programs.

Shoemaker Sings Way to Air Fame

NO NATION can lay a greater claim for appreciation of good music, particularly operatic music, than Italy. This love of music transcends all strata of society among the Italians. Perhaps this accounts for an unusual situation that produced one of the greatest Radio tenors of the Pacific Northwest.

In Renton, a small community south of Seattle, is a shoe repair shop operated by an Italian. Giving expression to his love of good music, he entertains his customers by playing a phonograph and his selections of records include almost entirely operatic works. To him one day came a young chap who had shortly before arrived from Italy. Employment was given to the young lad who, too, showed the same love for the work of the masters, and gave forth expression by occasionally humming the songs that he heard.

One day a Seattle business man, who had a few moments to wait before taking an interurban back to Seattle, dropped in the shoe shop for a little repair work. He was amazed at the humming of the young Italian lad and immediately arranged with a well known Seattle music teacher to have him put under vocal training.

Aurelio Sciacqua, referred to locally as the "Singing Shoemaker" and by his enthusiastic Radio friends as the "Caruso of the West," after completing a most successful engagement at KOMO will be heard on Pacific Coast stations of the National Broadcasting company.

Aurelio Sciacqua is a dramatic tenor and has specialized in operatic selections. He, however, has had very little experience in Grand Opera, his training being entirely for Radio. The result is that he is one of the few dramatic tenors who broadcast well.

* * *

Byron Mills, announcer at KGO, Oakland, California, has a substitute for the usual announcement "You will hear——". Instead he says "You may now hear——". Mills made this change in the belief that the other announcement is too dictorial and takes too much for granted.

* * *

A harmony duo billed as "John and Ned" recently were introduced to the audience of NBC System stations. The boys are well-known recording artists and have been playing Radio-time throughout the United States. John and Ned play their own guitar and ukelele accompaniment.

Studies Fifth Tongue

EUGENIA BEM, conductor of Stanislas Bem's Little Symphony, speaks English, French, Russian and German fluently.

Even though the KGO microphone and other engagements keep Mrs. Bem busy, she is now studying Spanish. Every Sunday, for a month, she rode from one end of San Francisco to the other so as to attend a Spanish church, where the entire services are conducted in the native language.

Mrs. Bem believes it is easier to learn a foreign language through sense of hearing rather than books. After she speaks the language fluently she studies the rules of grammar.

* * *

IN ITS less than three years of existence, KGER has enjoyed a rise in public favor that has been almost meteoric. It is now recognized by the broadcasting industry, the Radio industry and the great listener audience at large as one of the leading stations of Southern California. During the past few months the Long Beach good-will station has instituted entertainment, educational and news features that have brought forth hundreds of letters.



STATION KOIN is more than a little proud of this comely miss. Like to know her? She's Marjorie Simpson, a regular member of the studio staff who obliges with a rich, warm contralto voice.



THIS good looking young chap is no other than J. Arthur Dupont, station director and chief announcer of station CKAC, Montreal. During the three years that Mr. Dupont has been in charge of the destinies of CKAC great things have transpired and he has built the station up to a point where little is left to be desired in the way of service and entertainment.

One of the youngest Radio executives in Canada, Mr. Dupont has been with his station for five years. He is just 27 years old and so far has not succumbed to Dan Cupid's wiles.

Located as the station is in a land where two languages are spoken—French and English, Dupont's linguist abilities have been of inestimable value. He broadcasts first in one tongue and then in the other. Many listeners all over the continent are familiar with his accomplishments.

British Star on CNR

THEA PHILIPS, star of British Opera, who has sung with great success in the principal cities of the United Kingdom and of Europe, was the soloist in the Canadian National Railway's Radio chain broadcast from Toronto one day this last fall. Miss Philips, who is a cousin of Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, has won a high reputation for herself in the role of "Matilde" in "William Tell," at the San Carlo Opera, Naples, and she will be the prima dona in "Der Freischutz" at the forthcoming London Festival at the New Scala, London, in February. She has been heard often by English Radio listeners.

* * *

First established on the roof of the Grain Exchange building in the heart of Winnipeg, CJRX is now located in its home at Middlechurch, a few miles north of the city. In the same building are a number of short wave transmitters by means of which, on other wave lengths, the local offices of James Richardson and Sons, Limited, carry on Radio-telegraph communication with the eastern and western branches.

* * *

Farthest North Radio, in points of regular transmission, will be provided by the Soviets. They will erect a station on Franz Josef Land.

Toronto Symphony Heard ACROSS Canada

FAMOUS Orchestra Broadcasts Each Sunday Afternoon, by Canadian National Railways Hookup Is a Real Treat to Music Lovers of the Dominion.

MUSIC lovers throughout Canada are tuning in their receiving sets on the programs of the Toronto Symphony orchestra which are broadcast each Sunday afternoon through a network of stations controlled by the Canadian National railways.

The first of this series of symphony concerts went on the air on October 20, when Jeanne Gordon, Canada's eminent contralto, assisted the orchestra. Other prominent soloists are scheduled for later broadcasts.

The purpose behind these programs is two-fold. The first thought is to contact the Dominion by bringing together all sections of this far-flung country into one audience, an important step toward a broader mutual understanding. The second is to give Canada the world's best music and to permit the Canadian listener to hear some of the highly talented artists who have attained world-wide fame.

The Canadian National railways are presenting the Toronto symphony orchestra in twenty-five concerts. These programs are featured as the CNR "All-Canada Symphony hour."

* * *

Dennis Hayes is three years old. He lives in London, England. His Daddy wrote to Winnipeg telling how he had heard Uncle Peter on CJRX. With some assistance, Dennis wrote a note which was enclosed with his Daddy's letter. Uncle Peter read the letter over CJRX and asked if any listeners would like to write to Dennis. Some weeks later, Mr. Hayes wrote again saying that Dennis had been swamped with mail.

As a sequel, Uncle Peter has received the following from a mining camp at a place called Chuquicamata, down in Chili, South America: "Just a note of appreciation of your programs, which I hear with excellent volume on a two-tube short-wave set. Short-wave broadcasting is the only satisfactory reception we get up here in this mining camp. A few days ago, I asked one 'radio bug' if he had ever heard of Dennis Hayes. He said 'Sure, he lives in London.' I intend to write to Dennis tonight.—C P. Carlson."

* * *

Occupying the entire top floor of a large office building at Moose Jaw, Sask., the studio and transmitter rooms of CJRW are modern in every way. Ample space is reserved for visitors from far and near who come to inspect the station and to see how broadcasting is done.

The steel antenna towers are surmounted with electric lights, visible for many miles across the country, and meteorological instruments for indicating in the studio the direction and velocity of the wind.

* * *

A young lady, of whom more will be heard, is Olga Pavlova, the soprano who takes part in the weekly French concerts broadcast by CJRX. The adjucators at the 1929 Manitoba Music festival predicted for her a great future. Miss Pavlova has been studying with the famous Yvonne Thibault.



BILLY ADAMS, the crooning tenor whose interpretation of popular numbers has made him one of the features at CKLC. Billy is well known in Toronto and Chicago for his Radio work.

Special Programs at Canadian Show

TWO special programs were put on over a chain hookup by the Canadian National railways as one of the feature attractions of the Montreal Radio show.

The first program arranged was the regular French-Canadian Hour of Music, featuring a concert orchestra, a string ensemble, accordion solos and vocal numbers by the Montreal troubadours, who appeared in costume.

The second event of the broadcast was a light concert program including some novelty numbers on the accordion and marimba, supplemented by a Balalaika orchestra in Russian costume, and a male quartet. Both of these programs, in addition to being witnessed by the throngs at the Radio show, were sent out over a chain hookup of the Canadian National railways, covering the eastern half of the Dominion.

* * *

One of the most successful educational features broadcast by CJRW and CJRX has been the French lessons. Mr. Maurice Goulet has several hundred students enrolled and following his course by the book. In addition there are numerous listeners who benefit by the lessons without registering. It is interesting to note the number of professional men who have enrolled for the purpose of brushing up on the language.

* * *

Through the courtesy of the Garrick theatre, Winnipeg, CJRX broadcasts Talkies. Radio listeners have commented very favorably on several pictures, notably that in which Mary Pickford stars.

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

IS THERE anyone who doesn't know who Vincent Lopez is? I doubt it—it doesn't seem possible. But how many know that he recently celebrated a double anniversary, one the anniversary of his first piano recital and the other the eighth birthday of his first appearance before a microphone.

Vincent says he doesn't remember the exact date when he first played the piano for his little friends and admiring relatives, but he does distinctly remember that they had pink ice cream as a reward. He also recalls the loud applause that greeted his rendition of Chopsticks. Bet he was a sweet little boy.

When birthday time came around Vincent repeated his childish efforts with the familiar piece, and then, as another number of his special program, obliged with Anitra's Dance, from Peer Gynt Suite. The latter number was his offering on the occasion of his first studio appearance.

Lopez made his air debut with his orchestra from the first studio of WJZ in 1921, when it was little more than a booth. There was hardly room for an orchestra and sound-proofing hadn't been thought of. Since then, through his broadcasting with the NBC he has, as you know, become one of the best known dance leaders on the air.

* * *

Mary dear, you really mustn't fall in love with Jack Shawn, that new announcer at WBBM because, although he isn't married, he is terribly good looking and all the girls like him. He is tall, well built and has brown eyes and black hair. When he looks at you with those come hither eyes, it is no wonder all the girls fall. You were right when you asked me if he comes from Detroit, or rather I should say he has been in Detroit because he comes from Chicago. While in the Michigan city he broadcast over WGHP and put on productions at WJR. He has had stage experience and loves the footlights.



* * *

That certainly was tough luck about not being able to see Louis Kaufman, Lucille of Weyers Cave. I sympathize with you and envy you at the same time for the nice letters he wrote to you. And I just received a nice new picture of Louis but I'm terribly afraid I won't be able to use it before the January magazine. Can you wait that long? Here's a little one of Fred Rodgers, though, that may help a little. Fred is general program director of Westinghouse stations and one of the best known of all the KDKA artists. Besides his mike appearance he sings in church, and is now at the Watson Memorial Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh. He has sung in many famous musical organizations and has been seen in light opera under the auspices of the K. of C. Sorry to have to tell you that he is married.

It just breaks my heart that I won't be able to visit you in Weyers Cave, and certainly would like to meet your brother. P'f sounds like a thriller.

It seems the girls have a weakness for sports announcers this month. I just got through answering a question about Sid Goodwin of KGW and here's Kitty Kay of ol' Missouri wants a picture of Bill Mack, announcer at KMOX, the "Voice of St. Louis." Since Kay hasn't asked for any personal information about Bill I'll be stingy and won't give any. Just to oblige, and because he is really an awfully nice chap, here is his picture. Long ago, way last spring, KMOX surprised Bill and the listening public by sending him to cover the training trips of the Browns and the Cards. You can just see the sparkle in Bill's eyes, can't you? Like to know him better?



* * *

Charles Jennings, formerly with CKGW of Toronto, is still in the same Canadian city, but is now associated with the Whetham Radio Program company, CPR building, M. J. Davis. He is to be heard on the Radio at irregular intervals. I agree with you that the microphones lost a real personality in Jennings. Doesn't your news dealer carry the Mercury? You should be able to get it at almost any fair sized news stand. It comes out once a month and is edited by H. L. Mencken. As to John E. Frenkel, I am trying to persuade the editor to give him a nice writeup one of these days. He, the ed I mean, is as usual, swamped behind a stack of papers, but I think he will write something about John before long.

* * *

At last, Louise of Lincoln, Nebraska, I can tell you a few little things about Dee D. Denver. Guess you thought I had forgotten all about you, but I hadn't. Dee has been an announcer at KFKB since 1924 and is a mighty popular fellow. His pleasing ways brought him a wife several years ago, and now he is bragging about his two children. He has a way about him, both before the mike and when with people outside of the studio. His only broadcasting experience has been at Milford, Kansas.

* * *

I was awfully glad to hear from you, Wilma Lambertus, and I am only sorry that things here in the office keep me so busy I rarely have time to personally answer letters, much as I like to. I expect by this time you have read through the November issue of our great magazine and have been properly thrilled by the interesting story of Rudy Vallee. You see we are always working at least a month in advance of the date that the magazine appears, so your question was answered before I got your letter. If you still want to know more about Rudy I will be glad to hear from you.

* * *

Word comes from Mrs. J. H. W. of Harrison, Nebraska, about Jack Little. Elsewhere in this issue there is a little story about this popular artist. I hadn't heard about Gayle Grubb, however, and am glad to know he is happily situated at WKY. I agree that his farewell from KFAB was certainly worth listening to.

Twenty-five candles burned in the studios of KSTP as Henry C. Woempner, musical director of the National Battery station, observed his 25th anniversary in Northwest musical circles.

Mr. Woempner is known nationally as first flutist of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra. He received his first training in the flute from his father, a member of the Symphony orchestra in Milwaukee. When his father retired, Woempner Junior stepped into his footsteps.

The KSTP musical director is a pioneer in Radio, playing his flute compositions when an artist was required to send notes into a large horn, resembling those first used on talking machines. He has appeared at leading stations of the country, including WGN of Chicago and KDKA of Pittsburgh.

He has played under Walter Damrosch and other masters and has spent considerable time coaching with master musicians. He directs the National Battery symphony orchestra of KSTP and plans all the musical programs.

* * *

Jack Barnet of KGW has an odd hobby. His idea of a good time is to travel as far away as possible on his day off and listen to KGW on his portable receiver, usually from somewhere near the summit of a snow-capped peak.

* * *

Here's bad news, Lola Brown. Roy Bartholomew, your tenor friend of WTMJ, is an old married man. He and his come-hither eyes hail from Ol' Missouri, where he met his bride of a year. After attending the University of Missouri Roy went Radio, his crooning meeting with instantaneous approval. Before going to Milwaukee he was heard from WFEQ and WDAF. When he isn't busy with the mike he takes care of the thousands of pieces of music in the Milwaukee Journal's musical files. Roy is a handsome lad, with dark, curly hair and great big brown eyes. The frau is a talented pianist who frequently accompanies hubby on his broadcasts.



* * *

Grace Thompson Bigelow has asked me about Chauncey Parsons. Well, Grace, Chauncey is now located in Chicago and is the soloist on the Yeast Foamers program broadcast over the National Broadcasting chain on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. He is, as you probably know, one of the pioneer Radio artists, having made his debut when KDKA first began operations in 1920. He is without doubt one of the leading tenors of the country.

* * *

Dave R. of Minneapolis sends in an interesting bit of gossip concerning Paul Johnson of KSTP. Paul was married. I guess most know that, but it was in leap year, about a year ago. Selma Vera Gibson of St. Joseph, Michigan, was the lucky girl. He met her three years ago in a broadcasting studio while he was announcing a program, and then, slowly but surely, he fell, and now it seems to be lasting. Mighty interesting, Dave.

Just for your benefit, Anne of Berkeley, here's a picture of that big handsome lad who plays the organ at KPO, Theodore Strong. Theodore, they tell me, for I haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, is quite a man. As you know, he is featured every Sunday morning. If you want to know about almost any of the leading musicians of America or Europe, Mr. Strong is the man to tell you. At one time he was assistant music editor of the New York Evening Mail, where he started his extensive acquaintance among musical folks. Theodore writes that he has played in over 2,000 church services of all denominations, in all parts of the United States, has featured in more than 200 recitals, has played at the console of twenty-five different makes of pipe organs and has a repertoire of over 3,000 different compositions.



* * *

Well, Mary Gibbs, at last I can tell you about Ralph Wentworth. He is manager of the Columbia Artists bureau, which is a division of the Columbia Broadcasting system in New York. He is heard announcing the Fada hour each week. John Reed Tyson is now with WIBO, Chicago, and I am trying to persuade him to send me his picture so that I can print it for you. If it comes in in time I will write more about him later.

* * *

Guy Lombardo, I am happy to be able to tell Ariel Trentman of St. Paul, is now on the air regularly, and can be heard every Thursday night from 10:30 to 11 o'clock over WBBM, Chicago. As nearly as I can find out now he is happily situated at the Roosevelt theatre, New York, although he may come to Chicago late this winter.

* * *

No, little Betty, Dorothy Denee Snowden, who is Queen Denee of KOMO's Storyland court for children, and George Hubert Godfrey, King Hubert of the same Court, are not married. Their rumored wedding was merely a fiction designed to please the listeners in the Northwest.

Queen Denee has ruled Storyland court for three years, but her first King, King George, according to fiction, was killed in battle and King Hubert of the neighboring country of By-lo-land kindly offered his help to her in ruling the court of Storyland.

Who says children haven't a sense of romance? The kiddies immediately began demanding that the two potentates marry, and so it had to be, in the story.

* * *

Just read your letter for the second time, Lucille, and I find I forgot to tell you about Curt Peterson. Curt is one of those fair haired Vikings that make your heart flutter. He is about five feet ten inches tall and is blessed with brilliant blue eyes. He is known for his sweet disposition and they do say his home life with wife and two children, one six and the other three, is ideally happy. Curt has seen quite a bit of this country, being born in Albert Lea, Minnesota, in 1898. He graduated from the University of Oregon in 1920, after serving as an infantry lieutenant in the World War. And here's an interesting bit. He taught singing at Miss Mason's School for Girls. Lucky Girls! Now he has more or less graduated from the announcer's staff and is supervisor of announcers, passing on all mike jobs at the NBC.



Jess Doolittle is the head "Buster" of the Illinois Sodbusters out at WLS. This sunburned, slim, brown eyed young man is medium height and "one man," M. J. Davis. He's still on the sunny side of the twenties but is muchly married. He runs a farm on the outskirts of Chicago as either a vocation or avocation, you can take your choice.

* * *

And as to Harold Safford, the former genial chief announcer at WLS is now with Sears, Roebuck and company, holding down an executive position in the retail advertising department. He left the airway last March. Not exactly as a postscript but just a bit of news, there is now another little daughter in the Safford household at Wheaton, Illinois. Genevieve, all of ten pounds, arrived October 11 safe and sound. Parents doing nicely and daughter better.

* * *

A new addition to the WLS family is announced by Don Malin, musical director of the Prairie Farmer station. A son, John William, made his debut at Don's homestead on August 24. According to the father the home programs are moving quite smoothly with two young sons announcing. Donald Rhodes Malin, the elder by two years, is assisting his young brother.

* * *

Hunting squirrels is the hobby of Corinne Jordan, program director and entertainer of KSTP, St. Paul. When she is away from the station she tramps through the woods hunting these little animals. And there's a reason—she wants a squirrel coat, and wants to earn it. By this time the winter garment ought to be nearly complete, if Corinne has been as diligent as she promised to be. Would you envy a girl who could earn a smart new coat this way?



* * *

A potential announcer arrived recently to augment the staff of KSTP in the person of Thomas Pittison Coates III, the 8-pound son of Thomas Pattison Coates, II, feature entertainer and announcer of the National Battery station. The Junior member of the Coates family was born in Chicago and came to St. Paul with Mrs. Coates, when Papa Coates found a new home for his family.

Mr. Coates recently joined the KSTP staff, from WGN of Chicago and WEAF, where he won national popularity through novel features and his weekly concerts. He is a lyric baritone and a concert, stage and radio artist. Congratulations, Thomas II.

* * *

Frank Hobbs of WNAX is a real old timer and an accomplished citizen at that. He hasn't missed a day in over two years of constant playing before the mike. Belonging to eight organizations, he plays, when they are on the air, B clarinet with the concert orchestra, tenor sax with the Radio orchestra, B clarinet with the Bohemian orchestra, E clarinet with the Dutch band, tenor sax with the sax quartet, violin with the symphony orchestra, cello with the Happy Jacks old time trio, and, last but not least, clarinet solos. Frank sounds like a busy man, doesn't he? But he says he likes his job and wouldn't trade it for anything.

* * *

Yes, Billy Smithers of NBC fame on the Pacific coast, is a real, for sure enough person, but the creator of the character didn't know it for a long time. The real Billy lives in Portland, is ten years old and a devotee of Memory Lane.

Once in a while one of the boys gets up nerve enough to write to me. (Wish it was oftener.) Now Jack Blaine, from Pasadena, wants me to publish a picture of Mildred Southall. Yes, Jack, Mildred is as pretty and charming as her voice and mike personality are sweet and lovable. She is one of those delightful individuals with a lot of "It," and the kind Anita Loos says Gentlemen prefer. She is a regular contributor to the big KPO revue, broadcast every Monday night from ten to twelve o'clock with the God of Whoopee ruling supreme. You're not the only one to fall for pretty Mildred, Jack, to judge from the fan mail they say she receives.



* * *

Page Al Carney!

What's the matter with you, Al? Have you forgotten all of your old friends here in Chicago and all over this great land? Let's hear from you and tell us what your plans are and when and where you are going to settle down. Last time we heard definitely of you you were in Muskegon, Michigan. What's the latest?

* * *

Where, oh where is Paul McClure? Some of you interesting men folks are getting to be awfully hard to keep track of. Seems to me that I know where Paul is now, but it has slipped my mind. Can anyone help me out?

* * *

Even studio luminaries sometimes lose track of their old friends. An old pal of Wendell Hall, John and Ned, the Monamotor Oils Twins, and the Ray-O-Vac Twins, is now doing his stuff at KGHL, Billings, Montana, as announcer and director. Name please? It's no other than Eric Thornton, who started his Radio career over WOW, and from there went to KOIL. Then came a year and a half at WKY, Oklahoma City, when he returned to Council Bluffs, a proud papa. That ended active Radio work for about a year, but in May 1928 he again felt the call and went to KGHL, which started him off with a bang and, he says, has been gaining momentum ever since.

* * *

Thanks to Mrs. John Cain of McAlister, Oklahoma, I have some information about Gloomy Gus. Mrs. Cain says Gus has been heard regularly from WKY at Oklahoma City. He was kept pretty busy out there for a while when Fair Week was on, and the folks in the West like his offerings. Thanks, Mrs. Cain, I wish more Digest readers were as helpful as you are.

* * *

David Westlund is one of those fortunate young men who has sufficient musical ability to make it pay his way through college. When he started for the campus of the University of Minnesota with his saxophone under his arm the Kappa Sigmas saw a good man and took him in. He has won a trophy at KSTP as the best college Radio entertainer in that section. The Kappa Sigs liked him but not his sax, so he had to join the college band to practice. His laurels came as the result of the voting of 15,000 students at the University and Radio listeners, picking him from among over 200 contestants.



* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Get it off your chest.

SNAPPY FUN from the Air

Lines of Humor from Here and There Among the Studios and Stories that Lighten the Day

LITTLE Ann Pickard doubtless is the world's best known five-year-old broadcaster. She appears regularly with her father, mother and brother, Peter Phaney Pickard, over the National Broadcasting company network from e Chicago studios. Ann already manifests the temperament a great artist. The other day it came her turn to sing er the microphone. "No, Daddy, I'm not going to sing today," she declared firmly. "Why, what's the matter?" questioned Dad Pickard in surprise. "Well, I have my own reasons. I don't feel like singing, so!" Then she began to cry. "Just think of Grandma sitting there waiting and listening for you way down in Tennessee—what will she think? And all those folks who have been writing letrs to you, what will they think?" Dad's arguments finally evailed and Ann stepped up to the microphone and sang `ake Me Back to Ol' Virginny" with such feeling that tear ops were still rolling down her cheeks. It was a tremendous ccess and she was rewarded by the biggest basket of mail er from all kinds of folks who said they had never heard ything so touching in all their lives.



Not until the next day was the cause of her revolt at the icrophone discovered. She finally confided to her mother at she was hurt because "everybody had laughed at her." the morning she had heard Frank E. Mullen in charge the program say: "We are going on from coast-to-coast day." She clapped her hands and ran to tell her brother,)h, Phaney, Phaney, get ready, we're going on the roller aster today." Of course everybody did laugh—and thereby ined a prima donna's disposition.

* * *

THEY all laughed when he sat down at the piano" is a phrase familiar to everyone, due to the efficiency of odern advertising, but it was a new one to the famous Lee mms when he sat down at the piano of the NBC studios in nicago recently.

When Lee sat down to play his scheduled number in the ogram he was dumfounded and disconcerted to hear a huge irst of laughter from the members of the orchestra which as appearing with him.

It was not until the program was over that Simms, who had issed the rehearsal, understood the reason for the hilarious itburst. In building the program a humorous take-off on the miliar advertisement had been incorporated in the announcer's ript and the laugh which threatened to ruffle Lee's usually nooth disposition was as much on the program as his own imber.

* * *

SOME of the KGO listeners have objected strenuously to an unscheduled part of the programs from the General Electric ation in California. It seems that there is a big frog pond ick of the KGO studios in East Oakland and the bull frogs equently start their singing at the most inopportune time. ensitive microphones pick up the croaking and send it out ith the programs being broadcast from the studio. Strange as may seem listeners object to this form of accompaniment.

* * *

MORE than a hundred people in a studio, especially if all of them are moving around, presents a problem. How to t some of them seated was solved by one bright young lady. rawing individual guests aside she'd whisper in their respecve ears that just across the studio was the chair Graham cNamee always sat in. It worked as she never indicated the me chair twice and in a few minutes every seat in the studio as occupied by contented looking visitors.

The hostesses—and there's a hostess on every floor the NBC uses for the business of broadcasting—form the first line of defense against the overly-enthusiastic would-be broadcasters. According to the hostesses, these would-be broadcasters make up a large percentage of the population of Manhattan.

Came one day an odd looking chap whose ears were his most noticeable feature.

"I want to present a novel feature on the air," he told the hostess who intercepted his dash toward a studio. "Where's a microphone? Where's a microphone?"

"Oh, yes," said the hostess sweetly, "but what do you do?"

"Look at my ears," commanded the visitor. She looked and saw them twitch and wiggle in a manner most startling.

"But we haven't any provision for television," she said, being tactful.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said the visitor. "Now listen!" He bent his head so that one of the awe-inspiring ears was near her face. He moved it. She heard a distinct click.

"I'm the only ear clicker in the world," announced the visitor. "Now where's that microphone?"

* * *

A VISITING artist at WGN wanted to look up a telephone number. He searched through desks and under telephone stands. He approached Miss Roache, the genial hostess.

"Do you know where they keep the telephone books?" he asked.

"We can't keep them," answered the little lady sadly. "Mark Love gets nervous when he sings and tears them in two, without thinking."

Yes, that's one of the chief problems of the WGN administration. They simply can't keep Mark Love in telephone books.

* * *

"TO SEE ourselves as others hear us" is one of the experiences that happens occasionally to Radio entertainers.

Recently Marion Jordan, a member of the staff of WENR, Chicago, who takes the part of Ma Smith in the comedy sketch, The Smith Family, overheard two women on a bus discussing the feature. Said one to the other, "I'll bet that woman who takes the part of Ma Smith is an old battle axe. I just know she could bawl my husband out the way I'd like to."

The fact is that Marion is both young and mighty attractive.

* * *

BILLY BEARD, who teams with Al Bernard to form the NBC comedy team known as the Raybestos Twins, recently returned from a short visit to his native South and is still laughing over an experience he had with a real old Negro mammy.

Beard dropped in one day to visit a friend who is a physician. The friend was not in but the colored woman who walked in while Beard was there mistook him for the doctor. She asked him what she could do for the "misery" in her stomach.

The jovial Beard asked her if she "assimilated her food." Whereupon she indignantly replied, "Deed and I doesn't. I gits it honestly."

* * *

GEORGE F. HICKS, NBC announcer in Washington, D. C., was announcing one of the service bands. Toward the end of the program it became evident that it would be necessary for the leader to eliminate one of the two remaining numbers, a waltz and a fox-trot. The leader decided to cut out the waltz.

"Jump the waltz," the leader whispered to Hicks. "We'll take the march."

And then Hicks announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, our program has been altered somewhat. We will next hear Jump the Waltz, a march."

* * *

A SONG over the telephone got Olive Palmer her start, but the method wasn't so successful for another soprano who tried it on Hart Giddings, assistant musical supervisor for the NBC in New York.

A woman telephoned for an audition and when she was informed that all available time was booked for two weeks ahead, she insisted on singing to Giddings then and there.

Picking one of the longest arias from the operatic repertoire, the singer stepped back from the telephone and began to sing. Unable to make her hear him, Giddings had to hang on until she had finished.

She didn't get the job and Giddings did get a headache.

Waikiki Waves Swish on KGU

LOVE and Nature Themes Sway Masses Who Follow Programs Sent Out From Honolulu

KGU speaking from Honolulu has adopted for its slogan, the Land of Sunshine, the Future Playground of America.

Hawaii has been the motif for countless dreamy songs, and everybody is familiar with at least one or more musical comedies which were founded upon a theme brought from the islands away out in the middle of the Pacific.

Hula music, written for dancing, is invariably gay, light and bright. Hawaiian music is said to be rather melancholy to the layman, but its appeal lies in the vogue it has with the natives of the islands.

Flowers are popular with the Hawaiians, and they have used them for the background of countless songs. The sweet green maile vine, the royal yellow ilima of the Island of Oahu, the bright red lehua of the Island of Hawaii, the beautiful mokihana of the Island of Kauai, the rose-lani of Maui and the pikaki have all been used as the inspiration of song writers who have set about to express in song the thoughts of the people.

Rulers over the islands in years gone by have written songs and have encouraged others who have expressed the thoughts of the people in music. The Hawaiians have brought their own accomplishments as well as those of the islands to all nations through the songs that have been written about them.

No song has had the following that has come to Aloha Oe. It represents sentiments, emotions and feelings of the people of the islands. It sort of symbolizes the people, and it really is the anthem of the Hawaiians. People rise to their feet when it is played and it has approximately the same status in Hawaii as the Star Spangled Banner has in the United States.

The soft and haunting strains of Aloha Oe have been carried to all countries. They have permeated the life of the people in the Hawaiians; they are heard at all hours of the day and night, on outgoing and returning ships, at the theater, the club and in the dance hall.

Songs have been written and dedicated to the people of the islands, others have had the imprint of royal approval, but none seem to convey the spirit, the emotions and the very life of the people as Aloha Oe.

A veritable army of entertainers are on the islands, and Station KGU, The Advertiser, Honolulu, Hawaii, has gathered under its banner a number of the best known.

One is Charles K. Dimond, a versatile artist, whose forte is music and song. Surrounded by his instruments, and with a voice that has a tremendous appeal, he provides rapid fire entertainment for the followers of KGU.

At one time Dimond was the ace of the Radio entertainers at KNX, Los Angeles, and for three years he made regular appearances before the mike at this station. Vaudeville has claimed the services of Dimond, and he has traveled extensively over the circuits of the west.

Isobel Fancher is another reason for the popularity of the Radio programs of KGU. She is often referred to as Hawaii's Radio girl. For two years she has been numbered among the artists employed at KGU, her soprano voice delighting thousands who tune in this island station.

Directing KGU, and serving as chief announcer, is the chore assigned to H. N. Tyson, below.





Hawaii's Radio girl is Isobel Fancher, who sings in a half dozen languages. She has Radio personality, a lovely voice, and you will agree she is good to look upon.

Charles K. Dimond, below, who brightens programs of KGU, Honolulu, with his music.



Isobel is not only a salesman c her own Radio personality, but sh is an insurance salesman, and whe not engaged in her work at KGU or providing entertainment at drawing room or in some concert hal she is active in the field of business. Sh has applied herself assiduously to musi and not only plays the piano, but has a exhaustive repertoire of German, Frenc Italian, Spanish, English and Hawaiia songs which she sings for the pleasure her large Radio audience.

The responsibility of directing the affairs of KGU, and fun tioning as chief announcer, have fallen to the lot of H. Tyson. Tyson is very much a part of KGU, having bee identified with the station for two and a half years. KG came on the air May 11, 1922, since then has been consistentl broadcasting Hawaii as the Land of Sunshine, the Future Pla ground of America, and calling attention to the Paradise of t Pacific, the title which has been given to the Hawaiian island

Countless improvements are being made in the broadcastin facilities of KGU, and before long the Honolulu Advertis Publishing company, which is the sponsor of the station, w be occupying quarters in its new building. Elaborate studi and almost unlimited facilities for broadcasting will be pr vided, and it is expected that the programs may eventually rebroadcast in the States for all to hear.

Voice of the Listener

We've Changed the Log

I have just been reading your most nteresting magazine which namely is he October issue. I find that some are omplaining of the Radio stations not nnouncing often enough. Well, I think nce every quarter hour is plenty. Also, here two letters are very much alike a sound, they should be pronounced ery distinctly. For example, when I rst heard the announcer at WKBW I hought it was WKDW.

M. Aulenbach, Auburn, Pa., would in ay estimation receive more complaints han enough. I like Hawaiian music, ood bands and orchestras, violin solos, uartette singing, but I am not much n favor of one singing alone, except hen singing comic songs or pieces in hich the words are to be distinctly eard. We could also include a few more acred songs on the air. Leave fox trots o the foxes, but a good waltz is desir- ble. Interesting lectures on education, tock markets are indispensable. Well, o much for that.

Now to criticize your October edition. s for cover, I think as Melle Pittenger, n inside view of some of our broad- asting stations would be welcomed. n your list of programs for the week think if you could arrange it in such way as to put the NBC in one space nd the Columbia Chain in another you ould be as near perfection in that as ossible. Your log for favorite stations an't be beaten. Now for your list of rograms again, you did not mention ie Just Folks at 9:30 Eastern standard ver the NBC. Well, I think I have aid enough for this time.—W. DODS, 7 Beech St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, anada.

* * *

Couldn't Do Without Us!

Whoopee! and other expressions of ilarity—oh! it is just too wonderful for ords. Whew! just a minute and I'll xplain all of this outburst. I'm very appy, because THE Radio Digest is o be published every month. Now, you re able to understand why I am shout ig.

I have read the October number from over to cover, and everything is won- erful—interesting—or what have you. But the most wonderful of all is that ie Radio Digest will be published ionthly. I am so glad. I couldn't do ithout the Radio Digest. It is the ıost wonderful magazine ever.

I am looking forward to your printing n article about Carleton Coon and Joe anders and their Original Nighthawk Orchestra. Their music is perfect—and o are the members of the band. They :ally deserve a most wonderful write- p—and I know that they will have in the Radio Digest soon. PLEASE.

Wishing the best of everything to ie staff of the Radio Digest. I'm for ou—always. I can hardly wait until ie November number is released.— IRGINIA ("JINNY") PETERS, 2760 fadison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Here's a New Friend

I have just bought my first copy of ie Radio Digest, but it won't be my st. After reading about Radio artists enjoy listening to them much more, ;pecially Amos 'n' Andy.

I see that you ask for suggestions on adio; so here's mine. If I had my ay there wouldn't be any broadcasting ompanies with every good station in ie country hooked up to monopolize adio broadcasting for the sake of tell- ing John Doe that the Amalgamated Thumb Tack Corp. makes the kind of doughnuts that come from contented oil refineries. You have to listen to them whether you want to or not. One eastern station, one midwestern station and one western station are enough to broadcast one program. Then the Radio audience can suit itself about listening to it.

I might also add that if the one-hundred-watt stations that aren't any good anyway, were taken off the air it would clear the air twenty-five per cent.— ARTHUR MOULTON, Kittanning, Pa.

* * *

A Club for the DX'ers

I was very much interested in the letters which appeared in your October issue under the heading, "The Voice of the Listener." Several of your correspondents expressed the wish that a Radio club or DX club might be formed and inquired if there was such an organization. Without doubt the information which I am offering in this connection will prove interesting.

The Newark News DX club was formed on December 8, 1927, with a charter membership of fifty-six. So far as we know, this was the first organization of Radio Listeners ever banded together solely in the interest of DX reception. Shortly after the formation of our club, the writer was successful in interesting the Chicago Daily News and the Buffalo Evening News, both of whom organized DX clubs.

The only qualifications necessary for membership is an interest in Radio, although the club issues DX qualification certificates in four different classes to such members as are able to qualify for them. The classes are as follows:

Junior DX-er—For logs of 100 stations.

Master DX-er—For logs of 200 stations and verification from at least one station more than 2,000 miles from point of reception.

Past Master DX-er—For logs of 300 stations and five such verifications.

DX Ace—For logs of 400 stations and ten such verifications.

Local stations count as well as distant stations in these lists, and when application is made for a certificate a complete list of stations must be submitted as well as such verifications as are required.

Once a month the club holds a DX contest for the Newark Evening News trophy, a handsome silver loving cup donated by that newspaper. On such occasions members may select any six consecutive hours for DX-ing and must mail their lists not later than the following Monday. Stations logged must be located at least 100 miles from point of reception and no stations may be logged while broadcasting chain programs. The name and address of the contestant as well as name of receiver and number of tubes is placed at the top of the list. Then stations must be listed in the order in which they are heard, each one being numbered. The necessary data includes call letters and location of stations, time heard and actual selections or other information such as is required for verifications. The member who first wins the cup on three occasions will obtain permanent possession of it after it has been suitably engraved.

The undersigned will be very glad to supply additional information to any reader of Radio Digest who may be sufficiently interested to write. Address all communications to L. S. J. CRANSE, President, Newark News DX Club, 215 Market St., Newark, N. J.

* * *

An Old Friend Writes

Have just finished reading the October number of the Radio Digest. Haven't missed an issue for nearly four years. A better Radio magazine isn't published. Every article is crammed full of interest. There are plenty of pictures which are always welcome, and stories of artists and announcers which give us intimate glimpses of their lives and make us feel personally acquainted.

I especially enjoyed the story of McNamee's school days told by his dad, and the backstage chatter of the "Two Troupers." The fiction, too, was very interesting and unusual.

"Who's Who in Broadcasting" is a valuable department, and I, for one, appreciate it greatly. Then Marcella comes in for her share of praise. I enjoy her "Short Waves" ever so much, for I am one of those very inquisitive souls who must know all about their favorites.

The department listing chain features is something I've been waiting for.

And now for a suggestion: The football season is on so why not give us a writeup (with pictures) of some of our most popular sports announcers? Carl Menzer of WSUI, Iowa City, is a prime favorite in this section of the country.

I'd like very much to see a story about WHO with pictures of the studio, directors, announcers, artists, and what have you.

Will sign the name by which I am known to Marcella.—ELIZABETH ANN, Belle Plaine, Iowa.

* * *

We'll Try to Please

I think the Radio Digest is just what a lot of people have been looking for, and the October number is great.

Please have an article (similar to the one about Norman Brokenshire in the current issue) about Frank Knight, announcer at WABC in New York, and pictures of him. Also John Wardle at WNAC in Boston.

I think these articles are very interesting to many people who listen in every day and wonder what the announcer looks like, etc.

If you can arrange to do this, I know many folks will be interested. Thanking you for your attention, I am, MRS B. W. MACFARLANE, Newburyport, Mass.

* * *

In This Issue

First of all I was very glad after turning a few leaves of the Radio Digest to discover that the magazine is to be published every month.

I'd surely like to see a picture of Jack and Gene and any information concerning them would be welcome. Would like to see some pictures of Norman White, WSR announcer, and of Harold Keen, the Sunshine Boy.

I think a Home Makers' department would be fine. Some fine information in this last issue about Graham MacNamee.

I'm making a scrap book of Radio stars and certainly appreciate every picture of good entertainers.

As a request, please try to get a picture of Jack and Gene.—MRS. FRANK ALLORE, 157 Elgin Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Short Go Swamps the Judges

Program Contest a Close Race

HUNDREDS of Radio Digest readers have written to the editor, offering suggestions for a fifteen-minute program to be entered in the first Short Go contest which closes December 1. The ideas offered and the quality and originality of programs outlined are of so high a quality and so numerous that it will indeed be a difficult task for the judges to select the winner. A few of the letters received have been picked at random from the entries and are printed in these columns.

Why Not a Spelling Bee?

Having read in the October Radio Digest that you wanted ideas for "Short Go" programs, I submit the following:

Why not have a spelling match over Radio? Have Radio give out the words to be spelled, pronouncing the words twice, so the listeners may stand a fair chance of getting every word. The competitors should have pencil and paper on which to spell the words, no one telling any one else how to spell the words. After all the words are given out, those competing should exchange their lists of spelled words. Radio then spells the words correctly and the papers may be graded.

Aside from promoting good spelling, such a program would have a tendency to promote speed and accuracy, two much desired attributes. Hoping I may be one of the winners, I am, MISS GERTRUDE OTTO, Edinburg, Ind.

* * *

Behind the Scenes

My contest idea follows: Let the personnel of any station put on a fifteen-minute playette depicting the intimate back-stage scenes that occur during the arranging of programs, etc. Surely there are amusing incidents that, with a little "dressing up" would prove entertaining and instructive to thousands.

I suggest the playette be apparently authentic, with the mike left open by "mistake."

Many loyal fans will never be able to visit a station, due to ill health, and being a "house plant" myself, I know what it would mean to get an air glimpse of a studio.—GLENN O'CONNOR, 9449 Brush St., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Bedtime for Grownups

I submit the following suggestions for a "Short-Go" program:

A bedtime story hour for grownups. Elliott of Harvard once said, "Just before you go to sleep, picture to yourself the man you desire to be and no power on earth can keep you from being that man."

This gave the idea.

Listeners should be instructed to make themselves comfortable. How to drop all the cares of the day. How to relax. Then a period of soothing music, followed by a short talk by a student of psychology. The speaker's tone will have as much weight as his words.

Our ambitious boy, our tired business man, our entire audience, will drop off to sleep with his highest ideal indelibly stamped upon his subconscious mind and "no power on earth" can keep him from attaining that ideal.—STELLA MAE TRAVER, 219 N. Pearl, Joplin, Mo.

* * *

Checking Up Authors

My idea for a fifteen-minute program: Call it the "Musical Puzzle Game."

During those fifteen minutes present choruses of latest popular song hits. Ask your audience to name the composition from which the up-to-date popular melody was taken. Have some little prize for the winner.

This will create quite a sensation and be an education to the public. My husband and I get great fun out of this game which we play many nights. Such an idea is adaptable to Radio parties where they can set their own prizes for the winner.

This is something novel and will greatly amuse your public. The evening after each program you might announce the titles of "stolen melodies," as well as the winner of the guessing contest.

Some time ago Lou White, the famous organist, presented such a program, only that he played first the modern song, and then the composition from which the melody was stolen.

Incidentally this may lead to better song writers and better songs.—MRS. JOSEPHINE BADER, P. O. Box 89, Hachita, New Mexico.

* * *

For the Older Boys

We have the bedtime story of the tiny tot, the music, addresses and announcements for the grownups, but what have we for the red-blooded boy of today that is really interesting to him.

Having chosen boys' work as a profession, I am naturally interested in anything that is of interest to the boy. One of the many interests which a boy possesses is the collection of postage stamps.

In my opinion, this is one of the finest hobbies that a boy could have; it is a fascinating, educating and thrifty pastime, and one in which a boy should be encouraged and instructed.

There are no tales more thrilling, gripping or life-like than those depicted on some of our foreign postage stamps. There you may find tales of conquest, war, mystery, revenge, discovery, history, racial and religious customs. Every one of those little adhesive labels is an art in itself and holds a wealth of information for those who care to explore them.

If you could arrange a program of stamp stories, information and instruction, you would be inaugurating a novel and interesting program, as well as doing a great service to the host of individual collectors and the numerous boy stamp clubs that are now in operation.

Not only would the boys welcome a program of this nature but the older collectors would appreciate it as well. There are more followers of this hobby than any other I know of, but most men are afraid to admit their interest for fear their neighbor would deride them through lack of understanding.

To assure you of the interest taken in this hobby, I would refer you to any of our leading stamp dealers, who will furnish data regarding the numbers and personages indulging in this king of hobbies.—JAMES A. FARQUHARSON, Y. M. C. A., Capreol, Ont.

* * *

Ask Me Another

A short-go Radio program lasting fifteen minutes should be snappy and interesting so that the listener would be interested and entertained enough to stand by and not switch his dial to another station. I suggest a program like this:

The announcer would ask three or four questions about topics of current interest, such as those questions found in an "Ask Me Another" book, stating at the time that the answers to these questions will be given at the end of the fifteen-minute period, after a short musical program. (This will consume about three minutes.) Then the orchestra in the studio will play about three popular numbers, maybe an instrumental solo included in the group. This group of tunes will last about eight or nine minutes, leaving the last three minutes to give the answers to the questions asked at the beginning of the period. Total time used—fifteen minutes.

The listener will try to make up the answers in his or her mind while the musical is going on, at the same time being entertained by the musical program.—A. M. SCHAUB, P. O. Box 410, Eufaula, Alabama.

* * *

Quartets and Yodelers—Forward!

I would like to enter the "Short-Go" program prize letter contest with this idea of a fifteen-minute program in the studio:

Snappy dance programs are popular to all listeners, but there are too many on the air every evening to choose from to hold a listener's attention for fifteen minutes when it is so easy to turn the dial for a chance of something different or better.

I think a good novelty male quartet is fine entertainment because of the variety they can offer. For instance, short, snappy selections bring out close harmony and hold the listeners attention wondering what is coming next. Words play a small part in a good quartet when they can imitate steamboats, train whistles and do other harmony tricks. Give the bass singer a chance to go down cellar and get a few notes to overcome monotony.

An unusual yodler also puts life and interest in a selection. A guitar or harmonica for a second goes well with male voices; too much music ruins the effect of a good quartet. Fifteen minutes goes quickly when the entertainment is good, and I am sure a real quartet can produce an excellent program. Quality novelty and harmony singers are not worn out by daily program repetition and phonograph records, like jazz bands, orchestras and soloists are, and very seldom the cha programs, which ninety per cent of the Radio fans listen to, offer this type of a program.—NED PILLEY, Sherida Wyoming.

* * *

Likes Impersonations

I was just reading about your conte for a "Short Go" program and I wo dered if perhaps I might be able assist you with some of my ideas.

First of all I think that a progra of humorous impersonations would enjoyable. For instance, the imperso ation of an old woman describing h first picture show, or a party line "go siping spree."

Then, too, there is the fellow w can "pound the ivories on a squee box." Have you ever heard ma Radio fans complain about accordi music? I'll bet you haven't, becau nearly everyone loves it.

Although there are some who wo agree, I have always been especially e thusiastic about a yodeler. To me yodeler is almost a mystery. That, course, makes it all the more interesti

Another thing which we hear v little of and which, I believe, wo

(Continued on page 126)

Man Tells Ladies About Meat Cuts

Radio Audience Learns Housekeeping Economies From Local Meat Councils Over WEAF and NBC Program Broadcasts

By Philip Smith

WHEN you hear one of your friends at the NBC studios announce that the title of the talk about to be given is "Feed Your Flock on Shepherd's Pie," or something which sounds equally like a slogan, you will know hat you have tuned in to one of WEAF's regular features -a talk on meat broadcast by the author under the auspices f the New York City and Hudson County (New Jersey) leat councils.

The purpose of these talks is to help the housewife to purhase meat intelligently and economically and prepare it to tisfy the taste of her family. She is told what to buy, how buy and what to do with her purchase when she gets home. ven the seasons are taken into consideration, for in winter e housewife is told what meats will keep out the icy blasts, hile in summer she is shown how simple it is to keep away om hot stoves by using the meats that are ready to serve ithout any cooking. The problem of varying the family re is a difficult one and this, too, is discussed. Suggestions e offered for the use of left-overs and the proper method of alancing meals with all that it implies in the serving of foods ith meat.

Judging by the number of letters to be answered every eek there is a vast army of women who find the purchasing nd preparing of meat a real problem on a limited budget. ven cooks with fifty years of experience to draw upon report at there is always something new to learn.

THE question is often asked, "How did the meat talks happen to start?" That's a long story, but let an "old timer" ll you a little about it. The meat councils, which, by the ay, are local organizations of wholesalers and retailers, long cognized that housewives are using chops, steaks and roasts the virtual exclusion of many lesser known and cheaper uts of meat, simply because they did not know enough to do herwise. They decided that a little education would be a al help to the woman who has to prepare three meals a ay, and that the Radio offered the means.

John Cutting launched the talks at WJZ and brought them uickly into the limelight. In those days there wasn't any BC, and WJZ and WEAF weren't under the same manageent or roof. WJZ had recently inaugurated the Woman's our as a new departure and under the watchful eye of Miss ertha Brainard we exercised the privilege of being the only en to broadcast in that period.

That was six years ago. People are still learning new ings about meat and the audience has grown from many hunreds to many thousands and resides in more states than one as fingers. Some of the charter members of the first audince who were newlyweds now write in for aid in feeding milies. And as for results? Cuts of meat that were practically unknown five years ago have become regular articles f fare in countless homes.

Now as to one more question which is asked frequently. It rather personal. Can I cook? Probably suspicion was roused some three years ago when I inadvertently called a umpling a vegetable. The answer is that too many people ill travel far to get a genuine home cooked meal for me to ply with any degree of personal safety.

Corned Beef Hash

2 cups chopped corned beef
2 cups cubed cold potatoes
½ cup chopped onion
1 cup stock or milk
2 tablespoons of bacon fat

Melt the fat in a frying pan, then add the chopped onion nd brown it slightly. Add the remaining ingredients, well ixed. Spread the mixture evenly in the pan and cook over slow fire for about thirty minutes. It is best to cover the pan r the first fifteen or twenty minutes to allow the mixture to ecome thoroughly heated. If the hash is to be baked, allow out forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Planked Hash with Onions

Left-over meat
Cold boiled potatoes



THIS exceedingly good looking young man is none other than our famous food expert, Mr. Philip Smith, and you may believe that he knows his meats. Any housewife who hears over WEAF and the NBC can testify as to his knowledge. And now his audience should grow.

1 cup slightly stale bread
Bacon fat
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, green pepper or pimiento.

Chop fine left over meat such as beef, corned beef or a combination of meats. Chop cold boiled potatoes and combine with meat, using four cups of potato to two of meat. Cut slightly stale bread into small cubes to make one cup and brown these slightly in bacon fat, add to the hash mixture, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoon finely chopped parsley and green pepper or pimiento. If the hash does not hold together, moisten with a little milk or stock.

Vegetable Stew with Dumplings
(A One Dish Meal)

2 lbs. brisket, rump or chuck beef
Fat for searing beef
1½ cups boiling water
½ onion (chopped)
1 cup cubed carrots
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 cloves
1 cup cubed potatoes

Sear meat on all sides in hot fat, cover with boiling water. Add onion, carrots, vinegar and cloves. Simmer three and a half hours. Add cubed potatoes and cook 20 minutes. Add dumplings and cover. Boil ten minutes without removing the cover.

Chain Calendar Features



THIS brunette gentleman is Eddie Leonard, heard over the Columbia system on the Majestic Hour Sunday evenings at 9:00 P. M. (EST).

Sunday

Eastern 12:30 p.m.	Central 11:30 a.m.	Mountain 10:30 a.m.	Pacific 9:30 a.m.
Metropolitan Echoes.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	
394.5	760	WJZ	
221.1	1350	KWK	
		263.8	1060
1:30 p.m.		**12:30 p.m.**	**11:30 a.m.**
The Pilgrims.			
394.5	760	WJZ	
315.6	950	WRC	
1:45 p.m.		**12:45 p.m.**	**11:45 a.m.**
Dr. S. Parkes Cadman Cathedral Hour.			
379.5	790	KGO	
508.2	590	KHQ	
2 p.m.		**1 p.m.**	**12 n.**
Roxy Stroll.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	
234.2	1280	WEBC	
282.8	1060	WBAL	
293.9	1020	KYW	
302.8	990	WBZ	
302.8	990	WBZA	
305.9	980	KDKA	
3 p.m.		**2**	**1**
National Youth Conference.			
394.5	760	WJZ	
282.8	1060	WBAL	
270.1	1110	WOAI	
440.9	680	WPTF	
238	1260	WJAX	
Symphonic Hour.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)			
204	1470	WKBW	
215.7	1390	WHK	
223.7	1340	WSPD	
227.1	1320	WADC	
232.4	1290	WJAS	
238	1260	KOIL	
238	1260	WLBW	
241.8	1240	WGHP	
243.8	1230	WNAC	
256.3	1170	WCAU	
545.1	550	WEAN	
348.6	860	WABC	
5 p.m.		**4**	**3**
McKesson and Robbin's Program.			
Key Station—XEL—WABC (348.6-860)			
256.3	1170	WCAU	
243.8	1230	WNAC	
545.1	550	WEAN	
333.1	900	WFBL	
204	1470	WKBW	
227.1	1320	WADC	
232.4	1290	WJAS	
227.1	1320	WADC	
545.1	550	WKRC	
241.8	1240	WGHP	
447.5	670	WMAQ	
258.5	1160	WOWO	

Eastern 4 p.m.	Central 3	Mountain 2	Pacific
Meters	Kc.	Call	
234.2	1280	WDOD	
322.4	930	WHAS	
499.7	600	WREC	
215.7	1390	KLRA	
230.6	1300	KFH	
252.4	1190	KTSA	
370.2	810	WCCO	
267.7	1120	WISN	
239.9	1250	WISN	
5:30 p.m.	**4:30**	**3:30**	**2:30**
National Religious Service.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
394.5	760	WJZ	
282.8	1060	WBAL	
302.8	990	WBZ	
5:30 p.m.	**4:30**	**3:30**	**2:30**
Tea Time Tunes.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
454.3	660	WEAF	
248.8	1220	WCAE	
315.6	950	WRC	
205.4	1460	KSTP	
263	1140	KVOO	
6 p.m.	**5**	**4**	**3**
Echoes of the Orient.			
245.8	1220	WCAE	
299.8	1000	WHO	
315.6	950	WRC	
325.9	920	WWJ	
261.2	830	KOA	
6:30 p.m.	**5:30**	**4:30**	**3:30**
Whittall Anglo-Persians.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4	1460	KSTP	
222.1	1350	KWK	
234.2	1280	WEBC	
245.8	1220	WREN	
260.7	1150	WHAM	
265.3	1130	KSL	
282.8	1060	WBAL	
293.9	1020	KYW	
302.8	990	WBZ	
302.8	990	WBZA	
305.9	980	KDKA	
7 p.m.		**6**	**5**
Heroes of the World.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
454.3	660	WEAF	
336.9	890	WJAR	
516.9	580	WTAG	
319	940	WCSH	
535.4	560	WLIT	
315.6	950	WRC	
379.5	790	WGY	
545.1	550	WGR	
245.8	1220	WCAE	
280.2	1070	WTAM	
206.8	1450	WFIC	
252	1190	WOAI	
263	1140	KVOO	
299.8	1000	WHO	
315.6	950	WRC	
319	940	WCSH	
333.1	900	WKY	
336.9	890	WJAR	
365.6	820	WHAS	
374.8	800	WFAA	
8 p.m.		**7**	**6**
Enna Jettick Melodies.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	
221.2	1350	KWK	
234.2	1280	WEBC	
245.8	1220	WREN	
252	1190	WOAI	
260.7	1150	WHAM	
263	1140	KVOO	
270.1	1110	WRVA	
277.6	1080	WBT	
282.8	1060	WBAL	
288.3	1040	KTHS	
288.3	1020	WFAA	
293.9	1020	KYW	
302.8	990	WBZ	
8 p.m.		**7**	**6**
La Palina Hour.			
Key Station—2XE (58.5-970), WABC (348.6-860)			
223.7	1340	WSPD	
227.1	1320	WADC	
232.4	1290	WJAS	
238	1260	KOIL	
238	1260	WLBW	
241.8	1240	WGHP	
243.8	1230	WNAC	
256.3	1170	WCAU	
545.1	550	WEAN	
258.5	1160	WOWO	
8:15		**7:15**	**6:15**
Collier's Radio Hour.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
394.5	760	WJZ	
302.8	990	WBZA	
260.7	1150	WHAM	
305.9	980	KDKA	
399.8	750	WJR	
428.3	700	WLW	
293.9	1020	KYW	
222.1	1350	KWK	
8:30		**7:30**	**6:30**
Sonatron Program.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
204	1470	KGA	
215.7	1390	WHK	
223.7	1340	WSPD	
227.1	1320	WADC	
232.4	1290	WJAS	
232.6	1290	KDYL	
238	1260	KOIL	
238	1260	WLBW	
241.8	1240	WGHP	
243.8	1230	WNAC	
254.1	1180	KEX	

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
Sonatron Program (Cont.)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	
256.3	1170	WCAU	
258.5	1160	WEAN	
9 p.m.		**8**	**7**
Our Government.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
208.6	1450	WFJC	
245.6	1220	WCAE	
252	1190	WOAI	
263	1140	KVOO	
265.6	820	WHAS	
299.8	1000	WHO	
315.6	950	WRC	
319	940	WCSH	
333.1	900	WKY	
336.9	890	WJAR	
374.8	800	WFAA	
Majestic Theatre of the Air.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
201.2	1490	WLAC	
204	1470	KFJF	
204	1470	KGA	
215.7	1390	WHK	
215.7	1390	KLRA	
223.7	1340	WSPD	
227.1	1320	WADC	
230.6	1300	KFH	
232.4	1290	KDYL	
232.4	1290	KTSA	
232.4	1290	WJAS	
234.2	1280	WDOD	
236.1	1270	WDSU	
238	1260	KOIL	
238	1260	WLBW	
241.8	1240	WGHP	
243.8	1230	KYA	
243.8	1230	WFBM	
254.1	1180	KEX	
256.3	1170	WCAU	
258.8	1160	WOWO	
267.7	1120	WISN	
9:15		**8:15**	**7:15**
Atwater Kent Radio Hour.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
205.4	1460	KSTP	
245.6	1220	WCAE	
252	1190	WOAI	
265.3	1130	KSL	
280.2	1070	WTAM	
288.3	1040	WFAA	
299.8	1000	WHO	
315.6	950	WRC	
325.9	920	WWJ	
325.9	920	KOMO	
333.1	900	WKY	
361.2	830	KOA	
374.8	800	WSAI	
379.5	790	KGO	
379.5	790	WGY	
9:45 p.m.		**8:45**	**7:45**
The Fuller Man.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
222.1	1350	KWK	
245.8	1220	WREN	
260.7	1150	WHAM	
302.8	990	WBZ	
302.8	990	WBZA	
10		**9**	**8**
Arabesque.			
Key Station—2XE (58.5-970), WABC (348.6-860)			
204	1470	WKBW	
215.7	1390	WHK	
223.7	1340	WSPD	
227.1	1320	WADC	
232.4	1290	WJAS	
238	1260	KOIL	
238	1260	WLBW	
241.8	1240	WGHP	
243.8	1230	WNAC	
256.3	1170	WCAU	



WHEN the Enna Jettick Melodies go on the air over the NBC at 8 o'clock (EST) Sunday evening Betsy Ayres is one of the prominent personalities.



TWO End Men and the Interlocutor of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, heard on Tuesday nights at 9:30 (EST) from WJZ and the NBC system. At left we see Al Bernard, with Percy Holmes the other End Man, and Steve Porter, Interlocutor.

Eastern 10:15 p.m.	Central 9:15	Mountain 8:15	Pacific 7:15
debaker Champions.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
eters Kc.	Call	Meters Kc.	Call
35.4 1460	KSTP	416.4 720	WCN
34.2 1280	WEBC	440.9 680	KPO
45.6 1220	WCAE	454.3 660	WEAF
55.3 1130	KSL	468.5 640	WFI
50.2 1070	WTAM	483.6 620	WTMJ
99.8 1000	WOC	483.6 620	KGW
15.6 950	WRC	499.7 600	WTIC
99 940	WCSH	508.2 590	KHQ
25.9 920	KOMO	508.2 590	WOW
25.9 920	WWJ	516.9 580	WTAG
51.2 830	KOA	535.4 560	WEI
79.5 790	KGO	545.1 550	WGR
79.5 790	WGY		
10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15
estro's Hour.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
94.5 760	WJZ	315.6 950	WRC
50.7 1150	WHAM	221.1 1350	KWK
51.2 830	KOA		
urines Time.			
22.1 1350	KWK	302.8 990	WBZ
15.8 1220	WREN	302.8 990	WBZA
50.7 1150	WHAM	305.9 980	KDKA
42.8 1060	WBAL	394.5 760	WJZ
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
und The Samovar.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
94 1470	WKBW	267.7 1120	WISN
15.7 1390	WHK	315.6 950	KMBC
43.7 1340	WSPD	333.1 900	WFBL
12.4 1290	WJAS	348.6 860	WABC
38 1260	KOIL	370.2 810	WCCO
88 1260	WLBW	447.5 670	WMAQ
11.8 1240	WGHP	475.9 630	WMAL
13.8 1230	WNAC	499.7 600	WCAO
46.3 1100	WCAU	545.1 550	WEAN
75.1 1090	KMOX	545.1 500	WKRC
88.5 1160	WOWO		
1:00	10	9	8
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
94.5 760	WJZ	483.6 620	WTMJ
02.8 990	WBZ	205.4 1460	KSTP
02.8 990	WBZA	234.2 1280	WEBC
50.7 1150	WHAM	361.2 830	KOA
75.9 980	KDKA	265.3 1130	KSL
99.8 750	WJR	491.5 610	WDAF
83.9 1020	KYW	315.6 950	WRC
22.1 1350	KWK	447.5 670	WMAQ
15.8 1220	WREN	428.3 700	WLW
1:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
sian Cathedral Choir.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
48 1260	WJAX	361.2 830	KOA
99.8 1000	WOC	374.8 800	WBAP
15.6 950	WRC	454.3 660	WEAF
75.9 920	WWJ	508.2 590	WOW
31.1 900	WKY	535.4 560	WIOD

Monday

0 a.m.	9	8	7
Bailey Allen.			
5.7 1390	WHK	267.7 1120	WISN
43.7 1340	WSPD	275.1 1090	KMOX
22.1 1350	WADC	315.6 950	KMBC
12.4 1290	WJAS	333.1 900	WFBL
48 1260	WLBW	333.1 900	WMAK
38 1260	KOIL	348.6 860	WABC
11.8 1240	WGHP	370.2 810	WCCO
13.8 1230	WNAC	389.4 770	WBBM
46.3 1100	WCAU	447.5 670	WMAQ
88.5 1160	WEAN	499.7 600	WCAO
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
to Household Institute.			
5.4 1460	KSTP	454.3 660	WEAF
5.6 1220	WCAE	483.6 620	WTMJ
99.2 1070	WTAM	491.5 610	WDAF
3.9 1020	KFKX	499.7 600	WTIC
5.6 950	WRC	508.2 590	WEEI
7.9 940	WCSH	516.9 580	WTAG
5.9 920	WWJ	535.4 560	WLIT
5.9 920	WJAR	545.1 550	KSD
4.8 800	WSAI	545.1 550	WGR
9.8 790	WGY		
1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.
onal Farm and Home Hour.			
5.4 1460	KSTP	315.6 950	WRC
2.1 1350	KWK	325.9 920	KPRC
4.2 1280	WEBC	333.1 900	WKY
4.8 1260	WJAX	361.2 830	KOA
5.8 1220	WREN	365.6 820	WHAS
4.2 1190	WOAI	374.8 800	WFAA
9.7 1150	WHAM	384.4 780	WMC
3 1140	KVOO	394.5 760	WJZ
0.1 1110	WRVA	399.8 750	WJR
7.6 1080	WBT	428.3 700	WLW
2.8 1060	WBAL	440.9 680	WFIE
3.9 1020	KYW	461.3 650	WSM
9.8 1000	WHO	483.6 620	WTMJ
2.8 990	WBZ	491.5 610	WDAF
2.8 990	WBZA	508.2 590	WOW
5.9 980	KDKA	535.4 560	WIOD

Eastern 2 p.m.	Central 1 p.m.	Mountain 12	Pacific 11 a.m.
Patterns in Prints.			
Meters Kc.	Call	Meters Kc.	Call
215.7 1390	WHK	232.4 1290	WJAS
475.9 630	WMAL	256.3 1170	WCAU
204 1470	WKBW	267.7 1120	WISN
384.4 780	WEAN	333.1 900	WFBL
545.1 550	WKRC	243.8 1230	WFBM
238 1260	KOIL	389.4 770	WBBM
227.1 1320	WADC	394.5 760	KVI
223.7 1340	WSPD	535.4 560	KLZ
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
Roxy and His Gang.			
222.1 1350	KWK	309.1 970	WCFL
227.1 1320	WSMB	315.6 960	WRC
260.7 1150	WHAM	394.5 760	WJZ
263 1140	WAPI	399.8 750	WJR
282.8 1060	WBAL	405.2 740	WSB
302.8 990	WBZ	440.9 680	WPTF
302.9 990	WBZA	461.3 650	WSM
305.9 980	KDKA	535.4 560	WIOD
8:00 p.m.	7	6	5
The Voice of Firestone.			
205.4 1460	KSTP	333.1 900	WKY
206.8 1450	WFIC	336.9 890	WJAR
225.4 1330	WSAI	365.6 820	WHAS
227.1 1320	WSMB	379.5 790	WGY
234.2 1280	WEBC	384.4 780	WMC
238 1260	WJAX	405.2 740	WSB
245.6 1220	WCAE	454.3 660	WEAF
252 1190	WOAI	461.3 650	WSM
263 1140	KVOO	483.6 620	WTMJ
263 1140	WAPI	491.5 610	WDAF
270.1 1110	WRVA	499.7 600	WTIC
277.6 1080	WBT	508.2 590	WEEI
280.2 1070	WTAM	508.2 590	WOW
283.9 1020	KYW	508.2 590	WFAA
288.3 1040	KTHS	516.9 580	WTAG
299.8 1000	WOC	535.4 560	WLIT
315.6 950	WRC	535.4 560	WIOD
319 940	WCSH	545.1 550	KSD
325.9 920	KPRC	545.1 550	WGR
325.9 920	WWJ		
8:12 p.m.	7:12	6:12	5:12
U. S. Army Band.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
215.7 1390	WHK	384.4 780	WEAN
223.7 1340	WSPD	275.1 1090	KMOX
227.1 1320	WADC	315.6 950	KMBC
232.4 1290	WJAS	333.1 900	WFBL
238 1260	KOIL	333.1 900	WMAK
238 1260	WLBW	447.5 670	WMAQ
241.8 1240	WGHP	475.9 630	WMAL
243.8 1230	WGL	499.7 600	WCAO
243.8 1230	WNAC	545.1 550	WKRC
256.3 1170	WCAU		
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
White House Concert.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
222.1 1350	KWK	302.8 990	WBZ
238 1260	WJAX	302.8 990	WBZA
245.8 1220	WREN	305.9 980	KDKA
260.7 1150	WHAM	394.5 760	WJZ
270.1 1110	WRVA	399.8 750	WJR
277.6 1080	WBT	428.3 700	WLW
282.8 1060	WBAL	535.4 560	WIOD
293.9 1020	KYW		

Ceco Couriers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1 1090 KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6 950 KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1 900 WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1 900 WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2 810 WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	422.3 710 WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5 670 WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9 630 WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7 600 WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1 550 WKRC
258.5	1160	WEAN	

A and P Gypsies.

225.4	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOC
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	KSD
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	WGR
9:00 p.m.		8	7	6	
Edison Program.					
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
282.8	1060	WBAL	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 9 p.m.	Central 8	Mountain 7	Pacific 6
Physical Culture Magazine Hour.			
Meters Kc.	Call	Meters Kc.	Call
215.7 1390	WHK	268.5 1160	WEAN
223.7 1340	WSPD	275.1 1090	KMOX
226.1 1320	WADC	315.6 950	KMBC
232.4 1290	WJAS	333.1 900	WMAK
238 1260	KOIL	333.1 900	WFBL
238 1260	WLBW	422.3 710	WOR
241.8 1240	WGHP	447.5 670	WMAQ
243.8 1230	WNAC	475.9 630	WMAL
243.8 1230	WGL	499.7 600	WCAO
256.3 1170	WCAU	554.1 550	WKRC
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
General Motors Family			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
205.4 1460	KSTP	384.4 780	WMC
225.4 1330	WSAI	405.2 740	WSB
238 1260	WJAX	416.4 720	WGN
245.6 1220	WCAE	440.9 680	KPO
252 1190	WOAI	454.3 660	WEAF
265.3 1130	KSL	461.3 650	WSM
277.6 1080	WBT	468.5 640	KFI
280.2 1070	WTAM	483.6 620	WTMJ
288.3 1040	WFAA	483.6 620	WMAQ
315.6 950	WRC	491.5 610	WDAF
319 940	WCSH	499.7 600	WTIC
325.9 920	KOMO	508.2 590	KHQ
325.9 920	KPRC	508.2 590	WEEI
325.9 920	WWJ	508.2 590	WOC
331.1 900	WKY	508.2 590	WOW
336.9 890	WJAR	516.9 580	WTAG
361.2 830	KOA	535.4 560	WLIT
365.6 820	WHAS	545.1 550	KSD
379.5 790	WGY	545.1 550	WGR
379.5 790	KGO		
Chesebrough Real Folks.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
394.5 760	WJZ	222.1 1350	KWK
302.8 990	WBZ	293.9 1020	KYW
302.8 990	WBZA	245.8 1220	WREN
260.7 1150	WHAM	428.3 700	WLW
305.9 980	KDKA	399.8 750	WJR
Grand Opera Concert.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
208.2 1440	WHEC	267.7 1120	WISN
215.7 1390	WHK	275.1 1090	KMOX
227.1 1320	WADC	315.6 950	KMBC
232.4 1290	WJAS	333.1 900	WFBL
238 1260	KOIL	333.1 900	WMAK
238 1260	WLBW	384.4 780	WEAN
241.8 1240	WGHP	447.5 670	WMAQ
243.8 1230	WNAC	475.9 630	WMAL
243.8 1230	WGL	499.7 600	WCAO
256.3 1170	WCAU	545.1 550	WKRC
10 p.m.	9	8	7
Burns Panatela Country Club.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			WJXF (48.2-6220)
256.3 1170	WCAU	447.5 610	WMAQ
243.8 1230	WNAC	258.5 1160	WOWO
384.4 780	WEAN	275.1 1090	KMOX
333.1 900	WFBL	315.6 950	KMBC
333.1 900	WMAK	238 1260	KOIL
499.7 600	WCAO	223.7 1340	WSPD
232.4 1290	WJAS	215.7 1390	WHK
227.1 1320	WADC	238 1260	WLBW
545.1 550	WKRC	475.9 630	WMAL
241.8 1240	WGHP	243.8 1230	WFBM
10 p.m.	9	8	7
Cabin Nights.			
394.5 760	WJZ	222.1 1350	KWK
302.8 990	WBZ	245.8 1220	WREN
302.8 990	WBZA	260.7 1150	WHAM
399.8 750	WJR	305.9 980	KDKA
293.9 1020	KYW		WCKY
10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30
Empire Builders.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
394.5 760	WJZ	333.1 900	WKY
302.8 990	WBZ	374.8 800	WFAA
302.8 990	WBZA	249.9 1200	KPRC
260.7 1150	WHAM	252 1190	WOAI
305.9 980	KDKA	361.2 830	KOA
399.8 750	WJR	265.3 1130	KSL
508.2 590	WOW	440.9 680	KPO
293.9 1020	KYW	379.5 790	KGO
222.1 1350	KWK	468.5 640	KFI
245.8 1220	WREN	325.9 920	KOMO
483.6 620	WTMJ	508.2 590	KHQ
205.4 1460	KSTP	483.6 620	KGW
234.2 1280	WEBC	428.3 700	WLW



HERE are the Glenn Sisters, Beatrice, left, and Ruth. They are harmonizing crooners with Roxy and His Gang Mondays at 7 P. M. (EST) over NBC.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Night Club Romances.

Key Station—WOR (422.3m-710kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WEAN
204	1470	KFJF	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	288.3	1040	KRLD
227.1	1320	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WBRC
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KTSA	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WIAS	370.2	810	WCCO
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
11 p.m.		10	9		8

The Pepsodent Program.

384.5	780	WJZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	205.4	1460	KSTP
302.8	990	WBZA	234.2	1280	WEBC
260.7	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
305.9	980	KDKA	265.3	1130	KSL
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	447.5	670	WMAQ
245.8	1220	WREN	428.3	700	WLW
11:30 p.m.		10:30	9:30		8:30

Abe Lyman's Orchestra.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

475.9	630	WMAL	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	241.8	1240	WGHP
384.4	780	WEAN	243.8	1230	WFBM
545.1	550	WKRC	232.4	1290	KDYL
238	1260	KOIL	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ
499.7	600	WCAO			

Tuesday

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	384.4	780	WEAN
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WIAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
11 a.m.		10	9		8

Duco Decorators.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

454.3	660	WEAF	277.6	1080	WBT
282.8	1060	WTIC	238	1260	WJAX
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WIOD
516.9	580	WTAG	365.6	820	WHAS
319	940	WCSH	461.3	650	WSM
535.4	560	WLIT	384.4	780	WMC
315.6	950	WRC	405.2	740	WSB
379.5	790	WGY	263	1140	WAPI
545.1	550	WGR	227.1	1320	WSMB
241.8	1240	WGHP	263	1140	KPRC
280.2	1070	WTAM	333.1	900	WKY
545.1	550	KSD	325.9	920	KPRC
299.8	1000	WOAI	252	1190	WOAI
491.5	610	WDAF	288.3	1040	KTHS
205.4	1460	KSTP	225.4	1330	WSAI
234.2	1280	WEBC	293.9	1030	KFKX
270.1	1110	WRVA	325.9	920	WWJ
440.9	680	WPTF			
11:15 a.m.		10:15	9:15		8:15

Radio Household Institute.

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR



YOU don't even get a second guess on who this is. One tip is that he is heard on Thursday nights at 8 o'clock (EST) on the Fleischmann Sunshine Hour and his initials are R. V.



WHEN Hank Simmons' Showboat company celebrated its birthday they did it right. A huge cake was presented to the members of the mythical floating playhouse by enthusiastic fans who enjoy the program each Wednesday over the Columbia system.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
1 p.m.	12 noon	11 a.m.	10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

2 p.m.	1 p.m.	12	11 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	232.4	1290	WIAS
475.9	630	WMAL	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
384.4	780	WEAN	333.1	900	WFBL
545.1	550	WKRC	243.8	1230	WFBM
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
227.1	1320	WADC	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ

5:30 p.m.	4:30	3:30	2:30

"Around the World With Libby."

222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	680	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
303.8	990	WOAZ	468.5	640	WFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
361.2	830	KOA			

7:00 p.m.	6	5	4

"Roads of the Sky."

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WTPF
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	WSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	516.9	580	WTAG
282.8	1060	WTIC	535.4	560	WIOD
299.8	1000	WHO	535.4	560	WFI
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA			

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30

Seconyland Sketches.

282.8	1060	WTIC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

8:00 p.m.	7	6	5

Pure Oil Band.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
238	1260	WJAX	394.5	760	WJZ
245.8	1220	WREN	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	428.3	700	WLW
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW			

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Pro-phy-lac-tic Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WFI
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	KSD
375.9	790	WGY	545.1	550	KSD

8	7	6	5

Michelin Men.

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
283.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 p.m.	8	7	6

Eveready Hour.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	KFJF	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KSA	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.7	1390	KLRA	309.1	970	KJR
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDRJ
230.6	1300	KFH	322.4	930	WBRC
232.4	1290	KTSA	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WIAS	370.2	810	WCCO
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	KMTR
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	KYA	535.4	560	KLZ
254.1	1180	KEX	384.4	780	WEAN

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30

Dutch Masters Minstrel.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ

10 p.m.	9	8	7

Clicquot Club Eskimos.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	WSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	WWJ	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
333.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WSAI			

Williams Oilomatics.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA			

Fada Salon Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	KFJF	384.4	780	WEAN
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	288.3	1040	KRLD
232.4	1290	KTSA	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WIAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Freed Orchestradians.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.1	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	379.5	790	KGO
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			



HERE'S a brand new photo of that much traveled pair, Mary and Bob, familiar to millions on the True Story Hour. It comes to you over the CBS at 9 o'clock (EST) Friday evenings.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Story in a Song.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	384.4	780	WEAN
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WCAE	225.4	1330	WSAI
270.1	1110	WRVA	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	WWJ	205.4	1460	KSTP
325.9	920	KOMO	234.2	1280	WEBC
333.1	900	WKY	277.6	1080	WBT
379.5	790	WGY	238	1260	WJAX
379.5	790	KGO	535.4	560	WIOD
384.4	780	WMC	365.6	820	WHAS
454.3	660	WEAF	405.2	740	WSB
461.3	650	WSM	263	1140	WAPI
508.2	590	WOW	227.1	1320	WSMB
508.2	590	WOW	263	1140	KVOO
535.4	560	WFI	325.9	920	KPRC
545.1	550	WGR	252	1190	WOAI
545.1	550	KSD	288.3	1040	KTHS
508.2	590	WEEI	361.2	830	KOA
536.9	890	WJAR	265.3	1130	WSL
516.9	580	WTAG	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	468.5	640	KFI

11 p.m.	10	9	8

Jesse Crawford.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	389.4	770	WBBM
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WEAN			

11 p.m.	10	9	8

Longines Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR

Wednesday

10:15 a.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15 a. m.	9:15	8:15	7:15

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WOWO
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
239.9	1250	WRHM	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
245.6	1220	WCAD	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

394.5	760	WJZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	260.7	1150	WHAM
302.8	990	WBZA	305.9	980	KDKA
384.4	780	WMC	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	222.1	1350	KWK
461.3	650	WSM	245.8	1220	WREN
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
405.2	740	WSB	293	1020	KFKX
263	1140	WAPI			

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	WGR

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30

Columbia Noon Day Club.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	315.6	950	KMBC
243.8	1230	WFBM	227.1	1320	WADC
256.3	1170	WCAU	223.7	1340	KFFY
333.1	900	WFBL	370.2	810	WCCO
333.1	900	WMAK	535.4	560	KLZ

1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WIAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
2 p.m.	1	12 n.	11 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	258.4	1170	WOAU
475.9	630	WMAL	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1420	WKBW	232.4	1290	WJAS
384.4	780	WEAN	333.1	900	WFBL
545.1	550	WKRC	333.1	1230	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
227.1	1320	WADC	394.5	760	KLZ
223.7	1340	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ

7 p.m.	6	5	4

Twilight Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

394.5	760	WJZ	205.4	1460	KSTP
302.8	990	WBZ	234.2	1280	WEBC
302.8	990	WBZA	344.6	870	WLS
305.9	980	KDKA	399.8	750	WJR
222.1	1350	KWK	483.6	620	WTMJ

8 p.m.	7	6	5

The Yeast Foamers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
309.1	970	WCFL	535.4	560	WLIT
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			

Voice of Columbia.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	273.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Happy Wonder Bakers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	344.6	870	WLS
206.8	1450	WFIC	374.8	800	WFAA
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	KVOO	483.6	620	WTMJ
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR			

Sylvania Foresters.

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

Ipana Troubadours.

245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

MacFadden Red Seal Hour.

256.3	1170	WCAU	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.8	1230	WNAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
384.4	780	WEAN	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	238	1260	KOIL
227.1	1320	WADC	223.7	1340	WSPD
545.1	550	WKRC	215.7	1390	WHK
241.8	1240	WGHP	238	1260	WLBW
447.5	610	WMAQ	475.9	630	WMAL

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	GGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
238	1260	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	WSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KON
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Forty Fathom Travelers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

394.5	760	WJZ	245.8	1220	WREN
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	222.1	1350	KWK
260.7	1150	WHAM	526	570	WHO
305.9	980	KDKA	202.1	1480	WCKY

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	331.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WEAN	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

Eastern 10 p.m.	Central 9	Mountain 8	Pacific 7

Kolster Radio Hour.
Key Station—WOR (422.3m-710kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204.7	1470	KGA	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
233.7	1340	WSPD	309.1	970	KJR
235.1	1320	WJAX	315.6	950	KMBC
252.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WFBL
252.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
254	1280	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	KYA	475	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
254	1180	KEX	526	570	KMTR
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WEAN	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

National Grand Opera.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	WJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY			

Stromberg-Carlson.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	440.9	680	KPO
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	468.5	640	KFI
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC			

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

In a Russian Village.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

348.6	860	WABC	201.2	1490	WLAC
49.2	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	545.1	550	WKRC
447.5	670	WMAQ	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	256.3	1170	WCAU
499.7	600	WCAO	526	570	KMTR
243.8	1230	WNAC	322.4	930	WDBJ
384.4	780	WEAN	499.7	600	WREC
223.7	1340	WSPD	238	1260	KOIL
238	1260	WLBW	215.7	1340	KFPY
243.8	1230	WFBM	394.5	760	KVI
333.1	900	WFBL	275.1	1090	KMOX
370.2	810	WCCO	232.6	1290	KDYL
234.2	1280	WDOD			

11 p.m.	10	9	8

Hank Simmons Show Boat.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.7	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
243.8	1230	WFBM	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ

11 p.m.	10	9	8

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

394.5	760	WJZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WSB	205.4	1460	KSTP
302.8	990	WBZA	234.2	1280	WEBC
260.7	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
305.9	980	KDKA	265.3	1130	KSL
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	447.5	670	WMAQ
245.8	1220	WREN	428.3	700	WLW

Thursday

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WOWO
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
239.9	1250	WRHM	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
245.6	1220	WCAD			

10:30 a.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Morning Merrymakers.

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	KLRA	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KTSA	333.1	900	WMAK
234.2	1280	WDOD	348.6	860	WABC
236.1	1270	KTHS	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
245.6	1220	WCAG	499.7	600	WREC
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN	384.4	780	WEAN

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	KNX
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WCAO	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
309.1	970	WCFL	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
345.6	870	WHAS			



HERE are the National Cavaliers, with the Cities Service orchestra which goes on the air Friday nights at 8 o'clock (EST) from WEAF and the NBC.

Eastern 11:30 a.m.	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
348.6	860	WABC	258.5	1160	KOIL
49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL
256.3	1170	WCAU	215.7	1390	WHK
243.8	1230	WNAC	238	1260	WLBW
384.4	780	WEAN	475.9	630	WMAL
333.1	900	WFBL	267.7	1120	WISN
499.7	900	WCAO	223.7	1340	WSPD
232.4	1290	WJAS	468.5	640	WA1U
227.1	1320	WADC	204	1470	WKBW
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
389.4	770	WBBM			

2:00 p.m.	1	12 n.	11 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.

215.7	1390	WHK	256.3	1170	WCAU
475.9	630	WMAL	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	232.4	1290	WJAS
384.4	780	WEAN	333.1	900	WFBL
545.1	550	WKRC	243.8	1230	WFBM
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
227.1	1320	WADC	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ

1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30

Coward Comfort Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

241.8	1240	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
336.9	890	WJAR	508.2	590	WEEI
454.3	660	WEAF	516.9	580	WTAG

8 p.m.	7	6	5

Fleischmann Sunshine Hour.

454.3	660	WEAF	365.6	820	WHAS
508.2	590	WEEI	384.4	780	WMC
516.9	580	WTAG	405.2	740	WSB
336.9	890	WJAR	227.1	1320	WSMB
319	940	WCSH	333.1	900	WKY
535.4	560	WRC	225.4	1330	WSAI
315.6	950	WRC	325.9	920	KPRC
379.5	790	WGY	361.2	830	KOA
545.1	550	WGR	234.2	1280	WEBC
245.8	1220	WCAE	270.1	1110	WRVA
545.1	550	KSD	265.3	1130	KSL
206.8	1450	WFIC	252	1190	WOAI
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
508.2	590	WOW	379.5	790	KGO
491.5	610	WDAF	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	WWJ	325.9	920	KOMO
483.6	620	WTMJ	508.2	590	KHQ
440.9	680	WPTF	309.1	970	WCFL
277.6	1080	WBT	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	440.9	680	KPO
535.4	560	WIOD	288.3	1040	KTHS

8 p.m.	7	6	5

Lehn & Fink Serenade.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	WWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
249.9	1200	KPRC	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Champion Sparkers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

394.5	760	WJZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	344.6	870	WLS
302.8	990	WBZA	222.1	1350	KWK
260.7	1150	WHAM	245.8	1220	WREN
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
305.9	980	KDKA	389.4	770	KFAB

Eastern 9 p.m.	Central 8	Mountain 7	Pacific 6

True Detective Mysteries.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	KBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

Seiberling Singers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	454.3	660	WEAF
225.4	1330	WSAI	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	KHQ
379.5	790	KGO			

Veedol Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	309.1	970	WCFL
227.1	1320	WSMB	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WBT
270.1	1110	WRVA	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA			

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30

Maxwell House Coffee.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD

Gold Seal Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10 p.m.	9	8	7

Halsey-Stuart.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.2	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.5	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA			

10 p.m.	9 p.m.	8 p.m.	7 p.m.

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

394.5	760	WJZ	222.1	1350	KWK
302.8	990	WBZ	245.8	1220	WREN
302.8	990	WBZA	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
260.7	1150	WHAM	202.1	1480	WCKY
399.8	750	WJR			

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30
Victor Program.			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	346.9	890	WJAR
238.3	1450	WTIC	361.2	830	KOA
252.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
257.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
263.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
268	1260	WTAX	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	416.4	720	WPTF
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
256.3	1170	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
288.3	1040	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

11 p. m.	10	9	8
Nat'l Broadcasting and Concert Bureau Program.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
266.8	1450	WTIC	535.4	560	WFI
245.1	1220	WCAE	535.4	560	WIOD
270.1	1110	WRVA	545.1	550	KSD
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
329.5	910	WGY	384.4	780	WMC
454.3	660	WEAF			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

394.5	760	WJZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
322.8	930	WBZ	405.2	740	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZA	234.2	1280	WEBC
260.7	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
305.9	980	KDKA	265.3	1130	KSL
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	315.6	950	WRC
322.1	1350	KWK	447.5	670	WMAQ
245.8	1220	WREN	428.3	700	WLW

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
Longines Time.			
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR

Friday

10 a.m.	9	8	7
Ida Bailey Allen.			
Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)			
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
245.8	1220	WCAO	491.5	610	WFAN
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
National Home Hour.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	299.6	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
385.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

11 a.m.	10	9	8
NBC Music Appreciation Hour			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			WEAF (454.3-660)
394.5	760	WJZ	266.8	1450	WTIC
454.3	650	WEAF	265.3	1130	KSL
302.8	990	WBZA	384.4	780	WMC
302.8	990	WBZ	545.1	550	KSD
299.8	1060	WBAL	299.8	1000	WHO
260.7	1150	WHAM	508.2	590	WOW
315.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
399.8	750	WJR	461.3	650	WSM
428.3	700	WLW	384.4	780	WSAI
293.9	1020	KYW	277.6	1080	WBT
322.1	1350	KWK	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	252	1190	WOAI
389.4	770	KFAB	270.1	1110	WRVA



A HANDSOME gentleman as well as an accomplished singer is Franklyn Baur, heard at 8 P. M. (EST) Mondays in the Firestone Hour over NBC.



REVELERS Revel over the National Broadcasting company chain Wednesday evenings when the Palmolive Hour comes through WEAF.

Eastern 11 a.m.	Central 10	Mountain 9	Pacific 8
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
535.4	560	WIOD	245.6	1220	WCAE
227.1	1320	WSMB	280.2	1070	WTAM
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	WWJ
440.9	680	WPTF	416.4	720	WGN
288.3	1040	KTHS	205.4	1460	KSTP
508.2	590	WEEI	483.6	620	WTMJ
336.9	890	WJAR	361.2	830	KOA
516.9	580	WTAG	365.6	820	WHAS
319	940	WCSH	405.2	740	WSB
535.4	560	WLIT	263	1140	KVOO
315.6	950	WRC	325.9	920	KPRC
379.5	790	WGY	238	1260	WTAX
545.1	550	WGR	234.2	1280	WEBC

12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.	9 a.m.
Evening Stars.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WBAP
263	1140	WAPI	379.5	790	WGY
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.
National Farm and Home Hour.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW

2 p. m.	1 p. m.	12	11 a. m.
Patterns in Prints.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
215.7	1390	WHK	256.3	1170	WCAU
475.9	630	WMAL	267.7	1120	WISN
294	1470	WKBW	232.4	1290	WJAS
384.4	780	WSAI	333.1	900	WFBL
545.1	550	WKRC	243.8	1230	WFBM
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ

5 p.m.	4	3	2
Cities Service Concert Orchestra.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
454.3	660	WEAF	545.1	550	KSD
508.2	590	WEEI	508.2	590	WOW
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
535.4	560	WLIT	205.4	1460	KSTP
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
545.1	550	WGR	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	WWJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	299.8	1000	WHO
293.9	1020	KYW	361.2	830	KOA
379.5	790	KGO	374.8	800	WFAA
483.6	620	KGW	225.4	1330	WSAI
508.2	590	KHQ	336.9	890	WJAR
325.9	920	KOMO			

6:30 p.m.	5:30	4:30	3:30
Raybestos Twins.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
245.1	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
280.3	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
379.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
Dixies Circus.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
293.8	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	405.2	740	WSB
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
305.9	980	KDKA	461.3	650	WSM
365.6	820	WHAS			

8 p.m.	7	6	5
Triadors.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
394.5	760	WJZ	260.7	1150	WHAM
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
305.9	980	KDKA	309.1	970	WCFL
245.8	1220	WREN	222.1	1350	KWK

Eastern 9 p.m.	Central 8	Mountain 7	Pacific 6
Interwoven Pair.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8		WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	379.5	790	KGO
263	1140	WAPI	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

8:30	7:30	6:30
True Story Hour.		
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)		
208.2	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.5	950	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
236	1270	KOIL	370.2	810	WKCO
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WEAN			

9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
Philco's Theater Memories.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZA
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ			

Schradertown Band.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
245.1	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	565.4	560	WLIT
344.6	870	WSB	545.1	550	KSD
279.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

10 p.m.	9	8	7
Philco Theatre Memories.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZA
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ			

10 p.m.	9	8	7
Armstrong Quakers.			
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW

Bremer-Tully Time.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.7	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WEAN	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
Longines Correct Time.			
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA			

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
Armour Program.			
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KPRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
238	1260	WJAX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	KGO
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	428.3	700	WLW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	KPO
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			



A LEAD in the Columbia System Show Folks program is played by Billie Dauscha. A sweet and wistful little lady is Billie, and a sweet actress.

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30

Grand Opera Concert.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
348.6	860	WABC	201.2	1490	WLAC
49.2	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	545.1	550	WKRC
447.5	670	WMAQ	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	256.3	1170	WCAU
499.7	600	WCAO	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	322.4	930	WDBJ
258.5	1160	WEAN	499.7	600	WREC
223.7	1340	WSPD	238	1260	KOIL
238	1260	WLBW	215.7	1340	KFPY
241.8	1240	WGHP	394.5	760	KVI
333.1	900	WFBL	535.4	560	KLZ
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
370.2	810	WCCO	232.6	1290	KDYL
234.2	1280	WDOD			

11 p. m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

St. Regis Hotel Orchestra.

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

394.5	760	WIZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	205.4	1460	KSTP
302.8	990	WBZA	234.2	1280	WEBC
260.7	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
305.9	980	KDKA	265.3	1130	KSL
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	447.5	670	WMAQ
245.8	1220	WREN	428.3	700	WLW

11:15 p.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Slumber Music.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA			

Saturday

6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

Tower Health Exercises.

245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15

Federation Morning Devotions.

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.8	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
379.5	790	WGY	319	940	WCSH
454.3	660	WEAF	325.9	920	WWJ
508.2	590	WEEI	299.8	1000	WOC
545.1	550	WGR	508.2	590	WOW
202.1	1480	WCKY	491.5	610	WDAF

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio (Cont.)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
483.6	620	WTMJ	263	1140	WAPI
205.4	1460	KSTP	263	1140	KYOO
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
440.9	680	WITE	526	570	WIBO
238	1260	WJAX			

9:15	8:15	7:15	6:15

Parnassus String Trio.

454.3	660	WJZ	399.8	750	WJR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

The Blue Birds.

394.5	760	WJZ	245.8	1220	WREN
222.1	1350	KWK			

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WBAP			

1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WSAI
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WMAQ
293.9	1020	KFKX	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	499.7	600	WREC

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30

Nit-Wit Hour
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	234.2	1280	WDOD
215.7	1390	WHK	201.2	1490	WLAC
232.4	1290	WJAS	535.4	560	KLZ
238	1260	KOIL	258.5	1160	WOWO
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	322.4	930	WDBJ
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	215.7	1340	KFPY
499.7	600	WCAO	394.5	760	KVI
545.1	550	WKRC			

8 p.m.	7	6	5

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	204	1470	WKBW
232.4	1290	WJAS	526	570	WWNC
499.7	600	WCAO	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	238	1260	KOIL
243.8	1230	WFBM	215.7	1340	KFPY
241.8	1240	WGHP	394.5	760	KVI
333.1	900	WFBL	535.4	560	KLZ
234.2	1280	WDOD	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	491.5	610	KFRC
267.7	1120	WISN	491.5	610	WFAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	468.5	640	WAIU
545.1	550	WKRC			

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Lauderland Lyrics.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

508.2	590	WEEI	270.1	1110	WRVA
336.9	890	WJAR	238	1260	WJAX
535.4	560	WFI	384.4	780	WMC
379.5	790	WGY	227.1	1320	WSMB
245.8	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WBAP
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	225.4	1330	WSAI
365.6	820	WHAS	344.6	870	WLS
461.3	650	WSM	545.1	550	KSD
263	1140	WAPI	299.8	1000	WHO
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
252	1190	WOAI	491.5	610	WDAF
516.9	580	WTAG	277.6	1080	WBT
319	940	WCSH	234.2	1280	WEBC
315.6	950	WRC	405.2	740	WSB
545.1	550	WGR	333.1	900	WKY
325.9	920	WWJ	325.9	920	KPRC
483.6	620	WTMJ	265.3	1130	KSL

9 p.m.	8	7	6

General Electric Hour.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	468.5	640	KFI
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9 p.m.	8	7	6

Longines Correct Time.

379.5	790	KGO	483.6	620	KGW
508.2	590	KHQ	440.9	680	KPO
325.9	920	KOMO			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30

The Gulbransen Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860m)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
545.1	550	WKRC	333.1	900	WMAK

10 p.m.	9	8	7

Lucky Strike.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFIC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
238	1260	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	WSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	KGW
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	201.2	1490	WLAC
384.4	780	WEAN	234.2	1280	WDOD
333.1	900	WFBL	322.4	930	WBRC
204	1470	WKBW	499.7	600	WREC
499.7	600	WCAO	215.7	1390	KLRA
232.4	1290	WJAS	204	1470	KFIF
227.1	1320	WADC	288.3	1040	KRLD
545.1	550	WKRC	230.6	1300	KFJF
241.8	1240	WGHP	232.4	1290	KTSA
447.5	670	WMAQ	370.2	810	WCCO
258.5	1160	WOWO	267.7	1120	WISN
315.6	950	KMBC	236.1	1270	WDSU
238	1260	KOIL	535.4	560	KLZ
223.7	1340	WSPD	232.6	1290	KDYL
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	KHJ
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	KFRC
475.9	630	WMAL	319	940	KOIN
243.8	1230	WFBM	394.5	760	KVI
208.2	1440	WHEC	223.7	1340	KFIY
312.3	960	CFRB	228.9	1310	KFHK
322.4	930	WDBJ	249.9	1200	KMJ
384.4	780	WTAR	275.1	1090	KMOX

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

394.5	760	WIZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	205.4	1460	KSTP
302.8	990	WBZA	234.2	1280	WEBC
260.7	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
305.9	980	KDKA	265.3	1130	KSL
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	447.5	670	WMAQ
245.8	1220	WREN	428.3	700	WLW

Slumber Music.			
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
315.6	950	WRC			

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30

Charles Strickland Park Central Hotel Orchestra.

245.6	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WTFF
299.8	1000	WHO	454.3	600	WEAF
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD



A RARE treat for the loudspeakers when Vaughn de Leath steps up to the microphone in the NBC studios as the Concert Bureau hour goes on.

Who's Who In Broadcasting

ABRIEL, Charles H., Jr., Program Director, NBC Pacific Division. Gabriel, who has been at the San Francisco studios two years, can be characterized as a Radio pioneer. He was the first director of Station WGN, Chicago, and afterward headed the staff of a station in Oakland, Calif. Gabriel has composed some 800 songs, many of which have been published. Not content, he devotes much time to plays and has had one, "My Love," produced in London. "Tuneful programs are the most popular," Gabriel has decided. His motto is "Something better in every program." The Program Director is married to Ethel Wakefield, NBC soprano, heard at the Musical Festival in Chicago this summer.

ge Brewer's Hawaiians, KFH.

ge, Frank, Announcer, Assistant Program Director, Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.

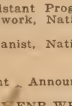
insburg, Lolita Cabrera, Pianist, National Broadcasting Company.

le, P. I. Director, KFOA.

lagher, Harold, Midnight Announcer, WTAM.

lagher, Madeline, Soprano, WENR-WBCN.

llicchio, Joseph—Director of The Chicago Daily News concert and dance orchestras over WMAQ and a talented violin soloist of wide repute. Mr. Gallicchio's musical genius is largely responsible for the popularity of WMAQ's programs which contain musical interludes for orchestra and musical backgrounds for word pictures painted before the microphone. His versatile musicians offer much beside orchestrations. Many are soloists and in addition the orchestra includes instrumental duos, trios and quartets.



mble, Mrs. L. L., Dramatic Soprano, WLAC.

mbrill, Eleanor Gibson, Secretary, WBAL.

mmons, E. H., Business Manager, WCCO.

nley, Gertrude O'Neill, Impersonator, WCCO.

nt, Mr. and Mrs. A. M., Basso and Contralto, WLAC.

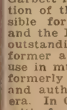
rbett, Arthur S., Educational Director of the NBC Pacific Division at San Francisco. Garbett has been with NBC since inauguration of the Pacific Network and is responsible for the Standard School Broadcast and the R. C. A. University of the Air, two outstanding Pacific Coast programs, the former already adopted by the schools for use in music appreciation courses. Garbett formerly was associate editor of The Etude and author of a book on the Story of the Opera. In California he was music and Radio critic for a San Francisco newspaper before taking over the Radio educational program.

rdiner, Jean, Blues Singer, KOIN.

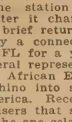
rdiner, Carroll, Staff Announcer, marimba soloist, vocal soloist, pianist and percussionist, WAPI.

rdiner, Ouita Johnston, Soprano, KVOO.

retson, Ben, Commercial Manager of KYW. KFKX came to Radio from the theatre and by way of the first national Radio show. As assistant general manager of that exposition he came in contact with the owners of WJAZ then broadcasting at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. As director-announcer, he remained in charge of the station for some time after it changed its call letters to WEN. A brief return to the theatre was followed by a connection with WLS. Director of WCFL for a year, after which he became general representative for the Martin Johnson African Expedition, chasing lions and rhinos into some of the best theatres in America. Recently engaged to convince advertisers that some other period is better than the one selected by the agency. Freckled as Bob Fitzimmons—and only one store tooth.



rland, Charlie, Originator of the popular Nutty Club given every Sunday night over the WBBM Air Theatre. Charlie has been with WBBM so long, no one can remember when he first appeared on a program. Every now and then he leaves for a short time, but the lure of the microphone pulls him back again. He gives a special program each week with Charlie Schultz and the program is called the two Charlies. As Mr. Garland is almost six feet tall and weighs no mean pound, and Mr. Schultz is called the 80 pound tenor, the combination should be seen as well as heard. Both are waiting for television to be perfected and then, they expect to give their listeners a treat.



rland, Mrs. E. V., Pianist, KVOO.

Garrett, Zola, Contralto, KVOO.

Garvey, Helen Irene, Reader, KSTP.

Garvin, Clinton, Saxophonist, WLAC.

Gates, Mrs. Ralph, Soprano, WLAC.

Gatling, Grace, Pianist, WTAR.

Gatwood, E. J., Baritone, Pianist, 'Cellist and Director of Music, George Peabody College for Teachers. Mr. Gatwood is also a member of the Exchange Club Quartet of Nashville, WLAC.

Gauss, Wallace, Tenor, WFLA.

Gay, Edna May, Mezzo-Soprano, WLAC.

Gaylord, Chester, Announcer of WTAG, is an accomplished musician and so can "pinch hit" when artists fail him. His saxophone selections are well known along the eastern coast. When he was leading in the Gold Cup contest in 1926, three newspapers, one mayor, a postmaster and several other civic leaders were campaigning for his victory. The only reason he lost was because there were more people in Iowa. If you like to hear Mr. Gaylord over the Radio, you can get records which he has made.



Gaylord, Stephen, Baritone, Chief Announcer, KGW.

Gebelein, Conrad, Conductor of Mandolin Orchestra, WBAL.

Gebhart, D. R., Basso and Director Peabody Ensemble Singers, WLAC.

Gebhart, Mrs. D. R., Pianist, WLAC.

Geer, Eleanor, Pianist, WMAC.

Gegna, Misha, 'Cellist, KNX.

Geise, Happy Harry, Chief Announcer, Manager Continuity Department, Entertainer, Pianist, Composer. He has composed twenty-three song hits. Here is his brief history: 1921-22 with KYW; 1922, toured, WEAF, WJZ, WDAR, KDKA; 1923, WQJ; 1924, WIBO; 1924 toured, KNX, KFWB, KHJ, KFI; 1925, KFQZ; 1925, WWAE, WQJ; 1927. Now at KSTP.



Gene Fogarty and His Orchestra. Formerly with Ace Brigode and Johnny Hamp, WADC.

Gentry Male Quartet, WLAC.

Gerhard, Romona and Geraldine, Violin and Piano, WCCO.

Gettelson, Mae-Belle, Soprano. Guest artist on the Musical Comedy Memories feature of the WBBM Air theatre.

Ghio, Mary Louise, Assistant Program Director, KWK.

Gibson Gondoliers, Horace Brosius, Mandolinist; J. Leslie Hall, guitarist; Guy Richmond, Mandolinist, KFH.

Giddings, Natalie, Director of Publicity for WLW and WSAI.

Gihon, John, Continuity genius of The Chicago Daily News station. From Mr. Gihon's prolific brewery come many of the commercial broadcasts of WMAQ.

Gilchrest, Charles J., Secretary of The Chicago Daily News DX club composed of Radio fans who search the ether for far away adn little known Radio stations. His activities in this field inspired many DX hounds to enthusiatsic work the result of which is a long record of foreign stations in all parts of the world hooked and verified by DXers. Mr. Gilchrest also broadcasts WMAQ listeners the news bulletins from The Chicago Daily News and has the honor of being the first to broadcast from inside The Daily News building at 400 W. Madison street. He staged the news flashes from an improvised studio in the office of Chief Engineer Walter Lindsay for many weeks before the studios themselves were ready for occupancy.

Gilbert, Marian, NBC contralto at the San Francisco studios. Miss Gilbert also is known to the Radio world as Jermie Alstock, formerly director of programs at KGW, the NBC affiliated station in Portland, Ore. The artist has been singing since childhood. Her musical education was completed in New York City, where she studied with Ramono Peraldi and Jean Testoff. She sang in Shubert shows and concerts while in the East, returning to KGW to carry on program work until she came to San Francisco in May. Marian is heard as the feminine "Voice of Firestone," a Monday night program released by all NBC Pacific Coast stations, and on other programs. Miss Gilbert was graduated from the University of Oregon and made her first appearance before the microphone in 1924 singing with Lucile Kirtley, now a starred NBC soprano in the San Francisco studio.

Giles, Erva, Soprano, NBC.

Gilkinson, Bryan A., Manager, KEX.

Gill, Ernest, Violinist, KOMO.

Gillespie, Courtney Waggoner, Pianist, WSM.

Gillett, Roy, Piano, arranger and copyist, KSTP.

Gillette, Micky, KFRC. Saxophone soloist and member of KFRC Dance band. Leader of "Romancers," novelty Victor Recording band. Three years with KFRC. Teaches saxophone. A "red-headed" native Californian.

Gillispie, William, "Feature Director," The Highest Unpaid Director in America, KFJF.

Gilman, Don E., Vice President of NBC in charge of the Pacific Division. Formerly a president of the Pacific Coast Advertising Clubs, and a nationally known advertising executive. With his keen perceptibility and wide knowledge of Radio and advertising, Gilman directs the destinies of the largest network on the Pacific Coast. In a crisp, convincing fashion he issues ideas, ideals, facts, figures, hopes and conclusions. Aware that Radio still is in its infancy, Don Gilman experiments and profits by the results. He believes firmly that Radio programs should reflect the lives or dreams of the great army of listeners and seeks constantly for new departures to keep the infant industry growing. Gilman was born in Indianapolis. His father was a newspaper man and Don followed in his footprints. His first real job was with the Indianapolis Sentinel. When he was 21, Gilman came West, living first at Seattle and afterward in Sacramento, Calif. He left newspaper work for advertising and came to San Francisco. September, 1927, found him in his present position as head of the NBC Pacific Division.

Gilmore, Iris Ruth, Dramatic Director, KOA.

Gilmore, Mary, Pianist, WFLA.

Ginsburg, Henry Emanuel, Director of KOA Orchestra and Denver Concert Orchestra.

Ginsburg, Ralph, Concert Violinist, Musical Director, and Leader of the WJJD Studio Orchestra.

Gisburne, Edward, Announcer, WEEI.

Giskin, Ossip, 'Cellist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.

Givens, Tom, Banjoist, WLAC.

Glantz, Harry, Trumpeter, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.

Glanville, Roberta, Soprano, Former Member of the Metropolitan, WBAL.

Glascock, Mrs. A. D., Organist, WSUN.

Glass, Margaret, Organist, KTHS.

Gleason, Philip, Reeds, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.

Gleeman, Harry Evans, Conductor, KVOO.

Glenn, Ivo B., Tenor, WSM.

Glenn, Wilfred, Bass, NBC.

Glorch, George, Announcer, WMBB-WOK.

Glover, Al, Banjo, WMAK.

Glover, Jay, Chicago, Corresponding Secretary, WJJD.

Gardner, Ouita Johnston, Soprano, KVOO.

Godfrey, George Hubert, KOMO. Announcer and production manager; director of Totem Thespians; left the footlights to join KOMO; born in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Godsey, Lillian B., Soprano, WSUN.

Golden Echo Quartet, WSM.

Golden, Marie, Pianist, KNX.

Goldenberg, H. E., Announcer, WHB.

Goldkette, Jean, Orchestra Conductor. Owns eleven pianos, but keeps them in various parts of the country where he may need them at different times. Goldkette's unusual name is explained by the fact that he was born in France, son of a Russian father and a French mother. As a boy he was proclaimed a prodigy. When he came to Detroit he knew nothing of jazz until he joined a small orchestra. Soon his interpretations spread all over the country. He plays over the Chicago from Chicago.

Goldman, Edwin Franko, Band, NBC.

Goldschein, Mrs. H. H., Soprano, WSM.

Goldsmith, Amy, Soprano, NBC.

Goldsmith, Lee, General Manager, WCKY.

Gollub, Marie, Violinist, KWK.

Goodheart, Myrtle, Soprano, WBAP.

Goodman, Lawrence, Pianist, WSM.

Goodnow, Arthur, Control Operator, WJJD.

Goodrich, Bill, Pianist, KOIL.

Goodrich, Dorothy, Violinist, WLAC.

Goodwin, Phillip, Organist, KSTP.

Goodwin, Jerry, Pianist, WMAK.

Gordon, Lou, the Lyric Tenor of KTAB, is one of the Pickwick organization's standbys. Lou came to KTAB from the Los Angeles Pickwick station KTM, and since his arrival at KTAB has equaled his southern successes. He specializes in the better type ballads and operatic arias.

Gordon Mary, Air News, Household Hints, Fashions, KFOA.

Gosden, Freeman, The second half of Correll and Gosden and Amos in the famous blackface team, Amos 'n' Andy, entertaining WMAQ fan as well as the listeners to many other stations on the NBC. The adventures of Amos and Andy appear in comic strip form in The Daily News Radio section. Gosden is a versatile artist with many talents in addition to blackface comedy. With Correll he was imported from WGN some time ago.



Goss, Helen, Violinist, WFLA.

Gough, L. B., Announcer, KFDM.
Gould, Rita Burgess, Soprano, NBC.
Gouraud, Powers, Announcer of WCAU, happened to join the staff in an unusual manner. Returning from Europe last summer he made the acquaintance of Dr. Levy aboard the S.S. Isle de France. Later he made his home in Philadelphia and became a regular visitor in the studios of WCAU. One evening a regular announcer was taken ill and had to be sent home, there was no one else in the studios to take his place and Mr. Gouraud took his place, making his debut on the radio. His English voice pleased the radio audience and now he is a regular announcer. He was born in Little Menlo outside of London, England, and is a first cousin to General Gouraud, Military Governer of Paris.
Graham, Alice, Pianist, WAPI.
Graham, Marion, Baritone, WFLA.
Graham, Virginia, the "Little Irish Crooner" of WLS. From New York and points east where she has done vodvil and Radio work. Under five feet in height and must have the mike lowered.
Graham, Ross, Bass, 1927 Winner of Arkansas Atwater Kent State Audition, KTHS.
Gramlich, George, Tenor, KNX.
Granger, Florence, Contralto, KFDM.
Grannatt, Harry, Concert Pianist, WOC.
Grant, Herman, Violinist, WOC.
Grant, W. E. B., Operator, WBAL.
Graves, Preston, Manager, Pianist, WMBB-WOK.
Graves, Ted, Pianist, WBAP.
Gray, G. Donald, KOMO. Announcer; baritone soloist; born in Leeds, England; has had extensive experience in British and Canadian light opera; managed several dramatic stock companies of his own; a true old-stager and a favorite baritone soloist of the Northwest.
Gray, Stanley, Croon Baritone, KOIN.
Gray, Walter, Director of Dramatic Club, WFI.
Great Lakes Mixed Quartet, Charlotte Cowan, Soprano; Lucile Long, Contralto; Oscar Heather, Tenor; Marthin Provensen, Bass; WENR-WBCN.
Green, Joe and His Marimba Band, National Broadcasting Company.
Green, Punch, Popular Songs and Piano Numbers, KGW.
Green, Mrs. R. E., Soprano, WAPI.
Green, Norris B., Director of old time orchestra, WAPI.
Greenlee, Fred, KMA Poultry Man, KMA.
Grella, Rocco, Director of Scarlet Guards Band, WFLA.
Grenell, Lloyd, Popular Songs, KHQ.
Gresh, Earl, Violinist and Director, Earl Gresh Orchestra, WSUN.
Gress, Guila, Soprano, WREN.
Griffin, Beatrice, Violinist, WWJ.
Griffith, Kenneth, Tenor, WAPI.
Grimes, Bess Meade, Pianist of "Breakfast Hour," WFAA.
Grimes, Therressa Fro, Soprano, KVOO.
Grisez, Georges, Clarinetist, WCCO.
Grizzard, Herman, Tenor, WLSA.
Groom, Mary, Contralto, NBC, San Francisco.
Gross, Derrel L., Announcer, KYW, Chicago. He's "DL" to the Chicago broadcast fraternity and "Judge" perhaps when he gets back home in New York City, where he formerly conducted his own concert bureau. While putting in regular hours at KYW he puts in 80 per cent of his outside hours taking a special course of post-graduate law at the University of Chicago. That accounts for his smooth appealing voice to the jury of Radio listeners.
Gross, Mrs. E. W., Soprano, KFDM.
Grossman, Eugene F., operating engineer, National Broadcasting Company.
Grosso, Peter, Tenor, WENR-WBCN.
Grubb, Gayle, Director-Announcer, KFAB.
Guard, Sam, Directs Agricultural Programs of KFKX.
Guest, Helen, Popular Pianist and Songster, KFI.
Guidotti, Tito, 17-year-old Accordionist, WLS. Italian and versatile.
Guill, Mary White, Soprano, WLAC.
Gullans, Florence, Mezzo-Soprano, WJAZ.
Gully Jumpers, Paul Womack, Director, WSM.
Gunsky, Maurice, Italian Singer, KPO.
Guntley, Arthur, Xylophonist, KWK.
Gurnee and Anderson, Harmony Team, KPO.
Gurney, Charles H. Between the duties of advertising manager, purchasing agent, making of Radio advertising contracts as well as sponsorship of programs of various departments, Charles is a busy man at WNAX.
Gurney, D. B. "Hello, folks, D. B. talking," is the friendly greeting which prefaces Mr. Gurney's daily Radio talks from WNAX which deal with many matters of general interest or concerning the relations of WNAX to its audience and territory.
Gurney, E. R. Tall, middle-aged, experienced, kindly and philosophical in his attitude toward life. "Ed" Gurney's talks to boys and grown-ups as well over WNAX have a large and appreciative audience.
Gurney, "Chan," J. C. A pleasing voice, a good poker face and a keen sense of humor are characteristics of Chandler Gurney which have won thousands of friends for him. Radio announcing is his forte at WNAX.
Gurney's Concert Orchestra. Under the capable direction of musically able and equally serious Art Haring, this orchestra continues to be an important and popular feature at WNAX.
Gussen, Elizabeth, Pianist, WAPI.
Gussen, Mrs. Edna Gunn, Pianist and Director of Birmingham Conservatory of Music, WAPI.
Gus Heimueller's Musical Four, KWK.
Gussman, Mrs. Frank, Soprano, WSM.
Gutting, Raymond, Announces Market Report, KNX.
Guy, Hazel Gentry, Violinist, WLAC.
Gypsy and Marta, Harmony Team, KPO.
Gypsy Barons, Concert Orchestra, WWJ.



HABURTON, Ralph, WLW Announcer and Program Manager. Mr. Haburton joined the staff of WLW five years ago as a Co-operative Engineer from the University of Cincinnati. After "chaperoning" the WLW transmitter through the 1924 Democratic National Convention and almost forty hours of "twenty-four votes for Underwood," Haburton decided that announcing would be more entertaining than engineering and abandoned the latter profession. Since then he has devoted all his time to announcing and program arranging.
Haack, Arno, Announcer, KMOX.
Hadfield, Ben, was formerly associated with the theatrical game throughout the United States and is now the oldest announcer on the station. Ben uses his stage talents each week on the station by participating in the WNAC skits in which he plays the leading roles. Ben also directs the cast, selects the plays and is a regular stage manager, director and actor with the WNAC Players have enjoyed a long run on the air, and is one of the station's most popular features originating in the studio.
Hadley, Henry, Composer, Chorus and Orchestra Conductor, an associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic orchestra, directed the Philadelphia orchestra at the Sesquicentennial celebration, has appeared at Amsterdam, Stockholm, London and Buenos Aires.
Hageman, Gertrude, Hostess, KFOA.
Hagen, Alfrieda, College Entertainer, KSTP.
Hager, Robert, "Prince Hassan," Arab palmist, KSTP.
Haight, Fay, Studio Hostess, KEX.
Hain, William, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.
Hale and Derry, "Ike and Mike," WDAF.
Hale, Elizabeth, Pianist, WLAC.
Hale, Mamie Ruth, Pianist and Violinist, WLAC.
Hale, Theron, Fiddle, WLAC.
Haleys Hawaiian Trio, WHB.
Haliole Hawaiians, KMA.
Halk, John, Violinist, KMOX.
Hall, J. J., Spiritual Singer, KSTP.
Hall, George, "The Fantom Fiddler." Sings duos with Grace Donaldson, plays double piano with Hortense Rose, and with the Maids of Melody forms the Harmony Trio of WSAI.
Hall, Harry, Chief Announcer, KFD.
Hall, John, Violinist, KMOX.
Hall, Milton G., Studio Director of KFUL, Galveston, Texas, the Voice of Treasure Island, is a veteran in Radio broadcasting. Several years ago he was manager of WHEC at Rochester, N. Y. Later he was connected with WMAK at Buffalo as publicity director and announcer. For a short time Mr. Hall was continuity writer, announcer and director of publicity for WTAM, Cleveland. As a former newspaperman, Mr. Hall devotes a deal of his time to writing program continuity, but is frequently heard in the role of announcer.



Hall, Mrs. Gilbert, Soprano, KVOO.
Hall, Mrs. William, Jr., Contralto, WLAC.
Hallen, Richard V., Director, KGW.
Hallroom Boys, Leroy Kullberg, Tom Breneman, KNX.
Halpine, Jack, Tenor, KOIL.
Halstead Trio. Hawaiian instrumentalists at the NBC San Francisco studios.
Ham, Ray, Fred Sommer, Instrumental Duets, Banjo, Guitar, WHB.
Hamilton, George, Baritone Soloist, Uncle Tom in "Dusk in Dixie," Negro Spirituals, KSTP.
Hamilton, Howard, Organist, KVOO.
Hamilton, Wade, Organist, KVOO.
Hamm, Fred, Director of Collegians. He may be heard from MBBM-WJBT. He was formerly the Ross' own at the old Villa Olivia Station, WMAQ.
Hamp, Charles W. Hamp, Saturday Night "30 Minutes of Sunshine," comes by Airplane from San Francisco, KNX.
Hampton, E. R., Announcer, WABC.
Hanes, Kenneth M., Assistant Manager, KSTP, in charge of production, began his radio career in 1910 as an amateur in a back-yard shed at Fargo, N. D., later on staff of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. In 1922 he established WDAY at Fargo, serving as chief engineer, program director, announcer and general manager. He was employed as a feature announcer at KSTP when the station was inaugurated in March, 1928. One of the outstanding announcers of the country.
Hance, Mrs., Announcer, Aunt Sammy Chats, KPO.
Hancox, Mildred B., Pianiste, WSUN.
Hanes, Tom, Sports Announcer, WTAR.
Handlon, Earl, Clarinet and Saxophone Player, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.
Hanlein, Fritz, Cellist, WDAF.
Hannemann, Jacob, Pianist, WJAZ.
Hansen, Bill, Melody Musketeers, NBC.
Hansen, Emil, Drums, Tympani, KOMO.
Hansen, Jack, Bass Tuba, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Hanson, O. B., Manager of Plant Operation and Engineering, National Broadcasting Company.
Hapakinst, J., Stringed Instruments, NBC.
Happiness Girls, Popular Songs, WWNC.
Harding, Mathilde, Pianist, National Broadcasting Company.
Hardison, Roy, Banjoist, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.
Hare, Ernest, Baritone, NBC.
Harger, Lucille Atherton, Contralto, Singer of Heart Songs and How! Has IT in her voice. KFRC.
Harker, Robert, "Ace of Banjoists," KMTR.
Harkreader, Sid, Fiddler, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.
Harlow, LeRoy, Director of Salicon Vanities, Miniature Musical Comedies, WEEI.
Harlow, Roy, genial and efficient manager at WNAC, recently celebrated his first birthday at the station. Looking back on his efforts one rather marvels that he could whip things into such fine shape in such a short space o ftime. Long hours at the wheel is the answer, to which of course must be coupled executive ability. In addition to overseeing and guiding the destinies of WNAC, Roy puts in two days a week at the sister station in Providence, WEAN. His long experience in directing professional and amateur theatricals has been a great asset to WNAC. Roy is one of those "constantly on the job" fellows who enjoys the good will of everyone with whom he is associated, and his friends are legion throughout New England.
Harmony Boys, Cecil Lettow, Russell Jensen, WHB.
Harmony Four Quartet, KTHS.
Harmony Girls, Grace Ingram, Edith Carpenter, WLS.
Harmony Hounds, Stanley Gray, Stanley Bacon, KOIN.
Harned, Mrs. Gladys, Violinist, KFDM.
Harness Makers, Gus Swanson, Fritz Carlson, Frank Peterson, KMA.
Harper, Clarence, Tenor, WMBB-WOK.
Harris, Elmer, Piano, Accordion, WMAK.
Harris, Frances, Soprano, WWJ.
Harris, Gordon, College Announcer, KSTP.
Harris, Paul, Director of Symphony Orchestra, WFLA.
Harrison, Charles, Tenor, NBC.
Harrison, Henriette, Assistant Program Director of WCAU and staff contralto. Miss Harrison was a member of the staff of WPG, Atlantic City, before joining WCAU.
Harrison, J. B., Director of Gillette Bears, KOIL.
Harrod, Birneace, Studio Accompanist, WSUN.
Harry Lange's Forest Park Highlands Orchestra, KWK.
Hart, Charles, Orchestral Conductor, NBC San Francisco studios. Charles favors classical music and delights in direction of the broadcast of the Pacific Little Symphony, which is heard by the nation-wide NBC audience. He also conducts the Sunday Concert broadcast throughout the West. Charles was born in New Brunswick, N. J., and found himself on the stage when he was a small child, with his family, "The Musical Harts." He was a pupil of Hans T. Siefert and Richard Epstein in New York and spent many years on the concert stage before coming to California in 1923 to live.
Hart, J. J., Guitarist, WLAC.
Hart, W. E., Harmonica Soloist, KVOO.
Hartley, Rene and Kathryn, are perhaps two of the most talented entertainers of WIBW. Rene is a concert violinist, having begun his study of music and the violin at the age of 10, studying under several noted teachers, the foremost of which is Petrowitsch Bising, instructor of violin in Chicago. He has also made an intensive study of harmony, composition and arrangement. He began his professional career at the age of 12, two years after his first lesson. Mr. Hartley is a capable orchestra leader, having had a great deal of experience in motion picture, vaudeville, and concert work. He spent several years in Kansas City, Mo., where he directed orchestras at the Plantation Grill in the Hotel Muehlebach, as well as the Main Dining Room of the Baltimore Hotel. He has directed orchestras in Topeka's leading theatres for a number of years and has written several compositions, two of which are marked song hits. Kathryn studied piano at the University of Ottawa, under the capable guidance of Neil Harris Saunders, widely known teacher of piano, and has a great deal of theatre and concert experience. She is an accomplished pianist and accompanist, having accompanied several famous singers.
Hartrick, George, Announcer, WWNC.
Hartshorn, Katherine, Hostess, KVOO.
Harvey, H. Clay, Shakespeare Lectures, WDAF.

Harrey, James, Tenor-Announcer, KOMO.

Hasenbalg, A. Leroy, Commercial Representative of The Chicago Daily News station and announcer who served on many of the World's fair contest band concerts over WMAQ last summer.

Hastings, Annette, NBC soprano at San Francisco. Annette sings blues with the Musical Musketeers dance band.

Hastings, Don, Announcer, WBBM.

Hatfield, Ruth, Blues Singer, Pianist, WHB.

Hatrick, George, Baritone, WWNC.

Hatton, Jimmie, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.

Haufmann, Harry J., Violinist, WDAF.

Haupt, James, Tenor, WAPI, was in 1923 member of announcing staff of WEAF and assisted with the Grand opera until August, 1929, now soloist and director of choir of Independent Presbyterian church, Birmingham.

Hauptmann, Liborius, famous Viennese Director, now directing the Pacific Salon orchestra heard over stations of the ABC Western Network from the San Francisco studios at KYA, came to America as an electrical engineer. He found the director's baton easier to wield and with his thorough training in music from boyhood, became indispensable to American musical productions.

Haury, William, Pianist and Organist, WLAC.

Haverlin, Carl, Commercial Manager, KFI. Formerly with Morgan Ballet; author and playwright.

Havrila, Alois, Announcer. He was born in the foothills of a Czecho-Slovakian Mountain range and came to Bridgeport, Conn., at an early age. Graham McNamee was announcing a program from Carnegie Hall when he heard Havrilla's voice and was so impressed by it that he invited him to come to WDAF, New York, for an audition. National Broadcasting Company.

Hawaiian Trio, Minyan, Coral, Samuel Haliole, KMA.

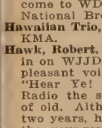
Hawk, Robert. Early morning risers who tune in on WJJD, Chicago, are sure to hear the pleasant voice of Mr. Hawk, whose quaint "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!" brings to modern Radio the salutation of the "Town Crier" of old. Although he has been in Radio for two years, he holds the distinction of being the youngest announcer in Chicago. Previous to his connection with WJJD, Mr. Hawk's voice was heard as Announcer for Station WMBB, Chicago.

Hawkins, Frederick E., Announcer, WEEI.

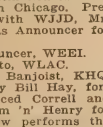
Hawkins, Mrs. S. B., Contralto, WLAC.

Haworth, Carl, The Singing Banjoist, KHQ.

Hay, Bill—The one and only Bill Hay, former announced Correll and Gosden as Sam 'n' Henry for WGN and now performs the same service for them over WMAQ as Amos 'n' Andy. In fact, Bill only announces Correll and Gosden can work with successfully. Without Bill, Amos 'n' Andy would lose a bit of its delightful and entertaining perfection. A Scotchman, and proud of it, Bill does not stop with only announcing. His deep mellow bass voice comes forth regularly over WMAQ with Auld Sandy, a delightful burring voice in Scottish tunes and poetry. He is remembered from KFAB, Hastings, Neb.



Hay, George, Director-Announcer WSM. "Solemn Old Judge." Gold Cup Announcer of 1924. He began his Radio career as a newspaper man. When the Memphis Commercial Appeal started WMC, it fell to George Hay to put on the programs incidental to his Radio job. His announcing was so individual and had such an appeal for the public that it soon became his real job. George Hay was the announcer who introduced the Mississippi river boat whistle. When he left WMC for WLS, Chicago, they substituted a steam whistle for the river whistle. From WLS he went to WSM where he is still presiding at the microphone. Not only has Mr. Hay won fame as an announcer, he has written a book called "Howdy, Judge."



Hay Mow Five, Old Time Musical Organization, KSO.

Haydn Male Quartet, WADC.

Hayes, Clarence, "The Voice of the South," heard from the San Francisco studios of NBC in Southern programs.

Haynes, Zola, Staff Organist, Pianist, Director of Studio Hour, Sunday Evening Classics, KYW.

Hays, Billy, Director of his own orchestra, which broadcasts exclusively for WCAU and records for Victor.

Hays, Harvey, Specials, NBC.

Heasty, Mrs. Walter, Soprano, WAPI.

Heath, Mrs. Julian, Home Economics Expert, National Broadcasting Company.

Heather, Oscar, Assistant Announcer, Publicity, WEEI-WBCN.

Hector, Charles, Musical Director, WNAC.

Hederstrom, Oscar, Baritone, WDAF.

Hedges, Helen, popular Coloratura Soprano who has added The Chicago Daily News station's music loving audience to her already large following in concert and church work.

Hedges, William S., a leading light in the world of Radio broadcasting, not in the artistic sense but in the capacity of a power behind the scenes. His services to broadcasting before the Federal Radio commission and in other meetings which have gone to the further betterment of the industry were universally acknowledged this year with his unanimous election to the presidency of the National Association of Broadcasters. Combining journalistic experience with business and broadcasting acumen, Mr. Hedges has done much to bring the two fields together. He is secretary of the newly formed Press Wireless, Inc., which serves journalism as a nationwide newsgathering agency using Radio instead of the much slower cable and telegraph lines. He entered the field when he was made Radio editor of The Chicago Daily News seven years ago, a position which he still holds.

Heimueller, Louise, Soprano, KWK.

Heinrichs, Hilda, Cellist, WMBB-WOK.

Heiny, Capt. J. D., Announcer, WOS.

Heitfelt, Fred, Conducts Nightly Musical Review at KFSD. One of sponsors of Twilight Symphony.

Hello Girls, Flo and Eda, Popular Numbers, WJR.

Helper, Morris, Director of Publicity, Announcer, KOA.

Heminghaus, Leo, Baritone Soloist, KSTP.

Heminghaus, Paula, Contralto, NBC.

Hemingway, Lee, Violin, Viola, KFAB.

Hemming, Robert, WHAM.

Hemus, Percy, Specials, NBC.

Henderson, A. Lee, Sports Announcer of Ohio State Games, WEAO.

Henderson, Harriet, Soprano, KMTR.

Hendry, Bob, Scotch Songs, WLS.

Henley, Dave, Program Director, Announcer, WDAY. Started as director of amateur plays, later was with advertising agency in Duluth. Has a baritone voice.

Henniger, George, Popular Organist, WSUN.

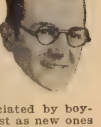
Henningsen, Walter, Director of Orchestra, Flutist, KOA.

Henry, Evelyn, Blues Singer, KFLA.

Henry, Tal, and His North Carolinians, NBC.

Herbert, Mrs. T. L., Pianist, WSM.

Herbuveaux, Jules, KYW Orchestra Leader. Born Utica, New York, not long enough ago to remember when Dewey took Manila or when the Cherry Sisters took vegetables. Mother was a noted concert pianist and little Jules had to take music of one sort or another until he was old enough to hide his instrument under the front porch and spend lesson money for other items better appreciated by boyhood. Attended schools as fast as new ones were found that did not hear about the last one. This includes both Canada and United States. Was well on his way to be a civil engineer when the war broke out. After some light experience with cafe life in La Belle France, he decided that the musicians had most of the fun and none of expense, so he betook himself to his saxophone and has been holding one ever since. Recordings for Brunswick, the largest dance hall in the country, the famous Palmer House, Chicago, the National Broadcasting Company, road tours and since September, 1928, KYW.



Herger, Johnnie, Piano-Accordionist, KWK.

Herrick, Robert, Character Sketches, KMOX.

Hewitt, Foster, Broadcasts Canadian Sports over CFCA, the Toronto Daily Star station. Hewitt, as well as broadcasting rugby, hockey, boxe bouts, baseball, regattas and national events in the past six years, has handled the last two Wrigley championship swims for Canadian National Exhibition.

Hewitt, Ray, Announcer, KFWB.

Heyn, Hugo, Marimbaphonist, WOW.

Hibbs, Naoma, KEX Girl, most popular blues singer on Pacific Coast.

Hickman, John, Baritone Singer, KSTP.

Higgs, James H., Advertising and Sales, KMOX.

Higgy, R. C., Director of WEAO.

High Twelve Male Trio, W. Vance McCune, W. J. Schoenfeld, A. E. Wright, WHB.

Hilbish, Stuart, Director Hilly's Orchestra, WADC.

Hillman, Jack, Bass, KPO.

Hillpot, William, Baritone, NBC.

Hilsinger, Jack, Accordian Player, KSTP.

Hine, Marie M., Organist, KVOO.

Hiner, Al, Pianist, KFH.

Hines, Ken, Tenor, WMAK.

Hinton, Elizabeth Ranson, Coloratura Soprano, WHB.

Hiram and Henry are two of the most popular entertainers over WIBW. Hiram is the younger of the two, being still in his twenties, and was reared on a farm in Shawnee county. His real name is Trulan Wilder. He plays the harmonica, sings and in general makes "merry" for everybody. Henry's real name is Merle Housh. He is the announcer of the Alarm Clock Club. Henry plays the guitar, and is proficient with the "steel." He also announces their programs. Both boys sing, having a repertoire of over 500 songs. They always appear in costume in public and occasionally behind the mike. They fill many outside engagements, including theatre and community affairs.

Hite, Mrs. Harvill, Violinist and Member of Nashville Symphony Orchestra, WLAC.

Hittenmark, Gordon A., Announcer and Assistant Sales Manager of KVOO. Previously with Northern Stations including WOC, WHO, WOW. Also appears in musical roles frequently, having pleasing Radio tenor voice. Twenty-six years old, five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, single.

Hobart, Henry, Tenor Extra-Ordinary, WFLA.

Hobbs, Catherine, Women Director, WCSH.

Hobbs, Frank, Clarinetist, Cellist, Saxophone, WNAX.

Hoelzle, Elmer G., "The Radio Voice From Virginia," Studio Director, Program Manager, Senior Announcer, WRVA.

Hoffman, Jack, Tenor, KVOO.

Hoffman, Mrs. Daisy, Pianist, WLAC.

Hoffman, Walter R., Chief Engineer, WWJ.

Hogan, Ella D., Soprano, WLAC.

Hogan, Homer, General Manager, KYW-KFKX. Born in Manistique, Michigan. Educated at St. Thomas College and cast about for a career that would test his pent up Irish mettle. He found it in newspaper fields. For the past fifteen years he has functioned successfully in all of the reportorial and promotional activities of metropolitan newspaper enterprises. On leaving college he associated with the Chicago Herald and Examiner as reporter, in which capacity he covered everything from society to crime stories. Leaving the Herald and Examiner for a short time he became an editor for the Associated Press, and then tried his hand as partner of one of Chicago's publicity agencies. Eventually he returned to the Herald and Examiner, where he ruled as City Editor for six years. He was appointed Head of the Herald and Examiner Radio activities in 1926. The newspaper then had but an hour a day on WEBH. In three years he has developed the department to employ two score of busy workers on one of the country's largest full time highpower stations, WMAQ and KFKX. Married? Serenely! Hobby—cutting the huge lawn at his home, 6577 Winthrop avenue.



Hollingsworth, Tenor, KFAB.

Hollinshead, Tenor, Columbia Broadcasting System.

Hollinstead, Waldemar, Baritone, KOIN.

Holliway, Harrison, Manager, Chief Announcer, KFRC.

Hollowell, Miss Frank, Pianist, WLAC.

Hollywood Sunnybrook Orchestra, WWJ.

Hololulu Trio, WADC.

Holstein, Edgar, Director of Music Masters Dance Orchestra, WAPI.

Honeychurch, Dick, Pianist, WSM.

Hood, Elmo C., Pianist, WSM.

Hood, Ina Harrison, Popular Contralto, KEX.

Hook 'Em Cow Quartet, KSTP. Howard Peterson, First Tenor; Charles Regan, Second Tenor; Howard Scannell, Baritone; Virgil Peters, Bass. Sing at varied periods over KSTP.

Hoover, Mrs. Henry, Soprano, WLAC.

Hoover, Mrs. J. Webster, Program Director, KJR.

Hopkins, Barry, NBC reader at San Francisco.

Hopper, DeWolf, Specials, NBC.

Hopper, John, Pianist, KJR.

Hopple, Mary, Contralto, NBC.

Horlick, Harry, Director of A. & P. Gypsies, National Broadcasting Company.

Horn, Charles W., Superintendent of Radio Relations of the Westinghouse Elec. and Mfg. Co. He has served with the United States Navy and the United Fruit Company, and made extensive investigations and installations in all the countries of Central America. He has traveled in South America and the West Indies. While in service of the Navy he installed the first Radio compasses ever installed on any coast.

Horn, Eleanor, Pianist, WSM.

Horst, Corenne, known to WNAX fans as "Corenne," the concert orchestra pianist, accompanies this and other musical organizations at WNAX most artistically. And—she is married.

Horton, Bert, National Players, NBC at San Francisco. Bert has appeared in more than 300 plays since he became an exclusive NBC artist. He formerly played in the affiliated station KGO at Oakland, Calif.

Horwitz, Edward, Horn, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.

Hoskins, Cecil, Operator, WWNC.

Hotel Lowry Orchestra, Morris Jeffry, Leader, WCCO.

Hotel President String Ensemble, WDAF.

Houdek, Mrs. Carl, Whistler, WOC.

Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the January Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.



Meeting the hijackers' attack.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 43)

The bark of a police dog which Barr ordered back below so that he might help us aboard unhampered, showed that here was class, no ordinary rum-runner like the one we had just seen.

As Deitz, Kennedy and I came over the rail, we saw that there were several others on the boat poking their heads out of a cabin hatch.

YOUNG EVERSLEY BARR seemed overjoyed to see somebody from land. In a general clatter of tongues we managed to pass not unnoticed but without being inquired about too closely inasmuch as we came sponsored by Deitz and must therefore be O. K. Kennedy was introduced merely as "Mr. Kendrick."

"Why—what's the terrible thing that's happened?" inquired Deitz. "You mean about that girl, Lola Langhorne, that was found dead? Too bad. Too bad about your boat, too. I suppose it will be libelled and seized and put up for sale. They found stuff on it. But you needn't worry about that. My 'legal department' will take care of buying that back. It really amounts to a fine, or a license. Too bad—but they could make it worse—and cost more."

"Oh, hang the boat!" muttered Barr. "I'm not worried about the 'Gigolo.' But Lola—what happened to her?"

Deitz shrugged. One life more or less in this game, even his own, I verily believe, made little difference. The Atlantic was a busy ocean, never so busy since Drake, when bold English sea-pirates lay in wait for Spanish galleons. The new piracy was less romantic than the old, but more active—and a lot more money in it than even in galleons. Deitz's bravado was justified; it was also safer than in the old days. Of course there was nothing going on—yet fortunes were being made in Canada and the Bahamas. About once a month the Coast Guard announced the sea was again clear of rum runners. No one ever stopped to think that if it had been clear the month before there was nothing to announce, then, the month after. Still the smuggling went on accompanied by piracy. It was a game, just a game. Deitz might well smile. Chances had to be taken either one way or the other.

"You shrug, Deitz; but that doesn't answer anything. Someone killed Lola Langhorne. She didn't kill herself!"

"No." Deitz was positive in his negative. Apparently that was all that interested him in it. "How are things since you moved down this way from up the coast?" Changing the subject.

"Things have been a little quiet, Deitz," answered Barr. "The revenuers are snooping around and since this—er—mix-up there's been nothing doing. I got a notification from the Bank that your certified check was deposited, as agreed. But by golly how glad I'll be to get back on solid ground again!" Barr shook his head in the depths of his sheepskin collar, as he clutched at a shroud of the mainmast to steady himself in the pitching.

"HUMPH! It's a good thing that it's a custom of the trade—and you have your check!" growled Deitz. "The warehouse was raided by McNaught and his men not twelve hours after the stuff was in it—and I'm the goat. . . . But you have to expect those little things, now and then." Deitz tossed it off as lightly as even a big operator in this great American game may over a loss of some sixty thousand dollars or more.

Down in the cabin I thought that the two girls, Trixie Dare and Jean Bartow, were more bored than Barr. It looked as if time now were hanging heavy on a crowd who were eager to get away—could it be?—from one another.

Trixie seemed to keep pretty close to Don the Dude Donato, and there didn't seem to be anything else for Jean to do but make up to Warner Davis. Barr spoke to her only when she spoke to him, and I thought that was rather often. I could see none of the enthusiasm that Mazie Mellish had been telling us that existed the night they all made up to go to Nassau for the hootch.

"I've brought out a couple of customers—these acquaintances of yours, Barr," said Deitz jerking his thumb at Kennedy and me finally, when we got settled in the cabin. They're a couple of wise ones. Before they buy any stuff from me they want to do a little tasting. Their clientele, they say, will take nothing but the best and they must get it. If we can get together, some way, I'll be responsible for getting the stuff ashore."

Barr went over to a cabinet, opened it, and brought out a couple of bottles, both five-starred. Kennedy and I sampled

iem. They were the real stuff; there was no doubt about that. would have been more vehement in praising the mildness and noothness of it, except for the fact that I knew a sale as Deitz looked upon sales would tax the combined resources of ennedy and myself if it ever went through. Deitz was a high ressure salesman. I felt our salvation was in Kennedy's sales' sistance. Accordingly I lay low, Barr, now, on the other hand, emed a bit more pleased with life, a little brighter under lversity, a quality that, I reflected, had almost fled from mil- ons ashore.

"Pity the poor landlubbers on a night like this!" exclaimed eitz, always extracting a grain of humor to lighten life. He d not drink, however. Instead, he poured a few drops into e hollow of one palm, then rubbed his palms together, and ld both, cupped, up to his nose to smell the bouquet. It was action I had not seen for many a day with liquor salesmen. hen he took a sip in his mouth, rolled it about, tasted it and it it out.

"You may look, Deitzie old boy," he smiled to himself at e bottles, "but you must not drink."

"Yes," I reminisced. "Touch not—taste not—handle not!"

HE SHOOK his head. "Touch it—taste it—handle it—but don't drink it!"

I turned to Warner and Jean. They seemed to be the most ent and glum. "What do you think of living on a rum-run- r?" I asked, trying to get acquainted.

"Well it's rather slow up here, just now," returned Warner. Jean just frowned a present dislike.

But it started things, reminiscences from Trixie Dare. It emed that a week ago, with many thousands of dollars' worth whiskies, wines, gins, and rare cordials in the hold, and a ue sky overhead with soft, mellow breezes, it had been dif- ent. I gathered from the reminiscences that before the week d passed the cargo had been lessened by many cases.

It was a picture of canned music on a portable talking ma- ine and of jazz over the Radio from New York and other ies, dancing by moonlight, kisses pledged with quarts of Pol ger and chased by clinkers of Cliquot, in the land where ousands of the pleasure-seekers were vacationing already. his was booze buccaneering par excellence. I felt that the thor of "Treasure Island," if he were alive today, would not k for new and bizarre material.

But up north, on the wrong side of the turbid Gulf Stream, was different.

"Then you don't like it much," I pursued with Warner Davis.

"Well, you see," unburdened Warner further, "my job since 've been up here has been, a good deal, to cart the stuff nore. Most of the time Ev Barr's been sort of supercargo, t here. But I can't do any of even that, now. It seems ey're watching and it's too risky. On Long Island we had ngs rigged and could afford to take chances. Now we've t to start all over again. And then someone has to stay e with the girls. We can't leave them alone out here." He ved his hand generally toward the fleet. "Something might ppen."

Trixie and Don joined in the conversation. "Has there been ie yet for the authorities to get anywhere on that Lola Lang- rne case?" inquired Don.

"They're not telling what they know," I covered in my swer, watching him narrowly.

saw that Trixie had been watching him, too, and her lips oved as if framing a question.

Chapter IX.

SUSPICIONS

TRIXIE narrowed her eyes shrewdly as she waited for an opportunity to shoot the question.

"Mr. Johnson," she addressed me, "I don't suppose you ow, but have they seen or heard anything of Judy Hancock ce she disappeared?"

t was like the shock of a dash of cold water in the face to , Trixie's tone as well as the question. Had her intuition etrated my alias and did the girl know a good deal more ut Craig and me than she was showing? Or was it just nce?

It seems mighty funny to me that she should run away or atever has happened to her, just at this time!" she pursued. e'd know more if she would send on that wave-length we eed on with that wireless of hers. Seems to me I'd-a stayed l seen it through." Trixie looked at Don for corroboration she didn't get much in that direction. Don was preoccu- d with his own thoughts and ill at ease over something.

This thing about Lola Langhorne has cast a gloom over whole business!" exclaimed Trixie. "Before that, every- ng was going good. It's too darn bad!"

'et did I detect a sort of relief in the tone of this girl over demise of Lola, rather than depression, as though one who ght have caused personal trouble in some affair of her heart s thus fortunately taken out of the way? There was some- ng there, but I could not make it out clearly yet.

Let's not talk about it!" This was from Jean, with a little shiver of the shoulders. "Let's cut the gloom stuff!"

"Yes—why bring that up?" Don the Dude seemed impatient, though he was taciturn on the subject. Again I found myself wondering and trying to look through the glass darkly.

"Well, then," noticed Trixie quickly, "I wish some of you men would start something. It's a great life—if you don't weaken."

IT WAS just one of those smart trite remarks, that didn't mean a thing yet sounded like something. Warner Davis looked up at it. "Yes—I think the less we think of that mur- der, or whatever it really was, maybe the better off we'll be out here. Of course we here are all accounted for. But there's others . . . It seems darn funny Jake Merck, for instance, hasn't shown up out here. And then that raid Deitz was telling about. I wonder what Jake's up to—eh?"

"Maybe he's hunting up Judy," put in Jean. "Maybe they're in together."

Trix elevated her eyes in a superior manner. "Not in the same class—them two—exactly."

"I don't know. I hear about lots of heiresses that fall for chauffeurs," defended Jean. "It's not ridic, Trix."

I could see that Kennedy was listening in on this inter- change and at the same time doing his best to satisfy Deitz and Barr as they discussed quality, quantity, price and delivery. He was trying to shade the price on the basis of twenty-five hundred cases costing $37,500 in Nassau and selling for $100,- 000 here, with a price of $250,000 for them in the city.

"That Langhorne case is going to cause plenty of excite- ment in the papers," I volunteered.

On the subject of the murder of Lola none of them seemed to want to talk much. Each was watching and weighing the words of the other. Was there a feeling of mutual suspicion?

"I'm afraid, if I was out here and one of you," joined in Craig, "I'd be so interested to know who it was got her and for what that I'd forget about the hootch business. Was she very pretty?"

"Wonderful!" nodded Don, quietly. "Some—"

He cut short whatever Broadway slang he was about to utter. He had caught the eye of Trixie. It would never do to praise another in this army of beauties where all are gen- erals. Or was there a deeper explanation? Had someone something to conceal?

"I thought when we were coming aboard that you seemed worried over it; that's all." Kennedy said it tentatively, almost apologetically. I knew he was "fishing." "Have you done anything about it? You must have some suspicions."

The little party looked from one to the other. There was a return to the former constraint. It was as though no one seemed to want even to think what was in their minds.

Kennedy turned to Barr. "Did Lola Langhorne have any personal enemies?" he persisted.

"I DON'T know. I don't think so." Yet the very tone was such as to lead me to conclude that Barr did know something at least which he did not care to say to a stranger.

"Of course I don't know anything about this racket," Craig pursued. "But in the trade I've heard Captain Ryder Smith and the 'Alert' mentioned. Who is he and where is he?" He looked about at Deitz. "He might be the one to huckster this stuff ashore provided we get together."

Deitz shook his head. "I'll take care of that. I'd rather. Besides, they don't seem to know where he is or his boat either."

"What do you mean? He hasn't just dropped out of sight, has he?"

"Almost like that," cut in Barr quickly. "We were operating his boat and he was really in charge of my 'Gigolo,' with Lola."

"Any friction between them?"

"No; quite the contrary. I think Lola found the old salt interesting."

Kennedy nodded. "Of course, I don't know anything except the gossip I heard ashore. But it seems to me that they said that Warner Davis was operating the trawler 'Alert' and that Miss Bartow was staying with Judy Hancock."

"Yes, I was." Jean Bartow was quick with her explanation. "But the trawler developed some trouble with her engine on Warner's last trip in, couldn't make any speed at all, so after she was unloaded, he let the crew take her to the yard in Greenport where they said Captain Smith always had his work done. He was coming back to the 'All Alone' in the big motor dory and I was tired of doing nothing, so I said I'd go with him."

"So that's how you got out here," nodded Kennedy. "Well, the gossip wasn't so very far wrong then, after all, except they don't know about taking the dory."

"I think you were pretty brave to go out in a small boat like that," I smiled.

"What, an Atlantic dory like that?" she returned. "Remem- ber, the 'All Alone' wasn't off Sandy Hook then. It was off Block Island, about. Why, that dory would be safe in a pretty rough sea in the ocean. That's what they're built for."

"I still admire your nerve," I insisted in complimenting.

(Continued on page 99)

Ford and Glenn in Greenwich Village

(Continued from page 10)

of diverting the dangers of a more personal controversy:

"The truth is that Greenwich Village is mere tautology."

Glenn grinned: "I knew there was something wrong with it!"

Ford, interested, exclaimed:

"Is that so?"

"Here's how: the word *wich* comes from the Saxon word *wick*, which means *town* or *village*. A long time ago when this part of Manhattan Island was one of many scattered towns——"

"Were there Indians around here then?" broke in Glenn.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" and big Ford placed a weighty hand on Glenn's shoulder.

"It was simply called Green Village," I said.

"How do you know that?"

"Shame on you!"

"Well, can he prove it?" insisted Glenn. "I'd like to get a-hold of some of those authors who have been writing all those stories about Greenwich Village being made up of pretty girls and wicked people."

"Then what would you do?"

"I'd make 'em prove it!"

"Let me substitute!" cried I. "Come on!"

In quiet Commerce Street we took up the line of march from Cherry Lane toward Seventh Avenue, and beyond that toward Washington Square. Somewhere between the Lane and the Square we stopped, went down some steps, sat for a few moments at rough benches. It was a dingy cellar with sawdust on the floor. Glenn saw two pretty girls, marked it down in his note book. The place looked wicked, too. But the Italian proprietor and his wife who served the *vin rouge* in cheap and heavy glasses, were both fat, taciturn, and peace loving. Most of the men looked like students—possibly writers, or painters. It was just one of those inoffensive Village places made not for the tourist, but for the real Villager who likes to sit sipping serenely.

Emerging, I said:

"These places are hard to find."

"I guess you're right," agreed Glenn. "Just think of it—even the police haven't been able to find this one!"

He looked at all of us for applause in the form of a smile, a nod, a laugh. Nobody spoke, so he kept on looking. On the curb, balancing himself up and down on his toes, whistling good-naturedly and marking a lazy rhythm as he tapped his night-stick against a fire-plug, stood a big and burly Irish policeman.

"I'm glad we all drank gingerale!" said Glenn.

"Let's hurry on to 105 McDougal—Piemonte's Restaurant is another place little known by tourists—and the food is wonderful!"

"How's the gingerale?" questioned Glenn.

THIS part of the Village, almost entirely Italian, is just as frowsy and unkempt as streets in Naples or Florence. Children ran among us, undisturbed by our presence in the fulfillment of their games. Hucksters with push carts cried their wares. Cats growled at each other. Men congregated in groups, talking, laughing loudly. Women held, watched, yelled at, spanked babies. Boys in the middle of the street played ball, screaming defiances and instructions at each other.

At Piemonte's we found the little upper room, as usual, empty—its four white-covered tables and vacant chairs uninviting. But from below came the hum of excitement. We circled back of the hidden stairway, descended, found ourselves in an underworld of soft smoke and frivolous chatter. Mike, the proprietor, found for us a big table, and we six sat down to a dinner of antipastos, minestrone soup, roast duck and pheasant, Neapolitan ice-cream and tasty demi-tasse.

"Now," I said, "this place is different every night. Apparently there's more business tonight than eccentric conduct, so I suggest that we go on to Marie's where we may see some of the real nuts of the Village."

"Where's Marie's?"

"On Washington Square."

"At last," cried Little Glenn. "And will George be there?"

"What George?"

"George who?"

Glenn laughed. "Well, Ford," he said, "you thought you knew so much about geography and grammar—but what about your history?"

"Now, now, young man, you must have some foolish thought in the back of your head."

"No foolish head back of my thoughts! Well, that's a good one! We're going to Washington Square, and when I ask if *George* will be there, you don't even catch on! That's too funny!"

We were now passing out of the deserted upper room of the restaurant. At the same time a young couple—he with wide eyes, slouch hat, cadaverous face; she with pretty painted lips, flashing eyes, dainty dress, captivating perfume—were entering.

"I know who that is," whispered Glenn.

"Of course you don't," reprimanded Ford. "You can't possibly know who that is."



Fred Smith

"Oh yes I do—that's one of those writers who write about the wickedness of pretty girls in Grinij Village!"

We soon were approaching Washington Square, that wide expanse of park where lovers promenade, matrons take their babies for air, Weary Willies recline upon benches, business-like Villagers hurry homeward from Fifth Avenue buses.

WE STOPPED on the corner to take in the Square, where clearly we saw every detail in the moonlight, even the distant, flashing fountain.

"So peaceful!" sighed Ford.

"It hasn't always been," I volunteered. "They used to hang men right over there."

Glenn, in frightened voice: "Right over where?"

I continued: "The City of New York, which, as you know was located primarily at the point of Manhattan Island, was a long distance from here in the early days. There was a Potter's field way up in the country—somewhere near the present Madison Square—and New Yorkers decided to find a closer burying ground for their poor and friendless. So they purchased a strip of land, most of which is Washington Square today."

Shivering Glenn queried: "So they would hang the poor people first, and then bury them right here?"

"Of course not!" expostulated Ford. "They simply used this bit of ground for the gallows and the grave."

"The gallows and the grave!" repeated Glenn mechanically.

"Well," I consoled, "they didn't always use the gallows."

"But they hung 'em?"

"Yes, from the limb of a huge elm tree?"

"Who dug all those graves?"

"A chap by the name of Daniel Megie—that is, Dan was the last of the grave-diggers in Washington Square."

"Did the gold-diggers cheat him out of his job?"

"Not exactly. The Potter's Field was moved in 1823. That's why Dan lost his job."

"I see—some other politician beat him out of it!"

"I don't know about that. But one of the great politicians of those early days lived right around here someplace."

"Who was that?"

"Aaron Burr."

"Oh, he was the fellow who gave up the fort!"

"You must be thinking of Benedict Arnold," put in Ford.

"No. I wasn't thinking of anybody. But it is true that always get Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold mixed."

"Why is that?"

"I could never figure it out, except maybe because they were the only two early American leaders who got caught grafting."

While talking, we had moved gradually along the broad side walk on the south side of the Square, and, nearly to the South

(Continued on page 120)



JACK: If you think I'm mixed up in this, Sleepy, you're crazy. (Left to right: Ted, Madge, Jack, Sleepy and Polis).

Night Club Romance

(Continued from page 31)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it seems to us that it should be easy to find our story here tonight. There's a large crowd, and everyone seems to be living a life to the full. We've just had a conference with our little friend the cigarette girl—she who has guided us to not a few of our Night Club Romances, and she has made some interesting suggestions that we might do well to follow up. She's pointed out several celebrities here, all of whom seem to be having as good a time as the unknowns with whom they are rubbing elbows. For the present, though, we're going to go over and eavesdrop a bit on the couple beside that fountain over there. Perhaps they will furnish us with our Night Club Romance for tonight. Come on!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA UP FULL UNTIL CUE (——).

MADGE: Ted, I wish we hadn't come here tonight.

TED: Why do you say that, Madge?

MADGE: I don't know. But I have a funny feeling about it, that's all.

TED: Oh—come on—don't be that way, Madge. This is no time to be glum. Why the long face?

MADGE: I'll tell you, Ted. Coming here has made me think of Jack Wilson.

TED: Yeah? Well—that's no compliment to me!

MADGE: I don't mean it that way, Ted. But—Jack and I used to come here a lot, before—before——

TED: Before he got fired off the "Clarion," eh? Might as well be frank about it.

MADGE: Ted—why was Jack discharged from the paper?

TED: Several reasons. Plagiarism, among others. And letting good stories slip through his hands.

MADGE: I don't believe those things about Jack, Ted.

TED: Well, of course I'm only a reporter for the "Clarion," the same as he *was*, but I happen to know the facts.

MADGE: I never could get dad to say anything about it.

TED: You won't find the managing editor of a newspaper talking much out of hours, anyway. They're usually good competition for the sphinx.

MADGE: Have you heard anything about what Jack's doing, Ted?

TED: No. He started out to go to the dogs, and I guess he'll make out all right. Last time I saw him was in a speakeasy down the line a bit—he was pretty well canned, and hardly knew me. Of course that made me feel pretty low—his not knowing me, I mean!

(Continued on page 108)

Evening Schedules of Favorite Stations

EASTERN TIME

Subtract one hour for Central time, subtract two hours for Mountain time and three hours for Pacific time.

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Akron	WADC	227.1	1320	1000	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Akron
Akron	WFJC	206 8	1450	500	7:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00 12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00 12:00	5:00-12:00	Akron
Albuquerque	KGGM	243 8	1230	500	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00 10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00 10:00	7:00-10:00	Albuquerque
Amarillo	KGRS	212 6	1410	1000	6:00-10:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	Amarillo
Ames	WOI	535 4	560	3500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Ames
Asbury Park	WCAP	234 2	1280	500	8:00-12:00	6:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	6:00- 7:30	5:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:00	Asbury Park
Asheville	WWNC	526	570	1000	5:00 12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00 12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Asheville
Atlanta	WGST	336 9	890	500	Silent	10:30-11:30	Silent	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Atlanta
Atlanta	WSB	405 2	740	1000	6:00 10:15	7:00-11:45	6:30-11:45	7:00-11:45	7:00 11:45	7:00-11:45	7:00-11:45	Atlanta
Atlantic City	WPG	272 6	1100	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Atlantic City
Austin	KUT	267 7	1120	500	8:00-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	Silent	Austin
Baltimore	WBAL	282 8	1060	10000	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 7:00	7:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	7:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	7:00-12:00	Baltimore
Bangor	WLBZ	483 6	620	250	Silent	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	Bangor
Bay City	WBCM	212 6	1410	500	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:30-10:00	7:30-10:00	7:30-10:00	7:30-10:00	7:30-10:00	Bay City
Beaumont	KFDM	535.4	560	500	8:00-10:00	7:30-11:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-11:30	7:30 11:30	7:30- 1:00	Beaumont
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508 2	590	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Berrien Springs
Beverly Hills	KEJK	422.3	710	500	12:00- 4:00	12:00- 4:00	12:00- 4:00	12:00- 4:00	12:00- 4:00	12:00- 4:00	12:00- 4:00	Beverly Hills
Billings	KGHL	315.6	950	500	9:30-12:00	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:00	
											1:30- 4:00	Billings
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1140	5000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00				
					9:00-12:00	10:00- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Birmingham
Birmingham	WBRC	322 4	930	1000	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Birmingham
Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550	500	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:00- 8:30	7:00-10:00	7:00- 8:30	7:00-10:00	7:00-12:00	Bismarck
							10:00-12:00		10:00-11:00			
Boise	KIDO	239 9	1250	1000	9:30-10:45	9:30-10:45	9:30-10:45	9:30-10:45	9:30-10:45	9:30-10:45	9:30-10:45	Boise
Boston	WBIS	243 8	1230	1000	Silent	5:00-12:10	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:10	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Boston
Boston	WBZA	302 8	990	500	5:00-11:45	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:20	5:00-11:22	Boston
Boston	WEEI	508 2	590	1000	5:30-11:00	5:45-11:35	5:45-11:35	5:45-11:05	5:45-11:05	5:45-10:35	5:50-11:15	Boston
Boston	WNAC	243 8	1230	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Boston
Brookings	KFDY	545 1	550	1000	Silent	Silent	8:30-10:00	Silent	8:30-10:00	Silent	Silent	Brookings
Brooklyn	WBBC	214 2	1400	500	7:00-10:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	7:30-10:00	7:30-10:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
						10:30-12:00	9:00-10:30			10:00-12:00	7:30- 9:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WLTH	214 2	1400	500							10:30-12:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WSGH-WSDA	214 2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Brooklyn
Brownsville	KWWG	238	1260	500								Brownsville
Buffalo	WGR	545.1	550	1000	5:00-11:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00-12:00	5:30-12:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKBW	204	1470	5000	7:00- 9:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Buffalo
					10:15-12:00							
Buffalo	WKEN	288.3	1040	1000								Buffalo
Buffalo	WMAK	333.1	900	750								Buffalo
Burbank	KELW	384 4	780	500	Silent	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	Burbank
Burnaby	CFYC	410 7	730	500								Burnaby
Calgary	CFAC	434 5	690	500	9:00	11:00-12:30	12:00- 1:30	10:30-11:00	8:00- 2:00	Silent		Calgary
Calgary	CFCN	434 5	690	1800	9:30-11:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Calgary
					11:15-12:30	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00		10:30- 1:00		
Calgary	CHCA	434 5	690	500	7:00- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	Calgary
Calgary	CJCJ	434 5	690	500	8:00- 9:00	10:00-11:00	Silent	12:00- 1:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	10:00- 2:00	Calgary
					12:30- 1:30	12:30- 1:30						
Calgary	CNRC	434.8	690	500	Silent	11:30-12:30	10:00-11:00	Silent	10:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Calumet	WHDF											Calumet
Camden	WCAM	234 2	1280	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-12:00	Silent	Camden
Canton	WCAD	245.6	1220	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Canton
Charlotte	WBT	277.6	1080	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Charlotte
Chattanooga	WDOD	234 2	1280	2500	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Chattanooga
Chicago	KYW-KFKX	293 9	1020	10000	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 4:00	Chicago
Chicago	KYWA	293 9	1020	10000	6:00 -2:00	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 3:30	6:00- 4:00	Chicago
Chicago	WAAF	325 9	920	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WBBM	389.4	770	25000	6:00- 1:00	9:00-11:00	11:00- 1:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	
						1:00- 2:00		1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WCFL	309 1	970	1500	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	Chicago
Chicago	WENR	344.6	870	50000	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	6:00- 8:15	
					9:00- 2:00	12:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	12:00- 3:00	12:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	Chicago
Chicago	WGES	220.4	1360	500	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	
					10:00-11:30	10:00-11:30	10:00-11:30	10:00-11:30	10:00-11:30	10:00 11:30	10:00-11:30	
					1:00- 3:00				1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00		
Chicago	WGN	416.4	720	25000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Chicago
Chicago	WIBO	526	570	1000	Silent	9:00- 1:00	9:00- 1:30	9:00-12:00	9:00- 1:30	9:00- 1:00	9:00- 1:30	Chicago
Chicago	WJBT	389 4	770	25000	10:30- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WJJD	265 3	1130	20000	6:00- 9:30	6:00- 9:30	6:00- 9:30	6:00- 9:30	6:00- 9:30	6:00- 9:30	6:00- 9:30	Chicago
Chicago	WLS	344 6	870	5000	7:00- 9:00	6:30-12:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:30	6:30- 1:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMAQ	447 5	670	5000	6:00-12:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00- 3:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMBI	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	11:15-12:15	12:00- 1:00	Silent
Chicago (Tran. Deerf'd)	WORD	202 6	1480	5000	6:00- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	Chicago
Chicago	WPCC	526	570	500	6:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	12:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chickasha	KOCW	214 2	1400	500	7:00- 1:30	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Chickasha
Cincinnati	WKRC	545.1	550	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WLW	428 3	700	50000	5:00-12:20	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 4:00	10:00- 1:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WSAI	225 4	1330	500	6:30-10:45	6:30-11:00	6:30-11:30	6:30-12:00	6:30-11:00	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:00	Cincinnati
Clarinda	KSO	217 3	1380	500	Silent	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:30-11:00	Clarinda
Clay Center	KMMJ	405 2	740	1000	Silent	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Clay Center
Clearwater	WFLA	333.1	900	1000	Silent	7:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	Clearwater
Cleveland	WEAR	280 2	1070	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:30	Cleveland
Cleveland	WHK	215 7	1390	1000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Cleveland
Cleveland	WJAY	483 6	620	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Cleveland
Cleveland	WTAM	399 8	750	3500	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:30	Cleveland
College Station	WTAW	267 7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	College Station
Colorado Springs	KFUM	236 1	1270	1000	Silent	7:00-12:30	7:00- 1:00	7:00-11:00	7:00- 4:00	7:00-12:00	7:00-11:00	Colorado Springs
Columbia, Mo.	KFRU	475.9	630	500	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Columbia, Mo.
Columbus, Ohio	WAIU	468 5	640	5000	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	Columbus, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio	WCAH	209.7	1430	500	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	Columbus, Ohio
					9:00-11:30	10:00-12:00		9:00-11:30		9:00-12:00		
Columbus, Ohio	WEAO	526	570	750	Silent	7:00-10:00	Silent	7:00-10:00	Silent	7:00- 9:30	Silent	Columbus, Ohio
Coney Island	WCGU	214 2	1400	500	7:00-10:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	7:30-10:00	7:30-10:30	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
						10:30-12:00	9:00-10:30			10:00-12:00	7:30- 9:00	
											10:30-12:00	Coney Island
Corvallis	KOAC	599.6	550	1000	Silent	5:30- 7:30	5:30- 7:30	5:30- 7:30	5:30- 7:30	5:30- 7:30	5:30- 7:30	
						10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	Corvallis
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1260	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Council Bluffs
Culver	WCMA	214 2	1400	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Culver
Dallas	KRLD	288.3	1040	10000	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	
					8:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	
					11:00-12:00						1:00- 4:00	Dallas
Dallas	WFAA	374 8	800	500	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	
					9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	
					11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	Dallas
Dallas	WRR	234 2	1280	500	8:00-11:30	7:00-12:00	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	7:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	Silent	Dallas
Davenport	WOC	299 8	1000	5000	6:00-11:45	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Davenport
Denver	KLZ	535 4	560	1000	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Denver
Denver	KOA	361.2	830	12500	7:00-12:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00-12:30	7:00- 2:00	7:00-12:30	7:00- 2:00	7:00-12:45	Denver
Denver	KPOF	340 7	880	500	9:30-11:00	Silent	Silent	10:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Denver
Des Moines	WHO	299 8	1000	5000	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	Des Moines
Detroit	WJR	399 8	750	5000	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	Detroit
Detroit	WWJ	325.9	920	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Detroit
East Lansing	WKAR	288.3	1040	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	East Lansing
Easton	WICC	252	1190	500	5 to 1½ Hrs. after Sunset	5 to 1½ Hrs. after Sunset	5 to 1½ Hrs. after Sunset	5 to 1½ Hrs. after Sunset	5 to 1½ Hrs. after Sunset	5 to 1½ Hrs. after Sunset	5 to 1½ Hrs. after Sunset	Easton

OCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Claire	WTAQ	225.4	1330	1000	Silent	6:00- 8:55	6:00-10:30	6:00-12:30	6:00-11:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-11:30	Eau Claire
onton	CJCA	516.9	580	500	9:25-11:30	9:00-10:00	9:00-11:00	8:00-10:30	7:30-12:00	9:00-10:00	9:00- 2:00	Edmonton
onton	CKUA	516.9	580	500	6:00- 7:30	7:30- 9:00	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	7:30- 9:00	Silent	Edmonton
						10:00-12:30				10:00-12:30		
onton	CNRE	517.2	580	500	5:00- 6:00	Silent	10:00-11:00	Silent	10:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Edmonton
ansville	WGBF	475.9	630	500	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 2:00	Evansville
mont	WMMN	336.9	890	250	7:30- 9:30	7:00-10:00	7:00- 9:00	8:00-10:30	8:30-10:30	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 1:00	Fairmont
								12:00- 2:00				
o	WDAY	234.2	1280	1000	Silent	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:15	9:30-11:00	10:00- 1:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00-11:00	Fargo
etteville	KUOA	215.7	1390	1000	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 6:55	6:00- 6:55	6:00-10:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 6:55	Silent	Fayetteville
ning	CJRW	499.7	600	1000	10:00-11:00	5:30- 8:30	5:30-10:30	5:30- 8:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 8:30	5:30-12:00	Fleming
Wayne	WOWO	258.5	1160	10000	5:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	7:30-12:00	7:00-12:00	8:30-12:00	6 to 8 A. M.	Ft. Wayne
Worth	KTAT	241.8	1240	1000	8:30- 1:00	6 to 8 A. M.	6:00- 1:00	6 to 8 A. M.	6:00- 1:00	6 to 8 A. M.	6:00- 1:00	Ft. Worth
Worth	WBAP	374.8	800	50000	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	
					10:30- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	7:00-10:00	10:00- 1:00	7:00-10:00	10:00- 1:00	7:00-10:00	Ft. Worth
nesville	WRUF	204	1470	5000	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00		6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	
											and at 1:00	Gainesville
veston	KFUL	232.4	1290	1000	1st Sun. of Mo.		7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	
					8:30-10:00	7:00- 9:00	11:00- 1:00		11:00- 1:00		11:00- 1:00	Galveston
r	WJKS	220.4	1360	500	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	
					11:30- 1:00	11:30- 2:00	11:30- 2:00	11:30- 2:00	11:30- 1:00	11:30- 1:00	11:30- 2:00	Gary
cester	WHDH	361.2	830	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Gloucester
d Rapids	WASH	236.1	1270	500	7:45-12:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	
						12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	Grand Rapids
t Falls	KFBB	220.6	1360	500	Silent	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	
						8:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00	Great Falls
ley	KFKA	340.7	880	500	Silent	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	Greeley
nsboro	WNRC	208.2	1440	500	On Air at 8:00	6:30- 9:30	6:30- 9:30	6:30- 9:30	6:30- 9:30	6:30- 9:30	Silent	Greensboro
ingen	KRGV	238	1260	500	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	Silent	Harlingen
isburg	WBAK	209.7	1430	500	Silent	7:30- 9:00	Silent	7:30- 9:00	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Harrisburg
risburg	WHP	209.7	1430	500	5:00- 8:55	9:00-12:30	5:00-12:00	9:00-12:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	Harrisburg
tford	WTIC	282.8	1060	50000	7:00-12:00	Silent	5:00- 7:00	7:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	7:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	Hartford
oken	WPCH	370.2	810	500	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Hoboken
ywood	KFWB	315.6	950	1000	9:30- 2:00	7:15- 3:15	7:15- 2:30	7:15- 3:00	7:15- 2:30	7:15- 3:00	6:00- 3:15	Hollywood
ywood	KMTR	526	570	500	9:00- 1:00	9:00- 1:00	9:00- 1:00	9:00- 1:00	9:00- 1:00	9:00- 1:00	9:00- 1:00	
					2:00- 4:00	2:00- 4:00	2:00- 4:00	2:00- 4:00	2:00- 4:00	2:00- 4:00	2:00- 4:00	Hollywood
ywood	KNX	285.5	1050	50000	9:30- 1:30	10:00- 4:00	10:00- 4:00	10:00- 4:00	10:00- 4:00	10:00- 4:00	10:00- 5:00	Hollywood
kinsville	WFIW	319	940	1000	10:00-11:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Hopkinsville
Springs	KTHS	288.3	1040	10000	8:00- 9:00	7:00- 7:30	7:00- 9:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	7:00- 7:30	Hot Springs
					10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:30-12:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	8:00-10:00	
ston	KPRC	325.9	920	1000	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Houston
anapolis	WKBF	214.2	1400	500	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Indianapolis
anapolis	WFBM	243.8	1230	1000	6:00-12:45	6:00-12:15	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 9:30	6:00- 8:30	6:00-11:00	
							9:00- 1:00		11:00-12:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	Indianapolis
ewood	KMIC	267.7	1120	500	Silent	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	9:00-11:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00-10:00	
									1:30- 3:00		1:30- 3:00	Inglewood
City	WSUI	516.9	580	500	7:00- 8:00	6:30-10:30	6:30- 7:30	6:30- 7:30	6:30- 7:30	6:30- 7:30	7:00- 7:30	
					10:15-12:00	1:00- 4:00	9:30-11:00	9:30-10:30	9:30-11:00	9:30-10:30	9:30-10:30	
ca	WEAI	236.1	1270	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Iowa City
sonville	WJAX	238	1260	1000	6:30-11:45	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Ithaca
rson City	WOS	475.9	630	500	Silent	7:45-11:00	7:45- 8:00	7:45- 8:00	7:45- 8:00	7:45-12:00	Silent	Jacksonville
sas City	KMBC	315.6	950	1000	6:00-12:00	6:00-10:30	6:55- 1:00	6:55-10:30	6:55-10:30	6:55-10:30	6:55-10:30	Jefferson City
									12:00- 1:00		6:55-11:00	
sas City	WDAF	491.5	610	1000	7:00-11:15	6:30- 2:00	6:30- 2:00	6:30- 2:00	6:30- 2:00	6:30- 2:00	12:00- 1:00	Kansas City
sas City	WHB	315.6	950	500	12:00- 1:30	6:30- 6:55	6:00- 6:55	6:00- 6:55	6:00- 8:30	6:00- 6:55	7:00- 2:00	
						10:30- 2:00		10:30- 2:00	10:30-12:00	10:30- 2:00	8:30- 2:00	Kansas City
sas City	WOQ	491.5	610	1000	9:00-10:15	11:15-12:15	11:15-12:15	11:00-12:45	7:00- 8:00	Silent	11:00-1:00	Kansas City
					11:00- 2:00				10:00-11:00		Silent	
aston	CFRC	267.7	1120	500	Silent	5:00- 6:00	Silent	7:00-10:00	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Kingston
ville	WNOX	535.4	560	1000	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	Knoxville
rosse	WKBH	217.8	1380	1000	Silent	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	
					Silent	7:00- 8:00		11:00-12:00			11:00-12:00	La Crosse
	KFKU	245.6	1220	1000			Silent	Silent	9:30-10:00	Silent	Silent	Lawrence
ence	WREN	245.8	1220	1000	6:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	7:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	Lawrence
enceburg	WOAN	499.7	600	500	Silent	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	Lawrenceburg
							12:00- 1:00		12:00- 1:00			
ington	WLEX	220.4	1360	500	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Lexington
oln	KFAB	389.4	770	5000	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	
						11:00- 1:00		11:00- 1:00		11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	
oln	WCAJ	508.2	590	500	6:30- 8:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	10:30-11:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Lincoln
e Rock	KLRA	215.7	1390	1000	7:00-11:00	6:55-11:00	6:55-11:00	6:55- 7:55	6:55-11:00	6:55-11:00	6:55-11:00	Little Rock
lon	CJGC											London
lon	CNRL											London
Beach	KFOX	239.9	1250	1000	5 to 8 A. M.	5 to 8 A. M.	5 to 8 A. M.	5 to 8 A. M.	5 to 8 A. M.	5 to 8 A. M.	5 to 8 A. M.	Long Beach
Angeles	KFI	468.5	640	5000	8:00- 2:00	8:00- 2:15	8:00- 2:15	8:00- 2:15	8:00- 2:15	8:00- 2:15	8:00- 5:00	Los Angeles
Angeles	KFSG	276.7	1120	500	5:30- 2:00	Silent	Silent	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	11:00- 1:30	Los Angeles
									11:00- 1:30			
Angeles	KGEF	230.6	1300	1000	6:00-11:00	Silent	9:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	Silent	Silent	Los Angeles
Angeles	KHJ	333.1	900	1000	6:15- 4:00	6:00- 4:00	6:00- 4:00	6:00- 4:00	6:00- 4:00	6:00- 4:00	6:00- 4:00	Los Angeles
Angeles	KPLA	299.8	1000	1000	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	Los Angeles
Angeles	KTBI	230.6	1300	750	9:00-10:00	10:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	10:00- 1:00	Silent	Los Angeles
					11:00- 1:00							
ville	WHAS	365.6	820	10000	6:30-12:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	Louisville
on	WMAZ	336.9	890	500	8:00- 9:30	Silent	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	Silent	7:00- 9:00	Silent	Macon
ison	WHA											Madison
hattan, Kan.	KSAC	516.9	580	500	Silent	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	Manhattan, Kan.
phis	WGBC	209.7	1430	500	8:30-11:00	Silent	6:00-12:00	Silent	6:00-12:00	Silent	6:00-12:00	Memphis
phis	WMC	384.4	780	500	7:00-12:45	7:30- 1:00	7:30- 1:30	7:30- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:15- 1:00	7:30- 1:00	Memphis
phis	WNBR	209.7	1430	500	Silent	6:00-12:00	Silent	6:00-12:00	Silent	6:00-12:00	Silent	Memphis
phis	WREC	499.7	600	500	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Memphis
dian	WCOC	340.7	880	1000								Meridian
mi	WQAM	241.8	1240	1000	7:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	Miami
mi Beach	WIOD	535.4	560	1000	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Miami Beach
mi Beach	WMBF	535.4	560	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	Miami Beach
ford	KFKB	285.5	1050	5000	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	Milford
waukee	WTMJ	483.6	620	1000	6:30- 1:30	6:00- 1:30	6:00- 1:30	6:00- 1:30	6:00- 1:30	6:00- 1:30	6:00- 2:30	Milwaukee
neapolis	WCCO	370.2	810	10000	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Minneapolis
neapolis	WDOY	254.1	1180	1000	5:30- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:30	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	Minneapolis
neapolis	WHDI	254.1	1180	1000	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Minneapolis
neapolis	WLB	239.9	1250	500	Silent	Silent	8:30- 9:30	8:00-10:00	Silent	7:30- 8:30	Silent	Minneapolis
neapolis	WRHM											Minneapolis
oula	KUOM	526	570	500	11:30-12:45	10:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	10:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Missoula
							In Atlantic Standard Time					
cton	CNRA	475.9	630	500	6:00- 7:00	Silent	10:00-12:00	Silent	10:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Moncton
treal	CFCF	291.1	1030	1650	Silent	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:30	Montreal
							10:00- 1:00		11:00-12:00			
treal	CKAC	410.7	730	1200	Silent	Silent	7:15-11:30	Silent	7:15-11:30	Silent	7:15-11:30	Montreal
							In Eastern Time					
treal	CNRM	410.7	730	1200	5:00- 6:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	10:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Montreal
								9:30- 1:30				
e Jaw	CJRM	499.7	600	500	Silent	9:30- 1:30	Silent	5:30- 6:00	Silent	9:30- 1:30	1 to 3 A. M.	Moose Jaw
nt Beacon	WOKO	208.2	1440	500	Silent	5:30- 6:00	5:30- 6:00	8:00-12:00	5:30- 6:00	5:30- 6:00	5:30- 6:00	
						8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00		8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	Mount Beacon
Clemens	WGHP	241.8	1240	750	5:00-12:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	Mt. Clemens
Prospect	WJAZ	202.6	1480	5000	8:30-10:30	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	Mt. Prospect
Vernon Hills	WJSV	205.4	1460	10000	7:30-10:10	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:00	6:30-11:00	6:30-11:00	Mt. Vernon Hills
catine	KTNT	256.3	1170	5000	Silent	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
						11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	Muscatine
ville	WLAC	201.2	1490	5000	5:30- 8:00	10:00- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Nashville
					10:00-11:00							
ville	WSM	461.3	650	5000	7:00-11:15	6:00-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:30	7:00- 1:00	Nashville
ville	WTNT	201.2	1490	5000	Silent	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	7:00-10:00	
						11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 1:00	Nashville
rk	WAAM	239.9	1250	2000	Silent	10:00- 1:30	Silen	9:00- 1:30	6:00- 9:00	9:00- 1:30	6:00- 9:00	Newark
rk	WOR	422.3	710	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Newark
Haven	WDRC	225.4	1330	1000	Silent	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	Silent	New Haven
Orleans	WDSU	239.8	1250	1000	8:30-10:30	6:30-12:30	6:30-12:30	6:30-12:30	6:30-12:30	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:30	New Orleans
Orleans	WJBO	218.8	1370	100	6:00-11:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-11:30	New Orleans

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
New Orleans	WSMB	227.1	1320	500	7:00-10:15	7:00-11:30	7:00- 9:00 10:30-11:30	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00- 8:00 9:00-11:30	7:00-11:00	New Orleans
New Orleans	WWL	352.7	850	5000	7:30- 8:30	8:00-10:00	10:00- 1:00	8:00-10:00	10:00- 1:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	New Orleans
New York City	WABC	348.6	860	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	New York City
New York City	WEAF	454.3	660	50000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	New York City
New York City	WGBS	254.1	1180	500								New York City
New York City	WHAP	230.6	1300	1000	9:00-10:45	6:00- 8:00	Silent	6:30- 9:00	Silent	8:00-11:30	8:30-11:00	New York City
New York City	WJZ	394.5	760	30000	5:30-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	New York City
New York City	WLWL	272.6	1100	5000	8:00- 9:15	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	New York City
New York City	WMCA	526	570	500	6:00- 8:00 9:15-11:30	5:00- 6:00 8:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-12:00	New York City
New York City	WNYC	526	570	500	Silent	5:45- 8:30	5:45- 9:30	5:45-10:00	5:45- 9:30	5:45- 7:30	5:45- 8:30	New York City
New York City	WOV	265.3	1130	1000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	New York City
New York City	WRNY	296.9	1010	250	5:00-10:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	9:30- 1:00	Silent	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	New York City
Norfolk, Nebr	WJAG	282.8	1060	1000	Silent	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Norfolk, Neb.
Norfolk, Va	WTAR-WPOR	384.4	780	500	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Norfolk, Va.
Norman	WNAD	296.9	1010	500	Silent	Silent	8:15-10:15	8:15-10:15	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Norman
Northfield	KFMX	239.9	1250	1000								Northfield
Northfield	WCAL	239.9	1250	1000	Silent	8:00- 9:30	Silent	10:00-10:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Northfield
Oakland	KFWM	322.4	930	1000	9:00-10:45 12:15- 1:15	8:00- 9:00 10:00-11:30	8:00- 9:00 10:00- 1:00	8:00- 9:00 10:00-11:30	8:00- 9:00 10:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00 10:00-11:30	8:00- 9:00 10:00- 2:00	Oakland
Oakland	KGO	379.5	790	7500	6:30- 1:00	6:00- 3:00	7:30- 3:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00- 3:00	6:30- 3:00	Oakland
Oakland	KLX	340.7	880	500	8:00- 9:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Oakland
Oakland	KTAB	535.4	560	1000	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	Oakland
Oil City	WLBW	238	1260	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	Oil City
Oklahoma City	KFJF	204	1470	5000	7:30-10:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-12:30	7:30-11:30	7:30-12:00	7:30-12:00	7:30- 2:00	Oklahoma City
Oklahoma City	WKY	333.1	990	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:45	5:00-12:45	5:00-12:45	5:00-12:45	5:00-12:45	5:00-12:45	Oklahoma City
Omaha	WAAW	454.3	660	500	Silent	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Silent	Omaha
Omaha	WOW	508.2	590	1000	6:00- 6:30 8:00-12:00	6:00-12:15	6:00- 9:00 10:00-12:15	6:00-10:30 11:30-12:30	6:00-12:15	6:00-12:15	6:00-12:30 or 1:00 A. M.	Omaha
Orlando	WDBO	483.6	620	1000	7:30-10:00	5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00 7:45- 9:00 10:00-11:00	5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00 7:45- 9:00 10:00-11:00	5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:00 10:00-11:00	Orlando
Ottawa	CNRO	500	600	500	5:00- 6:00	10:00-11:00	8:45-11:00	Silent	6:30- 6:45 10:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Ottawa
Pasadena	KPSN	315.6	950	1000	2nd & 4th Sunday 11:00-12:00	9:00- 9:30	9:00- 9:30	9:00- 9:30	9:00- 9:30	9:00-9 3:0	9:00- 9:30	Pasadena
Paterson	WODA	239.9	1250	1000								Paterson
Pensacola	WCOA	267.7	1120	500	Silent	9:00-11:00	11:00- 1:00	9:00-11:00	11:00- 1:00	9:00-11:00	11:00- 1:00	Pensacola
Peoria Heights	WMBD	208.2	1440	500	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:30	Peoria Heights
Philadelphia	WCAU	256.3	1170	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WFAN	491.5	610	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 6:30 7:30-12:00	5:00- 6:30 7:30-12:00	5:00- 6:30 7:30-12:00	5:00- 6:30 7:30-12:00	5:00- 6:30 7:30-12:00	5:00- 6:30 7:30-12:00	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WFI	535.4	560	500	5:00-11:15	5:00- 7:30	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00-11:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00-11:30	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WIP	491.5	610	500	9:00-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:30- 7:30	6:30-12:00	6:30- 7:30	6:30-12:00	6:30- 7:30	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WLIT	535.4	560	500			7:00- 2:00	Silent	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Philadelphia
Phoenix	KFAD	483.6	620	1000	8:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00						Phoenix
Phoenix	KOY	215.7	1390	500			7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	Silent	7:00-12:00	Phoenix
Picher	KGGF	296.9	1010	500	9:00-11:00	7:00-11:30						Picher
Pittsburgh	KDKA	305.9	980	50000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:02	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:02	5:00-12:02	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:20	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	KQV	217.3	1380	500	5:00-10:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	WCAE	245.8	1220	500	5:00-11:15	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:30	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	WJAS	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-11:00	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	Pittsburgh
Portland, Me	WCSH	319	940	500	6:30-10:15	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	6:00-11:00	Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore	KEX	254.1	1180	5000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KFJR	230.6	1300	500	Silent	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KGW	483.6	620	1000	6:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KOIN	319	940	1000	8:00- 2:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KTBR	230.6	1300	500	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00 11:00- 3:00	5:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00	5:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00	5:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00 11:00- 3:00	5:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00 11:00- 3:00	5:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00 11:00- 4:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KWJJ	282.8	1060	500	12:00- 2:00	Silent	12:00- 3:00	Silent	12:00- 3:00	Silent	12:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KXL	239.9	1250	500	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	Portland, Ore.
Poughkeepsie	WOKO	215.7	1390	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Poughkeepsie
Pullman	KWSC	214.2	1400	1000	Silent	10:00-12:30	Silent	10:00-12:30	10:00-12:30	Silent	Silent	Pullman
Quincy	WTAD	208.2	1440	500	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	Quincy
Raleigh	WPTF	440.9	680	1000	5:00 to sunset 7:15- 9:00	5:00 to sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to sunset Pac. Time	Raleigh
Red Deer	CHCT	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Red Deer	CJCR	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Regina	CHWC	312.3	960	500	6:00-11:00	8:00- 2:00	7:00- 7:30	8:00- 2:00	7:00- 7:30	7:00- 7:30	8:00- 2:00	Regina
Regina	CJGR	312.3	960	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	10:00-11:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CKCK	312.3	960	500	11:01- 2:00	Silent	7:30- 2:00	Silent	7:30- 2:00	7:30- 2:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CJRC	312.5	960	500	Silent	Silent	10:00- 1:00	Silent	10:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Regina
Richmond, Va	WRVA	270.1	1110	5000	7:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Richmond, Va.
Richmond Hill	WBOQ	348.6	860	5000								Richmond Hill
Roanoke	WDBJ	322.4	930	500	7:30-11:30	5:30-11:45	5:30-11:45	5:30-11:45	5:30-11:45	5:30-11:45	5:30-11:45	Roanoke
Rochester	WHAM	260.7	1150	5000	5:00-11:15	5:00-11:20	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:20	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Rochester
Rochester	WHEC	208.2	1440	500	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	Rochester
Rockford	KFLV	212.6	1410	500	8:30-11:00	6:00- 7:00 9:00-11:30	6:00- 7:00 9:00-11:30	6:00- 7:00 9:00-11:30	6:00- 7:00 9:00-11:30	6:00- 7:00 9:00-11:30	6:00- 7:00 9:00-11:30	Rockford
Rossville	WBBR	230.6	1300	1000	5:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	Rossville
St. Joseph, Mo	KFEQ	535.4	560	2500	Silent	5:00- 7:20	5:00- 7:20	5:00- 7:20	5:00- 7:20	5:00- 7:20	5:00- 7:20	St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis	KFUO	545.1	550	1000	On Air at 10:15	10:30-11:30	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 7:30 12:00- 1:00	7:00- 8:00	10:30-11:30	7:00- 703:	St. Louis
St. Louis	KMOX	275.1	1090	5000	6:00-12:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	SLS	545.1	550	500	5:30-10:15	8:00-10:30	8:00-12:00	7:30-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-10:30	5:30-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KWK	222.1	1350	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	WEW	394.5	760	1000	6:00- 6:45	6:00- 6:45	6:00- 6:45	6:00- 6:45	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	St. Louis	
St. Paul	KSTP	205.4	1460	10000	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	St. Paul
St. Petersburg	WSUN-WFLA	333.1	900	1000	Silent	Silent	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	St. Petersburg
Salt Lake City	KDYL	232.6	1290	1000	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Salt Lake City
Salt Lake City	KSL	265.3	1130	5000	11:30- 1:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Salt Lake City
San Antonio	KTSA	232.4	1290	1000	6:00-10:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-11:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-11:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-11:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-11:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-11:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-11:00	San Antonio
San Antonio	WOAI	252	1190	5000	7:00-10:15	6:45- 1:00	6:45-11:30	6:45- 1:00	6:45-12:00	6:45-11:30	6:45-11:00	San Antonio
San Diego	KFSD	499.7	600	500	5:00-11:30	9:15- 2:00	6:15- 2:00	6:15- 2:00	6:15- 2:00	6:15- 2:00	6:15- 2:00	San Diego
San Francisco	KFRC	491.5	610	1000	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 4:00	5:00- 4:00	5:00- 4:00	5:00- 4:00	5:00- 4:00	5:00- 4:00	San Francisco
San Francisco	KFWI	322.4	930	500	10:50-12:15	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00 11:30-12:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	San Francisco
San Francisco	KPO	440.9	680	5000	6:00- 1:00	Silent	On Air at 5:00	On Air at 5:00	On Air at 5:00	On Air at 5:00	Silent	San Francisco
San Francisco	KYA	243.8	1230	1000	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 4:00	8:00- 5:00	San Francisco
San Jose	KQW	296.9	1010	500	9:30-11:00	6:00-12:30	6:00-12:30	6:00-12:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-12:30	6:00- 1:00	San Jose
Santa Monica	KTM	384.4	780	500	5:00- 8:00 11:00- 3:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00- 4:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00- 4:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00- 4:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00- 4:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00- 4:00	11:00- 8:00 11:00- 4:00	Santa Monica
Saskatoon	CFQC											Saskatoon
Saskatoon	CNRS											Saskatoon
Scarboro Station	CKOW	291.1	1030	500								Scarboro Statio
Schenectady	WGY	379.5	790	50000	5:00-10:45	6:00-10:30	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:30	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Schenectady
Seattle	KJR	309 1	970	5000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOL	236 1	1270	1000	12:30- 2:30	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 4:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOMO	325.9	920	1000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 3:30	5:00- 3:30	5:00- 3:30	5:00- 3:30	5:00- 3:30	5:00- 3:30	Seattle
Seattle	KTW	236.1	1270	1000	6:00 and 10:30	Time varies	Time varies	Time varies	Time varies	Time varies	Time varies	Seattle
Sheboygan	WHBL	212.6	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00 1:00- 2:00	6:00- 9:00	Sheboygan
Shenandoah	KFNF	336.9	890	500	7:00-10:00	7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:30	7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:30	7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:30	7:00- 8:30 9:00-11:30	7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:30	7:00- 8:30 9:00- 1:00	Shenandoah
Shenandoah	KMA	322.4	930	1000	6:00- 8:00 9:00-12:00	7:30- 1:00	7:30- 9:30 11:00-12:30	7:30- 9:30 11:00-12:30	7:30- 8:00 11:00-12:30	7:30- 9:30 11:00 12:30	7:30- 9:30	Shenandoah
Shreveport	KTBS	206.8	1450	1000	6:00- 8:30	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	Shreveport
Shreveport	KWKH	352.7	850	10000	8:45- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	7:00-10:00	10:00- 1:00	7:00-10:00	10:00- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	Shreveport
Sioux City	KSCJ	225.4	1330	1000	On air at 9:00-10:00	6:00- 8:00 9:00-12:00	6:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00	6:00- 8:00 9:00-11:30	6:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00	6:00- 8:00 9:00-10:00	6:00- 8:00 9:00-11:30	Sioux City
Sioux Falls	KSOO	280.1	1110	2000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Sioux Falls

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
uth Bend	WSBT	243.8	1230	500	11:00- 1:00	Silent	7:00- 9:00	11:00-12:00	9:30-11:00 12:00- 1:30	8:30-12:00	8:30- 9:00 11:00- 2:00	South Bend
Dartmouth	WMAF	220.4	1360	500								So. Dartmouth
okane	KFPY	223.7	1340	500	5:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 12:00- 3:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 9:30	5:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 12:00- 3:00	5:00-12:00	Spokane
okane	KGA	204	1470	5000	8:00- 2:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	8:00- 3:00	3:00- 8:00	Spokane
okane	KHQ	508.2	590	1000	5:00- 1:30	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Spokane
ingfield, Mass.	WBZ	302.8	990	15000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Springfield, Mass.
ingfield, Ohio	WCSO	217.3	1380	500	Silent	8:30-10:30	7:00- 9:00	9:30-11:30	6:30- 8:30	7:00- :900	8:30-10:00	Springfield, Ohio
te College	WPSC	243.8	1230	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	State College
te College, M	KOB	254.1	1180	10000	7:00-11:30	7:00- 9:30 10:30-12:00	7:00- 9:30 10:00-11:00	7:00 10:00 10:30-12:00	7:00- 9:30 11:00-12:00	7:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	7:00-11:00	State College State College, N. M.
vens Point	WLBL	333.1	900	2000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Stevens Point
perior	WEBC	234.2	1280	1000	6:00-11:15	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-11:30	6:00-12:00	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	Superior
acuse	WFBL	333.1	900	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Syracuse
oma	KMO	223.7	1340	500	12:00- 2:00	8:00-12:30	12:00- 2:00	8:00-12:00	12:00- 2:00	8:00-12:00	12:00- 2:00	Tacoma
oma	KVI	394.5	760	1000	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Tacoma
mpa	WDAE	483.6	620	1000	5:30- 7:30	7:00- 9:00 10:00-11:00	7:00- 7:45 9:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	7:00- 9:00 10:00-11:00	7:00- 7:45 9:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	7:00- 9:00 10:00-11:00	7:00- 7:45 9:00-12:00	Tampa
ton	WBRL	209.7	1430	500	7:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Tilton
edo	WSPD	223.7	1340	500	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Toledo
onto	CFCA	356.9	840	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	5:00- 9:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-10:00	Toronto
onto	CFRB	312.3	960	4000	5:00-12:30	5:00- 6:00 7:00-11:30	5:00- 6:00 7:00-12:30	5:00- 6:00 7:00-11:30	5:00- 6:00 7:00-12:30	5:00- 6:00 7:00-11:30	5:00- 6:00 7:00-12:00	Toronto
onto	CHNC	356.9	840	500	Operating on Phantom License only.							Toronto
onto	CKCL	517.2	580	500	7:00- 8:30	Silent	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Silent	6:00-12:00	Silent	Toronto
onto	CKGW	434.8	690	5000	5:00- 6:00 9:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	Toronto
onto	CKNC	516.9	580	500	5:00- 6:00	6:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-12:00	Toronto
onto	CNRT	357.1	840	500	5:00- 6:00	Silent	7:00- 9:00	Silent	8:00- 9:30	Silent	Silent	Toronto
nton	WOAX	234.2	1280	500	7:45- 9:15	Silent	Silent	7:45-11:30	Silent	Silent	7:45-11:30	Trenton
y	WHAZ	230.6	1300	500	Silent	8:00-12:00	12:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Troy
sa	KVOO	263	1140	5000	5:00- 9:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	10:00- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	10:00- 1:00	Tulsa
ana	WILL	336.9	890	500	6:00- 7:00 8:30- 9:00	6:00- 7:00 8:30- 9:00	6:00- 7:00 8:30- 9:00	6:00- 7:00 8:30- 9:00	6:00- 7:00 8:30- 9:00	6:00- 7:00 8:30- 9:00	6:00- 7:00 8:30- 9:00	Urbana
scouver	CNRV	291.1	1030	500	12:00- 1:30	1:00- 2:00	12:00- 3:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	10:30- 3:00	Silent	Vancouver
million	KUSD	336.9	890	500	Silent	9:00-10:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Vermillion
toria, B. C	CFCT	329.5	630	500	10:28-12:00	9:00-12:30 1st Monday Each Month 11:00- 1:00	9:00-10:30 2:00- 3:00	9:00-10:30 11:00-12:15 2:00- 3:00	9:00-10:30 2:00- 3:00	8:30-10:30 11:00-12:30 2:00- 3:00	9:00-10:30 2:00- 3:00	Victoria, B. C.
co	WJAD	241.8	1240	1000	Silent	9:30-10:30	9:30-10:30	9:30-10:30	9:30-10:30	9:30-10:30	9:30-10:30	Waco
shington, D.C.	NAA	434.5	690	1000	On air at 10:00	On air at 10:00	On air at 10:00	On air at 10:00	On air at 10:00	7:45- 8:00 and 10:00	On air at 10:00	Washington, D.C.
shington, D.C.	WMAL	475.9	630	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Washington, D.C.
shington, D.C.	WRC	315.6	950	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Washington, D.C.
stminster	KPWF	201.6	1490	5000 to 10000								Westminster
hita	KFH	230.6	1300	1000	6:00- 7:00 8:00-10:00	6:00- 6:30 8:00- 9:30 11:00-12:00	6:00- 6:30 8:00- 9:30 11:00-12:00	6:00- 6:30 8:00- 9:30 11:00-12:00	6:00- 6:30 8:00- 9:30 11:00-12:00	6:00- 6:30 8:00- 9:30 11:00-12:00	6:00- 6:30 8:00- 9:30 11:00-12:00	Wichita
nipeg	CJRX	25.6		2000	Silent	8:30-12:30	On air at 10:15	8:30-12:30	Silent	8:30-12:30	8:00 and 11:00 to 12:00	Winnipeg
nipeg	CKY	384.4	780	5000								Winnipeg
nipeg	CNRW	384.4	780	5000	Silent	12:00- 1:00	10:00-11:00	Silent	10:00-11:30	7:30- 8:30	11:00-12:00	Winnipeg
odhaven	WEVD	230.6	1300	500								Woodhaven
kton	WNAX	526	570	1000	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Yankton
k, Neb	KGBZ	322.4	930	500	6:00- 7:00	On air at 6:00 and 9:30 8:15- 9:00 10:00-11:30	On air at 6:00 and 9:30 8:15- 9:00 12:00- 1:00	On air at 6:00 and 9:30 8:15- 9:00	On air at 6:00 and 9:30 8:15-11:00	On air at 6:00 and 9:30 8:15- 9:00 9:30-11:00	On air at 6:00 and 9:30 8:15- 9:00	York, Neb.
kton	CJGX	475.9	630	500	8:00- 9:30	5:00- 7:00 10:00-12:00	5:00-10:00	5:00- 7:00 10:00-12:00	5:00-10:00	5:00- 7:00 10:00-12:00	5:00-10:00	Yorkton
ngstown, O.	WKBN	526	570	500	5:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Youngstown, O.
n	WCBD	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Zion

Evening Schedules of Favorite Stations

CENTRAL TIME

Add one hour for Eastern time, subtract one hour for Mountain time and two hours for Pacific time.

OCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
on	WADC	227.1	1320	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
on	WFJC	206.8	1450	500	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
uquerque	KGGM	243.8	1230	500	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Albuquerque
arillo	KGDD	212.6	1410	1000	5:00- 6:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Amarillo
es	WOI	535.4	560	3500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	12:30- 3:00	Ames
ury Park	WCAP	234.2	1280	500	7:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Asbury Park
eville	WWNC	526	570	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Asheville
nta	WGST	336.9	890	500	Silent	9:30-10:30	Silent	Silent	7:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Atlanta
nta	WSB	405.2	740	1000	5:00- 9:15	6:00-10:45	5:30-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	Atlanta
ntic City	WPG	272.6	1100	5000	5:00-12:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Atlantic City
tin	KUT	267.7	1120	500	7:00-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Silent	Austin
timore	WBAL	282.8	1060	10000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	Baltimore
gor	WLBZ	483.6	620	250	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Bangor
City	WBBM	212.8	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Bay City
umont	KFDM	535.4	560	500	7:00- 9:00	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-12:00	Beaumont
rien Springs	WEMC	508.2	590	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Berrien Springs
erly Hills	KEJK	422.3	710	500	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	Beverly Hills
ings	KGHL	315.6	950	500	8:30-11:00	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:00 12:30- 3:00	Billings
mingham	WAPI	263	1140	5000	5:00- 6:00 8:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-12:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	Birmingham
mingham	WBRC	322.4	930	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 2:00	Birmingham
narck	KFYR	545.1	550	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-11:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-10:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00-11.00	Bismarck
te	KIDO	239.9	1250	1000	8:30- 9:45	8:30- 9:45	8:30- 9:45	8:30- 9:45	8:30- 9:45	8:30- 9:45	8:30- 9:45	Boise
ton	WBIS	243.8	1230	1000	Silent	5:00-11:10	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:10	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Boston
ton	WBZA	302.8	990	500	5:00-10:45	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:55-10:23	5:00-10:23	Boston
ton	WEEI	508.2	590	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:05	5:00-10:05	5:00- 9:35	5:00-10:15	Boston
ton	WNAC	243.8	1230	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Boston
okings	KFDY	545.1	550	1000	Silent	Silent 5:00- 6:30	7:30- 9:00 5:00- 6:30	Silent 6:30- 9:00	7:30- 9:00 6:30- 9:30	Silent 9:00-11:00	Silent 6:30- 8:00	Brookings
oklyn	WBBC	214.2	1400	500	6:00- 9:30	9:30-11:00	8:00- 9:30				9:30-11:00	Brooklyn
oklyn	WLTH	214.2	1400	500								Brooklyn
oklyn	WSGH-WSDA	214.2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Brooklyn
wnsville	KWWG	238	1260	500								Brownsville
alo	WGR	545.1	550	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Buffalo
alo	WKBW	244	1470	5000	6:00- 8:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	Buffalo
alo	WKEN	288.3	1040	1000	9:15-11:00							Buffalo
alo	WMAK	333.1	900	750								Buffalo
bank	KELW	384.4	780	500	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Burbank
naby	CFYC	410.7	730	500								Burnaby
rary	CFAC	434.5	690	500	8:00 8:30-10:00	10:00-11:30 6:00- 7:00	11:00-12:30 6:00- 7:00	9:30-10:00 6:00- 7:00	7:00- 1:00 6:00- 7:00	Silent 6:00- 7:00	Silent 6:00- 7:00	Calgary
rary	CFCN	434.5	690	1800	10:15-11:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-12:00		9:30- 2:00		Calgary
rary	CHCA	434.5	690	500	6:00- 7:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Calgary
rary	CJCJ	434.5	690	500	7:00- 8:00 11:30-12:30	9:00-10:00 11:30-12:30	Silent	12:00- 1:00	Silent	8:00- 9:30	9:00- 1:00	Calgary
rary	CNRC	434.8	690	500	Silent	10:30-11:30	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:30	Silent	Silent	Calgary

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Calgary	CNRC	434.8	690	500	Silent	9:30-11:30	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Calumet	WHDF											Calumet
Camden	WCAM	234.2	1280	500	Silent	6:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00-11:00	Silent	Camden
Canton	WCAD	245.6	1220	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Canton
Charlotte	WBT	277.6	1080	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Charlotte
Chattanooga	WDOD	234.2	1280	2500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Chattanooga
Chicago	KYW-KFKX	293.9	1020	10000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	Chicago
Chicago	KYWA	293.9	1020	10000	Same as KY	W-KFKX.						Chicago
Chicago	WAAF	325.9	920	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WBBM	389.4	770	25000	5:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	
						12:00- 1:00		12 :00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	
Chicago	WCFL	309.1	970	1500	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	7:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	Chicago
					5:00- 6:00	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	
Chicago	WENR	344.6	870	50000	8:00- 1:00	11:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	11:00- 2:00	11:30- 2:00	12:00- 2:00	Chicago
					5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
					9:00-10:30				9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30		Chicago
Chicago	WGES	220.4	1360	500	12:00- 2:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	12:00- 2:00	12:00- 2:00	9:00-10:30	Chicago
Chicago	WGN	416.4	720	25000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WIBO	526	570	1000	Silent	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-11:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	Chicago
Chicago	WJBT	389.4	770	25000	9:30-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WJJD	265.3	1130	20000	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	Chicago
Chicago	WLS	344.6	870	5000	6:00- 8:00	5:30-11:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:30	5:30-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMAQ	447.5	670	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMBI	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	10:15-11:15	12:00- 1:00	Silent	Chicago
Chicago (Tran. Deerf'd)	WORD	202.6	1480	5000	5:00- 7:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Chicago
Chicago	WPCC	526	570	500	5:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chickasha	KOCW	214.2	1400	500	6:00- 8:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	Chickasha
Cincinnati	WKRC	545.1	550	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WLW	428.3	700	50000	5:00-11:20	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 3:00	9:00-12:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WSAI	325.9	1330	500	5:30- 9:45	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30- 9:30	5:30-12:00	Cincinnati
Clarinda	KSO	217.3	1380	500	Silent	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Clarinda
Clay Center	KMMJ	405.2	740	1000	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Clay Center
Clearwater	WFLA	333.1	900	1000	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Clearwater
Cleveland	WEAR	286.2	1070	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
Cleveland	WHK	215.7	1390	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Cleveland
Cleveland	WJAY	483.6	620	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	Cleveland
Cleveland	WTAM	399.8	750	3500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
College Station	WTAW	267.7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	College Station
Colorado Springs	KFUM	236.1	1270	1000	Silent	6:00-11:30	6:00-12:00	6:00-10:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:00	Colorado Springs
Columbia, Mo.	KFRU	475.9	630	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Columbia, Mo.
Columbus, Ohio	WAIU	468.5	640	5000	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Columbus, Ohio
					5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	
Columbus, Ohio	WCAH	209.7	1430	500	8:00-10:30	9:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	8:00-10:30		8:00-11:00		Columbus, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio	WEAO	526	570	750	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 8:30	Silent	Columbus, Ohio
Coney Island	WCGU	214.2	1400	500		5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30				6:30- 8:00	
					6:00- 9:30	9:30-11:00	8:00- 9:30	6:30- 9:00	6:30- 9:30	9:00-11:00	9:30-11:00	
Corvallis	KOAC	599.6	550	1000		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Coney Island
					Silent	6:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1260	1000	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Corvallis
Culver	WCMA	214.2	1400	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Council Bluffs
Dallas	KRLD	288.3	1040	10000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Culver
					7:00- 8:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	
					10:00-11:00						12:00- 3:00	Dallas
Dallas	WFAA	374.8	800	500	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	
					8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	
					10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	Dallas
Dallas	WRR	234.2	1280	500	7:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	Silent	Dallas
Davenport	WOC	299.8	1000	5000	5:00-10:45	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	Davenport
Denver	KLZ	535.4	560	1000	Silent	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Denver
Denver	KOA	361.2	830	12500	6:00-11:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:45	Denver
Denver	KPOF	340.7	880	500	8:30-10:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Denver
Des Moines	WHO	299.8	1000	5000	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Des Moines
Detroit	WJR	399.8	750	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Detroit
Detroit	WWJ	325.9	920	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Detroit
East Lansing	WKAR	288.3	1040	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	East Lansing
Easton	WICC	252	1190	500	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	Easton
Eau Claire	WTAQ	225.4	1330	1000	Silent	5:00- 7:55	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	Eau Claire
Edmonton	CJCA	516.9	580	500	8:25-10:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:00	7:00- 9:30	6:30-11:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 1:00	
						6:30- 8:00				6:30- 8:00		Edmonton
Edmonton	CKUA	516.9	580	500	5:00- 6:30	9:00-11:30	10:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:30	Silent	Edmonton
Edmonton	CNRE	517.2	580	500	6:00- 7:00	Silent	11:00-12:00	Silent	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Edmonton
Evansville	WGBF	475.9	630	500	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 1:00	
					6:30- 8:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	7:30- 9:00	7:30- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00-12:00	Evansville
Fairmont	WMMN	336.9	890	250				11:00- 1:00				Fairmont
Fargo	WDAY	234.2	1280	1000	Silent	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:15	8:30-10:00	9:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00-10:00	Fargo
Fayetteville	KUOA	215.7	1390	1000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 5:55	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 5:55	Silent	Fayetteville
Fleming	CJRW	499.7	600	1000	9:00-10:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 9:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 10:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00-11:00	Fleming
Ft. Wayne	WOWO	258.5	1160	10000	5:00- 6.00							Ft. Wayne
					7:30-11:00	9:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	8:30-11:00	6:00-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:00-10:30	
Ft. Worth	KTAT	241.8	1240	1000	7:30-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	Ft. Worth
					5:00- 6:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:30	
Ft. Worth	WBAP	374.8	800	50000	9:30-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	Ft. Worth
											5:00-10:00	
Gainesville	WRUF	204	1470	5000	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	11:00-12:00	Gainesville
					1st in Mo.		6:00- 8:00		6:00- 8:00		6:00- 8:00	
Galveston	KFUL	232.4	1290	1000	7:30- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	Galveston
Gary	WJKS	220.4	1360	500	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	
					10:30-12:00	10:30- 1:00	10:30- 1:00	10:30- 1:00	10:30-12:00	10:30-12:00	10:30- 1:00	
Gloucester	WHDH	361.2	830	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Gary
Grand Rapids	WASH	236.1	1270	500		5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Gloucester
					6:45-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	
Great Falls	KFBB	220.6	1360	500		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Grand Rapids
					Silent	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 8:00	
Greeley	KFKA	340.7	880	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Great Falls
												Greeley
Greensboro	WNRC	208.2	1440	500	7:00	5:30- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	Silent	Greensboro
Harlingen	KRGV	238	1260	500	5:00- 7:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	Harlingen
Harrisburg	WBAK	209.7	1430	500	Silent	6:30- 8:00	Silent	6:30- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Harrisburg
Harrisburg	WHP	209.7	1430	500	5:00- 7:59	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00	Harrisburg
Hartford	WTIC	282.8	1060	50000	6:00-11:00	Silent	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	Hartford
Hoboken	WPCH	370.2	810	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00 -9:00	Hoboken
Hollywood	KFWB	315.6	950	1000	8:30- 1:00	6:15- 2:15	6:15- 1:30	6:15- 2:00	6:15- 1:30	6:15- 2:00	5:00- 2:15	Hollywood
Hollywood	KMTR	526	570	500	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	
					1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	Hollywood
Hollywood	KNX	285.5	1050	50000	8:30-12:30	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 4:00	Hollywood
Hopkinsville	WFIW	319	940	1000	9:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Hopkinsville
Hot Springs	KTHS	288.3	1040	10000	7:00- 8:00	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 8:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	6:00- 6:30	
					9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:30-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00	Hot Springs
Houston	KPRC	325.9	920	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Houston
Indianapolis	WKBF	214.2	1400	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Indianapolis
Indianapolis	WFBM	243.8	1230	1000			5:00- 6:00		5:00- 8:30	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 1:00	
					5:00-11:45	5:00-11:15	8:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	10:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	Indianapolis
Inglewood	KMIC	267.7	1120	500					7:00-10:00		7:00-10:00	
					Silent	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	12:30- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	12:30- 2:00	Inglewood
Iowa City	WSUI	516.9	580	500	6:00- 7:00	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 6:30	5:30- 6:30	5:30- 6:30	5:30- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	
					9:15-11:00	12:00- 3:00	8:30-10:00	8:30- 9:30	8:30-10:00	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	
Ithaca	WEAI	236.1	1270	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Iowa City
Jacksonville	WJAX	238	1260	1000	5:30-10:45	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	Ithaca
Jefferson City	WOS	475.9	630	500	Silent	6:45-10:00	6:45- 7:00	6:45-11:00	6:45- 7:00	6:45-11:00	Silent	Jacksonville
Kansas City	KMBC	315.6	950	1000					5:55- 9:30		5:55- 9:00	Jefferson City
					5:00-11:00	5:00- 9:30	5:55-12:00	5:55- 9:30	11:00-12:00	5:55- 9:30	11:00-12:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WDAF	491.5	610	1000	6:00-10:15	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WHB	315.6	950	500		5:30- 5:55		5:00- 5:55	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 5:55	5:00- 7:30	
					11:00-12:30	9:30- 1:00	5:00- 5:55	9:30- 1:00	9:30-11:00	9:30- 1:00	10:00-11:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WOQ	491.5	610	1000	8:00- 9:15				6:00- 7:00			
					10:00- 1:00	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:45	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Kansas City
Kingston	CFRC	267.7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Kingston
Knoxville	WNOX	535.4	560	1000	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Knoxville

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
s Crosse	WKBH	217.8	1380	1000	Silent	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00 10:00-11:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00 10:00-11:00	La Crosse
wrence	KFKU	245.6	1220	1000	Silent	6:00- 7:00	Silent	Silent	8:30- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Lawrence
wrence	WREN	245.8	1220	1000	5:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	6:00-11:00	Lawrence
wrenceburg	WOAN	499.7	[illegible]	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Lawrenceburg
xington	WLEX	220.4	1360	500	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Lexington
ncoln	KFAB	389.4	770	5000		5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:00	Lincoln
ncoln	WCAJ	508.2	590	500	5:00- 5:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	9:30-10:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Lincoln
ttle Rock	KLRA	215.7	1390	1000	5:30- 7:00	Silent	5:55-10:00	5:55- 6:55	5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-11:00	Little Rock
ndon	CJGC	329.7	910	500	6:00- 7:30 9:00-10:00	5:45-10:00	5:45-10:00	5:45-10:30	5:30-11:00	5:45-10:00	Silent	London
ndon	CNRL	329.7	910	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	London
ng Beach	KFOX	239.9	1250	1000	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	Long Beach
s Angeles	KFI	468.5	640	5000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 4:00	Los Angeles
s Angeles	KPSG	276.7	1120	500	5:00- 5:30 8:30- 1:00	Silent	Silent	5:00- 7:00 6:00- 7:00	10:00-12:30	5:00- 7:00	10:00-12:30	Los Angeles
s Angeles	KGEF	230.6	1300	1000	5:00-10:00	Silent	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Los Angeles
s Angeles	KHJ	333.1	900	1000	5:15- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Los Angeles
s Angeles	KPLA	299.8	1000	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Los Angeles
s Angeles	KTBI	230.6	1300	750	8:00- 9:00 10:00-12:00	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-12:00	Silent	Los Angeles
uisville	WHAS	365.6	820	10000	5:30-11:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Louisville
con	WMAZ	336.9	890	500	7:00- 8:30	Silent	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	Silent	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Macon
dison	WHA											Madison
nhattan, Kan.	KSAC	516.9	580	500	Silent	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	Manhattan, Kan.
mphis	WGBC	209.7	1430	500	7:30-10:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Memphis
mphis	WMC	384.4	780	500	6:00-11:45	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:30	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:15-12:00	6:30-12:00	Memphis
mphis	WNBR	269.7	1430	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Memphis
mphis	WREC	499.7	600	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Memphis
ridian	WCOC	340.7	880	1000								Meridian
ami	WQAM	241.8	1240	1000	6:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Miami
ami Beach	WIOD	535.4	560	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Miami Beach
ami Beach	WMBF	535.4	560	1000	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	Miami Beach
lford	KFKB	285.5	1050	5000	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	Milford
lwaukee	WTMJ	483.6	620	1000	5:30-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	Milwaukee
nneapolis	WCCO	370.2	810	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Minneapolis
nneapolis	WDOY	254.1	1180	1000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Minneapolis
nneapolis	WHDI	254.1	1180	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:30- 8:30	7:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Minneapolis
nneapolis	WLB	239.9	1250	500	Silent	Silent		7:00- 9:00	Silent	6:30- 7:30	Silent	Minneapolis
nneapolis	WRHM	239.9	1250	1000								Minneapolis
soula	KUOM	526	570	500	10:30-11:45	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Missoula
ncton	CNRA	475.9	630	500	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Moncton
ntreal	CFCF	291.1	1030	1650			5:00- 7:00		5:00- 7:00			
ntreal	CKAC	410.7	730	1200	Silent Silent	5:00-12:00 Silent	9:00-12:00 6:15-10:30	5:00-11:30 Silent	10:00-11:00 6:15-10:30	5:00-11:00 Silent	5:00- 6:30 Silent	Montreal Montreal
ntreal	CNRM	410.7	730	1200	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	8:30-12:30	Montreal
ose Jaw	CJRM	499.7	600	500	Silent	8:30-12:30	Silen;	8:30-12:30	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	12:00- 2:00 7:00-11:00
unt Beacon	WOKO	208.2	1440	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Mount Beacon
Clemens	WGHP	241.8	1240	750	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Mt. Clemens
Prospect	WJAZ	202.6	1480	5000	7:30- 9:30	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	Mt. Prospect
Vernon Hills	WJSV	205.4	1460	10000	6:30- 9:10	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	Mt. Vernon Hills.
uscatine	KTNT	256.3	1170	5000	Silent	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00
hville	WLAC	201.2	1490	5000	5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Muscatine Nashville
hville	WSM	461.3	650	5000	6:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-10:30	6:00-12:00	Nashville
hville	WTNT	201.2	1490	5000	Silent	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	Nashville
vark	WAAM	239.9	1250	2000	Silent	9:00-12:30	Silent	8:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00	8:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00	Newark
vark	WOR	422.3	710	[illegible]	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Newark
v Haven	WDRC	225.4	1330	1000	Silent	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	Silent	New Haven
v Orleans	WDSU	239.9	1250	1000	7:30- 9:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:30	New Orleans
v Orleans	WJBO	218.8	1370	100	5:00-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	New Orleans
v Orleans	WSMB	227.1	1320	500	6:00- 9:15	6:00-10:30	6:00- 8:00 9:30-10:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00- 7:00 8:00-10:30	6:00-10:00	New Orleans
v Orleans	WWL	352.7	850	5000	6:30- 7:30	7:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	New Orleans
v York City	WABC	348.6	860	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	New York City
v York City	WEAF	454.3	660	50000	5:00-10:15	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	New York City
v York City	WGBS	254.1	1180	500								New York City
v York City	WHAP	230.6	1300	1000	8:00-10:15	5:00- 7:00	Silent	5:30- 8:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	7:00-10:30	7:30-10:00
v York City	WJZ	394.5	760	30000	5:30-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	New York City
v York City	WLWL	272.6	1100	5000	7:00- 8:15	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	New York City
v York City	WMCA	526	570	500	5:00- 7:00 8:15-10:30	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	New York City
v York City	WNYC	526	570	500	Silent	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 7:30	New York City
v York City	WOV	265.3	1130	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	New York City
v York City	WRNY	296.9	1010	250	5:00- 9:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00-10:00	8:30-12:00	Silent	5:00- 8:00	7:00-12:00	New York City
folk, Nebr	WJAG	282.8	1060	1000	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Norfolk, Neb.
folk, Va	WTAR-WPOR	384.4	780	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Norfolk, Va.
man	WNAD	296.9	1010	500	Silent	Silent	7:15- 9:15	7:15- 9:15	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Norman
thfield	KFMX	239.9	1250	1000								Northfield
thfield	WCAL	239.9	1250	1000	Silent	7:00- 8:30	Silent	9:00- 9:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Northfield
land	KFWM	322.4	930	1000	8:00- 9:45 11:15-12:15	7:00- 8:00 9:00-10:30	7:00- 8:00 9:00- 1:00	7:00- 8:00 9:00-10:30	7:00- 8:00 9:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00 9:00-10:30	7:00- 8:00 9:00- 1:00	Oakland
land	KGO	379.5	790	7500	5:30-12:00	5:00- 2:00	6:30- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:30- 2:00	7:00- 3:00	Oakland
land	KLX	340.7	880	500	6:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Oakland
land	KTAB	535.4	560	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Oakland
City	WLBW	238	1260	500	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	Oil City
homa City	KFJF	204	1470	5000	6:30- 7:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-11:00	6:30-11:00	6:30- 1:00	Oklahoma City
homa City	WKY	333.1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	Oklahoma City
aha	WAAW	454.3	660	500	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Silent	Omaha
aha	WOW	508.2	590	1000	5:00- 5:30 7:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:15	5:00-11:15	5:00-11:30 or 12:00	Omaha
ando	WDBO	483.6	620	1000	5:00-11:15	9:00-11:15	10:30-11:30	10:30-11:30	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					8:00- 9:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	6:45- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	6:45- 8:00	
					10:00-11:00	6:45- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	
wa	CNRO	500	600	500	6:30- 9:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	5:30- 5:45 9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Orlando Ottawa
adena	KPSN	315.6	950	1000	9:00-10:00 2nd & 4th Sun.	7:45-10:00	Silent	Silent				
rson	WODA	239.9	1250	1000	10:00-11:00	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00-8:30	Pasadena Paterson
sacola	WCOA	267.7	1120	500	Silent	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	Pensacola
ria Heights	WMBD	208.2	1440	500		5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
adelphia	WCAU	256.3	1170	10000	5:00- 6:00	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	Peoria Heights
adelphia	WFAN	491.5	610	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Philadelphia
adelphia	WFI	535.4	560	500	5:00- 8:00 5:00-10:15	5:00- 5:30 5:00- 6:30	5:00- 5:30 6:30-11:00 5:00-11:00	5:00- 5:30 5:00- 6:30	5:00- 5:30 6:30-11:00 5:00-10:30	5:00- 5:30 5:00- 6:30	5:00- 5:30 6:30-11:00 5:00-10:30	Philadelphia Philadelphia
adelphia	WIP	491.5	610	500	8:00-11:00	5:30- 6:30 6:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	Philadelphia
adelphia	WLIT	535.4	560	500								Philadelphia
enix	KFAD	483.6	620	1000	7:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Phoenix
enix	KOY	315.7	1390	500								Phoenix
er	KGGF	299.9	1010	500	8:00-10:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	Picher
sburgh	KDKA	305.9	980	50000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:02	5:00-11:02	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:20	Pittsburgh
sburgh	KQV	217.3	1380	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Pittsburgh
sburgh	WCAE	245.8	1220	500	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:30	Pittsburgh
sburgh	WJAS	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Pittsburgh
land, Me	WCSH	319	940	500	5:30- 9:15	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Portland, Me.
land, Ore	KEX	254.1	1180	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
land, Ore	KFJR	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00- 2:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
land, Ore	KGW	483.6	620	1000	5:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
land, Ore	KOIN	319	940	1000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 4:00	Portland, Ore.
land, Ore	KTBR	230.6	[illegible]	500		5:00- 7:00 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00- 9:00	Portland, Ore.
land, Ore	KWJJ	282.8	1060	500	5:00- 1:00 11:00- 1:00	10:00- 2:00 Silent	8:00- 9:00 11:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00 Silent	10:00- 2:00 11:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00 Silent	10:00- 3:00 11:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore. Portland, Ore.

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Portland, Ore.	KXL	239.9	1250	500	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Poughkeepsie	WOKO	215.7	1390	500	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:30-10:00	Poughkeepsie
Pullman	KWSC	214.2	1400	1000	Silent	9:00-11:30	Silent	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	Silent	Silent	Pullman
Quincy	WTAD	208.2	1440	500	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	Quincy
Raleigh	WPTF	440.9	680	1000	6:15- 8:00	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	Raleigh
Red Deer	CHCT	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Red Deer	CJCR	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Regina	CHWC	312.3	960	500	5:00-10:00	7:00- 1:00	6:00- 6:30	7:00- 1:00	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	7:00- 1:00	Regina
Regina	CJBR	312.3	960	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CKCK	312.3	960	500	10:01- 1:00	Silent	6:30- 1:00	Silent	6:30- 1:00	6:30- 1:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CNRR	312.5	960	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Regina
Richmond, Va.	WRVA	270.1	1110	5000	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Richmond, Va.
Richmond Hill	WBOQ	348.6	860	5000								Richmond Hill
Roanoke	WDBJ	322.4	930	500	6:30-10:30	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	Roanoke
Rochester	WHAM	260.7	1150	5000	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:20	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:20	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Rochester
Rochester	WHEC	208.2	1440	500	Silent	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 9:30	5:00-10:30	Rochester
						5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
Rockford	KFLV	212.6	1410	500	7:30-10:00	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	Rockford
Rossville	WBBR	230.6	1300	1000	5:00- 8:00	Silent	5:00- 7:00	8:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Rossville
St. Joseph	KFEQ	535.4	560	2500	Silent	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis	KFUO	545.1	550	1000	On Air at 9:15	9:30-10:30	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 6:30				
				500		5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	6:00- 7:00	9:30-10:30	6:00- 6:30	St. Louis
				5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KMOX	275.1	1090	50000	5:00- 9:15	7:00- 9:30	7:00-11:00	6:30-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00- 9:30	5:30-10:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KSD	545.1	550	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KWK	222.1	1350	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Silent	St. Louis
St. Louis	WEW	394.5	760	1000	5:00- 5:45							
St. Paul	KSTP	205.4	1460	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	St. Paul
St. Petersburg	WSUN-WFLA	333.1	900	1000	Silent	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	St. Petersburg
Salt Lake City	KDYL	232.6	1290	1000	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	Salt Lake City
Salt Lake City	KSL	265.3	1130	5000	10:30-12:30	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Salt Lake City
						5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	
San Antonio	KTSA	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:30-10:00	San Antonio
San Antonio	WOAI	252	1190	5000	6:00- 9:15	5:45-12:00	5:45-10:30	5:45-12:00	5:45-11:00	5:45-10:30	5:45-10:00	San Antonio
San Diego	KFSD	499.7	600	500	5:00-10:30	5:00- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	San Diego
San Francisco	KFRC	491.5	610	1000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	San Francisco
									8:00- 9:00			
San Francisco	KFWI	322.4	930	500	9:50-11:15	8:00- 9:00	Silent	8:00- 9:00	10:30-11:00	8:00- 9:00	Silent	San Francisco
San Francisco	KPO	440.9	680	5000	5:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	San Francisco
San Francisco	KYA	243.8	1230	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 4:00	San Francisco
San Jose	KQW	296.9	1010	500	9:30-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	San Jose
Santa Monica	KTM	384.4	780	500	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
					10:00- 2:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	Santa Monica
Saskatoon	CFQC	329.7	910	500								Saskatoon
Saskatoon	CNRS	329.5	910	500								Saskatoon
Scarboro Station	CKOW	291.1	1030	500								Scarboro Station
Schenectady	WGY	379.5	790	50000	5:00- 9:45	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Schenectady
Seattle	KJR	309.1	970	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:30- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOL	236.1	1270	1000	11:30- 1:30	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 3:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOMO	325.9	920	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	Seattle
Seattle	KTW	236.1	1270	1000	On Air at 5:00- 9:30	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies 6:00- 8:00	Time Varies	Seattle
Sheboygan	WHBL	212.6	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	12:00- 1:00	6:00- 8:00	Sheboygan
						6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	
Shenandoah	KFNF	336.9	890	1000	6:00- 9:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	6:00- 7:30	Shenandoah
					5:00- 7:00			6:30- 8:30		6:30- 8:30		
Shenandoah	KMA	322.4	930	1000	8:00-11:00	6:30-12:00	6:30- 8:30	10:00-11:30	6:30- 7:00	10:00-11:30	6:30- 8:30	Shenandoah
Shreveport	KTBS	206.8	1450	1000	5:00- 7:30	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Shreveport
Shreveport	KWKH	352.7	850	10000	7:45-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Shreveport
Sioux City	KSCJ	225.4	1330	1000	On Air at 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Sioux City
						8:00-11:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	
Sioux Falls	KSOO	270.1	1110	2000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Sioux Falls
South Bend	WSBT	243.8	1230	500					8:30-10:00		7:30- 8:00	
					10:00-12:00	Silent	6:00- 8:00	10:00-11:00	11:00-12:30	730-11:00	10:00-1:00	South Bend
So. Dartmouth	WMAF	220.4	1360	500								So. Dartmouth
Spokane	KFPY	223.7	1340	500	5:00-11:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-11:00	Spokane
Spokane	KGA	204	1470	5000	7:00- 1:00	11:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	11:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Spokane
Spokane	KHQ	508.2	590	1000	5:00-12:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 5:00	5:00- 2:00	Spokane
Springfield, Mass.	WBZ	302.8	990	15000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio	WCSO	206.8	1450	500	Silent	7:30- 9:30	6:00- 8:00	8:30-10:30	5:30- 7:30	6:00- 8:00	7:30- 9:00	Springfield, Ohio
State College	WPSC	243.8	1230	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	State College
State College, N. M.	KOB	254.1	1180	10000	6:00-10:00	6:00- 8:30	6:00- 8:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00-10:00	State College, N. M.
						9:30-11:00	9:00-10:00	9:30-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00		
Stevens Point	WLBL	333.1	900	2000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	6:00-10:30	Stevens Point
Superior	WEBC	234.2	1280	1000	5:00-11:15	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Superior
Syracuse	WFBL	333.1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Syracuse
Tacoma	KMO	223.7	1340	500	11:00- 1:00	7:00-11:30	11:00- 1:00	7:00-11:00	11:00- 1:00	7:00-11:00	11:00- 1:00	Tacoma
Tacoma	KVI	394.5	760		5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Tacoma
Tampa	WDAE	483.6	620	1000			6:00- 6:45		6:00- 6:45			
						6:00- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 6:45	
					5:00- 6:30	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	8:00-11:00	Tampa
Tilton	WBRL	209.7	1430	500	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Tilton
Toledo	WSPD	223.7	1340	500	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Toledo
Toronto	CFCA	356.9	840	500			5:00- 9:00					
					5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	12:00- 1:00	5:00-11:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:30	5:00- 9:00	Toronto
Toronto	CFRB	312.3	960	4000	5:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CHNC	356.9	840	500	Operating	on Phantom	License only.					Toronto
Toronto	CKCL	517.2	580	500	6:00- 7:30	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Toronto
Toronto	CKGW	434.8	690	5000	8:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	Toronto
Toronto	CKNC	517.2	580	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CNRT	357.1	840	500	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	Silent	Silent	Toronto
Trenton	WOAX	234.2	1280	500	6:45- 8:15	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Trenton
Troy	WHAZ	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Troy
Tulsa	KVOO	263	1140	5000	5:00- 8:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Tulsa
Urbana	WILL	336.9	890	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	Urbana
Vancouver	CNRV	291.1	1030	500	11:00-12:30	12:00- 1:00	11:00- 2:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	9:30- 2:00	Silent	Vancouver
Vermilion	KUSD	336.9	890	500	Silent	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 9:00	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Vermilion
Victoria, B. C.	CFCT	329.5	630	500		8:00- 9:30						
						1st Mon. each Month		8:00- 9:30		7:30- 9:30		
						10:00-12:00	8:00- 9:30	10:00-11:15	8:00- 9:30	10:00-11:30	8:00- 9:30	
					9:28-11:00	8:30- 9:30	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	Victoria, B. C.
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1240	1000	Silent		8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	Waco
Washington, D.C.	NAA	434.5	690	1000	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	6:45- 7:00	On Air at 9:00	
										at 9:00		Washington, D.C.
Washington, D.C.	WMAL	475.9	630	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D.C.
Washington, D.C.	WRC	315.6	950	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D.C.
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1490	5000 to 10000								Westminster
Wichita	KFH	230.6	1300	1000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	
					7:00- 9:00	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	
						10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	Wichita
Winnipeg	CJRX	25.6		2000	Silent	7:30-11:30	On Air at 9:15	7:30-11:30	Silent	7:30-11:30	7:00 and 10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CKY	384.4	780	5000								Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CNRW	384.4	780	5000	Silent	11:00-12:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	6:30- 7:30	10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Woodhaven	WEVD	230.6	1300	500								Woodhaven
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1000	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Yankton
York, Neb.	KGBZ	322.4	930	500		On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	York, Neb.
Yorkton	CJGX	475.9	630	500	5:00- 6:00	7:15- 8:00	7:15- 8:00	7:15- 8:00	7:15-10:00	7:15- 8:00 8:30-10:00	7:15- 8:00	Yorkton
					7:00- 8:30	9:00-10:00	11:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00		
Youngstown, O.	WKBN	526	570	500		5:00- 6:00		9:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	Youngstown, O.
					5:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00					
Zion	WCBD	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Zion

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 89)

"But what about Captain Ryder Smith?" reverted Kennedy. "What became of him? When was he last seen? It seems to me that must be important—if you care about it."

"WE DO care," hastened Barr. "And it is a mystery. That last load on the 'Gigolo' left the tanker here with Lola and Cap'n Ryder—and that's the last we've seen or heard of him—until we get word as all the rum fleet does about things and we hear about the 'Gigolo' drifting, picked up by the revenue boat and Lola dead. That's when we got the tip to move along down the coast and came here. But I'm worried—and I don't mind who knows it."

"Did she have a quarrel with anyone—or did anyone have a quarrel over her?" I asked, recalling some things Judy had told.

"Say!" broke in Don angrily. "It's bad enough to have had it happen—but that's a bit fresh—from an outsider. Let it drop! Let the police do the work—with gossip!"

Just then there was a series of explosions outside. We forgot to argue and poked our heads out. Any happening out there is like a special extra in the city. It was the other rum-runner we had been aboard, getting under way with her gas kicker.

"I wonder if they've repealed the Volstead Act—or maybe the dry navy's going to run amuck again on the high seas!" Deitz was bound to make his jocose cracks.

It fell flat. The kicker was soon getting the schooner under way. But instead of going out to sea or moving up the line for a better position, she was ranging over toward us.

Suddenly there was a volley of pistol and rifle shots and the glass of our cabin windows was shattered.

With a muttered oath Barr drew an automatic and returned the compliment, but the range was just a little too great for accuracy, nor was the slippery, heaving footing on the old tanker conducive to good marksmanship. Don was firing wildly, too. He was a tea-room gunman, a drug-store cowboy. At least so he impressed me.

In spite of the scattered fusillade from our light arms, on came the schooner, ranging up alongside.

"Hand over that stuff of yours!" boomed a thick voice in a megaphone, borne by the wind.

"Like hell we will!" That was Barr's defi, as he re-loaded.

Pumph—pumph—pumph—pumph—pumph—

One of the water casks on the deck rolled—cut in half!

"Gad! They've got a Lewis gun!" muttered Barr, helplessly.

"Surrender!" boomed the thick voice over the waves. "And be damn quick about it!"

Chapter IX.
HI-JACKERS!

THERE was no immediate reply. For, a small boat, one on a sort of hootch-shopping expedition, some private cruiser, ranged along. It was full of well-bundled-up fellows and girls, singing—and they were carrying a good deal aboard themselves, as well as in the hold. They were, as one might say, half-seas over. Evidently they had heard of bargains and had come out for the lark, doing their shopping early. They ranged up nearer to see the fun. Not a befuddled head among them seemed to realize what it was all about.

"Is this a private fight—or can anybody come in?" shouted one, trying to be funny.

Pumph—pumph—pumph—pumph—pumph—

Their little light mast crashed, carrying lights and all.

There were screams, male and female—a general ducking for the cabin, such a mix-up of legs and bloomers and arms and felt-hats as only a panic could produce.

The helmsman who was guiding them out where the hootch was cheap swung her helm hard about, got into the trough of the sea, and almost capsized. They shipped more water than would have been a chaser for all they had had to drink—and fled.

This time the demand was repeated. Sullenly Barr, Don and the crew as well as the rest of us allowed the mangy, ratty pack of the schooner to swarm over the rail, some of them almost falling into the fairly heavy seas. There was nothing else to do with the armament of the schooner staring at us.

"Tie 'em up!" shouted one.

Then as the ill-smelling crew came toward us, the captain of the schooner suddenly recognized Deitz. "No," he muttered, "just take their guns!"

Both Craig and I were armed and we hated to see those pretty little automatics get out of our possession. But there was nothing else to it for the moment in this fight between roughneck rum-pirates and these silk-stockinged rum-runners.

It was thrilling to me, I admit. It was something to bring back recollections of swashbuckling eighteenth century days when suspicious luggers lurked in every port.

Only then did I realize that these exploits of rum-runners today are revealing a chapter in modern ocean romance which has no parallel this side of the days of Blackbeard, Kidd, Morgan and the other worthies of the Spanish Main.

BUT this, again, was something else I suddenly realized that the fellow we had seen dimly waiting in the slip on the other side when we had started from the Battery was indeed Jack Merck! And the passenger, or at least one of them, for whom he had been waiting, was Mazie Mellish!

It might have been piracy on the high seas. But it was different. For here were Mazie and Trixie, the manicure girls,—and such young ladies, as I have said, are rarely dull.

When Trixie saw Mazie climb over the rail and board the "All Alone," followed by Jake Merck, her face and Don's were studies. Beauty and the tea-room manner did not count for much against a Lewis gun. Maize and Jake had been about the last to come over.

Confidence, a man upon whom she knew she could depend, and revenge, these three made Mazie actually handsome. Her gown was in the latest Broadway fashion for sport wear and the coat she had on must have cost, for her, a small fortune. The two girls on the "All Alone" looked on in fear tinged with envy. By this time Barr, Warner, Don and the crew had been bound, trussed up so that there was not a fight in all of them.

Then I saw that it was twentieth century primeval. All the men on the schooner were much for Mazie and her ability. I could hear them saying, "Maze will see 'em ashore!" "Leave Maze manage that guy!" It was a plain case of a shrewd girl-crook who had made herself solid with as wicked-looking a group of cutthroats as had ever scuttled a ship on the ocean in the old days of romance. Mazie was thriving on such adulation. She knew how to put any one of them in his place if he got fresh—and they liked it.

With a devilish look in her eyes and a sneer on her lips, Mazie came up to Trixie who was leaning, half-stunned, against the after cabin. Posing defiantly, she placed her hands on her hips and with arms akimbo surveyed Trixie up and down with a leer. Then she looked at Don the Dude, unheroically bound, with another contemptuous chuckle.

"So! You thought you could steal my man and get away with it, heh? Well, I found out you haven't taken my heart when you took this excess baggage! You told me that night to beat it! That's what I'm telling you now—beat it! You can't beat it. If I wanted to have 'em do it, those men'd throw you overboard—put you in a small boat and set you adrift—make you walk the plank—if we had a plank—anything! I ought to do it!"

Trixie flashed back, dry of eye. She was a curious spectacle of bluffing bravado. She was scared. And Mazie knew it. But Trixie wasn't going to admit she knew Mazie knew it.

"What have you got to say, you cat?" screeched Mazie in her ear. "Don't you hear me? Are you deaf? Where's your tongue?"

TRIXIE was quick-tempered, too. Suddenly she turned and brought her open hand with a resounding whack across Mazie's cheek. There was a general roar from Jake and the other men. I expected momentary violence from them at Trixie's imprudence.

"Take that," Trixie had hissed out, "and that—for the slap with the fingers of your glove that you gave me that night. I haven't forgotten!"

I didn't understand Mazie. She turned from Trixie, with the livid marks of Trixie's hand still on her face.

"Do you want some more of the same?" hissed Trixie again.

The men crowded forward ominously.

With a shimmy step up to Jake, Mazie told him to stay where he was and keep quiet. She waved her hand. "This is my party! You can give the little girl a hand when it's over!"

Mazie never glanced at Trixie. But she took off her coat and tossed it lightly, like a prize-fighter with his bath-robe, to a man who I had just realized was with them as I heard his name muttered, Cap'n Ryder Smith.

She undid her sport skirt, with a shout from the men. There she was in neat, trim knickers.

By this time her face was pale. Intense anger shone through her eyes. But it was all done quietly and cooly. And it was getting on Trixie's nerves.

Pulling her sleeves up and feeling her hair, Mazie suddenly made one wild jump. With a yell of some deadly female of the species, she landed on Trixie and bore her down to the deck.

"You said it—was empty fingers—the other night! Take that—and that—and that—you—you thief!"

I MADE a move to separate them, but Kennedy and I were covered by half a dozen guns like a flash. The men were shouting and yelling. Jake was dancing up and down with glee. All the troglodyte instincts were loosened. It was his woman at the face of her enemy. "Go to it, Mazie! That's right! Spoil her mug!"

Mazie was indeed a wild woman, oblivious to everything but her struggling rival. Blood was streaming down Trixie's face from the scratches.

Sitting on Trixie's breast as the boat rocked in the long swells, Mazie held her head and ground it into the grimy deck.

"Now—you smart vamp—don't you wish you had let things alone? Sharp nails—the way I cut 'em, for this, in the hotel!—are better than empty glove fingers—you—"

With a whack on each cheek and moans from Trixie, Mazie picked her up and flung her, not as she had threatened, overboard, but, as the tanker careened, toward Don the Dude, so that she dropped in his lap, uncaught by his trussed-up hands.

Trixie was all in, but not seriously hurt. She was whipped publicly, and it was galling.

Mazie made a grand curtsy. "Count—ten—men!" She turned. "Is there a doctor in the house?"

Jake came over and kissed her—which seemed an incongruity until I considered Jake and his curb-cruising breed. "You're great, Mazie! No fuss—just a good mill!"

Of such is the kingdom of Amazon, I thought. On the high seas it once made leaders. The setting changes. But the game is the same.

Always with the main chance in mind, Jake was for taking off the thousands of cases, now.

"Just a minute!" was the deep-sea counsel of the tough captain of the schooner. "Send these others ashore first. What they don't see, won't worry them. They can't tell so much!"

"Then give us back the gats," demanded Kennedy.

The West Indian pirate looked at Dietz. He knew Deitz and expected to deal with him more and often. He decided it was better so. He even went further.

"Will you take back ten or a dozen cases, sir, as a present from me?"

Deitz was still the humorist, and under obligation to no one. "And get pinched, maybe, with it?" He looked over at our Viking and the "Skoal" riding off stern. "Ships that touch liquor shall never touch mine!" Then he turned and whispered to us, "We'd better beat it while the going is good. Nothing'll happen to the others—if they give up and don't resist. I told you—it's an extra-hazardous business!"

As we buffeted our way back toward the Battery, I drew a long breath of biting salt sea air.

"We may not know who killed Lola Langhorne," I said under my breath, "but we know a lot more about hard women and soft men!"

"Not so soft," corrected Kennedy. "Besides, we know a lot. The dead lips of Lola are eloquent!"

THE next installment of this gripping Craig Kennedy story unfolds further starling mystery! Don't miss the thrills in the January issue of Radio Digest!

Seidel Started Young

One of the many things sons of Indiana Hoosiers are fond of boasting about is getting up early these days. The "George Gershwin of Indianapolis," as Emil Seidel is known, is now the director of early morning orchestra programs from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting company.

Seidel, who made his debut as a concert pianist at the age of eight, has composed several popular song hits.

* * *

The National Broadcasting company is now providing full time programs for KGO, San Francisco. Regular network features from Chicago and New York, as well as offerings of the NBC staff in 'Frisco are broadcast by the General Electric station.

Gene Arnold Tells "Mike Thoughts"

WHAT a Radio announcer thinks about—that is the title of these lines emanating from Gene Arnold, staff announcer and entertainer at WENR, Chicago.

"I am at a little desk which has on it a microphone and a box which has keys that open or shut all the microphones in the studio. As I sit there listening to the performance, many thoughts chase themselves through my head. I wonder:

"What the average Radio listener looks like;

"Whether the fans like the selection that is being presented at the moment;

"Whether my last joke sounded as flat in Baltimore as it may have in Chicago;

"Whether any one other than my wife thinks I'm good;

"Whether many listeners are saying, 'that bird has a great voice for hog calling';

"How many of our critics could ever learn to be announcers themselves;

"Whether Radio fans realize the amount of time we spend studying articulation, enunciation, pronunciation and voice inflection;

"Whether the average Radio fan realizes how important fan mail is, not only to announcers, but to all Radio artists;

"Whether the average fan realizes that they themselves can make or unmake Radio artists and announcers by real constructive criticism;

"Whether the average listeners understand that through their letters, they can influence Radio stations to give just the kind of programs that they like.

"I wish:

"That I had the combined talents of Demosthenes, Shakespeare, John Gilbert, Henry Irving, John McCormick, Henry James, Will Rogers, Anita Loos, Walter Winchell, Franklin P. Adams and O. O. McIntyre;

"That I could pronounce correctly and knew every word in the English dictionary and all foreign languages;

"That television, when it comes, could be reversed so that I could see the faces of my listeners;

"That television will never be perfected so that the audience can throw things at the Radio performer."

Whistling Is One Way to Go to College

JOHN PLANK, college entertainer of KSTP is one student who is whistling his way through the University of Minnesota.. In the recent college talent contest conducted from KSTP, Plank represented his fraternity—Phi Sigma Kappa—and at various other times he meets his tuition fees, pays his board and lodging and uses his business talent for profitable ends by entertaining with his "whistle" at various banquets and gatherings.

He is taking a course in business administration at Minnesota and came to the Twin Cities from Rouleau, Sask. (Canada). He claims Independence, Iowa, as his home town.

When he was ten years old he began the study of the violin, but gave this up after he was inspired by a skillful whistler whom he heard on the stage.

He can imitate the meadowlark, quail, canary, red wing, blackbird, cardinal, oriole, robin, and variety of sparrow, thrush phoebe, wren and the bluejay. His hobby is tramping through the woods and conversing with birds by means of his whistle.

Travelling 62,400 miles over a period of two years on weekly trips between Grand Forks, North Dakota, and the Twin Cities to take lessons on the oboe has won its reward for Frank Mayer, 19-year-old musician who has been engaged to play with the National Battery symphony broadcasting orchestra of KSTP. His work attracted the attention of Henry C. Woempner, musical director of KSTP, who was very much impressed after a successful tryout.

When he was 13 years old, he started to study this difficult instrument by making weekly trips from his home at Grand Forks to the Twin Cities, a distance of 600 miles, to meet his teacher Alexander Duvoir, nationally known oboeist. Now this youthful artist has succeeded his teacher as a member of the KSTP symphony orchestra.

Transportation for these weekly journeys has been estimated to total $2,497.00 for the two years and the lessons for this time are estimated at $416.00.

He has played under the direction of Henri Verbrugghen, conductor of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra and has appeared in other Northwest musical organizations.

A law student, a stage actor, a newspaper publisher and finally a Radio announcer is the trail of avocations which Pierre Andre, announcer of KSTP, has followed during the past five years.

A seemingly successful attempt at the legitimate stage ended in financial disaster, after which he entered the law school at the University of Minnesota. He then served on the editorial staffs of newspapers in Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Cleveland but finally purchased a weekly publication in Virginia, Minnesota. Radio finally won out, while Andre was on a visit to Duluth and he joined WEBC at Duluth, until KSTP called him. He is now master of ceremonies for the late hour program.

Taught Self Violin

TEN years ago a High school student being pointed for the medical profession picked up a violin and found that he could produce a tone on it. It fascinated him. He laid the instrument down and tried to forget it but could not. Out of savings he finally bought one and with it an instruction book. For six months he endured the raillery of the "gang" and then stood its members "on their ears" with a solo in a school concert. After the concert an orchestra was formed with the violinist as director.

That is how George Earle, director of WOR's Salon orchestra, started in music. He has been wielding the baton ever since those school days in Ithaca, N. Y., which gave him birth. Musicians regard his flight up the ladder of fame as nothing short of meteoric and declare that to become conductor of note in ten years is unprecedented.

Mr. Earle combines two characters. Without his baton, he is a shy, modest and self-effacing individual. He changes instantly, however, when he picks up the wand. A martinet stands in front of the big orchestra; a stickler for precise interpretation and tone fidelity. He does not spare himself nor any other member of the orchestra and seems to enthuse "his boys" (many of them old enough to be his father) with his dynamic energy. His passion is cigars—any kind—from a Pittsburgh stogie to three for a dollar.

Recently members of the Orchestra got a Cuban to make one eighteen inches long and out of the strongest tobacco available. Tying a string around it they suspended it from the ceiling to a point about a foot above his desk. They found him smoking it, still tied to the ceiling, occasionally letting it swing while he arranged his music.

Complete Call Book and Log of All Stations

KCRC, Enid, Okla. 218.8m-1370kc. 250 watts daylight, 100 watts after sunset. Champlin Refining Co. Central.

KDB, Santa Barbara, Calif. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Santa Barbara Broadcasting Co. C. W. Meighan. Pacific. Founded Dec. 22, 1926.

KDKA, E. Pittsburgh, Pa. 305.9m-980kc. 50,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Eastern.

KDLR, Devils Lake, N. Dak. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Radio Electric Co. Announcer, Bert Wick. Founded Jan. 25, 1925. Central.

KDYL, Salt Lake City, Utah. 232.6m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Intermountain Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Philip G. Lasky. Slogan, "Dawn to Midnight." Mountain. Founded June, 1922.

KEJK, Beverly Hills, Calif. 422.3m-710kc. 500 watts. R. S. MacMillan. Pacific. Founded Febr. 7, 1927.

KELW, Burbank, Calif. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Earl L. White. Pacific. Founded Feb. 12, 1927.

KEX, Portland, Ore. 254.1m-1180kc. 5000 watts. Western Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Archie Presby, Louis C. Teegarden. Pacific. Opened Dec. 25, 1926.

KFAB, Lincoln, Nebr. 389.4m-770kc. 5000 watts. Nebraska Buick Auto Co. Founded Dec. 4, 1924. Central.

KFAD, Phoenix, Ariz. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Electrical Equip. Co. Announcers, Arthur Anderson, J. R. Heath, Grace Anderson, Harold Haughowout. Slogan, "The Voice of Phoenix." Founded Oct. 30, 1921. Mountain.

KFBB, Great Falls, Mont. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Buttrey Broadcast, Inc. Founded 1921. Mountain.

KFBK, Sacramento, Calif. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sacramento Bee. Bimball-Upson Co. Announcer, R. K. Clark. Founded 1921. Pacific.

KFBL, Everett, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Lesse Bros. Announcer, Al Folkins. Pacific. Founded Aug. 23, 1922.

KFDM, Beaumont, Tex. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Magnolia Petroleum Co. Announcer, Lee O. Smith. Slogan, "Kall for Dependable Magnolene." Central. Fonuded Oct. 1, 1924.

KFDY, Brookings, S. D. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Announcer, Sam Keck. Central.

KEC, Portland, Ore. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Meier & Frank Co., Inc. Announcer, Sid Goodwin. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KEL, Denver, Colo. 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Eugene P. O'Fallon, Inc. Announcer, Ralph Crowder. Mountain.

KEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. 535.4m-560kc. 2500 watts. J. L. Scroggin. Announcer, Clarence Koch. Central. Founded 1922.

KEY, Kellogg, Idaho. 247.8m-1210kc. 10 watts. Union High School Station. Announcer, Walter C. Clark. Slogan, "Voice of the Coeur D'Alenes." Pacific.

KGQ, Boone, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Boone Biblical School. Founded April, 1923.

KH, Wichita, Kan. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. J. L. Fox. Founded Dec. 1, 1925. Central.

KHA, Gunnison, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Western State College of Colorado. E. Russell Wightman. Slogan, "Where the Sun Shines Every Day." Founded May, 1922. Mountain.

KI, Los Angeles, Calif. 468.5m-640kc. 5000 watts. Earle C. Anthony, Inc. Announcer, Harry Hall. Slogan, "A National Institution." Installed Spring, 1922. Pacific.

KIF, Portland, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Benson Polytechnic School. Announcers, Alfred Skei, Omar Bittner, W. Hollensted. Pacific.

KIO, Spokane, Wash. 243.8m-1230kc. 100 watts. Spokane Broadcasting Corporation.

KIU, Juneau, Alaska. 228.9m-1310kc. 10 watts. Alaska Elec. Light & Power Co. Announcer, O. E. Schoenbell. Alaskan time.

KIZ, Fond du Lac, Wis. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Fond du Lac Commonwealth Reporter.

KJB, Marshalltown, Iowa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Marshall Electric Co. Announcers, Phil Hoffman, Allen Warder and Darrel E. Laird. Central.

KJF, Oklahoma City, Okla. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. National Radio Mfg. Co. Announcer, Tired Hand. Slogan, "Oklahoma City, The City of Opportunity." Central. Founded July, 1923.

KJI, Astoria, Ore. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. KFJI Broadcasters, Inc. Oregonian Fast Express. Announcers, Jack Keating, L. J. Allen. Pacific.

KJM, Grand Forks, N. D. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. University of North Dakota. Announcers, Jack Stewart, Howard J. Monley. Central.

KJR, Portland, Ore. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Ashley C. Dixen & Son. Announcer, Ashley C. Dixon, Sr. Founded Sept. 23, 1923. Pacific.

KJY, Fort Dodge, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Tunwall Radio Co. Announcer, Carl Tunwall. Founded Oct., 1923. Central.

KJZ, Fort Worth, Tex. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. W. E. Branch. Announcer, Texas Joy Boy. Slogan, "The Voice of Texas, The Home of Texas Hour." Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1923.

KFKA, Greeley, Colo. 340.7m-880kc. 500 watts after 6 pm, 1000 watts day. Colorado State Teachers' College. Announcers, Geo. A. Irvin, Lynn Craig.

KFKB, Milford, Kan. 285.5m-1050kc. 5000 watts. J. R. Brinkley, M. D. Announcer, Dee D. Denver, Jr.

KFKU, Lawrence, Kan. 245.6m-1220kc. 1000 watts. University of Kansas. Announcer, Ellsworth C. Dent. Founded Dec. 15, 1924. Central.

KFKX, Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 10,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Central.

KFKZ, Kirksville, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 15 watts. State Teachers College. Announcers, Garret Underhill, John Harty. Founded 1923. Central.

KFLV, Rockford, Ill. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Rockford Broadcasters, Inc. Announcers, Peter MacArthur, Wesley W. Wilcox. Founded October, 1923. Central.

KFLX, Galveston, Texas. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. George R. Clough.

KFMX, Northfield, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Carleton College. Central.

KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa. 336.9m-890kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts evening. Henry Field Seed Co. Announcer, Henry Field. Slogan, "The Friendly Farmer Station." Founded February, 1924. Central.

KFOR, Lincoln, Nebr. 247.8m-1210kc. 250 watts. Howard A. Chuman. Jack Strahl, announcer. Central. Founded March, 1924.

KFOX, Long Beach, Calif. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Nichols & Warriner, Inc. Announcer, Hal G. Nichols. Slogan, "The Hancock Oil Co. Station." Founded March, 1924. Pacific.

KFPL, Dublin, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Announcer, C. M. Baizer. Central.

KFPM, Greenville, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. The New Furniture Co.

KFPW, Siloam Springs, Ark. 223.7m-1340kc. 50 watts. John E. Brown College. Slogan, "Keeping Pace With Christ Means Progress." Central. Founded April 17, 1924.

KFPY, Spokane, Wash. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. Symons Investment Co. Announcers, T. W. Baird, Jr., M. D. Hawkins, Ben H. Wold. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KFQU, Holy City, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. W. E. Riker. Announcer, C. E. Boone. Founded November, 1924. Pacific.

KFQW, Seattle, Wash. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. KFQW, Inc. Announcer, Edwin A. Krait. Pacific. Founded June, 1924.

KFQZ, Hollywood, Calif. 348.6m-860kc. 250 watts. Taft Radio Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Jack Carrington. Pacific.

KFRC, San Francisco, Calif. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee, Inc. Announcer, Harrison Hollway. Pacific.

KFRU, Columbia, Mo. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Stephens College. Announcer, Earl W. Lewis. Slogan, "Knowledge Flourishes 'Round Us." Founded Oct. 25, 1925. Central.

KFSD, San Diego, Calif. 499.7m-600kc. 1000 watts. Airfan Radio Corporation. Announcer, Billy Murray. Pacific. Founded March 28, 1926.

KFSG, Los Angeles, Calif. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Echo Park Evang. Assn. Slogan, "The Glory Station of the Pacific Coast."

KFUL, Galveston, Texas. 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts night. Will H. Ford.

KFUM, Colorado Springs, Colo. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Corley Mountain Highway. Announcer, Edw. Morton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Rockies." Mountain.

KFUO, St. Louis, Mo. (tr. at Clayton) 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Concordia Theological Seminary (Lutheran). Announcer, Herm H. Hohenstein. Founded Dec. 14, 1924. Central.

KFUP, Denver, Colo. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Fitzsimons General Hospital. Educational and Recreational Dept. Announcer, Major Transue. Mountain.

KFUR, Ogden, Utah. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Peery Building Co. Mountain.

KFWB, Culver City, Calif. 422.3m-710kc. 250 watts. Auburn Fuller Co. Announcers, Al Weinert, Paul Meyers. Founded April, 1925.

KFVS, Cape Girardeau, Mo. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Hirsch Battery & Radio Co. Announcer, W. W. Watkins. Slogan, "The City of Opportunity." Founded May 27, 1925.

KFWB, Hollywood, Calif. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Warner Brothers. Announcer, William "Bill" Ray.

KFWF, St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Louis Truth Center. Slogan, "The Voice of Truth." Announcer, Rev. Charles H. Hartmann. Founded 1925. Central.

KFWI, San Francisco, Calif. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Radio Entertainments, Inc. Announcer, Henry C. Blank. Pacific.

KFWM, Oakland, Calif. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Oakland Educational Society. Announcer, O. B. Eddins.

KFXD, Jerome, Idaho. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. KFXD, Inc. Mountain.

KFXF, Denver, Colo. 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Colorado Radio Corp. Announcers, W. D. Pyle, F. C. Ekrem, Lou Keplinger. Slogan, "The Voice of Denver." Mountain.

KFXJ, Edgewater, Colo. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. R. G. Hewell. Slogan, "America's Scenic Center." Mountain.

KFXM, Pomona, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. J. C. and E. W. Lee.

KFXR, Oklahoma City, Okla. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Exchange Ave. Baptist Church.

KFXY, Flagstaff, Ariz. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Mary M. Costigan. Announcer, Frank Wilburn. Mountain.

KFYO, Abilene, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. T. E. Kirksey. Central. Founded Febr. 19, 1927.

KFYR, Bismarck, N. D. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Hoskins-Meyer, Inc. Announcer, Stanley Lucas. Founded December, 1925.

KGA, Spokane, Wash. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Ralph A. Horr, Receiver. Announcer, Harry Long. Pacific.

KGAR, Tucson, Ariz. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Tucson Citizen. Announcer, Harold S. Sykes. Installed June, 1926. Mountain.

KGB, San Diego, Calif. 220.4m-1360kc. 250 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp.

KGBU, Ketchikan, Alaska. 333.1m-900kc. 500 watts. Alaska Radio & Service Co. Announcer, James A. Britton. Slogan, "The Voice of Alaska." Pacific.

KGBX, St. Joseph, Mo. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Foster-Hall, Inc. Announcers, R. D. Foster, Geo. E. Wilson. Founded Aug. 11, 1926. Central.

KGBZ, York, Nebr. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Announcer, Dr. George R. Miller. Slogan, "Keep Your Hogs and Poultry Healthy." Opened August, 1926. Central.

KGCA, Decorah, Iowa. 236.1m-1270kc. 50 watts. Chas. W. Greenley.

KGCI, San Antonio, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Liberty Radio Sales.

KGCN, Concordia, Kan. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Concordia Broadcasting Co. Founded August, 1926. Central.

KGCR, Brookings, S. D. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Cutler's Radio Broadcasting Service, Inc.

KGCU, Mandan, N. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Mandan Radio Assn. Announcers, H. L. Daheners, C. E. Bagley. Mountain. Founded 1925.

KGCX, Wolf Point, Mont. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. First State Bank of Vida. One-half time announcer, E. E. Krebsbach. Mountain. Founded Oct. 1, 1926.

KGDA, Dell Rapids, S. D. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Home Auto Co. Central.

KGDE, Fergus Falls, Minn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. C. L. Jaren. Licensed Sept. 15, 1926. Central.

KGDM, Stockton, Calif. 272.6m-1100kc. 50 watts day. Peffer Music Co. Pacific. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.

KGDR, San Antonio, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Milan Radio Co., Inc.

KGDY, Oldham, S. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 15 watts. J. Albert Loesch and Geo. W. Wright. Central.

KGEF, Los Angeles, Calif. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Trinity Methodist Church. Announcer, E. C. Huckabee. Pacific. Founded Dec. 26, 1926.

KGEK, Yuma, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Beehler Electrical Equipment Co.

KGER, Long Beach, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. C. Merwin Dobyns. Pacific. Founded Dec. 19, 1926.

KGEW, Fort Morgan, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. City of Fort Morgan. Announcer, Glenn S. White. Mountain. Founded Jan. 15, 1927.

KGEZ, Kalispell, Mont. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Flathead Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, John E. Parker. Mountain. Founded Feb. 20, 1927.

KGFF, Alva, Okla. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Earl E. Hampshire.

KGFG, Oklahoma City, Okla. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Faith Tabernacle Assn., Inc.

KGFH, Glendale, Calif. 299.8m-1000kc. 250 watts. Frederick Robinson. Slogan, "Keeping Glendale Folks Happy." Pacific. Founded Feb. 7, 1927.

KGFI, Corpus Christi, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. Central.

KGFJ, Los Angeles, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Ben S. McGlashan. Slogan, "Keeping Good Folks Joyful Twenty-Four Hours a Day." 24-hour service. Pacific. Founded Jan. 18, 1927.

KGFK, Hallock, Minn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Kittson County Enterprise.

KGFL, Raton, N. M. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Hubbard-Murphy.

KGFW, Ravenna, Nebr. 288.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Otto F. Sothman. Announcer, R. H. McConnell. Slogan, "Catering to the Home Folks." Central.

KGFX, Pierre, S. D. 516.9m-580kc. 200 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Dana McNeil. Central.

KGGF, Picher, Okla. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. Dr. D. L. Connell. Central. On air Sept. 1, 1927.

KGGM, Albuquerque, N. M. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. New Mexico Broadcasting Co., Inc.

KGHA, Pueblo, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. George H. Sweeney and N. S. Walpole.

KGHB, Honolulu, H. I. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Radio Sales Co. Announcer, Gaylord Byron. 157½ meridian. 2½ hours earlier than Pacific. Founded Sept. 28, 1927.

KGHD, Missoula, Mont. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Elmore-Nash Broadcasting Corp.

KGHF, Pueblo, Colo. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Curtis P. Ritchie, Joe E. Finch. Slogan, "The Voice of Pueblo." Announcer, J. Fitzpatrick. Mountain.

KGHG, McGhee, Ark. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Chas. W. McCollum.

KGHI, Little Rock, Ark. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Berean Bible Class.

KGHL, Billings, Mont. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. Northwestern Auto Supply Co., Inc.

KGHX, Richmond, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Ft. Bend County School Board.

KGIQ, Twin Falls, Idaho. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Stanley M. Soule.

KGIR, Butte, Mont. 220.4m-1360kc. 250 watts. Symons Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Leo McMullen, Clark Kellett, Emmett Burke.

KGIW, Trinidad, Colo. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Trinidad Creamery Co.

KGJF, Little Rock, Ark. 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts. First Church of the Nazarene.

KGKB, Brownwood, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Eagle Pub. Co.

KGKL, San Angelo, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. KGKL, Inc.

KGKO, Wichita Falls, Texas. 526m-570kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts daytime. The Wichita Falls Broadcast Co. Announcer, Zack Hurt.

KGO, Oakland, Calif. 379.5m-790kc. 7500 watts. Gen. Elec. Co. Announcer, Howard L. Milholland. Pacific.

KGRC, San Antonio, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Eugene J. Roth. Announcers, L. G. Weber and J. Savage. Central. Opened Jan. 31, 1927.

KGRS, Amarillo, Texas. 212.6m-1410kc. 1000 watts. Gish Radio Service. Central.

KGTT, San Francisco, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Glad Tidings Temple and Bible Institute. Pacific. Founded November, 1925.

KGU, Honolulu, Hawaii. 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Marion A. Mulroney and Advertiser Pub. Co., Ltd. Announcer, Homer Tyson. 157½ meridian, 2½ hours earlier than Pacific. Founded May 11, 1922.

KGW, Portland, Ore. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Oregonian Publishing Co. Announcer Sid Goodwin. Slogan, "KGW, Keep Growing Wiser." Pacific.

KGY, Lacey, Wash. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts day, 10 watts night. St. Martins College. Announcer, Sebastian Ruth. Slogan, "Our Where the Cedars Meet the Sea." Pacific. Opened April 5, 1922.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Calif. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee. Pacific.

KHQ, Spokane, Wash. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Louis Wasmer, Inc. Announcer, C. P. Underwood. Slogan, "Tells the World." Pacific.

KICK, Red Oak, Iowa. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Red Oak Radio Corp. Announcer, Oliver Reiley. Founded 1923. Central.

KID, Idaho Falls, Idaho. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Jack W. Duckworth, Jr.

KIDO, Boise, Idaho. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Boise Broadcast Station. Announcer, C. G. Phillips. Slogan, "The Voice of Idaho." Founded October, 1921. Mountain.

KJBS, San Francisco, Calif. 280.2m-1070kc. 100 watts. Julius Brunton & Sons Co. Announcers, Gordon Brown, R. J. Smith. Pacific. Founded January, 1925.

KJR, Seattle, Wash. 309.1m-970kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Ralph A. Horr, Receiver. Pacific. Opened July 2, 1920.

KKP, Seattle, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 15 watts. City of Seattle. Pacific. Opened Dec., 1926.

KLCN, Blytheville, Ark. 232.4m-1290kc. 50 watts. Edgar G. Harris.

KLRA, Little Rock, Ark. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Arkansas Broadcasting Co.

KLS, Oakland, Calif. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Warner Bros. Radio Supplies.

KLX, Oakland, Calif. 340.7m-880kc. 500 watts. Oakland Tribune. Announcer, Charles Lloyd. Slogan, "Where Rail and Water Meet." Pacific. Founded Nov. 20, 1922.

KLZ, Denver, Colo. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Reynolds Radio Co. Announcer, Vern Hiner. Slogan, "Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the West." Mountain. Founded 1919.

KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa. 322.4m-930kc. 1000 watts. May Seed & Nursery Co. Announcer, Carl F. May. Central. Founded January, 1925.

KMBC, Kansas City, Mo. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Midland Broadcast Central. Announcers, Arthur B. Church, Dick Smith, Kenneth Krahl, George Biggar, Ted Malone, Dr. Frank Criley. Founded April, 1922. Central.

KMED, Medford, Ore. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. W. J. Virgin. Pacific. Founded Dec. 22, 1926.

KMIC, Inglewood, Calif. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Dalton's, Inc. Pacific. Founded Jan. 10, 1927.

KMJ, Fresno, Calif. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Fresno Bee. Pacific. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.

KMMJ, Clay Center, Nebr. 405.2m-740kc. 1000 watts. M. M. Johnson Co. Founded 1925. Central.

KMO, Tacoma, Wash. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. KMO, Inc. Announcer, Carl E. Haymond. Pacific. Founded Aug. 25, 1926.

KMOX-KFQA, St. Louis, Mo. 275.1m-1090kc. 5000 watts. The Voice of St. Louis. Announcer-Director, George Junkin.

KMTR, Hollywood, Calif. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. KMTR Radio Corp. Pacific. Installed June, 1925.

KNX, Hollywood, Calif. 285.5m-1050kc. 50,000 watts. Western Broadcast Co. Announcer, "Town Crier." Installed Oct. 11, 1924. Pacific.

KOA, Denver, Colo. 361.2m-830kc. 12,500 watts. Gen. Elec. Co. Announcers, Freeman Talbot, Clarence C. Moore, Harold Harlowe, Julian H. Riley. Founded Dec. 15, 1924. Mountain.

KOAC, Corvallis, Ore. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. Oregon State Agricultural College. Announcer, Dr. D. V. Poling. Pacific. Founded Dec., 1922.

KOB, State College, N. M. 254.1m-1180kc. 10000 watts. N. M. College of Agr. and Mech. Arts, Dona Ana. Announcer, Marshall Beck. Slogan, "The Sunshine State of America." Founded 1920. Mountain.

KOCW, Chickasha, Okla. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Okla. College for Women. Announcer, Ollie Dean Cook. Slogan, "Voice of the Great Southwest." Central. Founded November, 1922.

KOH, Reno, Nev. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Jay Peters, Inc.

KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa. 238m-1260kc. 1000 watts. Mona Motor Oil Co. Announcers, Harold Fair, Wilson Doty and George Roesler. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.

KOIN, Portland, Ore. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. KOIN, Inc. Announcer, Kirkham, Gene Baker. Pacific. Founded April, 1926.

KOL, Seattle, Wash. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Seattle Broadcasting Co. Pacific. Founded May, 1922.

KOMO, Seattle, Wash. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Fisher's Blend Station, Inc. Announcers, George Godfrey, Horace Lintz, G. Donald Gray, Stanley Spiegle. Pacific. Founded Dec. 31, 1926.

KORE, Eugene, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Eugene Broadcast Station.

KOY, Phoenix, Ariz. 215.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. Nielsen Radio Supply Co. Announcers, E. A. Nielsen, J. A. Moore, W. D. Hoge. Slogan, "The Radio Voice of Arizona." Mountain.

KPCB, Seattle, Wash. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Pacific Coast Biscuit Co. Announcer, L. D. Greenway. Pacific. Founded April 1, 1927.

KPJM, Prescott, Ariz. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Miller & Klahn.

KPLA, Los Angeles, Calif. 299.8m-1000kc. 1000 watts. Pacific Development Radio Co. V. G. Freitag. Pacific. Founded March, 1927.

KPO, San Francisco, Calif. 440.9m-680kc. 5000 watts. Hale Bros. and the Chronicle. Announcer, Curtis Peck. Slogan, "The Voice of San Francisco, the City by the Golden Gate." Pacific.

KPOF, Denver, Colo. 340.7m-808kc. 500 watts. Pillar of Fire, Inc. Slogan, "And the Lord Went Before Them in a Pillar of Fire." Mountain.

KPPC, Pasadena, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Announcer, Frederick T. Swift, Jr. Founded Dec. 25, 1924. Pacific.

KPQ, Seattle, Wash. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Tait and Wasmer, Inc.

KPRC, Houston, Texas. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Houston Post-Dispatch. Slogan, "Kotton Port Rail Counter." Announcers, Alfred P. Daniel, Ted Hills and I. S. Roberts. Founded May 8, 1925. Central.

KPSN, Pasadena, Calif. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Pasadena Star-News. Announcer, P. C. Pryor. Installed Nov., 1925. Pacific.

KPWF, Westminster, Calif. 201.6m-1490kc. 5000 to 10000 watts. Pacific Western Broadcasting Federation.

KQV, Pittsburgh, Pa. 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Doubleday-Hill Elec. Co. Announcers, Ford Miller, Ted Kaufman, Floyd Dunbar. Eastern.

KQW, San Jose, Calif. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. Pacific Agricultural Foundation. Pacific.

KRE, Berkeley, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Pacific School of Religion. Pacific.

KREG, Santa Ana, Calif. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Pacific-Western Broadcasting Federation.

KRGV, Harlingen, Texas. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Valley Radio Electric Corp.

KRLD, Dallas, Texas. 288.3m-1040kc. 10000 watts. KRLD, Inc. Announcer, T. J. Driggers, Jr. Central. Founded Oct. 30, 1926.

KRMD, Shreveport, La. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Airphan Radio Shop.

KRSC, Seattle, Wash. 267.7m-1120kc. 50 watts. Radio Sales Corp. Announcer, Robert E. Priebe. Pacific.

KSAC, Manhattan, Kan. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts nights, 1000 watts days. Kansas State Agricultural College. Announcer, Lisle L. Longsdorf. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1924.

KSCJ, Sioux City, Iowa. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. The Sioux City Journal. Announcer, C. W. Corkhill. Central. Opened April 4, 1927.

KSD, St. Louis, Mo. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Pulitzer Pub. Co. Announcer, W. F. Ludgate, R. L. Coe, C. R. Yarger. Central. Founded June 24, 1922.

KSEI, Pocatello, Idaho. 333.1m-900kc. 250 watts. KSEI Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, W. J. O'Connor. Mountain. Opened January, 1925.

KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah. 265.3m-1130kc. 5000 watts. Radio Service Corp. of Utah. Announcers, Roscoe Grover, Douglas Nowell, Douglas Done. Mountain.

KSMR, Santa Maria, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Santa Maria Valley Railroad Company. Announcer, Sydney C. Peck. Pacific. Founded Dec. 3, 1925.

KSO, Clarinda, Iowa. 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Berry Seed Co. Announcer, Joe Faassen. Slogan, "Keep Serving Others." Founded Nov. 2, 1925. Central.

KSOO, Sioux Falls, S. D. 270.1m-1110kc. 2000 watts. Sioux Falls Broadcast Assn. Announcer, Randall Ryan. Slogan, "A Friendly Station in a Friendly City." Central. Founded 1922.

KSTP, St. Paul-Minneapolis, Minn. (tr. Wescott, Minn.). 205.4m-1460kc. 10000 watts. The National Battery Station. Slogan, "The Call of the North." Lytton J. Shields, Pres.; Stanley E. Hubbard, V. P. and Gen. Mgr.; Frank M. Brown, Sec.; E. H. Church, Treas. Central. Founded May, 1924.

KTAB, Oakland, Calif. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Pickwick Stages Station. Announcers, M. E. Roberts, Don Jefferies, W. Kimball. Slogan, "Knowledge, Truth and Beauty." Pacific. Opened Aug. 1, 1925.

KTAP, San Antonio, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Robert B. Bridge, Alamo Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Kum to America's Playground." Central. Founded Sept. 15, 1927.

KTAT, Fort Worth, Texas. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. T. A. T. Broadcast Company. Announcers, Arthur W. Stowe, C. L. Riddell. Central.

KTBI, Los Angeles, Calif. 230.6m-1300kc. 750 watts. Bible Inst. of Los Angeles. Announcer, H. P. Herdman. Pacific. Founded September, 1922.

KTBR, Portland, Ore. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. M. E. Brown. Announcer, Hal McCracken. Pacific. Opened Sept. 23, 1925.

KTBS, Shreveport, La. 206.8m-1450kc. 1000 watts. Tri State Broadcasting System. Announcer, Jack Temple. Central. Founded March 14, 1922.

KTHS, Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 288.3-1040kc. 10000 watts. The Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, G. C. Arnoux. Slogan, "Kum to Hot Springs." Installed Dec. 20, 1924. Central.

KTM, Santa Monica, Calif. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp. Pacific.

KTNT, Muscatine, Iowa. 256.3m-1170kc. 5000 watts. Norman Baker. Slogan, "The Voice of Labor and Farmer." Announcers, Norman Baker, Wm. McFadden, Charles Salisbury, Rene Bellows, Fonda Jarvis. Central. Founded 1924.

KTSA, San Antonio, Texas (tr. Woodlawn Hills). 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts night, 2000 watts day. Announcer, Jerry Hurt. Lone Star Broadcast Co.

KTSL, Shreveport, La. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Houseman Sheet Metal Works. Announcer, G. A. Houseman. Central. Founded Sept. 15, 1927.

KTUE, Houston, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 5 watts. Uhalt Electric. Announcer, Walter Ivanhoe Zaborski. Central.

KTW, Seattle, Wash. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. First Presbyterian Church. Announcer, J. D. Ross. Slogan, "Hear Ye, Hear Ye, the Gospel." Pacific.

KUJ, Longview, Wash. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Puget Sound Radio Broadcasting Co. Pacific.

KUOA, Fayetteville, Ark. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. University of Arkansas. W. S. Gregson. Central. Founded 1923.

KUOM, Missoula, Mont. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. University of Montana. Mountain. Founded 1924.

KUSD, Vermilion, S. D. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts night, 750 day. University of South Dakota. Announcer, Harold Nelson. Slogan, "South Dakota University for South Dakotans." Central.

KUT, Austin, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Mgr. and Director, Gene Furgason. Founded 1925. Central.

KVI, Tacoma, Wash. 223.7m-1340kc. 1000 watts. Puget Sound Radio Broadcasting Co. Pacific.

KVL, Seattle, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Arthur Lee Calhoun Hotel. Pacific. Founded July 13, 1926.

KVOO, Tulsa, Okla. 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Southwestern Sales Corp. Announcers, Gordon Hittenmark, Roland R. Wiseman, Harry K. Richardson. Central. Opened Jan., 1925.

KVOS, Bellingham, Wash. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. Mt. Baker Station.

KWBS, Portland, Ore. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Schaeffer Radio Co.

KWCR, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 10 watts. H. F. Paar. Slogan, "The Voice of Cedar Rapids." Central. Founded July 29, 1922.

KWEA, Shreveport, La. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. William Erwin Antony.

KWG, Stockton, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Portable Wireless Telephone Co. Announcer, George J. Turner. Slogan, "Voice of the San Joaquin Valley." Pacific.

KWJJ, Portland, Ore. 252.8m-1060kc. 500 watts. Wilbur Lerman. Slogan, "The Voice From Broadway." Pacific. Founded July 25, 1925.

KWK, St. Louis, Mo. 222.1m-1350kc. 1000 watts. Greater St. Louis Broadcasting Co. Announcers, John Harrington, Thomas Patrick Convey, Bob Thomas, Allan Taylor, Orso Curtis and Ray Schmid*. Central.

KWKC, Kansas City, Mo. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilson Duncan Studios. Announcer, Elmer C. Hodges. Slogan, "Keep Watching Kansas City." Central. Founded 1925.

KWKH, Shreveport, La. 352.7m-850kc. 10000 watts. The W. K. Henderson Iron Works & Supply Co. Central. Founded Jan. 8, 1925.

KWLC, Decorah, Iowa. 236.1m-1270kc. 100 watts. Luther College.

KWSC, Pullman, Wash. 214.2m-1400kc. 1000 watts. State College of Washington. Announcer, Cyril Brewer. Program Dir., Arvilla Weisel. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KWWG, Brownsville, Texas. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce.

KXA, Seattle, Wash. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. American Radio Tel. Co.

KXL, Portland, Ore. 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts. The Portland Telegram. Announcers, A. R. Truitt, H. B. Read, Chet Blomsness. Slogan, "The Voice of Portland." Founded Dec. 13, 1926.

KXO, El Centro, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. E. R. Irey and F. M. Bowles. Pacific.

KXRO, Aberdeen, Wash. 211.1m-1420kc. 75 watts. KXRO, Inc.

KYA, San Francisco, Calif. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. F. C. Dahlquist. Announcer, Edward Ludes. Pacific. Founded Dec. 18, 1926.

KYW-KFKX, Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 10000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Herald and Examiner. Announcers, Gene Rouse, Parker Wheatley, Barney McArville, D. L. Gross. Central.

KYWA, Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.

KZM, Hayward, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Western Radio Institute (Hotel Oakland). Announcer, Albert Cowan. Pacific. Founded June 29, 1921.

NAA, Washington, D. C. 434.5m-690kc. 1000 watts. United States Navy Dept. Eastern.

WAAF, Chicago, Ill. 325.9m-920kc. 500 watts. Chicago Daily Drovers Journal. Announcer, Carl Ulrich. Central. Founded May 22, 1922.

WAAM, Newark, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts day, 1000 watts night. I. R. Nelson Company. Announcers, Jack Van Riper, James Cosier. Eastern. Experimental call 2XBA 65.18m Founded February, 1922.

WAAT, Jersey City, N. J. 280.2m-1070kc. 300 watts. Bremer Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, J. B. Bayley. Slogan, "The Voice of the Gate of the Garden State." Eastern. Founded 1921.

WAAW, Omaha, Nebr. 454.3m-660kc. 500 watts. Omaha Grain Exchange. Announcer, James Thompson. Slogan, "Pioneer Market Station of the West." Founded 1921. Central.

WABC, New York, N. Y. 348.6m-860kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Corp. Eastern.

WABI, Bangor, Me. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. First Universalist Church. Slogan, "The Pine-Tree Wave." Announcer, Prof. W. J. Creamer, Jr. Eastern. Founded 1924.

WABY, Philadelphia, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. John Magaldi, Jr.

WABZ, New Orleans, La. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. The Coliseum Place Baptist Church. Announcer, Charles B. Page. Slogan, "The Station With a Message." Central. Founded January, 1924.

WADC, Akron, Ohio. 227.1m-1320kc. 1000 watts. Allen Theater Broadcasting Station. Announcers, Geo. Houston and Jerry McKiernan. Eastern. Founded March, 1925.

WAFD, Detroit, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Albert B. Parfet Co. Announcer, Owen F. Uridge. Eastern. Founded January, 1925.

WAGM, Royal Oak, Mich. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Robert L. Miller. Announcer, Fred Stanton. Slogan, "The Little Station With the Big Reputation." Central. Founded Oct. 3, 1925.

WAIU, Columbus, Ohio. 468.5m-640kc. 5000 watts. American Insurance Union. Eastern. Founded April, 1922.

WALK, Willow Grove, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Albert A. Walker.

WAPI, Birmingham, Ala. 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Alabama Polytechnic Institute, University of Alabama, Alabama College. Manager, Walter N. Campbell. Announcers, Carroll Gardner, Sam Benton, Howard C. Smith, Kirtley Brown. Installed 1922. Central.

WASH, Grand Rapids, Mich. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Wash Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Hugh Hart, Chas. C. Carpenter, "Uncle Jerry." Central. Founded March 13, 1925.

WBAK, Harrisburg, Pa. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Pennsylvania State Police. Announcer, A. E. Poorman. Eastern. Founded 1919.

WBAL, Baltimore, Md. 282.8m-1060kc. 10000 watts. Consolidated Elec. Light & Power Co. Director, Frederick R. Huber. Slogan, "The Station of Good Music." Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1925.

WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas. 374.8m-800kc. 50000 watts. Carter Publications, Inc. Central. Founded April, 1922.

WBAR, Sisibt, Wis. 270.1m-1110kc. 500 watts. Koop Radio Co. Slogan, "The Station of Northern Wisconsin."

WBAX, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Announcer, Earl H. Fine. Slogan, "We Burn Anthracite - Xclusively." Eastern. Founded May, 1922.

WBBC, Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Brooklyn Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Andie Baruch, Leon Sherman.

WBBL, Richmond, Va. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church. Founded February, 1924.

WBBM, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Glenview). 389.4m-770kc. 25000 watts. Atlass Co., Inc. Central. Founded 1922.

WBBR, Rossville, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Assn. Announcer, Victor F. Schmidt. Eastern. Founded Febr., 1924.

WBBW, Norfolk, Va. 249.9m-1220kc. 100 watts. Ruffner Junior High School. Announcer, Lee M. Klinefelter. Slogan, "The School You'd Like to Go to." Eastern. Founded Febr. 26, 1924.

WBBY, Charleston, S. C. 249.9m-1200kc. 75 watts. Washington Light Infantry. Slogan, "Seaport of the Southeast." Eastern.

WBBZ, Ponca City, Okla. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carrell. Announcer, Morton Harvey.

WBCM, Bay City, Mich. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Bay City Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, S. F. Northcott. Eastern. Founded June 15, 1925.

WBIS, Boston, Mass. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Boston Information Service. Announcer, Grace Lawrence. Eastern. Founded Jan. 29, 1927.

WBMH, Detroit, Mich. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Braun's Music House. Announcers, Ray A. Miller, O. F. Gabbert, Jr. Eastern. Founded Jan. 11, 1927.

WBMS, Fort Lee, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. WBMS Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, - "The Voice of Bergen County." Eastern.

WBNY, New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Baruchrome Corp. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WBOQ, Richmond Hill, N. Y. 348.6m-860kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Co.

WBOW, Terre Haute, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Baptist Bible Tabernacle Broadcasting Assn.

WBRC, Birmingham, Ala. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Birmingham Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Dud Connolly. Central. Founded May 18, 1925.

WBRE, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Liberty State Bank and Trust Co. Announcer, Louis G. Baltimore. Eastern.

WBRL, Triton, R. I. 484.4m-620kc. 500 watts. Both Radio Laboratories. Eastern.

WBSO, Babson Park, Mass. 384.4m-780kc. 250 watts. Babson's Statistical Organization. Announcer, Ross Wood. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WBT, Charlotte, N. C. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Announcers, Ralph Rogers, Walter Haislip, Artie Hirsch. Eastern.

WBZ, Springfield, Mass. 302.8m-990kc. 15000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Radio Station of New England. Announcers, Aidan Redmond, Howard Petrie, Wayne Latham, Wallace Streeter, Gordon Swan, Malcolm McCormick, Rufus Crandall, Deforest Saudek. Installed Sept. 19, 1921. Eastern.

WBZA, Boston, Mass. 302.8m-990kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Same programs as WBZ.

WCAC, Mansfield, Conn. 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Connecticut Agricultural College. Announcer, Daniel E. Noble. Slogan, "From the Nutmeg State." Eastern. Founded June, 1923.

WCAD, Canton, N. Y. 245.6m-1220kc. 500 watts. (1000 watts 6 am-6 pm.) St. Lawrence University. Announcer, Ward C. Priest. Slogan, "The Voice of the North Country." Eastern. Founded Dec. 7, 1922.

WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa. 245.8m-1220kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Brothers. Eastern.

WCAH, Columbus, Ohio. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Commercial Radio Service. Eastern. Founded April, 1921.

WCAJ, Lincoln, Nebr. 508.2m-590kc. 500 watts. Nebraska Wesleyan University. Announcer, J. Arthur Jensen. Founded October, 1921. Central.

WCAL, Northfield, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Dept. of Physics, St. Olaf College. Announcer, Hector Skifter. Slogan, "The College on the Hill." Central. Founded 1922.

WCAM, Camden, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Camden. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1926.

WCAO, Baltimore, Md. 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Monumental Radio, Inc. Founded May 17, 1922.

WCAP, Asbbury Park, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Thomas F. Burley, Jr. Eastern. Founded July 1, 1927.

WCAT, Rapid City, S. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. South Dakota State School of Mines. Announcer, J. O. Kammerman. Mountain. Founded 1920.

WCAU, Philadelphia, Pa. (tr. Byberry). 256.3m-1170kc. 10000 watts. Universal Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Stan Lee Broza. Eastern. Founded May, 1922.

WCAX, Burlington, Vt. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. University of Vermont. Slogan, "The Voice of the Green Mountains." Eastern.

WCAZ, Carthage, Ill. 280.2m-1070kc. 50 watts. Carthage College. Central.

WCBA, Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. B. Bryan Musselman. Announcers, Clarence Dreisbach, Don Rayburn, Chas. Melson. Eastern.

WCBD, Zion, Ill. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Wilbur Glenn Voliva. Announcer, J. H. DePew. Slogan, "Where God Rules, Man Prospers." Founded May, 1923. Central.

WCBM, Baltimore, Md. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Baltimore Broadcasting Co. Francis Dice, announcer. Eastern. Founded March 25, 1923.

WCBS, Springfield, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harold L. Dewing, Charles H. Messter. Slogan, "Home of Abraham Lincoln." Central. Founded April 8, 1923.

WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn. (tr. at Anoka). 370.2m-810kc. 15,000 watts. Northwestern Broadcasting Co. Announcers, A. J. Snyder, K. C. Titus, A. B. Sheehan, K. W. Husted, F. F. Laws. Slogan, "Service to the Northwest." Founded Oct. 1, 1924. Central.

WCDA, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Cliffside Park, N. J.). 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Italian Educational Broadcasting Co.

WCFL, Chicago, Ill. 309.1m-970kc. 1500 watts. Chicago Federation of Labor. Announcer, Henry Parks. Slogan, "The Voice of Farmer and Labor." Central.

WCGU, Coney Island, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. U. S. Broadcast Corp. Eastern.

WCKY, Covington, Ky. 202.1m-1480kc. 5000 watts. L. B. Wilson, Inc.

WCLB, Long Beach, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Arthur Faske.

WCLO, Kenosha, Wis. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. E. Whitmore. Announcer, James Boutelle. Founded Aug. 4, 1925. Central.

WCLS, Joliet, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. WCLS, Inc. Slogan, "Will County's Largest Store." Central. Founded June, 1925.

WCMA, Culver, Ind. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Culver Military Academy. Announcer, C. F. McKinney. Central. Founded 1925.

WCOA, Pensacola, Fla. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Municipal Broadcasting Station. Announcer, John S. Prenkel. Slogan, "Wonderful City of Advantages." Central. Founded Feb. 2, 1927.

WCOC, Meridian, Miss. 340.7m-880kc. 1000 watts. Mississippi Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, T. C. Billups. Slogan, "Down in the Old Magnolia State." Central. Founded Febr. 26, 1927.

WCOD, Harrisburg, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Norman R. Hoffman. Eastern. Opened Sept. 30, 1925.

WCOH, Yonkers, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Westchester Broadcasting Corp.

WCRW, Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Clinton R. White. Announcers, Fred K. Weston, Al John, Miss Josephine. Slogan, "For Your Entertainment." Central. Founded May, 1926.

WCSH, Portland, Me. (tr. Portland). 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Congress Square Hotel. Slogan, "Sunrise Gateway of America." Announcer, L. T. Pitman. Eastern. Founded June, 1925.

WCSO, Springfield, Ohio. 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. Wittenberg College. Announcers, Charlotte Johns, Lester Crawl, James Thrasher. Eastern. Founded December, 1921.

WDAE, Tampa, Fla. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Tampa Daily Times. Announcer, Bruce Lum. Slogan, "Florida's Most Reliable Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.

WDAF, Kansas City, Mo. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Kansas City Star. Announcer, H. Dean Fitzer. Club, "Nighthawks." Founded June 5, 1922. Central.

WDAG, Amarillo, Texas. 212.6m-1410kc. 250 watts. J. Laurence Martin. Central. Founded May 16, 1922.

WDAH, El Paso, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. Mountain.

WDAY, Fargo, N. D. 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. WDAY, Inc. Announcer, Earl Reineke. Central. Founded May, 1922.

WDBJ, Roanoke, Va. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Richardson Wayland Elec. Corp. Announcers, J. V. Huffman, C. E. Stone, Hermon P. Black, R. P. Jordan. Slogan, "Roanoke Down in Old Virginia." Eastern. Founded May, 1924.

WDBO, Orlando, Fla. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Orlando Broadcasting Co. Announcer, K. W. Skelton. Slogan, "Down Where the Oranges Grow." Founded 1921. Eastern.

WDEL, Wilmington, Del. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts night, 150 day. WDEL, Inc. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WDGY, Minneapolis, Minn. 254.1m-1180kc. 1000 watts. Dr. George Young. Central. Founded 1923.

WDOD, Chattanooga, Tenn. 234.2m-1280kc. 2500 watts daytime, 1000 watts night. Chattanooga Radio Co., Inc. Announcer, Frank S. Lane. Central. Founded 1925.

WDRC, New Haven, Conn. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. Doolittle Radio Corp. Announcer, W. B. Haase. Eastern. Founded December, 1922.

WDSU, New Orleans, La. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Slogan, "Second Port U. S. A." Announcers, Jack Holliday, C. Chick Owens, Uncle Mack, P. K. Ewing, Joseph H. Uhalt. Est. July, 1923.

WDWF, Cranston, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dutee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Eastern.

WDZ, Tuscola, Ill. 280.2m-1070kc. 100 watts. James L. Bush. Central. Founded March, 1921.

WEAF, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Bellmore). 454.3m-660kc. 50000 watts. National Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "The Voice to the Millions." Eastern. Founded July 25, 1922.

WEAI, Ithaca, N. Y. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Cornell University.

WEAM, Plainfield, N. J. 218.8m-1370kc. 500 watts. W. J. Buttfield.

WEAN, Providence, R. I. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts daytime. The Shepard Stores. Announcers, Edmund Cashman, Fred Long, James Cairn, June Abbott, Jane Day, Beau Brummel. Slogan, "We Entertain a Nation." Eastern. Founded 1922.

WEAO, Columbus, Ohio. 526m-570kc. 750 watts. Ohio State University. Announcer, Robert Coleman. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WEAR, Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 1000 watts. WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Eastern. Opened Jan. 15, 1926.

WEBC, Superior, Wis., Duluth, Minn. 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. Head-of-the-Lakes Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Sam Kiley. Slogan, "At the Head of the Lakes." Central. Founded 1924.

WEBE, Cambridge, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Roy W. Waller. Slogan, "The Voice of Southeastern Ohio." Eastern. Founded July, 1934.

WEBQ, Harrisburg, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. First Trust & Savings Bank. Announcers, Dr. H. J. Raley and Inglis M. Taylor. Slogan, "The Voice From Egypt." Central. Founded Sept. 1, 1923.

WEBR, Buffalo, N. Y. 228.9m-1310kc. 200 watts. H. H. Howell. Announcers, E. J. Hinckley, Lowell Kitchen. Slogan, "We Extend Buffalo's Regards." Eastern. Founded Oct. 8, 1924.

WEBW, Beloit, Wis. 499.7m-600kc. 350 watts. Beloit College. Central. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.

WEDC, Chicago, Ill. 247.5m-1210kc. 100 watts. Emil Denemark Broadcasting Station. Central.

WEDH, Erie, Pa. 211.1m-1420kc. 30 watts. Erie Dispatch-Herald.

WEEI, Boston, Mass. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Edison Electric Illuminating Company. Announcers, Robert Burlen, Carlton H. Dickerman, Edward Gisburne, Frederick Hawkins. Slogan, "The Friendly Voice." Eastern. Founded Sept. 29, 1924, succeeding WTAT.

WEHS, Evanston, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Victor C. Carlson. Announcer, Jessie Robinson. Central. Founded February, 1924.

WELK, Philadelphia, Pa. 218.9m-1370kc. 100 watts. Howard R. Miller. Slogan, "The Voice of the Elks." Eastern. Founded June, 1922.

WEMC, Berrien Springs, Mich. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Emanuel Missionary College. Announcer, John E. Fetzer, Willard Shadel. Slogan, "The Radio Lighthouse." Central. Founded April 1, 1923.

WENR, Chicago, Ill. 344.6m-870kc. 50000 watts. Great Lakes Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice of Service." Central.

WEPS, Gloucester, Mass. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Matheson Radio Co., Inc.

WEVD, Woodhaven, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Debs Memorial Radio Fund. Eastern. Founded Oct. 14, 1927.

WEW, St. Louis, Mo. 394.5m-760kc. 1000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. St. Louis University. Announcer, Geo. Rueppel. Founded April 26, 1921. Central.

WFAA, Dallas, Texas. 374.8m-800kc. 500 watts. Dallas News and Dallas Journal. Adams Colhoun. Slogan, "Working for All Alike." Central. Founded June 26, 1922.

WFAN, Philadelphia, Pa. 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Keystone Broadcasting Co. Hotel Lorraine. Max C. Freedman, Chief Announcer. Eastern.

WFBC, Knoxville, Tenn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. First Baptist Church. Central. Founded 1924.

WFBE, Cincinnati, Ohio. 249.9m-1200kc. 500 watts. Hotel Park View. Announcer, Earl Fuller. Central.

WFBG, Altoona, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. The Wm. F. Gable Co. Announcer, Roy F. Thompson. Slogan, "The Original Gateway to the West." Eastern. Founded Aug. 28, 1924.

WFBJ, Collegeville, Minn. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. St. John's University. Announcer, Hilary Doerfler. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Landscape Paradise." Central. Founded October, 1924.

WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. Onondaga Company. Announcer, Charles F. Phillips. Eastern. Opened Nov. 19, 1924.

WFBM, Indianapolis, Ind. (tr. at Perry Township). 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Indianapolis Power and Light Company. Announcer, John Tribby. Slogan, "The Crossroads of America." Central.

WFBR, Baltimore, Md. 236.2m-1270kc. 250 watts. Baltimore Radio Show, Inc. Announcer, S. R. Kennard. Founded Oct. 1, 1924.

WFDF, Flint, Mich. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Frank D. Fallain. Announcer, Fred L. McKitrick, Mark Garner.

WFI, Philadelphia, Pa. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Strawbridge & Clothier. Announcer, John Vandervsloot. Eastern. March 18, 1922.

WFIW, Hopkinsville, Ky. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. Acme Mills, Inc. Announcer, D. E. "Plug" Kendrick. Central. Founded Febr. 12, 1927.

WFJC, Akron, Ohio. 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. W. F. Jones Broadcasting, Inc. Eastern.

WFKD, Frankford, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Foulkrod Radio Eng. Co. Eastern.

WFLA-WSUN, Clearwater, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Walter Tison. Founded Dec. 25, 1925. Eastern.

WGAL, Lancaster, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Lancaster Elec. Supply & Construction Co. Announcer, J. E. Mathiot, Luther J. Mathiot. Slogan, "World's Gardens at Lancaster." Eastern.

WGBB, Freeport, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harry H. Carman. Eastern. Founded Dec. 13, 1924.

WGBC, Memphis, Tenn. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. First Baptist Church. Announcer, A. L. Cowles. Central. Opened 1925.

WGBF, Evansville, Ind. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Evansville on the Air, Inc. Announcer, Martin Hansen. Curtis-Mushlitz, V. P. & Gen. Mgr. Central. Founded October, 1923.

WGBI, Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Broadcasters, Inc. Eastern.

WGBS, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Astoria.) 254.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. General Broadcasting System. Dailey Paskman. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.

WGCM, Gulfport, Miss. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Frank L. Kroulik, announcer. Gulf Coast Music Co.

WGCP, Newark, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 250 watts. Paramount Broadcasting & Artists Service, Inc. Announcer, Irving Porter. Eastern. Founded March, 1922.

WGES, Chicago, Ill. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Guyon's Paradise Ballroom. Announcers, Harlow Wilcox, Geo. Keicher. Founded August, 1920. Central.

WGH, Newport News, Va. 228.9m-1210kc. 100 watts. Virginia Broadcasting Co. and Hampton Roads Broadcasting Corp., Inc. Announcers, E. Ellsworth Bishop, G. Douglas Evans, Malvern Lee Powell. Slogan, "World's Greatest Harbor."

WGHP, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 241.8m-1240kc. 750 watts. George Harrison Phelps, Inc. Announcers, E. G. Smith, Jack Bundy, Stanley Swales, Betty-Jane Lamborn. Eastern. Founded Oct. 19, 1925.

WGL, Fort Wayne, Ind. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Allen-Wayne Co. Fred C. Zieg. Slogan, "The Home Sweet Home Station." Founded 1924. Central.

WGN, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Elgin). 416.4m-720kc. 25000 watts. Chicago Tribune. Announcers, Quin Ryan, Pat Barnes, Russ Russell, John Stamford, Robt. Trout. Central.

WGR, Buffalo, N. Y. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. W. G. R., Inc. Announcers, Bradley T. Yaw, Lowell MacMillan, Roger Baker, E. F. Horning. Eastern. Founded May 21, 1922.

WGST, Atlanta, Ga. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Georgia School of Technology. Announcer, J. O. Turner. Slogan, "The Southern Technical School With a National Reputation." Central. Founded January, 1924.

WGY, Schnectady, N. Y. 379.5m-790kc. 50000 watts. General Electric Company. Announcer, A. O. Coggeshall. Slogan, "Good Evening to You All." Founded 1922.

WHA, Madison, Wis. 319-940. 750 watts. Univ. of Wis. Central. Founded 1920.

WHAD, Milwaukee, Wis. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Marquette University. Cy Foster, Dick Macaulay. Central. Founded Oct., 1921.

WHAM, Rochester, N. Y. 260.7m-1150kc. 5000 watts. Stromberg-Carlson Tel. Mfg. Co. Announcers, F. H. Warren, Ben Weaver, W. Fay, L. C. Lee, Frank Kelly, Clyde Morse. Slogan, "This Is Rochester—Where Quality Dominates." Eastern. Founded July 11, 1922.

WHAP, New York, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Defenders of Truth Society, Inc. Announcer, Franklin Ford. Eastern. Founded May, 1925.

WHAS, Louisville, Ky. 365.6m-820kc. 10000 watts. Courier-Journal and Louisville Times Co. Founded July, 1922. Central.

WHAZ, Troy, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst. Announcer, Rutherford Hayner. Slogan, "Transcontinental and International Broadcasting Station Located at the Oldest College of Science and Engineering in America." Club, R. P. I. students. Founded June 22. Eastern.

WHB, Kansas City, Mo. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. Sweeney Auto & Electrical School. Announcer, John T. Schilling. Slogan, "Heart of America." Central. Founded April, 1922.

WHBC, Canton, Ohio. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. St. John's Catholic Church. Slogan, "Ignorance Is Our Greatest Foe." Central. Founded Feb., 1925.

WHBD, Bellefontaine, Ohio. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. First Presbyterian church. Eastern. Founded February, 1925.

WHBF, Rock Island, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Beardsley Specialty Co. Announcer, C. L. Beardsley. Slogan, "Where Historic Blackhawk Fought." Central. Founded February, 1925.

WHBL, Sheboygan, Wis. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts, 6 am-6 pm. C. E. Broughton. Founded 1925.

WHBQ, Memphis, Tenn. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Broadcasting Station WHBQ, Inc. Founded March, 1925.

WHBU, Anderson, Ind. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Citizen's Bank. Announcer, A. L. McKee. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Anderson."

WHBW, Philadelphia, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. D. R. Scienzie. Eastern.

WHBY, West De Pere, Wis. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Norbert's College. Green Bay-De Pere Broadcasting Station. Central. Founded Jan., 1925.

WHDF, Calumet, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc—100 watts. Upper Broadcasting Company.

WHDH, Gloucester, Mass. 361.2m-830kc. 1000 watts.

WHDI, Minneapolis, Minn. 245.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. Wm. Hood Dunwoody Industrial Institute. Announcers, M. R. Bass, A. P. Upton, G. W. Haverty. Slogan, "Northwest Leading Trade School." Central. Founded May 22, 1922.

WHDL, Tupper Lake, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. George F. Bissell.

WHEC, Rochester, N. Y. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Hickson Electric Co., Inc. Slogan, "The All Day Broadcasting Station." Eastern. Founded January, 1924.

WHFC, Chicago, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Goodson & Wilson, Inc. Central.

WHK, Cleveland, Ohio. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Radio Air Service Corp. Slogan, "Cleveland's Pioneer Broadcasting Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.

WHN, New York, N. Y. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Marcus Loew Booking Agency. Announcers, Perry Charles, George Nobbs. Slogan, "The Voice of the Great White Way." Eastern. Founded March, 1922.

WHO, Des Moines, Iowa. 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. Bankers Life Co. Announcers, Bobbie Griffin, Connie Ahearn, Edward Breen, Jr. Central. Founded 1924.

WHP, Harrisburg, Pa. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Penna. Broadcasting Co. Announcer, W. S. McCachren. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Central Penna." Eastern. Founded March 1, 1924.

WHPP, New York, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Bronx Broadcasting Co. Tues, Sat, 7 pm, mid.

WIAS, Ottumwa, Iowa. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Poling Electric Co. Announcer, Thomas J. Doonan. Central. Founded June 12, 1922.

WIBA, Madison, Wis. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. The Capital Times Station. Announcer, Kenneth F. Schmitt. Slogan, "Four Lakes City." Central. Founded June, 1294.

WIBG, Elkins Park, Pa. 322.4m-930kc. 50 watts. St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church. Announcer, W. Le Roy Anspach. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WIBM, Jackson, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carroll. (Portable.)

WIBO, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Des Plaines). 526m-570kc. 5000 watts. Chicago Evening American, Nelson Brothers Bond and Mtg. Co. Announcers, Walter Preston, "Stu" Dawson. Central. Founded May 20, 1925.

WIBR, Steubenville, Ohio. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Robert Merryman. Founded January, 1924. Eastern.

WIBS, Elizabeth, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. New Jersey Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Capt. H. J. Lepper, J. H. Lepper. Founded June, 1925.

WIBU, Poynette, Wis. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. The Electric Farm. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.

WIBW, Topeka, Kan. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 day. Capper Publications. Announcer, Joe Nickell. Central. Founded 1926.

WIBX, Utica, N. Y. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 300 day. WIBX, Inc. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WIBZ, Montgomery, Ala. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. A. D. Trum.

WICC, Easton, Conn. 252m-1190kc. 500 watts. The Bridgeport Broadcasting Station, Inc. Announcers, Edw. W. Hall, Art Wihslandy, Walter Ryan, Leonard Andrews, Joseph Andrews, Judson La Hay. Slogan, "The Voice That Serves." Eastern. Founded Aug. 3, 1925.

WIL, St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. Missouri Broadcasting Co. Announcers, "Bill" Ellsworth, L. A. Benson, C. W. Benson. Central. Founded September, 1922.

WILL, Urbana, Ill. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts daytime, 250 watts night. University of Illinois. Announcer, J. C. Bayles. Central. Founded 1922.

WILM, Wilmington, Del. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Delaware Broadcasting Co.

WINR, Bay Shore, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. Radiotel Mfg. Co.

WIOD, Miami Beach, Fla. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Isle of Dreams Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Jesse H. Jay. Slogan, "Wonderful Isle of Dreams."

WIP, Philadelphia, Pa. 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Bros. Announcer, E. A. Davies. Slogan, "Watch Its Progress." Eastern. Founded November, 1921.

WISN, Milwaukee, Wis. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Evening Wisconsin Co. Managed by Wisconsin News. Central. Founded Sept. 21, 1922.

WJAC, Johnstown, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Johnstown Automobile Co. Announcer, J. C. Tully. Slogan, "The Voice of the Friendly City." Eastern.

WJAD, Waco, Texas. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Frank P. Jackson. Central. Founded July 22, 1922.

WJAG, Norfolk, Nebr. 282.8m1060kc. 1000 watts. Norfolk Daily News. Announcer, Karl Stefan. Slogan, "The World's Greatest Country Daily and Home of Printer's Devil." Central. Founded 1922.

WJAK, Marion, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Marion Broadcast Co. Arthur Curran. Central. Founded September, 1921.

WJAR, Providence, R. I. 336.9m-890kc. 400 watts day, 250 watts night. The Outlet Co. Announcers, John J. Boyle, David L. Stackhouse, Howard G. Sawyer. Slogan, "The Southern Gateway of New England." Eastern. Founded Sept. 6, 1922.

WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa. 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Pittsburgh Radio Supply House. Announcers, Howard Clark, Francis Owen, Jim Hughes. Founded Aug. 4, 1922.

WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla. 238m-1260kc. 1000 watts. City of Jacksonville. Eastern. Founded Nov. 26, 1925.

WJAY, Cleveland, Ohio. 483.6m-620kc. 500 watts. Cleveland Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Joe O'Toole. Eastern. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WJAZ, Mt. Prospect, Ill. 202.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Zenith Radio Corp. Announcer, George G. Smith. Founded 1922. Central.

WJBC, La Salle, Ill. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Hummer Furniture Co. Announcer, Loyal Topalski. Slogan, "Better Home Station." Founded May 4, 1925. Central.

JBI, Red Bank, N. J. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Robert S. Johnson. Founded Sept. 15, 1925.

JBK, Ypsilanti, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. J. F. Hopkins. Announcer, Don Cole. Eastern. Founded Oct. 27, 1925.

JBL, Decatur, Ill. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. William Gushard Dry Goods Co. Announcer, W. H. Wiley. Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1925.

JBO, New Orleans, La. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Valdemar Jensen. Central. Founded 1922.

JBT, Chicago, Ill. 389.4m-770kc. 25000 watts. Paul Rader and Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. Announcer, Don Hastings. Central. Founded 1926.

JBU, Lewisburg, Pa. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Bucknell University. Announcer, Geo. A. Irland. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Keystone State." Eastern. Founded 1925.

JBW, New Orleans, La. 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. C. Carlson, Jr.

JBY, Gadsden, Ala. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Gadsden Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Leo Wheatley. Central.

JJD, Chicago, Ill. 265.3m-1130kc. 20000 watts. Loyal Order of Moose and Palmer House Station. Slogan, "The Voice of State Street." Announcers, Ellen Rose Dickey, Hugh Aspinwall. Central.

JKS, Gary, Ind. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Thomas J. Johnson and Frances Kennedy "Dynamo" Radio Corp. Announcer, Dr. Dave Edelson. Central. Founded Aug. 16, 1927.

JR, Detroit, Mich. (tr. at Pontiac). 399.8m-750kc. 5000 watts. WJR, Inc. Announcers, Leo Fitzpatrick, John F. Patt, Neal Tomy, John B. Eccles, John K. Harper, Owen F. Uridge, Norman White, Carl Schroeder. Eastern. Founded August, 1925.

JW, Mansfield, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Mansfield Broadcasting Association. John F. Weimer. Eastern. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.

JSV, Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 205.4m-1460kc. 10000 watts. Independent Pub. Co. Announcer, T. A. Robertson.

JZ, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Bound Brook). 394.5m-760kc. 30000 watts. R. C. A. Managed by National Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Milton J. Cross, Marley Sherris, Norman Sweetser, Curt Peterson.

KAQ, San Juan, Porto Rico. 336.7m-890kc. 500 watts. Radio Corporation of Porto Rico. Announcer, Joaquin Agusty. Slogan, "The Island of Enchantment, Where the World's Best Coffee Grows." Eastern. Founded Dec. 3, 1922.

KAR, East Lansing, Mich. 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. Michigan State College. Announcer, Keith Himebaugh. Eastern. Founded 1922.

KAV, Laconia, N. H. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Laconia Radio club. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.

KBB, Joliet, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sanders Brothers. Al Sanders, announcer. Central.

KBC, Birmingham, Ala. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. R. B. Broyles. Central. Founded June, 1926.

KBF, Indianapolis, Ind. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Indianapolis Broadcasting, Inc. Chief Announcer, Paul E. Gregg. Central. Founded October, 1925.

KBH, La Crosse, Wis. 217.8m-1380kc. 1000 watts. Callaway Music Co. Announcer, Arthur J. Hecht. Central. Founded 1924.

KBI, Chicago, Ill. 238.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Fred L. Schoenwolf. Central. Founded August, 1926.

KBN, Youngstown, Ohio. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Warren G. Williamson, Jr., and Arthur Brock. Announcers, Arthur Brock, Warren P. Williamson, Jr., Frank Proudfoot, Don Hoffman, Bill Hammerman. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.

KBO, Jersey City, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Camith Corp. Announcer, H. F. Bidwell. Eastern. Founded Sept. 11, 1926.

KBP, Battle Creek, Mich. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Battle Creek Enquirer and News.

KBQ, New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Standard Cahill Co., Inc. Announcer, Allan Cahill. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.

KBS, Galesburg, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Vermil N. Nelson. Announcer, Paul W. Palmquist. Slogan, "The Voice of Galesburg." Central. Founded October, 1925.

KBW, Amherst, N. Y. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Churchill Evangelistic Assn., Inc. Eastern. Founded 1926.

KBZ, Ludington, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. "The Voice of Western Michigan." S. L. Ashbacker. Central. Founded Nov. 23, 1926.

KEN, Buffalo, N. Y. 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. KEN, Inc. Announcers, Walter L. Amidon, Leon Fisher. Eastern. Founded Fall, 1925.

KFC, Lancaster, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Kirk Johnson & Co. Announcers, M. W. Gehman, L. H. Bailey. Eastern. Founded November, 1921.

KFC, Cincinnati, Ohio. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Scripps-Howard. Boyd. Eastern. Founded May, 1924.

KFJ, Oklahoma City, Okla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. WKY Radiophone Co. Central.

KFKC, Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. Life and Casualty. Central. Opened Nov. 24, 1926.

KFKP, Louisville, Ky. 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. Virginia av. Baptist Church. Central. Founded 1922.

WLBC, Muncie, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Donald A. Burton.

WLB, Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts. U. of Minnesota. Program Director, Rohr W. Orth. Central. Opened 1921.

WLBF, Kansas City, Kan. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Everett L. Dillard. Slogan, "Where Listeners Become Friends." Central. Founded Nov. 13, 1926.

WLBG, Petersburg, Va. 249.9m-1200kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. R. A. Gamble.

WLBL, Stevens Point, Wis. 333.1m-900kc. 2000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Wisconsin Dept. of Agriculture and Markets. Slogan, "Wisconsin, Land of Beautiful Lakes." Central.

WLBO, Galesburg, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Frederick A. Trebbe, Jr. Central. Founded Jan. 16, 1927.

WLBW, Oil City, Pa. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Radio Wire Program Corp. of America. Slogan, "The Home of Quaker State Motor Oil." Announcers, Wm. S. Perry, Leigh Ore, Haven Haas. Eastern. Founded 1926.

WLBX, Long Island, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. John N. Brahy.

WLBZ, Bangor, Me. 461.6m-620kc. 250 watts – night, 500 watts day. Maine Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Jack Atwood, Henry C. Wing. Slogan, "This Is the Maine Station."

WLCI, Ithaca, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Lutheran Assn. of Ithaca. Announcer, A. B. Berresford. Slogan, "The Church at the Gate of the Campus." Eastern. Founded 1926.

WLEX, Lexington, Mass. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Lexington Air Station. Announcers, Gerald Harrison, Carl S. Wheeler. Eastern. Founded October, 1926.

WLIT, Philadelphia, Pa. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Lit Bros. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1923.

WLOE, Boston, Mass. (tr. at Chelsea). 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Boston Broadcasting Co. Announcers, H. von Holtzhausen, Paul Welsh. Eastern.

WLS, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Crete). 344.6m-870kc. 5000 watts. Prairie Farmer, Announcers, Don Malin, Steve Sisler, Charles Stookey. Central. Founded April 19, 1924.

WLSI, Providence, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dutee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Announcer, H. Holmquist. Eastern. Founded January, 1925.

WLTH, Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Voice of Brooklyn, Inc. Eastern.

WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio. 428.3m-700kc. 50000 watts. The Crosley Radio Corp. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WLWL, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Kearney). 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. The Paulist League. Announcer, Bartholomew Sheehan.. Eastern.

WMAC, Cazenovia, N. Y. (tr. at Cazenovia). 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Founded 1022. Eastern.

WMAF, South Dartmouth, Mass. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Round Hills Radio Corp.

WMAK, Buffalo, N. Y. (tr. at Martinsville) 333.1m-900kc. 750 watts (tr. Tonawanda). WMAK Broadcasting Systems, Inc. Announcers, Jeff Baker, Ernest Steigl, Mark Hawley. Founded Sept. 22, 1922.

WMAL, Washington, D. C. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. M. A. Leese Radio Co. Eastern.

WMAN, Columbus, Ohio. 247.8m-1201kc. 50 watts. First Baptist church. Announcers, J. E. Anderson, C. S. Bidlack. Eastern. Founded September, 1922.

WMAQ, Chicago, Ill. 447.5m-670kc. 5000 watts. The Chicago Daily News. Announcers, Bill Hay, John W. Harrison, Harold Van Horne. Central. Founded April 13, 1922.

WMAZ, Macon, Ga. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts. Jr. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, E. K. Cargill. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WMBA, Newport, R. I. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. LeRoy J. Beebe.

WMBC, Detroit, Mich. 211.1m-1420kc. 250 watts. Michigan Broadcasting Co. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WMBD, Peoria Heights, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Peoria Heights Radio Laboratory.

WMBF, Miami Beach, Fla. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Fleetwood Hotel. Announcer, Paul Whitehurst. Eastern. Founded 1924.

WMBG, Richmond, Va. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Havens and Martin. Announcers, H. W. Jones, W. W. Jones, Sr. Eastern.

WMBH, Joplin, Mo. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Edwin Aber. Announcer, E. D. Aber. Central.

WMBI, Chicago, Ill. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Moody Bible Institute. Slogan, "The West Point of Christian Service." Announcer, Wendell P. Loveless. Central. Founded July 28, 1926.

WMBJ, Wilkinsburg, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Rev. John W. Sproul.

WMBL, Lakeland, Fla. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Bentley's Radio Studios. Eastern.

WMBM, Memphis, Tenn. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Seventh Day Adventist church.

WMBO, Auburn, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Radio Service Laboratories.

WMBQ, Brooklyn, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Paul J. Gollhofer.

WMBR, Tampa, Fla. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. F. J. Reynolds. Eastern.

WMC, Memphis, Tenn. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. The Commercial Appeal. Announcer, Lloyd G. Harris. Slogan, "Station WMC, Memphis," "Down in Dixie." Founded Jan. 20, 1923. Central.

WMES, Boston, Mass. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Mass. Educational Society. Announcer, A. Berggren. Eastern. Founded Aug. 1, 1927.

WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va. 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts day. Holt Rowe Novelty Co.

WMPC, Lapeer, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. First Methodist Protestant Church. Central. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

WMRJ, Jamaica, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Peter J. Prinz. Eastern. Opened July 9, 1926.

WMSG, New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Madison Square Garden. Announcer, Horace E. Beaver. Eastern.

WMT, Waterloo, Iowa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Waterloo Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Raymond L. Hill, Harold E. Clark. Central. Founded June 29, 1922.

WNAC, Boston, Mass. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. The Shepard Stores. Announcers, Ben Hadfield, John Wardell, Joseph Lopez, Edmund Cashman, Jean Sargent. Eastern. Founded July 31, 1922.

WNAD, Norman, Okla. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. University of Oklahoma. Announcer, Bill Cram. Slogan, "Voice of Soonerland." Central. Founded September, 1922.

WNAT, Philadelphia, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Albert A. Walker. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WNAX, Yankton, S. D. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts Gurney Seed & Nursery Co. Central. Founded 1921.

WNBF, Binghamton, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Howitt-Wood Radio Co., Inc. Eastern.

WNBH, New Bedford, Mass. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. New Bedford Hotel. Announcer, Donald Morton. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WNBJ, Knoxville, Tenn. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Bendale Baptist Church. Central.

WNBO, Washington, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. John Brownlee Spriggs. Slogan, "The Voice of Southwestern Penna." Eastern.

WNBQ, Rochester, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Gordon P. Brown.

WNBR, Memphis, Tenn. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Popular Radio Shop. Announcer, Mrs. John Ulrich. Central. Opened Feb. 28, 1927.

WNBW, Carbondale, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 5 watts. Home Cut Glass and China Co.

WNBX, Springfield, Vt. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. First Congregational Church Corp.

WNBZ, Saranac Lake, N. Y. 232.4m-1290kc. 50 watts. Smith and Mace. Daily, all day. Eastern.

WNJ, Newark, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Radio Investment Co., Inc. Eastern.

WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn. 535.4m-560kc. 2000 watts to local sunset. 1000 watts after. Sterchi Bros. Central. Founded 1921.

WNRC, Greensboro, N. C. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Wayne M. Nelson. Eastern. Founded March 24, 1926.

WNYC, New York, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. New York Municipal Radio Station. Slogan, "Municipal Broadcasting Station of the City of New York." John F. Fitzpatrick, Acting Director. Eastern. Founded July 8, 1924.

WOAI, San Antonio, Texas. 252m-1190kc. 5000 watts. Southern Equip. Co. (Evening News-Express). Announcer, J. G. Cummings. Slogan, "The Winter Playground of America, Where the Sunshine Spends the Winter." Central. Founded summer 1922.

WOAN, Lawrenceburg, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. Vaughn School of Music. Announcer, Y. M. Cornelius. Central.

WOAX, Trenton, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. F. J. Wolff. Slogan, "Trenton Makes; the World Takes." Eastern. Founded March 2, 1923.

WOBT, Union City, Tenn. 228.9m-1310kc. 150 watts day, 100 watts night. Tinsworth Radio Music Shop. Sun. 1 pm. Eastern.

WOBU, Charleston, W. Va. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Charleston Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Wally Fredericks. Eastern.

WOC, Davenport, Iowa. 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. The Palmer School of Chiropractic. Announcers, Peter Macarthur, Edgar Twamley, Richard Wells. Slogan, "Where the West Begins and in the State Where the Tall Corn Grows." Founded May, 1922.

WOCL, Jamestown, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 25 watts. A. E. Newton. Slogan, "We're on Chautauqua Lake." Announcer, Bob Page. Eastern.

WODA, Paterson, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. O'Dea Temple of Music. Slogan, "A Voice From the Silk City." Founded April 13, 1925. Eastern.

WOI, Ames, Iowa. 535.4m-560kc. 3500 watts. Iowa State College. Announcer, A. G. Woolfries. Founded April, 1922. Central.

WOKO, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Hudson Valley Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice From the Clouds." Eastern. Founded March, 1924.

WOL, Washington, D. C. 228m-1310kc. 100 watts. American Broadcasting Co. Founded 1924. Eastern.

WOMT, Manitowoc, Wis. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. The Mikadow theater. Announcer, F. M. Kadon. Central. Founded July, 1926.

WOOD, Grand Rapids, Mich. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Walter B. Stiles, Inc. Central.

WOQ, Kansas City, Mo. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Unity School of Christianity. Announcer, Rex G. Bettis. Central. Founded 1921.

WOR, Newark, N. J. (tr. at Kearney). 422.3m-710kc. 5000 watts. L. Bamberger & Co. Announcers, John B. Gambling, Walter J. Neff, Arthur Q. Bryan, Basil Roysdael, Pastley Sinclair, Floyd Neal, Roger Bower. Founded 1922. Eastern.

WORC, Worcester, Mass. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. A. F. Kleindienst. Eastern. Founded Feb. 27, 1925.

WORD, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Deerfield). 206.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Association. Announcer, J. P. Holmes. Slogan, "Watchtower Station WORD." Central. Founded December, 1924.

WOS, Jefferson City, Mo. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. Missouri State Marketing Bureau. Announcer, Jack Heiny. Slogan, "Watch Our State." Central. Founded 1922.

WOV, New York, N. Y. 265.3m-1130kc. 1000 watts. International Broadcasting Corp.

WOW, Omaha, Neb. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Woodmen of the World. Announcers, Ezra McIntosh, Joe Eaton, Eugene Konecky, Marie Kieny, Program Director. Slogan, "The Omaha Station." Central. Founded April 2, 1923.

WOWO, Fort Wayne, Ind. 258.5m-1160kc. 10,000 watts. Main Auto Supply Co. Announcers, Al Becker, Joe Poehling, Howard Ackley, A. H. Kuckein. Central. Founded April, 1925.

WPAP, Palisade, N. J. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Palisade Amusement Park. Announcer, Perry Charles. Eastern.

WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Shortenberg & Robinson Co. Director, R. K. Stone. Slogan, "The Cradle of American Industry." Eastern. Opened January, 1924. Reopened August, 1926.

WPCC, Chicago, Ill. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. North Shore Church. Announcer, Ralph E. Briggs. Central. Founded July, 1924.

WPCH, Hoboken, N. J. 370.2m-810kc. 500 watts. Assoc. Broadcasters, Inc. Eastern.

WPEN, Philadelphia, Pa. 499.9m-1500kc. 100 watts day, 250 watts night. Philadelphia School of Wireless Telegraphy. Slogan, "First Wireless School in America." Eastern. Founded 1908.

WPG, Atlantic City, N. J. 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. Municipality of Atlantic City. Slogan, "World's Playgrounds." Eastern. Founded Jan. 3, 1924.

WPOE, Patchogue, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 30 watts. Patchogue Order of Elks. Eastern.

WPSC, State College, Pa. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. Pa. State College. Announcers, E. H. Rohrbeck, K. A. Holderman. Slogan, "The Voice of the Nittany Lion." Eastern. Founded Nov., 1921.

WPTF, Raleigh, N. C. 440.9m-680kc. 1000 watts. Durham Life Ins. Co. Slogan, "We Protect the Family." Eastern. Founded October 1, 1927.

WQAM, Miami, Fla. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Miami Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Frederick W. Mizer, Dale James. Slogan, "The Voice of Tropical America." Eastern. Founded Febr. 1, 1922.

WQAN, Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Times. Announcer, T. V. Nealon. Slogan, "The Voice of the Anthracite." Eastern. Opened Jan. 8, 1925.

WQAO, Palisade, N. J. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Calvary Baptist Church. Announcer, D. Jones. Slogan, "The First Church Owned and Operated Broadcasting Station in the World." Founded 1922. Eastern.

WQBC, Vicksburg, Miss. 220.4m-1360kc. 300 watts. Utica Chamber of Commerce, Inc. Central.

WQBJ, Clarksburg, W. Va. 249.9m-1200kc. 65 watts. John Raikes.

WQBZ, Weirton, W. Va. 211.1m-1420kc. 60 watts. J. H. Thompson.

WRAF, La Porte, Ind. 249.9m-1200 kc. 100 watts. Radio Club, Inc. Announcer, Charles Middleton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Maple City." Founded April, 1923. Central.

WRAK, Erie, Pa. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. C. R. Cummins. Slogan, "The Voice of Presque Isle." Eastern. Founded 1924.

WRAW, Reading, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Avenue Radio & Elec. Shop. Slogan, "The Schuylkill Valley Echo." Announcer, C. M. Chafey. Eastern. Founded June 5, 1923.

WRAX, Philadelphia, Pa. 239.9m-1020kc. 250 watts daylight. Berachah Church, Inc. Announcers, Walter S. Smalley, Herbert Hogg. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WRBI, Tifton, Ga. 228.9m-1310kc. 20 watts. Kent's Furniture and Music Store.

WRBJ, Hattiesburg, Miss. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Woodruff Furn. Co. Central.

WRBL, Columbus, Ga. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. David Parmer.

WRBQ, Greenville, Miss. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. J. Pat Scully.

WRBT, Wilmington, N. C. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilmington Radio Assn.

WRBU, Gastonia, N. C. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. A. J. Kirby Music Co.

WRBW, Columbia, S. C. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Paul S. Pearce.

WRBX, Roanoke, Va. 322.4m-930kc. 250 watts. Richmond Development Corp.

WRC, Washington, D. C. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. National Broadcasting Co. Announcer, George F. Hicks. Slogan, "The Voice of the Capitol." Eastern.

WREC, Memphis, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts night, 1,000 watts day. WREC, Inc. Announcers, Hoyt B. Wooten, S. D. Wooten, Jr., Doc Sunshine, Bob Alberty, Bob Brooks. Central. Founded Sept., 1923.

WREN, Lawrence, Kan. 245.8m-1220kc. 1000 watts. Jenny Wren. Announcers, Vernon H. Smith, Ernest Pontius. Central. Founded February, 1927.

WRHM, Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Rosedale Hospital, Inc. Announcer, Troy S. Miller. Central.

WRJN, Racine, Wis. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Racine Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, H. J. Newcomb, Dick Mann. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1926.

WRK, Hamilton, Ohio. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. S. W. Doran. Eastern. Founded 1919.

WRNY, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Coytesville, N. J.). 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Aviation Radio Station, Inc. Eastern. Founded June 12, 1925.

WRR, Dallas, Texas. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Dallas. Announcer, John Thorwald. Slogan, "City of Achievements." Central.

WRUF, Gainesville, Fla. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. University of Florida. Announcer, Chas. Lee.

WRVA, Richmond, Va. 270.1m-1110kc. 5000 watts. Larus & Bro. Co., Inc. Slogan, "Down Where the South Begins." Announcer, J. Robert Beadles. Eastern. Opened Nov. 2, 1925.

WSAI, Cincinnati, Ohio (tr. at Mason). 225.4m-1330kc. 500 watts. Operated by Crosley Radio Corp.

Favorites

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Chicago, Ill.

WSAJ, Grove City, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Grove City College. William L. Harmon, activities. Founded April, 1920.

WSAN, Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Allentown Call Pub. Co. Announcer, Charles Walp. Eastern.

WSAR, Fall River, Mass. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Doughty & Welch Elec. Co., Inc. Announcers, Barton G. Albert, Leonard A. McGrath. Founded Jan., 1923. Eastern.

WSAZ, Huntington, W. Va. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. W. C. McKellar. Announcer, F. B. Smith. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WSB, Atlanta, Ga. 405.2m-740kc. 1000 watts. Atlanta Journal. Announcer, Lambdin Kay. Slogan, "The Voice of the South." Central.

WSBC, Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. World Battery Co. Central.

WSBT, South Bend, Ind. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. South Bend Tribune. Announcers, Leslie C. Morehouse and Reginald B. Martin. Founded April, 1922. Central.

WSEA, Portsmouth, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Radio Corp. of Virginia. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WSGH—WSDA, Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Amateur Radio Specialty Co. Announcer, E. C. Rhodes. Eastern. Opened Nov. 3, 1926.

WSIS, Sarasota, Fla. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Financial Journal. Announcer, Jack Dadswell. Eastern. Founded 1920.

WSIX, Springfield, Tenn. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. 638 Tire and Vulc. Co. Announcer, George H. Lawrence. Central. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WSM, Nashville, Tenn. 461.3m-650kc. 5000 watts. National Life and Accident Insurance Co. Announcers, George Hay, Jack Keefe, Harry Stone. Founded Oct. 5, 1925.

WSMB, New Orleans, La. 227.1m-1320kc. 500 watts. Saenger Theaters, Inc., and The Maison Blanche Co. Announcer, C. R. Randall. Founded April 21, 1925. Central.

WSMK, Dayton, Ohio. 526m-570kc. 200 watts. S. M. Krohn, Jr. Slogan, "The Home of Aviation." Central.

WSPD, Toledo, Ohio. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. The Toledo Broadcasting Co. (Columbia Broadcasting System Chain). Announcers, Willard Rice, Dick Pheatt, Harry Hansen, Dwight Northrup, Merrill Pheatt. Slogan, "The Gateway to the Sea." Eastern.

WSRO, Middletown, Ohio. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Middletown Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Harry W. Fahrlander. Central. Founded 1923.

WSSH, Boston, Mass. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Tremont Temple Baptist Church. Announcer, Raymond B. Meader. Eastern. Founded June 8, 1924.

WSUI, Iowa City, Iowa. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Univ. of Iowa. Announcer, Carl Menzer. Founded Feb. 12, 1924. Central.

WSUN-WFLA, St. Petersburg, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. City of St. Petersburg. Announcer, Eddie Squires. Slogan, "The Sunshine City." Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1927.

WSVS, Buffalo, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Seneca Vocational School. Announcer, David Warnhoff. Slogan, "Watch Seneca Vocational School." Eastern. Founded Nov. 9, 1925.

WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Slogan, "Voice of Central New York." Eastern. Founded 1922.

WTAD, Quincy, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Illinois Stock Medicine Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Agriculture." Central. Founded Dec. 29, 1926.

WTAG, Worcester, Mass. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Worcester Telegram-Gazette. Announcer, Chester Gaylord. Slogan, "The Voice From the Heart of the Commonwealth." Eastern. Founded May 1, 1924.

WTAM—WEAR, Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 3500 watts, WEAR, 1000 watts. WTAM, WEAR. Announcer, Fred Ripley. Founded Sept. 26, 1923. Eastern.

WTAQ, Eau Claire, Wis. 225.4m-1330kc. 100 watts. Gillette Rubber Co. Announcer, C. S. Van Gorden. Slogan, "Where Tires Are Quality."

WTAR—WPOR, Norfolk, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. WTAR Radio Corp. Chief Announcer and Program Director, Blayne R. Butcher. Announcers, Fred Pfahler, George Beck, Joe Klucz, D. C. Carr, Tom Hanes. Eastern. Founded Sept. 21, 1923.

WTAW, College Station, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Founded 1922. Central.

WTAX, Streator, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Williams Hardware Co., Radio Division. Central.

WTAZ, Richmond, Va. 247.8m-1210kc. 1500 watts. W. Reynolds, Jr., and T. J. McQuire.

WTBO, Cumberland, Md. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Cumberland Elec. Co.

WTFI, Toccoa, Ga. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Toccoa Falls Institute. Announcer, Kel Barnes. Eastern. Founded Oct. 4, 1927.

WTHS, Atlanta, Ga. 285.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Atlanta Technological H. S.

WTIC, Hartford, Conn. (499.7m-600kc. 250 watts Temporary assignment.) 282.8m-1060kc. 50,000 watts. Permanent location. The Travelers Insurance Co. Slogan, "The Insurance City." Eastern.

WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wis. (tr. at Brookfield) 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Milwaukee Journal. Announcers, Merle Trapp, Ronald F. McNair, Merl Blackburn, Richard B. Macaulay, Robt. D. Boniel. Slogan, "Voice of Wisconsin, Land of Lakes." Central. Founded July 25, 1927.

WTNT, Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 50 watts. WTNT Broadcasters. Announcer, Fred Waldrum. Founded Feb. 24, 1924. Central.

WTOC, Savannah, Ga. 212.6m-1410kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Chamber of Commerce of Savannah.

WWAE, Hammond, Ind. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Dr. Geo. F. Courier.

WWJ, Detroit, Mich. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. The Detroit News. Announcers, E. L. Tyson, F. P. Wallace, Lynn Gearhart. Eastern. Founded Aug., 1920.

WWL, New Orleans, La. 352.7m-850kc. 5000 watts. Loyola Univ. Announcer, Jean Paquet. Central. Founded March 31, 1922.

WWNC, Asheville, N. C. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Citizens Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Asheville Citizen." Gen. Mgr., G. Shepherd. Program Dir., Stanley Cross. Comm. Mgr., Clyde Smith. Promotion Mgr., Earnest Tappe. Eastern. Founded Febr. 21, 1927.

WWRL, Woodside, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. W. H. Reuman. Founded Aug., 1926.

WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va. 258.5m-1160kc. 5000 watts. West Va. Broadcasting Corp. Eastern. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

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Dolores and Her Lucky Star

(Continued from page 35)

query awakened me from my rosy dream. I suddenly became cold and nervous. A terrifying thought presented itself. What if my recitation should be a failure? Joyous anticipation of my debut, dreams of triumph had kept away real thinking, had banished serious thoughts. I could only dream—dream of the triumph which I was so certain would be mine. But now it all came to me. I recalled having read of the great celebrities of the day who had lost their voices when they faced the mike—that cold and impersonal bit of steel had frightened stars who appeared nightly before vast palaces of people. My dreams of triumph vanished, and were replaced by thoughts of fear, of failure—how they tormented me!

A FEW minutes before the eventful moment, I was admitted into the great spacious broadcasting room of the WSMB station. I felt more at ease when I stepped across the room on rarest of rugs which seemed like velvet beneath my feet—even more at ease when Mr. Randall greeted me cordially and introduced me to the other artists who would "go on the air" that evening. I sat back in the deep cushioned chair and sighed a sigh of relief. Everyone chatted animatedly—there was no need of fear, I tried to assure myself encouragingly.

Then, there was a hushed silence throughout the room. The program was about to begin. The announcer sat before the microphone and announced the pianist who would open the program. She stepped to the piano and played delightfully without a sign of fear. Then I realized why she had laughed and chatted, the piano was several feet from the mike and a fond relative was standing by her turning the pages of her music, just as though she were in the drawing room of her home. I was seized with another fit of anxiety; fear . . . it would be different with me. I would have to face the mike, and alone. No one could help me recite. I watched her closely and anxiously, scanning her features for a sign of fear, but she was smiling—perfectly at ease.

I wanted to run somewhere—you understand that indescribable feeling of fright—and in a frenzy of intense fear I heard Mr. Randall introduce me "over the air" to my unseen audience. It was a charming and beautiful, if not flattering, presentation, but I could not feel proud or thrilled at the moment . . . I was frightened, just "scared stiff."

WHEN I walked to the microphone I could feel my legs trembling beneath me, then my whole body grew shaky. At that moment I thought of all the articles I had read on great opera stars and actresses who had suffered from Radio fright. If they failed—what chance had I? I, who would blush when reciting a little poem before a classroom. These thoughts presented themselves rapidly, one after another; singers' voices had cracked, actresses had stopped short in the beginning of their recitation—they had experienced that terrible ordeal, "Radio fright." I was ashamed, embarrassed, I knew I would squeak, stop suddenly, burst out crying, and the thousands of people listening in—my friends in the city who had formed little parties and were listening in—my friends in other parts of the country whom I had proudly wired to listen in on my dreamed-of triumph. I could picture their faces—a blurred picture of their dismay, disappointed at my failure, appeared before my eyes. They would hear me fail. God, but I suffered mentally. I wanted to cry—to run—to hide—to do anything but sit there and recite stanza after stanza of a poem—a poem which should be read with feeling—a poem dedicated to the dearest and most touching subject in the world—mothers!

I know you are wondering why I had so much time to think when I was already announced and sitting in the chair of horrors (should I say?) facing the mike. I did not. One can think much and fast in a matter of moments and especially moments like this. Then the announcer insisted that I begin—he, I presume, noticed my hesitancy. He knew I was frightened. I could hear the voices around me whispering . . . that made matters worse. Then again, I heard the announcer's request, "Speak." And I began!

All the tears that I tried to suppress, the pathos of fear, stuck in my throat. I could feel them almost choking me, but I spoke, fighting back the tears, my fingers trembling—the poem I knew so well was forgotten. Fortunately, I had written down the lines and read it from the paper. Oh, those lines. I could barely believe it was my voice that echoed in the great room—quivering so, all through the poem . . . I could hear the wistfulness resounding, crying out the lines. I wanted to stop, to burst into tears, but I would not give up. I kept on . . . and when I finished, the announcer came up to me and exclaimed, "You did wonderful—your voice just trembled with emotion!" The other artists crowded about me, showering me with compliments and felicitations. I was bewildered with joy. I could not speak or thank them for the compliments. I only smiled. The poem was a wistful one and the quivering of my voice added to the wistful beauty of it. My Radio debut was over . . . and a success.

Congratulations came from everywhere, almost. By phone. By letter. By telegraph. And in person. Even people whom I did not know wrote me letters of praise. Many of my intimate friends asked, "But Dolores, how did you do it, so composedly, so natural? Your voice sounded so beautiful. You said it with so much feeling." My Mother said my dramatic ability surprised her. I could not tell them how I did it. I only smiled again. But that night I cried joyously over my greatest triumph, and do you wonder why I smile graciously when I look up to the heavens, for now I know my friend was right—my success—my triumphs—I owe them all—to my lucky star!

Night Club Romance

(Continued from page 89)

MADGE: Don't talk that way, Ted. Just because you don't like Jack is no reason why you have to insult him! As a matter of fact, I don't think he ever did all the things you say he did.

TED: Well, your father seemed to think he did.

MADGE: Dad might be wrong, too.

TED: Let's see—he forbade you to see Wilson any more, didn't he?

MADGE: Yes.

TED: What'd he tell you about him then?

MADGE: He said—

TED: Well?——

MADGE: He said that Jack had done some things that were considered bad practice by newspaper men and unethical by gentlemen.

TED: Well—since your father's managing editor of the "Clarion," his word's good enough for me, and it ought to be for you for two reasons. Now let's forget about Jack Wilson for a while and see what's going on here. Look—there's the quartet coming out to sing.

MADGE: Yes—I know all of those boys. Jack used to room with——

TED: Aw—forget Jack! You're here with me tonight. Let's listen to this song, eh?

MADGE: All right, Ted.

MUSIC: QUARTET SINGS No. 2 THROUGH WITHOUT BREAK (——).

TED: They sing very well, don't they?

MADGE: Yes. They're awfully nice boys. Jack introduced me to all of them.

TED: There you go again. Jack, Jack, Jack!

JACK: That's right! Speak of the devil and he always appears!

MADGE: Jack!

TED: Well—Wilson—what're you doing here?

JACK: I don't know if that's any concern of yours, Droman.

TED: Oh—I beg your pardon, Mr. Wilson! I was just being a little solicitous as to your——

MADGE: Ted! Jack! Don't stand there arguing. Everybody in the place is looking at you. Sit down here, Jack.

TED: Perhaps you'd like to have me leave, so that you can talk to your ex-sweetheart. But don't let your father catch you talking to him. You know how he feels about it.

JACK: Listen here, Droman, you——

MADGE: Ted! Stop talking like that. You don't want these people to think you're fighting, do you? Jack—sit down—we don't want to make a scene.

TED: Yes—do sit down, Wilson. I'll buy you a sandwich. Perhaps you're hungry.

JACK: And even if I *were* hungry, I wouldn't eat your food. I came over to get Madge to dance with me.

TED: In your condition? You're boiled to the ears, Wilson. You wouldn't ask her to dance with you when you're like that, would you?

JACK: I can manage my own affairs, I guess, Droman. Will you dance with me, Madge?

MADGE: Why—yes, Jack, I'll dance with you.

JACK: Good. Don't worry about us, Droman. I may be a little bit under the weather, but she's better off dancing with me that way than with you under *any* conditions. Come on, Madge.

TED: You dirty dog! I'll get you, yet.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA UP FULL UNTIL CUE (——).

NICK: Hello, Droman.

TED: Nick Polis! How come you're here?

NICK: You know well enough why I'm here!

TED: Well—yeah. You kind of surprised me, though. I didn't expect that you'd be rolling in so early.

NICK: Sometimes it's a good idea to go places ahead of time. You can find out a lot of things.

TED: Why—what do you mean, Nick?

NICK: Listen, Wilson—I know your game. Don't try to pull any of that ignorant stuff.

TED: Why—what's the matter, Nick? I don't know what you're talking about. Has something gone wrong?

NICK: Yeh. Plenty.

TED: Well—I've been able to help you out of a lot of tight

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places—maybe I can do something for you this time, eh?

NICK: It's not what you can do *for* me, Wilson—it's what you've done *to* me!

TED: If you're trying to insinuate that I squealed on you—

NICK: Yeh. That's what I mean. Listen—you knew I was bringing a load of booze in here tonight, didn't you?

TED: Sure—I knew that. You told me the other day, when we were talking about the uptown gang.

NICK: Yeh. You were the only one that knew it, except the boss here, and the driver.

TED: All right—but what are you driving at?

NICK: I suppose you don't know anything about the cops that are hanging around here tonight?

TED: Cops? No—what cops?

NICK: Sure you don't know what they're doing there?

TED: Say listen, Nick—we've always played the game together, haven't we? Haven't I got your protection for you when you couldn't get it yourself?

NICK: Yeah.

TED: Didn't I frame a story about the uptown gang in the "Clarion" so that they'd all get run in and have to make a new start—and didn't you get most of their business while they were about it? Didn't I tell you about the new gag I'm going to work on 'em, so that they can't even land a load of liquor? So what's all this business about cops?

NICK: Don't try to bluff me with that business, Droman. Oh, sure, you got me protection—. You been running stories to get the uptown gang out of the way—sure. But now you're playing a double cross game, and it don't work, see?

TED: What do you mean, double cross?

NICK: Well—I happen to got some friends on the force myself. One of 'em tipped me off that you'd put the cops wise to the load I was bringing in here tonight, so you could be here to get the biggest prohibition story of the season. I got all the dope, see? You got scared of the uptown gang, and so you decided to make a big splurge all over the front page about me, eh? How much is Hannman paying you for this, Droman?

TED: Say—listen, Nick—you don't think I'd go back on an old friend like you, do you?

NICK: I don't have to think. I know. Your stories have gone to your head, Droman. I know about how you framed Jack Wilson, and—

TED: Shut up, you fool! Do you want everybody around here to hear you?

NICK: Looks like it doesn't make any difference now. They're going to read a big story in the paper tomorrow, Droman, but you're not going to write it, see. If one of these cops tries to interfere with me getting this stuff in, I'll come in here and pump you so full of holes they won't recognize you down at the "Clarion." That's all I've got to say!

TED: Hey, listen. Come back here. Come here! Ugh!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FULL UP UNTIL CUE (——).

MADGE: Jack! Why did you get this—this way?

JACK: Will you give me a chance to tell you?

MADGE: Why, yes, of course.

JACK: Then come on over here and sit down at this table in the corner a minute. I can't talk to you when we're dancing.

MADGE: But Jack—

JACK: You said you'd give me a chance to explain. Your father's prevented me up to now, so please give me a chance, Madge.

MADGE: Well—all right. I'll sit down with you for a minute. But we mustn't sit here long, because Ted'll be coming around and making a fuss.

JACK: Here—this's all right. Sit here.

MADGE (Pause): Now—what are you going to tell me?

JACK: First of all I'm going to tell you that I love you.

MADGE: Jack! Don't say that when—when you're drunk!

JACK: I may be a little bit lit, Madge—but I'm never in such a bad way that I don't think of that. Besides—that's one reason why I *am* like this.

MADGE: What do you mean?

JACK: Oh—it sounds like the old gag—being driven to drink. But that's about what it amounts to.

MADGE: Well—

JACK: Oh—Madge—I tried every way to see you after—after it happened. But they wouldn't let me. Your father told me he'd never let me speak to you again. They wouldn't let me talk to you on the phone. I tried everything, but I couldn't see you.

MADGE: How did you know I would want to see you, Jack?

JACK: I knew that if I could have a chance to explain things you would want to see me again. That's why I tried so hard to reach you.

MADGE: Then—if you have something that you can explain—don't you think you'd better get it over with?

JACK: Yes. Well—you know why I was fired from the "Clarion," don't you, Madge?

MADGE: I heard some of the reasons, yes.

JACK: Well—it was a mistake. I didn't do the things that I was fired for! It was—framed.

MADGE: Framed?

JACK: Yes. And your little fair haired boy friend was the one who framed me!

MADGE: Ted?

JACK: Yes. Oh—I can't prove anything on him, I know that. That's what makes it so hard to take. But I know he did it. He bragged to me that he did!

MADGE: I don't believe it, Jack. I can't see why Ted should do anything like that to you.

JACK: That isn't hard to figure out. You're the reason.

MADGE: What do you mean?

JACK: Well—Ted knew that while you were going around with both of us, there wasn't clear sailing. He knew that if I was put out of the way, and if your father was led to believe I was crooked, he'd have the field all to himself. So—he did the snake-in-the-grass act, framed me up for something I didn't do, and that's all there is to it.

MADGE: But Jack—I can't believe that Ted ever did that.

JACK: Perhaps not, but he did. So far, he's been getting away with it. But no more. I'm going to get him, now. I don't know how—but I am!

MADGE: Jack! You're not going to do anything—

JACK: I don't know *what* I'm going to do—but it'll be pretty ample pay for what he did to me. Well—that's all I have to explain, Madge. I hoped—I sort of hoped you'd believe in me, but—

MADGE: I think I *do* believe at least part of what you say, Jack. But we mustn't stay here. Ted'll be over looking for me. Let's go back.

JACK: All right, Madge . . . wait a minute. We can't go back yet. There's that quartet coming out to sing again. We'll have to wait until they're off the floor.

MADGE: Well—all right.

MUSIC: QUARTET SINGS NEXT NUMBER THROUGH. RUNS (——).

TED: Well—you've been away a long time. I thought you'd eloped with your pickled boy-friend, Madge.

JACK: Yeah? And what if she had? What's that to you?

TED: It's plenty to me, Wilson. When I'm escorting a lady, it's my business to see that she isn't bothered by—bums!

MADGE: Please—Ted—Jack! Don't talk that way to each other. At least you might both remember that I'm *here.*

JACK: I'm sorry, Madge. . . . Well—I'll have to be going along. I'll see you soon, Madge.

TED: Not if I can help it, you won't see her soon. You'd better find a nice warm speakeasy and curl up in it—

JACK: Yeah. I'll see you there. Good bye, Madge.

MADGE: Good bye, Jack. (Pause.) Ted—I wish you wouldn't say those things to Jack. Everybody has times when things aren't going right.

TED: Yeah? He's been handing you that line, eh? And you've fallen for it! Listen—you know that since he was fired off the "Clarion" he's tried to hook up with every other paper in New York, don't you? And failed!

MADGE: Why?

TED: Because if you once get a reputation like he's got in the newspaper business, you might as well pack up and beat it for the sticks. There isn't a city editor in the city'd look at him!

MADGE: I think he'll get back, someday.

TED: Then you've got another think coming. Listen, Madge—let's not sit and talk about that bozo. I want to talk about *us.*

MADGE: Well—

TED: Madge—I want you to marry me!

MADGE: But—Ted—

TED: You know I'm crazy about you, Madge—I always have been.

MADGE: Yes—I think you're fond of me, Ted. But I don't love you—any more than you love me.

TED: Of course I love you, Madge. Don't you know that?

MADGE: No—I don't think you do, Ted. You're not the kind who can really love any girl. I'd want to be much more sure of anyone I was to marry than I could be of you.

TED: Listen, Madge—you don't still care for Jack Wilson, do you?

MADGE: Perhaps.

TED: I don't think you're that foolish. He's a total loss, that bird—just a bum. Your father would raise the very devil if he thought you were playing around with him. I think it would be my duty to tell him—too.

MADGE: Then—since that's the way you feel about it, suppose we stop talking about it. Will you dance with me?

TED: Why—yes, I guess so. I sort of hated to go out on the floor—I mean—there's someone that I want to see and—

MADGE: What are you so nervous about, Ted? Why don't you want to go out on the floor?

TED: Well—you see—oh, it's nothing. We'll dance—and I can see the fellow later on. Come on!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA UP FULL UNTIL CUE (——).

MADGE: I don't know what's the matter of you, Ted. All the time we were dancing, you were looking around. Why are you so nervous tonight?

TED: Oh—I just—well, I don't want

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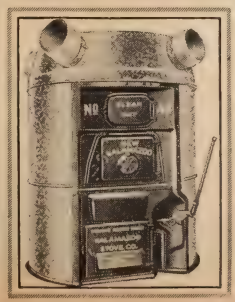


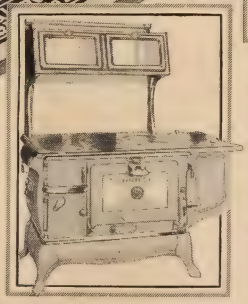
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to miss this fellow I'm supposed to see. I think I'll take a turn around and see if I can find him. You don't mind, do you, Madge?

MADGE: Well—no. Not if you'll hurry back.

TED: I won't be long. I just want to go over there on—

BIZ: TWO OR THREE SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION, AS FROM AN AUTOMATIC AT NOT TOO CLOSE RANGE.

TED: Ohhhhh!

MADGE: Ted! What's the matter? Where did those shots come from? Oh! You're hurt! Some one has shot you!

BIZ: CROWD NOISE BUILDS UP.

TED (In agony): Take me — somewhere!

MADGE: Yes, Ted, yes. I'll get somebody to take you outside. Wait a minute—I'll be right back!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FULL UP UNTIL CUE (——).

SLEEPY: Wait a minute, there. Don't go out that door yet. . . . Oh! It's Jack Wilson.

JACK: Sleepy Jennings!

SLEEPY: Yeah. What're you scared of, Jack? You heard those shots, didn't you?

JACK: Yeah, I heard 'em. But I figured I wouldn't be much use here, since I—

SLEEPY: Yeah — I know. It was tough that they fired you off the "Clarion." We always thought you was one of the best police reporters they had. Well—what about this shootin'?

JACK: I don't know anything about it. I was just on my way out, and—

SLEEPY: Been drinkin' a bit, haven't you, Wilson? You know—it seems darn funny to me that you'd be leavin' this place just when they was a shootin' goin' on.

JACK: Yeah.

SLEEPY: Just as a matter of form, I think I'd better look you over before you leave.

JACK: If you think I'm mixed up in this, Sleepy, you're crazy.

SLEEPY: Yeah? So's a lot of people in the asylums. Let's see your pockets. . . . A-ha! Carryin' a gun, eh? You know I think you'd better come into the back room with me. I just saw 'em carryin' Ted Droman in there, shot. I happen to remember that you and Ted aren't speakin'. Come along with me, boy.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FULL UP UNTIL CUE (——).

MADGE: Jack!

JACK: It's all right, Madge, don't worry.

MADGE: Who is that man with you?

SLEEPY: I'm Jennings, from headquarters. Is Droman hurt badly?

MADGE: I'm afraid so. He's unconscious.

SLEEPY: Yeah. Bad business.

JACK: Sleepy—how did you happen to be so near here tonight?

SLEEPY: We was watchin' the place, anyway. We'd been tipped off that Nick Polis was goin' to drive in a load of booze, so we was sent out to get it if he tried to get it in.

JACK: Who tipped you off?

SLEEPY: I don't know. It came from the chief's desk.

JACK: Look here—Sleepy. I don't care if you're watching me on suspicion —but I'm going to find the bird that killed Droman. I know more than to try and get away from this place—you know that. Can I go out to the club a minute?

SLEEPY: Yeah — I guess so. But don't try any funny business. The place is surrounded, you know.

JACK: Yes—I know. I'll see you in a minute.

MUSIC: UP SOFTLY FOR A WHILE, UNTIL CUE (——).

SLEEPY: They got your boy friend, all right, Miss Eastman.

MADGE: Yes.

SLEEPY: Got any idea who did it?

MADGE: Why—no.

SLEEPY: You don't sound very convincing. Do you think Jack Wilson did it?

MADGE: No—no!

SLEEPY: What're you gettin' so excited about. I'm just trying to find out who pulled this.

MADGE: Naturally I'm excited, when the man I'm with is shot down right beside me.

SLEEPY: You don't think Wilson did it, though? He and Droman was on the outs, wasn't they?

MADGE: Why—

SLEEPY: Wasn't they?

MADGE: Yes—I suppose so.

SLEEPY: Yeah. And I found a gun on Wilson. Looks kinda bad for him.

MADGE: I know it. But he didn't do it. I know he didn't. I'm going out in the other room a minute—I'll see you later.

SLEEPY: I'll go along with you as far as the door.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FULL UP UNTIL CUE (——).

SLEEPY: All right, Wilson. I guess you've been running around out here long enough.

JACK: I've got it, Sleepy, I've got it!

SLEEPY: Yeah? What have you got?

JACK: I've got the story! It's the biggest thing that's been broken on a front page in months! Wait'll I get to the phone—I'm going to get it to the "Clarion" in time for the last edition!

SLEEPY: No — I'm sorry, Wilson, but that gag doesn't work. You're not working for the "Clarion" any more, you know. I can't let you call out of here, since your under arrest.

JACK: But listen, Sleepy—I've got to call. I've got to get this scoop to the "Clarion." Droman can't cover it—he's out! Somebody's got to get it to 'em!

SLEEPY: Those are orders, boy. I can't let you phone until we prove that you didn't shoot Droman.

JACK: But—I've *got* to make the last edition. I can just make it if I call now.

SLEEPY: I said no—and I mean no! Now pipe down, see. Go on in the back room, and I'll be in in a minute.

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY UNTIL CUE (——).

JACK: Madge!

MADGE: Yes, Jack.

JACK: Madge—you don't think I did it, do you?

MADGE: No—I don't think you did. But they don't know *who* did, and they'll suspect you until they can find the one who shot Ted.

JACK: I know who shot him! I've got the story. But I can't give it to Jennings yet—he'll kill it for the "Clarion." We've got to get a scoop on this thing, Madge — and Jennings won't let me touch a phone. There's about two minutes to make the last edition—and if we don't make it, we're sunk. The "Echo's" dead-line is a half hour later than the "Clarion's," and they'll get it!

MADGE: You know who shot him, Jack?

JACK: Yes—I got the whole yarn. But that's all the good it does me.

MADGE: Here comes Jennings back again. I'll be back in a minute.

JACK: Where're you going? — Say listen, Sleepy—I've got to get this thing to the "Clarion." Can't I just phone it in, if you stand beside me?

SLEEPY: Orders is orders, boy, I'm sorry.

JACK: What time is it—let's see your watch. Mine's in hock. Yeah—I thought so. One minute to go to cover the dead line.

SLEEPY: Shut up a minute! Droman's moving! He's trying to say something.

JACK: Come here . . . Ted, ol' kid—what do you want, boy? Don't fret—you'll pull through. Keep quiet.

TED: I'm — through — I — guess. Sleepy.

JACK: Go to sleep, kid. You'll be O. K.

TED: No—want—Sleepy. Here.

JACK: He wants to tell you something, Sleepy.

TED: I — framed — Wilson. Tell — them—that. Tell "Clarion." I—framed him.

SLEEPY: Yeah! Well — that bears out my suspicions, Wilson. It looks like revenge, that's all.

JACK: Ted — hold it, kid. Do you know who shot you?

TED: Yes—Nick—Nick—Polis.

JACK: There! Does that clear up things, Sleepy?

SLEEPY: Nick Polis! So he was mixed up in that business, was he?

JACK: Yeah. Well—now you've got the story, Sleepy. I knew who did it fifteen minutes ago—but I wanted to get the story to the "Clarion" first. That would have done a lot for me, Sleepy. Now the dead-line's passed, and they've gone to press with the last edition! I'm sunk.

MADGE: Jack!

JACK: Where have you been, Madge?

MADGE: You're *not* sunk, Jack. I called Dad, and told him you have a big story. He's holding the last edition for it! He's on the phone now—hurry out and give it to him—if Jennings will let you.

SLEEPY—I'll let him go, Miss Eastman. Droman confessed that he framed Wilson on the "Clarion," and he told us who shot him—so I guess there's nothing left for me to do. I'll be stopping for Polis on the way out.

MADGE: Then Jack—oh, he's gone!

SLEEPY: Yeah—he had the "Clarion" on the wire before you got the words out of your mouth. There's a good newspaper man! But he needed your help—this time.

MADGE: Well—I'll be helping him—from now on!

(ANNOUNCER ON FOLLOWING PAGE.)

ANNOUNCER: And so comes *our* "dead-line" — and the end of another Night Club Romance.

Big Time

(Continued from page 34)

Jimmy Harper bent forward intensely; his queer little face—the face which had sent countless thousands into paroxysms of laughter—twisted into grimace of intense thought.

"Petey," he said slowly, "I can't see a flaw. It seems like you've hit on something."

"You bet your ultimate jit I have. Say,

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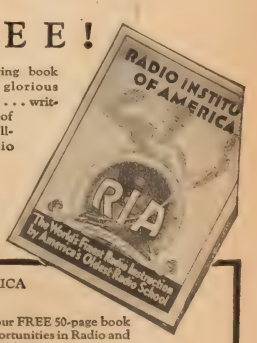
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listen—I'm the grand-daddy of fixers. I'm a hound on wimmin and matrimonial difficulties—before or after. Now you just go right ahead and trust little old Petey and before you know it everything will have come out all right. How about it; you game?"

Slowly, Jimmy extended his hand.

"I'm on!" he proclaimed seriously.

Petey grinned.

"Keno!" he said.

JIMMY HARPER gave careful and lengthy thought to the advice of his friend; he was sincerely in love and deeply worried. He knew that he was suffering personally and professionally, and while the importance of the latter paled into insignificance before the magnitude of the former—he was too well versed in the ways of his profession to overlook the material angle.

Worry had come to him for the first time in a serene and laugh-provoking life. Love was treating him shabbily and he was knowing its agonies before he knew its joys. Yet, fearful and jealous as he was, he could not dislike the blonde and genial rubber salesman who followed them from city to city and haunted the theaters at which the act headlined.

Oscar was a good sort; jovial and friendly and well meaning. But he was a gentleman of set and positive ideas—and one of them was that no wife of his should remain a professional. That had been the shoal upon which the marital barque of Oscar and Nora had wrecked and Mr. Swanson was not at all desirous of repeating the disaster.

After all, reflected Jimmy, good scout as Oscar was—there was no denying that he was the basis of all the trouble. His presence loaded the situation with horrid potentialities . . . and it was two weeks later in sheer misery of desperation that Jimmy Harper put into effect the strategy outlined by his friend Petey.

And even Jimmy's worst enemy could not by any stretch of a vivid imagination have accused him of being a slow worker. Perhaps, reflected the funny man, this was due to the fact that he cared not a snap of his skinny fingers for the blonde creature upon whom he now showered his favors. It didn't matter particularly to him whether or not she responded. She was a mere lay figure in his scheme of things—he was interested in the effect upon Oscar and upon Nora rather than how this whirlwind courtship might affect Evelyn.

As for Nora Carrigan, that young lady tried her level best to show Jimmy that she didn't care one way or the other what he did or when he did it. But if there was a hurt look in her eyes—a look of surprise and disappointment and of suffering—Jimmy either didn't see or didn't comprehend. He went his way blithely content in the knowledge that his campaign had clearly developed the vital fact that Nora and Oscar were not again in love with each other.

Oscar Swanson wore his heart on his sleeve. His eyes dumbly followed Jimmy Harper and the ravishing Evelyn. So far as he was concerned, Nora Carrigan evidently did not exist. . . . Oscar was beginning to suspect that he had been too confident, too uncompromising in his dictation of terms. Already his grim determination never to marry another practicing actress was rudely shaken—and at a time when it seemed to be too late.

But Oscar did not depart. His ruddy countenance appeared in the theater at least once every day and twice on most. Jimmy was sorry for him . . . but it seemed that his pity was not shared by Evelyn. That young lady was now accepting Jimmy's attentions as a matter of course . . . and recently the name of Oscar Swanson had been taboo between them.

"Dog-gone the fellow," Jimmy told himself—"can't he take a hint? Why don't he either marry Evelyn or beat it?"

Oscar did neither. He seemed to have no idea of doing anything except stick around. He was, to Jimmy's way of thinking, a grizzly bear for punishment. And it was in a spirit of sheer desperation one night in Indianapolis that Jimmy invited Evelyn to accompany him after the show to a roadhouse famous for its fried chicken sandwiches.

THEY motored out to Broad Ripple; a long ride through moonlight and over smooth roads. The sandwiches were excellent and satisfying. Jimmy was desperate and Evelyn unusually beautiful. They talked and danced together once or twice and then re-entered the touring car which they had chartered for the evening. Jimmy bade the driver take a circuitous route back to the hotel.

It was a quiet, smooth ride through romantic country. Worry, work and bewilderment had done something to Jimmy—his perceptions were no longer keened to razor edge.

He was never quite clear how it happened. The first thing he remembered was that Evelyn—all of her—was in his arms, that her lips were on his and she was telling him that she was the happiest woman in the world and wouldn't Nora and Oscar be surprised that they were going to get married.

Jimmy opened his amazed lips—then closed them. It would hardly be polite, he figured, to inform Evelyn that she was mistaken. Certainly not this soon in the engagement. Besides, he wondered how this appalling situation had come about. He didn't remember definitely proposing to Evelyn—and certainly being engaged to her was a little bit worse than the last thing he desired.

"Isn't it just too amazing, Jimmy—you and me being engaged?"

"Yeh. Amazing is right."

"And you're happy?"

"Say—" Jimmy tried hard to be a gentleman, "ain't a guy usually happy when he just gets to be engaged? It ain't like he was married or nothing."

"That's right, Jimmy; it sure isn't." She slipped her hand in his. "When do we tell Oscar and Nora?"

He experienced a sinking sensation near the pit of his tummy. "We?" he echoed feebly.

"Yes—we."

"Why do *we* have to tell 'em? Why can't you do the dirty work?"

"Jimmy—I do believe you're afraid."

"Shuh! What'd I be afraid of. . . . But the we stuff is out, and that goes."

Until dawn Jimmy sat in wide eyed solitude thinking it over and coming to no conclusion. He was dazed and miserable. It wasn't that Evelyn wasn't a beautiful girl and all that a wife should be, but, dog-gone it, it was Nora he wanted! He rose suddenly and slammed a clenched fist into the palm of his other hand.

"If I ever lay my fingers on Petey!" His face purpled. "He's a swell fixer, he is!"

QUITE obviously Evelyn broke the news to Oscar early in the morning, for when afternoon arrived Mr. Swanson was not among those present. Inquiry disclosed the fact that Oscar had emulated the well known Arabs and flitted away quietly and completely. Jimmy was sorry; it seemed such a pity that he should have Evelyn when he so much desired that Oscar should have her—a desire which the ruddy cheeked Mr. Swanson quite evidently shared.

Evelyn told Nora, too, and she came into his dressing room that afternoon just before the matinee. She was smiling as she extended her hand, but he fancied that there was something strained about that smile—and a hint of moisture in the fine brown eyes which met his so bravely.

"Congratulations, Jimmy. Evelyn just told me . . ."

"Aw, say . . ."

"I know you'll be very happy."

"You know a heap."

"Yes. . . ." Then, quite irrelevantly "Oscar has gone."

"Hmm! That's my fault, too."

"You wanted to get rid of him, didn' you, Jimmy?"

"Sure. But—" He bit his lip. I didn't seem right decent explaining t Nora why he wanted to get rid of Oscar

"I understand." She smiled again that sad, wistful smile. "I had you size up all wrong, Jimmy."

"You ain't the only one."

"I thought you felt about Oscar—" She flushed. "Well, you and Evely are engaged and I wish you luck—yo two."

"Us two? Good Lord, Nora—yo ain't figuring on quitting the act, a you?"

"If you'll release me."

"I won't!" he exploded. "I positivel refuse, I've got you under contract."

"Very well. If you insist—"

"I'll say I do."

"It isn't for very long. Our bookings are almost out—"

"So'm I."

Nor did the ensuing days smooth th situation. Jimmy was supremely mi erable and he wondered whether Evely was as happy as she ought to be. Ce tainly she demonstrated none of th raptures of the newly-engaged youn lady. She was reserved and a trifle co —which suited him excellently but the same time caused him to wond whether the fault was not his.

After all, Evelyn was a good sco and if he had blundered into a trap, was up to him as a gentleman to ma the best of it. Certainly it had been h fault and it was downright out of t question to tell Evelyn bluntly that didn't love her.

HE COULDN'T understand why s had become engaged to him. T idea that she might be in love with h had never before occurred. He had ways felt that she was in love w Oscar Swanson. . . . Well, they w engaged now—Evelyn and himself—a he guessed he'd have to go through w it. If only Nora had not been there remind him twice daily that he was love with the girl to whom he was engaged. "Golly! I can sure understa now what Nora was feeling with ex-husband hanging around. I feel gui every time she sees me with Evelyn.

In Cleveland somebody came into dressing room. At sight of the visi Jimmy Harper rose to his inconsid able height and started forward w murder in his eye.

"I hope you got a lot of life insurat Petey, because—"

"Aw, lay offa that stuff, Jimmy. down and spill the dope. What's I hear about you being engaged Evelyn?"

"You heard it? Well, lemme exp how it happened . . ." Five mini later he finished the tragic story. "here I am, about to be married to a I don't love when the one I do lov —aw hell! Petey—it's terrible."

"I'll bet it is. Now lemme thin minute." Suddenly Petey looked

The Collier Hour

(Continued from page 16)

of the continent and the vast open or closed spaces between.

Approximately ten thousand replies were received in response to a test call for expressions of opinion regarding the quality of the programs. Anybody connected with Radio stations can tell you what this means as an indication of extensive appreciation, for as Radio grows in popularity and use, Radio audiences naturally become sophisticated and critical.

What was even more gratifying than the number of letters received was the universal tone of unstinted praise. If space permitted, many could be quoted giving utterance in almost extravagant terms to the pleasure obtained by the writers from the Collier's programs. Instrated that the Collier's Weekly revue essence, the correspondence demonhad won an instant place in the esteem of the American home: that it was looked to as a regular hour of entertainment, singular in form and satisfying in substance.

THE technique of presentation was simple, and, like most simple presentations, effective. Expert librettists took the magazine and with a thread of dialogue between Uncle Henry, George Creel's philosophical humorist, and the Editor, produced a series of dramatizations relieved by musical interpolations. This vehicle received momentum from the highest class of histrionic talent employed for roles that quickly achieved fame with the widespread Radio audience—Angus and Pudgy of the E. Phillips Oppenheim detective series and Sweet William of Dana Burnet fame, and the rest. Distinguished speakers, usually staff or other authors appearing in the pages of Collier's, gave a flavor of intellectual and educational support to the programs; so that each hour was representative of the character of the Weekly—fiction, articles, special features like the Grantland Rice sports and the H. I. Phillips McGoofey's First Reader.

The music was in the hands of a capable orchestra made up of a personnel of New York Philharmonic artists, and the selections were always atmospherically appropriate to the text.

In the thirty-nine revues given last season more than two hundred items appearing in the Weekly, including serial stories, were thus "sampled" over the air by the public. Key stations in the Blue Chain of the National Broadcasting company were selected—WJZ in New York, WBZ in Springfield, Mass., KDKA in Pittsburgh and KYW in Chicago. Collier's Weekly was mentioned by announcers only when logically necessary, a fact not overlooked by those responding with written applause or by the press in its unanimously favorable reviews.

Collier's Radio Hour is now carried over a coast-to-coast network of sixteen stations of the National Broadcasting company. This means practically complete national coverage for the program. And the contents of the thirty-nine programs to be run up to early summer will be even an improvement over the first two seasons.

With the expansion of territory in area covered by stations, the augmentation of the musical content of the programs and the general speeding up of libretto to keep pace with the Weekly, the Collier's Radio Hour will be welcomed by millions of listeners who expect much from the future because of the enjoyment it has provided in the past. The betting is they'll get more than they expect.



We refuse to debate the shaving cream question . . . .

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Never Before were shaving creams so much discussed. The subject has assumed the proportions of a national debate. But we refuse to argue. For we know, as you do, that words are weak when compared to actual performance. So we just say, "send us the coupon for one week's free supply of MOLLÉ. At the same time get samples of other shaving creams that interest you. Then use them all and judge by the result. Let performance—not conversation—decide which cream wins."

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1—To leave the tenderest skin more comfortable and in better condition than before shaving

2—To end razor-pull and razor-scrape forever

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Has MOLLÉ Succeeded in actually accomplishing those things? Let the free coupon—not us—answer that. Or make this unique test. There is another convenient way besides sending the coupon for you to get acquainted with MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*). Buy the large fifty-cent MOLLÉ package at your nearest drug store. Use it for one week. If then you are not entirely pleased, you may send us what is left and we will instantly refund your purchase price. Take your choice. Use the free coupon or secure a full-size tube from your druggist on our "make-good-or-money-back" offer.

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smiling radiantly. "I got it!"

"Got what?"

"An idea. I can fix things for you."

"You'll fix nothing for me, Petey. You've fixed me so swell already I'm 'most dead. If you even suggest something else I'll brain you. All you're good for from now on, Petey, is to listen to me and not to explain no plans which you have got."

Petey sighed resignedly. "All right—if you ain't interested in my scheme."

"I ain't interested in a thing but my own troubles . . . and I sure got plenty of those."

If the act had been flat before, it was an absolute plane now. Backstage there was a tension which persisted despite the heroic efforts of all three members of the team. Jimmy was in a ferment of irresolution; he knew that he couldn't go through with his marriage to Evelyn and he knew he couldn't refuse. Plan after plan was formulated only to be discarded. His worry increased—he ate little and slept less. He became haggard and drawn—and desperate.

DESPERATION was something new to Jimmy! It made him want to do things he didn't want to do. It imparted to him the wildest promptings and most impossible desires. And it was one night while in the throes of just such a fit of desperation that he left Evelyn at the hotel, called Nora's room and demanded that she come down to the lobby that very minute prepared to take an automobile ride.

Nora came. She looked wonderfully attractive—nothing of Evelyn's voluptuousness, but a warm sweetness which was distinctly her own; and she did not demur when he rather brutally bundled her into a sedan and bade the driver step on it pending further orders.

Nora sat in the corner and said nothing, yet Jimmy derived a world of comfort from the silent communion. What a relief from the incessant chitter-chatter of Evelyn Carrigan. Nice girl, Evelyn—but oh! so different from the soft eyed, understanding Nora!

They drove for almost an hour with scarcely a word of conversation. Then, quite suddenly, Jimmy leaned forward and spoke to the driver. That individual grinned, nodded and turned. When Jimmy settled back in his seat there was a firm set to his lips and a new light of grim determination in his eyes.

"Nora," he asked, "do you know where we are going?"

She shook her head slowly.

"We are going," snapped Jimmy, "to get married!"

She seemed startled. "Married?"

"To each other."

"Jimmy—are you crazy?"

"Yes. Thank goodness."

"But we can't. You're engaged to Evelyn."

"It isn't my fault. I want to marry you."

"I—I can't let you do it, Jimmy."

"Do you love me?"

"I don't see——"

"Do you love me?"

She was not the equivocating kind. "Yes, Jimmy."

"And I love you. So that's settled."

The atmosphere of the car was queerly electric. There was no further argument. All of Jimmy's bewilderment had departed—a load had been lifted from his shoulders; he worked swiftly and effectively.

The license clerk was located, placated and routed into his clothes. A minister was found and less than two hours later Nora Carrigan had become Mrs. Jimmy Harper. It was not until the journey back to the hotel that they looked at each other with something of fear shining through their happiness.

"Oh! Jimmy—what will Evelyn say?"

"I don't care. That is, I do care. I've done a dirty hound trick—but we're married. That's the important point. Nothing is going to unmarry us. And besides—I don't believe Evelyn is in love with me."

"Isn't she your fiancee?"

"Was. But that hasn't anything to do with it. I just got a hunch . . . on the level, don't you agree?"

"Yes . . . or I wouldn't have married you. I'm awfully fond of Evelyn, but—Oh! Jimmy, why did she become engaged to you if she doesn't love you?"

"Ask me something easy, sweetness. There ain't any answer to that."

A long pause, and she spoke: "Who is going to tell Evelyn?"

"You?" hopefully.

"No. You."

"Gosh, Nora . . ."

"Well, Jimmy—I can't."

"Neither can I."

"Then both of us."

That's twice as bad. Listen, Sugarfoot; you got an awful fine head on your shoulders. Let's think up a scheme."

"All right—let's."

"You do it. I ain't thinking about anything except being happy."

And just before they reached the hotel she smiled and squeezed his hand.

"I've got a plan, Jimmy."

"I knew it."

"It may not work——"

"It's got to!"

"I have an idea that Evelyn loves my ex-husband."

"Right-o!"

"And all that was holding them apart was the question of whether she'd quit the stage."

"Yeh."

"And I think if Oscar could get her now he'd be willing to let her dictate terms."

"Sure. But——"

"ALL RIGHT. I happen to know where Oscar is. He could be here at ten o'clock tomorrow night if he got a telegram before seven in the morning. Now suppose he did receive a wire from Evelyn saying that if he was willing to let her stay on the stage and still wanted her, he should be in the hotel lobby here tomorrow night after the show with a marriage license. And suppose, after he had boarded the train and couldn't be reached, Evelyn was to get a telegram from him saying that he was coming with a marriage license and would meet her in the hotel lobby after the night show and if she was still willing to take him and stay on the stage, she should meet him. Suppose that, Jimmy . . ."

"Golly. . . . But if they compared notes?"

"They won't—then. If they're in love with each other they'll meet—and be so happy that they won't think of anything except that they were together once more. As for the telegram from Oscar—I got a friend in that town. I'll wire him tonight quoting the telegram I want sent with Oscar's name signed—so that part of it will look O. K. And you see, Jimmy, if it works we won't have to tell them anything; they'll be as guilty as we are."

He took her in his arms. "Sweetness—you sure are one noble liar!"

The day following was surfeited with embarrassment for the bridal couple. They avoided one another's eyes—and kept as far away as possible from Evelyn. As for that flaxen-haired young lady, it was quite obvious that she, too, was laboring under a strain.

Immediately after the evening performance, Evelyn disappeared. Jimmy Harper dragged his wife out of her dressing room and into a taxicab. "Down to the hotel for us. We'll watch from the mezzanine."

And watch they did. They saw Oscar Swanson pacing the lobby, they saw Evelyn try to greet him casually—and they saw the happiness which flamed between them. At once Jimmy and Nora descended and showered them with congratulations.

"But Jimmy—" Evelyn was horribly embarrassed. "You and I are engaged."

"Oh, don't mind me, Eve. I'm fine as silk—just want to see you happy."

THE ceremony was performed within the hour—and it was not until then that Evelyn and Oscar compared telegrams. Nora stepped beautifully into the breach.

"We knew that you two were in love with one another—and it seemed a crying shame not to bring you together. Now won't you say thanky sir?"

They said it. And then, shamefacedly, Jimmy Harper introduced his wife. There was a momentary pause of sheer amazement—then a shriek of laughter from Evelyn.

"Oh! If I had only known. . . . I thought I was going to have to marry him."

"I—say—" Jimmy pushed forward. "Would you mind telling me, Mrs. Swanson, why you ever became engaged to me? Now that we're both married—elsewhere—I can say without fear of hurting anyone's feelings that I had no intention of proposing to you——"

"Of course you didn't."

"Then why——?"

"Just this, Jimmy: I was terribly in love with Oscar—so much so that I was scared to death I'd give in to him and consent to quit the stage. I knew I'd never be happy off . . . so I watched my chance and grabbed you; putting temptation behind me. As your wife I'd be committed to the stage forever . . . don't you see?"

Jimmy was dazed. He grinned ruefully. "And I thought I was a lady-killer . . . Well, tempus fugits. Lemme see . . . what are your plans, Oscar?"

Mr. Swanson grinned. "I got to talk that over with Evelyn. I was figuring that I'd stick with you all—for awhile until your bookings run out—that is, if Nora and you don't mind."

"'Sall right with me, Oscar."

"And me, too," chimed in Nora. "I only objected to having my ex-husband around when I wasn't anybody's wife."

"And after we close," interrupted Jimmy, "you and Evelyn can have the summer for a honeymoon."

"That's it."

"So everybody's happy, eh? And now—" he looked over at Oscar Swanson—"lemme speak with you for a minute, Oscar."

"Sure, Jimmy, sure."

They moved across the lobby. "Say, listen, old man," said Jimmy, somewhat awkwardly. "Things are all right now you know. And I just wanted to say that since Evelyn and Nora and I will be together next year again—'cause this act will be a riot from now on—if you want to stick with us next season we'll be awful glad to have you, and—"

A broad grin decorated Oscar's face. He dropped a friendly hand on the little comedian's shoulder.

"Listen, Jimmy—lemme explain something. For pretty near thirty weeks this season I been trailing you folks around. More than a hundred times I've sat out front and watched you work . . . so, if it's all the same to

1, Jimmy, I'll route myself some other
y next fall. You see, it's this way—"
car drew a long breath and lowered
voice confidentially:
Now that I'm married to Evelyn,
imy—I wouldn't sit through that con-
nded act another time if my life
pended on it!"

Gertrude

(Continued from page 15)

tally didn't; she hated his sleeping till
o'clock every morning. But the
or fish had to.
You see he'd gone back to the only
ng he knew—playing a pipe organ in
ttle dump on Broadway which ground
n steadily from 11 A. M. till 11 P. M.
d he had to be on the job from two
four and from nine till eleven.
As if that wasn't enough, in between
ies he'd begun writing songs for a
sic-publishing house; and before long
was all hopped up because he'd sold
s for a hundred dollars.
'It's great stuff, Harry," he said. "Irv-
Berlin began at Nigger Mike's—
look at him now."
'Sure," I said. "And if the Western
ion ever does have a daughter, you'll
obably marry her. But in the mean-
ie, what about your lawful wedded
e.
'Well, she wanted me to work, didn't
?"
She did. And if you ask me, the less
sees of you, the more she's likely to
e for you. Anyway, that's the way it's
rked out with me. Now that I almost
er see you, I'm beginning to like you,
ctor. And I've a feeling if I never saw
again I'd love you like a brother."
That goes double," said Victor.
ere! Have a cigar."
As this was the first return I'd ever
eived for supporting both Victor and
ex-wife in luxury for over a year, I
s deeply touched.
'You're all right," I said. "Work,
rry and women will make a man of
yet. By the way, who was that peach
aw you with yesterday on Broadway?"
'Oh, just a cabaret singer. She wants
to write her a song."
'Well, I'd be careful, if I were you."
'I will," said Victor. "And I'll be
od, too. Gert is a wonderful woman,
rry, only I don't believe she'd under-
nd my renting a flat down by the
atre."
'A flat?"
'Just a little one—with a piano in it.
I can compose myself—and maybe a
ig—between shows."
'No," I said, "I don't believe Gert
uld understand that."

WELL, it's a nice quiet place," said Victor. "It's got one of those ice achines, too. And that big bottle in the throom marked turpentine is really otch. Here's the key."
Can you beat it? Two presents from ctor in one day—a twenty-five cent ar, the freedom of his flat.
'I don't know that I ought to take s," I said. "Of course I am down town good deal, and one does get thirsty."
'Where did you say your flat was?"
t's odd, but the more I approved of ctor (I spent quite a lot of time in his) the more I disapproved of Gert. d one day I made it a point to tell so.
'Look here!" I said. "It's none of my siness, but the way you pick on Victor body would think he was a mandolin l you were taking lessons on him. hat's the big idea?"
'He makes me tired." said Gert. "He ght as well be a boarder here, for all ee of him."

"But he can't be here when he's working, and it was you who wanted him to go to work."

"I know it was. I wanted him to marry me, too. But I was wrong, Harry. He's only my husband now—and he used to be so wonderful."

"WELL, life is like that," I said. 'Great lovers make poor husbands, and great husbands are the poorest kind of lovers. You did the right thing by little Harry, though."

"I'm not so sure," said Gert. "While I got my health and you got your money, little Harry don't need a father any more than a dog needs a pocket handkerchief."

"That may be true now. But it will be different when he grows up."

"Yes, it will! You know perfectly well what most fathers are to their kids when they grow up—nothing but bad examples."

"But Victor's never had a chance," I said. "You kept him in idleness for a year. Now he's trying to catch up. Just wait till he sells a few more songs. Then he'll give up his job playing the pipe organ, and have a lot more time for you. Come! Think it over."

"I've thought and thought," said Gert. "I'd feel a lot better if I could have a real row with Victor. But he won't even row with me any more. At night he's too tired and in the morning he's too darned cheerful."

"Oh, then it's a row you need?"

"Yes, Harry. Only I haven't been able to start anything. You see Victor never does anything really wrong."

"Maybe not," I said. "But if you must have a row, why not ask him about that little flat he's rented on East 8th Street?"

CHAPTER V.

MAYBE you think I was a dirty dog to give poor Victor away like that. But Gert simply had to have a row, and here was material for half a dozen. Also, I felt sure Victor was innocence itself: that he really needed the flat to go on with his song-writing, and the only thing he'd been guilty of was not telling Gert about it. Besides, I've no patience with husbands who keep innocent secrets from their wives. Why should they when they have so many guilty ones?

So I spilled poor Victor's secret. And did it work? Oh. Calvin! You should have seen Gert hit the ceiling.

"A flat? On 8th Street?" she gasped. "What for?"

"You can search me." I said. "But I don't believe he rented it to hold prayer meetings in."

What followed was a wild rush of dressing to go down town.

"You'll go with me, of course," said Gert.

"I will not," I replied. "Though you're only a poor, defenseless woman, I'd be sorry for any lions or tigers that got in your way."

"But I may need you."

"It's your row," I said. "Hop to it."

And she did—in a taxi.

The minute she left the house I dashed to the telephone to warn Victor. Yes, I had that much heart. I'd have done the same for Florida if I'd known a hurricane was swooping down on her—and I'm a Californian. Only the very worst thing happened that could have happened: Victor's telephone was out of order.

WHO to telephone to? I knew this was the hour Victor was usually in his flat; I also knew Jack Parkinson, my lawyer, whose office was near by, would do this for me. But I couldn't very well ask Jack to go to a certain place and tell my brother-in-law to beat it because his wife was on the warpath. Family pride!

Well, it was in the hands of Fate, on the knees of the gods—in the laps of the lazuli. If Victor was innocent, no harm could possibly come to him. If he wasn't, Heaven help him!

In the meantime, since I couldn't tune in and listen to the great war over the Radio, perhaps I'd better go down town, too. Only what good would that do? Maybe I could stand on the sidewalk and catch Victor as he came through the window. But his flat was on the third floor. And I couldn't very well appear on the scene and mix in. For surely, of the few sacred things left in the world, the most sacred is a family row. No, decidedly, this was Gert's and Victor's affair.

I mixed myself a gin-fizz and waited. Maybe Gert would telephone.

She did.

"Is that you, Harry?"

"It are."

"Well, you were right."

"How do you mean right?"

"Everything."

"As bad as that?"

"Worse. Please pack all his things and send them down to him at once. I don't want a rag of his around when I get back."

YOU could have knocked me down with a feather. I would have staked my last dollar on Victor. And here was Gert turning him out of house and home.

Of course nothing is really important. No doubt in years to come. . . . It reminded me of Victor's song—the one he'd got a hundred dollars for. He didn't write the words; some low-browed Shelley from Tinpan Alley was responsible for them—a coon song, entitled:

I Ain't Lost Nuthin'—Yet
Lose your hat
You go to a store,
Lose your money
You get you some more.
Your house burns down?
'Tain't nuthin', brother.
Your wife runs away—
You get you another.

Some folks say
A nigger won't steal.
I caught two
In my corn field.
But I ain't lost nuthin'
And I won't lose nuthin'
'Til I lose my sex appeal.

Well, there you are! According to his song, Victor hadn't lost a thing—only his home, his wife and big-hearted Harry, his brother-in-law. He was nothing now, but the quon-dam husband of the 2nd Mrs. Wiggins.

So I packed his things, slipping in a box of my best cigars, a couple of my neckties he'd admired and a photograph of Gert and little Harry. For I was sorry for Victor. I also felt the least bit guilty. If I'd kept my mouth shut. . . .

Still, there's no use crying over spilt husbands. So I dispatched his worldly goods in a yellow cab, mixed myself another gin-fizz, and sat down to wait for Gert.

How would she return? Would it be as a raging lioness, or as a broken lily? You never know about women. They'll stand up under a wallop that would floor Gene Tunney, and then go to pieces over an ink spot on the parlor floor.

CHAPTER VI.

AS I WAS saying, you never know about women. I'll bet we know more about centipedes. And all we

(Continued on page 123)

Bradford Browne

(Continued from page 8)

Bradford became a member of that great broadcasting chain. During the Hoover Inauguration Browne described the activities at the Peace Monument in Washington, D. C., over a record-breaking coast-to-coast hook-up of Columbia System.

WHILE only a few months at WABC, Bradford was busy day and night preparing surprises for his Radio listeners which might not get on the air for many months, perhaps not for a year. He worked that long on one of his presentations!

On the other hand, Mr. Browne has written features a scant thirty minutes before their broadcast, and even these hastily prepared scripts have met with wide approval in Radio fandom.

One night Browne was so busy that he didn't get a chance to write his act until one hour before time to put it on the air. For thirty minutes he pounded copy out on his typewriter, and for the next thirty rehearsed his act, in which were featured eight persons, including a vocal quartet. The act was broadcast right on time and, to the surprise of all, critics far and wide praised this particular dramatization as Mr. Browne's outstanding achievement.

Nominate 95 Stations

Following are the stations whose nominations for the World's Most Popular station were received up to the last minute before Radio Digest went to press for the December issue:

Nominated

East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	650
WBZA	Boston	370
WPG	Atlantic City	490
WABC	New York City	630
WBZA	Boston	220
WCAU	Philadelphia	239
WEAF	New York City	633
WGR	Buffalo	497
WHAM	Rochester	425
WOR	Newark	479
WRC	Washington, D. C.	298
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.	390
WJSV	Washington, D. C.	227
WBAL	Baltimore	209
WEEI	Boston, Mass.	390
WBRL	Tilton, N. H.	109
WGY	Schenectady	629
WJAS	Pittsburgh	430
South		
WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.	270
WFLA	Clearwater	300
WHAS	Louisville	320
WSMB	New Orleans	476
WWNC	Ashville, N. C.	410
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.	480
KWKH	Shreveport, La.	360
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	345
WJBO	New Orleans	290
WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn.	211
WMC	Memphis, Tenn.	213
WREC	Memphis, Tenn.	197
WRVA	Richmond, Va.	260
WDBJ	Roanoke, Va.	207
Middle West		
KFH	Wichita, Kan.	179
KMOX	St. Louis	237
KSTP	St. Paul	417
KYW	Chicago	640
WBBM	Chicago	430
WCFL	Chicago	229
WBCM	Bay City	197
WCCO	Minneapolis	211
WENR	Chicago	590
WFBM	Indianapolis	216
WLW	Cincinnati	604
WGN	Chicago	510
WJJD	Chicago	490
WJR	Detroit	300
WHK	Cleveland	350
WLS	Chicago	690
WMAQ	Chicago	569
WTMJ	Milwaukee	47
KFNF	Shenandoah, Ia.	63
KMA	Shenandoah	21
WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.	20
WHO	Des Moines	16
KOIL	Council Bluffs	20
KFH	Wichita	21
KFKB	Milford, Kan.	19
WOS	Jefferson City, Mo.	24
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.	16
West		
KOA	Denver	43
WBAP	Fort Worth	49
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	40
KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.	19
KGCU	Mandan, N. D.	20
WOAI	San Antonio	19
WFAA	Dallas	23
KDYL	Salt Lake City	21
KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.	23
WOW	Omaha	31
KOB	State College, N. M.	21
Far West		
KFI	Los Angeles	56
KJR	Seattle	49
KOMO	Seattle	51
KGA	Spokane	36
KIDO	Boise, Idaho	19
KGW	Portland, Oregon	43
KOIN	Portland	42
KFWB	Hollywood	47
KGO	Oakland	46
KPO	San Francisco	51
KFOX	Long Beach	19
Canada		
CFAC	Calgary	16
CFCA	Toronto	20
CFQC	Saskatoon, Sask.	19
CHCS	Hamilton, Ont.	14
CHWC	Regina, Sask.	16
CJCA	Edmonton, Alta.	15
CJCJ	Calgary	13
CJRM	Moose Jaw, Sask.	18
CKAC	Montreal	21
CKUA	Edmonton	15
CNRM	Montreal	21
CNRV	Vancouver, B. C.	20
CKAC	Montreal	19

Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1929, and ends at midnight, March 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, March 20, 1930.

2. Balloting will be by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly, each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For the complete series of the six consecutively numbered coupons, sent in at one time, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

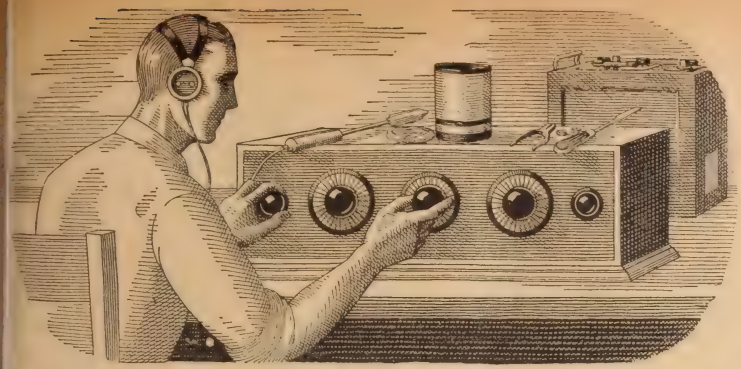
1-year paid in advance mail subscription	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. Canada will comprise the sixth district. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri. District number four, known as the WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon. District number six, known as Canada, will comprise the entire Dominion of Canada.

6. The broadcasting station holding the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared the WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BROADCASTING STATION and will be awarded a Gold Cup. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the broadcasting station holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared to be the most popular station of their district and each awarded a Silver Cup. No broadcasting station is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.



If all the Radio sets I've "fooled" with in my time were piled on top of each other, they'd reach about halfway to Mars. The trouble with me was that I thought I knew so much about Radio that I really didn't know the first thing. I thought Radio was a plaything—that was all I could see in it for me.

I Thought Radio Was a Plaything

But Now My Eyes Are Opened, And I'm Making Over $100 a Week!

FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK! Man live, just one year ago a salary that big vould have been the height of my ambi- ion.

Twelve months ago I was scrimping long on starvation wages, just barely naking both ends meet. It was the same ld story—a little job, a salary just as mall as the job—while I myself had been ragging along in the rut so long I ouldn't see over the sides.

If you'd told me a year ago that in welve months' time I would be making 100 and more every week in the Radio usiness—whew! I know I'd have thought ou were crazy. But that's the sort of noney I'm pulling down right now—and n the future I expect even more. Why nly today—

But I'm getting ahead of my story. I vas hard up a year ago because I was idding myself, that's all—not because I ad to be. I could have been holding then he same sort of job I'm holding now, if 'd only been wise to myself. If you've ooled around with Radio, but never hought of it as a serious business, maybe ou're in just the same boat I was. If so, ou'll want to read how my eyes were pened for me.

WHEN broadcasting first became the rage, several years ago, I first began ny dabbling with the new art of Radio. I vas "nuts" about the subject, like many housands of other fellows all over the country. And no wonder! There's a fas- ination—something that grabs hold of a ellow—about twirling a little knob and uddenly listening to a voice speaking a housand miles away! Twirling it a little nore and listening to the mysterious dots nd dashes of steamers far at sea. Even oday I get a thrill from this strange force. n those days, many times I stayed up al- nost the whole night trying for DX. Many times I missed supper because I couldn't be dragged away from the latest circuit I was trying out.

I never seemed to get very far with it, hough. I used to read the Radio maga- ines and occasionally a Radio book, but never understood the subject very clearly, and lots of things I didn't see hrough at all.

So, up to a year ago, I was just a dab- bler—I thought Radio was a plaything. I never realized what an enormous, fast-growing industry Radio had come to be—employing thousands and thousands of trained men. I usually stayed home in the evenings after work, because I didn't make enough money to go out very much. And generally during the evening I'd tinker a little with Radio—a set of my own or some friend's. I even made a little spare change this way, which helped a lot, but I didn't know enough to go very far with such work.

And as for the idea that a splendid Radio job might be mine, if I made a little effort to prepare for it—such an idea never entered my mind. When a friend suggested it to me one year ago, I laughed at him.

"You're kidding me," I said.

"I'm not," he replied. "Take a look at this ad."

HE pointed to a page ad in a magazine, an advertisement I'd seen many times but just passed up without thinking, never dreaming it applied to me. This time I read the ad carefully. It told of many big opportunities for trained men to succeed in the great new Radio field. With the advertisement was a coupon offering a big free book full of information. I sent the coupon in, and in a few days received a handsome 64-page book, printed in two colors, telling all about the opportunities in the Radio field, and how a man can prepare quickly and easily at home to take advantage of these opportunities. Well, it was a revelation to me. I read the book carefully, and when I finished it I made my decision.

What's happened in the twelve months since that day, as I've already told you, seems almost like a dream to me now. For ten of those twelve months, I've had a Radio business of my own. At first, of course, I started it as a little proposition on the side, under the guidance of the National Radio Institute, the outfit that gave me my Radio training. It wasn't long before I was getting so much to do in the Radio line that I quit my measly little clerical job, and devoted my full time to my Radio business.

SINCE that time I've gone right on up, always under the watchful guidance of my friends at the National Radio Institute. They would have given me just as much help, too, if I had wanted to follow some other line of Radio besides building my own retail business—such as broadcasting, manufacturing, experimenting, sea operating, or any one of the score of lines they prepare you for. And to think that until that day I sent for their eye-opening book, I'd been wailing "I never had a chance!"

NOW I'm making, as I told you before, over $100 a week. And I know the future holds even more, for Radio is one of the most progressive, fastest-growing, businesses in the world today. And it's work that I like—work a man can get interested in.

Here's a real tip. You may not be as bad off as I was. But think it over—are you satisfied? Are you making enough money, at work that you like? Would you sign a contract to stay where you are now for the next ten years—making the same money? If not, you'd better be doing something about it instead of drifting.

This new Radio game is a live-wire field of golden rewards. The work, in any of the 20 different lines of Radio, is fascinating, absorbing, well paid. The National Radio Institute—oldest and largest Radio home-study school in the world—will train you inexpensively in your own home to know Radio from A to Z and to increase your earnings in the Radio field.

TAKE another tip—No matter what your plans are, no matter how much or how little you know about Radio—clip the coupon below and look their free book over. It is filled with interesting facts, figures, and photos, and the information it will give you is worth a few minutes of anybody's time. You will place yourself under no obligation—the book is free, and is gladly sent to anyone who wants to know about Radio. Just address J. E. Smith, President National Radio Institute, Dept. 9ZR, Washington, D. C.

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 9ZR, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Please send me your 64-page free book, printed in two colors, giving all information about the opportunities in Radio and how I can learn quickly and easily at home to take advantage of them. I understand this request places me under no obligation, and that no salesman will call on me.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *State*.....

Occupation .....

Mystery House

(Continued from page 21)

ing of one already dead.

"And you are the girl, Sally?" she said softly, as though speaking of one already dead.

"Yes, I am Sally, and you—you—Fragoni says you are Miss Hemingway."

"I believe I have never known such pity as I feel for you right now. They are planning to kill you—that fiend Montegle!"

"I suppose so. I only hope it will not be torture. Is—is—Mr. Brooke dead yet? I tried to save him. It was no use."

"Dead! Mr. Brooke! I—I don't understand—"

"You don't know—the green gas—after the raid when they took you and the Denby diamonds—you—you don't know?"

"The report Montegle expects—oh, God, yes, I see— Sally! Sally, we must get out of here at once. You are to come with me—"

The two girls pressed against the door. It was immovable steel. There was no other egress.

"Help! Murder!" Margot called at the top of her lungs. All sounds from beyond the door ceased suddenly. A double door had been closed. There was not the slightest hope of them being heard.

"HE MAY try the green gas on us, too," said Sally. But in a moment more the door opened and Montegle and Fragoni both entered as casually as though they had been present all the time.

"Let us out of here immediately," Margot demanded imperiously.

"No. You may as well get that notion out of your head at once. You stay here until we are ready to release you. Fragoni, there's something going on outside there. Go take a walk around and let me know."

"Let me pass!" Margot demanded and moved toward the door. "Sally, come with me——"

"I've had enough of this, Miss Hemingway. Any more trouble and I'll shoot——"

"You are too cowardly—you contemptible yellow cur——"

"Don't infuriate him," Sally pleaded. "He means it. He feels safe enough to do it here."

"I most certainly do—" Unsmilingly serene Montegle toyed a big revolver in his hand.

"Cops are here, chief. We gotta lam it outta here," Fragoni dashed into the room with fear in his eyes. He was afraid of lead between the shoulder blades. He knew the police had no intention of taking him alive if they took him at all. There was too big a score to settle for past offenses.

"It's just a liquor raid. Don't get excited. We'll sit tight." Montegle felt surer of safety here than anywhere else.

"No—not this time—they are after you. And it looks as though they are going to try and get you. Maybe they have found out something about tonight."

"You may be right, Fragoni. You girls come along—and no trouble, you know. There are just two ways to prevent your talking and one of them is to take you with us. If you prefer the other—" Montegle hitched his revolver suggestively.

"We'll go with you, Professor," said Margot, taking Sally's hand.

Just when all seemed over for Bob and his friend Johnny Walker, Bob imagined he saw a giant gorilla swinging down from a green scum covered tree and peer at him with gimlet eyes through the branches. Then the gorilla hurled a cocoanut that crashed through the roof and rolled over, his twisting fingers outstretched in a briny sea.

"What's happened here?" The gorilla was talking. He sounded like Hanrahan the detective sergeant. Begorra, it was Hanrahan!

The big policeman, awakening from an assault at Bob's own door, had climbed a fire escape to see what was wrong, for he had been unable to get in or obtain any response to his knocks. He saw Johnny and Bob stretched out on the rug, smothered beneath the green fog. A flowerpot was handy, and he sailed it through the window. The two comrades were soon taking notice. They coughed and sputtered and regaining their breath sounded the alarm for reserves who were reinforced by the police patrols brought on by Williams. The search for Montegle followed.

Montegle with Margot and Sally behind and Fragoni following slipped out through an underground passage that led into a building across the alley. From there they soon were out of the neighborhood and in Montegle's home.

"I have decided that we will go in spite of your threats," said Margot when they again found themselves in a closed room with Montegle.

"You would better think again, young woman," said Montegle.

"Sally, come, let's go."

They moved toward the door. And then, at Montegle's wink, Fragoni, powerful brute of a man, seized Margot's wrists. By sheer brawn he would subdue her wilful spirit. She writhed in his grasp. He clenched her wrists and twisted until she screamed.

"Let go that woman!" A strange new voice sounded in their presence.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?" Montegle demanded.

"That nut taxidermist, they call him," said Fragoni, reaching for his hip pocket. "Some swell name for a taxi driver!"

"Oh, yes, Campbell—Campbell, what do you mean crashing in here on this party?"

"Ah ha! I have come to settle an account with you, Professor Montegle, that is long past due. Strange you don't know me—but in a minute—the disguise will be off—and now you see I am——"

"Ransome Renwick!" screamed Sally. "God must have sent you now. Ransome Renwick, the only man Montegle fears!"

AND at this point the drama of Mystery House as presented by the National Broadcasting company is scheduled for continuance on the night of December 6. A resume of the succeeding episodes will also be published in the January number of Radio Digest.

The Lullaby Boys

(Continued from page 90)

east corner found ourselves in front of—and above—Romany Marie's. Down and in we filed, found more long wooden benches, much more Bohemia. The restaurant was crowded, but Gypsy Marie found seats for us along a further wall opposite the grand piano which sat upon a platform scarcely larger than itself.

"Since we have just dined," said I, "our best bet will be Turkish coffee."

"What about gingerale?" asked Glenn.

Put in Ford: "Is this getting to be habit, or do you really have a thirst for gingerale?"

"Thinking of all those poor folks who got hung and buried, sorta makes my mouth get dry," explained Little Glenn.

WE HAD just given our order for Turkish coffee all around; the little cups of thick liquid had just been placed before us, when one of the guests arose, walked to the center of the room, raised her voice, pronounced these words:

"Ladies and gentlemen—we are honored tonight."

As the lady said this she looked in our direction. Glenn leaned over toward me, exclaimed excitedly:

"Why did you tell Marie we were coming here tonight?"

Then the speaker, who was neither fair nor young, went on:

"We are honored because we have with us one of the most distinguished poets of all time."

Glenn glanced at Ford. She went on:

"This gentleman, who is now nearly eighty years old" (Glenn choked), "is known to more people than any single writer living—and chiefly for one particular poem which he wrote, a poem which is as familiar to every scholar and layman as the songs of Homer to the ancient Greeks."

"Boy," sighed Glenn, "that line about the ancient Greeks lets us out!"

"This gentleman will not recite his famous poem tonight—you all know it by heart—but he will address you, and he will recite some of his other almost equally famous verses which have appeared in magazines and other volumes dear to the heart of the American public. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. H. A. D'Arcy, author of 'The Face on the Floor,' more generally known under the title of 'The Face on the Bar Room Floor.' Mr. D'Arcy!"

THE PERSON who had been speaking joined in the hand-clapping as poet D'Arcy rose and tottered to her side. He was indeed an old man, thin, with long white hair bobbed square off and hanging a few inches above the shoulders. He was under medium height, just a bit stooped, and his clothes, though good, bagged about his body, seemed too large. His head was high and his nose was strong, but his chin and his voice were weak. He lifted the voice, but we could catch only about every third word.

The author of "The Face on the Floor" held Marie's floor for fifteen minutes, talking chiefly about himself, a modern Homer, and about the greatness of America and the smallness of her poets—with one exception.

Finally, in a roomful of loud appreciation the ancient rhymer, who looked and performed in the manner of a passing long-haired race, shambled to his seat, leaving with us an impression fluctuating between contempt and commiseration.

Then the impromptu introductions by the Master of Ceremonies once more brought embarrassment to Little Glenn. The Master had moved to the center of the scene again, had begun to talk about the relation of poetry to music.

"What shall we sing, Ford?" asked Glenn.

"For goodness' sake, be still! You wouldn't want to play that piano!"

Ford's guess regarding the piano was correct. The speaker had, by this time, introduced a young singer, son of a famous cantor. The son of the cantor played his own accompaniment, trying to hypnotize the yellow-keyed instrument into partial harmonious responsiveness as both he and it spluttered through Rudolph's Aria, from La Boheme. The smoke that hung over the tables at Romany Marie's vibrated tremulously

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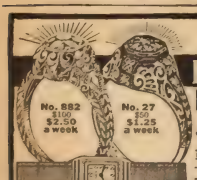
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Stores in Leading Cities

from the loud applause of the eating and drinking listeners. The singer responded with an encore—without accompaniment.

MEANWHILE, we had all come to the conclusion that, although the young performer was undoubtedly the son of a famous father, judging from the performance given there, Cantor Solomon would never be the father of a famous son.

Suddenly Ford looked at his watch, said:

"It's a big day for us tomorrow with the records, so I think we'd better sign off."

Out in the fresh air of Washington Square we walked toward the Fifth Avenue bus terminal. Said I:

"A taxi takes you, but the bus shows you."

"What?"

"Fifth Avenue. You pass right out of the Village under the great arch, where Fifth Avenue begins."

"That's a great idea!" exclaimed Ford.

"And may I sit on top?" asked Little Glenn.

"Going out of Grinij Village," said Ford, "we'll all sit on top—of the world. look back on Washington Square with a smile to think that the hang-man and the grave-digger lost their jobs a century ago, and with the hope that the kind of innocent wickedness we've seen tonight will last a least another hundred."

"What about the pretty girls?" questioned Glenn.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Radio Digest, Illustrated, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1929.
State of Illinois, ss.
County of Cook,

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. C. Rayner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Radio Digest, Illustrated, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, E. C. Rayner, 4719 Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Harold P. Brown, 6361 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) E. C. Rayner, 4719 Magnolia Ave., Chicago, Illinois; George Seaman, 2350 Parkway, West Chicago, Illinois; F. T. Ryan, 810 North Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois; D. R. Seaman, 49 Cedar Ave., Chicago, Illinois; Joseph Seaman, 250 Fifth Ave., New York City; V. E. Huffer, Hotel Elms, 53rd and Cornell, Chicago, Illinois.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

E. C. RAYNER,
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1929.

(SEAL) Irene Lauer,
(My commission expires Sept. 6, 1932.)

SUBSCRIBE and make sure of every copy of RADIO DIGEST

(Continued from page 117)

know about the sex-life of centipedes is that legs are no treat to them.

Take Delphine, for instance. I met her in Paris. She wasn't a frog—just a cornfed kid from Kansas, with eyes as blue as a Monday morning, and a fine, old-fashioned Kansas thirst. We went about together; we stayed home together. I thought I knew Delphine like a book. And then, one day. . . . Take it from me, the bird who flatters himself he understands women—flatters himself.

Even Gert didn't behave the way I thought she would. I figured she'd fall sobbing on my shoulder, or maybe break a little furniture. Not at all. She was as calm as if she'd just returned from the races.

"What happened?" I asked.

"It was quite a party," she replied, sinking into a chair. "When I got to the door of his flat I heard music inside. Victor was playing the piano and someone was singing. I waited 'til she'd finished, and then I was going to knock, but I tried the door and it wasn't locked."

"That's in his favor," I said. "The door not being locked."

"If you ask me, he'd forgot to lock it. Anyway, I marched right in. And there they were!"

"You say he'd finished playing?"

"Yes. But she'd just begun. She had her arms around his neck and was kissing him."

"Good Lord! What did Victor say?"

"He said, 'Gert!'—Just like that."

"What did she say?"

"She said: 'Who's you girl friend, Victor?'"

"What did you say?"

PLENTY! I told her who I was—I told her what she was—and after I'd chased her out of the flat I told Victor a few things."

"What did Victor say?"

"He kept telling me I was mistaken. I hate a liar."

"Me, too," I said. "What was the girl like?"

"She was pretty, Harry. And she certainly could sing. Here's a piece of her dress."

She tossed me a bit of blue cloth.

"Souvenir," I said.

"She got one, too," said Gert. "Only hers will turn black—I mean her eye. Will you see a lawyer for me?"

"To defend you in case she has you arrested?"

"That girl's not going to have me arrested."

"Then what do you want a lawyer for?"

"To get my divorce."

"Don't be silly," I said. "This will blow over."

"No, Harry. I did think a good row would clear the air, but this wasn't a row—it was a massacre. I'm sorry, too, because I do like to behave like a lady when there's strangers present."

"Good heavens! Was somebody else there?"

"No. Just that girl. But she was a perfect stranger to me. Are you going to see a lawyer for me, or aren't you?"

"Of course I'll see one, if you really mean it."

"Who?"

"Jack Parkinson."

"I thought he didn't take divorces."

"He doesn't. But he will for me."

"No, Harry. I want the kind of lawyer I'd have if I was in the movies. They know the ropes."

ALL RIGHT," I said. "And as soon as you get your first papers, you and I and little Harry will take a trip

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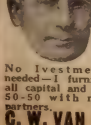
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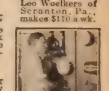
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'round the world."

"What do you want to go around it again for?"

"Well, there's a girl in Shanghai, and a widow in Bombay—and a lot of other side trips I didn't make."

"Not for me," said Gert. "I'm going to stay right here in Hollywood and be a mother."

"How soon?"

"I mean to little Harry. He's all I got now—the precious! It's funny, though, the way things work out. I stole Victor off his first wife, and now this pop-eyed pansy comes along and steals him off me."

"Serves you right for committing petty larceny. If you'd stolen a regular fellow, this wouldn't have happened."

"You don't understand Victor. He's an Artist. And Artists just naturally got to kiss women who ain't their wives. If they didn't, they'd go batty."

"Well for Pete's sake! If you knew this about Victor, why did you land on that girl?"

"Knowing is one thing, Harry, and feeling is another. When your feelings rise up inside of you the way mine did, you got no more control than a rabbit. I'm sorry I acted the way I did. If you see Victor, please tell him so."

"I'll make it a point to see him," I said.

If you want to know, wild horses couldn't have kept me from seeing Victor. For what I was after was the truth. And while I was sure Gert believed she'd told it to me, the thing about Truth is, she lives at the bottom of a well, and you need a pump to get her out. So I put on my hat and went down town to pump Victor.

Well, what was the truth about Victor? You certainly want to hear his side of the story. And then there are a lot of other things to be settled up or explained in some way. Don't miss the next installment of Gertrude in the January Radio Digest.

When WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System Staff held a family party not long ago, the engagement of Miss Ethlyn Baird of the Program Department, to L. Sumner Bookwalter, Manager of the WABC control room, was officially announced. They will be married about the first of the year.

* * *

Tim Frawley, noted actor, who took the part of "Soapy Smith" in the first "Fires of Men" presentation over WABC and Columbia System stations, personally knew the man he portrayed in the radio skit. Frawley said: "'Soapy Smith' is real! He was such a colorful lad that Arthur Walden used him as one of the characters in his book 'A Dog Puncher on the Yukon.'"

* * *

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra now do all their broadcasts in the smock and beret of Old Gold, appearing in the studios of WABC in what might be called full regimentals.

* * *

The blare of the circus band, the hoarse throated barker, the growls of the lions, and everything but the smell of the sawdust will be heard over the WBBM Air Theatre, Chicago, every other Saturday night. A regular threering circus will be heard on the air, with Ted Weems and his band from the Granada Cafe occuping one ring, Gus C. Edwards and his Terrace Garden orchestra another, and the third ring containing the regular old time circus band.







Studio Is Scene of Team Makeup

RADIO is not unlike the vaudeville stage in that it brings individual rtists together and ofttimes combines iem into an ensemble that "clicks" from s initial performance. This is true of ianette, Violine, Angela and Jazzette, our young girls who include three instrumentalists and a crooning contralto.

Pianette met Violine in the reception oom of WOR while both of them were aiting for their turn to broadcast and xchanged interesting notes about their areers. Then they listened to each ther play. Afterward they discussed oing a "double" and were given the pportunity. A few weeks later they eard the harpist (Angela) and she was dded, making it a trio.

All three attended one of the station's tudio teas and heard the crooner. She roved to be just the right contrast for iem and the Quartette blossomed forth ie next week. It is one of the station's iost popular Wednesday night offerigs.

* * *

An up-state girl who went to New ork City to become a concert pianist, ut who became instead one of the ountry's best beloved sopranos. Such t a few words is the story of Olive line. Her voice of crystal purity and ide range has been found to broadcast ith unusual clearness.

* * *

Yes, Agnes R., Sid Goodwin is marred and his little wife certainly knows hat a famous man her husband is. One ay just before the baseball season ended ie went to the game out in Portland. d wasn't there. In the box back of her ere two women who punctuated their marks with "as Sid says." Finally one them saw a man enter the next box. Oh, there's Sid," they cried. Mrs. Goodin listened during the rest of the game their plans for walking right up to ie man and kissing him. It began to in, however, and Mrs. Goodwin left ithout seeing what happened to the oor, innocent stranger.

* * *

One of the NBC studio engineers in ew York blushed the other day and ow two sopranos have a friend for life. happened this way. The singers were tting against a studio wall waiting for dress rehearsal. Inside the booth the ngineer was testing microphones. Each as turned on separately to try the und quality. Suddenly Mr. Man heard: "And, my dear, the next time you have solo program be sure to get Mr. S. as our engineer. He's the sweetest thing, nd he can get more out of your voice ith his dials than any man in the tudios."

"Yes," the other girl answered, "I've oticed that. And don't you think his es are adorable?"

That was when the mere man shut off s mikes and rushed out to cool his sudenly fevered cheeks in the cooler air.

* * *

Olive Shea, "Miss Radio" of 1929, ids the responsibility of stardom most triguing. Her working hours have ineased fourfold, and she has had to nploy a secretary to keep up with her ail.

* * *

So striking is the constantly mounting olume of business in the tube division the radio industry that it is being mpared to such commercial fields as at of the safety razor where the blade usiness far exceeds that of the razor elf.



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See for yourself the record of a man who has made $10,900 out of Ozarka. And another who made $1750 last year; another $1645; another $1848; and so they go—$1212, $1708, $1028 for last year's work. Hundreds of them with their names. Make me prove that what they have done, you can do.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

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Gentlemen:—I want to know how I can make more money. Please send me a copy of your book, "The Will to Win."

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Address..... County.....



When answering advertisements please mention that you saw it in Radio Digest.

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No. 30—LENGTH 30 FEET: Assembled ready to string up. Brings in volume of 150-ft. aerial but retains the selectivity of a 30-ft. aerial. Rings are heavy gauge solid zinc. Duplicates in design and non-corrosive materials the aerials used by most of largest Broadcasting Stations. Design permits using this powerful aerial in 30-ft. space, (preferably outside). Sharpens tuning of any receiving set because of short length but has enormous pick-up because 150-ft. of No. 14 enamelled wire is used. Made for owners of fine radio sets who want great volume on distance without destroying sharp tuning. (Also used by many owners of short-wave outfits.) "Makes a good radio set better."

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START TO PLAY VERY FIRST DAY

Even if you can't read a note of music right now, you play a simple melody on the very day you get your Deagan Xylorimba. Free, easy lessons show you how. Soon you are amazing friends and relatives. Then a new life begins—long, happy evenings of joy; parties; popularity; radio engagements—and the same chance to make $5 to $25 a night as Ralph Smith, Chicago—"Played 20 minutes at wedding; received $20." Or the Hallmann family, Reading, Pa.,—"Made $300 in 6 weeks, spare time."

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MAIL COUPON TODAY!

J. C. Deagan, Inc., Dept. 1854, 1770 Berteau Ave., Chicago
Send me, without obligation, full details of Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan on the Deagan Xylorimba.

Name _____

Address _____

Short Go Race Close

(Continued from page 76)

furnish a very entertaining fifteen-minute program, is a good whistler. Not necessarily an extraordinary one, but just a good one.

Still another program of interest is one made up entirely of child talent. I don't think it would be hard at all to get together a group of talented boys and girls under the age of, shall we say, 16, who could play the piano, violin or perhaps even the saxophone or harmonica.

My greatest hope is that you won't plan to broadcast the programs which you choose from the ones submitted in this contest at some late hour when most people are in bed, as the majority of other good programs are.

My street and number are 244 Merrill St., in Birmingham, Michigan.—FLORENCE B. LONG, Birmingham, Mich.

* * *

Here's One From the South

I wish to enter the Short-Go program contest. I listen in on the Radio every night and read Radio Digest almost every month.

There are two programs that I would like to hear over the Radio. One is an old time barn dance program with old songs, with fiddles and guitars. The other one is Hawaiian music playing "The Pagan Love Song," "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," and "Moonlight and Roses."—HUGH THOMPSON, Jr., Clifton Forge, Va.

* * *

More "Readings"

Well, here goes, though I'm not good at writing letters and never won a prize.

Have often wondered why one doesn't hear more "readings" over the Radio. About three years ago there was a "Lee Ward Gaston" who gave readings which were sure enjoyed and looked forward to by everyone. She gave readings of "A Telephone Operator," "A Mother in a Theatre With a Flock of Children," etc. All were good and everyone was disappointed when she quit broadcasting. I'm sure a fifteen-minute program of "readings" would sure be enjoyed and looked forward to by all.—M. EVELYN FORSEN, 2601 Delaware, St. Joseph, Mo.

* * *

For the Old, Old Songs

I would like to submit an idea or two for a fifteen-minute program.

No. 1—For a Saturday evening, discuss the Sunday School lesson and read the part it covers out of the Holy Bible.

No. 2—For some week-day evening, read or tell some old, old stories, or play some old songs which used to be played and sung about one hundred years ago or later. And sing some others which were familiar to our great, great grandparents.—RONALD PRESTON, R. F. D. No. 2, Marshall, Michigan.

* * *

Heard R. D. Program

Your notice on page four, October Digest, "Prize Contest," my program as follows:

"Massa's In Cold, Cold Ground," banjo; "Tesro Mio" (My Sweetheart), Italian waltz, accordion; "O, Promise Me," cornet; "Dreams of Prosperity," orchestra.

I heard about your magazine on the air and bought my first copy a few days since, and am very well pleased with it. I think it best of its kind that I have seen so far.—A. L. BROOKS Bellevue and Highland Aves., Langhorne, Pa.

The sun never sets on Prest-O-Lite service

Every Prest-O-Lite battery is made as well as prime materials, improved methods, skilled, careful hands can possibly permit . . . As a result, this battery is famed for dependability . . . But should the emergency arise, take it lightly, for there's always a Prest-O-Lite station ahead . . . The service is truly *world-wide*— an important fact to remember when the time comes to select your next battery

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest Illustrated

Harold P. Brown, Editor

January, 1930



JUST before he sailed for Paris, Guy Hoff, the eminent artist, made the charming pastel of Miss Olive Shea on the cover of this magazine. Miss Shea (CBS) was declared the most beautiful Radio entertainer in America at the Radio World's Fair held in New York last September.

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DOLORES CASSINELLI (NBC) who has been pronounced a perfect type of Latin beauty, is known both to the screen and Radio by her clear though softly modulated soprano voice. She's also an athletic girl and when it comes to fencing foils she twists a wicked rapier with speed and skill.



WHEN Roxy and His Gang won a New York newspaper popularity contest, not a little credit was given to this sweet faced little lady whom Roxy calls "Radio's Sweetheart." Her private name is Mildred Hunt and now that her true popularity has been proven you'll see one reason why by the above.



COMPARATIVELY a youngster in the field of great Radio stars is this black-eyed young woman. She is Miss Amy Goldsmith, discovered to have a remarkable soprano voice by the Atwater Kent Foundation contests. She is heard on special occasions from the studios of the National Broadcasting company.

Eastern Representatives: Ingraham & Walker, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City. Phone Lackawanna 2091-2

Western Representatives: A. T. Sears & Son, 122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Phone Harrison 3077-8

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

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Interest Running Higher Daily in

Gold Cup Contest

Many New Stations Nominated as Others Mass Votes in Popularity Battle

STILL they come—new readers and old are pouring in on the editor a constant flood of votes and nominations in the World's Most Popular Station contest. Many new stations have been put in the running for the Gold Cup their faithful listeners. Those already listed are increasing e number of ballots polled, and interest is growing stronger ery day with only two months to go.

Indications point to the hottest contest ever sponsored by is magazine. Not only is the great listening audience register- g its enthusiasm with votes, t the stations themselves e responding by building :h and every program to e point of perfection that :ir audience may judge them be the best in their district d thus help bring them new rels.

To the station in North nerica, including both the ited States and Canada, ich receives the largest mber of votes from listen- and readers of Radio gest will be awarded a ndsome engraved gold cup. is trophy will be in the m of a golden microphone, ilar to that illustrated on s page, which was awarded the world's most popular nouncer. It will be suitably graved with the call letters d location of the winning tion.

That this popularity con- t may be entirely repre- tative, and in order that the orite station in your sec- n of the country may win nors over its neighbors, six er cups will be awarded in sectional race. These tro- es will be similar in every y to the grand prize except basic metal will be silver instead of gold. One will be given he most popular station in each of the following six divisions the continent: East, South, Middle West, West, Far West, l Canada.

OR THE individual station winning the Gold Cup will come world-wide recognition as the most popular station the globe. For nowhere else has Radio broadcasting ieved such unanimous popularity and importance as in rth America.

Don't think for a minute that the large stations are going to ve it their own way in this race for the Gold Cup. It is the oadcaster who has the staunchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested in the great work he is doing to stand up and fight for him and for his honor and success, that is going to win.

Everyone who owns a receiving set, and many who don't, have one station that they like to listen to more than any other. Some one broadcaster seems to your mind to put on better programs, to have better artists in his studio, to give you better service. Give this fellow a break! Don't be satisfied to turn your dials to his station and think how much you like him. Nominate him, or if he has already been named, vote for him and help him win honors for himself, his staff and his district.



Gold Cup Design for Popularity Award

NO INDIVIDUAL can tell exactly how any given station rates with its listeners. It is only by an expression of approval or disapproval that the value of the service it is rendering may be judged, as in this Gold Cup contest sponsored by Radio Digest.

"Enclosed please find special ballot of 150 votes which I am sending as per instructions, credit to be given to station WENR," writes Mrs. K. P. Phillips of Richmond, Virginia. "Beg to state that I will keep all of the votes as they come in the Digest numbered consecutively and mail at one time when the contest is ended."

"If I am not too late I want to nominate and cast my vote for the World's Most Popular Station. I want to vote for WSM, Nashville," says Mrs. Connie E. Rader, of Detroit, Michigan.

"Enclosed you will find my nomination for KPRC, which I hope I am among the first to nominate," writes C. J. Rhyne, of Houston, Texas.

"It is with great pleasure I nominate and vote for KWK, which has given the Radio fans of this city the very best of chain and local programs," avers L. G. Hoptcins, of St. Louis.

And so it goes. Space does not permit printing of more than a very few of the hundreds of letters received in this contest. The race is getting hotter and hotter. This is your chance! Give your friend broadcaster a break. Only two months left to act!

Fill in the coupons today! Give your favorite a boost! Help bring the Gold Cup to the station you like best!

(Rules and nominations on page 77)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

OPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
10 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate.....

tation.....
(Call Letters)

the World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest.

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Number 4

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please credit this ballot to:

Broadcasting Station.....
(Call Letters)

....
(City) (State)

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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Years of personal contacts with national broadcasting. Complete information about Radio Stations, Programs, Personnel. Experienced continuity writers, radio merchandisers and advertisers.

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TWO FURNITURE PIECES expressive of Valentine-Seaver artistry are illustrated . . . A love-seat of exclusive lines, covered with imported frieze fabric, most exquisite in its quality and coloring. The single, full width, down cushion and unusually low seat are suggestive of deep lounging comfort . . . In the chair, *modern lines* have been deftly suggested, without the *extreme flare* so commonly seen. Covering is of a rich frieze. The cushion is filled with soft, resilient down. The side panels are of beautifully grained mahogany . . . Valentine-Seaver furniture is, of course, for those who can tell quality without assistance from the price tag. Considering the long years of its life, the cost is of secondary importance . . . Better dealers everywhere feature Valentine-Seaver. If you do not know where to see it in your community, please write us.

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Advance Tips

ARE you following the Gold Cup Contest? It has two months to go. Give your favorite station every vote you can.

* * *

Never was there a Radio magazine packed so full of really interesting reading as you will find in this January number. But wait until you see the February Radio Digest.

* * *

Fiction seems to have struck a highly responsive chord with Radio Digest readers. They like it lively and a little spicy.

* * *

Frederick Bechdolt gives us a new and wholesome kind of story in this January number. It is called The First Call—and is a bit of life from the creative days of the Old West when the First Call was Duty. Love and Romance had to wait.

* * *

We would like to know what you think of Frank R. Adams' story, Background, in this issue. Everybody in the editorial department of Radio Digest read the manuscript and thought it a wow. If you agree with us we will try to get another story by Mr. Adams.

* * *

A whole lot of fine reading matter is heading toward our February number.

Edgar Wallace, famous British author, who has been pictured behind the bars of a Chicago jail in newspapers throughout the country will have an article for Radio Digest entitled "How I Could Crook You Out of Your Money." Mr. Wallace has been looking over the various jails for authentic color to be used in some of his forthcoming novels of American crime.

* * *

Theodore Dreiser, author of The American Tragedy, spent two years of his life without sleep—at least he thought he did. If ever you were troubled by insomnia you will be interested in Mr. Dreiser's account of how he cured himself. It's in the next Radio Digest.

* * *

Octavus Roy Cohen will be with us again in February with another knockout called Ten and Out. It's a sad, sad tale of a "poor but dishonest" fight promoter who had to go to the mat with a gal named Florrie. Read it and weep with tears of laughter.

* * *

How would you like to go home with Jessica Dragonette and see where she lives, and have a nice talk with her about Jessica? You may do so through the eyes of Miss Jean Campbell, New York correspondent of Radio Digest. Just turn to page 72 and read her Radiographs. She will take you to other homes of Radio notables, too. All America is home to Miss Campbell, an experienced journalist. She knows Chicago, St. Louis or Los Angeles as well as she does the big Eastern metropolis. You will enjoy these Radiograph trips with Jean.

* * *

Miss Margaret Harrison of the Teachers' College at Columbia University, has gathered the data she has been seeking to prepare an article on the part Radio has in public education today. This article will be published in the February Radio Digest.

Across the Desk

OH WHAT a panning we get from I. V. Freeman of Amory, Miss.! His letter is published in the Voice of the Listener. He says among other things, "Oh for the old days when Digest was a weekly, when they thought enough of Radio to employ technical men who knew their grid-leaks and what-have-you." We feel the utmost sympathy for Mr. Freeman. He is one of those solid substantial fundamentalists toward whom the infant Radio reached and clung for a while and then swept on in giant strides. There are many like Mr. Freeman. We doff our hats to every one of them. Radio for Mr. Freeman has a wholly different meaning than it does for ninety-nine out of a hundred Radio listeners of today. He has been deserted on an island with a pair of pliers in his hands, a diagram before him and a far-away hurt look in his eyes. He deplores the chain programs, he reviles this mad age of syncopated rhythm and he does not stop to ask how many of the millions who listen to Radio today would know the difference between a grid-leak and a custard pie. God bless the old set builders. God pity the average listener who would have to build his own set today. The magazines who tarried too long with technical Radio are mostly gone now. Radio Digest lives because it has tried to keep up with the changing times, and in the transition it has endeavored to give the majority of listeners the kind of a magazine they seem to want. We love these Old-Timers who stick with us when they don't know why they do.

* * *

AND here is a message for the thousands who have submitted ideas for the Short Go programs. The first contest is drawing to a close as these lines are written. Two motives show the spirit of the Radio listener of 1930. The passing of the old set builder does not mean the passing of his creative spirit. The stacks of letters show that the listener is keenly interested in building up a scheme of a coordinated program. He is satisfied with what the expert manufacturer sells him. His receiver is an instrument incidental to his pleasure. Ask him what he wants from his instrument and he gives you a wealth of ideas. He builds a program from a kit of features which have pleased him in the past and which he has kept. Then he is stirred by the idea of a contest. He believes he is capable of matching his own ideas favorably with any other amateur when it comes to a short program. And the directors who are going to look over these valuable letters are going to glean from them many very helpful ideas, some of which will be published in the February Radio Digest.

* * *

ONE of the tests for the popularity of a feature is to skip it a few times and see what happens. It may not have been intended as a test but when they shifted Amos and Andy from their long established ten to ten p.m. period the wrath of perdition burst forth. Phalanx and legions of listeners from coast to coast figuratively shouldered their tooth brushes and marched on the National Broadcasting company armed to spray them from dome to cellar with Pepsodent if they did not immediately and forthwith restore Amos and Andy to the grownups' bed time hour instead of shoving them up into the early evening where even the kiddies protest retirement. Such a tumult and furore ensued that Radio Digest assigned its special war correspondent, Mark Quest, to investigate the matter. Amos and Andy have been half hidden in a cloud of mystery almost from the beginning when they were first known as Sam and Henry. Mark's first report published herein shows that Amos and Andy are not in the jungles of New York's Harlem and he has obtained an interview with both the president of the Fresh Air Taxicab company and his lowly assistant, although it was through a telephone conversation. We are promised the complete "low down" next month. But the fact remains that the Amos and Andy popularity was almost instantly demonstrated by taking them off their period—and that may become an established procedure when a test is desired of another loudly acclaimed feature.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

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Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest, Illustrated.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Portal of Promise

By Meredith Nicholson

We are all conscious of talents and powers we never exercise. Many of us live half-lives, prisoners of doubt and fear.

The other day a man of fifty complained to me that he had never "found his place." He didn't realize that he had failed to arrive anywhere for lack of the initiative and pluck to break the chains with which he had shackled himself.

It is well to take an inventory frequently, placing honest values on our qualities, studying our weaknesses and devising ways of overcoming them.

Young Americans need not be troubled by speculations as to whether their chances of success are as good as those enjoyed by their grandfathers. The answer is not in census reports or bank statements but in the will to win and earnest, self-reliant endeavor. There's hardly a town in all America that doesn't offer some form of well-directed instruction for the ambitious. An hour a day will achieve wonders in a year.

"That's just his luck!" is a phrase often applied to men who score repeated successes; but usually we find that vision, courage and industry are responsible and not the wand of magic. Self-understanding and self-mastery are written between the lines of the biographies of all the great.

There is no master-key that opens all the doors of opportunity. Each of us must find the portal of promise and fashion a key for himself. Once we know ourselves it's our affair to prepare for the big chance.

We serve ourselves best by thinking of life not as a battle but as a preparation. We can do a little better than we're doing. There's a turn of the wrist we haven't caught yet, but we're going to master it. Better fail of the high aim than be content with the easy shot.

> *The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,*
> *But in ourselves, that we are underlings.*

The higher rounds of the ladder tempt and dare the spirit, for it is the natural impulse of the soul to aspire, to climb, to press toward the top. He who, knowing himself, develops his talents and looks forward fearlessly will find Chance meeting him half way



LITTLE JACK LITTLE is one Radio artist who has made broadcasting pay. He has built him a palace in millionaire's row in Cincinnati as a result of popularity gained through his entertainments over the air.

"Perfect Little Jack Little"

Natalie Says He's Faultless—and the House that Jack Built is Veritable Air Castle Rising Immaculate on Ten Thousand Songs

By Natalie Giddings

HE'S perfect!

Fifty million Radio listeners can't be wrong when they exclaim in one continuous concerted outburst of letter-writing that Little Jack Little is absolutely without flaw.

But because fifty million Radio fans, with some sort of universal mental aberration, have been known to get an idea of perfection where perfection never did exist, I went around to everyone at station WLW who knows Jack intimately, and demanded, "What's the secret of Little Jack Little's universal popularity?"

They all said, in one way or another, "He's perfect!"

Few of them put the secret into those words. Few people ever are fully articulate about their reasons for following Little Jack Little all over the dial to hear him play and to hear him sing. Yet everyone I asked had the same idea: that everything he does is just exactly right.

"Why Jack has the most perfect control of a piano I've ever seen. He couldn't make a mistake. Take him away from the piano for six months and he'd come back without practice and play just as he always does." That's what William Stoess, musical director of the Crosley stations, thinks about him.

"He's just so perfectly human about everything he does. He couldn't sing the wrong thing, or do the wrong thing. He wouldn't know how. That's what makes people like him. They just feel that in his voice." Grace Raine contributed that remark. She should know if anyone does, for she was musical director of WSAI for five years during the time that Jack was "barnstorming" all the small vaudeville theatres in the country and was getting his big "breaks" as to time and publicity at WSAI.

Fred Roehr is the most accurate of the WLW pianists. He marvels at Little Jack Little's technical skill.

"I'll bet he never makes a mistake," Roehr wagered. "I'll bet he practices everything he does until it's just exactly right. When he plays an arpeggio, every note's there. He never misses. And did you ever hear him sing a note that was a shade off pitch? That's more remarkable because he seldom sings the melody of his songs at all. He only accompanies his playing with his voice."

OTHERS were sure Little Jack Little's success secret lies in the fact that he does his whole act himself; that his act is just a Little bit different (and the capital just slips in by itself); that he's so gracious; that his repertoire is limitless; that he never repeats a piece of music so that it sounds twice the same.

Then I asked the one person in the world who ought to know best.

"He's a grand person and I think he's just perfect," she said. She knows, too. She's his wife. She lives in the perfect house on the perfect street in the perfect suburb amidst the perfect setting that Jack's perfection has been able to obtain for them while they are still under thirty.

For Little Jack Little has cashed in on his success. He has bought a home in Cincinnati and has settled down in subdued elegance that is as meticulous in its way as Jack's entertaining is in its fashion.

There in this Cincinnati suburb, Hyde Park, he expects to spend the rest of his days, surrounded by millionaires whose wealth has come from efforts quite different than the twinkling of fingers and exercising of voice that gave him his home.

Ten miles away, across several Cincinnati hills, is the Crosley Radio corporation with the studios of WLW. There Jack is welcome at any time he wants to bring himself once more before the Radio audience. Fewer miles away are the railroad terminals from which fast trains will take him out to a thousand vaudeville houses where listeners will flock to see him. What time he once spent studying time-tables, he now can devote to writing more songs, planning more tricks. There will be more successes, more money; for it's going to take money and plenty of it to keep up the house that Jack built with his marvelous fingers has come to; the position he has now begun to carve out for himself as the owner of a magnificent home to which he will return after every vaudeville engagement.

WOMEN who have yearned over his voice coming to them through the loud speaker would swoon with delight could they sit in the studio with him, or beside him on the piano bench, as guests sometimes do at the Little home. He's devastatingly attractive. The personality that puts him across for the Radio audience is even more evident to the seeing audience. There are flashes of the eye, shakes of the head, smiles and half smiles, and a score of little gestures that help to make the songs that he sings perfect.

LUCKY boy, this Jack? Lucky, perhaps, in having such remarkable talent in his finger-tips; lucky, maybe, in having got into Radio early; lucky, of course, in having found the right wife to help him along the hard road he's been climbing ever since he played at his first Radio station about eight years ago.

More than lucky, however, in having indomitable ambition to succeed and to get to the place where he has now arrived.

"You're so young to have gained all this," I couldn't help exclaiming to Mrs. Little—Tea Little, if you call her by the name used by everyone who knows Jack.

"No, we're not, if you consider how long we've been determined to have a home of our own just like this," she contradicted me. "We've been married almost nine years. We eloped, ran away from school—Jack from Iowa State university, and I from an eastern convent—and it wasn't very long before we knew just exactly what we were working for, and that we were determined to have it." It was evident that she meant the splendid material success that was so obvious.

Tea said that speech with the air of one who announces, "We've settled down now to enjoy ourselves in our old age."

I laughed at her. She's only 24 now. What a baby she must have been when she ran away from boarding school with the young piano-player. She was turning on lights underneath delicate pink chiffon shades in the pastel decorated guest room at which I was gasping with delight. She looked not more than eighteen: like a little girl playing house she seemed all the time I followed her about to gaze upon the Georgian splendor of that Hyde Park home.

Besides this chance remark about their marriage, Tea wouldn't talk much about how Jack had started into Radio, and about the past eight years.

"Oh, everybody read all about him in Radio Digest a couple of years ago," she insisted.

A little later, talking about how different their life appears now than it did a few years ago, she dropped a sentence that suggested she might not wish to recall past struggles by talking of days gone by.

"Sometimes we didn't eat," she shrugged. That was all she said, but it was enough.

OTHERS told me how she and Jack had visited almost every Radio station in the United States when Jack was using the Radio to gather up the audience that later would pay to see him when he appeared at their local theatres. I could imagine weeks between vaudeville engagements when Jack was winning his followers and there was no pay forthcoming. Hotel bills would go on whether or not there was a salary. Shoes would wear out. Appetites would make themselves known. No wonder Jack sang with the voice of one smiling through tears, "Everything's Going to be All Right Now."

(Continued on page 104)

She Basks in the Vestal Purity of Her BACKGROUND

Until Rude Life Rips It Asunder and She Finds Reality and Love

By FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

SLOWLY she yielded herself to his embrace; for the first time in her life she allowed her bosom to throb with the ecstatic pain of passion and her lips kissed back with shy eagerness.

It was a crime against the fitness of things that the telephone at her elbow should have jangled just then.

It ruined the background she had so carefully prepared for this, the crowning moment of her young life. It was out of key with the softly shaded lights, the distant music from the amusement park in the next block and the soothing June breeze that breathed in through the open window.

Marilyn had been sure that he would propose that evening,—what girl doesn't know when a declaration is coming?—and she had wanted that supreme moment of her romance to arrive in a setting worthy of it. Not for her the matter of fact avowal in an office nor the whispered and hurried revelation between dances at a party, nor the cold pleading of a letter.

True, she was inexperienced of life; nineteen protected years had not given her much worldly wisdom; but instinct instructed her in the craft of her sex. And so she had deliberately selected this room for her engagement play, had arranged that there should be nothing to mar the perfection of her betrothal. Her mother, sensing this without words, had furthered the program with a discreet headache which forced her to retire early.

Sometimes girls reach maturity in a state of spotless innocence that is fair amazing in this day and age of sex-revealing literature and drama. Marilyn was one of those immaculate persons. She was a clean piece of paper upon which nothing had been written. You felt this immediately upon coming in contact with her,—her presence was telegraphed to your mind by an instant consciousness of your own unworthiness.



If Mr. Reade could stand back of Phil, could she in her inexperience contradict the edicts of her heart? She wondered.

IT WAS with this feeling, almost of abashed reverence, that Phil Schuyler had made her acquaintance, had apparently forsaken all other pursuits for her and had at last put his fortunes to the test in a faltering question that he had been surprised to have answered in so warm and human a fashion. Imagine discovering that a goddess has a smouldering mouth and a softly rounded body that absolutely melts in your arms. He had never dreamed that with her purity could be combined a responsive passion. He would have been content to worship solo,—to be loved like this in return was more than he had dared hope for.

It was an idyllic mating. Phil was tall, finely built, with strong not unhandsome features animated by nervous alertness. He was the sort of man never to grow stale. You could imagine him as perishing at the head of some forlorn adventure or driving bow-on and alone into the gulf of eternity but never as dying merely of withered and unloved age. To look upon him was to acknowledge that it was a good world and that after all our race has not degenerated. The power of him swept you off your feet if you happened to be a woman, but he had a reserve back of it that could hold you up if he cared to. You could trust Phil Schuyler and people frequently did.

Phil was not yet wealthy but he was in a fair way to become so. As assistant to the president of the city's street railway company he was a logical candidate for a powerful desk in that organization as soon as there was a vacancy.

Marilyn, in his arms, was a white birch slip against a background of evergreen pine. She seemed so slender, so wistful, so pale save for the healthy pink that irregularly stained her cheek. Her vestal purity demanded the protection that no worthy man could withhold from her.

SAFE there in his arms it seemed that no external power could bring her harm, could molest her in her chosen haven. Phil was conscious of making a silent vow to that effect as his lips inclined to hers.

"Lord, suppose someone else had found you first," he had said.

"They did," she admitted naively, "but I thought I'd wait for you. I was scared to death though for fear you would find somebody else before you tripped over me lying shamelessly in your path."

He laughed,—from the heart.

And then the telephone punctured their background and ripped in two the tranquil curtain that cut off their fairy world from that other sordid, real one which all the rest of us inhabit.

Automatically, Marilyn, disengaging herself part way, turned in his arms and picked up the desk instrument to silence the repeated clangor of the bell.

"Hello."

It was a woman who answered, a woman whose voice was high pitched under the stress of excitement.

"I must speak to Miss Marilyn Fay," she was saying with cluttered breathlessness.

"This is Miss Fay talking."

"Is Mr. Schuyler with you?"

"Why, yes." There seemed no reason to refuse the unknown speaker an answer.

"He has just proposed, has he not?"

This was downright impertinence. And yet the woman's agitation prevented Marilyn from hanging up the receiver without replying, as she would have been justified in doing.

Instead she temporized, "I can't see why——"

"Oh, I know he did. It's no use to lie to me. He told me himself that he intended to in spite of my prior claim on him. I just wanted to know if he had gone straight from me to you."

This was infamous, horrible. Unconsciously Marilyn detached herself from the semi-embrace in which Phil still held her



Upstairs a low moan indicated the room. Phil threw the door open, disclosing Mr. Reade, in his shirt sleeves, holding with his hands the struggling wrists of his wife as she tossed on the disordered bed.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" he demanded, sensing the evulsion.

She motioned him back. The woman was continuing to peak.

"Listen, Miss Fay, I want you to give a message to Mr. Schuyler. Tell him that Puss-in-Boots has just taken the tablets he knows of."

"WHAT'S that?" Marilyn caught sharply at the vanishing thread of conversation.

The only answer was a rill of high pitched, unmirthful aughter clicked off by the receiver restored to the hook.

Marilyn's mind after the dazzling shock was revolving in a vhirlpool. It spun around, but could see no way to dart out.

Fortunately it was not hers to make a decision. Something n the sudden sick whiteness of her face gave Phil a hint as to he extent of the disaster. Perhaps her instantaneous crystalization into an attitude of aversion to him told him the cause f it. Anyway, he guessed.

"That telephone call," he insisted questioningly, "it was from Mrs. Reade, wasn't it?"

"She called herself Puss-in-Boots." Marilyn replied idly. She seemed more careful of her identity than you are."

Phil bit his tongue for the slip but regret and explanation vere luxuries he could not at that moment afford. "What did he say?"

"She said," the girl repeated the words slowly and without mphasis, "to tell you that Puss-in-Boots had just taken those ablets you knew of."

"Good Lord!" The perspiration stood out on the boy's forehead. "I didn't think she meant it. Let me have that 'phone."

He almost grabbed the instrument from her hands, and shot a number into the transmitter with breathless haste. "I've got to save her," he threw over his shoulder to Marilyn. "Even if I can never square myself with you. You see that, don't you?"

Marilyn, amid the sorry brick-dust of her castle, could not answer. Something cruel and horrible was leering out at her soul from the place where a pleasant mask had been torn off. Up to now she had never seen the raw sores of the world. She could not comprehend. Mrs. Reade,—why Marilyn knew her, knew her as the alert, perfectly poised and smartly dressed wife of one of her dead father's business associates. She was one of those exquisitely coiffed, middle-aged women who give the impression that they never relax their "manner" even when sleeping. It seemed incredible that the hysterical voice she had listened to over the telephone was hers. How could she have a prior claim on Phil,—she, a married woman with a husband who gave her everything?

BUT PHIL was calling her house on the telephone and now he was asking frantically for Mr. Reade.

"I must speak to him," Phil was saying. "It doesn't matter with whom he is engaged. It's a matter of life and death."

After that there was a pause, during which Phil nervously reported to Marilyn, "They say he is there but can't be disturbed. Good Lord!" A moment more and he turned his tense attention to the telephone. "He won't come?" he repeated incredulously. "Don't hang up,—wait! They've done it."

He dropped the telephone helplessly. "What shall I do?"

"What has she done?" Marilyn countered quickly.



He seemed looking for someone. One eye was closed, his face and body were a mass of bruises.

"Taken an overdose of medicine,—poison or an opiate, I don't know which. Anyway, enough to kill her. She said she was going to, but I didn't believe she meant it."

"Then we must go to her," the girl decided practically. "We're the only ones who know. Perhaps we can save her. It's only a block to their house."

Phil seemed dazed and for the first time in his life let the reins of a situation slip from his hands.

Hatless and breathless, these two, who stood on the brink of partnership, and a third, Mistrust, flapping a black veil between them, arrived on the doorstep of the Reade home. The door was unlocked and they entered without ringing. Ceremony was banished to some other time.

Upstairs. A low moan indicated the room. This door was shut.

Phil threw it open.

IN MANY respects it was the sort of a room that the "smart" Mrs. Reade might be expected to inhabit. The dainty, if somewhat severe, hangings and furnishings were the correct background for the meticulously tailored woman of the world whom Marilyn knew.

But around the bed there was a curious clash of atmosphere. It was much as if, on the stage, the property man had used some of the furniture for the opium den scene in the setting representing the banker's mansion.

There were two incongruous tables littered with square bottles, glasses and cigarette stubs which had been carelessly tossed at overflowing ash trays. The contents of these tables were contributing the stale, acrid odor in the air.

The bed itself was in the disorder of a ravished temple. The bedclothes were in a heap at the foot and even the lower sheet was pulled away from the mattress at one corner.

Mr. Reade,—she recognized him even in the tumult,— in his shirtsleeves sat on the edge of the bed holding with his hands the struggling wrists of his wife.

She, the exquisitely coiffed one, was, for once, without her starch. Her hair straggled wildly over her pillow, her silk nightgown, which had once been a marvel of lace, was now a crumpled wreck, torn in a dozen places and ripped down one side. Her face was puffy and her eyes looked strange. Marilyn could not think for a moment what was the matter. Then she remembered that Mrs. Reade habitually wore glasses and that now she did not have them on. Marilyn had never pictured her without her rather smart pince-nez.

Mr. Reade, bald with his few wisps of hair sadly disarranged, and with his sleeves rolled up in business-like fashion, looked up as they entered, nodded and returned to his task.

"Glad you came over," he said casually. "I don't like to take the servants in on this and I need help."

The tone of his voice shocked Marilyn more than anything else had so far during this cataclysmal evening. He spoke as if this were something all in the day's work, not a hideous unbelievable nightmare, that was swiftly wrecking the world all about them. It was the first time she had ever faced the fact that real melodrama is never accompanied by soft music.

"PHIL, hold her down, will you," Mr. Reade went on gently, "and Miss Fay, when the maid comes take the hot coffee from her and tell her to let the doctor in as soon as



"Here I am called Marilyn, reaching to touch the battered form.

he arrives and send him right up."

There was power in his tones even if they were gentle, and the young people obeyed without question. Marilyn busied herself about the room and Phil relieved Mr. Reade at the bedside. The woman struggled as the exchange was made but Phil held her firmly.

She opened her eyes for the first time since they had come in.

"Phil," she murmured. "It's too late. You came back too late. I took the tablets. You won't have a chance to break my heart as you've been doing for the last two months. Pretty soon it won't beat any more for you or for anyone else. Tell me I'm not old, Phil, that I'm still beautiful,—for the last time, tell me."

Phil gazed helplessly at the others,—at the girl he had told he worshiped with unfaltering devotion, and at the man who was married to the woman whose wrists he held.

"Tell her, Phil," Mr. Reade directed, still in that casual voice. "Everything goes tonight until we get her out of this."

So Phil told her. Marilyn could almost laugh at the sardonic irony of it for she was anything but lovely now, and her body where the ripped nightgown disclosed it was someway not alluring. Marilyn noticed that there was a brown and yellow discoloration on her hip—an old bruise, not yet faded away. She wondered how she had come by it.

"How much longer will she live?" Marilyn asked of the husband, just to make conversation,—to be saying something.

"Can't tell," he replied absently. He was dissolving a tablet in a spoonful of water. "At a rough guess I'd say she could expect to live twenty-five years yet."

"Didn't she take the poison,—the tablets?"

"Oh, yes." He paused, looking for something. "Yes, she took them. But she told me about it right afterwards." He produced a case from his pocket and extracted from it a hypodermic syringe. "This isn't the first time it has happened so I know just what to do."

HE FILLED the syringe from the spoonful of liquid and pinching up the fleshy part of his wife's forearm near the elbow he slid the needle under the skin, slantwise, and discharged the contents of the barrel.

"Apamorphia," he explained briefly. "It will do the trick. The rest is simply to keep her from going to sleep."

That proved to be an all night job, a job filled with tiring routine, menial attentions. Before she got through Marilyn thought she could imagine a little the numb weariness of army nurses after a battle. The doctor came,—accepted without comment the perfunctory explanation that Mrs. Reade had taken the tablets by mistake for a headache remedy, commended her husband for his prompt and efficient action, administered another hypodermic himself and left.

The whole thing was too puzzling for Marilyn's mind to grasp without perspective. The petulance of the woman; the untiring gentleness of the husband, and the apparent perfect understanding that existed between the two men who ought to be flying at one another's throats, all was contrary to reason and the established order of things.

It was a very gray dawn when Phil took her home. She made no protest at his accompanying her on that silent, dragging walk but she did not invite him to enter her door.

"I hope you will give me an early opportunity to explain what happened tonight," Phil was saying as they stood there in the chill morning air, both conscious that some formal farewell must be spoken.

"That will not be necessary," Marilyn replied in tones that matched his own, only very far away, "because I never expect to see you again."

NEITHER of them said good-bye. She heard the door close without realizing that she had shut it herself.

The light was still burning in the room she had arranged for the proposal earlier in the evening. Her mother did not know that she had left the house.

The stage setting was just as she had planned it, undisturbed. She looked at it almost with revulsion,—it was so false. She turned out the light and raised the curtain and the window to let in the gray and shivering reality.

Phil did not attempt to set aside her injunction against seeing her again. She waited, possibly hoping that he would, but something, his conscience or her own reaction, had cut through to his heart and he sank definitely below her horizon.

The City Traction Company had become involved in a disagreement with its employees over the question of wages. Phil, as the president's secretary, had his hands full trying to juggle

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LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN
AMOS and ANDY

Like 40,000,000 Listeners the Interviewer Has Hard Work Trying to Find Them

by Mark Quest

WHO, why, what and where are AMOS 'n' ANDY—mostly WHERE?

And this here Kingfish, where does he hang out?

Just about the time that Amos 'n' Andy were jerked back on the schedule from the going-out time of the older members of the family to the going-to-bed time of the children Radio Digest picked on me to be the official Interrogator to sally forth and bring back a few answers to three gunnysacks and a bread basketful of inquiries kindred to the above.

That suited me all right. I'll admit I had a little curiosity on the matter inasmuch as I had received considerable assorted information from seemingly reliable sources that they were to be found in person and simultaneously in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Toledo. But after listening to their own discussions over the air the evidence seemed to be that they were in New York with the Fresh Air Taxicab business.

"Of course they are in New York," gushed Marcella, using my paper knife to scrape out the bowl of her pipe—pardon, I mean flicking the ash from the tip of her cigarette as she looked over some new pictures of Gladys Rice from the National Broadcasting company.

"What I mean is," she went on, "that you should take the New York telephone directory when you get there and look up under the A column for Amos or Amos 'n' Andy and then call them up and have them come around in their Fresh Air taxicab and take you out to their villa or whatever it is and then you can get the information first hand."

"Listen, be yourself!" I answered haughtily. "Catch me riding in that old pile of junk of a topless broken down garbage collector they call a taxicab. And in New York! Say, when I go to New York I put on a sepia derby, wear spats and carry a cane. Haven't you got their address?"

"Not the exact number. But if you don't like the taxi idea you could just get in a street car and tell the conductor to put you off at Harlem avenue. And don't bump your hat on the chandeliers as you enter the car—you know how it is in New York——"

"Listen, Marcella," I said, "don't tell me anything about New York. I know the place like it was my own back yard."

"I only want to help. You know there are so many people who want to find out about Amos 'n' Andy."

WHEN in New York do as the Romans do and you'll get attention and service. So I called a Fifteen-and-Five taxi and told the chauffeur to take me to Harlem.

"What's the address?" he asked. And the look he gave me! I could see it in his eye, he thought I was a stranger in the town.

"Never mind, that's my business," I answered. "Take me to Harlem and I'll get where I want to go in my own way."

Likely as not he would want to steer me clear of any rival concern like the Fresh Air Taxicab and run up a big bill for me. . . .

The next morning I looked in the Times for the casualty list as we cut a swath up Broadway and around Central Park.

"Is this all roight?" asked the driver, jolting the car to a stop as though he had hit one of those granite bumpers you see in the park there.

"No, it's not all right," I said, untwisting my ankle from one of the extra seats in front, "and don't let it happen again."

"What to do—just keep on drivin'?"

"To Harlem, I told you."

"Well, Harlem it is—right here, sir!"

"What—Oh—that's so. It's so dark here I couldn't see. How much do I owe you?"

I rather hated to see him drive off leaving me there kind of isolated like a strange adventurer in the wilds of the Nile. But I started walking along looking for Amos 'n' Andy and their office. I can understand how Stanley felt on his search for Livingston.

It started out like State and Thirty-first street, Chicago, but after I had walked back and forth for a half hour the same places began to look familiar and still there was no sign of Amos 'n' Andy or their chattels. Pretending I was waiting for somebody, I stood nonchalantly at the curb to gather my bearings and decide what to do. A big friendly policeman of supersuntan complexion came up to me with an expression that said as plain as words, "This poor devil is lost and don't know what to do. I'll just give him a chance to ask me where to go."

GOSH, how I hate to be patronized. He stood swinging his club and watching me from the corner of his eye. Finally he asked:

"Stranger here?"

"Certainly not," I snapped back and then added, "I live here."

"Oh, you do, do you? Excuse me, I thought you looked worried about something."

"No, I'm just resting. I have a slight headache——"

"Maybe you're breaking out with something. There's considerable smallpox——"

"No, I'm OK now," I felt the question coming to my lips, but how I dreaded it. Maybe I could lead up to it. "Quite a lot of colored folks live around here, I guess."

"You should know," he answered with a grin.

"What? Me? What do you mean?"

"Why, you said you lived here, didn't you—and you're not blind——"

"I mean I live down town. I was just here looking for a couple of friends, that is, I was looking for Amos 'n' Andy—you know—ha! ha! those Radio comedians. I think they've moved. I don't seem to find them. You know where they are?"

"You live down town—Wall street, I suppose," deep shadows were beginning to chase the friendly smiles from his dusky face.

"Yeah," I answered absently, I have often heard of Wall street in connection with the names of people of affairs.

"Well, it's funny you didn't see the Fresh Air Taxi building down there," he said with a cold glare from beneath his clouded brow. "They have their own building right at the corner of Wall street and Broadway."

"Don't kid me," I said. "I know better than that. On the level, where are these birds?"

"They're in Chicago."

"That's even funnier," I laughed, "Why, I just came from there because I understood they were here."

"WELL, I'm tellin' you, mister, they're in Chicago. I got a friend who is porter on a Pullman and he knows 'em both because they talk that plantation dialect to him when they're travelin' and makes all the passengers on the train laugh. They can talk it better'n he can."

"Well, I'll be doggoned," was all I could say.

"Probably," he answered, and went on swinging his club.

You understand this was taking place just at the time they made their first switch from the ten o'clock Central Standard Time period. I was just one interviewer added to the 40,000,000 listeners who were hunting all over the dials for Amos n' Andy.

"Why didn't you go to the National Broadcasting company headquarters to look for them?" probably the 40,000,000 listeners would ask me if they saw my dilemma. And the answer is, "Just because the National Broadcasting company gave me the lead to go to Harlem."

"Oh, tell us all about it, did you see them? And what did they say?" gurgled Marcella as soon as I got back to the office in Chicago.

"Don't talk to me, you and your advice to the Radio lorn What I want now is a few sharp, short words with Al William son of the NBC, Charlie Gilchrist of the Daily News or Bil Hay, the incorrigible Amos 'n' Andy interlocutor."

God protects fools, drunkards and little children, but he ha no mercy on professional interrogators. And would you believ it, within three minutes I sat at my own desk and had thes two lost souls, Amos 'n' Andy, on a double extension telephon line talking to me from their own Fresh Air Taxi office.

"Well, for Pete's sake, where are you?" was my first question

"We's right here in de office," said Amos.

"Amos, I wish you 'ud lemme answer de gennulmun, I i de president," Andy cut in. I could hear him talking in mumble, apparently with his hand over the transmitter.

"Dis ain't no bill collector, Andy. Dis is Mark Ques wha wants to put us in de Radio Diges'—ain't dat sumpin'!"

"Whatall did you want wid us?" came Andy's drawl over th 'phone.

"It doesn't matter—just wanted to know whether you are in Chicago or some other town, say New York."

"Well, we is mostly here. What faw you wantta know?"

"Where were you born, Andy?"

"I was bawn in Peoria in 1890."

"Live there very long?"

"I lived there until I moved away."

"When did you move away?"

"When I came to Chicago."

"What did you do for a living?"

"Worked on construction—dat's what my pappy an' my uncles was adoin' faw de business ob de family."

"Did you do all the thinking for the construction business?"

"What do you mean by dat?"

"You used your great intellect to save your back in heaving of mortar, brick and lumber?"

"Mos' generally I did. But I turned out to be an actor."

"You did! From one stage to another, I suppose. How did you get that way?"

"Amateur shows and de minstrels, up de laddah, jest as you say."

"Peoria was good to you, Andy. Don't you ever long to go back to Peoria?"

"Peoria ain't all what she used to be, Mistah Ques."

"What else did you do there, Andy?"

"I played in de movin' pitchur shows. Das how I got to be an actor."

"Then what?"

"Why, a big boss producer came to Peoria and put on a whale of a big amateur show, an' he said I had de makin's of a great showman. I said, 'Whas dat?' and he said, 'Come wid me, boy, an' I'll give you a job wid a show.' So I went wid him an' dat's how I come to be an actor. An' he tells me how so's I could go to de next town an' put on a show jes lak he done it."

"Yeah, an' dat's how Andy come to meet up wid me," said Amos, cutting in the conversation.

"Were you born in Bloomington, Amos?"

"No. Oh, no, sah, Mistah Ques, I was bawn in Virginny, Richmond, Virginny—das where I was bawn."

"And are you an actor, too, Amos?"

"He is dat," said Andy, cutting in again. "Amos is a Virginny sugar cured ham."

"No, I ain't no ham," said Amos. "I ain't dat, Andy, like you is. I'm sho' nuff a regular actor. I was bawn in Richmond in 1899. And dar is where I gets my schoolin' 'cept when I went to a military school in Atlanta."

"Then you must have been a soldier in the World War, Amos?"

"No, suh, I wahnt no soldier. I was a sailor. Yo' gets plenty to eat in the navy."

"That's yo', always a-thinkin' about sompin' mo' to eat. That's your idea of what all de war was about, which was to get de most to eat, de army or de navy," said Andy.

"After the war what did you do?" I asked.

"Oh, I got a job travelin' and sellin' tobacco. An' then 'long came this man that puts on the local talent shows with regular stage scenery, costumes an' everything like a regular show. An' he says, 'Amos, you look good to me, boy. How would you like to join my company and be a regular member of the profession?' Dat shuah did make me scratch my haid and I says, I says, 'Mistah——'"

"Amos, we knows what you said," boomed Andy, cutting in again. "You said, 'Mistah, which gets de most to eat, de tobacco travelin' salesman or de perfessional show man?' das what you asks de man."

"Who all is talkin' so much about eat but you, Andy?"

"Well, go ahead an' tell de gennelmun what yo' had to do."

"I's goin' to do that, Andy, right now. I's goin' to tell 'im dat. De man say, 'Befoah yo' all niggers you can manage The Follies of 1919 for the Elks Benefit Performance yo' must take special trainin' frum a man who come from Peoria an' yo' goin' tuh find him at Durham, No'th Carolina. His name is Andy

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For once Amos gets a chance to sit down while Andy stands.

Mystery: Who are these two mysterious white men with the happy darky boys? See the next Radio Digest.

CAREER of pioneer announcer an epoch in broadcasting. His popularity is a story that's always new and he can't keep away from friend mike. But let A. R. Williamson tell the story.

Radio Means Life to SEN KANEY

By Albert R. Williamson

AN AUTUMN wind whipped up Michigan avenue, and out over the blue surface of the lake white caps danced in reckless abandon.

Sen Kaney, veteran announcer, looked out the window of his ninth story office at the National Broadcasting Company and smiled.

"You know," he drawled, without taking the slender cigar from his lips, "it was just eight years ago this November that I broke into the broadcasting game and it looks as though I'll never get out of it."

Standing silhouetted before the window, a far-away look in his dancing eyes, he twisted the end of his tiny moustache and was silent for a moment, dreaming of the things Radio had brought him in those eight years.

To begin with, his name is not Sen at all but Alonzo William Kaney. You see, his mother's grandfather's name was Alonzo William Anderson, and he was a senator from Ohio. That's how people started calling him "Sen," and the name stuck.

Eight years ago he was practically unknown to the general public outside of Chicago. Today, due to Radio, he is known wherever a Radio is heard—and that means that his name is pretty much of a household word with some 50,000,000 people in the little old United States.

Now Radio has made scores of interesting personalities, all of whom have profited greatly because they had the good fortune to become associated with a new and mysterious pastime. But the real personalities are the young men—and some young women—who had the foresight to jump into the unknown possibilities before the game became the established industry that it is today. Sen Kaney was one of these.

EIGHT years ago Sen was a wandering youngster, about 25 years old, without any particular goal in life. He had done some local theatricals and was popular among both sexes at any social event. But that popularity could not be translated into dollars and cents, and his personality was too young and not widely enough advertised to deserve a prominent place on a vaudeville bill.

Radio raised him from that position of anonymity to the rank of a celebrity; won him an heiress for a bride and placed fame and fortune at his feet. Today he is dean of announcers and assistant to the manager at the Chicago division of the National Broadcasting Company—with such a strong following among Radio fans that he can't quit even when he wants to. And therein lies a story that could only be plotted by the airwaves.

It was on August 19, 1893, that a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Kaney in Cincinnati. That was long before the days of Radio, but only a few minutes before Sen began his first announcing job. When he was but a little chap the Kaneys moved to Oak Park, and in that elite Chicago suburb Sen was reared. He went to Austin High School and after his graduation his parents decided that he should follow in the footsteps of some of his illustrious forebearers and practice at the bar. Subsequently they sent him to study law at Northwestern University.

Young Kaney wasn't averse to college life, but he was more interested in humanity than dry cases and bars of music had a much greater appeal than the bar of justice. He decided to give law up as a bad job and set about to enjoy himself. He did that—as he will himself admit. His social grace, pleasing personality and suavity brought him the managership of the famous Bal Tabarin, the dancing rendezvous in the Hotel Sherman. There he learned many things, as one would by dealing with a multitude of personalities, situations and conditions—and that was in the days before Prohibition. But it also won him a wide acquaintanceship among the notables and near-notables of public life, the theatre and men about town. But even that was beginning to bore when the World War came along and gave men something new to talk about.

WHEN America launched her power into the world conflict, Kaney saw an opportunity for new adventure combined with patriotic duty, and enlisted in the Navy. He went to Pelham Bay and soon he was one of the smartest looking ensigns that ever graced the uniform. Chasing submarines, however, was not so exciting after the first few months, because there weren't many, but life on the Atlantic gave Kaney a new outlook on life, a beautiful coat of tan and a joy of living, after the years of night life and bright lights.



Eight years ago this handsome gentleman, Alonzo William Kaney, was a wandering youngster. What? You don't know who or what he is now? Why it's Sen Kaney, veteran announcer of the Middle West and now chief of the microphone men at the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. Sen was a restless young fellow in 1921. He had tried many things until Radio came along and made him happy.

When the war was over he came back to Chicago and decided to become a regular business man. He had, he found, many old acquaintances among older business men, and he soon found others among the younger set. During his years at the Bal Tabarin he had learned considerable about the markets, and that seemed to be about the most exciting thing connected with business life. So he became a grain and commission broker.

The grain and commission business was going along very well—thank you—at the end of that year, but something new was beginning to pique the young grain merchant's curosity. A couple of boys had a new-fangled "wireless" set up at the Edgewater Beach hotel, where Kaney was living, and this thing of being able to pull conversations out of the ether was fascinating.

When the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company opened Chicago's pioneer station, KYW, Kaney went up to the studios with a friend of his.

"I didn't know what it was all about," he says, "but I was willing to learn. I wanted to see just how one of these stations looked. The amateur station at the hotel had so intrigued me that I spent five dollars on a couple of books on Radio—but they were so technical that an engineer would use them only for reference. But here was an opportunity to see for myself just how this business of sending out voices and music was worked out."

He did begin to find out what it was all about, but not in one night. In fact, he became such a regular visitor at the studio that one night someone asked him to throw a switch or something.

"They paid me for doing that," Kaney recalls, "and that was the end of any thought I might have had about not getting into broadcasting. They couldn't have hired me to keep away from the studios after that."

Then one night some one asked him if he would like to announce a program. That was in the days before announcers were given formal auditions the same as any singer. Some one shoved a bundle of typewritten cards into his hands and told him to read one just before each number. He did as he was told—and the KYW officials liked it. He was given a job as part time announcer. Then one day an entertainer failed to show up and Kaney admitted that he could play a little and sing a little.

(Continued on page 103)

SALUTE!

HERE'S to Bold Pioneer Not Afraid to Spend Big Money on Big Ideas

By Marshal Taylor

RADIO AMERICA has a new dish on the banquet table as the contribution of 1929, thanks to good old Westinghouse.

It came close on the heels of the ninth anniversary f the first program on the first regular broadcasting station, DKA—another gift from this mous institution.

Living up to its traditions, West- ghouse has inaugurated a super- itive series of tapestried presen- tions which blend the musical nd the drama in vivid pictures iat hold and fascinate the selec- ve listener to the end. These resentations are called Salutes— ach a tribute to some form of idustry.

The Salutes came at a time hen many were beginning to ink the Radio program design- s had just about exhausted their genuity for new effects. The ost regrettable feature was that ese happy innovations were bliged to take a place in the even- g schedule ahead of some of the her programs of less merit.

But the fact that the first one as announced in Chicago for the alf hour period from six-thirty to ven did not prevent forty more less callous Radio editors and olumnists to attend the formal ening arranged by Mr. Ed Matt- n at the Congress hotel. The ogram itself might be antici- ted as "just another," but one ver would be bored with Ed attson as the ever genial host.

THERE was a buffet adjoining the old KYW studio where the ests had been invited to sit and ten. Nice chairs and lounges ere ranged around the main om, but everybody was making erry with the appetizers beyond e portieres. Then came the pre- inary announcements through amplifier in the reception room. he portieres parted. The forty rd working writing men filtered rough and sat in the circle of airs. They came munching sand- ches, prepared to gossip and ten between times.

But it didn't work out that way. body expected the church-like sh among the listeners that fol- ved. No one had calculated the ect that could be produced by fifty-piece symphony orchestra ying in unison with a choir of forty voices singing in rvelous harmony unhampered by word articulations. Every- ng else was forgotten as this magic curtain ascended and ealed a new kind of a stage set by a new kind of craft that red emotions through new sources of contact with the nd's eye.

t was a marvelous pageant that began with man's first quest of the iron ore from the earth. And it swept across a kground of colorful melody that reflected the advance of el from century to century. The lines of the drama were id and full of subtlety. They were spoken by skilled artists. u not only saw and felt with the personalities of the charac- s but you were awakened by a word or two into whole vistas wn from pictures stored away in your mind from impres- ns that had been created by reading numberless books.



A scene from the inauguration of the Westinghouse Salute. Time, 1559; characters, the Queen, King Henry and a page.

WHEN it came to the age of chivalry one did not require a detailed description of the lists to see King Henry, the queen, her attendants and the whole panoply of color. You heard the queen's anxious pleading with her king not to joust with the Black Knight. You saw it all with the clatter of the hoofs, the clang and thud of steel against armor, the shouts, the cries and the wailing. The startling reality of the picture made your heart pound, your blood run faster.

Then with a roll of drums the medieval passed and we were conveyed to an upper room in a modern hotel. A husband and wife are about to take a steamer, home-bound. You are not told the city or the country where they are. But suddenly they are terrified by an upheaval of the floor, a swaying of the walls. They are in the midst of a terrific earthquake. The door is

(Continued on page 105)

"Happy New Year

Senor Cugat Sketches Of Radio Notables Banquet to the



To contemplate any Radio banquet without Major J. Andrew White at the head of the table would be like arranging a great broadcast program without a microphone—and the billowy ribbon to his eyeglass is the official ensign to indicate that he is present and voting.



With Columbia represented by Major White the National could not do less than have for its official spokesman its president, Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth, who stands here with a glance toward Jack Donahue on the opposite page as much as to say, "How did you get in here?"

And Luck to You"

His Own Impressions
t Fred Smith's
Year of 1930



How ever Senor Cugat came to get this simian cast of countenance from the most famous voice of the air, Graham McNamee, is a mystery. But here he is after four dipperfuls of that sparkling aqua pura generated from the Village pump, as Senor Cugat sees him, and ready for the first little whoop of 1930.



his is Jack Don-
ue, famous
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ned that if
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ere present
ck certainly
ould be one.



AT LAST we have the true confession of the private life of Seth Parker. He writes a letter to the editor. And in the picture here we see Mr. Phillips Lord, author and director, strongly suspected of being mixed up with the singing school master in some way. No doubt these are the people heard through the NBC "dragnet."

SETH PARKER'S

By Seth Parker

(Or His Ghost)

Dear editor:

WHEN I heard how a lot of folks all over the country was writin' and pestering around curos to know all about my private life I figgered alright I might jest as well set down with myself and tell everything which ain't much.
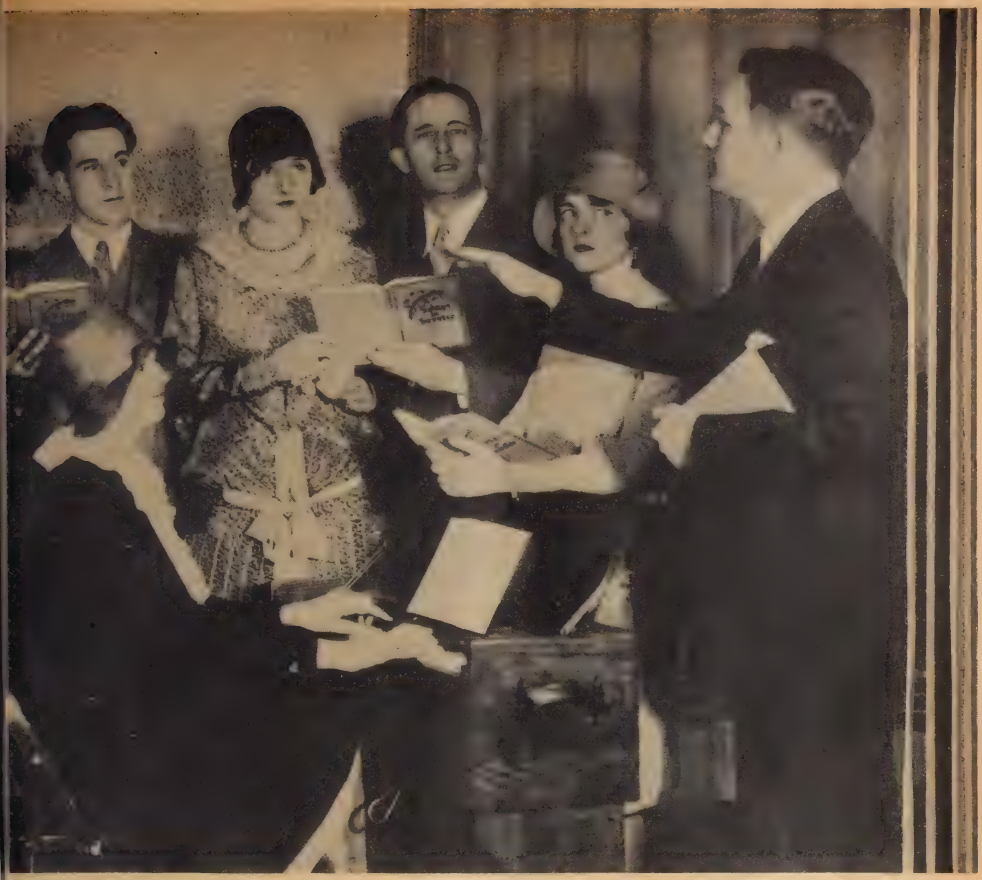
It makes me mad when smart Alex that don't know beens declaire Seth Parker aint nothin but a stretch of the imagination. They might jest as well come right out and say I aint nobody, or Martha aint nobody or even Mr. Bilow Peabody, president, secretary and treasurer of the Better Business Bureau of Jonesport, Maine, aint nobody. If them same jackusses would use their long ears to heer with they could heer us any Sunday night over the National Broadcasting company dragnets. They probably would say there ain't even any town by the name of Jonesport even though any map of Maine will show where it is right above the town of Bar Harbor.

I don't meant to get all riled up about this but if they are going to know all about my personal and private affairs they might as well know the facts. I aint denying that a young college chap by the name of Phillips Lord who lives down at New York made me famous by writing the things I'm supposed to say at the singing school concerts. All the papers has thir in about us. The Jonesport Observer has something in every week about Seth Parker bein here and there at differ places. Here's a peace pasted on this sheet which I'm senc for further proof. It says:

"THE Women's City Club met with Mrs. Set Parker the 8th. The topic of discussion was The Farme Problem. At the end of the meeting a vote showed the gc ladies to be unanimously in favor of the problem and a cc mittee was appointed to ask somebody what the problem wa

Well when the committee asked me what the problem wa told them but the thing I wanted to show was that it m tioned Mrs. Seth Parker which proves that ther had to b Mr. Seth Parker or it would be Widow Parker fr I aint ne hurd of a woman by the name of Seth yet.

There aint no reason to be pertickler curos bout me. just plain Seth Parker, law abidin and peaceful nostly. So folks admit I have a tolerable bit of talent f my sing school. And that must be so or why would the be so mu to do about it. When young Mr. Lord heard t he vowed ought to make a big hit with the Radio listene. So he di ered around with some of the broadcasting st ons and m some kind of arrangement with Bill Caw or I uess he cal WmCa. Their smart young engineers brough up some d hickus megaphonies and strung them around th singing sch



SINGING SCHOOL

l after our concert I swan about every other person in the ited States and his brother sat down and wrote us letters. After that we sang for Wlw at Cincinnati, Wtic at Hartford l I don't know how many other stations. Now I guess I've d you all about myself but I don't want anybody to accuse young friend Mr. Lord with having anything to do with s here letter because he might not like it for me to come ht out like this and spill the Boston berries (beans). But ou want to see something he wrote himself you will find of the things he calls scripts folded up in the next sheet.

SETH PARKER'S SINGING SCHOOL

By Phillips H. Lord

ETH (raps for order): I guess it's time fer the megaphonies here ter be turned on. Come ter order, let's git calmed down e. Now shush while I give my little speech. (Clears throat.) DIES and GENTLEMEN and WOMEN and CHIL-EN harking to us over the Radio, we've got a surprise for tonight what perhaps will sort of tickle you. We're going put on a concert for your benefit.

AITH: BENEFIT?. That sounds like we was going to up a collection.

ETH: Hold on, Laith, don't git excited. (Clears throat.) 've got some solo numbers and some show numbers and want you ter be our guests. I think you'll sort of enjoy it 'cause it won't cost nothing. It's funny what you can enjoy when there ain't a price tag to it, ain't it? You've been so nice ter hang around while we've been rehearsing we want ter do something extrie for you. We've got a real nice entertainment here. The fust selection on this evening's programmie is Jingle Bells. It has a real nice er-er-er——

MARTHA: Jingle.

SETH: That's it. It has a real nice jingle to it. Singing school arise. (Little commotion.) The singing school has now arose and will sing Jingle Bells.

JINGLE BELLS—Page 240.

SETH: The singing school set down. (Little commotion.) The second number on this evening's performance is a solo by Lizzy. She'll render Grandmother's Advice. Could you sound a note ter show you're here, Lizzy?

LIZZY: (Sing a note a little nasal.)

SETH: Thank yer. That was the voice of our own Lizzy Peters and she's now going ter sing her sololo.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE
(Father Kemp's Song Book)

SETH: That was fust rate, Lizzy.

LIZZY: I put lots of feeling into it.

SETH: You done fine. That was the voice of Lizzy Peters singing to you. I think it's well to announce at this time that

(Continued on page 112)



LILLIAN ROTH wins her place in this album of the Fair of the Air because she is a Paramount girl and is not Paramount part of the CBS? Besides she has already been introduced to the Columbia audience and made good, praise be.



YVONNE DU VALLE—and doesn't she simply live up to the poetic euphony of her name in this charming photograph? Happy listeners are they who hear her over the KFI waves from Los Angels (don't question that spelling).



MARJORIE ELLIS PILNEY began making this a better and brighter world when her parents first announced her arrival. She naturally gravitated to Broadway—then she married, and now she is in Radio drama at WCCO, Minneapolis.



FRANCES KENNEDY doubtless holds the unique distinction of being the only prominent musical comedy and movie star to own her own broadcasting station. WJKS, at Gary, belongs to her and she may be heard there any afternoon at 2:45 Central Time.



LISA LISONA simply has to take off that heavy comb once in a while to rest her neck. She sings those quaint and delightful folk songs from the Basque country over WIP, Philadelphia. Her voice carries you straight to Spain and romance.



MARY M'COY of the NBC choral orchestra is another Radio star who must have her feline pet near her most of the time. She rescued Luckity when he was a backstage waif and both have been lucky ever since.

The First Call

By

Frederick R. Bechdolt

Illustrations By **Edward Ryan**

Jess of the West Must Choose Between Life With Love or Death for Honor—A Tale of the Ogallalla Wars

AN ISOLATED range of mountains rose in the east; their flanks were streaked with red; patches of black-green timber stood out in gloomy contrast along the higher peaks whose eroded summits made a weird design against the sky. A thunder-cloud was creeping out from behind them. The eight log cabins and the trader's store at MacLeod's looked very small in the midst of the wide sage brush flats which stretched away beneath that formidable wall.

That afternoon Jess Thompson came riding in across the lonely plain. Town lay more than one hundred miles behind him. When he saw the dirt roofs of the cabins breaking the long monotony of the gray sage, his big body swung forward in the saddle and his dark eyes glowed. It seemed to him as if the last few miles would never end.

Three days to town—and not much of a town at that—a day to do his errand, and three days for the return. The result of his week's round trip was enclosed within a little packet, less than an inch each way. His coat was rolled up behind the cantle of his saddle; his vest was open, flapping to the motion of the pony. Now and again his hand went to one of its pockets. So it had gone at least once every hour during the long homeward journey, to make sure the packet was still there.

The mountains loomed before him, growing plainer in detail with every mile. Within their fantastic folds he could make out the canyon where his work lay. For the past year he had been doing well up there, employing a multitude of ragged Ogallala bucks on a tie cutting contract for the railroad which was being built nearly two hundred miles away. But his eyes did not wander toward the dark green crevice between these red ridges now; they remained fixed upon the cluster of dirt roofed cabins about MacLeod's log trading post. And his hand remained in his vest pocket. He was thinking of the trader's daughter, Jean; thinking what she would say, how her eyes would light up when he unwrapped the packet and opened the tiny box to let her see the ring which he had brought her.

RINGS were not what one would call the regular thing in that part of the country. As a rule, when a man won a girl—which was not so very often, inasmuch as the girls were few and far between—the engagement was a brief affair. And these two did not intend to let their's be any longer than could be helped. But the priest was not due from Fort Laramie for a month yet, and Jess had an idea that this little hoop of gold, with the amethyst setting, would give his sweetheart happiness.

So he came riding into the little settlement that sultry afternoon with his mind set on seeking her out and slipping the present upon her finger. And when he found the population of the trading post—who numbered twenty souls in all—gathered before MacLeod's store, he did not pay much heed to the suspense which was hanging over them. The Indians, it seemed, were out. But the Indians had been out before. When a man is young such things do not amount to much compared to love. And there was Jean, standing on the step before the trader's store. The old-fashioned sunbonnet which she was wearing could not extinguish all her beauty; and the linsey gown was unable to hide the fineness of her figure. Jess dismounted from his horse and took his place among the men beside MacLeod. And his eyes remained on her. What matter were the Indians to him?

MacLeod's wife was standing in the doorway of the store, gray haired and anxious eyed, with one lean hand resting on the shoulder of her daughter. Even Pete Le Seur's fat squaw was here, squatting placidly off to one side, wrapped in a bright red blanket, with half a dozen beady-eyed children huddled like quail around her. The men were ranged in a semicircle; some stolid farmers who were breaking land down the valley; a scattering of dust-stained teamsters, who had been hauling supplies over to the agency; MacLeod and little Pete Le Seur. The latter was sitting in the dusty roadway beside old Red Bird, who in days gone by had led his people in many a battle against the white man, until he had learned the futility of warfare and had settled down to make the best of things. The Indian was talking, immobile as a statue, rigid of feature, letting the words fall in slow deep-toned monotony. Between his long-drawn speeches, Pete Le Seur interpreted, with many gestures and inflections.



What mattered the Indians when Jean's sunbonneted beauty was there to feast his eyes on?

IT WAS the old story. Someone with influence wanted a strip of land. Someone in Washington had broken another treaty. As usual the agent was incompetent and had only aggravated matters. And now two hundred young Ogallalla



bucks—including Jess's hired hands—had doffed the ragged garments of the white man to smear their bronze bodies with war paint. At the present moment they were somewhere beyond the first range of red streaked mountains, contorting their naked limbs in wild dances, while the squaws thumped on the rawhide drums and the chiefs held council in one of the smoky lodges.

Of these things old Red Bird was speaking and of his own affection for the white man, using many words after the fashion of his people, who must first circle around a subject, and then—very slowly—back into it. Jess listened absent-mindedly. He had heard all of it before from his dark skinned laborers a dozen times. And while he listened he was wondering how long it was going to be before the conference was over and he could take Jean off to one side to show her the ring which he had brought for her.

The cloud grew darker above the mountains. The sound of distant thunder came from its depths. Old Red Bird droned on. Pete Le Seur waved his hand in a big gesture and resumed his translation.

"'E says hees heart ees heavy bicause 'e is afrad hees pipples 'ave moch trobble. So 'e ees ride out in de mountain an' 'ave talk weeth thees' Injuns." Jess' eye went to the speaker and became contemptuous. Pete was not much as men went. He beat his wife and he let his children starve for months at a time. His presence was barely tolerated in the settlement. It occurred to Jess that he was making the best of this opportunity. Old Red Bird spoke and the young fellow let his eyes go back to Jean. She smiled at him and his heart leaped.

"'E says," Pete was speaking again with many gesticulations, "some of the chief han the ol' men they don' lak thees. They know w'ite pipples will get keel. Bymeby hoss soldiers come weeth the Ol' Grey Fox—weeth ees General Crook—han' they will keel heap Injun. Then Injun go back han' they ain't got not'ings honly trobble.

"'E says mebbe some w'ite man ride out an' mak' medicine



The flames sprang up, revealing the lean copper faces of the warriors, and the fierce malignant faces of the squaws with the blood thirst in their eyes.

talk weeth thees' chiefs. Eef 'e ees good man, mebbe so the Injuns listen to him an' go back now. 'E says eef Jess ride out there, the Injuns weel beli've hees words bicause they know he is got straight tongue."

The eyes of all the group were turned on Jess. Old Red Bird met his gaze and nodded. MacLeod spoke up.

"Sounds sensible," said he. Jess looked wistfully at the girl before the door of the trading post; he squared his wide shoulders.

"All right," he said, "I'll go."

"Better take an interpreter," MacLeod told him. The younger man's brows drew together.

"I suppose," he muttered, "it's got to be that lousy half breed."

The trader's cabin was beside the store. When the others had departed Jess found his sweetheart in the little log walled living room. His horse was waiting outside. Pete Le Seur was saddled up and ready. The afternoon was drawing past its middle. So he had barely time to open the little packet and to slip the ring upon her finger—to listen to her first words of surprise with the note of joy in them. Then he held her in his arms and he kissed her good-by.

"Three days from now I'll come back," he promised her, and he rode away with Pete Le Seur toward the mountains above whose fantastic summits the thunder-cloud was hanging like an enormous black curtain.

IN THE background a circle of stark, silent peaks. Here in the center, a huge bowl of vivid emerald with dark patches of lodge pole pine along the upper slopes. Upon the lip the figure of a naked horseman, as motionless as the granite crests beyond. Down on the floor of the depression where flowers nodded in the lush grass beside an ice-cold stream, the brown, sharp pointed tepees of the Ogallalas. In the middle of the village, the lodge of Spotted Horse, who led the rest of the chiefs in council.

He was sitting in front of the entrance, with his legs crossed, wrapped in his blanket, smoking his long stemmed pipe with the carved bowl of red stone, gripping in one hand the rawhide tether of his saddled pony. Near by, before their lodges, the other members of the council sat holding their grazing mounts. On all sides the squaws were hurrying among the tepees, preparing to strike the camp. Across the little stream a number of the boys and younger bucks were rounding up the ponies.

It was the passing of the third day since Jess had left MacLeod's trading post. Three nights of slow, long speeches within the lodge of Spotted Horse, of patient listening to the harangues of the younger chiefs and of one or two bloodthirsty old fanatics. But he had gained his point. Today the renegades were to begin their return to the agency. He sat within the open space before the tepees of the head men and Pete Le Seur lounged beside him. Thus they had been waiting for two hours, while the leaders sat cross-legged, holding their ponies, expressionless as so many copper colored sphinxes. The eyes of the white men were not on these leaders now, nor on the busy squaws whose clamor rose from all parts of the village; nor on the lean limbed young riders who were rounding up the ponies. They were watching the naked horseman on the rim of the bowl.

That morning shortly after sunrise a warrior had departed on a fleet pony for the sage brush lowlands where a score of the wilder spirits were roving in search of trouble and of glory. For some reason of their own old Spotted Horse and the other leaders were awaiting the messenger's return before they put their pipes aside and rose to their feet, upon which signal the squaws would begin to strike the lodges.

"I'll feel easier when that messenger shows up," Jess said quietly.

"BY GAR!" Pete answered rapidly. "Somet'ings ees happen. I don' lak thees."

The sentry was waving his extended arm in a wide gesture. The movement changed abruptly. His voice floated down into the village; a shrill long cry, as wild as the call of a hunting wolf. It seemed as if the whole camp had responded. A hundred voices rose to meet his; the shrieks of squaws, the shrill ululating yell of warriors, uniting in a fierce chorus. The place was pandemonium. Dogs barked, men ran into the lodges and emerged brandishing their weapons. Old Spotted Horse was on his feet. In his black eyes little red lights were dancing.

"'E says," Pete's face was gray with fear and his lips were twitching, "the hoss soldiers ees come. Them Injun in the valley has mak' fight han' get licked. Now they are come back. Eef we don't want to die, we get insde his lodge, dam queek."

A dozen squawe were milling around before the tepee. They fought their way through them. A withered old beldame flung herself upon Jess' back, spitting like an infuriated cat. He shook her off. A strapping young mother, with a papoose at her breast, picked up a camp hatched and hurled it after him. He staggered into the entrance with the blood running over his face. Outside the tumult grew. Within, the two white men waited. Once old Spotted Horse came in, but he did not even look at them. When he had departed again, a pandemonium of voices rose before the lodge.

"Five Injun ees get keel," Pete whispered. "I theenk me an' you ees out of lock jost now."

For a long time they stood in silence, listening to the uproar

(Continued on page 98)

Broadcasting Has its Own BIG TIME

DOTY HOBART Who Brought Scores of Stage Celebrities to the Mike and Made Them Perform Sketches Line of Progress to the "Main Tent" of Modern Radio Entertainment

By Doty Hobart

REMEMBER the old time circus posters?
"Gigantic!"
With pictures of lions and tigers?
"Stupendous!"
And ladies in blue tights?
"Mammoth!"
And the clowns?
"Colossal!"

That master showman, Phineas T. Barnum, knew his public when he started the ballyhoo that used up all the synonyms for the little word "big." People were starving for adjectives. And he fed them adjectives. But he made one terrible mistake. He gave them an overdose. And the second and third generations haven't recovered from it yet.

But just the same Barnum revolutionized the entertainment business. He discovered that people were much more interested in one spectacular entertainment than in a hundred Punch and Judy shows. So he scoured the world for headline acts, strange freaks and wild animals. And the acts and the freaks and the animals lived up to P. T.'s best adjectives. What a man!

Then along came the variety show. High priced vaudeville artists played two shows a day in large theatres. Cheaper acts played from three to ten shows a day in the smaller houses. In contracting for acts the chain system of booking was employed. Performers were guaranteed a certain number of working weeks. This booking was known and is today known as "time." A chain of theatres playing two shows a day was called "Big Time." This pithy phrase was coined by an unknown vaudevillian.

While vaudeville accounted for the origin of the two words the man who was actually responsible for "Big Time" in show business was P. T. Barnum.

YOU are probably wondering what all this has to do with Radio broadcasting. Well, it so happens that broadcasting is a show business. And what a show business!

It is odd, this Radio industry. Compare it with the automobile industry. Automobiles are manufactured and sold by the millions. So are receiving sets. The usefulness of the motor car depends on roads. The usefulness of a receiving set is dependent on air programs. You pay taxes in order to have good roads. What do your air programs cost you?

Radio programs are just as essential to our modern life as good roads. Yet I'll wager you do more complaining about the programs you get for nothing (no doubt justified at times) than you do about the condition of the roads you help pay for. Didn't some sage, years and years ago I believe it was, make some sort of a wisecrack about not looking a gift horse in the mouth? But it is odd, this Radio industry.

Of course we all know it is the advertiser who foots the bill for our ether entertainment. Without him our broadcasting stations could not function. In all fairness to us the advertiser, through his use of unsightly billboards along the highways, should have been made to pay our road taxes! But that's another story.

Just as headline acts were glorified in vaudeville so, with the arrival of chain networks, "Big Time" came to Radio. And because advertisers who use the networks give us worthwhile programs the network officials have been forced to bring their sustaining programs up to the standards set by those who purchase time on the air from them.

To obtain headliners for their sustaining programs the chain broadcasters could not afford to step out into the open market and pay the prices demanded, and received, by talent hired by the big national Radio advertisers. So he looked elsewhere and found his contribution to "Big Time" broadcasting in giving us events and personalities of national and international importance via the microphone.

AND perhaps the officials of the networks are not proud of this contribution. I asked one of these gentlemen what he considered the best program his company had put on the air during the past month. He smiled and answered my question by asking another. "Did you hear the speech of the British Prime Minister?"

My next question touched what would have been a sore spot a few years ago. Time, however, has healed the wound. The question was, "How was the mail response to that particular broadcast?"

He laughed. "I really don't know. Perhaps two or three letters of thanks. I doubt if there were more than that. We discovered early that people do not write letters of commendation."

"Too busy?" I asked. "Or do they just take things for granted?"

"The latter. But let us make a slip of some sort during a program and we are swamped with letters of criticism." He continued, "which tells us that people really are listening in. We welcome the knowledge that we have an audience, either through their applause or through their hisses. What's the difference—as long as the hisses don't get too numerous?"

All of which goes to prove that Radio programs are accepted by the public in the same light as is our daily paper. No less authority than Arthur Brisbane is responsible for the statement that any editorial which pulls **seven** letters is to be considered highly successful!

I wonder if you Radio fans have any idea how hard both the national broadcasting and the national air advertiser are working to give you "Big Time" entertainment? I doubt it.

One of the oldest programs in point of continued service in commercial chain broadcasting is the Eveready Hour. This program is prepared three and four weeks in advance. It is rehearsed until the program director is satisfied with the microphone production. Then the officials of the National Carbon company are given a private auditon. If the program does not meet with their approval it is shelved. This advertiser desires to give you a fine musical program combined with the unusual in drama or a famous personality. Everyone in the organization is on the lookout for novelty. In one instance it brought about the discovery of a taxidriver with a gripping adventure yarn of the sea. It was a true story. The officials checked it up. And so you heard "Galapagos Island" in dramatic form. Owing to the many requests this program was repeated a second and a third time! Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, has told you of his personal experiences on this hour, which also gave you Trader Horn and that much discussed authoress, Joan Lowell.

A CERTAIN national advertiser desired to put on an outstanding program. By that I mean a program featuring an international star of such importance that the event would be of real news interest, both before and after the broadcast. The appropriation was made and the date of the broadcast set **six months** in advance. Of course the advertiser had his own particular message to get over to the public. But that particular broadcast brought you the voice of Sir Harry Lauder.

Occasionally the chain systems will cooperate with a client in presenting an institutional program. Or an educational program.

Such is the case with Roads of the Sky. The National Broadcasting company furnish the network while the client, a non-commercial organization, furnishes the talent. This program is particularly indicative of what may be accomplished in the way of presenting nationally known individuals which no commercial advertiser could hope to secure. Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the United States Bureau of Aeronautics, was a guest speaker on one of these hours. So was Herbert Hoover, Jr. For his talk on the Roads of the air program he picked his own subject. It was "Radio: Magic Guide for Airplanes."

TIMELINESS plays a tremendous part in program making. When, in the sports world, tennis was red-hot news the manufacturer of a well-known brand of cigars prevailed on Francis T. Hunter, noted Davis Cup star and second ranking American player, to make a microphone appearance.

Religion on the air has made itself felt in Big Time through such forceful personalities as the Rev. S. Parks Cadman of New York, "the first Radio pastor," and Rev. Donald Grey Barnhouse of Philadelphia.

Dr. Cadman depends on a forum style of address in which to present his messages. Following his address he holds an open forum, in which the letter-writing public participates. Interesting questions which he has received during the week are read. His answers are clearly defined and not infrequently witty. If this man's answers are spontaneous then he is good. If he thinks them out before the broadcast, who cares? Speaking in terms of the theatre, be he an "ad libber" or a "line reader" his microphone work is just as good.

Dr. Barnhouse, on the other hand, brings his messages to a nation-wide Radio audience as though speaking from a pulpit. This method does not lend itself to the spectacular. But the man's sincerity more than makes up for any lack of fireworks. He does a decidedly worthy job.

(Continued on page 116)

HARBOR LIGHTS *with*

Ferry Boat Skipper Spins Thrilling Tale of the Days When Pilots Battled to the End in NBC Script

By Burr C. Cook



Whitney: "God help me, Ab—I didn't know—I didn't."

WITH the ever-rising popularity of the dialog form of Radio entertainment has come a constant improvement in the material used as well as the actual transmission and handling of the action.

When the announcer at the New York NBC studios calls out to the thousands of listeners, "All aboard! The Harbor Lights are beckoning!" another of Burr C. Cook's inimitable dramatizations is being presented, and Captain Jimmy Norton and his young friend Joe are introduced.

And when Captain Jimmy spins a yarn it holds the attention from the first word to the last fade-out. Throughout the broadcast various effects of harbor activity are carried out in the background, such as bells tolling, and whistles blowing. This manuscript is a typical broadcast on the Harbor Lights program.

JOE: Hello, Captain Jimmy Norton!

CAPT.: Howdy, Joe.

JOE: You look a little tired tonight, Captain.

CAPT.: Aye—few kinks in my legs, Joe—'count o' the raw weather, I reckon.

JOE: Say, I hear there was a sloop run down this afternoon by one of the coast liners.

CAPT.: Aye, so I heard tell—couple o' men lost. We run into a bit o' wreckage last trip—over by the Staten Island shore. Happens now and then.

JOE: It's a wonder to me it doesn't happen oftener.

CAPT.: Aye—these steam hogs, Joe! They don't give right o' way to a starboard tack, nor sails, nor nothin'. Used to be a sight stricter 'bout it in my day.

JOE: But they were all sailing vessels in your day, Captain.

CAPT.: Aye—purty nigh all of 'em. (Laughs.) Had a bunch o' wild cats on the harbor, though, in those days—Sandy Hook pilot boats. There was a crazy crew o' sailormen! Way back in the 70's and 80's—'fore the New York Pilots Association was made up.

JOE: What do you mean—a crazy crew of sailormen?

CAPT.: Oh, there was lots o' competition 'mongst the pilot boats. Never hugged the Hook like they do now. Went right out to sea, to meet up with European liners, or broad-

DEATH AT THE WHEEL

vinged East India clippers. Al'ays scrappin' 'mongst themelves for prizes. (More soberly) 'Twas a pilot boat—and a razy master named Nat Whitney—put an end to my brother's ailin'!

JOE: Your brother, Captain?

CAPT.: Aye—older brother—Tom. I reckon I never told e 'bout him, Joe. He was cut down in the harbor here, one oggy night, 'bout sixty years ago. A terrible nightmare of a ight that was—al'ays stands out in my mem'ry.

JOE: Let's have the story, Captain.

CAPT.: I don't know as I can recollect it straight. I was est a slip of a lad then—seven or eight years old. My Ma ad died and Pa had brought us two boys down to Staten sland to live, while he went into the pilot trade. He was a an 'bout fifty—stern, religious sort, but a fine seaman and fraid o' nothin' . . . And this Cap'n Nat Whitney and my 'a hated each other like pisen?

JOE: Why was that, Captain?

CAPT.: Well, 'twas years before that it started—when they as both rival clipper cap'ns, sailin' out o' New Bedford. Nat Vhitney was a hard drinkin' man and my Pa hated the very mell o' hard liquor. Competin' in the pilot trade didn't help natters any. (Soft laugh.) Funny, way things work out, oe. 'Fore they got through, there wasn't two stouter friends n the world!

JOE: No? What the dickens made them change?

CAPT.: That's the story, I reckon. 'Twas a October venin', as I remember—blowin' and snarlin', with gusts o' ain. My brother Tom was workin' ashore, over in Brooklyn, nd he use ter sail home 'cross the harbor every evenin' in a mall sloop he had. We lived in a old house, up on the Heights nd Pa and me would wait supper each night till Tom come ome—usually round six o'clock . . . Well, this partikler venin' we'd waited till after seven and he hadn't come. I eckon Pa was worried—for more reasons'n one.

JOE: What do you mean—more reasons than one?

CAPT.: Well, there was a fog creepin' across the harbor—ne thing. And Tom was a sort o' wild one—'nother thing. iked his liquor—when he could get it without a beatin' from ie Old Man. Anyhow, I remember, I follered Pa down toward the docks. There was a tavern there called "The Anchor," where most o' the pilot men hung out and we hauled in there. Front part had tables and readin' stands, and back part o' the shop was the bar. Fat feller named Timkins ran the place. He was sittin' at a table, forrard, when we come in.

TIMKINS (friendly, obliging sort): Hello there, Capt'n Norton! What brings ye out o' harbor in this weather?

NORTON: I'm lookin' for my boy—Tom. Didn't see him come by this way tonight, did ye, Timkins?

TIMKINS: Nary a sight of him, Cap'n. Gen'rally ties his sloop up to the warehouse wharf—but ye can see from the window here, there's no boats there.

NORTON: It's got me a mite worried—what with the fog makin' up—and him not al'ays right accountable.

TIMKINS: I calc'late he can take care of himself, Cap'n. Set down and have a drink o' beer—the lad, too. (Calls) Peters—schooner o' lager! You ain't goin' out tonight, Cap'n?

NORTON: Goin' out?

TIMPKINS: Big British jammer—the "Stornaway" 's due in the mornin'—'cording to the shippin' news. (Laughs.) Some o' the boys was wonderin' whether you'd make a haul for it—or maybe Cap'n Nat Whitney. Nat's back in the bar now.

NORTON (Snort): If I hadn't cracked a foremast, last run to the Banks, maybe I'd try it. But the weather's gettin' bad—thick as soup 'fore mornin', I reckon.

TIMKINS: Aye—I was just wonderin'. (Laughs.) The boys are makin' bets on who it'ud be—you or Cap'n Whitney. I don't calc'late any o' the rest of 'em would try it. (Clicks of glasses.) Thanks, Peters. Here ye are, Cap'n—better weather!

NORTON: Aye—(Drinks.) So Nat's blowin' some more, is he? Fillin' his skin with booze into the bargain, I venture. Nat's a fair sailor—but 'pears to me like he needs plenty o' courage out of a bottle—'fore he ventures forth!

TIMKINS (undertone): Easy, Cap'n—he's comin' in.

WHITNEY (growling, drunken): Well, well—well—if it ain't my old pal—Cap'n Abadiah Norton! Damme if it ain't! Comin' down to get in the race, Ab?

NORTON: Ye can race yerself this time, Nat—but ye better have a mate along who can keep ye under the quilts!

(Continued on page 105)



Norton: Shake, Nat, we can be friends 'stead o' fightin' all our days. What say?

RADIO RESOLUTIONS

Mere Listener Gets Short Shrift When Big Radio Shots Gather to Dine

By Fred Smith



Mr. MacNamee smiled the magic name of Rudy. And Rudy's resolution for 1930 was to "Beware of Rudy Vallee imitators."

THIS time Fred puts on cap and bells the while he spreads an imaginary festive board not far from the Greenwich Village Pump and Trough. With charity for nobody and malice toward all he bears the pan down over the hot coals. Read on but let's don't get sore, anybody.—Editor.

HERE'S to 1930!" shouted Graham MacNamee, holding high hi glass of sparkling fizz water.

"To 1930!" responded on thousand voices, as everyone likewis rose, held glasses high.

Graham and the thousand, which mad a Thousand and One, had just conclude a midnight meal at the Greenwich Villag Nut Club where they, the great of Radio dom, had gathered to pledge their lofties RADIO RESOLUTIONS FOR 193 They all sat at little tables lined togethe in the form of a gigantic horse-shoe. I the center of the outer rim of the horse shoe stood Chairman Major Andrew White and Master of Ceremonies Mac Namee. To their right and left stood with goblets held high, the respectiv presidents of the Columbia Broadcastin System and the National Broadcastin Company, Willie Paley and Merlin Ayles worth.

Then came Commercial Sponsors Advertising Agencies; Praise Agent Program Destructors; Technicians; An nouncers—train and trained; Artists model and actual; Visitors from the Pres and, at the very tip of the left leg of th horse-shoe, a group of five who appeare to be modestly over-joyed at their priv lege of associating with this grand gat ering of Notable Negligents. This grou of five constituted the representativ from the great American listening publ They were under the impression that th Nut Club affair had been planned for the especial benefit.

AMID the nutty wise-cracking of a nouncers, the laughter of ladies, t booming guffaws of all the others, t spokesman of the Listeners' Committ shouted:

"Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!"

But the Chairman was busy listening remarks by Mr. MacNamee. The assem lage was getting again to its seats. A amid the confusion, and the obvious desi of everyone to do their very best for t American public, the Listeners' Spoke man could get the attention of no on Even his four companions heeded him n so enraptured were they by smiles sho ered upon them by such lovely ladies Olive Palmer, Jessica Dragonette, Hel Nugent, Olive Shea.

"Ladies and Gentlemen (of the Rad audience)," cried Graham MacNamee, am now turning the microphone—figu tively speaking—over to my old frie Major Andrew White, the announcer

FOR 1930

sports events, who had the world by its comety tail until I hopped over the Moon into the Milky Way. In the meantime, Chairman White, if you don't mind, I should like to send a couple of the waiters with a bucket out to the Village *pump* once again—I see that our punch bowls (at least mine) have suffered from the obviously volatile quality of Greenwich Village waters."

A waiter ran up to Graham, whispered something in his ear. By this time Major White was on his feet and his hands—that is, standing up he leaned forward with his hands upon the table. Graham seemed irritated by the question put to him by the waiter and he exclaimed *sotto voce*, angrily:

"Not at all! What the deuce do I care? I have tried all the Village pumps myself many a time and have never been able to determine upon any fine distinctions. I don't give a blank what kind, color or temperature you bring, providing you don't try to substitute Hudson River water for good old Greenwich Village pump water!"

With which words the waiters went, with water they returned.

IN THE meantime the Major had been saying:

"My dear Radio friends, and Representatives of the Great American Public (Applause)—Public—in whose honor we have assembled here (Applause) I am now turning the microphone over to Graham MacNamee who, as you will remember, has often been heard via your loudspeakers as a loudspeaker (Applause) speaking loudly. No one has ever been able to say of Graham that he is a Speakeasy nor that he is ever found in the company of speakeasies."

There was great applause, and at the same time the two waiters appeared with a bucket of pump water between them. Graham didn't know which pleased him most—their return or the return of his opportunity to address his beloved audience. But, quaffing off a tin-cup full of the Village water, he arose and shouted:

"And now Ladies and Gentlemen, we are ready for our RADIO RESOLUTIONS. It is my pleasure and privilege to present Benign Bruce Barton who is with us as the special representative of American Advertising Agencies. Mr. Barton."

Said Mr. Barton: "My clients have been more than satisfied with my sincerity and pull with the Middle West where my philosophy is most sympathetically appreciated. Yet I have labored upon an advertising campaign for the year 1930 which would make them more than ever grateful to my dignified ingenuity. I have concluded a grand plan for making the entire population of the United States Radio minded. My idea is to combine and unify the advertising efforts of leaders in the field.

"As you all know, every manufacturer of Radio sets tells you his set is the best, the most wonderful, the supreme *objet d'art* in the Radio world. As we all know, they can not all be right. But who would dare say that all of them—or any one of them—is a careless custodian of the truth? After all, it is a well known advertising principle that absolute truth is of little importance. And in this case these superlatives only indicate the limitation of the human mind in formulating flattering fatuities. I propose to help the advertisers who have reached their bragging limits by merging the names of four or five names of Radio manufacturers into one supreme trade name, spend their combined advertising appropriations in disseminating the same big idea. Thus, by changing Mr. Kent's name to *Cant*, and indicating Radio Corporation of America merely by *Radio* (as do the Stock Market listings—how well I know it!) we could deluge the American public with a campaign for bigger and better Radio under the caption: CANT KOLSTER RADIO MAJESTICALLY!

ASIDE from the advantage of multiplied advertising power —which would enable us to pay higher salaries to our poorly paid entertainers (Applause)—most of whom only receive $1,000 for three or four songs—we Advertising Agencies could not then have to repeat so continuously and so foolishly this story of supremacy which loses its force through repetition. I believe my plan will work for Radio manufacturers, and if it does, we shall then apply it to all industries. I therefore pledge this Resolution to Radio Listeners on behalf of the advertising industry in the United States; That for 1930 every group of the nation's business now using broadcasting as an advertising medium—automobiles, soaps, beverages, magazines, radios, cigarettes, lip-sticks, corn-plasters, germicides—will combine to sponsor bigger and better programs in which the stinkum about supremacy can be exploited more generously, more munificently and with greater effect upon the credulous public."

As Mr. Barton resumed his sitting posture, and the Thousand and One applauded, the Spokesman for the Representatives of the American Radio Listeners jumped to his feet and *at* what



"My Radio Resolution for 1930—" Whatever the resolution may have been Chairman Major White did not finish. He said: "I see a familiar Voice on the floor and I am sure you would all like to hear from him."

he thought was an opportunity to get a couple of words in edgewise. Graham and the Major were so occupied with some point of discussion they completely overlooked the Listeners' Representative's Spokesman. The Major, seeing that the Bartonic applause was subsiding, got to his feet, shouted:

"The program will continue with introductions by Mr. MacNamee."

Graham rose as Major sat, said satisfiedly:

"THIS is Graham MacNamee speaking! I shall now turn the microphone back to our good friend who may not be as good a sports announcer as I am, but right now he is willing to show you that he is a better *sport* than I am by announcing an announcer whom some critics consider competent to cop the corona from all other sports announcers."

The Major was laughing so heartily his spectacles—strung as usual to his nose by that fascinating and flowing black ribbon—were about to fall from their perch into the punch bowl. Said he:

"After that Mr. Ted Husing needs no introduction."

That's what Ted must have thought also, for he sprang with characteristic agility to his feet and began:

"My dear friends and admirers: The government regulation making it imperative for stations to announce their call letters at least every fifteen minutes, has given me an idea. Out of this idea I have formed my RADIO RESOLUTION FOR 1930. Beginning January first, I have resolved to stop talking every fifteen minutes in order that the person or persons with whom I happen to be conversing, that is to say, to whom I am talking, or, in other words, listening to me,—now let me repeat that: I have resolved to stop talking for a brief pause every fifteen minutes in order that those with whom I happen to be conversing may introduce their friends, make nice remarks—about me!—ask me some more questions."

Ted's Resolution—so generous—showed how indifferent he was to envy, how magnanimous he was, and it also proved that a very sure way of escaping molestation by the envy and jealousy of others is to concentrate one's entire flow of thought upon one's self. As Ted said to Bill Ensign, who was seated beside him: "Let others think and talk about others. As for me, I've got enough to do talking about myself."

(Continued on page 110)

MEET THEM

Closeup Views of Your As You Hear Them





A penny for the thoughts of Richard Bonelli—and a penny wasted, for he doubtless is wondering how long he'll have to hold that pose for the photographer. Bonelli appears thus as Figaro in the Barber of Seville over the NBC. At the right is Hank Karch and his high powered banjo.

JUST a little bit of everything from grand opera to a Silly-phone you will find on these pages of Radio Digest's Picture Program.

Meeting them face to face you will find in the upper left hand corner Mr. Richard Bonelli of the Chicago Civic Opera.

Below comes that very popular WLW banjokester Hank Karch. Hand anything with a few strings over a bridge of frets to Hank and he will produce music that will make you dance.

And the dog? Oh that's Skippy, bless his heart! Whatta life! Simply loved to death by Bessie Browning on Dave Elman's Show Folks program over the CBS. Skippy has a dog's part in Miss Browning's skit. He wows 'em.

Maybe it'll light, maybe it won't. What of it? No reason for such worried looks on the part of Fenton Barrett, tenor, and J. B. Laster of the Ceco Couriers (CBS). Let Hubert Hendrie do the worrying, it's his lighter and cigarette.

Going back 3,000 years, Gerald Stopp tells his Bible drama actors how to take the NBC audience back to the days of Moses.

We can wind this page up with a lively xylophone solo by Gerald Sullivan of the B. A. Rolfe Lucky Strike orchestra.



Bessie Browning and Skippy who perform during the Show Folks hour on the Columbia system. Putting on the dog means putting on Skippy—and what a necker he is!





Biblical drama over the NBC network has revived interest in ancient history. Gerald Stopp, director, is conducting a rehearsal.

That highly critical moment when one never knows whether it will or it won't—such are the worries in the life of the three Ceco Couriers heard over the CBS.



Xylophoning keeps one fit and is one of the best exercises known to the musical profession—the music also is inspiring. This is Gerald Sullivan poised for a Lucky Strike with the Rolfe orchestra.

Face to Face

Favorite Radio Artists From Their Studios

CONTINUING with our Radio Digest Picture Page Program ve find the reticent looking gentleman in Labrador decollete in the pper right hand corner is none ther than Motorville's favorite poet aureate, Edgar A. Guest.

Don't draw hasty conclusions rom the fez for the young man nderneath it with the covered bath ub is not an Oriental at all. He ; Sven Von Hallberg, the Swedish oldier of Fortune.

The happy pair below is one of ie world's best organized partnerhips. Jesse Crawford is called the oet of the Organ and his mate eserves the crown of Poetess of ie Organ. Heard over CBS.

Back to the farm and huskin' bees ou go with Uncle Josh and His uskers at the KSTP of St. Paul.

Manito-woc-to-woc-to-woc! Great ollege yell possibilities for the Al hnert Ginger Boys heard over 'OMT, Manitowoc, Wis.

"It's a second cousin to a saxoone and has a strain of the xyloone but sounds much like the iddle cleff whistle of the Robert Lee," explained Larry Wright his Sillyphone (lower left).



Sven Von Hallberg, Swedish adventurer, who directs the NBC feature Echoes of the Orient.

Edgar A. Guest just after he had talked to the Columbia audience during the Majestic Theatre of the Air program. He's famous Wolverine poet.





These two compose one of the most notable harmony teams in the world. Jesse and Mrs. Crawford, who play twin organs in the great Paramount theatre, New York. They are heard over the Columbia system. Beyond the Crawfords are Uncle Josh and His Huskers of KSTP, Minnesota's Twin Cities.



Larry Wright and his Sillyphone.



Hot Manitowoc, Wisconsin, jazzters who are heard over WOMT. Al Ehnert is called the Paul Ash of Manitowoc.



Ah, what magic tune doth his majesty's trumpeter blow to invoke such bliss serene? (An' lookit the wrinkles in his socks —kenue majinit!) They were in the Westinghouse Salute to Steel, me lord.



Helene: My dear your letter was slightly gaucherie but the whistling sound you heard breezing through the WTMJ Victorian concerts is explained above. What? Heavens no! Not a false hair in a chinload!



"It's a fast world," said Miss Eileen Pat Phillippi leaning on her gold top cane and speaking to the KSTP twilight audience, "you gotta start young. Looka me—four —an gotta date with a boy friend to go kiddiekarting round the block."



They're all here but the turkey for Turkey in the Straw. WIP Country Gentlemen rarin to go for a barn dance.



John Philip Sousa, the Grand Old Band Man, hesitated long before he decided to march his famous company before the dinky little microphone. He likes it now.



Sure as Saturday morning rolls around you'll hear Jerry Harrington (left) the little Irish tenor, Irene Harris and Fred Laws from WCCO.





Charles Marshall, above, looks just like that when you hear him in Aida over the NBC from the Chicago Civic Opera.



Thar's deep ultra marine blue notes in them thar saxoh-moans. They come to you from WIL, St. Louis — an' youall know them St. Louis blues!

From way down in ol' Alabam you can hear James L. Bailey doing his sax and croon stuff over WJBY at Gadsden.





First it's to Portland, then Pasadena, then back home to KPO, San Francisco and then to Los Angeles to broadcast sport events so Don Thompson (left) has to fly.



They're dynamite—no, the Kilowatt Twins, Maud and Zona Sheridan, merely give you a jolly jolt when they harmonize over WFLA, Clearwater, Florida.

"How do you like Atlantic City?" asked the WPG reporter of Leo, the visiting lion. "Oh-ah-WOW," Leo answered while nuts, screws and springs flew from the mike. They think he may have swallowed a few.

Matrimonial Misadventures of

GERTRUDE

Brother Harry Nearly Fixes Things up but Gert and Victor Find New Ways to Spoil the Picture

GERTRUDE is an exceedingly peppy, modern young woman. When her brother Harry inherits a million he determines to make a lady out of Gert, giving her anything she wants, which turns out to be a husband. Aftey buying the prospect a divorce Brotner Harry starts around the world.

By the time he returns to the happy couple Gertrude has found marriage a mirage, and again Harry foots the bills. But he is sympathetic when husband Victor gets thrown out of his happy home, his clothes flying after. Of course the fact that Little Harry has red hair, while neither Gert nor Victor have the slightest evidence of such a tinge, complicates matters.

But when Gert finds Victor in another woman's arms she decides that enough is too much. Since Harry is to blame for the discovery he decides to make a surprise visit on the boy.

CHAPTER VII

I FOUND Victor at the piano playing his latest song—LONGINGS. It was a saddish sort of song; probably that's why he was playing it. I mean the music was sad. The words went like this:

I don't want no
Dollar-down, dollar-a-week daddy.
I don't want no
Five-cent, ten-cent, Wrigley-Woolworth sheik,
I want to be a queen,
And have a limousine.
And a poppa who will put me on the silver screen.



"Mabel's not feeling well. She ran into a lamp post and blacked her eye," said Mabel's mother.

The door of the flat wasn't locked this time, either, so I walked right in. When he heard me, Victor sort of dodged, as if he expected somebody to hit him. But when he saw who it was . . .

"Harry!" he cried.

"Victor, old boy, I came as soon as I could. Gert tells me—!"

"It isn't so."

"We'll go into that later. Who was the Jane she beat up?"

"Mabel Montgomery!"

"Great Scott! How long has this been going on?"

"It hasn't been going on."

"Well, Gert says—"

"I don't care what she says. She's got me wrong, Harry. Maybe I should have told her about the flat. But there's not another thing—honest, there isn't."

"But Gert says when she came in Mabel was kissing you!"

"She was. You know Mabel—she kisses everybody."

"That's right. Blame the woman."

"I'm not blaming anybody. I'm just telling you how it happened."

"Well, how did it happen?"

"We'd just been rehearsing my new song."

"LONGINGS?"

"Yes. It's got a funny kind of swing to it, and Mabel didn't get it at first. But finally she catches on and sings it like a million dollars. And I'm pleased, and tell her so. And she's pleased—with me, and the song, and herself, and everything—so she throws her arms around my neck and kisses me. Honest, Harry, it didn't mean any more than a puppy wagging its tail. I tried to explain it to Gert, and so did Mabel when she found out who Gert was. But Gert wouldn't listen to either of us—she just waded in. And now she's sent me all my clothes. What'll I do?"

"Wear 'em, I suppose."

"I mean what'll I do about Gert?"

"You can't do anything, I'm afraid. She's through, Victor."

"BUT it's not fair. I—love my home—and I love Gert—and I—I love little Harry."

"I know you do," I said. "It's a funny thing about little Harry. Gert don't remember him, of course, because she never saw him, but little Harry is a dead ringer for Grandfather Giddings—red hair and all."

"What's that?"

"I said little Harry is just like my grandfather."

"Was your grandfather's hair red—like little Harry's?"

"Redder. Grandma called him Brick-Top till her dying day."

Maybe you think I was crazy to tell this to Victor at this time. But I was sorry for him. And when you're sorry for people, you do the first thing that comes into your head.

Well, you should have seen his face! He couldn't have looked happier if there'd been a dozen flies in his ointment, and I'd come along and swatted them all.

"Harry, old man," he said, "I can't thank you enough for telling me this. It makes all the difference in the world."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I replied. "If you think little Harry's looking like his great grandfather is going to help you with Gert, you're mistaken."

"I thought maybe you'd help me."

"How?"

"By telling Gert the truth."

"What is the truth?"

"Why, what I just told you!"

"Oh, I'll tell her that!" I said.

I didn't intend to tell Gert anything, though, till I'd checked up on Victor. You see, I knew Mabel.

Mabel lived on Sunset boulevard with her mother, who met me at the front door with a tale of woe.

"Mabel's not feeling well," she said. "She's shortsighted but she won't wear glasses. So she ran into a lamp post by mistake and blacked her eye."

"It's a crime!" I said. "They ought to make their lamp posts out of rubber. Can I see Mabel?"

"Well, she don't generally receive gentlemen callers in her bedroom, but I guess maybe she'll see you, Harry."

I found poor Mabel propped up in bed, with a plate of marshmallows at her elbow, and a bandage over one eye.

"Hullo, Harry! How's every little thing?"

"Fine!" I said.

By SALISBURY FIELD

Illustrations by
DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS



found poor Mabel in bed eating marshmallows. "I want the uth about that black eye," I ys, "and nothing else but."

"Have a marshmallow?"
"No, thanks."
"Don't you like 'em?"
"Yes, I like them—but not enough to t them. How are things with you?"
" Rotten! Did ma tell you how I run to a lamp post?"
"She did."
"If you want the truth, Harry, that lamp ost was your sister."
"I know it," I said. "And that's exactly what I want—the uth, and nothing else but."

CHAPTER VIII.

MABEL'S story was much the same as Victor's:
"It's like this, Harry. Victor's been saying for days he was going to write me a song. So I've kidded im along, just the way I'd kid any song writer. Because you ever know who's coming through with a live one next, and ictor's got a lot of talent—everybody says so.
"So today, when he lamped me on Broadway, he says he's ist finished a humdinger, and won't I come up to the flat id give it the high C. So I did, and it wasn't so worse. So felt real friendly toward Victor.
"But honest, Harry, that kiss I give him didn't mean a ing. Victor hasn't got any more sex appeal than a cupa offee. And then in walks your sister that I don't know from dam, and starts beating me up. What I want to know is—ho's going to pay the cover charge?"
The cover charge, it seemed, was based on the value of a ertain blue dress of which Gert had shown me a sample. here was also the cost of hiring a substitute to sing at the ed Mill—for one night, and probably two. For Mabel was a abaret singer, and unless you have two black eyes, and they're oth naturals, you're not allowed on the floor.
"Then there's my feelings," she said. "Mental anguish ain't heap, Harry."
"How much?"
"Well, seeing it's you . . . ."
She named a price that made me gasp.
"Look here!" I said; "be sensible."
"Maybe you'd rather have your sister arrested for salt and battery?"
"A whole lot rather. The judge wouldn't fine her more than ten dollars."
"But there's the scandal!"
"A mere nothing," I said. "Just wait till my sister divorces Victor and names you."
"Gee! She wouldn't do that?"
"You can positively count on her doing it—unless I convince her she was mistaken about you and Victor."
"Well, maybe I did ask too much. Tell you what I'll do—"
"No, you won't. I'll tell you. You'll take exactly a hundred and fifty dollars—not a cent more."
"Sure, I will. No hard feelings, Harry?"
"None whatever," I said. "You're a nice kid, Mabel. I hope your eye gets better soon."
"Oh, that's all right!" said Mabel. "There's a bird here in Hollywood—and boy, but he keeps busy!—who paints 'em up so pretty they look just like new. I'll be on the job tonight, don't you worry. So-long."

(Continued on page 108)

Back Stage with

Spectators Are Important Big Show Boat Effects Who Takes Readers



G. Underhill Macy, Hank Simmons of Showboat fame.

Nell matches her virtue against the treacherous designs of Jack Dalton, we will take leave of the loudspeaker and, stealing backstage, satisfy a longing curiosity by seeing just how this Radio production is staged.

There in the studios of WABC our illusions are cruelly broken into bits and scattered to the four winds. No stage or its settings are apparent and there is little of the color and glamour of the theatre—even if the theatre is but supposedly an unpretentious showboat. In groups of three and four, the cast, scripts in hand, are centered around the three microphones, arranged to effect perfect balance and voice blending. A large orchestra, or, to be more precise, the "Maybelle" band, is seated towards one side of the studio, ever alert for their numerous cues. Freddie Rich, veteran of over a thousand Radio programs, is their conductor. Whenever the opportunity confronts itself, he steals a glance towards the action of the play, for, although he has been present at over sixty of these performances, the well-known baton-wielder still finds in them a certain something that few Radio programs possess. Perhaps it is "that something" that causes the immense popularity of Hank Simmons' Showboat, evidenced by the enthusiastic response of its countless listeners. But rather than dwell upon the same, we shall continue our little exploration jaunt and find out what we may.

By Robert S. Taplinger

YOU are seated in a deep, comfortable chair. The clock on the mantelpiece, if correct, is striking the hour. Your Radio is tuned to one of the many stations associated with the Columbia Broadcasting system that receive the programs from the studios of WABC in New York City. From out of the loudspeaker comes a mingling of voices, creating the impression of a populace in a holiday mood; a band strikes up a lively march, and above the rest of the din a few shouts are heard.

"Here you are, folks! Right this way for tonight's show. A great performance with big time entertainment between the acts is all yours for only twenty or thirty cents with a few box seats left at one-half an ordinary dollar."

"Say, Pa, can't we go in now?"

"Get yourself some fresh buttered popcorn here, folks, it's good for—"

"Two bags, please, mister."

And for a minute or two this continues. There are the sounds of people scurrying for seats, then the band strikes a chord and after a few hushes, all is quiet. A deep resonant voice speaks.

"LADIES and Gentlemen—I have here in my hands the Hank Simmons' Showboat song album containing the late song hits of the past few years—twenty-five in all. The regular price is one cent apiece, making a total of one-fourth of one dollar. For tonight only, folks, I'm going to let you have them for but ten cents a copy."

Cheers and loud hand-clapping interrupt. Then—

"Good evening, folks, I can't tell you how glad I am to be back in Smiths Landing, as this place sure is home to me and all of you sitting out there are my good friends." Another outburst of appreciation comes, for it is the genial Hank Simmons, himself, who so addresses the audience.

"Tonight, folks, you are going to see a great show entitled, "The Hand of Fate." And he goes on to tell the merits of the play, identify the cast and describe the setting of the scene. "Thank you, everybody—," then in a half whisper, "Flash the orchestra, Joe."

The etheral curtain parts and the play is on. And while Little

PROBABLY the most novel and theatre-like feature of this broadcast to those of us who are seeking the "why and wherefore," is the important part the large studio audience plays in its success. The spectators are invited to attend. Many of them are friends of the performers, others come from the legitimate stage to sit and wonder, some are elderly folk who delight in recalling the days when the arrival of a showboat at the river-landing was a gala occasion, while others are just ordinary dyed-in-the-wool Radio enthusiasts. These people, numbering about seventy-five in all, are seated in tiers. Fifteen minutes before the announcer signals "You're on the air" the group is put through a complete rehearsal as their efforts are vital to the success of the production. For instance:—When they are to applaud, Harry Browne, who directs the entire program and plays the leading role, holds up a cardboard sign reading, "Applaud." Or, in accordance with the varying expressions of mass emotion there are other signs displaying "boos and hisses," "cheers," "laughs," and others. The gallery is enthusiastic over its duties, and to see the men, women and children lean forward on their chairs and faithfully register the various sentiments requested of them, is a treat.

Indeed, it is all a happy contrast to the supposedly sophisticated age in which we are now living. Its essence and background hark back to the early tent and road-show days when people regarded their heroes, heroines and villains with all seriousness, wept over the tragedy that figuratively darkened the stage before them, hooted every step the villain made, and cheered to an echo the hero of the moment.

Before becoming acquainted with the identities of the thespians, we shall delve into the mysteries of the contraptions that produce the realistic sound effects. One of the first that attracts our attention is a wind machine, composed of a large wooden roller with a layer of canvas weighted on its surface. A few turns of the handle and a wind storm is the result. Other ingenious devices include a large wired board with batteries attached, upon which are a variety of buttons that have for their purpose the sound of bells—bells belonging to doors, alarm clocks, telephones, etc. Then there is a large cylindrical drum that gives the impression of a roaring sea with the aid of dried peas rolled around its surface: and there are numerous other contrivances in evidence such as whistles, chains, wooden blocks—each concocted to created a specific effect that broadcasts better than the real sound would.

Showboat Actors

Part of Hank Simmons' Declares Taplinger Behind the Scenes

SEATED in the midst of this melange is Harry Swan who is in charge of sound effects for the Columbia system. He has made an extensive study of them and is considered an expert in his line. Time and time again he is called upon to exercise his ingenuity to contrive a unique device that would stump many a theatrical property man. Although Swan is commissioned to attend exclusively to this phase of the production, he is sometimes called upon to interpret several of the roles. He is a capable actor at that, for we learn that he was once the sole performer in a half-hour script act in which he played eleven characters comprising six nationalities, and four animals.

And now we turn our attention towards the players who are doing so admirably in their respective roles.

First in order is Harry C. Browne, who originated and produces Hank Simmons Showboat. He is the heavy, broad-shouldered man, now very busy directing the cast and portraying the principal masculine role, that of "Henry Clinton." Despite the burden of these two duties, he is, at the same time, holding up the cards to guide the on-lookers in their audible expressions. We are told that although he must pull out these instructions from amongst the entire lot with all possible speed, he has never been erroneous in his selection of the right card. Such an error would be disastrous.



Hank and "local color" boost their show.

We will pause a moment to delve into the histrionic background of this capable showman. Dropping the study of law when the call to arms sounded for the Spanish-American War, Harry Browne soon became a very definite part of army life. When he was not fighting, he was entertaining his fellow soldiers with vocal selections to his own banjo accompaniment. Following the war, Browne went on the lecture platform and thence to the political soap-box. But the presidential election of 1900 crushed his latter aspirations—William Jennings Bryan had been his candidate.

Having faith in his proficiency as an actor, he turned to the boards" in his endeavors to elevate the American stage. He found it a difficult task but for twenty-five years he continued in his efforts. How much he contributed to this purpose is a matter of opinion, but that he did help greatly is certain. Whatever he has done for the theatre, he believes that it has done much for him in return. His loyalty to his purpose developed him to such an extent that during the last ten years he has been identified with some of the best plays and players. During that time he played every conceivable kind of a part in comedy, drama and tragedy and for four seasons has had prominent parts in musical comedies. He appeared as leading man with Lillian Russell, Mary Ryan, Rose Stahl, Frances Starr, Edith Talliaferro and Irene Bordoni. Only a short time ago he played the leading role of Channing Pollock's "The Fool," succeeding James Kirkwood. His last engagement in the theatre was the portrayal of the Rev. Morrel in the Actor's Theatre production of "Candida," by Bernard Shaw.

BETWEEN his engagements behind the footlights, Mr. Browne identified himself with many of the stars in their earlier moving picture successes. He played opposite Mary Pickford when her now shorn curls were just coming into prominence. This was in "The Eagle's Mate," her first starring vehicle after she left the old Biograph studios. One of his last appearances in the films was with Constance Talmadge in Scandal." Between these two pictures he had featured roles with Mae Murray, Hazel Dawn, Corrine Griffith, stars of the screen, so that whether it was footlights or Klieg lights, Harry C. Browne more than made good.

All this while the banjo was hibernating, waiting for sunshine to bring it out in all its glory, and finally the opportunity shone forth. The Columbia Phonograph offered him a contract to record his old blackface minstrel songs, and as a result he "canned" over fifty numbers with his own accompaniment. It was at this time Mr. Browne was featured in two musical comedy successes, "Oh! Lady! Lady! and the "Little Hopper."

He entered Radio in 1926 as manager of station WGHP in Detroit and one year later, following the suggestion of Major Andrew White, he joined the Columbia Broadcasting system where he originated Hank Simmons Showboat and other stellar features.

G. Underhill Macy, who portrays Hank Simmons, comes by his talents naturally. His mother was a contralto, well-known concert and oratorio audiences of a past generation while his father was a favorite bass of his time. It was the intention of the elder Macy to guide his son towards a career other than the stage, but the call of the footlights proved the stronger. One day a minstrel show came to town, and the youngster, with no other experience than the singing which he had done as a church soloist in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, applied for a part. He was accepted and left with the troupe. Afterwards he toured in vaudeville, appearing on all the major circuits, and was also featured in a number of musical comedy productions as the "Ace of Harmonistic Humor." Now he is devoting his time and talents to Radio, appearing on many of Columbia's programs with a variety of contributions.

Filling the role of Jane McGrew is Little Edith Thayer, recording artist and actress of the cleverest type, who has no peer in "kid" impersonations. In Elsie May Gordon we see Maybelle, the troupe's soubrette. There are others deserving of mention, including good Phil Maher, the script adapter, whose own original vehicles are often selected for presentation, and who is now sitting on a box in the corner, surveying the happenings from this advantageous point. He is an actor and playright of the old school.

THERE is much more to learn and you would tarry longer but the time is short—in fact, there is but one minute of grace. And, like Cinderella, you must take sudden leave just as our hero is taking Little Nell into his strong arms.

Now you are at home again, seated before the Radio. While the "Maybelle" band plays the exit march, the audience is heard scuffling from the "theatre." As the music fades, the voice of the announcer grows louder with:

"Once again the curtain has fallen on one of Hank Simmons Showboat productions. Next week at this time you are again invited to be Hank's guests aboard his floating theatre when the great melodrama, "Hearts of the Blue Ridge," will be played. This program comes to you over the Columbia system.

The Gigolo Mystery

By **Arthur B. Reeve**

WHAT subtle and mysterious ingredient had entered the blood stream of beautiful Lola Langhorne and caused her skin to turn a ghastly green as her life ebbed away in the lonely cabin of the Gigolo?

Even the master detective, Craig Kennedy, was mystified. But while searching for a motive he uncovered a recently organized clique under the direction of Eversly Barr to import a cargo of contraband booze. Barr and Donato, known as Don the Dude, were using their peculiar charm for women to involve not only Lola Langhorne, the pretty divorcee, and her yacht, but also little Judy Hancock, the seventeen-year-old banker's daughter. Then there were the night club girls, Mazie Mellish, jealous of Trixe Dare, and perhaps of Lola, too.

From Mazie, Craig obtained his first clews that led him through some of the the intricacies of the New York rum runners' labyrinth. He obtained an introduction to Dietz, a liquor broker, and through Dietz as a guide and sponsor Kennedy went out to the fleet in search of the ship that had carried the other members of the party that had been associated with Lola Langhorne just before her death.

Dietz took Craig Kennedy and his newspaper reporter friend, Walter Jameson, to the tanker where Eversly Barr and his party were waiting for the storm occasioned by Lola's death to blow over.

Posing as a prospective customer for a large quantity of the best liquor, Kennedy was at the same time pumping Barr and

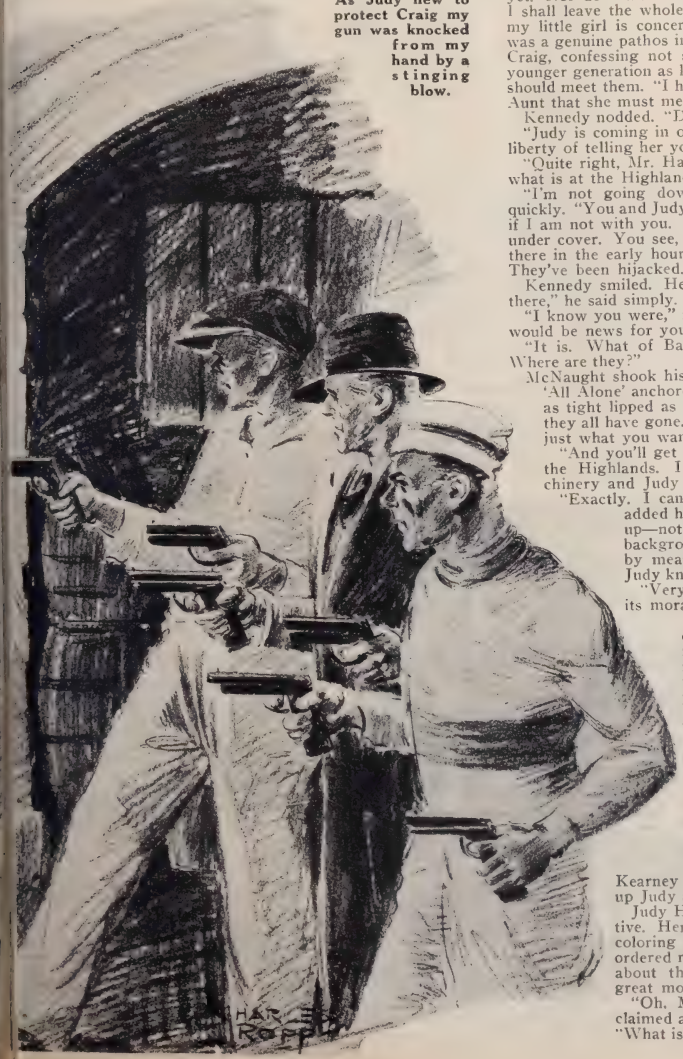
Illustrations by Charles Ropp



Craig Kennedy Invades the Armory Castle of the Rum Runners in Search of Captain Smith and Meets Trouble

s companions, who included Trixie Dare, Jean Bartow and on the Dude. Some of the mysterious background of what ppened just before Lola Langhorne met her death was being vealed by the gang when suddenly there was a series of plosions and the cry—"Hi-Jackers!"

Among the leaders of the pirate crew was flip little Mazie ellish. She made straight for Trixie, and the hair flew. Sudnly remembering business, the leaders of the hi-jackers cognized Dietz and turned him and his companions loose.



As Judy flew to protect Craig my gun was knocked from my hand by a stinging blow.

Chapter X.

JUDY PLAYS STOOLPIGEON

FAGGED by the all-night trip out to Rum Row, I was awakened early the next morning when Kennedy answered a call at our buzzer.

I was amazed when I saw McNaught walk into our living room accompanied by a very haggard banker, Hancock, the father of the debonaire little Judy.

"We know, Kennedy, that Deitz has been operating from a place they call the Castle, somewhere in the Highlands," shot out McNaught in a business-like manner. "We also know that we are just about to locate it—how, I cannot tell you just yet. But we are not ready to crash the Castle yet. What we want is to locate this Captain Ryder Smith in the Lola Langhorne murder. That is the place to get the line on him. And little Judy Hancock, who has been using wireless to communicate with the rum fleet, knows the Castle." McNaught turned to Hancock.

The banker inclined his head. "In that case Judy must make reparation. She must lead you as best she can to what it is you want to learn in running down this scandalous affair." He frowned. "I am not going to trust myself to see my daughter—yet. Nor do I want to see young Barr, or any of them. No: I shall leave the whole matter of handling the case, as far as my little girl is concerned, in your hands, Kennedy." There was a genuine pathos in the tone of the banker as he turned to Craig, confessing not so much his inability to deal with the younger generation as his doubt of controlling his temper if he should meet them. "I have conveyed word to Judy through her Aunt that she must meet you, sir, and help you."

Kennedy nodded. "Depend on me. Where shall I meet her?"

"Judy is coming in on the North Shore express. I took the liberty of telling her you would meet her at the station."

"Quite right, Mr. Hancock. Now, McNaught, tell me about what is at the Highlands and your program."

"I'm not going down with you, Kennedy," he answered quickly. "You and Judy Hancock will go through with it better if I am not with you. But I shall be there. I am going down under cover. You see, in the first place the 'All Alone' put in there in the early hours of the morning—not a bottle aboard. They've been hijacked."

Kennedy smiled. He did not feign a surprise. "Yes; I was there," he said simply.

"I know you were," returned McNaught. "But I thought it would be news for you to know what happened afterward."

"It is. What of Barr and the rest? Are they on it yet? Where are they?"

McNaught shook his head. "They got away as soon as the 'All Alone' anchored. Only the crew are on it, and they're as tight lipped as clams. I don't know yet exactly where they all have gone. That's not the point. What we want is just what you want—a line on Captain Ryder Smith."

"And you'll get that at this place you call the Castle in the Highlands. I understand. It's part of Dietz's machinery and Judy must take us there."

"Exactly. I can't go; not yet. Of course," McNaught added hurriedly, "you understand, it's no round-up—not yet. That's why I want to keep in the background. I may tell you that we located it by means of our Radio 'trouble wagon.' But Judy knows where it is, and she must take you."

"Very well. I'll start with the 'All Alone' for its moral effect on her."

"The tanker's at anchor down there," explained McNaught. "We are letting no one on it. But you can go. There's really nothing on which to hold it. It was literally cleaned. But there are plenty of marks of violence."

"With no casualities," smiled Craig. "You say they've all scattered?"

"Yes Ev Barr is gone. Trixie Dare and Don the Dude have disappeared in one direction and Warner Davis and Jean Bartow in another. Of course, Mazie Mellish and Jake Merck may be out there yet, but I don't think so."

THUS it was that, inspired by McNaught and god-speeded by J. Kearney Hancock, we set out in the car to pick up Judy and go down the Bay on the ferry.

Judy Hancock made even this early trip attractive. Her eyes were bright with excitement, her coloring the healthy rose of perfect health and ordered rest, and in her big squirrel coat she was about the daintiest little law-breaker that the great moral reform had produced.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy, I'm so excited!" she exclaimed as the car swung downtown to the ferry. "What is it all about? Father and Mr. McNaught

(Continued on page 100)

Breezy Gossip of Friends at

Important News of What Big and Well as Personal Items About Their Best for Old Man

Meeting Old Friends

WHEN you sit down before your Radio set and turn the dials to your favorite station you hear the voice of an old friend. You have listened to each member of the staff of this station so many times that you have come to feel a close friendship for everyone whose voice greets you. The station itself is an old friend.

Fortunate indeed are you if you have an opportunity to visit this station, and personally meet these friends of the air. But perhaps the ones you like best are many miles away from your home, or for one reason or another you have never seen these people you hear, face to face. For you, and for the broadcasting stations, this magazine is edited.

If you fail to find a picture or a story about your friend the station, and your friend the artist, in these columns, don't blame us. We want the cooperation of every broadcaster and every reader. Tell your friend the station that you want to see a story about him, and his artists, in Radio Digest.

See Radio Drama Aid

EVER since the advent of broadcasting, views to the effect that Radio threatens the art of acting have been blazoned far and wide by men of the theater and out; there has been a general suspicion that with Radio's domination in the entertainment world, a curb to histrionic talent, owing to the limitations of Radio, is decidedly in evidence.

To all such opinions Gustave Frohman, dean of American theatrical managers, now renders a striking reply, with the prediction that in a few years Radio will create new Mansfields.

Mr. Frohman, who finds Radio and the talkies, as well as the legitimate theater adding daily new joys to his 75 years, was asked to comment on the relationship between the theater and Radio. Instantly he responded:

"Radio destroy the art of acting? Why, Radio is going to be the school of acting. It will create greater actors."

As for "killing the theater" through the advance of Radio, Mr. Frohman finds the suggestion ludicrous. "Not so!" he exclaimed. "Nothing can kill the theater. There is an audience for everything worth while in America.

"While I'm on the subject," he added, "may I say that I'd like the drama and the talking pictures to be presented with the same fine musical setting that surrounds Radio presentations."

Mr. Frohman declared that the microphone will prove to be the greatest professor of acting, that voices and general dramatic technique will be trained on the conception of thrilling invisible audiences, and he contends that with the development of showmanship in Radio, the art of the thespian will be accentuated in force and fervor, so that by the time television arrives, when gestures and expressions will assist the elocutionist, we will find finer diction and voice control than ever before in dramatic history.

NBC, Germany Trade

FOLLOWING final approval by the Reichpost Ministerium of Germany, the exchange of Radio programs between German stations and the National Broadcasting company has been started. Three experimental programs are directed to the NBC each day by the German Broadcasting company.

These programs are sent through a short-wave station recently erected especially for that purpose at Konigswusterhausen. A definite effort toward working out a schedule for their reception and re-broadcasting will be continued until the signal quality is considered worthy of being placed on a regular broadcast basis for stations associated with the NBC.

Programs, when found available, will be of special nature, bringing from Germany broadcasts typical of that nation, and sending to Germany programs typically American. Descriptions of important events, speeches of prominent officials and other types of entertainment will be included.

Approval of the international Radio alliance, proposed early last Summer during a visit to Germany by M. R. Aylesworth, president, and C. W. Horn, general engineer for the NBC, and furthered a few weeks later when a delegation of German broadcast officials came here, was approved early in October.

Hear Great Conductors

AN OPPORTUNITY to hear for the first time the great symphony orchestra conductors broadcast a series of concerts is being given in the Atwater Kent hour.

The list includes such musical celebrities as Fritz Reiner of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra; Willem Mengelberg of the New York Philharmonic Symphony orchestra; Willem van Hoogstraten of the Portland, Oregon, Symphony orchestra and director for five years of the Lewissohn Stadium concerts in New York; Eugene Goossens, famous modern English composer and director of the Rochester Symphony orchestra; Enrique Fernandez Arbos, for twenty-five years director of the Madrid Symphony orchestra and guest conductor this year of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra; Artur Rodzinski, director of the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra and associated as guest conductor with the Philharmonic of New York and the Curtis Institute of Music: and several others.

It has long been appreciated by students of music that an orchestral concert is a fifty-fifty demonstration of the works of the composers represented on the program and the interpretative ability of the orchestra director. This is one of the notable policies which has characterized the work of Josef Pasternack, who has made a reputation with Radio listeners as director of the Atwater Kent Concert orchestra. This season A. Atwater Kent, sponsor of the Atwater Kent Radio hour, decided that in addition to the great opera and concert stars that have been presented in his Sunday evening Radio programs, guest conductors, who are likewise great artists, should be brought to the studio from time to time to demonstrate their individual interpretative genius.



Just a jolly crew of big outdoor men gathered in front an open fire to while away an idle hour on a frosty evening. They are Sylvania Foresters quartet, with their violinist and accompanist.

Your Favorite Radio Stations

Little Broadcasters Are Doing, as The Entertainers Who Give Mike and His Listeners

Arrangements have been made to have conductors famous throughout the United States and Europe direct the orchestra from time to time during the season. To this end the Atwater Kent orchestra, organized from Philharmonic orchestra members, has been increased to such size that it will be a complete symphonic unit.

Holland Re-Broadcast

FOR the first time in the history of Radio a program from Holland has been re-broadcast through a coast-to-coast network of American stations.

For forty-five minutes thirty stations associated with the National Broadcasting company gave listeners a program of typical Dutch music sent through a short wave transmitter located at Huizen, Holland. Seven musical selections were played from the Holland station by a small symphony orchestra of about forty pieces. Between selections the Dutch announcer described the next number and sent greetings to America in a voice that registered as clearly as though he was speaking before a microphone in this country.

The program was designed especially for American listeners, the first time such an innovation was ever attempted by any foreign Radio station. The announcer spoke in English and named specific American cities, including New York, Washington, Chicago and San Francisco, in his greeting.

Radio listeners joined engineers and musicians in acclaiming the broadcast the finest pick-up of a foreign program ever accomplished in the United States. Every note in every musical selection was heard distinctly, while the instruments in the orchestra registered as clearly as if the group had been in an American studio, according to many reports received from listeners by the NBC.

Draft Musical Star

ONE of the luminaries of the musical world has been drafted for appearance before the microphone in the person of Joseph Achron. Achron, a composer and violinist of some note, is director of the Jewish hour, an NBC feature on Sunday afternoons, sponsored by the General Committee on Jewish Religious Radio programs. The cultural valuations of the Jewish faith are stressed in the programs.

Achron is a noted musician and is a musical prodigy. He wrote his first composition when seven years old and at the age of eleven gave a concert at the Royal Palace in Russia for which he received a gold watch from the Czarina. He has been a soloist with the Boston Symphony orchestra and has composed over sixty works.

His orchestra includes the following musicians: Emanuel Bay, Serge Kotorsky, Victor Bay, Elias Lifshey, Saoum Benditzky, Guy D'Isere and Joseph Yasser.

Rosalie Wolfe, widely known NBC soprano, will be heard in the program in vocal selections. Other vocal artists to be heard include Lucien Rutman, tenor; Anna Meitchik, alto; Mosha Rudinov, baritone.

Rabbi Samuel Cohen directs the new program series and is secretary of the committee sponsoring the new hour of Radio entertainment.

* * *

Mary Hopple, contralto heard in Philco's Theater Memories, the Armstrong Quakers and other NBC programs, is an expert typist. During her high school days in Lebanon, Pa., she was awarded first prize for speed typing and set a class record of more than eighty words per minute.

Alley Once Plowman

BEN DEBER ALLEY, star tenor of the Columbia Broadcasting system, was born in the mountains of West Virginia. The boy spent his early childhood on his father's farm in Lincoln county, West Virginia, where corn and wheat and oats grow in abundance, but all too unscientifically. Ben tells with pride of his having been the champion corn-hoer of the neighborhood, and of his audience of small girls and boys as he sang at his work. Hoeing and singing stood him in good stead, for the muscles that he developed wielding a hoe were to make him a champion athlete some years later when he reached college, and singing was to prove his life's work.

The son of a Baptist minister, whose income, apart from his meager farm produce, consisted in the twenty-five dollars a week that he received for holding divine services, and whose family numbered seven children, Ben Alley's chances of a satisfactory education looked slim. He started at the country



A scene from Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, with Eva La Gallienne as Hedda, and Sayre Crawley as Judge Brack. Presented by WABC and the Columbia system.



First line defense—Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, former secretary of the Navy, who talked over the NBC system on the necessity of progress in the United States Navy.

school that was attended by the children of the neighborhood within a radius of twenty miles, who came for the rudiments of an education and infrequently got more. Ben was a studious boy; "smart" his teachers called him.

He longed for the education of a scholar and a gentleman. When he had finished his eight grades, he still yearned for knowledge, and, since there were neither books in abundance, nor higher schools within reach, he went back to that eighth grade, from which he had so-to-speak graduated, and repeated it not once, but four times in an effort to glean wisdom. Twice his sister was his teacher, and three times his brother and it is easy to imagine either of them introducing him to subjects that lay outside of the field of their regular curriculum, awakening the intellectual curiosity of this eager boy.

Ben Alley already has a large following on the Radio, as the enormous number of communications that he receives daily serves to testify, and Columbia acclaims him one of the most promising tenors in the whole country.

DeLuca Makes Song Alive and Vibrant

THE ability to make the spirit of song live and become vibrant is attributed to Guiseppe DeLuca, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera company, in a greater degree than any other operatic vocalist of the present time. He has demonstrated his remarkable art as guest soloist during the Atwater Kent Radio Hour.

It was this quality in the voice of a Roman boy of thirteen years of age that caused DeLuca to attract the attention of Bartolini, the famous baritone and teacher of the Eternal City. The master was astonished at the precocity of the child and insisted on taking him in charge.

DeLuca's voice was most carefully guarded during the period it was changing, the future baritone not being permitted to sing a note. When he reached the age of sixteen he was entered as a student in the Conservatory of St. Cecilia in Rome and spent the next five years in intensive study. Then he made his debut in "Faust" and scored a triumph. For eight years he was chief baritone of the famous La Scala Opera house in Milan and then came to America, after acquiring fame in every country of Europe as an interpreter of operatic character and the poetry and romance of song.

His career in both North and South America was a repetition of his European triumphs and today he is recognized as the chief baritone of the great Metropolitan galaxy of stars and one of the most sought after concert singers. In his program for the Atwater Kent hour the singer has chosen groups of songs descriptive of almost every emotion, much of which comes from modern composers of both opera and ballad. Two operatic arias will have orchestral accompaniment and other contributions of the soloist will be accompanied on the piano by Pietro Cimara, the well-known pianist.

Business Man Has Day in New Series

THE Tired Business Man had his day before the loud speaker when the National Broadcasting company inaugurated its new program series, "The New Business World." Coming on Saturday evenings, the first of the series saw Merle Thorpe, editor of Nation's Business, before the mike. In conducting the program he graphically described the dramatic developments in commerce and industry.

Among the noted authorities scheduled to speak during the new series are William Butterworth of Moline, Ill., president of the United States Chamber of Commerce; Robert P. Lamont, secretary of Commerce; James J. Davis of Washington, chairman of the Federal Farm board; Bruce Barton of New York, president of Batton, Barton, Durstino and Osborne, Inc.; Carl Gray of Omaha, president of the Union Pacific system; Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, merchant and philanthropist; Julius H. Barnes of New York, president of the Barnes-Ames company; Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press; Karl Bickel, president of the United Press; Charles F. Kettering of Detroit, president of the General Motors Research corporation; Col. Leonard P. Ayres of Cleveland, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust company; Matthew Sloan of New York, president of the New York Edison company; Harry A. Wheeler of Chicago, vice-chairman of the First National bank of Chicago; Lewis E. Pierson of New York, chairman of the board of the Irving Trust company.

The dramatic changes that occur overnight in business are of interest to everyone, according to M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting company, and for that reason the new series has been arranged, he said.

"The significance of the giant mergers, and bank consolidations of industries and utilities; the battle between the chain stores and the independent merchants; the trend toward mechanical selling; the problems of labor and the competition of huge industries for new markets—all these are events that affect the lives of every one of us. What is happening on the stage of business today has never been surpassed in its dramatic interest in the history of the civilized world."

* * *

Excerpt from a letter received by the National Broadcasting company: "I claim to be the only man who can neigh like a horse so near natural, if you were near where there were horses you would not think of a human voice being able to perform such a feat."

Alda Demonstrates Real Versatility

A DEMONSTRATION of something of the versatility required of singers who face the microphone was given by Frances Alda when she appeared in the Atwater Kent Hour. Her program ran the gamut of vocal composition, from folk songs and ballads to opera and oratorio.

Radio has made it necessary for those who formerly specialized as dramatic or lyric or coloratura interpreters of song, to widen the scope of their appeal. Mme. Alda, New Zealand song bird, who became a sensation in Europe and South America before coming to the United States, was one of the first of the internationally famous singers to give thought to this particular phase of musical development through broadcasting and to adapt her vocal abilities and interpretive genius to meet the new requirements.

"When singing to visible audience, I know immediately the effect of the music on the people before me—I can see it and tune myself to their emotional wave length, in a manner of speaking," declares Mme. Alda. "How different it is to sing into a microphone in a soundproof room for an audience I cannot see nor judge as to receptiveness. The very uncertainty inspires one with a desire to perfect the art of song, so as to make its meaning unmistakable."

Mme. Alda's program in the Atwater Kent Hour was a diversity of character and emotional appeal seldom attempted by a singer. Joy and sorrow, meditation and triumph, love and despair, devotion and frivolity, are all represented.

* * *

John S. Young, NBC announcer, recalls that four years ago Rudy Vallee was performing for more than 75,000 persons at the same time—and he wasn't getting paid for it. That was when Vallee led the football band at Yale. Young was at the university at the same time as Vallee.



Chief of the Nit Wits, Brad Browne, all set for a big evening of Nit-Witting over the Columbia system. Brad is the author of this popular feature whose motto is "Fun for all and all for fun."

Beats the Talkies at Their Own Game as "Ghost Voice"

MANY Radio stars became famous through unique circumstances but none can top the story of Marcella Shields, Radio actress extraordinary, who beat the talking pictures at their own game so decisively that she saved the silent picture magnates from ruin.

They still talk of Miss Shields' exploit along Broadway and, for a street that forgets famous Thespians over night, that isn't a bad record.

When the Talkies burst upon a jaded Rialto not so long ago and gave that blasé thoroughfare a new thrill, many silent-film producers were facing ruin. Their film store-rooms were piled high with super-attractions all ready for release. Something had to be done to stave off bankruptcy.

At this point in the real-life scenario, Miss Shields chanced to walk into a certain movie studio in New York City. Some one's attentive ear caught her voice above the hubbub of a hundred worried conferences. It was a voice that had been heard on the stage ever since its owner was four years old. It sounded good. There was a kind of infectious humor in it that reached out and tickled your ribs.

A voice test was arranged. So well did the dulcet tones register that worried producers breathed a sigh of relief and like magic the furrows vanished from their brows. They ordered Miss Shields' voice to be carefully synchronized with the silent lip movements of the actors.

So for weeks preceding the premier of such masterpieces as Lilac Time with Colleen Moore, Submarine with Jack Holt, While the City Sleeps, starring Lon Chaney and many others, Miss Shields re-enacted in sound the gripping moments of the silent drama. Making conversation all day long was no small job, especially as in some pictures she had to play as many as five different characters by different voice characterizations. When the first synchronized talking picture reached Broadway, it was Miss Shields' voice that won as much admiration from the critics as the acting of the stars.

Soon after this a jaded Radio director, spending a night off at the first talkies, heard a speaking voice that he liked. Tracing it back to its owner, he demanded that she appear for an audition.

So well did this turn out that Miss Shields was soon a regular sustaining feature on the National Broadcasting Company's programs, appearing with Helen Handin in the famous Two Troupers skit. She even wrote many of the skits, culling the material from her own experiences on the road.

Bulgars Boost Time

TWENTY-FOUR hour broadcasting service is now emphasized in Bulgaria, according to latest reports from Sofia. The Bulgarian government station, which has been under construction for the past two years, is now complete, and is giving service to central Europe.

The station is equipped for both short and long wave transmission, operating on 13,000 watts. Service with Vienna and Budapest began in the late summer, and other services, with enlarged programs, will be started as soon as personnel can be secured and trained.

The range for the long wave transmission includes all the capitals of Europe, while the short wave is designed primarily for communication with England.



Here they are! Two of the most popular singers on the air! The Paul Sisters, whose harmonizations are heard over the NBC. Left, Ruth, and right, Julia.

Farm Bedtime Is Before 9 O'clock

BEDTIME back on the farm remains one of the few things American which have remained practically stationary for a century, it is disclosed in a Radio survey to determine the time of day the farmer listens to broadcast, made by the Bremer-Tully Institute of Radio research. This has resulted in a shifting of programs.

"The urban propensity to make whoopee has not affected the 'backbone of the nation,' otherwise the farm population," declared Richard E. Smiley, director of the institute. "That fact is definitely determined by the result of some 30,000 individual replies to queries sent to Radio owners in agricultural centers thoughout the nation.

"Time when the largest farm audience is on the air is at exactly 8:30 o'clock in the evening. From that time on the audience rapidly falls off."

Presumably the audience falls off to sleep, although the survey does not in so many words say so, but where else would they fall?

"Eight-thirty P. M. is the peak hour for the nation as a whole," according to Mr. Smiley. "In the middle west a maximum is reached at 8 o'clock, with a decrease noted by 8:30 P. M.

"Only a few farm folks listen to Radio programs before noon or in the afternoon. The average morning audience runs less than one-tenth of the total. High noon is a favorite time for exercising the dials, with approximately 60 per cent of the farm Radio users on the air then."

Gibbons on New War

FLOYD GIBBONS, noted war correspondent and writer, is on a new battlefield. His verbal dispatches over the NBC on the General Electric Hour Saturday nights are dated from the Field of Science and follow the adventures in that great movement. Listeners were taken backward to the early days of Schenectady in Gibbons' first talk. He described the pioneer days in the electrical town, with the arrival on the scene of Thomas Edison. In subsequent talks he is scheduled to take up other phases of advancement, including the explosion of the atom and other exciting episodes.

* * *

Add to unusual requests the one recently received by the NBC for the words and music to "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here."

Cheerio Is Password for 50,000

Act That Started as Pinch-Hitter Four Years Ago Now One of Most Popular in East

By Kenneth W. Stowman

Within the past five years, Artie Bittong and His Cheer-ups club, broadcasting from WFAN, have received 50,000 applications from the Radio audience for membership in this pioneer Radio club.

Cheerio! has been the password of the Radio fans, or we may say, an eleven o'clock time signal.

It was a cold and stormy evening, and the moon was shining bright, three fair coeds failed to make their appearance on such a terrible night. This is a short, short story about the origin of the Cheer-up club, under the able direction of Artie Bittong. He and three of his close friends were in the studio, and due to the heavy storm, were unable to leave. When the other act failed to make its appearance, they went on the air, merely for the fun of it, for they never dreamed that they would make such a hit with the Radio audience. They are celebrating their fourth anniversary on the air in January.

Artie was elected King Cheerio, and has been the chief since the beginning of this novel club. The other three members were Andrew T. Stanton, Eddie Stange and Don Traveline, who furnished the entertainment during the pioneer days. At the second meeting, the following week, Don Traveline, the pianist, wrote an opening song which has been used ever since.

The Opening Ode

Hello—How do—We're back again with you,
To chase away your blues,
We'll try our best, and you must do the rest,
To spread the real good news,
So don't forget to join our Cheer-up set,
A telegram or card if you can,
And every Thursday join our party, and
Listen in to Artie and his boys from WFAN.

During the passing months of 1926, more than 1,000 members of the Radio audience joined this mythical club, by sending in their names on a telegram or card, which was read over the air and an official membership card was mailed to them by King Cheerio.

Soon after the starting of this organization, Billy James, an outstanding song writer, joined the club and as his contribution, he wrote a closing song which goes like this:

The Closing Ode

Smile, smile at the end of the day,
Smile all your troubles away,
Pack up all your troubles and gloom,
Let's be happy while we may.
We have tried to entertain with music and song,
We are off to Dream Land, you're invited along,
So smile, smile sweet dreams of joy, from
Artie and his boys of WFAN.

During each Thursday evening meeting, new talent came and soon the Radio audience was hearing from the Singing Butcher, Charlie the Cop, Eddie the Milkman and many others. From 1926 to 1928, the official active membership was increased from four to twenty-four, with an inactive membership of over 25,000. Up to and including the present time, the active membership is forty-four, with the inactive class still getting larger and it is now near 50,000. Artie and His Boys claim to have the largest Radio club in existence, with members in every state in the Union, Canada, Cuba and some in Central America.

Romance seems to find its way into every walk of life, and during last Winter an unusual affair was brought to life by this Radio club. One Thursday evening an ex-soldier of the World War came to the studios of WFAN to sing with Artie and His Boys. His pleasing tenor voice was introduced to the Radio audience as that of a Soldier of Fortune. The numbers that he sang were war-time melodies that the Yankee Boys sang over in France. In the next morning's mail, a letter was addressed to this Unknown Tenor, and it was signed by a French war nurse, who asked if by any chance he was the soldier whom she had nursed back to health on the other side, and then went back into the battle—never to be heard from again.

The affair so turned out, that these two were lovers on the other side, and they are now married and conducting a war of their own.

Director of WIP on Tour Studies Europe

THE best, not only that America offers, but the cream of European musical novelties and presentations, is the constant endeavor of Edward A. Davies, director of WIP, Philadelphia. Every year Mr. Davies spends some months in Europe studying the field. This year he spent most of his time in Northern Italy and Switzerland. His observations concerning conditions there are found in a very interesting letter to the editor of Radio Digest, which is printed below:

"It may interest your readers to know that Italy has very quietly and very quickly taken its place in the first rank of the European Broadcasters. When I visited Italy during the summer of 1928, there seemed to be very little activity in the great Italian atropolis with regard to broadcasting, but this year I was surprised to hear programs from no less than five of the great cities of Italy, including Rome, Naples, Bologne, Tourin and Geneva.

"Most of these cities have stations of more than 500 watts power and presented a delightful program comparable to the finest in Europe. For instance, in one night I heard a great symphony concert from Tourin, a full performance of grand opera from Naples and a splendid diversified program from the province of Milan.

"Of course, Italy has not reached the status of comparison with our great American broadcasters, due to the fact that they do not have the variety that we have here in the States. This fact was also very noticeable in the broadcasting in Germany, France and Switzerland. All of these Stations I picked up while in Northern Italy.

"My experience this year, however, has taught me that Italy and Germany will very shortly contest for the superiority of European Radio programs



Edward A. Davies
Director, WIP

with the balance a little in the favor of Italy as she seems to have taken a broader outlook on music generally. I mean by this, that she does not confine her programs to the strictly classical. Another point in Italy's favor is the training of her dance orchestras in the American style.

"In several of the cafes that I visited, I was surprised to find a number of Americanized Italians leading the dance orchestras and endeavoring to imitate the American standards of dance programs by using our quick, short tempo.

"I brought back with me this year several manuscripts of very fine musical compositions which have been orchestrated for use by our 22-piece symphony orchestra which broadcasts on our Sleepy Hollow hour every Sunday evening at 10:00 o'clock.

"May I say a word for this orchestra. It is composed of 21 members of the Philadelphia orchestra and each man has been selected for his particular standing in the musical world. I do not hesitate to say that I know of no other orchestra on the air of the same size that compares man for man with this Sleepy Hollow symphony orchestra."

U. of Pa. Goes on Air

A SERIES of broadcasts involving addresses by leading authorities in various fields of learning, together with programs by its glee club, symphony orchestra, band and other student organizations, is being given by the University of Pennsylvania over station WCAU.

The series is known as the University of Pennsylvania Radio program, and consists of six broadcasts each week, continuing until the end of May. A wide range of subjects will be presented in the course of seven months of broadcasting.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the University will broadcast from three to three-thirty o'clock. The Monday period will be devoted to addresses in the field of literature. On Tuesday there will be presented a series of talks on psychology. Wednesday afternoon periods will be given over to the field of history, while on Thursday afternoon a series of lectures will be presented on problems in government.



If you think this band isn't good, just twist your dials to the Hartford, Conn., station some evening and listen in. They call themselves the Enchanted Hour Ensemble, and they enchant many an hour with music for fans all over the country from WTIC.

lobby Humble Origin of Station WHEC

[OST every one has a hobby, but few are able to develop their hobbies worth while enterprises. Station HEC at Rochester, New York, howr, is one of the exceptions to the rule. beginning purely as an avocation it gradually grown during the past four rs to a position of importance and minence in Rochester's community

tation WHEC was founded and is yet ned by Lawrence G. Hickson, who is ominent business man of the city. He chased the first wireless telephone aratus in Rochester in 1920. A year r a 100-Watt Forest transmitter was up by him and a three nights a week adcasting schedule was maintained some time.

anuary 1, 1925, Mr. Hickson built ther station and installed it in the r of his electrical goods store at 36 ith avenue, and engaged a studio in of Rochester's principal hotels, the tel Seneca. This was the actual beming of the station and from this time expansion and progress have been id. Less than two years ago the sta- had but three employees, five hund- potential listeners, three program tributors, five daily programs, and s on the air an average of three hours ay. Now the station has nearly thirty loyees, 750,000 potential listeners, en hundred program contributors, ty daily programs, and is on the air average of fourteen hours a day. This er feature has earned for the station slogan "The All Day Broadcasting tion of the Hickson Electric com- y."

low did Mr. Hickson accomplish this at progress in so short a time? The wer is found in the fact that he recog- ed the possibilities of the Radio as a ins of entertainment and the intense ire of the listeners to obtain more of form of entertainment. Perhaps the atest reason for the station's success been its policy to consistently carry its listeners' suggestions as to how better its programs and make them re enjoyable. Household hints, the dren's hour, setting-up exercises, broadcast of the local baseball games and other of the station's regular programs have been results of suggestions from interested listeners.

Fred E. Van Vechten is general manager of the station and played no little part in putting the station on a paying basis—no little task in itself.

Nicholas Pagliara is musical director and holds the distinction of being the first Rochesterian to sing over the Radio. His early music training was in Sulmona, Italy, and he studied for some time in that country. After coming to the United States he did concert and stage work. At the present time Mr. Pagliara directs a staff of thirty-five musicians among whom are Joseph Marthage, harpist, who travelled around the world with Sousa's band; Gerald Sullivan, xylophonist, formerly with the Lucky Strike Orchestra and the National Broadcasting system; Herbert Zahn, formerly of the New Palm Beach Hotel, Palm Beach, Fla., and Gilbert Owen.



JOHN L. CLARK is director of programs at the Westinghouse Radio stations WBZ-WBZA at Boston and Springfield, Massachusetts.

KDKA, Pioneer, is Nine Years Old

THE pioneer of Radio broadcasting celebrated its ninth birthday with fitting pomp and ceremony, inaugurating its tenth year on the air through KDKA with consecutive programs over a period of more than forty hours. This program was unique in the history of Radio broadcasting, inasmuch as representatives of practically all the nations of the world participated. Parts of the program were announced in the fifteen leading languages of the world.

During the past year a number of foreign broadcasting stations have co-operated with KDKA in sending to homes of the American people and to Commander Byrd and his expedition at Little America, programs from abroad. During this anniversary program foreign broadcasting stations sent across the waters on short wave bands specially prepared programs which were picked up and rebroadcast by the pioneer station.

H. P. Davis, vice-president of Westinghouse and recognized as the father of broadcasting, spoke from the studios of KDKA in the William Penn hotel on Saturday evening, Nov. 2, at 8:00 o'clock, this being the exact time when the first regular scheduled broadcast program was sent from this station in 1920.

Other outstanding features of the anniversary program were the enacting of some of the features which were broadcast for the first time through station KDKA. Another feature was the formal opening of the new studios located in the William Penn hotel, the most modern and fully equipped studios in the world, which are quite an innovation over the first studio built at East Pittsburgh, which was located about thirty yards from the operating equipment at the Westinghouse plant. This makeshift studio and a small transmitter constituted the Westinghouse Broadcasting system at the close of 1920.

Step by step improvements have been made in the studio facilities until today within the walls of the William Penn hotel, two beautifully constructed studios, repeater equipment, reception room and offices are to be found.



Password?—Cheerio! This jolly gang is Artie Bittong's Cheer Up club. That is, it's that small part, the active performers, who appear before the mikes at WFAN. King Cheerio is at the extreme right.

WTIC Contributes to World of Radio

DURING its years on the air station WTIC has made a number of significant contributions to the Radio world, perhaps none of them better known than that old favorite, Seth Parker's Old Fashioned Singing School. Seth Parker, the brain child of a Connecticut man, Phillips H. Lord, made his first appearance from a New York station. His success was but indifferent, and after eight weeks he deserted the microphone and might never have been heard from again had not he been discovered by Manager Clancy of WTIC.

In October, 1928, a cast comprised of members of the WTIC staff presented the first Seth Parker sketch. In spite of his failure to capture the metropolitan fancy in his broadcasts from the Manhattan station, Seth "clicked" in a most emphatic manner in his Hartford presentations. He enjoyed an uninterrupted run of 44 weeks under three different sponsors. After an absence of two months, he answered insistent cries of "encore!" by returning for another extended period under the sponsorship of Colt's, the famous fire arms manufacturing concern. Seth was so successful at Station WTIC that other stations adopted him. Station WEAF even inaugurated an entirely separate Seth Parker continuity known as "Sunday Night at Seth Parker's."

Norm Cloutier and his orchestra, a group of youthful musicians whose popularity in New England is of long standings, are appearing in a series called "Viennese Nights." These concerts feature modern Viennese tunes imported expressly for this program. Laura C. Gaudet, petite staff pianist, has pleased a large following for several years. Her recitals are regular morning features.

Arthur B. McGinley, sports editor of The Hartford Times, has for three years been regaling sports enthusiasts with droll accounts of goings-on in sportdom. His program is known as "Speaking of Sports." Miss Bessie Lillian Taft, who as "Mother Goose" gives a weekly quarter-hour of fairy tales for children, is a WTIC veteran. The Brown Thomson Quintet has for two years been a regular luncheon hour feature, broadcasting twice a week. Walter Seifert's organ recitals have charmed adherents to Station WTIC for two years, too.

Among the luminaries of the WTIC staff are Paul Lucas, whose voice has for several years been familiar to the New England audience; Thomas C. McCray, program manager who has won himself renown through his announcing; Edwin L. Rogers, former musical comedy soloist and WOR announcer; Miss Beatrice Bangs, prominent member of the WTIC dramatic players, and Ed Oversby, former announcer and singer of KFWI, San Francisco, KHJ, Los Angeles, and several other western stations.

The personnel of Station WTIC includes approximately 50 persons. Only seven of them are ever heard by the Radio audience. They are the announcers and those who on occasion take "speaking parts" during broadcasts. Behind the scenes is a retinue which includes three engineers, eight operators, several clerical workers, electricians, carpenters, continuity writers, an acoustician, publicity writers, a studio hostess, printers, caretakers, messengers and many others.

The studios are located in The Travelers building in Hartford, the tallest building in New England. They contain an equipment second to none.

Industrial Drama Is Program Them

ECHOING through the ages, the ri of steel upon steel, in war and peace, has been the echo of progre Again the ring of steel dominates, t time in an epoch of broadcasting. T Westinghouse Salute, coming over t NBC system, involves the most ela rate studio productions ever planned any Radio feature.

A dramatic cast of twenty footli stars and a ninety-piece symphony by Cesare Sodero, is used in the p grams. These are the featured perfor ers of a permanent company of 125 p ple who present the Westinghouse lute each Wednesday night.

The industrial drama of America the theme of the new Radio epics, steel was chosen as the initial subj Plans for the new productions w launched more than six months ago, the first presentation has been in rehearsal for the past six weeks.

Music suggesting the tensile po and strength of steel was specially tr scribed by Sodero for his unique sy phony group. The orchestration is u sual in that forty human voices will used as wordless instruments to add organ-like "vox-humana" effect to woodwinds, brass choir and strings the rest of the orchestra.

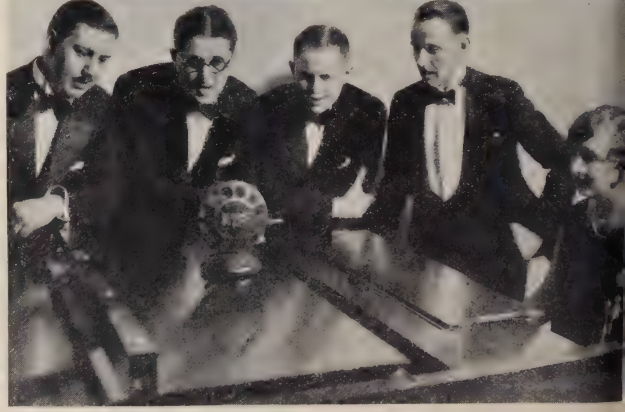
Two dramatic episodes in the saga steel introduce an entirely new met of staging Radio dramas. The nota cast makes its bow to Radio listen from coast to coast first in a color scene from the Middle Ages, and ag in a graphic sketch of modern times.

The voice of a narrator replaces customary announcer. Pedro de C doba, Broadway star and noted Ra voice, performs this function with interrupting the continuity of the p ductions.

Further musical features not only clude special transcriptions of fam concert works, but also some origi compositions by Cesare Sodero, the rector, depicting the titanic daily dra of America's industrial life.

* * *

G. Bennett Larson, NBC product man, who has yet to cast his first v once was "Uncle Ben" on a childre hour. He was only nineteen years at the time.



These boys are putting some real music on the air as they sing into the micro phone at WIP. The Wanderers, in case you haven't recognized them, form one of the most popular male quartets on the air.

Gypsy Nomad Plays from the Heart, Can Never Be Bought

"THIS Music cannot be bought . . . it is music that is played from your heart." Thus spoke Emery Deutsch, "The Gypsy Nomad," who is featured in many instrumental programs over WABC every week.

Emery Deutsch, born in Budapest, Hungary, was rehearsing his Royal Gypsy ensemble when he was asked by a bystander where he procured such beautiful music. Thus it was that Emery Deutsch told his inquisitor that the music could not be bought . . . "It was from the heart." And he was right, that music could never be bought. It was the result of years and years of intensive study and travel.

Tzigane music is what really inspired Deutsch to study the violin. Soon after he began his music studies his family moved to Naples, Italy, and from there to Venice. The violin was forgotten. Deutsch once more was transported across the sea to America and it was in Cleveland, Ohio, that he seriously began the study of the violin.

Three long hard years of intensive study followed and then Deutsch was sent to New York where he studied in the Damrosch Institute of Musical art. After graduating from the famous New York school he went back to Budapest on a concert tour, which finally ended up by Deutsch joining the classes of the Royal Academy of Music. Here he studied with the great master Jeno Hubay. Once again his heart reeked with the music of Hungary. He went to the cabarets once more . . . not as an innocent bystander as of his youth, but as a musician . . . a musician who sought to bring this wonderful music to America. . . .

And so back to America in 1925.

This same year saw the organization of the Royal Gypsy ensemble, which unit remains intact to this day. It is this same organization that formed the popular WABC series known as "The Gypsy Camp."

Emery Deutsch and his Gypsy music played from the heart and not from the printed page—are featured in the musical series known as "The Melody Chest," as well as in a host of others.



ISABEL GARRISON, celebrated operatic and concert soprano, gave the WBAL audience a real evening of music one day not so long ago.



Hurrah! And three more ringing cheers for this charming team, The Harmony Two, Sue and Lou. WHEC cheerfully admits that much of its popularity is due to the vocal offerings of this pair.

Director Commutes 25 Miles to Studio

By C. H. McGee

STATION WCAE, at Pittsburgh, is fortunate in having such an accomplished and talented musician as Gertrude Mohr for the station Musical Director. When one considers that she lives twenty-five miles from the city, holds the double position of accompanist for a vocal teacher and teaches piano herself, in addition to her many and varied duties as Musical Director at WCAE, it is plainly evident that there are few hours of the day which she can call her own.

Miss Mohr arranges the talent on all local programs, rehearses the musical numbers (often taking part herself) and in a general way smoothes off the rough edges in an effort to make finished and smoothly working programs, which the Radio audience is beginning to demand more and more. And then, as if this were not enough, every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, she presents a series of programs known as "Half Hours with Famous Composers." As the name would indicate, Gertrude Mohr presents, during this weekly half hour period, quite a few works from various of the immortals, some of the better-known and more of the rarely heard compositions.

May, 1930, will see the completion of the second year of this program's stay on the air. It has done invaluable work in educating the Radio audience of the Pittsburgh district in musical values besides widening considerably the average musical vocabulary and dictionary of the listeners. Miss Mohr says that she feels amply repaid for her constant work by the many letters she receives from her audience and we can say, without fear of contradiction from anyone on the staff of WCAE that no one deserves better to receive such letters of appreciation.

Louis Goes Up, on Air

LOUIS L. KAUFMAN, senior announcer of Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA, relates his first experience of being in the air, after being on the air for six years.

It so happened that Col. Harry C. Fry, Jr., owner of the "Pathfinder," a Stinson Detroiter Monoplane, who was conducting a unique endurance flight between Washington, D. C., and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, invited Mr. Kaufman to make one of the round trips between the two cities.

Louis says: "When Colonel Fry invited me to participate as a passenger on the last day of flying, I jumped at his offer, although a few minutes later I became doubtful of airplane riding, never having associated with blue skies or heaven any closer than a sacred song.

"All the excuses that could be mustered to decline the trip over the mountains to Washington were rejected. I found myself at the landing field, one foot on the step of the modern pegasus and one on the ground, having a most miserably difficult time trying to lift the other foot from terra firma—with one last prayer for an alibi to decline. Someone seeing my hesitancy aided me into the plane and closed the door. The pilots climbed in—the propellor was revolving and in a few seconds we were jogging across the field—with me limp in a back seat—thinking of all the dangers aircrafts are subject to and a few more that they are not—when the jogging ceased—I looked out to see why and I saw for the first time, the good old solid earth dropping away.

"After holding my breath and urging my heart to cease its wild palpitation, we straightened out and nosed toward Washington. It was then that I realized how foolish my fears were—we were riding smoothly and solidly—and Jack Thompson, our pilot, pointed out to me a funeral service that was being conducted in a grave yard far below."



One of the world's best known clerics and the first minister to preach for the Radio, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, is heard in the Cathedral Hour over the NBC.

Paul Specht, Angel of Tin Pan Alley

KNOW "The Angel of Tin Pan Alley"? You would if you knew his other name, Paul Specht. Paul's got a new idea now, and the Tin Pan Alley boys love him for it. You see it's this way:

Years ago, before Paul Specht broke through into big time, he met a fellow who gave him the "breaks." That break meant the beginning for him, and he hasn't forgotten. He knows there are a lot of youngsters writing good music, but who can't seem to make the hurdles into Tin Pan Alley.

A few months ago he had the idea that if somebody would round up this promising material and present it to the Radio audiences, it would do two things —give the young musician a chance to get to Broadway and give Broadway a chance to hear new stuff. There was a bit of opposition at first. The skeptics thought it wouldn't go over. But Specht knew that there was lots of good new music around town that would go over big, given a chance. So he's giving the youngsters their "breaks." He had been collecting material for several months and he promises at least two big surprises during "Opportunity Hour."

"There's one number that the whole country will be singing inside of two weeks," he promises, and Paul Specht who has played all the Broadway successes for years ought to know a hit when he hears it.

Hadley Makes "Find"

DR. HENRY HADLEY, America's foremost composer-conductor, who regularly directs his own symphony orchestra during the Gulbransen Hour broadcast over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system each Saturday night at 9:30 o'clock, has during his long career in music become well acquainted with the signs of genius in young people. An instance of this is his recent presentation, with the Manhattan Symphony orchestra, of Ruggiero Ricci, nine-year-old violinist, who was hailed as a sensation by the critics.

Not only on the concert stage has Dr. Hadley given unusual opportunity to capable child musicians, but during his broadcasts he has also presented several able youngsters, potentially great musicians of the future. Dr. Hadley's latest find, Victor Tallarico, twelve, was recently heard during the Gulbransen hour.

Master Victor, born and brought up in New York City, and a student at Public School 43, has studied music at the Damrosch School and under Friskin, and his ability as a pianist is attested by two gold medals awarded him in open competition by the New York Music Week association in 1928 and 1929.

During his appearance on the Gulbransen program the young pianist was heard in two solo numbers; the spirited "Impromptu in C Sharp" of Reinhold, and Chopin's "Waltz in E Minor," which, while it differs greatly from most similar Chopin compositions, is an unusually sparkling and interesting work.

Band Had Courage

SEVERAL months ago Don Parker walked into the studios of station WAAT in Jersey City, and asked for an audition of his little four-piece orchestra. This small band of musicians played well and they had the courage of their convictions. From time to time the orchestra was augmented and now it consists of eight pieces and is considered about the best of its kind in the state. They are now booked up at WAAT every week day from 4:30 to 5 p. m.

WOR Announcers Step in Spotlight

IT IS fairly well recognized that the spontaneity and wit of the early days of Radio were killed because a few announcers were indiscreet in their extemporaneous remarks. In many cases the indiscretions were due to a lack of training. But they were responsible for the order to make notes ahead of time so as to avoid what was mildly put as "overstepping."

These notes were directly responsible for the development of what has become known as the "continuity," which contains every word that is to be spoken over the air in the program to which it refers. The work of announcing almost instantly developed into a mere parroting of the type-written sheets.

A new crop of announcers sought to read their personalities into the lines. A few succeeded—those who had had experience on the stage or some other form of public appearance. On the whole, the human element was eliminated and the announcing became of the cut and dried variety.

Today nearly every major station in the country employs a staff of continuity writers, men and women who receive no mention over the air and very seldom in the newspapers.

In WOR, however, a new and unique system obtains: Each announcer has the opportunity to step into the klieglights surrounding the particular program he is introducing because he writes the continuity himself. That is true of all of them from Walter J. Neff, the chief announcer, down to the newest recruit.

This, explains, too, why so few of the many applicants for announcerial positions qualify. The entire staff is also qualified artistically to carry on a program in regular assignments or in emergencies.

CITY AND VOICE
of Gadsden, Ala., oast Inherent Hospi- ality and Will to Serve All of Their Friends

WJBY Typifies Real SPIRIT OF SOUTH



nown as the "Sweetest Singers on Earth," the Caldwell Sisters of WJBY rtainly are a credit to the state of Alabama, as well as the city of Gadsden and the station. Sweet singers and sweet lookers.

By James E. Campbell

AWAY down in Alabama among the foot-hills of the famous Lookout Mountains, on the banks of Coosa river, whose waters flow to the Gulf of Mexico, lies the City of Gadsden, where in the city proper and surrounding territory over 65,000 people live as one great family, true blooded Americans; live, wide awake and imbued with the spirit of Southern hospitality.

It was here that a Gadsden man, Chas. J. Black, got his idea to start something, and he did. Back in the year of 1925, WJBY made its first bow to the Radio world as a small ten-watt station which has grown until now it ranks with many of the popular stations of the United States. Hundreds of cards and letters commenting favorably on our programs are received every week by the station, which is one reason why we take so much time in arranging our programs to suit the pleasure and tastes of our listeners.

Any kind of music they wish to hear we get for them regardless of time and cost. It being our duty to please our listeners we put forth every effort to do just this, and judging from the many favorable comments we receive we are led to believe that our efforts are highly successful in the results.

The manager, James E. Campbell, devotes his entire time to the arrangement of the programs and the other details of station management. The announcer, Frank Hoggard, with his pleasing voice and manner has won himself much popularity since joining the station staff a few months ago. He was formerly with WRBT, of Wilmington, North Carolina. The station feels very much gratified in securing the services of this man who knows his mike as well as his listeners.

Among the most popular members of our artist staff is James L. Baily, devoted saxophonist, who entertains with his crooning melodies and saxophone blues. Another popular artist is Richard McCluney, known as "Dick," who on the air has touched the hearts of many with his soft baritone voice, singing "Mammy" songs as only Al Jolson could sing them. Much of the success of our programs is due to Miss Lewellyn Sykes, talented and capable staff pianist, and to Mrs. K. E. Baggette, who presides at the console of the mammoth pipe organ.

Joe McCormack is chief engineer of the station. Being brought up in the Radio field he devotes his whole time to the upkeep and betterment of the station and in keeping it on the air.

'API Jumping Ahead

PENED only a year ago, December 31, 1928, as a 5,000-watt station, PI, now at Birmingham, Alabama, st jumping ahead with its broadcast- services for the South and DX fans. new announcers were added to ros- of the station staff last fall to help on the air the 65 hours of programs ed each week to listeners throughout he Southland.

nong the wide variety of features ed from WAPI are: physical cul- periods and inspirational talks each week day morning; sport events, including in season baseball, football and boxing bouts; dramatic presentations twice weekly by WAPI players; WAPI variety by concert orchestra, organ and soloists; educational periods sponsored by owners.

Headliners on the studio staff include Leon Cole, a baritone featured each Monday with the concert orchestra. Mae Shackelford, a soprano who appears on the same programs, and Percy and Henry, comedians, who go on the air at 10 o'clock Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Corn Cobbers Return

THE famous Corn Cob Pipe club has resumed its weekly meetings over the Edgeworth station, WRVA, at Richmond, Virginia. The Corn Cob Pipe club enjoyed nationwide interest last year over WRVA, and consists of a typical Virginia rural gathering, with old Virginia fiddlers, old time dance music, Negro Spirituals, anecdotes and comic specialties. The Club is presided over by Anthony Endne, an Old Timer in every sense of the word, and the meetings proceed in an extremely informal and extemporaneous fashion. Hundreds of Radio listeners importuned WRVA to resume the feature.



"The Boys Behind the Mike" at WREC. From left to right you see, F. W. Roth, alias Doc Sunshine; S. D. Wooten, director and announcer; H. P. Buddy Hebert, and Bob Alberty. Look like a jolly crew, don't they?

Attending Classes Via Air WSB Plan

GOING to school before the good old family loudspeaker is quite the thing to do these days. Many who would not, through sheer inertia, lack of time, or other reasons, would not otherwise carry on their education now have an opportunity to keep their brain cells active by listening to the best educators in the country.

Pioneering in the field of education by Radio, WSB at Atlanta, Georgia, is carrying on regular courses of study in History, Physics and English literature. This work has been made a part of the regular noon hour broadcast by the University of Georgia.

The courses, offered under the direction of professors and departmental heads of the state university were begun in November, and the first term was limited to a period of twelve weeks, with one lecture in each course each week. In announcing these courses university authorities pointed out that while they were not comprehensive in design nor complete in detail, they should be of great value to all persons interested in the subjects of history, physics and literature, and of especial interest to high school teachers and students throughout the state.

The courses were offered as a regular part of the joint program of the University of Georgia and the Georgia State College of Agriculture over WSB at noon each day except Sunday. Although the university does not give credit for those entering the Radio classes, the authorities of the school urge the value of the audition work and give every cooperation to those following the work.

* * *

Another feature program emphasized by WSB during November was a series of morning devotionals, presenting leading ministers of every denomination in Atlanta and the South. These programs were put on the air from eight to eight thirty each morning.



This, ladies and gentlemen, is Salesman Sam, who performs before the mike with Art Hays in that feature at WMC. Real name is Hugh J. Mooney, and they like him.

Meridian Is On the Air

MERIDIAN, Mississippi, is playing a big rôle in the development of Radio broadcasting in the South today. Moving its transmitter and studios from Columbus, WCOC now makes its headquarters in Meridian with equipment that is the latest development of broadcasting technique. Through the voice of this pioneer station of Mississippi come interesting and novel programs of a wide variety, as well as many other service features.

With its offices and principal studios on the mezzanine floor of the Great Southern hotel, the Mississippi Broadcasting company now is better equipped than ever for an intense coverage of the South, reaching every home in the state as well as more distant points. Operated by a large staff of musicians and artists as well as engineers, WCOC uses two principal studios and has remote control connections with several other points in Meridian. The transmitter is located a Mt. Barton, on the outskirts of the city

A visitor to the main studio of th station is first ushered into the great r ception room on the first floor of th hotel. From there the way leads throug the business offices where the program are drawn up and continuities outline Here the operator watches and listens t the programs being put on in the air

WCOC from its new location broa casts from the population center of th state. Operating on a clear region channel with a wave length that giv perfect daylight coverage on full time reaches a great area that is not otherw served. The slogan of the station is dicative of its state-wide consciousne "Let us keep on building Mississipp let us keep on telling folks about M sissippi."



This little lady contributes musica ability and charm to the progra at WFLA. Katherine Goss is h name, and she has a large followi in the region of Florida.



One of the oldest and most popular dance orchestras in Virginia is the proud boast of this group of musicians. Every member of the Old Dominion orchestra, which is heard over WRVA, is a talented musician of renown.

Popular Support Is Secret of WJSV

POPULAR demand and subsequent popular support, financial and moral, are responsible for the inauguration and success of Radio station WJSV, Washington, D. C.

With the advent of Radio broadcasting into general use and popularity, requests from individuals and patriotic and fraternal organizations began to pour into the offices of the Independent Publishing company for the erection of a broadcasting station. The sentiment was for a station that would operate independently and on a wave length and with power that would carry its programs into every corner of the nation.

In 1926 popular insistence became so great that the task was shouldered by James S. Vance, president of the Independent Publishing company. Announcement was made that the company would undertake construction of a broadcasting station in the nation's capital, and contributions were invited from individuals and organizations.

The project met with immediate support. Contributions ranging all the way from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars were received from thousands. The great bulk of the money, however, was in amounts of from one to five dollars.

In August of 1927 the first program was put on the air, with the formal opening in October of that year. Speaking on a program which included among its luminaries men prominent in every walk of life from every part of the country, Mr. Vance announced that WJSV was dedicated to "promulgation of the principles of religion, public education, fraternalism and patriotic Americanism." He emphasized that the basic ideal of the station would be unselfish service to the American people.

Perhaps no other single station has carried so many messages to the people from their representatives in Congress. More than 200 members of the two houses of Congress have delivered addresses over WJSV to date. Weekly broadcasts have been given for a considerable time by such patriotic societies as the Sons of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the National Patriotic council. A series of talks on the work of the various government departments and bureaus has been presented by prominent chiefs and heads of such branches of the National government, including members of the President's Cabinet. Both President Coolidge and President Hoover have been heard in patriotic addresses through WJSV.

Since initiation of regular programs over WJSV, every great issue with which the American people and their government have been confronted has been faithfully and powerfully expounded by recognized authorities from the studios of this station. Outstanding among these have been farm relief, restricted immigration, national defense, law enforcement and public education.

Programs from WJSV have been heard in every corner of the United States, as well as in South America.

* * *

Berets, those trick black caps affected by the artistic, are being seen around the NBC studios these days. Henry Shope, tenor, was seen wearing one.

WREC All Dressed Up

WREC is one of the oldest stations in the South, having got its start eight years ago as the "Most Powerful 10-Watt Station in the World," located at Coldwater, Mississippi. Incidentally, this was the first station erected in Mississippi. Many of the old timers in Radio will recall this little station, as it was heard in every state in the Union, many provinces of Canada, Mexico and Cuba. "Them were the good old days of real sport."

Times have changed, though, and now WREC is dressed up in magnificent new studio located in "the South's Finest and One of America's Best Hotels," Hotel Peabody, in the heart of up-town Memphis, Tenn. Studios, offices, reception room, public and private, and control room are located on sub-grill floor of the Peabody.

There are eleven on the staff. While WREC has permanent 16-hour service through Columbia Broadcasting system, this staff is kept busy developing and presenting the principal local programs heard in the Tri-States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas.



Recognized as an artist of exceptional merit, Bert Ladd of WCOC is known as "The Silver Voice of Dixie." He is seen with Miss Jewel Shannon, his accompanist.

Shriners Initiate For Mike

KMOX Broadcasts Ceremony for First Time in History; 5,000 From Midwest Attend



Blues is her specialty and Bernadine Hayes is her name. Discovered and featured at KMOX, she is still heard on programs from that station, although she has signed a contract with Columbia.

Army Broadcasting Band Over KSTP

THE first army broadcasting studio in the United States is in the process of construction at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, under the direction of post officials and Radio engineers of KSTP at St. Paul. The new studios will be housed in "B" barracks at the camp and work of draping the walls, wiring the room, and preparing amplifiers and microphones for broadcasting were to be completed the first of the year.

The new Fort Snelling studios will be opened with a special inaugural program by the Third Infantry band to be broadcast through KSTP. Captain F. M. Dyer will be at the microphone.

Fort Snelling is the first post in the country to undertake a program of Radio broadcasting on an extensive scale according to Captain Dyer, who plans to present all programs direct from the post studio.

Kenneth M. Hance, assistant manager, is directing the engineering staff of KSTP in the process of preparing the studio for Radio work. The main studio will be 35 feet long and 24 feet wide and in one corner, a special announcer's studio is being erected, to be used both by the announcer and by prominent speakers who may visit Fort Snelling from time to time.

Captain Dyer, who will act in the capacity of announcer during all the programs of the band, is entering his fourth year of Radio work. He is the only commissioned officer who serves regularly as announcer during the presentation of Army programs. He is a graduate of the University of Texas and practiced law in Houston for nine years before entering the service.

By Donald Burchard

FOR the first time in the history of Shrinedom an initiation ceremony of that body was broadcast when KMOX went on the air November 30 from the Fox theatre in St. Louis with the full ceremonial, including a description of the parade through the city streets.

Arrangements for this history-making broadcast were negotiated between Theo R. Appel, Illustrious Potentate of Moolah Temple, St. Louis, and Noble George Junkin, managing director of KMOX, and Noble Harry Greenman, manager of the Fox theatre in that city.

The broadcast opened at 12 p. m. (Central Standard Time) with a description of the Shriners' parade, when members of the Shrine and initiates marched from the Moolah temple to the Fox theatre. In the parade were the Shrine band, Drill team, Moolah Temple chanters, the drum corps, and approximately 5,000 Shriners.

Immediately following the initiation ceremonial there was a program of entertainment especially arranged and selected for the Shrine. During the ceremonial initiates enacted a number of small dramas which were described in their entirety by Noble George Junkin. These dramas revealed to the Radio audience for the first time in the history of Shrinedom the actual facts that take place within the realms of the Mystic Shrine.

Those Shriners living at distant points and unable to attend the ceremonies thus had an opportunity to take part, before their loudspeakers. To the world at large the program offered a new and novel entertainment, instructive, impressive, and amusing in places. Six hundred thousand Shriners throughout the nation were notified of the broadcast.

A musical program of many beautiful selections by the Moolah Temple Grand orchestra, the Temple band, and the Fox theatre Jazzmanians followed the initiation. The finest talent available in St. Louis appeared during the two hour program. Illustrious potentates and officers of the Shrine journeyed to St. Louis from all over the country to attend this initiation, many of them making the trip by airplane. More than fifty other broadcasting stations from Atlantic to Pacific participated in the great chain hookup from KMOX.



Blind, but the happiest man in St. Paul, Dr. Francis Richter rejoices in his organ work, from jazz to symphony, at KSTP. Made Doctor of Music at Vienna, recently.



The voice of Francis Kadow is a familiar one in the vicinity of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Not only is Mr. Kadow chief announcer of that fast-growing station, WOMT, but with his boundless ambition is doing big things. A pair of pliers and a screw driver are his playmates when he isn't before the mike, and no job is too big or too small if it promises to make WOMT a bigger and better station.

Madame Cutter's Gems

"GEMS OF MUSIC" is the very appropriate title selected by Madame Belle Forbes Cutter, for the program featuring her weekly from WBBM on Wednesday evenings.

Musical numbers used by Madame Cutter during these programs are taken from a special classification in her extensive musical library.

Madame Cutter, whose excellent soprano voice had much to do with downing the old prejudice against sopranos on the air, is well qualified to draw fine lines in classifying certain musical works as "Gems." Besides having been heard regularly from leading Radio stations for the past six years, she has made a real place for herself in the hall of fame of concert singers.

* * *

Pat Barnes, announcer and entertainer at WGN, has resumed his Thursday Night broadcasts of his own programs.

The storm of applause and cry of "More!" that followed "The Rookie" has prompted Mr. Barnes to begin another series. Though there will probably be no continuous theme through the broadcasts, they will be much in the intimate tone of the rookie story.



This jolly group of girl musicians are heard from the Good Will station, WIL, St. Louis. Ethel Arnold, their director, calls them the Afternoon Merry Makers, and when they make merry the dials match up with the WIL combination.

Mike Makes Prison in Ohio a Studio

IMPRISONMENT behind the prison bars does not necessarily mean that a man is an outcast. Three inmates of the Ohio state penitentiary, Marion Slim" Webb, murderer, and Tommy allee and Harry Dillehay, sentenced r lesser crimes, have found that Radio ves them "wings like an angel." Bleak one walls shut them off from the orld, but every Monday evening their oices go out over the air into the omes of more fortunate persons in a minder that those in the steel cells e fellowmen.

Vallee's tenor voice crooning Honey," "Weary River" and other vorite songs has won him a place the hearts of his hearers and the opular title of "the silver tenor." Webb nd Dillehay are announcers on the gular Monday night penitentiary pro- am broadcast over station WAIU, olumbus, from 7:25 to 8:30 p. m.

In addition, the sermons of Webb, ison evangelist, are heard when the oadcasts of the penitentiary Commun- y church go on the air every other unday morning. Webb, whose whole fe prior to imprisonment was spent t the race tracks, expects to enter vangelistic work, if ever pardoned from e penitentiary.

Around the state of Ohio, Tommy allee is now almost as well known Rudy Vallee, current idol of the great merican flapper. "Vagabond Lover" one of Tommy's big numbers and it also a favorite selection of Rudy's.

When not broadcasting, Vallee is busy mposing new melodies and studying chestral work. He is a member of e broadcasting committee that ar- nges each week's program. Vallee so plays on the baseball team.

"Slim" Webb and Harry Dillehay ternate each week as announcers on e penitentiary programs.

Webb, sentenced to life for the slay- g of Racing Judge F. W. Gerhardy, evoted himself to religious and wel- re endeavors, and soon after he entered the penitentiary became prison evangelist and member of the board of the Community church, established in 1926.

Dillehay studies each number that is to be broadcast and gathers all the interesting data to be used. Then he writes a paragraph which will bring to the Radio fans an interesting bit of knowledge concerning each future program.

Dillehay is chairman of the board of approval and assistant secretary to Warden Thomas. He has a distinct and pleasant Radio voice, as evidenced by commendation from station managers and his unseen audience.

In addition to the Monday evening and alternate Sunday morning broadcasts, a miniature program is broadcast each lunch hour between 12:15 and 12:30 by the 34-piece prison band. The majority of the band members possessed no knowledge of music when admitted to the penitentiary but expressed a desire to learn and were given the opportunity.

Friendly Spirit Is Rule, Slogan at WIL

IN THIS day of slogans one hears of many ideals for broadcasting stations. Of these perhaps none is so real or so thoroughly carried out as that of WIL, "The Friendly Station." Under the active leadership of William Ellsworth, managing director of this St. Louis station, the programs and in fact the very atmosphere emanating from its studios is friendly service.

Organized first by L. A. Benson as station WEB in September, 1922, the call letters were later changed to WIL. Although under the ruling of the Federal Radio commission only 100 watts are used during the evening hours, and 250 watts during the day, the Friendly Station has an unusually large audience and an enviable reputation. Last August WIL had the honor of being the first St. Louis station to serve as a key station for a national hookup, presenting an entire evening program for the network of the American Broadcasting company.

William Ellsworth, the managing director, is a graduate lawyer and has also had considerable experience in the field of exploration. He is widely known as a sports announcer. In his work at WIL he has built up a splendid staff of artists that is popular with thousands.

L. A. Benson, founder of the station, is president of the Missouri Broadcasting corporation, which operates WIL. Mr. Benson has been active in the development of Radio broadcasting in St. Louis, having built and established KFVE, now KWK, as well as WIL.

Year by year during the eight years that WIL has been on the air its circle of listeners has widened and become more firmly attached to the station. The slogan, "The Friendly Station," has been more than a slogan. It has grown into a subtle spirit of station individuality. The entertainers feel it. They impart this feeling through their instruments and their voices, and thus the friendly station has cultivated a friendly audience.

Two Sets Is Solution

ONE family, the members of which are consistent Radio listeners, has solved the problem that arises in many homes over the question of which station shall be listened to each evening.

In a letter to WENR, J. R. Bascom, 3719 East 74th Street, Chicago, claims the honor for his family being the first "two set family" in the United States. His letter, in part, is as follows: "Ever since we had our first receiving set, there have always been little arguments about which station we would tune in during an evening. My wife likes one kind of programs, I like another: and our four children are divided equally, two with their mother and two with me. As we have a rather large apartment, I determined that the best way to settle all controversy was to buy another Radio set. Now, when the whole family is home at night, we have two programs going in different parts of the apartment and we thus have a choice that eliminates one of the first family arguments that broadcasting started."



Baby Peggy is growing up, as her photograph shows. Here she is at the WJR studios with Uncle Neal. Peggy is at the right while Suzanne Snyder, daughter of Carl Snyder, manager of the Book Cadillac hotel, is on the left.

He's An Organist But Posies All Know Him

***By* Ada Florence Lyon**

JACK L'ECUYER, you pronounce his name Lake-wee-ay, it's French, is known to his Radio audience for his sympathetic organ interpretations of their favorite songs. The many who have written to him have discovered, too, that he's not only an organist. For one thing, he's an enthusiastic gardener and can coax the shyest plants to bloom. He likes to try hard ones that nobody else can make flourish.

Some of the Radio fans who have written to him have discovered this and he has received seeds and plants from all over the globe. In New Zealand lives an especial Radio friend of his, who heard Jack playing from KFEQ, St. Joseph. After some correspondence, the New Zealand friend sent him rare seeds and asked in return copies of Radio Digest. These were duly forwarded.

Unusual iris plants came to Jack from Alaska, from a man who is running a blue fox farm on an island there. He asked for six gallons of Missouri sorghum, which were sent in October and reached him the day before Christmas. Yet Jack's music had reached him instantaneously. Strangely enough, the check with which Jack's distant friend paid for sorghum and the long haul was the only one on an Alaskan bank which had ever gone through the local clearing-house.

Birds and flowers, that spells Jack L'Ecuyer, for he's more than half poet, as the many who listen to his organ programs can testify. As for birds, a canary, also named Jack, has assisted in his programs for two years. Jack perches before the mike and joins in occasional tunes every day except during the moulting season and then he's too sad at losing his feathers even to peep. It sounds fishy, but he invariably joins in songs about home and mother. He, too, is perhaps a poet.

But the poetry of both the Jacks is not that of Browning, nor that of the queer modern poets. It's the poetry that everybody can understand.

That's why Jack L'Ecuyer receives lovely shells from the other side of the globe and even a baby sealskin made into a rug. That's why a girl in Halifax wrote each week for more than a year requesting a number and why a telegram came every Sunday evening for a like period from Montrose, Colo., with a special request. But Jack doesn't like to be called a poet, even by his friends.

Tea Time Tales by Marigold Tell All of Gossip From WOC

From WOC in Davenport, Iowa, comes a snappy, gossipy letter signed by Marigold Cassin. Reams have been written about the editorial blue pencil, but on this occasion Miss Cassin's letter was such a good story we decided to print it "as is." And here it is.

***By* Marigold Cassin**

IF YOU want a name for this, you might call it "Tea-Time Tales," or "Static," or something like that—because that's about what it will turn out to be. You know, just a little idle gossip about us and ours.

In the first place, we've had a number of changes in our staff. No more will Radio fans tune to 1000 to hear the burr of Peter MacArthur. He has coldly and deliberately turned his back on his old cronies in favor of Station KFLV at Rockford, Illinois. Pete is the new studio director there, and if you ever saw a change in anybody in your life, you should see HIM. He used to come dragging in here when he got good and ready (except for the days when duty called him early), but I have it on excellent authority, that he arrives on his new job bright and early. And they say, too, that he's lost some of his "ishka-bibble" in favor of a lot of dignity. Ah, me! where is Radio headed, when they take our most genial personalities and make business men out of them?



Marigold

In Pete's place, more or less, we have none other than Richard Wells. We rescued Dick for the world of Radio, transplanting him, or swiping him, or something, from a neighboring station. We're now waiting for his public to kiss him or kill him! (They always do one or the other, you know. That's what makes the game so interesting—you have to work like everything to escape being killed!) Anyway, we're having a lot of fun with Dick, kidding him about his lengthy telephone conversations and his letters from his "Enamourata," (pardon me, that should be plural!) and so on.

Another addition is Andrew Petersen, now assistant to our Edgar Twamley, studio director. I don't dare send you Andy's picture! Why they don't get a move on and perfect television, I don't know. But I DO know, if they'd let a woman work on it for a while, she'd DO something, if only to let the feminine Radio world catch a glimpse of Andy. We're going to put a dress suit on him some of these Saturday nights, and send him down to the Capitol theatre as master of ceremonies, just so he can stand in the spot light! As I said, I don't dare send you his picture. He's married, and I'd sure hate to be the cause (innocently) of any family feud, and I know that's what would happen, if the girls got TOO busy with pen and ink.

One of our best eligibles got away from us, not long ago, when our engineer, Reed Snyder, beat it up to Cedar Rapids or some place, and came back "for better or worse." We had a shower



The WTMJ Pied Pipers are musical men who lead Radio listeners through the Land of Good Entertainment in a daily noonday program of popular selections. Like the famous Piper of old, they dole out syncopated rhythms that are irresistible to everyone, young and old.

for them, I might add, ending with a paper sack full of pennies which we broke, showering the coppers all over the two of them. (Radio party planners, please note, at no extra charge. Free suggestion!) But we girls resigned ourselves to our fate, since we like his wife.

Did I tell you that Paul Loyet, the chief mogul of the gadgets in the control and operating rooms, has a new hobby? He got a beautiful sun-tan for himself this summer playing golf, and it looks as though it had gotten to be a bad habit. For he's developed a mania for barnyard golf, now that he doesn't visit the links any more. Any noon, you can shout out of the operating room window, and he'll answer you from far below (or throw a horseshoe at you!), and you'll know just where he is. That's a great comfort to Hazel (Mrs. Loyet, by the way).

Oh, yes! Today is Edgar Twamley's birthday. All the gang threatened to kiss him and he nearly mobbed them, single handed and alone. (Admirers of cavemen, the line forms to the left.) (I just added that birthday stuff because he thinks he's smart, having one and nearly getting away with nobody knowing it.)

Remember Herb Heuer, the Chief of the Vagabonds? He's gone on a diet. Can you imagine? Not the regular eighteen day diet—oh, no! that's too ordinary. Herb's is different! He diets for two days at a stretch, and then fills up on chicken!

Let's see, that disposes of the men in the field, doesn't it? We girls aren't supposed to gossip about each other, but I'll tell you a little, anyway. Our nice Molly Gobble (who mothers every last one of us, and efficiently, too) has come back from a trip to Colorado. She and I have the nicest gab-fests! You see, I was out there a couple of summers ago, and I've never quite recovered. Ever been there? Well, Molly and I talk all the time about Estes Park and Pike's Peak, and all that sort of thing, and feel very superior—that is, we DID feel superior, until Twamley got one over on us by taking HIS vacation in California! And now, every time we start to say, "Wasn't so and so wonderful in Colorado?" Edgar pokes his nose in the air, and says, "But you should see California!" (By golly, I hope I can go to EUROPE next year! Then we'll see what we'll see about this vacation conversation. Won't I squelch him though!)

Well, there's something about everybody but yours truly, and since I'm not telling anybody anything about me, that's out anyway.

In general, things are moving along very nicely here. Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you that we came close to losing most of the male members of our staff, not so long ago. The fellows were erecting our new aerial, and had one end fastened in place, were hoisting the other end into position when it broke, and it nearly finished all of them. Paul and Reed were up on the "cat-walk" a couple hundred feet in the air, and where they went in such a hurry, I can't figure out yet. But Edgar sprinted several hundred feet, in nothing, flat! I DO know that. There were no bad results, however, since all that was broken was one window. (If I may be permitted a wisecrack, I'd call that a mighty lucky break!)

We have added the "Stradella Musicians" and the "Hawkeye Ensemble" to our group of natives. They entertain regularly, and I'll ship you a photo as soon as we can get their modest selves to have some taken.

Plans for the future include redecorating of the studios, and moving of our office (maybe, on the latter) and a few new and interesting programs on which we are working.

By the way, in closing, may I ask a favor? If you print this, do try to keep a copy of Radio Digest from falling into the hands of Dick Wells! It would ruin his whole day, because he thinks everything I write is rotten!

73s, Marigold.

He's Lion But "Real"

BOB MacGIMSEY, the harmony whistler whose introduction to the Radio world a few weeks ago brought a flood of comment acclaiming him the novelty musical surprise of the season, has returned to Empire Builders, where he made his debut.

Despite the fact that MacGimsey is being lionized wherever he goes, he takes his musical gift as a matter of course and still seems more happy that he was admitted to the bar in 1923 with first honors than that his "harmony whistling" both mystifies and thrills scientists and musicians alike.

He might still be known only as a brilliant young lawyer of Lake Providence, La., if he had not stopped at a friend's home one day when Gene Austin, tenor, was there. Austin brought MacGimsey north to add his unusual three-part whistling to the Blue Heaven record.

Since then the versatile young man has steadily attracted more attention, until recently he was booked by the National Broadcasting company as a novelty number for an Empire Builders program. He was in New York at the time making a series of solo records for Victor, as well as the obligato to Gene Austin and Nat Shilkret records.

In addition to his unusual whistling, MacGimsey plays virtually every known kind of instrument by ear and specializes in pipe organ, piano and saxophone—which he can also play by note.



This picture of Jack L'Ecuyer, organist at KFEQ, might have been taken in his garden, for Jack is an enthusiast about his posies, and knows them by their first names.



Lucky Boys! That's what this trio ought to be called instead of the King Taste Trio. They were good and admitted it, but few others did until they stumbled into a tryout at WLW just when the sponsors of the King Taste Night club were present. Now they're there

Blind Organist Is Happy Every Day

RADIO listeners need not be sorry for Dr. Francis Richter, blind organist of KSTP at St. Paul. He's not a bit sorry for himself because he's blind and has been from the time he was just a small baby. He's happy, happy because he has been able to receive a college education and do the thing he most wanted to do, study the organ and master it.

Dr. Richter has been the KSTP staff organist since May of 1929 and in that time he hasn't once repeated any number except requests he receives. He has the largest musical library in the Braille system in the United States consisting of 2,600 numbers, and he's putting more selections into Braille.

He and Mrs. Richter spend all their spare moments working on numbers, getting them into Braille. Mrs. Richter dictates and Mr. Richter works on the Braille machine, which is somewhat like a typewriter, with two sets of keys, one for the notes and one for the words.

Dr. Richter, who has an education equivalent to that of a college graduate, speaks four languages besides English. He has studied in Europe under some of the great masters. In Vienna he worked with Joseph Labor and Karl Goldmark. When he was three years old he started learning to play the piano. At thirteen he could play the pipe organ.

He is never late. Only twice in thirty years has he been over a minute late to a concert, both times in Portland, Ore. On each occasion he had to cross a drawbridge opened to let barges pass. That made him two minutes late for each concert.

In his Radio programs, Dr. Richter doesn't stick to the classics. In fact, he thinks that jazz is educating the youth of today. He changes perhaps on one program from the popular song hit, "Louise," to the "Rhapsody No. 2" by Liszt. This often happens on his request programs.

So Radio listeners need not feel sorry for Dr. Richter, for he's one of the happiest, if not the happiest, man in St. Paul, always working under the handicap that has brought him so many pleasures.

* * *

Bobby Brown, production manager of the WBBM Air Theater, Chicago, is spending several hours each week in the public library looking up casts of old musical comedies in old newspaper files.

Brown uses this information in preparing the Auburn Musical Comedy memories program, a weekly feature of WBBM every Saturday evening. Formerly only a fifteen minute feature, this program has been extended to a half hour by popular request.

Artists Write Hits

WHILE Radio programs are indebted to popular music for a great many of the features presented, the debt is not allowed to go unpaid. Artists of the National Broadcasting company's Chicago studios have contributed more than their share to the popular "hits."

Ted Fiorito, conductor of the Edgewater Beach hotel orchestra, with such familiar compositions as "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Dreamer of Dreams," "When Lights Are Low" and many others, and Walter Blaufuss, with his ever-popular "Your Eyes Have Told Me So," lead the list, which also includes such well-known composers of popular melodies as Vic Young and Nat Natalie, J. Oliver Riehl, "Whitey" Bergquist, Harry Kogen and others who have scored a number of successes in the past few years.

Farm Leaders Form Faculty of Marketing College at WENR

LEADERS in American agriculture are on the faculty of the first Radio college of co-operative marketing, which holds its classes through the microphone of WENR.

The idea of this college was created and developed by "Farmer" Rusk, who is the WENR agricultural expert. Co-operating with him are agricultural colleges: the U. S. Department of Agriculture: the National Live Stock Producers association and its affiliated co-operative live stock commission associations: the American Farm Bureau federation: the Illinois Agricultural association, and other agricultural agencies.

The school has a regular curriculum which is designed to be of special interest to managers of live stock, shipping associations, students in agricultural colleges and high schools, breeders of live stock, and farmers generally. Classes are presented each Tuesday evening at 7:15 p. m. (CST) under the supervision of Mr. Rusk.

Among those who take part are: C. B. Denman, Federal Farm board: S. H. Thompson, president, American Farm Bureau federation: Prof. H. W. Mumford, Dean, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois: Earl C. Smith, president of the Illinois Agricultural association: D. L. Swanson, manager, Chicago Producers Commission association: C. G. Randle, U. S. Department of Agriculture: Prof. H. P. Rusk, Head Department of Animal Husbandry, University of Illinois: Ray Miller, director live stock marketing, Illinois Agricultural association: Phil Evans, director publicity, Chicago Producers Commission association, and W. H. Settle, chairman of National Farmers' Grain corporation.

WCCO Trio Is Popular

THE St. Paul Radio trio, known to thousands as Jerry, Irene and Fred, who entertain from the studios of WCCO every Saturday morning with a request program have achieved such popularity that it has been necessary to refuse telephone calls because the traffic became so heavy as to tie up the downtown exchange.

Jerry Harrington is the "Little Irish Tenor" and Irene Harris accompanies him on the piano and provides vocal harmony for his lyric voice. Fred Laws, St. Paul manager of WCCO, has a prominent part in the program with commentaries on the numbers.

Irene and Jerry started their Saturday morning broadcasting several months ago, and since that time they have established a record as mail getters. Irene and Jerry, according to Fred, have more faithful correspondents in the Northwest than a Hollywood movie star in a girl's boarding school.. When they first started to broadcast, request numbers were accepted over the telephone. The telephone traffic became so heavy, however, that it was necessary to eliminate it, and have all requests come in by mail.

Recently Jerry celebrated his birthday over the air, and was the recipient of innumerable boxes of candy, cakes, cookies, pickles, jam jelly and baked beans.

Just where the applause, crowd noise and other special effects heard in this program come from Fred refuses to tell, maintaining that they are special and secret stage devices developed by him in the days when he traveled with the original Uncle Tom's Cabin company.

Please Mr. Farmer, WDAY Aim

FARGO, North Dakoto Station is oldest broadcaster in the West. ounded in May, 1922, it has consis-ntly sought to serve the Farmer. If programs please others, that is fine, but incidental.

By Charles G. Burke

WDAY, at Fargo, North Dakota, doesn't go in for slogans. But well it might. There are a variety ich fit it. For instance, you might call "The Voice of Agriculture." Or ere's "The Farmer's Friend." Still an-ner is "The Air Newspaper of the nd of Farms."

For WDAY is all of them.

WDAY, the oldest Radio station in northwest—founded in May, 1922, is farmers' friend. All of its programs built with the farmers who inhabit vast area it serves in mind. Each designed to give a maximum of enter-nment or information to the farmer. the programs please the folks who ide in Fargo, WDAY's home city, or er towns in the community, that is ely incidental.

And among the entertainers from DAY are such friends of the farmer the Go-Far Old Timer, a real old er who plays old time music. In real the Old Timer is Charles J. Onan, eal farmer of near Sabin, Minn. He ows the type of songs his farmer nds like—and plays and sings them. another favorite with the thousands WDAY's farm audience is WDAY's dio trio, headed by Norman Ostby, inist. The trio includes, in addition the violin, a saxophone and a piano. repertoire includes popular, semi-sical and classical selections and its eal is widespread. Hundreds of let-weekly attest the popularity of trio.

WDAY's informational side is exten-. For instance, there are the fre-nt weather reports and forecasts, all ortant to the farmer at all times of year. In the winter there are special stock shipping reports, forecasting maximum temperatures expected as l as the minimum and carrying a ning as to the necessity of holding k over at yards to prevent freezing. he vast area served by WDAY in-es thousands of profitable farmers, few towns. The towns are widely rated and only eight of them in th Dakota have newspapers. So the y news, read from the station three s daily, proves of much value. It es WDAY the daily paper of thou-ls.

he market reports are equally im-ant in North Dakota, where it often alf a day's ride to the nearest town re such reports are available.

t best of all the farmer friends of AY like the entertainment the sta-offers all the year round, rain or e, blue days or bright.

ey like Hildegaard Usselman, or-st, who entertains them each week. they write to Dave Henley, ballad blues singer, who presents regular rams each week. In fact, they seem ke nearly all the programs WDAY s them. When one is scheduled that don't like they are prompt in ex-sing their opinions.

d it is this consistent flood of letters its every day listeners that makes AY so easily able to satisfy the de-ds upon it.



"We can please your eyes and ears" is the peculiar slogan of this saxophone quartet. You see it's this way—Doc. J. P. Miller and his three cohorts are also optometrists, what time they aren't appearing at KFAB.

Reunion Ground of Old Pals at KOA

BEING a part of the swiftly changing order of the musical world, KOA has found itself the reunion ground for long separated friends several times during the past year. Radio is linking childhood friends not alone by air, but is bringing them together in the flesh.

Shining examples of each happened at the Denver station recently. Everett Foster, baritone soloist, gave an air recital and by air mail came a letter from an old schoolboy chum in California of whom he had lost track. Radio re-established a contact long hoped for.

When Henry Hadley, the world renowned composer and conductor, came to KOA as guest conductor for a night of the station's light opera company, he found his soloist was Mme. Blanche Da Costa, the soprano whom he had directed with the American Singers in New York years ago.

* * *

Winning music contests has become a habit with John Jameson, 20-year-old tenor whose singing has placed him ace high with listeners of KOA during the past year.

His most recent conquest was in placing first in the Colorado finals of the Atwater Kent foundation contest held in Denver. Earlier in the year he was first in the national contest held in Boston by the American Federation of Music clubs.

He was a celebrated boy soprano until his voice began to change, when he was advised to give up singing for a time. He has paced ahead swiftly during the past three years as his voice has settled into a sweet lyric tenor.

* * *

Ralph Bennett and His Seven Aces, "All Eleven of Them," voted the West's most popular Radio orchestra in the Radio Digest's 1927-1928 international orchestra contest, are providing dance programs for listeners of KOA in Denver. They are playing at the Cosmopolitan hotel and their programs are picked up every Saturday night.

* * *

"Laying out" in the China sea and hearing his own obituary flashed from Singapore to Frisco, and powerless to do anything more about it than tune in dance tunes played half the world away—this was the interesting experience recounted by a young soldier of fortune who barged into KOA at Denver the other day.

He was Francis L. Barron, now traveling relief Radio operator for the Western Air Express, but a year ago "sparks" of a merchant vessel in the Orient.

All news agencies thought his ship had been sunk by a typhoon, but it had managed miraculously to keep the sky in sight. The only divertissement possible at the moment, he reported, was to tune in KOA, the "old stand-by" of Pacific-going vessels.

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Forgets Own Program

IF FAMILIARITY doesn't always breed contempt, it sometimes breeds forgetfulness.

Robert Owen, engineer in charge of technical operations at KOA in Denver, made a trip into the mountains one day last fall. Toward evening, after he had started home, he came to a branch road and stopped. He knew that one of these roads down was blocked for repairs somewhere ahead.

He had visions of meeting this blockade and then attempting the hazardous feat of turning his car around on a mountain road at night. He switched off his motor and, just to keep his hands busy while he thought, he turned on the Radio set he has installed in his car to keep in touch with KOA while he is away.

"The Clear Creek road is open and good," were the first words coming from the speaker. The problem was solved.

But he had forgotten about the road reports he had heard KOA broadcast at that time every day for several years.

* * *

Radio, leveler of distances, bridged the gap of a number of years for Ivy Scott, soprano heard in NBC programs, recently. Miss Scott, who has her own program each Saturday afternoon at 5:45 o'clock, was a music hall entertainer in Australia as a child. A few days ago she received a letter from a couple who knew her in those days asking her to repeat "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins," which they had heard her sing then. The request was complied with.

New WBAP Studios Culminate 8 Years Success on Air

PRIDE of Fort Worth, Texas, and the Southwest, the palatial new studios of WBAP, Radio station of the Record-Telegram and Star-Telegram, are now in operation. Exceptionally ambitious and successful numbers were included in the dedicatory program, which included addresses by Amon G. Carter and Harold Hough, the latter known to Radio fans everywhere as The Hired Hand.

WBAP's new home is said to be the most artistic in the Southwest, and is carried out in the modern trend. Formal presentation of the new studio to the Radio public was made by Mr. Carter, who dedicated the new studios and equipment to the pleasure and benefit of the listening public.

The Hired Hand outlined the eight years of struggle and success that has been the lot of WBAP. The eleven-piece studio orchestra, directed by Michael Cooles opened the program with a group of musical numbers which have been outstanding in popularity during the past eight years. This was followed by an opening address by Hough and dedicatory speech by Carter. The balance of the evening was taken up by a large group of prominent artists.

C. H. Croxton, WBAP's program director, announced the various numbers. The initial Radio recital on the new organ in the Robertson-Mueller-Harper Funeral Home was played by W. J. Marsh and broadcast by remote control.

Numbers from the studio included a piano solo by Miss Julia Smith; dialogue by Prissy and Jack; a vocal solo by Bess Coughlin accompanied at the piano by Laura Altizer; vocal numbers by Jay Jarrell; "wooden piano" selections by Virgil Whitworth and number by a group of vaudeville performers appearing on this week's Majestic theater program.

* * *

Countess Olga Medolago Albani, mezzo-soprano heard regularly in NBC programs, is an expert in Spanish cookery.



Cute? We think so, that's why her picture is here. Cute and clever is the verdict for Katharine Pulley, with her uke. Used to entertain from WLS, now she's heard from WIL.

New Features at WJAG

WJAG is adding a number of new features to the station programs this winter. Among the new announcers is included Serl Hutton, who directs the staff orchestra. Each member of this organization is a soloist in his own right, and the roster includes two vocal soloists. While its specialty is dance music, the band can be heard in a number of novelty and semi-classical numbers.

KGKO Air Church in Daily Service

"GOOD Morning World—This is Station KGKO, the National Security Life Insurance station at Wichita Falls, Texas, bringing to you the Radio Revival program of the 'Church of the Air.'"

Who would have expected to have heard such an announcement a few years ago? And yet, hundreds of thousands of people watch their clock each day and a few minutes before 10 a. m. tune in on KGKO so as to be sure they do not miss a single word of the Radio Revival, and then write their regrets that Wednesday is silent day and they cannot have this spiritual help and inspiration.

This daily religious service began July 22 as an experiment, to find out whether or not the millions of Radio fans were interested in religious features or whether their tastes are confined entirely to popular and Jazz programs. The first week of the experiment brought almost 1,000 letters to the studio thanking the management for this service and requesting a picture of the man, who in six days had captured the Radio fans of the entire Southland and Middle West and whose perfect Radio voice had brought comfort, peace and increased faith to literally thousands of people. Since that first week, mail from fans has increased to such an extent as to require the services of two people to sort song requests and those for spiritual advice.

The service each day, in fact, "The Church of the Air," is conducted by Dr. Paul Henry Packard, whose name is a household name among the religious forces of America and who is known as an Evangelist of unusual success. In introducing the Radio preacher recently, a prominent Texas lawyer said, "Dr. Packard has made more friends in less time than any other man in the Southland." Thousands of people, regardless of their personal faith or creed, declare Dr. Packard one of the greatest gospel preachers of this age and the requests for him to conduct services in different cities of the South and Middle West have been more than half a dozen men could fill.

The services are conducted each morning at 10 o'clock, except Sundays. "The Church of the Air" on Sundays gives to the world the International Bible School lesson from 8:30 to 9:30 a. m., and is on the air again at 9:30 Sunday night in a "Back Home Hour." The "Back Home" hour comes to thousands who are "back home" from their own church services, from visiting friends and from the Sunday evening jaunt over the highways and seeks to restore the evening period of devotion in the American home before retiring.

All services are strictly evangelistic and nothing but the plain, simple gospel is given to the world. Dr. Packard takes a few minutes each day in answering questions sent in, but refuses to discuss controversial questions over the air. Such questions are answered by correspondence. The services are "Undenominational." The Word is preached as found in the New Testament and folks are asked to stand upon it and not on men's personal ideas of the Word. Hundreds of people have phoned, written, and even wired in, asking what denomination the Radio preacher belongs to, but all such queries are answered with, "This is not a denominational movement; we are simply endeavoring to preach the Word and asking the world just to accept Christ and obey His commands."

One woman who has been a Methodist for three score years is deeply moved by the unusual heart appeal which characterizes all of Dr. Packard's sermons and declares he is a Methodist.

A Baptist minister of 54 years' service declared Dr. Packard's refusal to "dodge" Baptism, indicated very strongly that he is a Baptist, although he had never heard of him in the ranks of the Baptist ministry.

A woman in Oklahoma writes: "If you won't tell us what Church you belong to I'll tell you, for you preach exactly what my Church teaches and I am a member of the First Christian Church."

Another Oklahoman writes to ask, "Is there a church in my city that teaches the Bible as you preach it over the Radio? If so, I want to know what it is so I can worship and work with them for I have been looking for a church like that for twenty years and though I am a church member, I have never been satisfied."

Speaking of the "Nature of the Services" one feature in particular must not be overlooked. Each Friday a special service is held in honor of shut-ins, the aged, the lonely and those in hospitals. At this service none but the oldest hymns available are used and a chorus of men and women, all past 60 years of age make up the chorus. The "Baldwin Grand" is deserted and the old-fashioned



Just one of the reasons WOW is such a wow. Mrs. Seavey Hudson (of course she had to go and get married) sings melodies in a sweet soprano voice at the Omaha station.



Heap Big Chief Mahpi-Ho-Waste, meaning in Sioux, "a good voice from the sky." That's Earl C. Reineke, manager and chief announcer of WDAY, who has just been made a member of the tribe by Sitting Bull Boy and Red Fox. Boy is a direct descendant of the great Sitting Bull, but his leadership of the Red Men is confined to serving as a minister.

Melodian" is used that the singing may e as nearly as possible as it was 60 years go. The old folks listening in are urged o join in singing the old hymns with ie chorus and the letters received fol-owing an "Old Folks" service are noth-g short of pathetic. One woman writes: It was a fore-taste of Heaven to watch y old Daddy and Mother, 95 and 93 ears old, both of them blind for many ears, turn their sightless eyes toward eaven, see them wipe the tears from eir cheeks and see their chins quiver s they tried once more to sing the old ongs familiar 50 years ago.

Dr. Packard says: "I preach the same ospel I preach in my regular revival ork. I started the Radio revival giving out ten days to arousing the Church om her indifference and seeking to ring Church members back to God, to ayer and spiritual power. I followed is series with a group of messages on he Authenticity of the Bible,' 'The ivinity of Jesus,' 'Did Jesus Die a Real eath?' 'Did God Actually Raise Jesus om the Dead?' 'The New Testament hurch,' 'Can Man Be Saved Outside e Church?' and 'What Must I Do to e Saved?'"

* * *

THE Voice of the Great Southwest is - just what it says, for it covers that ld well, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico d Old Mexico. Russ Johnston is pro-am manager with Big Bill Campbell, hief Coo-coo Noodler, as commercial anager. A special staff of two young dies is kept on hand to file all the re-uests that come in for special program mbers.

WDAY Answerman Pulls Large Mail

A UNIQUE feature service, taking its cue from past days in newspaper-dom, has brought thousands of letters, and an equal number of weird questions, to WDAY, at Fargo, N. D. "The Answerman," who thrice weekly, attempts to answer questions of any conceivable type, has been asked very nearly everything from how to make tomato soup so that it won't curdle, to what is the exact opposite of "Zenith?" And, by the way, the correct answer to the latter question is "Nadir."

Two North Dakota stations were hooked up independently last Fall for the handling of sports events. They are KFJM at Grand Forks and WDAY at Fargo. The two stations rented telephone lines for the handling of North Dakota Agricultural college and University of North Dakota grid battles. They plan to continue the scheme for basketball this Winter.

WDAY has decided to quit sending out pictures of its entertainers and announcers. It answers all requests for pictures with a polite note to the effect that pictures of all artists and others connected with the stations either have or will appear in Radio Digest, which can be found at all newsstands.

* * *

After a listeners census, WDAY has discontinued its morning setting-up exercises. Fans reported that they no longer followed the feature and an early morning devotional period has taken the place of "hands on hips, one, two, three." The devotional service was almost the unanimous selection of fans who objected to the setting-up feature.

Wit Staves Off Death

RESOURCEFULNESS, an attribute needed by every successful Radio artist, always has characterized Henry Hadley, the celebrated conductor and composer who leads the KOA chorus and concert orchestra.

It kept him from starving to death back in 1903 before Radio was dreamed of and when he was merely a music student in Paris. With another student, he was making a short tour of the continent when they became stranded in Galatz, Roumania.

There were no wire facilities to enable them to wire for money. They were not known. So the man whom both Europe and America were later to acclaim as one of the world's greatest creative musicians played his violin on village street corners while his friend passed the hat. Thus they worked their way home.

* * *

It would be difficult to find a section of the broadcasting programs with a more popular appeal than the Old Time Nights at 3LO when old time dance music, songs and choruses are broadcast to the delight of hundreds of thousands of listeners throughout Australia and New Zealand. R. H. Spaven will be master of ceremonies and Bendall & Aumonts orchestra will provide the dance music.



Personality Girl is the very appropriate title for Jean Cowan, who sings popular songs exclusively for KFWB, out Hollywood way.

Salt Lake Cops, KDYL in War on Crime

CO-OPERATING with the police department of Salt Lake City, station KDYL is now the mouthpiece of that important arm of the municipal government. Thus the entire West within the range of the station is kept in touch with developments in the city, and city and state are better able to cope with the violators of laws and statutes.

A complete remote control studio has been installed in the office of Chief of Police Joseph E. Burbidge, with all the necessary equipment of the latest type. Here complete police news and bulletins are flashed twice daily on the air through KDYL.

In important cases when an important case demands, a special broadcast is cut into any of the regular studio programs so that a cordon may be immediately thrown out for the apprehension of the criminals. This system has been found to work very efficiently.

* * *

With the idea of carrying out its aim to provide a program for everyone in the family, KDYL is putting on a series of grand opera sketches on Sunday evenings. In these programs special numbers are selected from each of the great operas.

* * *

Another program improvement was inaugurated by the Salt Lake City station last Fall, when the Sunday morning programs were started at 9 o'clock in the morning instead of at noon, as formerly. This additional service gives KDYL one of the heaviest operating schedules in the country.

* * *

Having her name misspelled is no novelty to Madame Berthe Baret, the French violinist who plays regularly over the NBC System, but being addressed as Madame du Barry is quite another thing. The letter came from a very appreciative Radio listener and read in part, "Please express to Madame du Barry my appreciation of her playing and selection of numbers."

* * *

Bobbe Deane, NBC National Player at San Francisco, made her first microphone appearance at KGO, playing in "Victory," a drama written by her husband, Ted Maxwell, now NBC production manager.

Aunt Betty Busy With JUVENILE CREW

WRITING a Book, Signing Articles for a Newspaper, Keeping Up a Happy Home, and Playing Aunt to Children of the West Keeps Ruth Thompson Always on the Go

By Madonna Todd

WRITING daily for a newspaper, completing a book, which will be published early next year, and making a happy home for her husband are only three of the things "Aunt Betty" does besides broadcasting every Monday afternoon from the San Francisco NBC studios through KGO, Oakland.

The vivacious young woman who is known to thousands of kiddies and grown-ups all along the coast—including Alaska—has been enraptured by children and their psychology since her own college days.

She has been "Aunt Betty" to this NBC station's Juvenile audience since 1924 when the "Kiddies Klub" was organized.

"I wanted to reach out and give all that I could to children even before that . . . I guess I was waiting for Radio to come along, but didn't know that such a medium ever would be offered," Aunt Betty says.

Since her first broadcast, Aunt Betty has received more than 20,000 letters from boys and girls ranging in age from 5 to 18. Hundreds of epistles have come from mothers of tiny babies.

"One wrote recently that her six months old baby was attracted to the Aunt Betty program by a dog's barking," Aunt Betty said seriously, and added with her cheery laugh, "I was the dog."

Which reminds one that Aunt Betty formerly was called upon to effect all of the noises incidental to her program. Now the mechanical devices relieve her of some of this.

Ruth Thompson is Aunt Betty's pen name. She also is known as "Mother Hubbard" to readers of a San Francisco newspaper.

Her first Radio work evolved about a KGO experimental program sponsored by the California State Board of Education and prompted by the interest in rural education of Grace Stanley, then State Superintedent of that work. Geography lessons were offered in the form of dramatic sketches titled "Old Man River" and interpreted by Miss Thompson and a picked group of juveniles. The dramatizations were heard at school assemblies.

Before she turned to Radio, Miss Thompson wrote "Comrades of the Desert," which stands out as the only Mojave desert story written for children. This was followed by the Modern School Readers, published between 1924 and 1928 and now in use in the public school. The co-author was H. B. Wilson, former Superintendent of Schools in Berkeley and now director of the National Junior Red Cross at Washington, D. C. Two primary geographies, "Type Stories of the World for Little Folk" and "Our Neighbors Near and Far" are her other children's books.

The new effort is titled "Mad-cap of La Mesa" and is another tale of the Mojave.

"The desert stories are the outgrowth of the years I spent teaching school on the Mojave," Miss Thompson explains. Then she turns to child psychology. "I believe firmly that children should be taught by stories in which facts are tucked neatly. Kiddies at home are different than they are at school. That accounts for the success of our Radio programs, all of which are educational. The little folk assimilate and remember what they are taught in this way. They write letters asking a multitude of questions and our programs mostly are the answers. In cases where time is not permitted, I answer the question by letter."

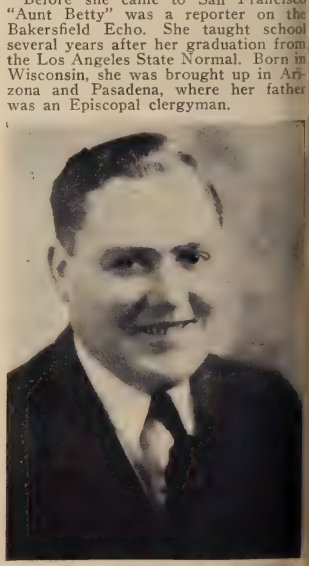
Aunt Betty has more "active" members of her KGO Kiddies Klub during the Winter than through the warm season.

"This is accounted for by reception rather than lack of interest on the part of the children," she explains. "With darkness coming early, children in the far North and well East hear the broadcasts. Through the Summer, they write hundreds of letters explaining that they can not hear us.

"Kiddies at Pilot Station, Alaska, are the members of the club farthest away. Nevada and Arizona children show keenest enthusiasm, probably because of their great distance from populated centers."

Boys and girls of every type are numbered among the members of Aunt Betty's Kiddies Klub. Among the most interesting to her are the enthusiastic young Eskimos in Alaska and a coterie of Philippino boys from whom she receives letters regularly.

Before she came to San Francisco "Aunt Betty" was a reporter on the Bakersfield Echo. She taught school several years after her graduation from the Los Angeles State Normal. Born in Wisconsin, she was brought up in Arizona and Pasadena, where her father was an Episcopal clergyman.



Smiling Eddie Marble is one of the favorite artists of KGER. His tenor voice is heard Sunday evenings in an hour of request numbers.



Sweet tones of classical melodies are the specialty of this group of musicians, who make up the KGW concert orchestra. The eleven talented people assembled by the Oregonian, which operates KGW, are a wonderfully well-balanced group and their popularity is increasing daily.

Thrills and Chills Galore for Mr. Rice

***By* Gerald Byrne**

REATEST thrill—biggest laugh—
hardest "Chill" in an announcer's
ung life?
Glen Rice, famous "All-American"
orts announcer who describes sports
ents, especially football, for KNX,
ollywood, has had lots. In fact they
erflow his memory basket.
"I didn't hear the pistol," Rice said
day. "Probably didn't know it was
en loaded during a game between
outhern California and Notre Dame.
o, when the referee picked up the ball
id paced off 40 yards, I said, 'Gosh!
hat a penalty. No wonder they're



Thrills so many and chills so many he can't begin to remember them all have been the lot of Glen Rice, "All American" football announcer of KNX, Hollywood.

called 'Fightin' Irish.' Somebody musta got socko on the jaw. There must have been thousands of laughs at my mortification in calling correction—'End of first quarter.' At least 400 fans laughed at me by mail next day.

"Thrill? One for all time. Dramatic in a perfect stage setting with 80,000 pop-eyed people cheering the gallant gallops downfield to two touchdowns by Morley Drury, marvel among quarterbacks. Suddenly a substitute ran out. Morley nodded, tossed his headgear to his successor. Absolute silence prevailed. Notre Dame's captain stepped forward and grasped Drury by the hand. So did the referee. Morley started on a trot toward the gate. Then that great crowd came up like a human yeast cake. It broke into a roar that would have drowned Niagara to a whisper. And as Morley reached the gate, he half turned and waved acknowledgment to the full-throated tribute. Then he vanished from the football field—forever.

"My toughest spot—the big 'chill'—wasn't at a football game. It came after I had served in the afternoon as best man for a buddy. Promised the happy pair a special radio number that night, but in announcing it for 'Mr. and Mrs. ——,' I hauled off and forgot the name! Intuition guided my finger to scratch the mike so that it seemed static had blurred instead of me boneheading the play. Then I lighted a cigarette and when the number was finished, nonchalantly said, 'That number was played for my good friend Perry Rogers and the Missis as they honeymoon their way on the wings of love."

Maybe there are other Radio announcers who have had 'em. But KNX's family believe Rice is entitled to the double palm, a barrel of flour or the gold plated oil stove.

* * *

Artists of the Radio world are getting the same glorification that is the lot of the screen favorites. When the Three Boys of KGO play a theatrical date, they are eagerly watched by the admirers as they file to and from the stage door.

Jack Barnet Says KGW Now "Home"

JACK BARNET, whose name is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable because he's a Scot and not a Frenchman, has been accused of everything on the broadcasting calendar, but he wants his friends to know that there is one charge in particular which he denies and denies vehemently.

He is not working for a defunct broadcasting station.

Jack is with KGW, the Oregonian in Portland, Oregon, and has been there for the last eight months. Somebody's press agent slipped a cog when he was accused of being manager of a Portland station, which as a member of the ABC chain went bankrupt.

Jack is with an outfit that is alive and he wants all his old friends back in KDKA and elsewhere in the East to know it.

KGW, due partly to Jack's selling ability, went on a 100 per cent full schedule early in the Fall with programs from 7 in the morning until midnight with nearly every feature on a commercial basis.

Alaskan Pioneers Tuning in on Frisco

WITH the coming of darkness, the Alaskan trail-blazers listen to Radio programs presented in the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company, writes Elwood G. Kunkel from Fort Yukon. Working on the airplane landing field, Kunkel has spent the summer in the North and writes from 13 miles inside the Arctic Circle. The Musical Musketeers were heard August 8th by the writer and an operator at the U. S. radio station. "We have to wait until the sun sinks," Kunkel writes. "It falls below the horizon just after 9:00 o'clock, our time, and we hear as plainly as if we were in your studio. While the sun shines, static ruins every program."

Blind, Wins in Kent California Contest

Invictus:

A BLIND boy wins the Southern California competitions of the Atwater Kent Foundation's third annual National Audition.

Out of infinite night a flood of golden, living light pours into the microphone of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles, and Calvin Hendricks is named winner by a dramatic majority. Totally blind since birth.

This young senior in the College of Music, the University of California, won from 1,000 competing hopefuls who matched voices on thirty local vocal battlefields. Floy Hamlin, Coloratura, also of Los Angeles, was judged winner of her sex.

Hendricks was born in Clinton, Oklahoma. He has lived in Los Angeles the past twelve years. Twenty months ago he took his first singing lessons. He was already an accomplished organist, pianist, a composer of lovely songs and unafraid of several other musical instruments.

Calvin has a slender, delicate body, but a stout happy heart. He walks confidently about town and to his classes. The world has padded the raw corners of life with love and kindness because he is lovable and because the world knows that nature has made a sad mistake which cannot be made right. Perhaps he is happier than anyone we know. His classmates in prep school gave him a loving cup for the inspiration he had been to them.

On the night of October 20th, Hendricks was led to the KHJ microphone. His baritone voice came over the air with surprising quality; a rising, falling tide of beauty; an effortless flow; delicate but ample.

Let us say that he is a blind bard looking toward horizons which we cannot understand—toward visions of loveliness beyond the imaginations of us who see ugliness—the tender, passionate singer of far places in the realm of abstract beauty. What does he see as he sings, you ask yourself.

This would be drama: The blind boy from Los Angeles singing INVICTUS—

"Out of night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul. . ."



Winners of the Southern California finals in the Atwater Kent contests held at KHJ. Calvin Hendricks, the blind baritone, and Floy Hamlin, coloratura, both of Los Angles.

Tacoma's Mayor is "Stocking Filler"

TACOMA'S chief executive and his henchmen were the victims chosen as honor guests for the first Radio program of the "Stocking Fillers" this year. Mayor James Newbegin, the city councilmen and the chiefs of the fire and police departments appeared before the mike when this Radio organization, which is one of the major activities of B. P. O. E. Lodge Number 174, broadcast its initial program.

This is the fourth consecutive year for the "Stocking Fillers." As the name indicates, the purpose is to raise funds for the Elks Christmas work among the poor of Tacoma, and donations are reported to the KMO studio, credit being given the donor over the air during the programs.

The Tacoma local musicians' association gave permission for its members to contribute their services to help mak this charitable effort a success. Othe talent for the opening show include Herbert Ford, tenor, Mae Selby an Adele Thompson, sopranos, and Jan Morse, popular KMO blues singer.

* * *

Everyone who has ever worked in Radio studio knows that it is supposed to be an information bureau, amon other things. The KMO studios a located high up in the Winthrop hot pent house, where, if there is a fog ro ing in from the bay, there is no escapi it—unless it settles low. The other d a feminine voice called and said, "W you please tell me how foggy it is Margie, the office girl, respond promptly and apparently unsurprise "Well, we can't see the bay from her but the streets aren't bad—you can dri comfortably, I am sure." "Oh, thank y —that's just what I wanted to know said the anxious inquirer, hanging the telephone.

There's nothing like a little servi



A band that is fast making friends throughout the Northwest is Warner Stone and his group of melodists. Heard over KOIN, these boys are building up a great following.

WORK thus far carried out assures high standard of programs, with better coverage than ever, says A. D. Mackenzie. The Toronto symphony is featured this Winter.

CANADA TO HEAR BEST *Over* CNR Chain

By A. D. Mackenzie

RECENT announcements by Vice-President W. D. Robb, of Canadian national railways, indicate that the C. N. R. is keenly alive to the Radio situation as it exists in Canada. Despite the substantial work done by his organization, plans for the Winter season forecast yet higher standards to be maintained. The detail of the work is of course in the hands of E. A. Weir, C. N. R. director of Radio.

Two outstanding issues are features in the new series—still wider encouragement and use of native Canadian talent, and in addition the presentation of a number of noted British artists not yet heard in Canada, but to be broadcast in the program of concerts which began with Jeanne Gordon, in October.

To carry out the more ambitious programs for the Winter season, it was first necessary to perform considerable work in perfecting and adding to the mechanics of the system. To properly broadcast the splendid programs which have been already arranged for and are under contemplation, extensive plans have been carried out as a result of which the new stations in use have broadened their scope, particularly CNRX, in the Toronto district.

PROVISION is made for an extensive coverage in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and East and West, while a wide territory throughout the New England states, the East and the South, is also reached, thus serving the most populous areas of the United States. It has been estimated that these extensions will add millions of listeners in the chain broadcasting of the Canadian National system.

Beginning in October, a new series of broadcasts was inaugurated which extends from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and at a later date these broadcasts will become completely nation-wide through the addition of CNRV, the company's fine station on Lulu Island at Vancouver. This extensive chain is made possible because of the hope of the Canadian National telegraphs which service touches each of the nine provinces.

The present series of symphony concerts are heard between five and six o'clock (EST). The hour has been determined upon as one as convenient as possible in a land where complete chain broadcasting from Atlantic to Pacific must traverse five distinct time zones, each marking an hour's difference in the clock. These special Sunday broadcasts offer unusual programs. The Toronto Symphony orchestra has been engaged for twenty-five such concerts and at each broadcast some noted artist is the guest of the organization.

BUILT on the highest professional ideals, the Toronto Symphony orchestra is now entering its eighth season of existence as a musical unit. The business management of this organization is the Orchestra association, with Colonel A. E. Gooderham as president and a directorate of men prominent in business and finance.

No great orchestra has ever succeeded without a great conductor. The Toronto symphony is singularly fortunate in this respect in having Luigi von Kunits, Mus. D., violinist and composer, at its head. He has had a lifetime of training and experience in European and American orchestras of the first rank, a man of profound musical knowledge, scholarship, patience and leadership so essential to success in this work.



The regular announcer and chief engineer of CFCA is G. W. McClain. The Toronto Daily Star station has been on the air since March, 1922.

These form but part of the features arranged for the 1929-30 season, and it can be stated that the programs for the chain broadcasts on Tuesdays and Thursdays will also be of high character. The Tuesday programs will be in lighter vein, while those on Thursday will provide a greater variety of more serious music to which the works of past and present masters will be featured.

IN ANNOUNCING the season's plans at a gathering of station directors and program makers recently held at headquarters, Mr. Weir, the director, stated that every effort will be made to encourage Canadian talent, both vocal and instrumental. In this connection, it was stated that arrangements have been made by which the Hart house string quartette will broadcast a series of recitals over the chain on their return from Europe. The Hart house quartette has established a splendid reputation as exponents of the best class of chamber music.

There are a number of other program features arranged for and in contemplation which will make for an unusually brilliant season. It is planned to offer a series of brief talks on the historical sites of Canada, with particular reference to many of the old forts. There are plans also for enlisting the aid of the universities to develop educational features of the programs. Miss Esme Moonie has been appointed assistant to the director in the preparation of programs.

Short Wave Programs Picked up by CJRX

SINCE the establishment by James Richardson and Sons of the short wave station, CJRX, at Winnipeg, many interesting experiments have been carried out with a view to determining the possibility of picking up programs from distant short-wave stations and re-broadcasting them simultaneously from CJRX and CJRW. The results have been very satisfactory.

On the outskirts of Winnipeg a receiving set similar to those used in the Trans-Atlantic Beam stations picks up KDKA and other stations. The programs are conveyed to the studio in the Royal Alexandra hotel and thence to the transmitting stations. Programs from KDKA are re-broadcast two or three times weekly with complete success.

5SW at Chelmsford, England is frequently put on the air in the same manner. The sound of Big Ben at Westminster chiming midnight comes through with great impressiveness, and other programs, including PCJ, Holland, are also used.

* * *

Situated three miles west of the boundary between the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan and far from the larger centers of population, CJRW at Fleming provides reliable service to the prairie listeners. Private wires, specially designed and built for the purpose, connect the station with the studio at Winnipeg, 200 miles east.

* * *

Prof. W. T. Allison, head of the English department at the University of Manitoba, lectures twice a week over CJRW and CJRX, his subject being books and travel. Professor Allison writes critical reviews and articles for several Canadian newspapers under the name of "Ivanhoe." In his Radio talks he discusses outstanding books of the day in a manner both entertaining and instructive. His description of tours in Europe are always interesting on his annual journeys across the water.

Talks on Immigration

"IMMIGRATION is responsible for turning the Canadian half of the North American continent from a wilderness into the home of more than nine and a half million people," said Hon. Robert Forke, Canada's Minister of Immigration, during an address in "The Nation's Business," recently broadcast from Ottawa over the Canadian National railways network.

"Immigration," the speaker continued, "cannot be turned on like water from a tap. It can be stopped by the exercise of arbitrary powers, but it cannot be so easily started again."

In the maintenance of a proper flow of immigrants it is essential that conditions overseas be taken into consideration as well as those in the new country towards which the immigrants are proceeding. Canada's problems of immigration are vastly different today than what they were one or two decades ago.

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

TALENT met talent and promptly fell in love when two of the big guns of KMOX got together and visited the minister. Alice Maslin, the better half of the couple signing the nuptial contract, is a St. Louis product, and a highly gifted one, having been displaying her prowess as program director of the Voice of St. Louis since the winter of 1925.



George Junkin, managing director of the station, is the man who pays the bills in this team. George is quite a boy, for the benefit of the few who don't know him. He graduated from Penn State, and promptly got itchy feet, twice touring the world. After following agriculture for a time, and winning honors as an Ace during the World War, he toured out to Hollywood, where he made a place for himself on the silver screen. He left the position of field organizer of the Drama League of America to take up Radio, writing a series of plays for WLS and WHT. He was director-announcer for WSWS before joining the staff of KMOX.

Alice Maslin is a young lady who has demonstrated that a musical education is a valuable asset to the program director of a broadcasting station. She combines this training with several years of experience in the business world. She studied under Alma Dawson and Leo C. Miller in St. Louis, continuing her work at Arcadia college and later at Colorado college.

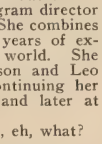
Some gal, and some man, eh, what?

* * *

To the many admirers who have written asking me about John Reed Tyson, who used to announce at WGN, I hereby announce that his pleasant voice may be heard from the mikes at WIBO, Chicago.

* * *

Helen Louise has uncovered a weakness of a lot of boys and girls when she wants to know about Margaret Starr. Margaret is the organ soloist and concert pianist at WTMJ, the Milwaukee station, and is one popular little bundle of sunshine, getting from 250 to 300 letters a day. And she insists that opening mail is one of the biggest thrills in her young life. I said little Margaret, didn't I? This wee Oklahoma lass has dark brown hair and delft blue eyes, with a pet diversion for reading. She is a scant five feet four inches tall, and so far hasn't found a man who comes up to specifications.



She started having big ideas when only thirteen years old, and started studying seriously. Ambitious to become a concert pianist, she worked under Alfred Price Quinn for four years, and then went to Paris for a year's training. Upon returning to Oklahoma she found that her love for organ music was even greater than for the piano.

Her work finally took her to Chicago, where she appeared at one or two stations, and was then signed up for the WTMJ staff, only in those days it was WHAD.

* * *

Everybody remembers Lew Farris, don't they? The Eiffel Tower of Radio? Got a letter from Lew the other day that I'm passing on to you. He's been having a lot of tough breaks, but like a good soldier is coming out of the fight on top of the world. I know many will be glad to have his address.

Dear Marcella:

Oh Gosh—Oh Gee, but I was peeved when I read in the Greatest Radio magazine in the country of some Bozo, claiming to be the tallest Radio entertainer in the country. (Awful sorry, Lew.) Gosh what a laugh. Here is poor me 6 feet 8 inches of song—worked ALL the stations in the U. S., Canada and Mex. and made a rep with my slogan, "The Eiffel Tower of Radio," and then to read something like that. It's hard to digest.

Well, Marcella, I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but the war played H—— with a lot of us. I am an inmate of the National Military home, Sawtell, California, fighting the old T. B. Lost my voice and haven't talked above a whisper since Jan., but am a long way from out. Am feeling fine and am beating the old bug and expect to be back before the mike in a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang.

The little Pink Wife is still the best Pal I ever had and joins me in sending you and Buck Rayner and all old friends our best. Address is, besides just the Home, Annex 2—R58—Lew Farris.

* * *

Loud cheers, great fame has come to poor little me, and all because some other girl's mother named her Marcella, too. And yet it makes me feel kinda bad, too. Wish I could be as popular, on and off the air, as Marcella Shields.

And now to answer your question, B. Louise. The Two Troopers, Marcella and Helene, can be heard over the NBC from time to time. They are on the concert bureau, and have no regular time for broadcasting. Alois Averille is one independent lad, and announces for both the NBC and the CBS. If you write to him direct, care of either company, I think that he will be glad to send you a picture.

Don't quite get your question about Norman S. Richards. There is, as far as I know, no such station as CHYC in Montreal. If you can give me a better tip I will find all I can about Mr. Richards.

* * *

Bradley Kincaid is one of the best known mountain ballad singers in the Middle West. The "Mountain Boy" of WLS accompanies his hill folk songs with his own "Houn' Dawg" guitar. He has a large collection of old time songs he is fond of dusting off. The twin prides of his life are mere youngsters as yet, and he has named one of them after his most popular song, "Barbara Allen."

Elizabeth Ann of Belle Plaines, Iowa, wants to know about Arthur Hays.



First of all comes the BIG question—he is NOT married. And you'd better watch that heart of yours, Elizabeth Ann, for Art is one handsome boy, with blond hair and lots of IT. In that goodlooking face of his are two twinkling blue Irish eyes which tell a lot.

Arthur is the featured organist at Loews Palace theatre in Memphis, as well as being the big shot at the manual for WMC. He has a tremendous following all over the country, as well as in Memphis and vicinity. He is billed with Hugh J. Mooney in a morning period of broadcast called "Art Hays and Salesman Sam."

* * *

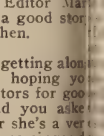
Ted Husing is a mighty sweet boy and a hard working lad who deserves every good word sent his way, and many more besides. It isn't chance, luck, drag or anything like that that has made him the premier sports announcer for the CBS, but real, honest-to-goodness hard work. Ted is really a very modest boy, and a likeable one. If you haven't read the story about him in the November Digest, just you look back and do it right now, Gegl. Mr. Editor Mart who tells we whatfor, ran a good story with a couple of pictures then.

* * *

I'm awfully glad you are getting along so well, Jinny, and here's hoping you will get away from the doctors for good before long. I'm also glad you asked me about Kay Ronayne, for she's a very old friend of mine. This blues singer de luxe is at KYW now. When she sings a song, the song stays sung. And I've told Coon all about how happy he made you, and you can believe it or not, he was just thrilled to death. Nice, boy, Coon.

* * *

When Rose Thall heard about your letter to me asking about her (Whew that was a long one), she was simply burning up. And when Rose burns up, boy, what a girl. She's only four feet eleven inches tall, but oh, oh. Twenty-two years old, she would still be touring the country with a girl band if Radio hadn't captured his heart—now she vows she's married to it, but don't let that stop any of your boys.



Besides being just darned pretty, and tantalizing the boys in the studio, Rose tickles the keys at WCAH, croons blue songs while playing for herself, and performs with the "Squeezebox." In the evenings she leads a girl orchestra which the patrons and listeners eat.

* * *

Gene and Ford and Glenn are on tour having visited Greenwich Village, as per Fred Smith's story in the December Digest. And I've answered M. M.'s other questions about Charley Hamp for C. G. D.

So many people have asked me for ctures of "Blue Emil" Cords that I finally wangled one out of him. And I can't for the life of me see why he should be reluctant about showing his face in these columns. Heaven and the girls know he is good-looking enough. Although Emil has achieved a large easure of success and popularity, he is ll on the 'teen side of twenty-one, and e single side of matrimony. In place of e proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, nil was born with a piano key in his nd.



His career as a pianist began at the e of three, when he used to stand in nt of an old music shop and listen to e pianos tinkling within. Then he uld toddle over to his aunt's house d pick out the tunes on the ivories. began the study of the organ at the e of seventeen, under Elwyn Owen, d has been connected with WTMJ as organist ever since.

When not exercising his hands on a rboard, Emil likes best to exercise legs in long walks. Recently he mped seventeen miles on a little Sun- jaunt, and he averages two hours a in hiking. He is a little fellow, at t, a bit below medium height, and ghtly built, with light brown hair, a per mustache, and the kind of big wn eyes that make the girls sit up l beg for more.

* * *

Latest dope, Louise McKay, is that mutual friend Al Carney is doing his ff and building a new organ at WCFL. od News.

* * *

robably you've heard about it by now, if you haven't, Guy Lombardo is at Roosevelt in New York, and is heard m WBBM, just like the old days, only so much of him, worse luck. That's Esther R. Now Louise Hammerstein nts to know what instruments Guy tures in his band. My suggestion, ise, is that you write a letter to Guy iself. He always likes to hear from friends and admirers. Thanks for story on Little Jack. Did you know t he had bought a home in Cinci?

* * *

William E. Bradley is no longer with lumbia, but I think that he can be ched care of the production depart- nt of the NBC. As for Brad Browne, 've probably seen the story about t in the December issue by this time, umbia fan.

* * *

., D. R. of Detroit has asked me ether Real Folks and Sunday Evening Seth Parker's were the same artists. illips Lord is the creator of the Seth ker program and plays this role him- . He is under thirty years of age and a native of New England. George me Brown directs and writes the er little playlets for Real Folks. None the artists are the same.

* * *

When the chief announcer of KOMO, thur W. Lindsay, asked for a few s off on the opening day of hunting son, none regarded the request with picion, nor was any significance at- hed to the fact that Helen Hoover, ff soprano, asked for a leave of ab- nce to visit her mother in Portland, egon, during the same week. There- e, it is easy to realize the surprise t was felt throughout the entire OMO family when a few days later a e was received from Lindsay from rtland advising the KOMO family t Helen Hoover had become Mrs thur W. Lindsay.

Lester Spencer is a good looking blonde, and I wouldn't be surprised or blame him much if he was a little bit conceited, for the girls certainly do trail him around. He is just twenty years old, and stands five feet eight inches in socks. And listen, fair ones, he answers all the letters from girl fans himself, even if it keeps him up all night.

* * *

When C. G. D. saw Charlie Hamp down East he was just touring around to see a bit of country. He is located at KNX out on the West coast now, and spends some time before the cameras, too.

Brand Browne? If you didn't get the December Digest, which I think was a peach, get one now before it's too late, for there was a dandy story about Brad in it.

* * *

More news of the widely scattered crew who used to be heard from WHT. After Myrtle Oster asked me about Gail Bandell and Frank Chiddix, I found that the latter is out in Topeka, Kansas, with an orchestra. Gail is hiding somewhere in Chicago, or perhaps I shouldn't say hiding, but it's just that I can't locate her. Last heard of at WCFL during the summer.

* * *

This handsome gentleman with the waxed facial adornments is none other than Stu Dawson, who during his two years with WIBO has climbed from part time announcer to director of the station. Stu is one of the most popular announcers in the Chicago territory, and also one of the most modest, seldom introducing himself.



Although able to give the complete details of the history of practically all musical compositions and composers, Dawson's strong forte seems to be dramatic reading. Just recently he has found favor in an entirely new field, reading popular novels.

* * *

Radio announcers in Birmingham are causing the station directors and owners a lot of worry these days. They are all nice boys, very talented and popular with the Radio audience, and well behaved. So you would think everything was all set for a peaceful time, but not so. You see all of these same announcers, as well as the operators, of WBRC are single, and there's a very disturbing element in the studios. Disturbing, did I say? I mean to the heart, and this little picture doesn't do Carol Morton the tiniest bit of justice. She is just nineteen years old and has more boy friends than anyone I know. She has a rich contralto voice and a wonderful personality. When she goes on the air with her blue blues songs you can bet she gets the best the station can offer—and she's got it coming. Like to know her?



* * *

Helpful A. B. of Lima, Oklahoma, has also heard Gloomy Gus at WKY, and Jack Little at WLW. Jack, incidentally, is out on one his almost incessant tours just now, according to his latest letter. Sorry, A. B., but I can't tell you one least little thing about Tag and Lean. As to Gene of Ford and Glenn and Gene, I am slightly more helpful. Yes, he is the same Gene who used to be half of the team of Jack and Gene at WLS, until Jack lost his voice.

Awfully sorry, Mrs. Pillsbury, but I am not personally acquainted with Frank Knight. Can anyone tell us something about this talented young man? I would like to know about him myself, after reading Mrs. Pillsbury's praise of his ability as an announcer and actor.

* * *

Chief Shunatuna and the United States Indian band has been heard from KSTP, and a host of other stations throughout the country, Glays D. I've also seen them on the Orpheum circuit vaudeville, and they have, I believe, been put on the air by the RKO, but I can't tell you where you can count on hearing them. Sorry.

* * *

One of the world's youngest listeners is a critical lady, writes WTAM at Cleveland. She is Miss Patricia Lynch, three months' old daughter of Denny Lynch of the Harmony Team, Dick and Denny. Believe it or not, Denny turns on the Radio whenever Baby Pat is crying. If WTAM is broadcasting a classical number infant wails turn to cooing. If it's jazz, Pat tries to drown it out. Denny is all for heavy symphony.

* * *

Sam Ross, assisting managing director of the National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau, has added another artist to his own personal act—The Ross Family. It's a boy, and possibly through prenatal influence the youngster weighed 7-11—pounds and ounces, respectively—when he arrived; 7-11 in case you don't know your Fifth Avenue, is the New York address of NBC. Father reported doing nicely. The newcomer will be billed as David Brandt Ross.

* * *

Sid Goodwin, KGW's chief announcer, doesn't find life a bed of roses, but he is assured of living the remainder of his life "pretty soft." One of his admirers has sent him the second embroidered sofa pillow in two months. Sid sits on it when he announces.

* * *

Lloyd Welfare, who plays in the KGW dance band, has been tagged a hundred times for traffic violations. The other day the horn of his car quit cold, but Lloyd was equal to the occasion. He outwitted the police by driving down Broadway tooting da-dah-dah-dah! on his soprano sax. Crowds looked around to see who had the overgrown Sparton bugle horn. "Maybe I looked goofy," said Lloyd, "but I'd look goofier in jail, wouldn't I?"

* * *

Jack Barnet of KGW carries the following things in his big sedan: a nifty ash tray and lighter combined; a radio set (which occupies the whole back seat), and a miniature ticket chopper. The latter is to facilitate the handling of police tags.

* * *

Another friend of Gloomy Gus reports hearing him from WKY. No matter where he may roam, the girls certainly follow him, don't they, Happy of Ragan? Thanks just heaps for the cute little picture of Helen Hughes. I've heard the lady and like her so much that I'm using the photo you sent me and passing on the info about her. KSTP is her mike home at present, and she is heard on Saturday nights from 10:30 to midnight.



* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Get it off your chest.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By JEAN CAMPBELL

OFTEN you wonder about them—those dear friends of the air whose voices come to you every day. You long to meet them and find out exactly what they are like, what they like to do, how they live, what their tastes are in furniture, clothes, entertainment.

Now your questions are answered in this new department of RADIO DIGEST. Radiographs bring you little intimate interviews of the artists whose pictures you find in the DIGEST. Keep them together and watch for other friends to talk to you in these columns.

You all have favorites on the chain programs you would like to know better. Tell Jean Campbell who they are and let her introduce them to you, tell you their daily doings, thoughts and other things that interest "just folks."

JESSICA DRAGONETTE opens the door herself and sort of sweeps you into her apartment with a low invitational bow which says as plainly as words: "Do come on in, I'm delighted to see you." Then she quickly divests you of wraps, sweeps you into the living room beyond the music-room foyer. There you find yourself sitting quite at home in an early American armchair with that little mite of a Jessica curled up quietly on a rare antique sofa opposite. The light of a lamp behind her plays upon the coppery tones in her



Jessica Dragonette

long coiled golden hair, and brings out dancing lights in her humorous brown eyes.

You feel as though you belonged in that ivory tinted room with Jessica . . . you forget, somehow, that you just came in from the hustle-bustle of upper Broadway, it's so restful. Pottery bowls filled with autumnal flowers and leaves, open bookshelves filling arches niched in the walls, comfortable colonial furniture, great expanses of soft warm-toned rugs leading off to other rooms all lighted by lamps with pottery bowl bases reminding you of the handiwork of the Cherokee Indians who passed their art on to the natives of the Blue Ridge Mountains. You forget Broadway and wonder if you are not really in old Virginia, with Jessica playing the role of a colonel's daughter at home in her father's mansion.

Such is the impression one gets on finding Jessica in her home environment. An impression created by Jessica herself out of a great yearning for a real old fashioned home.

This old-fashioned-modern girl spent most of her life in Philadelphia, where she was educated by the Nuns, having been placed in a Convent school in childhood soon after the death of both parents. Later she attended Georgian Court in Lakewood, New Jersey, graduating in her early teens. The Catholic sisters recognized that they had in their care a child of great talent, and encouraged her to devote her life and her thoughts to singing.

"It was prophetic, wasn't it?" queried Jessica, "that my first professional role should come through Max Reinhardt, who selected me to sing the solo of the angel which floated down from the great dark choir in 'The Miracle.' Mine was the only solo in the whole production, and even then I was just an unseen voice to the audience."

After a few leading stage roles, Radio claimed Jessica for its very own. It was Jessica's dream to sing to a great world of people. It was Jessica's dream to be a home-body. In the Jessica of today you can see that both dreams have converged into one and she readily admits that she owes her life's happiness to Radio—and happiness is everything to her.

"My philosophy of life is just to try to be happy. I learned through the lonely years of convent school life that the only way to be happy is to make up your mind that you are going to be, then put a smile on your face and keep it there.

"Lots of folks could be happy if they would just forget themselves and think a bit more about bringing happiness to others through whatever talent may be theirs. That's what I aim to do. Spare time is a scarce commodity with me, but when I have any, I am reading the books of the mid-victorian era. The old originals, in French, interest me most. Just now I am re-reading Vanity Fair, and memorizing a new group of Keats' poems.

"My favorite color is yellow. I wear yellow gowns as much as possible when I sing. I love yellow curtains and accessories around the house. It reflects sunshine in our hearts and homes, no matter what the mood or the weather.

"If I had a million dollars and nothing else to do, I'd go a-travelling to all of the old world cities. I am mid-victorian in my tastes.

"Duse was my ideal actress. Galli-Curci is my ideal singer. I think her beautiful, because she has such a marvelous personality and knows how to express it in so many creative ways. I am ever so grateful to some mighty big people, big in heart as in their high professional careers, who have gone out of their way to help me achieve my own ambitions. I hope in my day to be able to do just that for other little girls who think they have something to give to the world.

"Marriage? I haven't thought of it—yet! Back to the stage? No! I much prefer Radio. Talkie-singing pictures? Well, maybe. That is if I'm invited and they revive the Victor Herbert and Lehar operettas on the screen and being in them does not interfere with my Radio work—that's my first love!"

And there you have "petite Jessica"—in person.

DOLORES CASSINELLI has moved again. A large apartment in a hotel will house her now. Just a peep into it between the ladders of interior decorators promised much. One could see that Dolores has that delightful nack that it takes to turn a cold, formal hotel suite into a warm home reflecting the Italian Renaissance period.

But those who know Dolores best are not surprised at the way she attracts all that is warm and luxurious to her. One has an idea that if Dolores opened an oyster there would surely be a pearl inside. The simplest gesture that she makes, the tiniest dream-wish that she holds, seems to develop a rich reward of some sort for her. And the daring



Dolores Cassinelli

things she does, those things that she just gets a hunch to do, and carries out to the consternation of her friends. These things, instead of turning out badly, turn out even better than Dolores ever hoped or believed they would.

Foresight is the quality of mind to which Dolores attributes her unique record of success. "Some folks seem to think that I was born under a lucky star. Of course, I have been lucky, but I think that a natural inclination to look at things with a long measure of foresight, looking always into the future, far ahead, is probably more accountable than anything else for some of the lucky breaks I've had in my career.

"For instance, when I went into the movies I was looking ahead quite de

liberately toward the day when I should go into grand opera. I knew that I possessed a very fair voice, a bit of the dramatic temperament of my Italian ancestors, the physical stamina necessary for the sometimes gruelling strains of professional life. I began in the movies because, intuitively, I realized that a singer should know how to act, how to express herself thoroughly in pantomime. The movies were a school of expression to me.

"When I had acquired all I could learn there, I quit and began the musical half of my lessons. Of course with Talking-Singing-Pictures, affording the development of high class musical plays and operas on the screen, I am lucky now. But foresight, rather than any mystic charm, I think, is responsible for this stroke of luck.

"Oh yes, the talkies are beckoning to me now. I've just made a talkie tryout. They tell me I went through with flying colors, so I cannot regret leaving the screen to learn how to sing. Of course I did not realize then that we would so soon have talking pictures. But I did think that they were a possibility of a future day. I left the screen having learned something of its art just because singing opera was my real secret ambition.

"I knew that I would rather sing one opera well than to become the greatest star of Moviedom. I practiced singing at home secretly between pictures. I had no time then for the vocal lessons that I needed. I quite realized how much training I should have to have along that line before I could appear as a soloist.

"To quit the pictures for the sake of that training meant tremendous financial loss, and the loss of a lot of glory. Hollywood friends and directors said, 'you're just a crazy little fool to do it,' but I made my last picture playing the lead opposite Milton Sills and came East."

After months of gruelling training a famous instructor pronounced Dolores a lyric soprano "discovery." Her first recital in which she sang with Martinelli, Metropolitan opera tenor, was a complete success, according to Baltimore critics. Later that year the critics of New York acclaimed her when she made her solo concert debut at Town hall. Then came Radio, introducing the former movie star to the world at large as a promising operatic soprano.

Dolores' dream has been realized. Now she is performing the leading operatic roles over the air, to a world-wide audience. And the moving pictures, jealous of her success, are beckoning her back, with the promise of producing operas especially for her in the talkies.

Fame hasn't spoiled Dolores. There is no pose about her, or effort to impress. She is so wrapped up in her career that she almost completely forgets herself as a personality.

Her hair is black as a raven's wing shining in the sunlight. Her eyes are luminous, dark and brown. Her skin has an unusual transparency about it, although it is olive. She wears simple gowns, cut to suit her tall, lithe figure. She prefers no ornaments for street wear, and is satisfied to be swathed in gorgeous materials and rich furs.

She always dresses in bright colored evening gowns for her Radio performances. With these gowns there is always a long string of beads, a different strand of different stones for each evening costume. The clink of the beads heralds her coming into the studio room at night.

Dolores lives with her mother, a most delightful, petite person, who is quite as beautiful as her daughter, but only a tiny miniature of her in stature. In the household is also her young brother-companion, Frederick Anthony, with whom she shares a downright enthusiasm for Notre Dame football games. If you want a real peep at Dolores, go to the next game . . . very likely she'll be there.

JUDSON HOUSE—It's from his charming and talented wife that one learns all those little intimate things about "Jud," as his friends call him. That great big, curly-black-haired, sweet voiced tenor—why he just stands in awe of an interviewer!

And so we quote his better-half ad lib! And write this all out in her presence to the chagrin of the man who makes



Jud and Dolly House

music into the form of lovely ballads as he walks from his home East of Fifth avenue to the NBC studio where he sings, upon occasions, his own compositions as well as Grand Opera, Light Opera, Oratorio.

Wife Dolly, who in her own right was a feted Broadway star of the stage until her marriage, when she dropped the name and career of Dorothy Manners—well, wife Dolly says:

"Jud, tell the lady about those Chinese embroideries, statuettes, art prints, rugs and pottery that you spend every spare dollar for, to say nothing of the Chinese Teas of rare aroma that you have imported every month." Jud fidgets, saying: "Now really, Dolly—do you think that's nice?"

Dolly does! She goes right on. But now she's holding his hand, loverlike, so Jud smiles and weakens, and adds:

"Well, it's quite true, and they do give me credit for being something of connoisieur of Chinese Art, particularly that of the early Dynasty!"

The snow was thawed a bit, so Jud shakes off his fear of the interview ordeal and listens to Dolly tell on him:

"Truly, his greatest weakness is a Blonde—that's me—so it's all right. He's an adorable husband, the kind you read about in story books but so seldom find in real life.

"Yet, like all husbands he has a few faults, or shall we just call them idiosyncracies?

Mind you! We're still listening to the tell-tale Dolly. She continues: "Jud hates to dress up—evening suits are an abomination to him. He can hardly sing in one, and he just spoils a party completely fidgeting with a stiff collar, if you ever get him to wear one.

"He loses at least one collar button or cuff link a day, and if it were not for the fact that a temper and a swear-word would spoil his daily programs, I'm afraid he'd indulge in both. He scrambles on all fours after the missing buttons. In the end I always have to find them for him—he just can't see them.

"Dancing, ball-room dancing, is another of Jud's abominations. He neither likes to watch other couples dance, nor can he be coaxed to trip the light fantastic himself.

"And never let anyone, who values his friendship, invite him into one of those blarey jazz-orchestra cafes. Jud is one person who does not like music with his meals. Perhaps this is because he likes to sit down at a hospitable board, with many friends flanking each side, and to keep up a lively running conversation, punctured with witticisms, during the meals. That's the way he likes to celebrate meal time.

"When Christmas comes his friends who 'just send handkerchiefs,' because Jud never carries less than six at any time, whisper to each other to be sure they are of linen and plain white, not even a thread of color will he tolerate running through the border.

"His suits must be dark, and of subdued pattern, shoes mostly black, hats soft and modest looking, and ties? Now there's a problem which I solve. I buy them all for him because I never liked one that he bought yet! A woman must have her way once in a while. Strangely, his taste in shirts is superb, and he likes them colored, semi-soft and really bright looking—they are the high-lights of his attire."

"That's quite enough about me and my shirts," interposes Jud, who by now is piling logs on their great studio hearth bonfire.

The Judson House menage is unique because of the Chinese hangings and works of art, the large open log-burning fireplace, a feature Jud insists upon in any home. It's a studio apartment near the East river—the fog comes in the windows and so does the sunshine and the moonlight. It's way up high, in one of those new, ultra-modern apartment houses—a small place but utterly charming.

Up in the country there's another home. In it this hospitable, just-sweethearts-though-wed couple live their Summers and hope to live always when the Winter of life overtakes them.

The country place is a wooded spot of more than five acres. There's a private lake a mile and a half long running through it. It's a rustic retreat with log burning fireplaces in every room, hand made furniture smelling of pine needles and balsam.

Judson began his career as a choir boy, earning twenty-five cents weekly for singing in St. Marks choir, in Brooklyn. Today, his Radio programs, his concert and operatic tours, bring in many thousands yearly. He is still as unspoiled as he was when at the age of 19 years he won the organ concert prize and musical scholarship at Syracuse university, just as bashful as he was the day he accepted, blushingly, a chance to become tenor soloist with the New York Symphony orchestra, an honor extended him at the age of 21, by Walter Damrosch. He's still a young man and expects to go farther up the ladder of success.

Home-Makers Club Is A Magnet

From Every Corner of the Country Come Thousands to See, Ask and Taste

By Ida Bailey Allen

EVERY day is Visitors' day at the headquarters of the National Radio Home-Makers club. From every section of the country they come—recruits from the 300,000 club members and countless listeners-in.

On the fifteenth floor of a tall building on Columbus circle they find the club headquarters. If they arrive in time for one of the food broadcasts, they are given seats in the kitchen-laboratory, a room that is a never ceasing source of interest to visitors, for the kitchen-laboratory of the National Radio Home-Makers club is an actual kitchen—lovely with its buff and ivory walls and woodwork, and with its kitchen cabinet, desk, table, chairs and closets painted in ivory and decorated with motifs in blue and orange.

When broadcasting is going on from this room, the microphone is placed so that I can see the shining electric range and the kitchen cabinet where the club dietitian, Grace White, is busy at work, actually preparing the foods described in the broadcast.

Behind me as I stand before the microphone is the ivory piano painted to match the kitchen and presided over by Ralph Christman, musical director for the National Radio Home-Makers club. All my life I have dreamed that home-making and music could meet on a common ground. Here in the kitchen-laboratory we have proved this to be possible. We have produced a musical program in which the various constituents of the balanced ration were illustrated by phrases played upon the harp—a program which brought hundreds of delighted letters. We have broadcast food songs and work songs, the music of old England and of modern France, cello and violin solos and lovely vocal duets, all of them illustrative of the subjects of the broadcasts.

WE DO not need special sound effects in these broadcasts from the kitchen-laboratory. The egg beater very persistently whirrs out its sound, sometimes the water tap squeaks and groans, the snap of the self-adjusting electric oven is audible, and if by chance the electric refrigerator is not disconnected, its hum goes out to the whole country.

Funny things sometimes happen during a broadcast. One day when Norman Brokenshire was announcing, it was very windy and the windows were rattling. I saw him looking about in a speculative way; then he picked up two forks, climbed up on the radiator and stuck the forks in the window. Peace descended. Another morning when Ted Husing was announcing, he choked over a cup of coffee and I had to give the final announcement.

After the broadcast is over, everyone helps to eat it. Over the coffee cups at the kitchen table, women who live thousands of miles apart meet and become friends through their common interest in the activities of the National Radio Home-Makers club. Last week we had a guest from Australia, who listens-in regularly over W2XE, one from California, two from Des Moines, one from Buffalo and a group from Providence, Rhode Island. Our visitors enjoy meeting the announcer and engineer who always stay to eat "breakfast" as they call it.



Scene in the beauty boudoir of the Home-Makers club during a broadcast. Helen Lewis, beautitian, is giving a manicure while Ida Bailey Allen broadcasts the procedure.

Many are the questions the visitors ask Miss White.

"Are those really the ten cent tea cups?"

"Please let us see the cooky cutters you used Friday."

"Will you show us how to use a pastry tube and bag?"

And they scarcely ever leave without asking the inevitable question, "How can we reduce?"

IF THE visitors to headquarters come on Tuesday they usually go direct from the kitchen-laboratory to the beauty boudoir where the club beauty broadcasts are given. There was considerable surprise when the study of beauty was added to the curriculum of the club. But many women had asked for beauty talks and it is the policy of the club program to try to give to the listeners-in the type of broadcasts that the majority request. So after the club food activities had been in full swing for eight months, the beauty boudoir was opened. Helen Lewis, a beautitian of ability and a nurse as well, is in charge.

The room is charming, with hangings of orchid India prints and apple green theatrical gauze, with furniture in soft green flecked with gold. The same method of practical demonstration is used for the beauty broadcasts as for the cooking talks.

Miss Lewis actually carries out on the person being beautified, the procedure of the manicure, the facial, the hair treatment or whatever the topic may be

(Continued on page 126)

FOOD, M'LORD, ENTERS WLS Contest

SUE ROBERTS Swamped by Giant Strawberries and Beautiful Beans

"GOOD MORNING, everyone! From the Tower Topics Time studio. Have you all sent in your entries to our National Canning contest?" These words must be familiar to every housewife who listened to the morning broadcasts of Sears, Roebuck and Company over WLS, during the Summer and Fall months, for Sue Roberts and Anne Williams, who bring these programs to you, were conducting this contest and they were very anxious to have everyone in the United States try to win one of the many money prizes that were offered.

If you had taken a trip to the Tower studio, during the month of October, you would have been convinced that everyone in the United States had complied with their wish.

When asked if many jars had been sent in, Sue Roberts smiled a rather wry smile, more with her large brown eyes, than with her mouth. Walking down a long hall she opened a door and pointed to a spectacle which would astonish the eyes of anyone. "There are at least twenty thousand jars in that room," she announced, "and there are more coming in every day. I rather believe that we will have thirty or perhaps forty thousand before the closing date of the contest."

Then she passed up and down between the long lines of tables upon which the jars were displayed, calling attention to many different kinds of food that had been preserved and also to the most interesting looking jars.

There was a jar of strawberries from California that seemed too large and too perfect to be real—a jar of oranges from Florida—mushrooms, peas, beets, carrots, and every sort of food that one can possibly think of lined the many tables. And it was very interesting to note the individuality which had been displayed by many who sent in these entries. Some of them, it is true, had simply been canned with the one idea of their usefulness, as a food, in mind. But many of them were placed in the jars in individual styles which added greatly to their attractiveness.

ONE jar that Sue Roberts pointed to was very peculiar looking. It was unlike all the others in size and shape and it did not bear the regulation label. "This," she announced with pride, "was canned 43 years ago and it is still in perfect condition. The listener who sent it in canned it herself and she wanted us to see what can be done."

And she singled out a jar of corn. The kernels had been all removed from the cobs and they were very white. Along the inside of the jar made in red pimentoes, were the letters—C O R N. Next she pointed to a jar of pickles that was truly amusing. These had been sliced and carrots had been put in them to make them look like tiny faces.

Then Sue, took us into her own office where she had a private display of some of the most original looking jars of canned food one ever wanted to see. Truly —never was a more wonderful array of canned food gathered together at any one place. Vegetables were dressed up so that they were scarcely recognizable. Fruits were all painted up and ready for Christmas, St. Patrick's Day, and every holiday imaginable. Meat, perfectly delicious looking and good enough to grace any table.



Long lines of tables laden with the most delectable of canned products, from giant strawberries to a jar of oranges, confront Sue Roberts of the WLS Tower Topics studio when she looks over the entries in the canning contest. Here she is describing some of the things.

Really—a marvelous thing that human hands could turn out such luscious looking and such clever schemes for packing food.

Sue pointed out the string beans, long slender ones, short stubby ones, some graduated, some built up in brick fashion, others arranged in layers going around both vertically and horizontally. Carrots rivalled the string beans in ingenuity. It seemed that there were more ways of cutting carrots than there were carrots in the country.

THERE were some cut like barber poles, combined with potatoes, making a delicious looking pole of orange and cream. Others were cut with little square grooves and called the "waffle" cut, by Sue; other jars had zig-zag pieces and still others were cut in tiny pieces and arranged in perfect order. And for fruits this display—couldn't be beat. Real honest-to-goodness peaches from every state in the union. Those big delicious orange ones. And they were packed as temptingly as possible. Then there were berries—truly "the berries"—every kind of berry one could think of naming.

Every state in the union was represented and so was everything from soup to nuts—including clam chowder and a jar of shelled pecans.

Just imagine these thousands of jars arranged in double deck fashion and you'll have a good mental picture of the room through which Sue escorted us.

The task of preparing all of this wonderful food would have been a gigantic one, impossible to conceive of, if it had all been done in one kitchen. Sue Roberts remarked that it was almost impossible to check them all in and classify them, because of the great number of them. But she evidently had some able assistants who helped her for the food was all lined in readiness awaiting the arrival of the judges at the appointed hour.

* * *

A mythical trip on their own "Radio airship" is the Saturday morning program of Jolly Bill and Jane, children's feature, heard each day through the NBC System. The entertainers "visit" various places of interest in the United States. Bill acts as guide, describing the sights and telling historical stories.

* * *

Among the recent musical groups to have auditions in the NBC studios was a quartet of violins led by Anthony Rizzutto of Brooklyn. This is said to be an unusual musical combination.

MARSHA INTERVIEWS HERSELF

DIRECTOR of women's programs at WLW leads eventful life before finding herself before the mike.

By Marsha Wheeler



Marsha Wheeler.



An exceptionally dainty dish is in process of preparation as Marsha Wheeler supervises the activities of this pair of chefs at the Crosley station.

ONE writer I know says she always wears a dress trimmed with red elephants when interviewing. She calls the frock her interviewing dress because it seems to inspire volubility in her subject.

I never needed even a white elephant to make me talk. At one time in college days when life seemed bounded with zoological note books, French verbs and German genders, a classmate read my palm and told me that some day I would be a speaker, addressing thousands of people. I pictured myself in mannish shirt and blue serge skirt atop a soap box waving my arms above the usual street corner audiences. Yes, I did make cakes when I was four years old, but I never trotted out that story as one of my accomplishments. I never dreamed that the zoology would grow musty with disuse and that the box I stood on before the kitchen table on the maid's afternoon out, was really the first ingredient in that recipe for the profession of Director of Women's Activities at the Radio stations WLW and WSAI in Cincinnati.

Some lives seem to flow like a good Radio continuity, developing smoothly from the original idea to the climax in the third commercial announcement. But my life never did behave like that. It has proceeded in episodic intervals, each apparently without correlation with its predecessor. It is as if some capricious authority moves me about from room to room in a great house, uprooting me just when I learn to find the new light switch in the dark. And I must adapt myself to new wall paper, strange pictures and chairs, and windows that look upon unfamiliar scenes.

But I think on the whole I like my episodic existence. Perhaps some atavistic reversion to piratical ancestors stored a love of adventure in me, and the first room in this house of my existence was a bit too placid and unexciting. It was a very proper room, filled with docile obedience, good grades at school (I never had even the excitement of flunking), buttonholes that mother said were "pig-eyes," cleaning the bathroom on Saturdays, early to bed, plenty of books and summers in the pine woods on northern Lake Michigan.

THE next room became the rendezvous of college friends, sorority meetings, themes and books, hot fudge on soda crackers, dances, the first box of rouge and daring adventures with Russian tea and gum drops. Again the doors closed definitely. The scent of orange blossoms pervaded the next room, but in the ensuing metamorphosis, the lovely china tea cups became just things to wash and put away. Then certified milk and supplementary feedings invaded the menu. And suddenly the door of that room was closed, too.

And then the adventures began. A microphone may seem an odd sort of magic carpet. Actually its mental imperturbability is terrifying to some people. But to me the microphone is an ever renewed thrill. There is nothing cold, nor inhuman, nor inanimate in that omni-audient instrument (there isn't any such word, but I see no reason why I shouldn't make up one). The microphone is a living link that has brought me a host of seen and unseen friends, travels, a liberal education and amazing adventures.

Some day I am going to write a book. It will be called "The Adventures of a Woman's Hour Director." It will tell of the trips I have made through factories and warehouses, through shops and stores, hot houses, and nurseries. It will relate the beauty treatments that have been tried on me, the soups I have eaten, the cosmetics I have used, the soaps and cleaners I have tested, the histories I have searched, the Arabian, Assyrian, Italian and Chinese dinners I have sought in queer places, the taxicab drivers I have talked to, the little singer in a New York Night Club whom I took out to dinner, the first author to autograph his book for me, the policeman in Philadelphia who wanted to put me in jail because a man hit my car and my car hit his car, the entertaining insurance salesman who settled the claim for me, and who regaled me all through dinner with tales of two years spent in Alaska, of being "broke" in a strange city and pawning my wedding ring, horseback riding in the Virginia swamps, the man from Baltimore who told me his life history, the "cop" who always called me "the little lady from Ohio" and let me break the traffic rules, the Dutch Deep Sea Diver through whose helmet I viewed the bottom of the Elizabeth river, the Dutch bulb expert who used to eat my oysters with me at Brown's Sea Food house where the oysters were fat and fresh and the floor was sprinkled with sawdust, and home in a glow of sunset over the Ohio river.

IF ONE has the true adventurer's technique, there is no more thrill in the green and gold palm room of a New York hotel than in eating rashers of bacon and fried eggs in the solitary retreat of Hun Conaway, trapper and hunter, back in the hills of Southern Indiana where I slept on a feather tick in a bed six hundred years old, with the coon skins drying on the walls and the rats playing hide and seek over the corn pile in the adjoining room. But the pink and white checkerboard cake decorated with the name "Marsha" revealed not only this lone bachelor's culinary skill but his artist's soul. And the old walnut fiddle-back chair which he crowded into the car beside the son and myself grows daily in sentimental value.

I suppose if the interviewer with the red elephant dress were writing this, she would by this time have unearthed my hobbies and my favorite recipe. And she would actually have had me giving advice to young women. I like people and animals and books and I have a very humble feeling when my listeners tell me they like me and the programs I send them. Of course the credit is due them, for they give me my ideas.

WENR Leads Nation

AFTER a bitter battle that swayed first one way and then another station WENR has definitely taken the lead up to this time in the race for the Most Popular station award. Not only is WENR leading in the Middle West, but has a small margin over WJZ of New York for National honors.

Others well up in the race are WLS, KYW, KMOX, KFNF, WWNC, KWKH, WEAF, WABC, WAPI, WAIU, KFI, while still others are not far behind. Following is a list of stations nominated and their standing when this issue goes to press:

East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	787
WBZA	Boston	489
WPG	Atlantic City	817
WABC	New York City	918
WBZA	Boston	329
WCAU	Philadelphia	351
WEAF	New York City	810
WGR	Buffalo	709
WHAM	Rochester	651
WOR	Newark	607
WRC	Washington, D. C.	408
WTIC	Hartford	527
WJSV	Washington, D. C.	348
WBAL	Baltimore	480
WEEI	Boston	506
WBRL	Tilton, N. H.	311
WGY	Schenectady	836
WJAS	Pittsburgh	612
WJZ	New York City	1168
WFBL	Syracuse	487
WMAK	Buffalo	347

South	City	Votes
WCOA	Pensacola	340
WFLA	Clearwater	460
WHAS	Louisville	420
WSMB	New Orleans	610
WWNC	Asheville	732
WSM	Nashville	576
KWKH	Shreveport	976
WSB	Atlanta	490
WJBO	New Orleans	401
WDOD	Chattanooga	345
WMC	Memphis	627
WREC	Memphis	524
WRVA	Richmond	489
WDBJ	Roanoke	314

South	City	Votes
WLAC	Nashville	401
WLAP	Louisville	276
WBT	Charlotte	269
WTAR	Norfolk	320
WAPI	Birmingham	598
WPTF	Raleigh	287
WBRC	Birmingham	381

Middle West	City	Votes
WAIU	Columbus	318
WCAH	Columbus	411
WJAY	Cleveland	317
KFH	Wichita	387
KMOX	St. Louis	979
KSTP	St. Paul	689
KYW	Chicago	1017
WBBM	Chicago	598
WCCO	Minneapolis	602
WFBM	Indianapolis	417
WGN	Chicago	671
WJJD	Chicago	590
WJR	Detroit	504
WHK	Cleveland	498
WLS	Chicago	1090
WMAQ	Chicago	891
WTMJ	Milwaukee	598
KMA	Shenandoah	384
WOWO	Fort Wayne	340
WHO	Des Moines	376
KOIL	Council Bluffs	679
KFKB	Milford	304
WOS	Jefferson City	380
KFEQ	St. Joseph	399
WEBR	Chicago	1216
WWJ	Detroit	640
KFNF	Shenandoah	917
KTSM		289
WOC	Davenport	416
WOQ	Kansas City	372
KWK	St. Louis	389
KSO	Clarinda, Iowa	304
WCAW		311
WDAF	Kansas City	607
WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.	218

West	City	Votes
KOA	Denver	587
WBAP	Fort Worth	611
KVOO	Tulsa	509
KSOO	Sioux Falls	304
KGCU	Mandan, S. D.	407
WOAI	San Antonio	312
WFAA	Dallas	411
KFAB	Lincoln	406
WOW	Omaha	607
KOB	State College, N. M.	398
WNAX	Yankton, S. D.	298
WIBW	Topeka	480
KMMJ	Clay Center, Nebr.	374
KPRC	Houston	428
KFYR	Bismarck	221
KFKB	Milford	418
KGIR	Butte, Montana	378

Far West	City	Votes
KDYL	Salt Lake City	386
KSL	Salt Lake City	307
KFI	Los Angeles	707
KJR	Seattle	611
KOMO	Seattle	720
KGA	Spokane	587
KIDO	Boise	389
KGW	Portland	590
KOIN	Portland	601
KFWB	Hollywood	598
KGO	Oakland	597
KPO	San Francisco	704
KFOX	Long Beach	311
KFRC	San Francisco	296
KFJI	Astoria	376
KHJ	Los Angeles	714
KFWM	Oakland	399

Canada	City	Votes
CFAC	Calgary	268
CFCA	Toronto	320
CFQC	Saskatoon	341
CHCS	Hamilton	261
CHWC	Regina	276
CJCA	Edmonton	287
CJCJ	Calgary	237
CJRM	Moose Jaw	251
CKAC	Montreal	327
CKUA	Edmonton	268
CNRM	Montreal	320
CNRV	Vancouver	314
CKCK	Regina	249

* * *

THIS might be entitled, "Do you know—?" Nothing could be more indicative of the vast scope and service rendered by Radio than the fact that there are thirty-five million listeners on the air with their receiving sets every day and night in the year. This statement is accredited to C. R. King, vice president of the E. T. Cunningham Co.

It is estimated that in a single broadcast, over a coast-to-coast hookup of fifty or more stations, there is a potential audience of from fifteen to twenty million listeners. In many such broadcasts a definite audience of five million listeners has been conservatively checked.

These figures indicate that throughout the history of the world no other single agency has been developed to compare with Radio, with the single exception of the printed word, in its ability to reach the many million people of the nation.

Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1929, and ends at midnight, March 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, March 20, 1930.

2. Balloting will be by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly, each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For the complete series of the six consecutively numbered coupons, sent in at one time, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. Canada will comprise the sixth district. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon. District number six, known as Canada, will comprise the entire Dominion of Canada.

6. The broadcasting station holding the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared the WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BROADCASTING STATION and will be awarded a Gold Cup. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the broadcasting station holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared to be the most popular station of their district and each awarded a Silver Cup. No broadcasting station is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Voice of the Listener

Way, Way Back When

IN YOUR November issue of Radio Digest under "Voice of the Listener" section I see where one of your readers has headed a letter: "Remember 'way back when." This is all very good but evidently this reader has not been with the air long enough to qualify as an "Old Timer." Remember 'way back when: All stations presenting entertainment were on 360 meters and all giving market reports would change to 485 for this service?

How the amateurs in many towns were greatly peeved about the late at night broadcasts, and how it was impossible to "Get out of town" when your local station was going?

When the Coon Sanders orchestra was the official "Night Hawk Orchestra" and Leo Fitzpatrick was the "Merry Old Chief"?

When WBT at Charlotte, N. C., came in all over the west?

When KFKX at Hastings, Nebr., used to be a repeater station for KDKA?

How KHJ at Los Angeles was on a higher wave length (meters of course) than anyone else and how the announcer used to draw out the K-H-J "The Times" —Los Angeles, Cal.

When WFAA used to be the only station offering a popular concert on Sunday nights?

When WRC in Washington used to sound like they were broadcasting out of a barrel?

All sets were single or "three circuit"? and the night WTAM had their squeeling contest?

When the superheterodyne was first offered and how it was a contraption at least ten feet long and had about fifteen tubes?

When WLAG designated themselves as "The Call of the North"?

College Park, Georgia, had a transmitting station?

Every amateur said they hated broadcast but all could be heard fishing during their "silent hours"?

You had to pay $14.00 for a well known brand of head phones? and vacuum tubes pulled 1-amp and cost $9.00?

The "Low Loss" Craze struck and there were no SLF condensers?

All amateurs were hated, and were blamed for all the interference in the community?

When E. J. Sweeny's all night broadcast was the talk of the country on his first anniversary?

I hope this will bring back some of the difficulties us "Old timers" had with the first receivers.—V. W. GARBER, 1615 South Ervay Street, Dallas, Texas.

* * *

Here's Another Pioneer

Mr. Meng in your November issue remembers way back when — That started me thinking and here am I writing to tell you my pipe-dreams of Radio long-ago.

I was a Radio expert and authority way back in 1920 and have had a set (always tube) in my home ever since. I have a very powerful set now, very different to the original "one-lunger." It is 11 tubes in line, a "Rolls-Royce" circuit, have received a 50 watt station on the Pacific coast.

But to return to 1920. I built my set in a hurry guessing at most of it. I only had a diagram of the single circuit and probably a hundred word description of the coupler and condenser, picked up on a New York newspaper. I had no station to test it on, only wireless. I had a week to wait before KDKA made their debut. That was the longest week of my life, in November, 1920, wondering if that home-made set would work. I wound the coupler on an oat-meal box and cut the condenser plates out of sheet aluminum. The valve, as it was called, was a "Westinghouse Detector No. 12" (W. D. 12) purchased by mail from New York for $11.50. It bore the legend, "To be used for amateur, experimental and pleasure only." I still have that original tube.

I got that first program weak and breaking into oscillation every few seconds but I got it. That was the only station for almost a year when WJZ, then at Newark, came along. I never got it on the original set. Then came KYW and KFKX at Hastings, relaying New York for crystal users.

Loud speakers, transformers, audio and radio were unknown. WJAX was the Union Trust of Cleveland. WDAP, "We Delight All People," Chicago Board of Trade, was our favorite station. Detroit had no station yet. There were three stations in Chicago, and WSMB was America's most popular station. Five hundred watts was the Federal Radio Commission's limit. Yes, and later Harry Snodgrass over WOS at Jefferson City. I had a 3-tube set by the time WTAS came along covering half the dial.

If you can remember all this and the kick we got out of it you can remember Radio from the start. Yes, and you can remember when WJY broadcasted, too, from New York.—B. G. HANSON, Sernis, Ontario.

P. S.:—By the way the dictionaries of those days gave the pronunciation of Radio with a flat "a."

* * *

Applause from Canada

Having been a Radio "bug" since back in 1920 in Europe when only four stations were on the air I have always had a Radio magazine with broadcast schedule as well as an official log by my set.

Naturally in coming over here a few years ago I looked around for a magazine that would meet with my requirements as it is a hobby of mine to get distant stations and the first magazine was Radio Digest. I still use this and find it very satisfactory and interesting.

While at home I used to sit up nights to listen to distant stations.

I believe it was in 1923 that I picked up a complete program from WOR. L. Bamberger & Co., at Newark, N. J., was in correspondence with this station for a considerable time.

In the old days I used to report quite regularly to the BBC on the strength of their programs. I used one of the first models of Dr. Lee de Forests sets.

All this happened in Denmark. Now that I am away from Europe I am getting a short-wave receiver to try to get some of the European stations. With my present set I have been all over the states and Canada.

Again I wish to compliment you on your magazine. A suggestion—is it possible or worth while to publish a list of all the short wave stations in the world separately?—W. DANIELSON, Toronto, Canada.

* * *

We'll Aim to Please

I got my Radio Digest and as usual was very glad to get one. I always look forward to the next issue with great anticipation to see whose pictures are in and articles on the various artists and stations. I, for one, sure appreciate that you started issuing Radio Digest every month now. Also for the past year now the type you use and the way you print Radio Digest I enjoy better than when you printed them in the big form. I've been reading your paper for over a year and a half now. Although you have printed lots of pictures and I greatly enjoy seeing them all, here are a few I sure would enjoy seeing, which I have never seen in Radio Digest, also articles about some if you could get them: First of all, although no Radio entertainer, "Marcella," writer of Short Waves and Spark Gaps; "Betty Crocker," Interior of National Broadcasting Co.; "John and Ned," Mona Motor Oil Twins; "Alois Havrilla," "Vernon Smith" and "Ernest Pontius," announcers of Wren. Walt Lochman and the other announcers of WIBW. "Trade and Mark," Smith Bros.: "Billy Jones and Ernie Hare;" "Ford & Glenn;" "Russ & Bill" (formerly Ray-o-Vac twins), the artists that appear on Collier's Hour, "Ike & Mike" and "Jack & Jill," in fact all of WDAF artists. Bill Hay, announcer. Dixie Girls, Alta Opal and Andrus, also of KMA; Gypsy John of KMA, Cousin Paul of KMA, interior of KMA studio; Ted Malone, Dick Smith, of KMBC; the artists in Hank Simmons' Show Boat. Pictures of KFEQ; "Four Indians" from KOIL.

Well, I could name lots more I'd like to see and that you have never printed, but I'd better not. But I sure would enjoy and appreciate if you would print as many as you could. With best of success, I remain an eager Radio Digest reader.—MRS. BAILY McKANE, Nortonville, Kans.

* * *

Voice of Short Wave Fan

You invite suggestions in each issue, to which I have not hitherto responded, but I do think it would nowadays be of interest to the general radio public if you were to include a table of all possible locations operating on so-called "short-wave" as well as a schedule of call-signals used by experimenters, and on test-programmes. Listeners-in often hear unlisted broadcasts which get them guessing; and so many fans have short-wave equipment that you would be more strongly establishing your journal as the radio-fans' encyclopedia than ever by adding these features.

To many of us up here the table on pages 96-97 entitled "Official Wave-Lengths" is the most useful feature of this publication: I guess it is not easy to keep it right up to date; and allow me to point out that it is CKAC which operates on Sundays, not CFCF as you state on pages 94-95.—A. J. CATTO, Quebec Canada.

* * *

Attention, Sponsors!

Do the sponsors of commercial programs over the air realize that in many instances their very efforts to create good will and increased volume of sales are the very instigators of antagony bad will, and loss of existing sales connections? The writer feels certain they do not.

And yet the fact remains that really happens in many and varied instances. Of course the loss of certain customers may perhaps be over-balanced by the gain of new ones. Nevertheless the fact still remains that no business-man or manufacturer can honestly afford to los good will. The reasons creating thi

actual condition are very simple to trace down and could easily be overcome. The matter analyzed comes to this:

Consumers, dealers and wholesalers of years of standing of certain style, class or brand of goods feel that they are above all entitled to certain courtesies and considerations. Then perhaps some night listening to a program sponsored by a manufacturer or distributor whose goods they are using in lots running from a hundred to perhaps thousands of dollars per year, they decide to ask for the favor of the rendition of some favorite musical number. If he, be it consumer, dealer or wholesaler, presents his request, he will receive a very cold and formal refusal—and the harm is done; the good will is lost.

The writer has the proofs of such instances, not only affecting the everyday retail customer but as well as the dealer in his store, and the wholesaler in his jobbing firm. It seems that the sponsor claims that all programs are arranged by the broadcasting firm, and that he can not interfere. Well and good, only this explanation holds no water. The sponsor pays cold cash for his time on the air as well as for the services of the station, the announcers, the artists and the musicians, and is therefore legally entitled to demand the type of program he desires. And it surely will pay him to hold the good will as well as to create new good will through his Radio programs.

There can be no doubt that the Radio broadcasting companies will gladly consider and fill any request submitted to them by the sponsor of a commercial hour. If not, then it is time that the sponsors take this matter up at once and make it a condition in their contract. There is no advantage or any kind of gain to sponsors of commercial programs to let the musicians and the artists on their programs use exclusively those numbers. for the rendition of which music publishers pay them a bonus, tribute, royalty or plain bribe. There is no objection to have those publications featured over the air, but those conditions should not monopolize the air exclusively, and if the sponsor of a program, or his audience consisting of his customers, make a request for the presentation of certain compositions, same should be given the preference at the first opportunity.

Radio broadcasting stations will also find it to their advantage to co-operate with the sponsor along those lines, because it will make their programs more popular, and thus assure continuation of such commercial programs, as well as addition of new programs made possible by the success achieved by present ones.

After all the sponsor of a commercial program is not after the good will of the Radio station, program director and continuity writer, or after the good will of Tin Pan Alley song writers and publishers, but first and last after the good will of his customers, dealers and wholesalers. which have with him and for him from the start. And it never pays to high-hat your old friends, no matter how big you got to be—ALBERT C. BADER, P. O. Box 89, Hachita, New Mexico.

* * *

His Hat Off to WJR

I am going to get this letter off my chest. I've been a reader of the Digest since it was a weekly paper. We missed the summer numbers, but back it came shining, bigger and better. The dials of our Radio don't move far from WJR. Hats off to that station. Neal Lomy carries a world of sunshine in his voice, message of cheer for old and young. And, considering who the manager is, no wonder that station is a success. Have been glad to see some WJR pictures in the Digest.

I enjoy the "Voice of the Listener"—and am saving my votes. Your magazine makes the Radio a living thing.—E. M. WILLIAMS, Midland, Mich.

* * *

Praise for Dear, Dead Days

May I at this late date speak a few words of praise for the Digest of bygone days—when it could be called a real Radio-magazine, the days before greed and money mad politicians upset the Radio universe. O for the old days when the Digest was a weekly, when they thought enough of Radio to employ technical men who knew their grid leaks and what-have-you. I have one of the not so old copies with me now. Alas, it is all alone, as are most of us old timers, out in the cold. It is dated March 27, 1926, and in contrast with the present issue I am quoting the contents of said issue in hopes that some other old timer likely will get a kick out of it.

"All the live news of Radio, Boy scouts master Radio tricks, Portal players of WCCO make up for mystery serial play (meaning 'A Step on the Stairs'), Women's page, index to women's programs, 'A Step on the Stairs,' Advance programs for the week, An evening at home with the listener in, Editorials, Indi-gest and condensed by Dielectric, 1926 four-filter Super-Heterodyne part three—Assembly and Wiring, How to stop blooping and man-made static, part seven; Fifty-one types of interference, Directory of radiophone broadcasting stations, revised."

Of course in this JAZZ mad age this information means nit, but for the real dyed-in-the-wood old timer who remembers when WDAP on the Drake hotel came in on two and three tubers like WLW now rolls in on a nine tuber it means everything. WDAP never had more than five hundred watts power, and WLW now uses fifty thousand. Its wave could be picked up by most of the old timers in every nook and corner of the U. S. A. on a one tuber and then they would be ashamed to boast of it.

I well remember the night that KGO made its maiden broadcast, that I with a simple three tube home constructed set was able to tune in his carrier and hear the first word spoken and be able to hold his wave for an hour and a half (thanks to WFAA at Dallas, Texas, who furnished the needed information that they, KGO, would broadcast at 8 p. m. Pacific time, and that they would broadcast on 312 meters), and we were greeted by the governor of California, the mayor of Oakland, and other distinguished men. Those were the days when the Digest fought the battles of the masses against the combines, the big chain stations, and always gave the underdog his just dues, but alas! the Digest is but a picture book now, and a broadcast directory that is only corrected every six months or so. Plenty of the old timers remember the time when you offered to pay one dollar if we could find mistakes in your directory.

Why, for goodness sake, list the Chain broadcast? You are just wasting that much space—you only have to turn on the machine now and the chains do the rest. It isn't proper to tune the Radio any more, nor is it necessary, the big chains have you anywhere you turn. And those fine sponsored programs we hear so much about. Rot! Do you and all the others remember the Pro's and Con's that passed through the pages of Radio Digest when Henry Field (may the blessings of God rest upon him), the originator of sponsored programs, first came upon the air, he was called the SEED selling man from Iowa and every other thing permissable in print.

But listen, brother, this is a big world. Put on your fighting clothes and let's not let the CHAINS hog all the air. The Federal Radio commissioners ruled that stations in the same town must be at least 5 wave lengths apart, yet they will allow chain broadcasts to be on adjacent channels. They have repeatedly postponed the ruling that stations carrying the same program must be more than 300 miles apart. WHY? Because you and all other publications have quit the fight. And now Mr. Paramount's players are going out to the studio (where they make talkies) and there make wax records, that will be furnished the key station, who will broadcast same as a sponsored program. Nice, isn't it? Yet it hasn't been many years ago that stations who broadcast records were outlawed by the press and every intelligent being. Well! Well! Times change and so did the Digest. I am, just another old timer, who doesn't understand.—I. V. FREEMAN, Amory, Miss.

* * *

Note for Announcers

Have announcers announce the name of station before or after each number.

Here in the Rocky Mountains we try to get stations other than Pacific Coast stations. Occasionally we hear a long distance station, and listen for name or initials. They will play or sing five or six numbers before we know who we are listening to.

Please have your Digest request announcers to mention name or initials before or after each number.—MRS. H. C. MILLS, 919 W. Silver Street, Butte, Montana.

* * *

DX'ers, Can You Help?

On Friday, Oct. 25, between 8 and 9 o'clock P. M., I tuned in two stations that had foreign announcers. I think they talked in Spanish. Came in on the dial about 410 meters. I have a copy of your last Radio Digest but in the log I do not find this wave length on any station in Mexico or Cuba. Would you be so kind as to inform me what stations in Mexico and Cuba are on or about this wave length?—C. T. USTICK, 720 N. 13th Street, Clarinda, Iowa.

* * *

Gains New Laurels

I noticed in the October and November numbers of Radio Digest, the list of Asiatic stations I sent to you early in the Summer, and I wish to thank you for same. I have received in the past three weeks letters from Hartford, Conn., Newark, N. J., New York City, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and several letters from the Pacific coast.

It sure has been keeping me busy trying to answer the questions of the different DX fans throughout the country and shows that DX-ing is still one of the greatest indoor sports of America.

Received two verifications this morning from CNRL (Canadian National Railways), London, Ontario, and a new station that's owned and operated by the Canadian National Railways also, operating in Toronto, CNRX, signed by T. W. Jackson, Radio representative, on both verifications. I now have 70 to my credit from different provinces in Canada.

I still claim that the Radio Digest is the one and only Radio magazine—a wonderfully illustrated magazine, accurate log arranged both in meters and kilocycles, giving power also, and one of the best Foreign logs that can be obtained.—FRANK A. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features



Graceful Grace LaRue appears on the Majestic hour over the Columbia system on Sunday evenings.

Sunday

Eastern 12:30 p.m.	Central 11:30 a.m.	Mountain 10:30 a.m.	Pacific 9:30 a.m.

Metropolitan Echoes.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
221.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

2 p.m. 1 p.m. 12 n. 11 a.m.

Roxy Symphony Concert.

395.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WEAA
305.9	980	KDKA			

3 2 1 12 n.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
Key Station—Chicago Studios.

205.4	1460	KSTP	483.6	620	WTMJ
234.2	1280	WEBC	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
309.8	750	WJR	545.1	550	KSD
416.4	720	WGN			

Symphonic Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	234.2	1280	WDOD
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	KDYL	394.5	760	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	486.5	640	WATC
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.5	1160	WOWO	535.4	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

4 3 2 1

National Light Opera.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

395.4	1460	KSTP	389.4	770	KFAB
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—WZXE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WBRM	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO

5 4 3 2

McKesson News Reel of the Air.
Key Station—WJZ (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	KFBB	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	KFIF	267.7	1120	WISN
208.2	440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.6	950	KMBC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WRFC
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
239.9	1250	WDSU	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC			

Eastern 6:30 p.m.	Central 5:30	Mountain 4:30	Pacific 3:30

Whittall Anglo-Persians.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

7 6 5 4

Heroes of the World.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	SSAI	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	WPTF
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
272.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY			

7:30 6:30 5:30 4:30

Major Bowes' Family.

206.8	1450	WFIC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WSAZ
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WFAA	545.1	550	WTAR

8 7 6 5

Enna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZA
221.2	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
272.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1020	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ			

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—WZXE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WBRM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC



Widely known as a concert pianist, Edith Harcum is heard in the At the Baldwin program Sunday evenings from the NBC affiliated stations.



An attendance of more than 1,000,000 at his Sunday services is the record the Rev. Clinton H. Churchill of Buffalo has established. His Back Home Hour is broadcast at 11 o'clock (EST) each Sunday evening by the Columbia system.

Eastern 8:15 p.m.	Central 7:15	Mountain 6:15	Pacific 5:15

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	680	KPO
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ

8:30 7:30 6:30 5:30

Sonatron Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	KFJA	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	309.1	970	KHR
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
232.6	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	389.4	770	WBBM
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	535.4	560	KLZ

9 8 7 6

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.6	820	WHAS	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WFAA	545.1	550	WGR

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KGA	309.1	970	KHR
215.7	1390	WHK	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KTSA	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WEAN
236.1	1270	WDSU	384.4	780	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	410.7	730	CKAC
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WRBC
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	KMTR
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

9:15 8:15 7:15 6:15

Atwater Kent Radio Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
245.6	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KPRC
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
265.3	1130	KSL	325.9	920	KOMO
280.2	1070	WTAM	333.1	900	WKY
288.3	1040	WFAA	394.2	850	KOA
299.8	1000	WHO	374.8	800	WSAI



These folks are real folks, in fact the Real Folks Family of the National Broadcasting company feature on Mondays. George Frame Brown, creator of the programs and chief actor, is third from the left.

Eastern 9:15 p.m.		Central 8:15	Mountain 7:15		Pacific 6:15
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
379.5	790	KGO	491.5	610	WEAF
379.5	790	WGY	491.5	610	WDAF
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	KFO
405.2	740	WSB	508.2	590	WEEI
416.4	720	WGN	508.2	590	WOW
440.9	680	KPO	534.4	560	WFI
461.3	650	WSM	545.1	550	KSD
468.5	640	KFI	545.1	550	WGR
483.6	620	KGW			

10	9	8	7

rabesque.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	399.8	750	WIR
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15

tudebaker Champions.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	416.4	720	WGN
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	KPO
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KEO
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

loyal's Poet of the Organ.

ey Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	399.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	KFRC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45

unday at Seth Parker's.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ
238	1260	WJAX	333.1	900	WKY
245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
265.6	820	WHAS	535.4	560	WIOD
299.8	1000	WOC			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

ongines Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

Monday

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
10 a. m.		9	8		7
Ida Bailey Allen.					
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	389.4	770	WHBM
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC
11:15		10:15	9:15		8:15
Radio Household Institute.					
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WJIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WSAI			
1 p.m.		12 n.	11 a.m.		10 a.m.
National Farm and Home Hour.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KWQO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WIR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
2		1 p.m.	12		11 a.m.
Patterns in Prints.					
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770	WHBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
7		6	5		4
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.					
And 10:30 (CST)					
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WIR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	447.5	670	WMAQ
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
7:30		6.30	5:30		4:30
Roxy and His Gang.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)					
222.1	1350	KWK	309.1	970	WCFL
227.1	1320	WSMB	315.6	960	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WIR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.9	990	WBZA	461.3	650	WSM
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 8:00 p.m.		Central 7	Mountain 6		Pacific 5
The Voice of Firestone.					
Key Station—WEAP (454.3-660)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WTAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WOC
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
238	1260	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KWQO	483.6	620	WTMJ
263	1140	WAPI	491.5	610	WDAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
277.6	1080	WBT	508.2	590	WEEI
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
283.9	1060	KYW	508.2	590	WFAA
288.3	1040	KTHS	516.9	580	WTAG
299.8	1000	WOC	535.4	560	WLIT
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.5	920	WWJ			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ipana Troubadours.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.1	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.8	920	KPRC
238	1260	WJAX	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WREN	336.9	890	WTAR
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	389.4	770	KFAB
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	WTHS	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD

Ceco Couriers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

9:00	8	7	6

Edison Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.1	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WIR
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
226.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	422.3	710	WOR
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WGL	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	554.1	550	WKRC



Major Clarence M. Young did not give up flying when he became assistant secretary of commerce for aeronautics. He was heard recently during the Roads of the Sky program, NBC feature Tuesday 7 p. m. (EST).

Eastern 4 p.m.	Central 3		Mountain 2		Pacific 1	
Columbia Symphony.						
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	
201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN	
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX	
209.7	1430	WHP	315.6	950	KMBC	
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WBRC	
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ	
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO	
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN	
232.6	1290	KDYL	389.4	770	WBBM	
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI	
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	KFRC	
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO	
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WREC	
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WAVC	
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ	
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC	
7:00		**6**	**5**		**4**	
"Roads of the Sky."						
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)						
205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS	
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY	
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WFTF	
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF	
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM	
265.3	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ	
280.2	1070	WTAM	516.9	580	WTAG	
282.8	1060	WTIC	535.4	560	WIOD	
299.8	1000	WHO	535.4	560	WFI	
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR	
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD	
361.2	830	KOA				
			And 10:30 (CST)			
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.						
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)						
205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA	
222.1	1350	KWK	399.8	750	WJR	
234.2	1280	WEBC	315.6	950	WRC	
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA	
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW	
293.9	1020	KYW	447.5	670	WMAQ	
302.8	990	WJZ	483.6	620	WTMJ	
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF	
8:00		**7**	**6**		**5**	
Pure Oil Band.						
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)						
205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA	
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC	
238	1260	WTAX	394.5	760	WJZ	
245.8	1220	WREN	399.8	750	WJR	
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB	
270.1	1110	WRVA	428.3	700	WLW	
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM	
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ	
293.9	1020	KYW				
8:30		**7:30**	**6:30**		**5:30**	
True Romances.						
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)						
49.2	6120	WCBD	238	1260	KOIL	
204	1470	WKBW	238	1260	WLBW	
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO	
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX	
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC	
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.2	860	WABC	
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN	
243.8	1230	WNAC	394.5	760	WJZ	
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL	
333.1	900	WFBL	499.7	600	WCAO	
Pro-phy-lac-tic Program.						
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)						
225.4	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF	
245.6	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF	
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	KMOX	
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI	
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG	
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WFI	
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR	
375.9	790	KSAY	545.1	550	KSD	
"Around the World With Libby."						
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)						
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	
227.1	1320	WADC	379.5	790	KGO	
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC	
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR	
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB	
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	680	KPO	
302.8	990	WJZ	461.3	650	WSM	
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI	
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW	
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ	
361.2	830	KOA				
9		**8**	**7**		**6**	
Eveready Hour.						
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)						
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY	
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC	
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB	
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN	
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF	
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM	
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF	
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI	
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI	
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD	
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR	
365.6	820	WHAS				
Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.						
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)						
201.2	1490	WLAC	256.3	1170	WCAU	
204	1470	KFJF	258.5	1160	WOWO	
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN	
204	1470	KGA	275.1	1090	KMOX	
215.7	1390	WHK	288.3	1040	KRLD	
215.7	1390	KLRA	309.1	970	KTRH	
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC	
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ	
230.6	1300	WJAS	322.4	930	WBRC	
232.4	1290	KTSA	333.1	900	WFBL	
232.4	1290	WDAE	348.6	860	WABC	
232.4	1290	KDYL	370.2	810	WCCO	
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WEAN	
238	1260	KOIL	394.5	760	WJZ	
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL	
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO	
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WAVC	
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WJAR	
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ	
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC	
9:30		**8:30**	**7:30**		**6:30**	
Dutch Masters Minstrel.						
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)						
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA	
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA	
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR	
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ	
302.8	990	WBZ				

Eastern 11:30 p.m.	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30	
Abe Lyman's Orchestra.				
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)				
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	
204	1470	WKBW	394.5	760	KVI	
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN	
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL	
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO	
241.8	1240	WGHP	535.4	560	KLZ	
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC	
267.7	1120	WISN				

Tuesday

8:30 a.m. Cheerie.	7:30	6:30	5:30	
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)				
202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2	740	WSB
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	WFTF
238	1260	WTAX	454.3	660	WEAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ
263	1140	WAPI	491.5	610	WDAF
263	1140	KVOO	499.7	600	WOW
277.6	1080	WBT	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			
10	**9**	**8**	**7**	
Ida Bailey Allen.				
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)				
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
11:15	**10:15**	**9:15**	**8:15**	
Radio Household Institute.				
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)				
205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WERC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WTAX	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
1 p.m.	**12 noon**	**11 a.m.**	**10 a.m.**	
National Farm and Home Hour.				
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)				
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	WFBR
234.2	1280	WERC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WTAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WFTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WJZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 10 p.m.	Central 9	Mountain 8	Pacific 7
Clicquot Club Eskimos. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters Kc.	Call	Meters Kc.	Call
205.4 1460	KSTP	379.5 790	KGO
214.2 1400	WFIC	379.5 790	WGY
238 1260	WJAX	384.4 780	WMC
245.6 1220	WCAE	405.2 740	WSB
252 1190	WHAI	440.9 680	KPO
265.3 1130	KSL	454.3 660	WEAF
270.1 1110	WRVA	461.3 650	WSM
277.6 1080	WBT	468.5 640	KFI
299.8 1000	WHO	483.6 620	KGW
315.6 950	WRC	483.6 620	WTMJ
319 940	WCSH	491.5 610	WDAF
325.9 920	WWJ	499.7 600	WTIC
325.9 920	KOMO	508.2 590	KHQ
325.9 920	KPRC	508.2 590	WEEI
333.1 900	WKY	508.3 590	WOW
336.9 890	WJAR	516.9 580	WTAG
361.2 830	KOA	535.4 560	KFI
365.6 820	WHAS	545.1 550	KSD
374.8 800	WBAP	545.1 550	WGR
374.8 800	WSAI		

Radio Salon Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170 WCAU
204	1470	WFIP	258.5	1160 WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120 WISN
215.7	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090 KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040 KRLD
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950 KMBC
232.4	1290	KTSA	333.1	900 WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810 WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780 WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770 WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630 WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600 WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550 WKRC
10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30	

Night Club Romances.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120 WISN
204	1470	WFIP	275.1	1090 KMOX
215.7	1390	KLRA	288.3	1040 KRLD
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950 KMBC
223.7	1340	WKSPD	322.4	930 WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900 WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900 WMAK
234.2	1280	WDOD	370.2	810 WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780 WTAR
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630 WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600 WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600 WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570 WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550 WKRC
384.4	780	WEAN	258.5	1160 WOWO

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890 WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	361.2	830 KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820 WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790 WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790 KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780 WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740 WSB
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660 WEAF
263	1140	KVOO	461.3	650 WSM
263	1140	WAPI	468.5	640 KFI
265.3	1130	KSL	483.6	620 KGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620 WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610 WDAF
288.3	1040	WTHS	508.2	590 KHQ
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590 WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590 WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580 WTAG
325.9	920	WMAQ	535.4	560 WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560 WGR
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550 KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560 WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550 KSD
11	10	9	8	

Around the Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120 WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950 KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900 WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860 WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810 WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670 WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630 WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	399.7	600 WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550 WKRC
275.1	1090	WMOX	545.1	500 WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO		

Wednesday

10 a.m.	9	8	7

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800 WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790 WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660 WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600 WSM
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590 WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580 WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560 WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550 WGR
10	9	8	7	

Alma Bailey Allen.
Key Station—WJZ (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780 WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160 WOWO
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950 KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900 WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900 WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860 WABC
239.9	1250	WRHM	389.4	770 WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630 WMAL
245.6	1220	WCAE	545.1	550 WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU		
10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45	

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980 KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820 WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780 WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760 WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750 WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740 WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700 WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650 WSM
302.8	990	WBZA		
11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15	

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	319	940 WCSH
245.6	1220	WCAE	325.9	920 WWJ
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920 KPRC
263	1140	KVOO	333.1	900 WKY
277.6	1080	WBT	336.9	890 WJAR
280.2	1070	WTAM	365.6	820 WHAS
293.9	1020	KYW	374.8	800 WBAP
315.6	950	WRC	374.8	800 WSAI



A gay moment in one of the dramatic sketches in the Westinghouse Salute program, which is heard over the NBC system at 7:30 P. M. (EST) Wednesdays.

Eastern 11:15 a.m.	Central 10:15	Mountain 9:15	Pacific 8:15
Meters Kc.	Call	Meters Kc.	Call
379.5 790	WGY	499.7 600	WTIC
384.4 780	WMC	508.2 590	WEEI
405.2 740	WSB	508.2 590	WOW
454.3 660	WEAF	516.9 580	WTAG
461.3 650	WSM	535.4 560	WLIT
483.6 620	WTMJ	545.1 550	KSD
491.5 610	WDAF	545.1 550	WGR
11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Columbia Noon Day Club.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950 KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900 WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900 WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810 WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770 WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630 WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600 WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560 KLZ
1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.	

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950 WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920 KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900 WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830 KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820 WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800 WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760 WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750 WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	447.5	670 KVI
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680 WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650 WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620 WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610 WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590 WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560 WIOD
2 p.m.	1	12 n.	11 a.m.	

Patterns in Prints.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120 WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900 WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780 WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770 WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760 KVI
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630 WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560 KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550 WKRC
7	6	5	4	
	And 10:30 (CST)			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980 KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950 WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830 KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760 WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750 WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700 WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	447.5	670 WMAQ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620 WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610 WDAF
7:30	6:30	5:30	4:30	

Westinghouse Salute.

202.1	1480	WCKY	263	1140 KVOO
205.4	1460	KSTP	265.3	1130 KSL
222.1	1350	KWK	270.1	1110 WRVA
227.1	1320	WSMB	277.6	1080 WBT
234.2	1280	WEBC	293.9	1020 KYW
238	1260	WJAX	302.8	990 WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990 WBZA
252	1190	WOAI	305.9	980 KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	325.9	920 KOMO

Eastern 7:30 p.m.	Central 6:30	Mountain 5:30	Pacific 4:30
Meters Kc.	Call	Meters Kc.	Call
325.9 920	KPRC	399.8 750	WJR
333.1 900	WKY	405.2 740	WSB
361.2 830	KOA	440.9 680	WPTF
365.6 820	WHAS	461.3 650	WSM
374.8 800	WFAA	468.5 640	KFI
379.5 790	KGO	483.6 620	KGW
384.4 780	WMC	508.2 590	KHQ
389.4 770	KFAB	535.4 560	WIOD
394.5 760	WJZ		
8	7	6	5

The Yeast Foamers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990 WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990 WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980 KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760 WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750 WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700 WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620 WTMJ

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890 WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820 WEAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610 WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590 WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590 WOW
299.8	1000	WTIC	516.9	580 WTAG
309.1	970	WCFL	535.4	560 WLIT
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550 WGR
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550 KSD
325.9	920	WWJ		

Grand Opera Concert.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950 KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930 WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900 WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860 WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810 WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780 WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770 WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670 WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630 WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	491.5	610 WFAN
257.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600 WCAO
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550 WKRC
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30	

Happy Wonder Bakers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	344.6	870 WLS
206.8	1450	WFIC	374.8	800 WFAA
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790 WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780 WMC
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660 WEAF
263	1140	KVOO	483.6	620 WTMJ
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610 WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590 WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590 WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580 WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560 WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550 WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550 KSD
336.9	890	WJAR		

Sylvania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990 WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990 WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980 KDKA
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760 WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750 WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700 WLW
293.9	1020	KYW		



Edna Duane, soprano, who is one of Radio's original broadcasters, is the featured soloist heard on the Gold Seal program with Benny Krueger's orchestra every Thursday evening from WABC.

Eastern 8:30 p.m. Central 7:30 Mountain 6:30 Pacific 5:30

Forty Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.2	6120	W2XE	242.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

9 8 7 6

Ipana Troubadours.

248.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
323.9	920	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WTAR	516.9	580	WTAG
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

MacFadden Red Seal Hour.

215.7	1390	WHK	256.3	1170	WCAU
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WOWO
227.1	1320	WADC	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

9:30 8:30 7:30 6:30

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	GO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
238	1260	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WTIC	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WTAR	535.4	560	WIID
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10 9 8 7

Kolster Radio Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204.7	1470	KGA	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	309.1	970	KJR
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	475	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KFX	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WEAN			

Eastern 10:30 p.m. Central 9:30 Mountain 8:30 Pacific 7:30

Stromberg-Carlson.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	440.9	680	KPO
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	468.5	640	KFI
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC			

In a Russian Village.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	394.5	760	KVI
234.2	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11 10 9 8

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WFBM	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ

Thursday

8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	454.3	660	WEAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
379.5	790	WGY	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

10:30 9:30 8:30 7:30

Morning Merrymakers.

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	KLRA	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KTSA	333.1	900	WMAK
234.2	1280	WDOD	348.6	860	WABC
236.1	1270	WDSU	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
245.6	1220	WCAO	499.7	600	WREC
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30 10:30 9:30 8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WHAS
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	535.4	560	KLZ

1 p.m. 12 n. 11 a.m. 10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
283.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

2:00 p.m. 1 12 n. 11 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	267.1	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760	WJZ
333.1	900	WFBL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC

4:30 3:30 2:30 1:30

Tea Timers.

49.2	6120	W2XE	227.1	1320	WADC
204	1470	WKBW	234.2	1280	WDOD
215.7	1390	WHK	238	1260	KOIL
201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGHP
209.7	1430	WHP	243.8	1230	WNAC
223.7	1340	KFPY	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.7	1120	WISN

Eastern 4:30 p.m. Central 3:30 Mountain 2:30 Pacific 1:30

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
275.1	1090	KMOX	447.5	670	WMAQ
315.6	950	KMBC	475.9	630	WMAL
322.4	930	WDBJ	491.5	610	WFAN
322.4	930	WBRC	499.7	600	WCAO
370.2	810	WCCO	499.7	600	WREC
394.4	780	WEAN	526	570	WWNC
389.4	770	WBBM	535.4	560	KLZ
394.5	760	KVI	545.1	550	WKRC

7 6 5 4

And 10:30 (CST)

The Pepsodent Program—Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	447.5	670	WMAQ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF

8 7 6 5

Fleischmann Hour.

206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WEEI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

Lehn & Fink Serenade.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
249.9	1200	KPRC	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

8:30 7:30 6:30 5:30

Champion Sparkers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	344.6	870	WLS
260.7	1150	WHAM	389.4	770	KFAB
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW

9 8 7 6

True Detective Mysteries.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

Seiberling Singers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	454.3	660	WEAF
225.4	1330	WSAI	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	KHQ
379.5	790	KGO			



The exuberantly youthful tenor of the Thursday night Veedol program is none other than Richard Maxwell. Good looking, don't you think?



An exciting moment in the Mystery House series over the NBC. Professor Montegle gets the Denby Jewels, and the fun starts. Tune in Friday at 10:30 P. M. (EST).

Eastern 9:30 p.m.	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WIAX	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
308.2	973	WMZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD

Around The Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	399.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	500	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10	9	8	7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	KOIL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			

Victor Program.

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
238	1260	WJAX	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
292.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	WMJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

11	10	9	8

National Grand Opera.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	650	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

Friday

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
245.6	1220	WCAO	491.5	610	WFAN
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern 10:30 a.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	WWJ
279.5	790	WGY	336.9	890	WJAR
280.2	1070	WTAM	374.8	800	WSAI
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.6	600	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR

11	10	9	8

Salon Singers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	319	940	WCSH
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	379.5	790	WGY
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	650	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
302.8	990	WBZ	516.9	580	WTAG
305.9	980	KDKA	545.1	550	KSD

12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.	9 a.m.

Evening Stars.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WBAP
263	1140	WAPI	379.5	790	WGY
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WIAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WTIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			

1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

2 p. m.	1 p. m.	12	11 a. m.

Patterns in Prints.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760	KYW
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

7	6	5	4

And 10:30 (CST)

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	447.5	670	WMAQ
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF

Eastern 8 p.m.	Central 7	Mountain 6	Pacific 5

Cities Service Concert Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WFAA
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	KGW
293.9	1020	KYW	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WMJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA			

Brown-Bilt Footlights.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	288.3	1040	KRLD
208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHP	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	KHJ
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
234.2	1280	WJDO	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	KOIL	394.5	760	KYT
239.9	1250	WDSU	468.5	640	WAIU
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	KFRU
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WREC
245.6	1220	WCAO	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

9	8	7	6

Interwoven Pair.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	379.5	790	KGO
263	1140	WAPI	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	630	KPO
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	WEAU
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

True Story Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KFJF	315.6	950	KMBC
208.2	1440	WHEC	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	KDYL	394.5	760	KYT
234.2	1280	WJDO	447.5	670	WMAQ
236	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	KFRU
239.9	1250	WDSU	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			



One of the youngest members of the National Grand Opera company is Alma Kitchell, who is seen here as she appeared in La Traviata.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30

Philco's Theater Memories.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZA
222.1	1350	WWJ	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	359.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ			

Schradertown Band.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
245.1	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
270.5	1110	WGY	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	565.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

Bremer-Tully Time.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WJAX	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
	10:30	9:30	8:30		7:30

Armour Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KPRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WENR	361.2	830	KOA
238	1260	WJAX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	KGO
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	428.3	700	WLW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1040	KTHS	468.5	640	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA			KHQ

Curtis Institute of Music Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	322.4	930	WBIG
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550	WKRC

Mystery House.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ			
11		10	9		8

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZ			

Saturday

6:45 a.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45

Tower Health Exercises.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	545.4	550	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15

Morning Devotions.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	440.9	680	WTFF
234.2	1280	WEBC	454.3	660	WEAF
238	1260	WJAX	483.6	620	WTMJ
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
263	1140	WAPI	499.7	600	WTIC
263	1140	KVOO	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	KPRC			
9:15		8:15	7:15		6:15

Parnassus String Trio.
Key Station—WJZ (454.3-660)

222.1	1350	KWK	454.3	660	WJZ
11:15		10:15	9:15		8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	WGR
12 n.		11 a.m.	10		9

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
238	1260	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WTFF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
6:30 p.m.		5:30	4:30		3:30

Nit-Wit Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	394.5	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			
7			6		5
			And 10:30 (CST)		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	447.5	670	WMAQ
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
8		7	6		5

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1340	WFFY	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

Launderland Lyrics.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	344.6	870	LS
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY			
9		8	7		6

General Electric Hour.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
254.1	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	468.5	640	KFI
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WDAF
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30 p.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30

The Gulbransen Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860m)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WJAX	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
10		9	8		7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
238	1260	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WTFF
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	KGW
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WDAF
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Chicago Civic Opera.
Key Station—(Chicago Studios)

202.6	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WHZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WIZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WFJF	275.1	1090	KMOX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.7	1390	WHK	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WJAX	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

Longines Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			



Lawn tennis devotees got a few new angles on the game when Francis T. Hunter stepped up to a Columbia mike, as a guest of the Panatela program, which comes to you on Monday nights at 10 o'clock (EST).

Who's Who In Broadcasting

Hough, Harold V., known as the "Hired Hand" at WBAP, The Star-Telegram station in Fort Worth, Texas. Hough, who is now supervisor of WBAP, is one of the pioneer Radio broadcasting men, having started that station in 1922 when it was a five-watter. He used to be heard frequently over the mike, but has not been on the air for several months except on special occasions and has announced that he is now giving his public and his tonsils an extended rest.

Houle, Juliette, Studio Accompanist, WEEI.

House, Frank, Tenor, WFLA.

House, Judson, Tenor, NBC.

House, Marguerite, Cellist, KVOO.

Houston, G. F., Director-Announcer, **WADC.** Began work at WEAR when the station opened in January, 1926. Managed the Euclid Music Studio of WTAM. Been with WADC since May, 1927. He has never announced his name over the air, always "drops off" with "Bye Now."



Houston, Stanley, Chief Announcer, Curley Blond, KFKX.

Howard College Orchestra, WAPI.

Howard, J., Melody Musketeers, NBC.

Howatt, Louise, Happiness Girl, **Contralto**, Pianist, KMTR.

Howell, Charlie, Golden Tenor, KMA.

Howland, Nellie, Harp, Pianist, KFDM.

Howlett, Eric, Program Director, WHK.

Howlett, Harry, Commercial Manager, **WHK.**

Howlett, M. A., Station Manager, WHK.

Hoxie, A. M., Public Relations, WNAC.

Hoyle, Dorothy, Trio, National Broadcasting Company.

Hubbard, Frederick, Organist and Baritone, WFLA.

Hubbard, Mrs. J. R., Accompanist, WFLA.

Hubbard, Stanley E., Vice-President and General Manager, National Battery Broadcasting company, owners and operators of the National Battery station, KSTP; former owner and manager of WAMD, "The Call of the North," with principal studios in Radisson Hotel, Minneapolis; pioneered in Radio as amateur 1911. Started flying 1916; Radio Section, First Battalion, Signal Corps, New York National Guard. World War; on return to civilian life automobile distributor, Louisville, Ky.; owner and operator Kentucky Aeroplane Supply company, one of first aeroplane manufacturing companies in United States; president and general manager Seaboard Consolidated Air lines, one of the first aeroplane passenger transport companies; former chief of United States Internal Air service; originated WAMD in 1924, developing it to second largest Northwest station; September, 1927, associated with L. J. Shields, originating National Battery Broadcasting company and organizing KSTP, taking over WAMD, Minneapolis, and KFOY, St. Paul; established Radio station construction record, completing KSTP transmitter and studios in 60 days; active in national Radio field, member Committee on Commercial Broadcasting of the National Association of Broadcasters.

Huber, Frederick R., Director, WBAL

Hudson, Harvey, Tenor, KOIN.

Huebel, Gladys, Contralto, WCCO.

Hughes, Al, Drums, National Battery Symphony orchestra, KSTP.

Hughes, Bess Lemmon, Contralto, KVOO.

Hughes, Frank, Xylophonist, WLAC.

Hughes, Haller Jim, Master of Ceremonies during Haller Hour. He originated the mysterious horse "Cocoanuts," KDKA.

Hughes, Irene, Assistant Office Manager, KSTP.

Hughes, James, Tenor, WLWL.

Hughes, Marvin, Pianist, WLAC.

Hughes, Mrs. W. A., Accompanist, WFLA.

Hugo, Heyn, Vibraphone, Xylophone Artist, KMA.

Hugo's, William, Orchestra, KWK.

Hulbert, Ray, Saxophonist, Clarinetist, KGW.

Humphries, Mrs. Olive Cheek, Soprano, WAPI.

Hunt, Hamlin, Organist, WCCO.

Hunt, Mildred, Contralto, NBC.

Hunt, Ted, Saxophonist, KWK.

Hunter, Eva, Violinist, KVOO.

Hunter, George W., Announcer, WRVA.

Huntley, Fred H., Baritone of the Aerials, male quartet, heard on The Chicago Daily News station regularly.

Huntley, Hazel. Miss Huntley serves The Chicago Daily News station in a dual capacity. She is both an executive of the station and an artist. With WMAQ fans she has gained a wide reputation for her contralto voice with which at times she pinch hits as an announcer. In addition to being an artist of repute and long standing, Miss Huntley is program director of WMAQ and as such winnows the grain from the chaff in the [illegible] of applications made by artists for [illegible] with the station.

Hurd, [illegible] Orchestra[illegible]ram Director, KFI.

Hurt, A[illegible] and [illegible], Tenor, KFAE[illegible]inger, KMOX. At of "Al

Hurt, Jerry, Ukulele, KVOO.

Hurt, Marlin, KYW Tenor with the orchestra. Hurt is that I-must-be-individual singer who brings his "own" announcer along with him. At least he can make that story stick until television spoils it for him.

Husing, Edward B., Junior Announcer, Premier Sports Announcer, Columbia Broadcasting system.

Hustana, Alan, Flute, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

Husted, K. W., Announcer, WCCO.

Hutchings, Aletha, Studio Hostess, Program Director. Conducts the Woman's Hour, KSO.

Hutchison, Burt, Guitarist, Barn Dance Entertainers, WSM.

Hutchinson, Harry A., Manager, KVOO. Has been in Radio work for seven years, five of which have been in present capacity.

Iatone, Leona, Staff Accompanist, Hostess. Meets thousands of guests and makes them feel at home, KTHS.

Ideler, Edwin, Violin, NBC, New York.

Illinois Four, Male Quartet, WHT.

Ingley, August, Violinist, WDBO.

Ingrid Slattengren, Swedish Violinist, KWK.

Inspiration Boys, Al and Pete. The Inspiration Boys are purveyors of mirth and melody with a wide following among WMAQ listeners. In addition to The Chicago Daily News station they broadcast over several others, making weekly trips to each city.

Ireland, Ward, Assistant Announcer, KFOA.

Irene Buchners Trio, KVOO.

Irmalee, Campbell, Soprano, KNX.

Irvin, Violet Gross, Pianist, WLAC.

Irvine Whistlers, Sister Team, KPO.

Isbel, Harold, Town Crier of the Night Watch, KNX.

Israel, Florence, Home Service, KFWB.

Iula, Felice, Orchestral Arranger and Conductor. Joined the staff of WBAL last year, coming direct to Radio work from the professional musical field, where, as conductor, he had gained a national reputation and was voted the most popular theatrical orchestra conductor in the country during a nation-wide contest. Has toured the country from coast to coast as a member of leading theatrical and operatic companies, including the Henry W. Savage productions and the Aborn Opera company. Now devoting his time to Radio work, conducting several of this station's orchestral features and writing special orchestrations and arrangements for Radio presentation. He is conductor of the WBAL Concert Orchestra, the WBAL Symphonic Ensemble, the Cloverdale Dinner hour.

Jackson, Bill, Tenor, WFLA.
Jackson, Frank, Voice and Piano, WWNC.
Jackson, Mrs. William Henry, Pianist and Accompanist, WLAC.

Jackson, Mrs. William Henry, Pianist, WSM.

Jackson's Society Orchestra, KVOO.

Jacobs, Clyde, Popular Tenor, KVOO.

James, Dorothy, Popular Piano Nmbers, WWNC.

James, Lewis, Tenor, NBC, New York.

Jamison, Mrs. Myrtle Bennett, Blues Singer and Pianist, WAPI.

Jamison, Steele, Tenor, The Ballad Singers, NBC.

Jana, "Color Talks," WSUN.

Janecek, John, Tenor Soloist on Otto's Little German Band program, KSTP.

Jarecki, Tadeusz, Special Orchestrator, National Broadcasting Company.

Jarrett, Julia Wylie, Soprano, WLAC.

Jayhawker Girl, Popular Songs, KFH.

Jeffords, Mrs. John, Harmonica, WFLA.

Jellison, Al, Tenor, WCCO.

Jencks, Earl D., Sales Manager and Director of Public Relations, KSTP. Former Director of Publicity, Saint Paul Association of Public and Business Affairs; Railroad and Financial Editor, St. Paul Dispatch-Pioneer Press; Northwest Correspondent Wall Street Journal, Consolidated Press.

Jencks, Fred W., Baritone and Announcer, WWJ.

Jendrich, Edward, Tenor, Member Mixed Quartet, WBAL.

Jenkins, Dr. Burris A., Radio Preacher, WHB.

Jenkins, George, French Harp Artist, and probably the tallest man in middle Tennessee, WLAC.

Jennings, Dessa Anderson, Contralto, WADC. Been on over 150 programs.

Jensen, John, Entertainer, WNAX. Guitar, harmonica, singing and playing old time tunes. Has been broadcasting over WNAX for two years. Born in South Dakota in 1899, staying on the farm for seventeen years before he was called to Yankton, S. D., in 1916.

Jensen and Lettow, Harmony Boys, WHB.

Jermaine, Jerry, Song Crooner, KPO.

Jernigan, Johnnie, Violinist, WLAC.

Jernigan, Marcus, Cellist and Member of Jernigan Trio, WLAC.

Jim and Bob, Hawaiian Guitars, WENR-WBCN.

Jimmy Joy's Orchestra, WDAF.

Joe Bako's Gypsy Band, WADC.

John and Ned, guitar and vocal harmony duo, NBC studios at San Francisco.

Johnson, Clarence, Conductor of WBAL Jubilee Singers.

Johnson, Clarence, Tenor, WOC.

Johnson, Connie, Accompanist, WDAF.

Johnson, D. D., Chief Operator, WDAF.

Johnson, Ethel, Pianist, WMAK.

Johnson, George, Organist, WOW.

Johnson, Gladys, Cellist, Assists Musical Director, KGW.

Johnson, Gladys Lee, Second Violinist, KGW.

Johnson, Harrison Wall, Pianist, WCCO.

Johnson, J. Howard, Tenor, KNX.

Johnson, Joe, Orchestra Leader of Coronadians, KMOX.

Johnson, Leta Hendricks, Violinist, WAPI.

Johnson, Mary, Pianist, WFLA.

Johnson, Mott, Announcer, KMMJ.

Johnson, Myron, Violinist, WDAF.

Johnson, Paul, Studio Director, KSTP, until he resigned to take up the practice of medicine in the Summer of 1929. He began announcing for WBAH in 1922 and six months later went to WLAG in Minneapolis as Chief Announcer. When WCCO purchased WLAG, Johnson remained as Chief Announcer until he joined the staff of March of 1928.



Among the celebrities Johnson has introduced to the Radio audience are Marshal Foch, President Calvin Coolidge, General John J. Pershing, Vice-President Dawes, David Lloyd-George, Ronald Amundsen, Madame Schumann-Heink, and many others.

Johnson Sisters, Piano, Uke, Voices, WMAK.

Johnson, Stute, Announcer, KMMJ.

Johnson, T. Carter, Publicity Director, KMOX.

Johnson, Walter, Announcer, WHAS.

Johnston, Alice, Violinist, WAPI.

Johnston, Col. George C., Announcer, WDBO.

Johnston, Gertrude, Pianist, WWNC.

Johnston, Merle, Saxophonist, National Broadcasting Company.

Johnston, Patti, Pianist, KVOO.

Johnstone, G. W., Manager Press Relations, National Broadcasting Company.

Jolly, Peggy, Continuity Writer, KMOX.

Jolley, Marge, Continuity Writer, KMOX.

Jones, Archie, KSTP, Baritone Soloist, faculty member University of Minnesota School of Music. Has appeared at many stations in Middle West. Taught music at University of Nebraska and Nebraska Conservatory of Music, London.

Jones, Bill, KSTP, Member "KSTP Players." Musical salesman who makes jaunt over country in Adventure program every Saturday evening.

Jones, Billy and Ernie Hare, Popular Radio Song Comedians, CBS.

Jones, Daniel Boone, Fiddler, WOS.

Jones, Mrs. Eva Thompson, Contralto, WSM

Jones, Exa, "Just Johnesee." Official duties include arrangement of programs, social work at studios, publicity and secretaryship, WFLA.

Jones, Mrs. G. R., Pianist, WLAC.

Jones, Gwendoline, Soprano, WFLA.

Jones, Gwynfi, NBC tenor at San Francisco. National Broadcasting Company.

Jones, Katherine Tift, Reader, NBC.

Jones, Mrs. Harry, KTHS.

Jones, Mynard, Bass, KPO.

Jones, Mynard, chorus director at the NBC San Francisco studios. Mynard is a Native Son whose musical career has taken him all through the United States. Wallace A. Sabin, Clement F. Rowland, Arthur Foote and Jeanne Gerville are some of the instructors with whom he has studied. Group singing interests Mynard most and he is responsible for many Western musical organizations, notably the Pacific Coast Academy of Teachers of Singing. He sings solos, however, at numerous concerts. He is well known as a composer and arranger.

Jones, Paul A., Jr., President and General Manager, KFUL. Graduate of Baylor university, half miler with Illinois Athletic club.

Jones, William, Tenor, Happiness Boys, NBC, New York.

Jordan, Corinne, KSTP, Program director, pianist and "blues" singer, former star entertainer, WBBM, director, KSTP Housewives clinic and other women's features.

Jorgenson, Phil, Pianist, KFAB.

Joseph, William, With South Sea Islanders, NBC, New York.

Josse Wood-Wind Ensemble, National Broadcasting Company.

Joung, Jessie, KMA Sewing Circle, KMA.

Joy, Leslie Wells, Studio Supervisor in Charge of Announcers. Announces and sings himself. Has been with the National Broadcasting Company for four years.

Judges, Fred, Spokesman for Auto Club of Washington, KFOA.

Jules Klein's Symphonic Ensemble, WWJ.

Jules, Jacquinot. Holds the unique distinction of being a chaser - staff member of KMOX. She is a pianist, organist, and harpist, and has served in nearly every capacity required in conducting a Radio station. Miss Jules is particularly noted for her children's work—to each and every one she is known simply as Aunty Jack—and for her request programs. In a recent contest Miss Jules ranked first among the station features. Miss Jules is also a composer of note, being listed in the Missouri Book of Composers.

Junior Music Club, WFLA.

Junkin, George, Managing Director of KMOX.



Went to St. Louis November 10, 1926, from WSWS, Chicago, where he had been an announcer. Succeeded Thomas P. Convey as managing director of KMOX after serving as chief announcer of the Voice of St. Louis. Junkin has a rich background of cultural and professional experience apart from the usual run of broadcasting work. He has done much to build KMOX as the largest broadcasting station in St. Louis. Before entering the Radio field he promoted county fairs, produced little theater offerings, operettas, minstrel shows and similar affairs. When the St. Louis Robin established the world's endurance record Mr. Junkin had charge of the mike from midnight until six o'clock every morning, when the station established a record for endurance broadcasting, being on the air for 186½ hours without a break.

KAISER, Earl, Leader of Orchestra and Musical Director, WCFL.

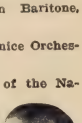
Kalani, William, Hawaiian Baritone, KFI.

Kales, Arthur, Manager, KFI.

Kalls, Henry, Director of Lido Venice Orchestra, WEEI.

Kanes Hawaiians, KPO.

Kaney, Sen, Chicago Announcer of the National Broadcasting Company.



Sen is one of pioneer announcers. When KYW went on the air he presided at the mike and was with the station until he left it to help WGN go on the air. He returned to KYW before he retired for several years. But, of course, he could not stay retired, and when all his fans had given up asking where that charming Sen Kaney had gone, he suddenly appeared in the Chicago Studio of the National Broadcasting Company.

Karch, Hank, The WLW Banjokester, is a vaudeville veteran. His programs are full of wise cracks and vaudeville humor and he usually manages to play at least seven stringed instruments in each appearance.

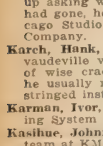
Karman, Ivor, Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.

Kasihue, Johnny, and Joe Gillman, Hawaiian team at KMOX. Offer Hawaiian, American, Italian, Irish and Chinese novelties with steel guitar. Formerly heard over WENR, WGN, WLS, WJR, WWJ, and as members of Goldkette's orchestra.

Kask, Lucille, KSTP, Secretary to sales manager.

Kaufmann's Sni-A-Bar Gardens Orchestra, WDAF.

Kay, Lambdin, Little Colonel. Announcer of WSB. No one who has ever heard Lambdin Kay say Atlanta, Georgia, has ever forgotten it. In fact, these two words coming over the loudspeaker or ear phones have thrilled more than one fan seeking distant stations. Lambdin Kay belongs to the early and select group of announcers who lured the DX fan to late hours. Whenever a Radio station has a birthday party, Mr. Kay is one of the guests. The rumor is that he got married this last summer, but he refuses to make any statement. At least he does not deny it.



Kean, Harold, Baritone, WJR.

Keech, Kelvin, Announcer-Entertainer, NBC, New York.

Keefe, Jack, Associate Announcer, WSM.

Keele, Hester, Pianist, WSM.

Keener, Marion, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.

Keener, Suzanne, soprano, National Broadcasting Company.

Keeney, Charles, Pianist, Bonnie Laddies, NBC, New York.

Keever, Margaret, Contralto. Plays in "Sea Memories," WPG.

Keithley, E. Clinton, Tenor, WMBB-WOK.

Kellogg, Ester, Violinist, WFLA.

Kelly, Earl, Engineer, KOIL.

Kelly, Mack, Xylophonist, KVOO.

Kelly, Patrick, Announcer, Tenor, NBC, New York.

Kelly, W. J., Operator, WBAL.

Kemp, Evelyn, Pianist, KNX.

Kemp, Hal, and His Hotel Menger Orchestra, NBC.

Kendrick, D. E. "Plug," Director of WFIW.



Assumed directorship of this station April 1, 1928. At that time the station was on the air an average of four hours a day three times a week, with programs consisting mostly of records. Plug now carries a staff of 22 people, besides visiting artists. Aside from building up the staff of the station and developing a commercial side of the business, Plug finds time to do a few crooning numbers and directs his own orchestra, and is on the air twelve hours a day.

Kendrick, James, Announcer, KFRC.

Kennedy, Annie May, Soprano, WLAC.

Kennedy, Carrie Hyatt, Organist, WDBO.

Kennedy, Mrs. Frank, Popular Blues Singer, WFLA.

Kennedy, Irving, tenor at the NBC San Francisco studios. Irving probably holds the record for the number of programs sung by any individual at the San Francisco studios. Not long ago, he won a shower of audience mail when he went in for animal initiations before the microphone. Irving was born in New York. He didn't think of singing until 10 years ago when a cousin, Olga Cook, prima donna of "The Student Prince," "discovered" he possessed rare voice quality. Francis Stuart was his first teacher. Afterward Irving was featured in Irving Berlin's Music Box Revue and toured several vaudeville circuits. It was while he was appearing in a San Francisco theatre that he was signed by NBC.

Kennedy, Mary, Soloist and Pianist, WFLA.

Kent, Easton, NBC tenor at San Francisco. Easton sings musical selections and is heard as the male "Voice of Firestone" every Monday night by auditors of all NBC Pacific Coast stations. Kent formerly was with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York City.

Keough, John Ames, Sports Announcer, KPO.

Keppie, Louise, Soprano, WFLA.

Kerk, Loretta, Accompanist, WFI.

Kern, Frank, Announcer, KWK.

Kern, Henriette, Soprano. Has a soprano voice of exceptional quality and range. Studied with George Castelle, a member of the faculty of the Peabody Conservatory of Music and has appeared in concert and as featured soloist for many leading events. Has sung in various cities and appeared in musical productions here. Came to WBAL a little over a year ago and has since been heard regularly in recital and special broadcasts.

Kerr, Charlie, Orchestra Leader, WCAU.

Kershner, W. E. (Dad) Director of Daily Devotionals at WLW.

Keshner, William J., Saxophonist and Violinist, WLAC.

Kessel, Harry, Popular Singer, WHB.

Kesting Sisters, KSTP, 13-year old twins, piano duet, "Children's Hour."

Keulander, Edith, Soprano, WMBB-WOK.

KFAB Symphony, KFAB.

Kidder, Walter, Baritone, King in Salicon Vanities, WEEI.

Kiene, Julia, WIBW, is a graduate of the Kansas State Agricultural College and is widely known throughout the Middle West as a successful Home Demonstration Agent, and is a member of the editorial staff of Capper's Farmer. Her entire career has been directly connected with farm life. As a farmer's wife and the mother of two daughters, she early gained an insight into the real life of the farm woman. Through her work each month she reaches more than 828,000 farm women—unquestionably more than any woman's writer in the mid-west field. She is an authority, through her wide experience and connection with large Home Economics concerns, on preparation and selection of foods, house furnishings, equipment and other vital needs of the prosperous mid-west farm. She is the favorite one of the six women speakers on the Women's Forum Hour and is heard via the air twice a week.

Killen, Harbison, Art Altmiller, Banjo Buddies, KWK.

Kimball, Willard, Announcer Nite Owl program, Master of Ceremonies, KTAB.

Kimbrough, Verman, Baritone, WAPI.

Kincaid, Bradley, The "Mountain Boy" of WLS. Sings old hill folk songs with the famous "Gourd Dawg" guitar and sells little books of mountain ballads. Born in Kentucky. Found in YMCA quartet. Announces daytime programs from WLS and conducts several little features.

King, Mrs. Anna Washburn, Director of String Quartet, WAPI.

King, Charles, Tenor, KNX.

King, Gerald, Manager, KFWB.

King, Mildred, Pianist, WSM.

King, Dr. O. H., Baritone, KTHS.

King, Mrs. William, Organist, WOC.

Kingins, Mrs. M. J., Soprano, WLAC.

Kings of Rhythm, WWJ.

Kinkaid, Mildred, Contralto, KWK.

Kinman's Melody Boys, KGA.

Kirby, Corley W., Director-Announcer, WGHP. He has the distinction of having worked in all the Detroit stations. He was with WWJ three years, WJR 1½ years and WGHP 2 years. Famous for his saying that announcers have bankers' hours in the morning and burglars' hours at night. After serving in the Army during the World War, he spent some time in Europe. This experience is invaluable in announcing musical selections.

Kirby, Jane, Soprano. Is a singer by accident. Was studying to be a professional dancer when one day while in high school assembly the music teacher "discovered" his voice and succeeded in getting her to devote her time to singing. Hers is a clear high soprano voice that is heard from this station every aSturday night when the feature "Around the Melodeon" is presented from WBAL's own studios. A Baltimore girl and has been a member of WBAL's staff since last fall.

Kirk, Harris E., Jr., Announcer, WBAL. Is the son of a well-known minister and is prominent in Baltimore's social and club circles. He is a graduate of the Johns Hopkins university, from which institution he received his degree in Economics. Radio announcing is one of his hobbies and a work to which his voice and personality seem particularly suited.

Kirtley, Lucile, NBC soprano at San Francisco. Two years ago, Lucile began dreaming about San Francisco and the opportunity to sing through the NBC System. Her dream was realized several months ago when Don E. Gilman signed her to sing with The Nomads and on other programs. Lucile had been featured soprano at KGW, the NBC affiliated station in Portland, Ore. She completed her vocal training in New York with Madame Jeanne Via Flora, Italian opera singer, and sang in 42 weeks' engagement in light opera before coming to San Francisco.

Kitchell, Alma, Contralto, NBC, New York.

Kitts, Evelyn, Studio Hostess of KOIL. Gives Aunty Sammy's Chats, serves as accompanist and occasionally offers programs of popular songs.

Klassen, Ben, NBC tenor at San Francisco. A lad who leaped from the prosaic business of keeping books to the Radio spotlight when Mynard Jones discovered him singing for the San Francisco Family Club. Ben has been studying voice the last six years in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Klein, Fred, Orchestra Director of Hotel Mayo Orchestra, KVOO.

Klemm, Gustav, Program Supervisor, WBAL. One of the conutry's leading young composers; formerly a pupil of the late Victor Herbert; also studied harmony and composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Has written hundreds of songs and numerous orchestral and piano works. During the war conducted the Camp Holabird band and was said to have been the youngest bandmaster in service at that time. Later he conducted the City Park band of Baltimore, but relinquished this post when he joined the staff of WBAL four years ago. Now devotes his time to Radio work and composition.

Klier, Bob, Zither-player. "Bob" is a monument in the cafe life of San Francisco, a tradition for 21 years. "Bob," incidentally, is also an artist at Hungarian goulash, which, unfortunately, he can't cook over the air, KFRC.

Kline, Ted, Tenor, WCCO.

Klingman, Walter, KSTP, Capitol theatre organist.

Klose, Woody, Aspired to be a singer over KMOX, but because of the unusual musical quality of his speaking voice was induced to accept a position as announcer, beginning his Radio career on July 17, 1929. He experienced a real breaking-in at Lambert-St. Louis Airfield, broadcasting all the details of the world's record endurance flight of the St. Louis "Robin." A rather interesting coincidence is that on the evening of his 19th birthday he spoke over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and is at present the youngest professional Radio announcer in the country.

Klotz, Heinie, Tenor, WDAF.

Klug, John, KSTP, Transmitter engineer.

KMA String Trio, Bernice Currier, Birdie Baldwin, Doc Bellamy, KMA.

Kneisel, Jack and His Gypsy Barons Orchestra, WJR.

Kneiss, Professor Henry, Violinist, Director of Lincoln Salon Orchestra and KFAB Symphony, KFAB.

Knickerbocker Quartet, WEEI.

Knowles, Lillian, Contralto, WENR-WBCN.

Knox, Wm. Morgan, Staff Violinist; Instructor of WSAI Radio Violin Lessons; Assistant Director of Orchestras, WLW Director.

Knutson, Erling, Violinist, WDAF.

KNX Concert Orchestra, KNX.

KOA Mixed Quartet, Bernice W. Doughty, Soprano; Lucille Fowler, Contralto; Ralph Freese, Tenor; Everett E[illegible] Co[illegible]aritone; Freeman H. Talbot, D[illegible] of the Pa[illegible]

KOA Orchestra, KOA. [illegible]omes to yo[illegible]

Koehne, Freida, Violi[illegible] 10 o'clock (

ner, Josef, Orchestra Director with the tional Broadcasting company. Born in varia of a musical family, he early iertook the study of music under some the most noted Continental masters. ien only nine years old he began study the Leipzig conservatory, where he re- ined for twelve industrious years. At end of this period he took up orchestral k, and later accompanist for Claire x, coming to America with her. The lure conducting drew him to the theatre and several years he directed large orches- s in some of the most famous houses in w York and Chicago. During the past he was musical director for the record- of sound pictures.

, Harry, Orchestra, NBC, Chicago.

, Donna Marie, KSTP, 9-year old so- no soloist, 'Children's Hour."

Male Quartet, Emil Brahms, bass; Bud bot, Baritone; Denton Denman, Tenor; yd Warren, Tenor.

Radio Players, KOIN.

ky, Eugene, well remembered by Radio fans as Radio's grand champion stalker, having stalked through the Dundee-Huddins fiasco in 1928 for one hour and 21 minutes, as the fight did not take place; formerly operated as Dizzy Izzy of the famous Blah Club, and is at present well known for the book review periods over WOW. He is Publicity and nmercial Director of WOW with which has been connected since April of 1923.

Konecky is well known as a writer of try, short stories and an unpublished el.



n, Eddie, Trumpet Soloist and member studio orchestra, WJJD.

er, Ethel, Book Reviews, WFI.

, Mike, Pianist, Piano-Accordionist, AB.

lorfer, Mrs. H. Carey, Contralto, KMOX.

stein, Egon, Violaist, Columbia Broad- ting System Symphony Orhcestra.

, Vincent, L., President, KJR.

er, L. J., Guitarist, KWOO.

e, S. S., Quartet, WJR.

ger, Florence, Soprano, WOC.

Novelty Trio, Combination two Hawai- steel-string guitars and harmonica, ld Timers' Nite."

Players, Dramatic organization of Na- nal Battery station. Presents plays and ylets.

Rhythm Clowns, The four "disciples of ng Jazz" known to Radio listeners as y (piano), Tex (vocal soloist, sax- one), Steve (trumpet), and Pete (guitar, njo, violin).

ynka, Frank, KSTP Contrabass soloist, tional Battery Symphony orchestra and merly Boston and other leading sym- ny orchestras. Born Prague, Bohemia, ıdied at Prague Conservatory, toured rope with symphony orchestras before ning to U. S.

, Eddie, Kansas City Athletic Club Or- estra, WDAF.

, Vincent, Baritone, WSM.

th, William, broadcasts German lessons gularly over The Chicago Daily News sta- n for the University of Chicago.

String Trio, Dorothy Davidson, Pianist; rie Golub, Violinist; Louise Evers, Cel- t, KWK.

Muriel Magerl, Soprano, WJR.

tt, Mrs. Xenophen, Contralto, KOIL.

FELLE, Carl and George, Vanderbilt Hotel Orchestra, WWNC.

La Ferrara, Vincent, Violinist. Director "The Trocadrans," Pacific Coast Net- rk, National Broadcasting company.

r, Eric and Ernie, KSTP, Accordion duo.

le, Charles J., Transmission Engineer, JA.

ley, Isobel, Cellist, WIBO.

, Christine, Contralto, WLAC.

bert, Harold, Tenor, WJZ, New York.

bert, John, Violin and Saxophone Player, tional Battery Symphony Orchestra, STP.

bert, Ray, The Blind Pianist, KMOX.

born, Betty, Woman's Hour, WGHP.

Mother, Gertrude "Mrs." of Universal dio Features, WEEI.

otte, George, Bass, KVOO.

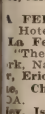
pe, J. B., Director, WMBB-WOK.

e, H. H., Operator, WWNC.

ey, Loraine, Accompanist, WJR.

t Brothers, Dan, Karl and Jack, Vocalists, BC, New York.

, Frank, Announcer-Director of WDOD. One of the younger an- nouncers who began his Radio work at KFRU, Bristow, and stayed with the station until the call letters were changed to KVOO. Last June he went to Chattanooga. As Frank is only twenty-four years old, he is getting along rather rap- idly, and, as his is one of the favorite voices of the South, will, no doubt, be heard from in the ture.



, Harry, Orchestra Leader of Arcadians, MOX.

e, Verne, Tenor, KFAB.

Lantrip, Rev. W. M., Baritone, WLAC.

Lantry, C. C., Announcer, KHQ.

Largent, Mrs. D. W., Soprano, KFDM.

LaRowe, Phillip, Central High School Organist, KVOO.

Larsen, Dorothy, Pianist, WSM.

Larsen, Jens, KSTP, Bass soloist, choir singer of Twin Cities. Member Imperial Male Quartet and Criterion Mixed Quartet.

Larson, Ben, Program Manager and "Uncle Ben" on famous Kangaroo club, KDYL.

Larson, Bennett, Uncle Ben in charge of children, Announcer, KDYL.

Lasky, Philip G., Manager and Director, KDYL.

Latenser, Geneva, Harpist. Pupil of Alberto Salvi. Rejoined KMOX staff June 1, 1929. Miss Latenser is heard over KMOX daily. Besides her solo work, she plays in a harp and violin duet, and harp, violin and organ trio. She began her Radio work over WDAF, Kansas City. Miss Latenser is also well known in Chicago musical circles.

Latner, Mrs. Morris, Soprano, WLAC.

Laughton Family Orchestra, KVOO.

Laurier, Ludwig, Musical Director, National Broadcasting Company.

Laux, France, Sports Announcer, KMOX. Formerly with KVOO.

Lawrence, Grace, Reporter, WBIS.

Lawrence, May F., Organist and Composer, WLAC.

Lawrence, Mrs. May F., Pianist, WSM.

Lawrie, Justin, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.

Leaska, Mme. Leah, Operatic and Concert Soprano, KGW.

Le Barre, Stuart, Violinist, presents the early morning test program over WMAQ and WQJ. A violinist of promise himself, Le Barre gives preference to the classics in picking his records each morning at 6 and 7 o'clock.

LeBow, Dan, Violinist, Conductor of Orchestra, KTHS.

L'Ecuyer, Jack, Organist, Musical Director, KFEQ.

Lederer, John, Conductor of Marylanders, WBAL.

LeDuc, Marie, Soprano, WFLA.

Lee, Barbara, Reader, NBC San Francisco studios.

Lee, Caroline, "The Virginia Girl," Spanish Guitar, WFLA.

Lee, Lydia, "The Little Blue Bird" of WENR. She entertains with interpretations of blues numbers. Miss Lee has had wide experience as an entertainer, having been in both musical comedy and vaudeville. She is unusually talented, having mastered the piano, banjo, ukulele and violin. She is also an expert tap dancer and an accomplished swimmer. The adjective "little" is appropriate as she is but four feet ten inches tall.

Lee, Virginia, Soprano, WOC.

Leek, Helen, Soprano, WLAC.

Lefholtz Sisters, Ruth, Nynee, Lois, Singing Trio at KOIL with a unique act. Formerly on vaudeville stage.

Lem and Jeff, Air-Face Team, KPO.

LeMaster, William, Operatic Baritone, KMOX.

LeMon, Mel, Announcer, KFWB.

Lennox, Elizabeth, Contralto, Columbia Broadcasting System.

Leon, Frank, Orchestra Pianist, KOMO.

Leonard, Arthur, Pianist With the American Singers, NBC, New York.

Leonard, Harold, Orchestra Director, Victorian Dining Room, Palmer House, over WJJD.

Leone, Santina, Soprano, WHAM.

Leonhardt, P. A., comes over from the central YMCA early in the mornings to give WMAQ fans their setting-up exercises.

Leotta, Mme., Reader, KOIN.

Levienne, Kola, Cellist, KJR.

Levienne, Mischa, Violinist, KJR.

Levine, Shepard, Tenor, WJAZ.

Levine, Walter, Baritone, WJAZ.

Levy, Dr. Leon, President of the Universal Broadcasting company, operating WCAU, Philadelphia, and Secretary of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Entered Radio in 1925 when he purchased the controlling stock in the Universal Broadcasting company and later joined the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Levy, Jerome, Concert Cellist and Musical Director, Palmer House, WJJD.

Lewis, Dorothy, Contralto, KGW.

Lewis, Ednyfed, Tenor, Director, WFI.

Lewis, John, Baritone and pupil of Signor Guaetona S. De Luca of Nashville Conservatory of Music. Mr. Lewis is also a Member of the Announcing Staff of WLAC, and appears often as soloist. WLAC.

Lewis, Marion, Accompanist, WLAC.

Lewis, Welcome, Crooner, NBC, New York.

Lighthall, Mrs. Ray, Soprano, KFDM.

Lilligren, Alice, Soprano Soloist, KSTP.

Lincoln Salon Orchestra, KFAB.

Lincoln, Waldo, Old Time Fiddler, WSUN.

Lind, George, Baritone, KFDM.

Linden, Jack, Violinist, has been Director of Hotel LaSalle Orchestra, Capitol Theater Orchestra, Member of Chicago Grand Opera Company. Now directs WSBC Orchestra.

Linden Trio, NBC instrumentalists at San Francisco.

Lindhe, Vin, Pianist, Reader, WFAA.

Lindholm, Charles, KSTP, Dramatic reader.

Lindquist, Octo, Baritone, KTAB.

Lindsay, Art, Announcer, KFOA.

Lindsay, Walter, Radio Engineer, WMAQ.

Lindstrom, Everett, KSTP Troubadour, came to the National Battery station from the University of Minnesota. He had formerly broadcast with WLAMD and WCCO. His crooning voice and his 16-string Gibson-harp-guitar, provide entertainment for KSTP listeners.

Lingeman, Caspar J., Minstrels, WJR.

Lingeman, Johann, European Cellist, WGN.

Linick, Art, The Fuss "Mrs. Schlagenhauer," a "Dutch Treat," WBBM.

Link Bolines Cowboy Band, KVOO.

Linn, Eddy, Announcer, Baritone, Little Clown of the Four K Safety Club of WSAI.

Linthicum, Walter N., Baritone and Announcer. He acts a dual role in the air, for when he isn't in the announcer's booth presiding over the microphone for various broadcasts, he more than likely is appearing on the air in some program as soloist. He is a member of the WEAL mixed quartet which appears every Sunday evening during the Evening Reveries program, and often broadcasts a fifteen-minute recital of his own. Outside his Radio work, he does a lot of concert and oratorio singing and he also is soloist at two of Baltimore's largest churches.

Linx, Jack, Dance Orchestra, WAPI.

Lion's Club Quartet, WDBO.

Litfin, Pauline E., KSTP, Secretary to Planning Board; assistant, Continuity department.

Litterer, Dr. Henry, Guitarist, WSM.

Little Brown Church Quartet, Lucille Magill, Soprano; Bernice Ozmun, Contralto; Eugene Leonardson, Baritone; William O'Connor, Tenor, WLS.

Little, Charles W., The Blind Violinist, WSUN.

Little German Band, Oscar, Lena, Julius, Jan and Fritz, from WLS. Sour or sweet notes on tap. Waltzes done to perfection.

Little, Jack, WLW.

Little, Little Jack, Formerly a traveling artist, this nationally popular singer, musician and composer seems to have settled down in Cincinnati, where he is heard over WLW. Born in London, he had been appearing before the microphone several years and has a large following. Has appeared on the vaudeville stage on the RKO circuit, and stations all over the country.

Little, Mrs. Angeline H., Manager, KGA.

Lloyd, Violet, KSTP, Fan mail supervisor.

Lochman, Walt, Assistant Director, Singing Announcer, WIBW. Lochman can sing baritone well and can play his accompaniments on the piano. He has been on chautauqua and lyceum work, was a Radio entertainer for several years, is a veteran of the stage, and is with WIBW to give the best he has. Lochman is also the "Big Goo" on the Goofus club.

Locke, Mrs. Iona Towne, Soprano; KFDM.

Loder, Kenneth, Cellist, KFAB.

Loftus, Florence, KSTP, Soprano soloist.

Logan, Martha, Conducts Swift and Co. women's programs over WLS. Real name is Mary Schauntz. Specializes in interesting and economical meal dishes.

Lombardo, Guy, Director of Guy Lombardo's Orchestra.

Lombards, Lela and Harry, Comedy and Musical Sketches, WLS.

Long, Dick, Orchestra Leader, Violinist, WCCO.

Long, Emmet, Orchestra Leader, WCCO.

Long, Fiddlin' Sam, Old Time Tunes, KVOO.

Long, Lucille, Contralto, WENR-WBCN.

Long, Wesley, "Short" of Radio, KYW.

Longshore, Mrs. W. L., Pianist and Violinist, WAPI.

Lopez, Joe, Announcer at WNAC, is a Jack of All Trades. There seems nothing he cannot fit into. One minute he is announcing, the next writing continuity, or rehearsing for the presentation of a play by the WNAC Players, or jumping to some part of the city to broadcast an outside program. Joe had the honor of announcing the WNAC Anniversary Program this Fall which was broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System of which WNAC is a member. Joe's favorite hobby is WORK, and no one about WNAC puts in more time than said Joseph, who came to WNAC some time ago. He served in the world war and is one of New England's favorite announcers.

Loring, August, Tenor, WCCO.

Lorty, Prof., Flute, WFLA.

Los Angeles Club Trio, Bud and Gordon Van Gorden, Ralph Metser, KWK.

Los Angeles Trio, NBC, Chicago.

Lothian, Eleanor E., Continuity Writer and Featured Actress in Radio plays, WHEC. Graduated University of Rochester in 1925. First president combined men and women's Dramatic clubs of Rochester, associated with Laboratory of Theatre Arts, 1926.

Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the February Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.

Evening Schedules of Favorite Station

CENTRAL TIME

Add one hour for Eastern time, subtract one hour for Mountain time and two hours for Pacific time.

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATIO
Akron	WADC	227 1	1320	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Akron	WFJC	206 8	1450	500	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Albuquerque	KGGM	243 8	1230	500	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Albuquerqu
Amarillo	KGRS	212 6	1410	1000	5:00- 6:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Amarillo
Ames	WOI	535 4	560	3500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Ames
Asbury Park	WCAP	234 2	1280	500	7:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Asbury Park
Asheville	WWNC	526	570	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00 11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Asheville
Atlanta	WGST	336 9	890	500	Silent	9:30-10:30	Silent	Silent	7:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Atlanta
Atlanta	WSB	405 2	740	1000	5:00- 9:15	6:00-10:45	5:30-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	Atlanta
Atlantic City	WPG	272 6	1100	5000	5:00 12:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00 11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00 11:00	7:00-11:00	Atlantic Ci
Austin	KUT	267 7	1120	500	7:00-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Silent	Austin
Baltimore	WBAL	282 8	1060	10000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00 11:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	Baltimore
Bangor	WLBZ	483 6	620	250	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Bangor
Bay City	WBCM	212 6	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00-12:00	Bay City
Beaumont	KFDM	535 4	560	500	7:00- 9:00	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-12:00	Beaumont
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508 2	590	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Berrien Spri
Beverly Hills	KEJK	422 3	710	500	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	Beverly Hill
Billings	KGHL	315.6	950	500	8:30-11:00	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:00 12:30- 3:00	Billings
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1140	5000	5:00- 6:00 8:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-12:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	Birminghar
Birmingham	WBRC	322.4	930	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 2:00	Birminghar
Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-11:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 7:30 9:00-10:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00-11:00	Bismarck
Boise	KIDO	239.9	1250	1000	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Boise
Boston	WBIS	242 8	1230	1000	Silent	5:00-11:10	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:10	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Boston
Boston	WBZA	302 8	990	500	5:00-10:45	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:55-10:23	5:00-10:22	Boston
Boston	WEEI	508.2	590	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:05	5:00-10:05	5:00- 9:35	5:00-10:15	Boston
Boston	WNAC	243.8	1230	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Boston
Brookings	KFDY	545.1	550	1000	Silent	Silent 5:00- 6:30	7:30- 9:00 5:00- 6:30	Silent 6:30- 9:00	Silent 6:30- 9:30	7:30- 9:00 9:00-11:00	Silent 6:30- 8:00	Brookings
Brooklyn	WBBC	214 2	1400	500	6:00- 9:30	9:30-11:00	8:00- 9:30				9:30-11:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WLTH	214 2	1400	500								Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WSGH-WSDA	214 2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Brooklyn
Brownsville	KWWG	238	1260	500								Brownsville
Buffalo	WGR	545 1	550	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKBW	204	1470	5000	6:00- 8:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKEN	288 3	1040	1000	Silent							Buffalo
Buffalo	WMAK	333 1	900	750								Buffalo
Burbank	KELW	384 4	780	500	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Burbank
Calgary	CFAC	434.5	690	500	8:00 8:30-10:00	10:00-11:30 6:00- 7:00	11:00-12:30 6:00- 7:00	9:30-10:00 6:00- 7:00	7:00- 1:00 6:00- 7:00	Silent 6:00- 7:00	Silent 6:00- 7:00	Calgary
Calgary	CFCN	434.5	690	1800	10:15-11:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-12:00		9:30- 2:00		Calgary
Calgary	CHCA	434.5	690	500	6:00- 7:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Calgary
Calgary	CJCJ	434.5	690	500	7:00- 8:00 11:30-12:30	9:00-10:00 11:30-12:30	Silent	12:00- 1:00	Silent	8:00- 9:30	9:00- 1:00	Calgary
Calgary	CNRC	434 8	690	500	Silent	9:30-11:30	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Camden	WCAM	234 2	1280	500	Silent	6:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00-11:00	Silent	Camden
Canton	WCAD	245 6	1220	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Canton
Charlotte	WBT	277 6	1080	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Charlotte
Chattanooga	WDOD	234 2	1280	2500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Chattanoog
Chicago	KYW-KFKX	293 9	1020	10000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	Chicago
Chicago	KYWA	293 9	1020	10000	Same as KYW-KFKX.							Chicago
Chicago	WAAF	325 9	920	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WBBM	389.4	770	25000	5:00-12:00	8:00-10:30 12:00- 1:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00 12:00- 1:00	8:00-10:00 12:00- 1:00	8:00-10:00 12:00- 1:00	8:00-10:00 12:00- 1:00	Chicago
Chicago	WCFL	309.1	970	1500	5:00- 7:15 5:00- 6:00	5:00- 7:15 5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15 5:00- 7:15	12:00- 1:00 5:00- 7:15	7:00- 7:15 5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15 5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15 5:00- 7:15	Chicago
Chicago	WENR	344.6	870	50000	8:00- 1:00 5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:30	11:00- 2:00 5:00- 7:00	9:00- 2:00 5:00- 7:00	9:00- 2:00 5:00- 7:00	11:00- 2:00 5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:30	11:30- 2:00 5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:30	12:00- 2:00 5:00- 7:00	Chicago
Chicago	WGES	220 4	1360	500	12:00- 2:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	12:00- 2:00	12:00- 2:00	9:00-10:30	Chicago
Chicago	WGN	416 4	720	25000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WIBO	526	570	1000	Silent	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-11:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	Chicago
Chicago	WJBT	389 4	770	25000	9:30-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WJJD	265 3	1130	20000	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	Chicago
Chicago	WLS	344 6	870	5000	6:00- 8:00	5:30-11:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:30	5:30-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMAQ	447 5	670	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMBI	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	10:15-11:15	12:00- 1:00	Silent
Chicago (Fran. Deerf'd)	WORD	202.6	1480	5000	5:00- 7:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Chicago
Chicago	WPCC	526	570	500	5:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chickasha	KOCW	214 2	1400	500	6:00- 8:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	Chickasha
Cincinnati	WKRC	545 1	550	500	6:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WLW	428 3	700	50000	5:00-11:20	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 3:00	9:00-12:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WSAI	325 9	1330	500	5:30- 9:45	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-10:00	5:30- 9:30	5:30-10:00	Cincinnati
Clarinda	KSO	217 3	1380	500	Silent	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Clarinda
Clay Center	KMMJ	405 2	740	1000	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Clay Cente
Clearwater	WFLA	333 1	900	1000	Silent	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Clearwater
Cleveland	WEAR	280 2	1070	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
Cleveland	WHK	215 7	1390	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Cleveland
Cleveland	WJAY	483 6	620	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Cleveland
Cleveland	WTAM	399 8	750	3500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
College Station	WTAW	267 7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	College Sta
Colorado Springs	KFUM	236 1	1270	1000	Silent	6:00-11:30	6:00-12:00	6:00-10:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:00	Colorado Sp
Columbia, Mo	KFRU	475 9	630	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Columbia,
Columbus, Ohio	WAIU	468.5	640	5000	5:00- 8:00 5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00 5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00 5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00 5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	Columbus,
Columbus, Ohio	WCAH	209.7	1430	500	8:00-10:30	8:00-11:30	5:00- 8:00	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	8:00-11:00		Columbus,
Columbus, Ohio	WEAO	526	570	750	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 8:30	Silent	Columbus
Coney Island	WCGU	214.2	1400	500	6:00- 9:30	5:00- 6:30 9:30-11:00	5:00- 6:30 8:00- 9:30	6:30- 9:00	6:30- 9:30	9:00-11:00	6:30- 8:00 9:30-11:00	Coney Isla
Corvallis	KOAC	599.6	550	1000	Silent	5:00- 6:00 9:00-10:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-10:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-10:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-10:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-10:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-10:00	Corvallis
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1260	1000	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Council Bl
Covington	WCKY	202.6	1480	5000								Covington
Culver	WCMA	214.2	1400	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Culver
Dallas	KRLD	288.3	1040	10000	5:00- 6:00 7:00- 8:00 10:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 8:00-11:00 12:00- 3:00	Dallas
Dallas	WFAA	374 8	800	500	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	
Dallas	WRR	234 2	1280	500	7:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	Silent	Dallas
Davenport	WOC	299 8	1000	5000	5:00-10:45	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	Davenport
Denver	KLZ	535 4	560	1000	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Denver
Denver	KOA	361 2	830	12500	6:00-11:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:45	Denver
Denver	KPOF	340 7	883	500	8:30-10:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Denver
Des Moines	WHO	299 8	1000	5000	6:00- 8:00	Silent	5:00- 2:00	Silent	5:00- 2:00	Silent	5:00- 2:00	Des Moines
Detroit	WJR	399 8	750	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Detroit
Detroit	WWJ	325 9	920	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	Detroit
East Lansing	WKAR	288 3	1040	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	East Lansir
Easton	WICC	252	1190	500	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	Easton
Eau Claire	WTAQ	225 4	1330	1000	Silent	5:00- 7:55	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	Eau Claire
Edmonton	CJCA	516.9	580	500	8:25-10:30	8:00- 9:00 9:30- 8:00	8:00-10:00	7:00- 9:30	6:30-11:00	8:00- 9:00 9:30- 8:00	8:00- 1:00	Edmonton
Edmonton	CKUA	516 9	580	500	5:00- 6:30	9:00-11:30	10:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:30	Silent	Edmonton
Edmonton	CNRE	517 2	580	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Edmonton

ATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
lle	WGBF	475.9	630	500	5:00-12:00 6:30- 8:30	5:00- 7:00 6:00- 9:00	5:00-12:00 6:00- 8:00	5:00- 7:00 7:00- 9:00 11:00- 1:00	5:00-12:00 7:30- 9:30	5:00- 7:00 6:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00 6:00-12:00	Evansville
nt	WMMN	336.9	890	250				8:30-10:00				Fairmont
	WDAY	234.2	1280	1000	Silent	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:15	5:00- 9:30	9:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00-10:00	Fargo
ville	KUAO	215.7	1390	1000	Silent	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 5:55	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 5:55	Silent	Fayetteville
g	CJRW	499.7	600	1000	9:00-10:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 9:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 10:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00-11:00	Fleming
yne	WOWO	258.5	1160	10000	5:00- 6.00 7:30-11:00	9:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	8:30-11:00	6:00-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:00-10:30	Ft. Wayne
th	KTAT	241.8	1240	1000	7:30-12:00 5:00- 6:00	5 p.m.-7 a.m. 8:00- 5:30	5:00-12:00 5:00- 5:30	5 p.m.-7 a.m. 5:00- 5:30	5:00-12:00 5:00- 5:30	5 p.m.-7 a.m. 8:00- 5:30	5:00-12:00 6:00- 5:30	Ft. Worth
th	WBAP	374.8	800	50000	9:30-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:30 5:00-10:00	Ft. Worth
ille	WRUF	204	1470	5000	Silent 1st in Mo.	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00 6:00- 8:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00 6:00- 8:00	5:00-10:00	11:00-12:00 6:00- 8:00	Gainesville
on	KFUL	232.4	1290	1000	7:30- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	Galveston
	WJKS	220.4	1360	500	7:00- 9:00 10:30-12:00	7:00- 9:00 10:30- 1:00	7:00- 9:00 10:30- 1:00	7:00- 9:00 10:30- 1:00	7:00- 9:00 10:30-12:00	7:00- 9:00 10:30-12:00	7:00- 9:00 10:30- 1:00	Gary
ster	WHDH	361.2	830	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Gloucester
n Rapids	WASH	236.1	1270	500	6:45-11:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	Grand Rapids
falls	KFBB	220.6	1360	500	Silent	5:00- 6:00 7:00- 1:00	5:00- 6:00 7:00- 1:00	5:00- 6:00 7:00- 1:00	5:00- 6:00 7:00- 8:00	5:00- 6:00 7:00- 1:00	5:00- 6:00 7:00- 1:00	Great Falls
	KFKA	340.7	880	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Greeley
boro	WNRC	208.2	1440	500	7:00	5:30- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	Silent	Greensboro
en	KRGV	238	1260	500	5:00- 7:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	Harlingen
burg	WBAK	209.7	1430	500	Silent	6:30- 8:00	6:30- 8:00	6:30- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Harrisburg
burg	WHP	209.7	1430	500	5:00- 7:59	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00	Harrisburg
rd	WTIC	282.8	1060	50000	6:00-11:00	Silent	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	Hartford
n	WPCH	370.2	810	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00 -9:00	Hoboken
ood	KFWB	315.6	950	1000	8-30: 1:00	6:15- 2:15	6:15- 1:30	6:15- 2:00	6:15- 1:30	6:15- 2:00	5:00- 2:15	Hollywood
ood	KMTR	526	570	500	8:00-12:00 1:00- 3:00	8:00-12:00 1:00- 3:00	8:00-12:00 1:00- 3:00	8:00-12:00 1:00- 3:00	8:00-12:00 1:00- 3:00	8:00-12:00 1:00- 3:00	8:00-12:00 1:00- 3:00	Hollywood
ood	KNX	285.5	1050	50000	8:30-12:30	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 4:00	Hollywood
lu	KGU	319	940	1000	9:30- 2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30 -2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30-12:00 2 to 5 a.m.	Honolulu
sville	WFIW	319	940	1000	9:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Hopkinsville
rings	KTHS	288.3	1040	10000	7:00- 8:00 9:00-11:00	6:00- 6:30 7:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00 9:30-11:00	7:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	7:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	7:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	6:00- 6:30 7:00- 9:00	Hot Springs
n	KPRC	325.9	920	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Houston
napolis	WKBF	214.7	1400	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Indianapolis
napolis	WFBM	243.8	1230	1000	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:15	5:00- 6:00 8:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 8:30 10:00-11:00	5:00- 7:30 11:00-12:00	5:00-10:00 11:00-12:00	Indianapolis
ood	KMIC	267.7	1120	500	Silent	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00-10:00 12:30- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00-10:00 12:30- 2:00	Inglewood
ity	WSUI	516.9	580	500	6:00- 7:00 9:15-11:00	5:30- 9:30 12:00- 3:00	5:30- 6:30 8:30-10:00	5:30- 6:30 8:30- 9:30	5:30- 6:30 8:30-10:00	5:30- 6:30 8:30- 9:30	6:00- 6:30 8:30- 9:30	Iowa City
	WEAI	236.1	1270	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Ithaca
nville	WJAX	238	1260	1000	5:30-10:45	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Jacksonville
n City	WOS	475.9	630	500	Silent	6:45-10:00	6:45- 7:00	6:45-11:00	6:45- 7:00	6:45-11:00	Silent	Jefferson City
City	KMBC	315.6	950	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00- 9:30	5:55-12:00	5:55- 9:30	5:55- 9:30 11:00-12:00	5:55- 9:30	5:55-10:00 11:00-12:00	Kansas City
City	WDAF	491.5	610	1000	6:00-10:15	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Kansas City
City	WHB	315.6	950	500	11:00-12:30	5:30- 5:55 9:30- 1:00	5:00- 5:55	5:00- 5:55 9:30- 1:00	5:00- 7:30 9:30- 1:00	5:00- 5:55 9:30- 1:00	5:00- 7:30 10:00-11:00	Kansas City
City	WOQ	491.5	610	1000	8:00- 9:15 10:00- 1:00	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:45	6:00- 7:00 9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Kansas City
on	CFRC	267.7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Kingston
ille	WNOX	535.4	560	1000	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Knoxville
ase	WKBH	217.8	1380	1000	Silent	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00 10:00-11:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00 10:00-11:00	La Crosse
nce	KFKU	245.6	1220	1000	Silent	6:00- 7:00	Silent	Silent	8:30- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Lawrence
nce	WREN	245.8	1220	1000	5:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	6:00-11:00	Lawrence
nceburg	WOAN	499.7	600	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00 11:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Lawrenceburg
ton	WLEX	220.4	1360	500	5:00- 7:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Lexington
n	KFAB	389.4	770	5000	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00 10:00-12:00	Lincoln
n	WCAJ	508.2	590	500	5:30- 7:00	Silent	8:00- 9:00	9:30-10:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Lincoln
Rock	KLRA	215.7	1390	1000	6:00-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55- 6:55	5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-11:00	Little Rock
n	CJGC	329.7	910	500	6:00- 7:30 9:00-10:00	5:45-10:00	5:45-10:00	5:45-10:30	5:30-11:00	5:45-10:00	Silent	London
n	CNRL	329.7	910	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	London
Beach	KFOX	239.9	1250	1000	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	Long Beach
ngeles	KFI	468.5	640	5000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 4:00	Los Angeles
ngeles	KFSG	276.7	1120	500	5:00- 6:30 8:30- 1:00	Silent	Silent	5:00- 6:00 6:00- 7:00	Silent 10:00-12:30	5:00- 7:00	10:00-12:30	Los Angeles
ngeles	KGEF	230.6	1300	1000	5:00-10:00	Silent	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Los Angeles
ngeles	KHJ	333.1	900	1000	5:15- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Los Angeles
ngeles	KECA	299.8	1000	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Los Angeles
ngeles	KTBI	230.6	1300	750	8:00- 9:00 10:00-12:00	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-12:00	Silent	Los Angeles
ille	WHAS	365.6	820	10000	5:30-11:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Louisville
	WMAZ	336.9	890	500	7:00- 8:30	Silent	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	Silent	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Macon
on	WHA											Madison
attan, Kan.	KSAC	516.9	580	500	Silent	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	Manhattan, Kan.
his	WGBC	209.7	1430	500	7:30-10:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Memphis
his	WMC	384.4	780	500	6:00-11:45	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:30	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:15-12:00	6:30-12:00	Memphis
his	WNBR	209.7	1430	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Memphis
his	WREC	499.7	600	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Memphis
ian	WCOC	340.7	880	1000								Meridian
i	WQAM	241.8	1240	1000	6:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Miami
i Beach	WIOD	535.4	560	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Miami Beach
i Beach	WMBF	535.4	560	500	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	Miami Beach
d	KFKB	285.5	1050	5000	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	Milford
ukee	WTMJ	483.6	620	1000	5:30-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00- 1:30	Milwaukee
napolis	WCCO	370.2	810	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Minneapolis
napolis	WDOY	254.1	1180	1000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Minneapolis
napolis	WHDI	254.1	1180	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	Silent	7:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Minneapolis
napolis	WLB	239.9	1250	1000	Silent	Silent	7:30- 8:30	7:00- 9:00	Silent	6:30- 7:30	8:00-10.00	Minneapolis
napolis	WRHM	239.9	1250	1000								Minneapolis
ula	KUOM	526	570	500	10:30-11:45	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Missoula
ton	CNRA	475.9	630	500	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Moncton
real	CFCF	291.1	1030	1650			5:00- 7:00		5:00- 7:00			
	CKAC	410.7	730	1200	Silent	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	10:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	Montreal
real	CNRM	410.7	730	1200	Silent	Silent	6:15-10:30 8:00-10:00	Silent	6:15-10:30 9:00-11:00	Silent	6:15-10:30 Silent	Montreal
	CJRM	499.7	600	500	Silent	8:30-12:30	Silent	8:30-12:30	7:00-11:00	8:30-12:30	12:00- 2:00	Montreal
t Jaw	WOKO	208.2	1440	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Moose Jaw
t Beacon	WGHP	241.8	1240	750	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	Mount Beacon
lemens	WJAZ	202.6	1480	5000	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Mt. Clemens
rospect												Mt. Prospect
ernon Hills	WJSV	205.4	1460	10000	6:30- 9:10	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	Mt. Vernon Hills
atine	KTNT	256.3	1170	5000	Silent	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	Muscatine
ille	WLAC	201.2	1490	5000	5:00- 7:00 9:00-10:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Nashville
ille	WSM	461.3	650	5000	6:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-10:30	6:00-12:00	Nashville
ille	WTNT	201.2	1490	750	Silent	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	5:00- 6:00 10:00-12:00	Nashville
rk	WAAM	239.9	1250	2000	Silent	9:00-12:30	Silent	8:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00	8:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00	Newark
rk	WOR	422.3	710	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Newark
Haven	WDRC	225.4	1330	1000	Silent	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	Silent	New Haven
Orleans	WDSU	239.9	1250	1000	7:30- 9:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:30	New Orleans
Orleans	WJBO	218.8	1370	100	5:00-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	New Orleans
Orleans	WSMB	227.1	1320	500			6:00- 8:00			6:00- 7:00		
Orleans	WWL	352.7	850	5000	6:00- 9:15	6:00-10:30	9:30-10:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	8:00-10:30	6:00-10:00	New Orleans
York City	WABC	348.6	860	5000	6:30- 7:30	7:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	New York City
York City	WEAF	454.3	660	50000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	New York City
York City	WEVD	230.6	1300	500	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	New York City

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATI
New York City	WGBS	254.1	1180	500	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	New York
New York City	WHAP	230.6	1300	1000	8:00-10:00	5:00- 7:00	Silent	5:30- 8:00	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:30-10:00	New York
New York City	WJZ	394.5	760	30000	5:30-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	New York
New York City	WLWL	272.6	1100	5000	7:00- 8:15	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	New York
New York City	WMCA	526	570	500	5:00- 7:00							
					8:15-10:30	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	New York
New York City	WNYC	526	570	500	Silent	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 7:30	New York
New York City	WOV	265.3	1130	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	New York
New York City	WRNY	296.9	1010	250	5:00- 9:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00-10:00	8:30-12:00	Silent	5:00- 8:00	7:00-12:00	New York
Norfolk, Nebr	WJAG	282.8	1060	1000	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Norfolk, N
Norfolk, Va	WTAR-WPOR	384.4	780	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Norfolk, V
Norman	WNAD	296.9	1010	500	Silent	Silent	7:15- 9:15	7:15- 9:15	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Norman
Northfield	KFMX	239.9	1250	1000								Northfield
Northfield	WCAL	239.9	1250	1000	Silent	7:00- 8:30	Silent	9:00- 9:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Northfield
Oakland	KFWM	322.4	930	1000	8:00- 9:45	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	
					11:15-12:15	9:00-10:30	6:30- 8:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	Oakland
Oakland	KGO	379.5	790	7500	5:00-12:00	5:30- 2 a.m.	6:30- 2 a.m.	5:00- 2 a.m.	5:30- 2:00	5:00- 2 a.m.	7:00- 3:00	Oakland
Oakland	KLX	340.7	880	500	6:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Oakland
Oakland	KTAB	535.4	560	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Oakland
Oil City	WLBW	238	1260	500	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	Oil City
Oklahoma City	KFJF	204	1470	5000	6:30- 9:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:00	6:30-11:30	6:30- 1:00	Oklahoma
Oklahoma City	WKY	333.1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	Oklahoma
Omaha	WAAW	454.3	660	500	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Silent	Omaha
Omaha	WOW	508.2	590	1000	5:00- 5:30		5:00- 8:00	5:00- 9:30			5:00-11:30	
					7:00-11:00	5:00-11:15	9:00-11:15	10:30-11:30	5:00-11:15	5:00-11:15	or 12:00	Omaha
Orlando	WDBO	483.6	620	1000		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					6:30- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	6:45- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	6:45- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	6:45- 8:00	
						10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	Orlando
Ottawa	CNRO	500	600	500					5:30- 5:45			
					9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	7:45-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Ottawa
Pasadena	KPSN	315.6	950	1000	2nd & 4th Sun. 10:00-11:00							
						8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00-8:30	Pasadena
Paterson	WODA	239.9	1250	1000								Paterson
Pensacola	WCOA	267.7	1120	500	Silent	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	Pensacola
Peoria Heights	WMBD	208.2	1440	500		5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
					5:00- 6:00	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	Peoria Hei
Philadelphia	WCAU	256.3	1170	10000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Philadelph
Philadelphia	WFAN	491.5	610	500			5:00- 5:30		5:00- 5:30		5:00- 5:30	
					5:00- 8:00	5:00- 5:30	6:30-11:00	5:00- 5:30	6:30-11:00	5:00- 5:30	6:30-11:00	Philadelph
Philadelphia	WFI	535.4	560	500	5:00-10:15	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-10:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00-10:30	Philadelph
Philadelphia	WIP	491.5	610	500		5:30- 6:30						
					8:00-11:00	6:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	Philadelph
Philadelphia	WLIT	535.4	560	500								Philadelph
Phoenix	KFAD	483.6	620	1000	7:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Phoenix
Phoenix	KOY	215.7	1390	500								Phoenix
Picher	KGGF	296.9	1010	500	8:00-10:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	Picher
Pittsburgh	KDKA	305.9	980	50000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:02	5:00-11:02	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:05	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	KQV	217.3	1380	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 1:00	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	WCAE	245.8	1220	500	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:30	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	WJAS	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	Pittsburgh
Portland, Me	WCSH	319	940	500	5:30- 9:15	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Portland,
Portland, Ore	KEX	254.1	1180	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Portland,
Portland, Ore	KFJR	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00- 9:00	9:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00- 2:00	7:00- 9:00	Portland,
Portland, Ore	KGW	483.6	620	1000	5:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Portland,
Portland, Ore	KOIN	319	940	1000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 4:00	7:00- 4:00	Portland,
Portland, Ore	KTBR	230.6	1300	500		5:00- 7:00			5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
						8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	8:00- 9:00	
					5:00- 1:00	10:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	10:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00	10:00- 2:00	Portland,
Portland, Ore	KWJJ	282.8	1060	500	11:00- 1:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Portland,
Portland, Ore	KXL	239.9	1250	500	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Portland,
Poughkeepsie	WOKO	215.7	1390	500	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:30-10:00	Poughkeep
Pullman	KWSC	214.2	1400	1000	Silent	9:00-11:30	Silent	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	Silent	Silent	Pullman
Quincy	WTAD	208.2	1440	500	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	Quincy
Raleigh	WPTF	440.9	680	1000	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	Raleigh
Red Deer	CHCT	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Red Deer	CJCR	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Regina	CJWC	312.3	960	500	5:00-10:00	7:00- 1:00	6:00- 6:30	7:00- 1:00	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	7:00- 1:00	Regina
Regina	CJBR	312.3	960	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CKCK	312.3	960	500	10:01- 1:00	Silent	6:30- 1:00	Silent	6:30- 1:00	6:30- 1:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CNRR	312.5	960	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Regina
Richmond, Va	WRVA	270.1	1110	5000	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Richmond
Richmond Hill	WBOQ	348.6	860	5000								Richmond
Roanoke	WDBJ	322.4	930	500	6:30-10:30	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	Roanoke
Rochester	WHAM	260.7	1150	5000	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:20	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:20	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Rochester
Rochester	WHEC	208.2	1440	500	Silent	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Rochester
						5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
Rockford	KFLV	212.6	1410	500	7:30-10:00	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	Rockford
Roanville	WBBR	230.6	1300	1000	8:00-10:00	Silent	8:00- 2:00	8:00- 1:00	7:00- 9:00	5:00- 2:00	Silent	Roanville
St. Joseph	KFEQ	535.4	560	2500	Silent	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	St. Joseph
St. Louis	KFUO	545.1	550	1000				6:00- 6:30				
				500	On Air at 9:15	9:30-10:30	6:00- 7:00	11:00-12:00	6:00- 7:00	9:30-10:30	6:00- 6:30	St. Louis
St. Louis	KMOX	275.1	1090	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KSD	545.1	550	5000	5:00- 9:15	7:00- 1:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00- 1:00	6:30-11:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KWK	222.1	1350	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	WEW	394.5	760	1000	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Silent	St. Louis
St. Paul	KSTP	205.4	1460	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	St. Paul
St. Petersburg	WSUN-WFLA	333.1	900	1000	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	St. Peters
Salt Lake City	KDYL	232.6	1290	1000	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	Salt Lake
Salt Lake City	KSL	265.3	1130	5000	10:30-12:30	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Salt Lake
						5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	
San Antonio	KTSA	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	San Anto
San Antonio	WOAI	252	1190	5000	6:00- 9:15	5:45-12:00	5:45-10:30	5:45-12:00	5:45-11:00	5:45-12:00	5:45-10:00	San Anto
San Diego	KFSD	499.7	600	1000	5:30- 9:30	5:00- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	5:15- 1:00	San Diego
San Francisco	KFRC	491.5	610	1000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	San Franc
									8:00- 9:00			
San Francisco	KFWI	322.4	930	500	9:50-11:15	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	10:30-11:00	8:00- 9:00	Silent	San Franc
San Francisco	KPO	440.9	680	5000	5:00-12:00	Silent		Silent	Silent	Silent		San Franc
San Francisco	KYA	243.8	1230	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 4:00	San Franc
San Jose	KQW	296.9	1010	500	9:30-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	San Jose
Santa Monica	KTM	384.4	780	500	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
					10:00- 2:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	Santa Mon
Saskatoon	CFQC	329.7	910	500								Saskatoon
Saskatoon	CNRS	329.5	910	500								Saskatoon
Savannah	WTOC	238	1260	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Savannah
Scarboro Station	CKOW	291.1	1030	500								Scarboro S
Schenectady	WGY	379.5	790	50000	5:00- 9:45	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Schenectad
Seattle	KJR	309.1	970	5000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOL	236.1	1270	1000	11:30- 1:30	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 3:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOMO	325.9	920	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	Seattle
Seattle	KTW	236.1	1270	1000	On Air at 5:00- 9:30	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Seattle
Sheboygan	WHBL	212.6	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	Sheboygan
						6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	
Shenandoah	KFNF	336.9	890	1000		9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	8:00-12:00	Shenandoa
					6:00- 9:00			6:30- 8:30		6:30- 8:30		
Shenandoah	KMA	322.4	930	1000	5:00- 7:00			10:00-11:30	6:30- 7:00	10:00-11:30	6:30- 8:30	Shenandoa
					8:00-11:00	6:30-12:00	6:30- 8:30	6:30- 8:30	10:00-11:30	6:30- 7:00	10:00-11:30	
Shreveport	KTBS	206.8	1450	1000	5:00- 7:30	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Shreveport
Shreveport	KWKH	352.7	850	10000	7:45-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 7:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Shreveport
Sioux City	KSCJ	225.4	1330	1000	On Air at 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
						8:00-10:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:30	Sioux City
Sioux Falls	KSOO	270.1	1110	2000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Sioux Falls
South Bend	WSBT	243.8	1230	500					8:30-10:00		7:30- 8:00	
					10:00-12:00	Silent	6:00- 8:00	10:00-11:00	11:00-12:30	730-11:00	10:00-1:00	South Ben
So. Dartmouth	WMAF	220.4	1360	500								So. Dartm
Spokane	KFPY	223.7	1340	500		5:00- 7:00				5:00- 7:00		
					5:00-11:00	11:00- 2:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:00	11:00- 2:00	5:00-11:00	Spokane

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Spokane	KGA	204	1470	5000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Spokane
Spokane	KHQ	508.2	590	1000	5:00-12:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 5:00	5:00- 2:00	Spokane
Springfield, Mass.	WBZ	302.8	990	15000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio	WCSO	206.8	1450	500	Silent	7:30- 9:30	6:00- 8:00	8:30-10:30	5:30- 7:30	6:00- 8:00	7:30- 9:00	Springfield, Ohio
State College	WPSC	243.8	1230	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	State College
State College, N. M.	KOB	254.1	1180	10000	6:00-10:00	6:00- 8:30 9:30-11:00	6:00- 8:30 9:00-10:00	6:00- 9:00 9:30-11:00	6:00- 8:30 10:00-11:00	6:00- 9:00 10:00-11:00	6:00-10:00	State College, N. M.
Stevens Point	WLBL	333.1	900	2000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Stevens Point
Superior	WEBC	234.2	1280	1000	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Superior
Syracuse	WFBL	333.1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Syracuse
Tacoma	KMO	223.7	1340	500	11:00- 1:00	7:00-11:30	11:00- 1:00	7:00-11:00	11:00- 1:00	7:00-11:00	11:00- 1:00	Tacoma
Tacoma	KVI	394.5	760		5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Tacoma
Tampa	WDAE	483.6	620	1000		6:00- 8:00	6:00- 6:45 8:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 6:45 8:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 6:45	
					5:00- 6:30	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	8:00-11:00	Tampa
Tilton	WBRL	209.7	1430	500	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Tilton
Toledo	WSPD	223.7	1340	500	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Toledo
Toronto	CFCA	356.9	840	500			5:00- 9:00					
					5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	12:00- 1:00	5:00-11:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:30	5:00- 9:00	Toronto
Toronto	CFRB	312.3	960	4000	5:00-11:30	Silent	6:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CHNC	356.9	840	500	Operating	on Phantom	License only.					Toronto
Toronto	CKCL	517.2	580	500	6:00- 7:30	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Toronto
Toronto	CKGW	434.8	690	5000	8:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	Toronto
Toronto	CKNC	517.2	580	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CNRT	357.1	840	500	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	Silent	Silent	Toronto
Trenton	WOAX	234.2	1280	500	6:45- 8:15	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Trenton
Troy	WHAZ	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Troy
Tulsa	KVOO	263	1140	5000	5:00- 8:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Tulsa
Urbana	WILL	336.9	890	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	Urbana
Vancouver	CNRV	291.1	1030	500	11:00-12:30	12:00- 1:00	11:00- 2:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	9:30- 2:00	Silent	Vancouver
Vermilion	KUSD	336.9	890	500	Silent	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 9:00	Silent	9:30- 2:00	Silent	Vermilion
Victoria, B. C.	CFCT	329.5	630	500		8:00- 9:30						
						1st Mon. each Month		8:00- 9:30		7:30- 9:30		
					9:28-11:00	10:00-12:00	8:00- 9:30	10:00-11:15	8:00- 9:30	10:00-11:30	8:00- 9:30	
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1240	1000	Silent	8:30- 9:30	1:00- 2:00 8:30- 9:30	1:00- 2:00 8:30- 9:30	1:00- 2:00 8:30- 9:30	1:00- 2:00 8:30- 9:30	1:00- 2:00 8:30- 9:30	Victoria, B. C. Waco
Washington, D.C.	NAA	434.5	690	1000	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	6:45- 7:00 at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	Washington, D.C.
Washington, D.C.	WMAL	475.9	630	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D.C.
Washington, D.C.	WRC	315.6	950	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D.C.
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1490	5000 to 10000								Westminster
Wichita	KFH	230.6	1300	1000		5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	
					5:00- 6:00	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	7:00- 8:30	
					7:00- 9:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	Wichita
Winnipeg	CJRX	25.6	10000	2000	Silent	7:30-11:30	On Air at 9:15	7:30-11:30	Silent	7:30-11:30	7:00 and 10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CKY	384.4	780	5000								Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CNRW	384.4	780	5000	Silent	11:00-12:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	6:30- 7:30	10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1000	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Yankton
York, Neb	KGBZ	322.4	930	500		On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	
					5:00- 6:00	7:15- 8:00	7:15- 8:00					York, Neb.
Yorkton	CJGX	475.9	630	500		9:00-10:00	11:00-12:00	7:15- 8:00	7:15-10:00	7:15- 8:00 8:30-10:00	7:15- 8:00	Yorkton
					7:00- 8:30	5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00		
Youngstown, O.	WKBN	526	570	500		9:00-11:00		9:00-11:00		9:00-11:00		
					5:00-11:00		5:00- 9:00		5:00- 9:00		5:00- 9:00	Youngstown, O.
Zion	WCBD	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Zion

KOA Corrals Hard Riding Cow Boy Quintet



Rough and ready and hard to curry, hard-boiled song-singin' and tune-playin' cow boys from the great open spaces. Gathered together in the studios of KOA, Denver, the Solitaire cow boys are one of the biggest attractions at this western station.

Complete Call Book and Log of All Stations

KCRC, Enid, Okla. 218.8m-1370kc. 250 watts daylight. 100 watts after sunset. Champlin Refining Co. Central.

KDB, Santa Barbara, Calif. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Santa Barbara Broadcasting Co. C. W. Meighan. Pacific. Founded Dec. 22, 1926.

KDKA, E. Pittsburgh, Pa. 305.9m-980kc. 50,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Eastern.

KDLR, Devils Lake, N. Dak. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Radio Electric Co. Announcer, Bert Wick. Founded Jan. 25, 1925. Central.

KDYL, Salt Lake City, Utah. 232.6m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Intermountain Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Philip G. Lasky. Slogan, "Dawn to Midnight." Mountain. Founded June, 1922.

KECA, Los Angeles, Calif. 299.8m-1000kc. 1000 watts. Pacific Radio Development Co. Pacific.

KEJK, Beverly Hills, Calif, 422.3m-710kc. 500 watts. R. S. MacMillan. Pacific. Founded Febr. 7, 1927.

KELW, Burbank, Calif. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Earl L. White. Pacific. Founded Feb. 12, 1927.

KEX, Portland, Ore. 254.1m-1180kc. 5000 watts. Western Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Archie Presby, Louis C. Teegarden. Pacific. Opened Dec. 25, 1926.

KFAB, Lincoln, Nebr. 389.4m-770kc. 5000 watts. Nebraska Buick Auto Co. Founded Dec. 4, 1924. Central.

KFBB, Great Falls, Mont. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Buttrey Broadcast, Inc. Founded 1921. Mountain.

KFBK, Sacramento, Calif. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sacramento Bee. Bimball-Upson Co. Announcer, R. K. Clark. Founded 1921. Pacific.

KFBL, Everett, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Lesse Bros. Announcer, Al Folkins. Pacific. Founded Aug. 25, 1922.

KFDM, Beaumont, Tex. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Magnolia Petroleum Co. Announcer, Lee O. Smith. Slogan, "Kall for Dependable Magnolene." Central. Fonuded Oct. 1, 1924.

KFDY, Brookings, S. D. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Announcer, Sam Reck. Central.

KFEC, Portland, Ore. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Meier & Frank Co., Inc. Announcer, Sid Goodwin. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KFEL, Denver, Colo. 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Eugene P. O'Fallon, Inc. Announcer, Ralph Crowder. Mountain.

KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. 535.4m-560kc. 2500 watts. J. L. Scroggin. Announcer, Clarence Koch. Central. Founded 1922.

KFGQ, Boone, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Boone Biblical School. Founded April, 1923.

KFH, Wichita, Kan. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. J. L. Fox. Founded Dec. 1, 1925. Central.

KFHA, Gunnison, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 500 watts. Western State College of Colorado. E. Russell Wightman. Slogan, "Where the Sun Shines Every Day." Founded May, 1922. Mountain.

KFI, Los Angeles, Calif. 468.5m-640kc. 5000 watts. Earle C. Anthony, Inc. Announcer, Harry Hall. Slogan, "A National Institution." Installed Spring, 1922. Pacific.

KFIF, Portland, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Benson Polytechnic School. Announcers, Alfred Skei, Omar Bittner, W. Hollensted. Pacific.

KFIO, Spokane, Wash. 243.8m-1230kc. 100 watts. Spokane Broadcasting Corporation.

KFIZ, Fond du Lac, Wis. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Fond du Lac Commonwealth Reporter.

KFJB, Marshalltown, Iowa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Marshall Electric Co. Announcers, Phil Hoffman, Gene Lauffler and Earl Brooks. Central.

KFJF, Oklahoma City, Okla. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. National Radio Mfg. Co. Announcer, Tired Hand. Slogan, "Oklahoma City, The City of Opportunity." Central. Founded July, 1923.

KFJI, Astoria, Ore. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. KFJI Broadcasters, Inc. Oregonian Fast Express. Announcers, Jack Keating, L. J. Allen. Pacific.

KFJM, Grand Forks, N. D. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. University of North Dakota. Announcers, Jack Stewart, Howard J. Monley. Central.

KFJR, Portland, Ore. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Ashley C. Dixon & Son. Announcer, Ashley C. Dixon, Sr. Founded Sept. 23, 1923. Pacific.

KFJY, Fort Dodge, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Tunwall Radio Co. Announcer, Carl Tunwall. Founded Oct., 1923. Central.

KFJZ, Fort Worth, Tex. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. W. E. Branch. Announcer, Texas Joy Boy. Slogan, "The Voice of Texas, The Home of Texas Hour." Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1925.

KFKA, Greeley, Colo. 340.7m-880kc. 1000 watts. day, 500 watts night. Colorado State Teachers' College. Announcers, Geo. A. Irvin, Lynn Craig.

KFKB, Milford, Kan. 285.5m-1050kc. 5000 watts. J. R. Brinkley, M. D. Announcer, Dee D. Denver, Jr.

KFKU, Lawrence, Kan. 245.6m-1220kc. 1000 watts. University of Kansas. Announcer, Ellsworth C. Dent. Founded Dec. 15, 1924. Central.

KFKX, Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 10,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Central.

KFLV, Rockford, Ill. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Rockford Broadcasters, Inc. Announcers, Peter MacArthur, Wesley W. Wilcox. Founded October, 1923. Central.

KFLX, Galveston, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. George R. Clough.

KFMX, Northfield, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Carleton College. Central.

KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa. 336.9m-890kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts evening. Henry Field Seed Co. Announcer, Henry Field. Slogan, "The Friendly Farmer Station." Founded February, 1924. Central.

KFOR, Lincoln, Nebr. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Howard A. Shuman. Jack Strahl, announcer. Central. Founded March, 1924.

KFOX, Long Beach, Calif. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Nichols & Warriner, Inc. Announcer, Hal G. Nichols. Slogan, "The Hancock Oil Co. Station." Founded March, 1924. Pacific.

KFPL, Dublin, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Announcer, C. C. Baxter. Central.

KFPM, Greenville, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. The New Furniture Co.

KFPW, Siloam Springs, Ark. 223.7m-1340kc. 50 watts. John E. Brown College. Slogan, "Keeping Pace With Christ Means Progress." Central. Founded April 17, 1924.

KFPY, Spokane, Wash. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. Symons Investment Co. Announcers, T. W. Baird, Jr., M. D. Hawkins, Ben H. Wold. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KFQD, Anchorage, Alaska. 243.8m-1230kc, 100 watts. Anchorage Radio Club.

KFQU, Holy City, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. W. E. Riker. Announcer, C. E. Boone. Founded November, 1924. Pacific.

KFQW, Seattle, Wash. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. KFW, Inc. Announcer, Edwin A. Kraft. Pacific. Founded June, 1924.

KFQZ, Hollywood, Calif. 348.6m-860kc. 250 watts. Taft Radio Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Jack Carrington. Pacific.

KFRC, San Francisco, Calif. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee, Inc. Announcer, Harrison Holliway. Pacific.

KFRU, Columbia, Mo. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Stephens College. Announcer, Earl W. Lewis. Slogan, "Knowledge Flourishes 'Round Us." Founded Oct. 25, 1925. Central.

KFSD, San Diego, Calif. 499.7m-600kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Airfan Radio Corporation. Announcer, Billy Murray. Pacific. Founded March 28, 1926.

KFSG, Los Angeles, Calif. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Echo Park Evang. Assn. Slogan, "The Glory Station of the Pacific Coast."

KFUL, Galveston, Texas. 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Will H. Ford.

KFUM, Colorado Springs, Colo. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Corley Mountain Highway. Announcer, Edw. Norton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Rockies." Mountain.

KFUO, St. Louis, Mo. (tr. at Clayton) 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. Day, 500 watts night. Concordia Theological Seminary (Lutheran). Announcer, Herm H. Hohenstein. Founded Dec. 14, 1924. Central.

KFUP, Denver, Colo. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Fitzsimons General Hospital. Educational and Recreational Dept. Announcer, Major Transue. Mountain.

KFVD, Culver City, Calif. 422.3m-710kc. 250 watts. Auburn-Fuller Co. Announcers, Al Weinert, Paul Meyers. Founded April, 1925.

KFVS, Cape Girardeau, Mo. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Hirsch Battery & Radio Co. Announcer, W. W. Watkins. Slogan, "The City of Opportunity." Founded May 27, 1925.

KFWB, Hollywood, Calif. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Warner Brothers. Announcer, William "Bill" Ray.

KFWF, St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Louis Truth Center. Slogan, "The Voice of Truth." Announcer, Rev. Charles H. Hartmann. Founded 1925. Central.

KFWI, San Francisco, Calif. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Radio Entertainments, Inc. Announcer, Henry Blank. Pacific.

KFWM, Oakland, Calif. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Oakland Educational Society. Announcer, O. B. Eddins.

KFXD, Jerome, Idaho. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. KFXD, Inc. Mountain.

KFXF, Denver, Colo. 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Colorado Radio Corp. Announcers, W. D. Pyle, T. C. Ekrem, Lou Keplinger. Slogan, "The Voice of Denver." Mountain.

KFXJ, Edgewater, Colo. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. R. G. Howell. Slogan, "America's Scenic Center." Mountain.

KFXM, Pomona, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. J. C. and E. W. Lee.

KFXR, Oklahoma City, Okla. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Exchange Ave. Baptist Church.

KFXY, Flagstaff, Ariz. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Marv M. Costigan. Announcer, Frank Wilburn. Mountain.

KFYO, Abilene, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. T. E. Kirksey. Central. Founded Febr. 19, 1927.

KFYR, Bismarck, N. D. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Hoskins-Meyer, Inc. Announcer, Stanley Lucas. Founded December, 1925.

KGA, Spokane, Wash. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Ralph A. Horr, Receiver. Announcer, Harry Long. Pacific.

KGAR, Tucson, Ariz. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Tucson Citizen. Announcer, Harold S. Sykes. Installed June, 1926. Mountain.

KGB, San Diego, Calif. 220.4m-1360kc. 250 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp.

KGBU, Ketchikan, Alaska. 333.1m-900kc. 500 watts. Alaska Radio & Service Co. Announcer, James A. Britton. Slogan, "The Voice of Alaska." Pacific.

KGBX, St. Joseph, Mo. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Foster-Hall, Inc. Announcers, R. D. Foster, Geo. E. Wilson. Founded Aug. 11, 1926. Central.

KGBZ, York, Nebr. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Announcer, Dr. George R. Miller. Slogan, "Keep Your Hogs and Poultry Healthy." Opened August, 1926. Central.

KGCA, Decorah, Iowa. 236.1m-1270kc. 50 watts. Chas. W. Greenley.

KGCI, San Antonio, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Liberty Radio Sales.

KGCN, Concordia, Kan. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Concordia Broadcasting Co. Founded August, 1926. Central.

KGCR, Brookings, S. D. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Cutler's Radio Broadcasting Service, Inc.

KGCU, Mandan, N. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Mandan Radio Assn. Announcers, H. L. Dahners, C. E. Bagley. Mountain. Founded 1925.

KGCX, Wolf Point, Mont. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. First State Bank of Vida. One-half time announcer, E. L. Krebsbach. Mountain. Founded Oct. 1, 1926.

KGDA, Dell Rapids, S. D. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Home Auto Co. Central.

KGDE, Fergus Falls, Minn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. C. L. Jaren. Licensed Sept. 15, 1926. Central.

KGDM, Stockton, Calif. 272.6m-1100kc. 50 watts day. Peffer Music Co. Pacific. Founded Jan 1, 1927.

KGDY, Oldham, S. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 15 watts. J. Albert Loesch and Geo. W. Wright. Central.

KGEF, Los Angeles, Calif. 230.6m-1300kc. 100 watts. Trinity Methodist Church. Announcer, E. C. Huckabee. Pacific. Founded Dec. 26, 1926.

KGEK, Yuma, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Beehler Electrical Equipment Co.

KGER, Long Beach, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. C. Merwin Dobyns. Pacific. Founded Dec. 19, 1926.

KGEW, Fort Morgan, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. City of Fort Morgan. Announcer, Glenn S. White. Mountain. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.

KGEZ, Kalispell, Mont. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Flathead Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, Joe E. Parker. Mountain. Founded Feb. 20, 1927.

KGFF, Alva, Okla. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Earl E. Hampshire.

KGFG, Oklahoma City, Okla. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Faith Tabernacle Assn., Inc.

KGFI, Corpus Christi, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. Central.

KGFJ, Los Angeles, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Ben S. McGlashan. Slogan, "Keeping Good Folks Joyful Twenty-Four Hours a Day 24-hour service. Pacific. Founded Jan. 18, 1927.

KGFK, Hallock, Minn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Lautzenheiser & Mitchell.

KGFL, Raton, N. M. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Hubbard-Murphy.

KGFW, Ravenna, Nebr. 288.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Otto F. Sothman. Announcer, R. H. McConnell. Slogan, "Catering to the Home Folks." Central.

KGFX, Pierre, S. D. 516.9m-580kc. 200 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Dana McNeil. Central.

KGGC, San Francisco, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc., 100 watts. The Golden Gate Broadcasting Co. Pacific.

KGGF, Picher, Okla. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. Dr. D. L. Connell. Central. On air Sept. 1927.

KGGM, Albuquerque, N. M. 243.8m-1230kc. 100 watts daytime, 250 watts night. New Mexico Broadcasting Co., Inc.

KGHF, Pueblo, Colo. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Curtis P. Ritchie, Joe E. Finch. Slogan, "The Voice of Pueblo." Announcer, J. Fitzpatrick. Mountain.

KGHG, McGhee, Ark. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Chas. W. McCollum.

KGHI, Little Rock, Ark. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Berean Bible Class. First Baptist Church.

KGHL, Billings, Mont. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. Northwestern Auto Supply Co., Inc.

KGHX, Richmond, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Ft. Bend County Board.

GIQ, Twin Falls, Idaho. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Stanley M. Soule.
GIR, Butte, Mont. 220.4m-1360kc. 250 watts. Symons Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Leo McMullen, Clark Kellett, Emmett Burke.
GIW, Trinidad, Colo. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Trinidad Creamery Co.
GJF, Little Rock, Ark. 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts. First Church of the Nazarene.
GKB, Brownwood, Texas. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Eagle Pub. Co.
GKL, San Angelo, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. KGKL, Inc.
GKO, Wichita Falls, Texas. 526m-570kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts daytime. The Wichita Falls Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Zack Hurt.
GO, Oakland, Calif. 379.5m-790kc. 7500 watts. Gen. Elec. Co. Announcer, Howard L. Milholland, Pacific.
GRC, San Antonio, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Eugene J. Roth. Announcers, L. G. Weber and J. Savage. Central. Opened Jan. 31, 1927.
GRS, Amarillo, Texas. 212.6m-1410kc. 1000 watts. Gish Radio Service. Central.
GU, Honolulu, Hawaii. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. Marion A. Mulvey, Advertiser Pub. Co., Ltd. Program Mgr. and Announcer, Homer Tyson. Asst. Program Mgr.-Announcer, Webley Edwards. 157½ meridian, 2½ hours earlier than Pacific. Founded March 11, 1922.
GW, Portland, Ore. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Oregonian Publishing Co. Announcer Sid Goodwin. Slogan, "KGW, Keep Growing Wiser." Pacific.
GY, Lacey, Wash. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts day, 10 watts night. St. Martins College. Announcer, Sebastian Ruth. Slogan, "Out Where the Cedars Meet the Sea." Pacific. Opened April 5, 1922.
GJ, Los Angeles, Calif. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee. Pacific.
GQ, Spokane, Wash. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Louis Wasmer, Inc. Announcer, C. P. Underwood. Slogan, "Tells the World." Pacific.
GK, Red Oak, Iowa. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Red Oak Radio Corp. Announcer, Oliver Reiley. Founded 1923. Central.
GO, Idaho Falls, Idaho. 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Jack W. Duckworth, Jr.
GO, Boise, Idaho. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Boise Broadcast Station. Announcer, C. G. Phillips. Slogan, "The Voice of Idaho." Founded October, 1921. Mountain.
GY, Yakima, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Carl E. Haymond.
GS, San Francisco, Calif. 280.2m-1070kc. Daytime 100 watts. Julius Brunton & Sons Co. Announcers, Gordon Brown, R. J. Smith. Pacific. Founded January, 1925.
GT, Seattle, Wash. 309.1m-970kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Ralph A. Horr, Receiver. Pacific. Opened July 2, 1920.
GN, Blytheville, Ark. 232.4m-1290kc. Daytime 50 watts. Edgar G. Harris.
GO, Ogden, Utah. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts night, 200 watts day. Peery Building Co.
GA, Little Rock, Ark. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Arkansas Broadcasting Co.
GI, Oakland, Calif. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Warner Bros. Radio Supplies.
GK, Oakland, Calif. 340.7m-880kc. 500 watts. The Tribune Publishing Co. Announcer, Charles Lloyd. Slogan, "Where Rail and Water Meet." Pacific. Founded Nov. 20, 1922.
KA, Denver, Colo. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Reynolds Radio Co. Announcer, Vern Hiner. Slogan, "Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the West." Mountain. Founded 1919.
KA, Shenandoah, Iowa. 322.4m-930kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts night. May Seed & Nursery Co. Announcer, Earl E. May. Central. Founded January, 1925.
KC, Kansas City, Mo. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Midland Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcers, Arthur B. Church, Dick Smith, Kenneth Krahl, George Biggar, Ted Malone, Dr. Frank Criley. Founded April, 1922. Central.
KD, Medford, Ore. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Mrs. W. J. Virgin. Pacific. Founded Dec. 2, 1926.
KC, Inglewood, Calif. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Walton's, Inc. Pacific. Founded Jan. 10, 1927.
KE, Fresno, Calif. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. James McClatchy Co. Pacific. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.
KJ, Clay Center, Nebr. 405.2m-740kc. 1000 watts. M. M. Johnson Co. Founded 1925. Central.
KY, Tacoma, Wash. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. KMO, Inc. Announcer, Carl E. Haymond. Pacific. Founded Aug. 25, 1926.
KX-KFQA, St. Louis, Mo. 275.1m-1090kc. 5000 watts. The Voice of St. Louis. Announcer-Director, George Junkin.
KR, Hollywood, Calif. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. MTR Radio Corp. Pacific. Installed June, 1925.
KH, Hollywood, Calif. 285.5m-1050kc. 50,000 watts. Western Broadcast Co. Announcer, "Town Crier." Installed Oct. 11, 1924. Pacific.
KP, Denver, Colo. 361.2m-830kc. 12,500 watts. Gen. Elec. Co. Announcers, Freeman Talbot, Clarence C. Moore, Harold Harlowe, Julian H. Bley. Founded Dec. 15, 1924. Mountain. 25.6.

KOAC, Corvallis, Ore. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. Oregon State Agricultural College. Announcer, Dr. D. V. Poling. Pacific. Founded Dec., 1922.
KOB, State College, N. M. 254.1m-1180kc. 10000 watts. N. M. College of Agr. and Mech. Arts, Dona Ana. Announcer, Marshall Beck. Slogan, "The Sunshine State of America." Founded 1920. Mountain.
KOCW, Chickasha, Okla. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Okla. College for Women. Announcer, Ollie Dean Cook. Slogan, "Voice of the Great Southwest." Central. Founded November, 1922.
KOH, Reno, Nev. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Jay Peters, Inc.
KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa. 238m-1260kc. 1000 watts. Mona Motor Oil Co. Announcers, Harold Fair, Wilson Doty and George Roesler. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.
KOIN, Portland, Ore. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. KOIN, Inc. Announcers, Art Kirkham, Gene Baker. Pacific. Founded April, 1926.
KOL, Seattle, Wash. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Seattle Broadcasting Co. Pacific. Founded May, 1922.
KOMO, Seattle, Wash. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Fisher's Blend Station, Inc. Announcers, George Godfrey, Horace Lintz, G. Donald Gray, Stanley Spiegle. Pacific. Founded Dec. 31, 1926.
KOOS, Marshfield, Ore. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. H. H. Hanseth.
KORE, Eugene, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Eugene Broadcast Station.
KOY, Phoenix, Ariz. 215.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. Nielsen Radio Supply Co. Announcers, E. A. Nielsen, J. A. Murphy, W. T. Hogg. Slogan, "The Radio Voice of Arizona." Mountain.
KPCB, Seattle, Wash. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Pacific Coast Biscuit Co. Announcer, L. D. Greene. Pacific. Founded April 1, 1927.
KPJM, Prescott, Ariz. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Miller & Klahn.
KPO, San Francisco, Calif. 440.9m-680kc. 5000 watts. Hale Bros. and the Chronicle. Announcer, Curtis Peck. Slogan, "The Voice of San Francisco, the City by the Golden Gate." Pacific.
KPOF, Denver, Colo. 340.7m-880kc. 500 watts. Pillar of Fire, Inc. Slogan, "And the Lord Went Before Them in a Pillar of Fire." Mountain.
KPPC, Pasadena, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Announcer, Frederick T. Swift, Jr. Founded Dec. 25, 1924. Pacific.
KPQ, Seattle, Wash. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Wescoast Broadcasting Co.
KPRC, Houston, Texas. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Houston Printing Co. Slogan, "Kotton Port Rail Center." Announcers, Alfred P. Daniel, Ted Hills and I. S. Roberts. Founded May 8, 1925. Central.
KPSN, Pasadena, Calif. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Pasadena Star-News. Announcer, P. C. Pryor. Installed Nov. 23, 1925. Pacific.
KPWF, Westminster, Calif. 201.6m-1490kc. 5000 to 10000 watts. Pacific Western Broadcasting Federation.
KQV, Pittsburgh, Pa. 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Doubleday-Hill Elec. Co. Announcers, Ford Miller, Ted Kaufman, Floyd Donbar. Eastern.
KQW, San Jose, Calif. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. First Baptist Church. Pacific.
KRE, Berkeley, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Pacific School of Religion. Pacific.
KREP, Phoenix, Ariz. 483.6m-620kc. 500 watts. KAR Broadcasting Co.
KRGV, Harlingen, Texas. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Valley Radio Electric Corp.
KRLD, Dallas, Texas. 288.3m-1040kc. 10000 watts. KRLD, Inc. Announcer, J. Driggers, Jr. Central. Founded Oct. 30, 1926.
KRMD, Shreveport, La. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Airphan Radio Shop.
KRSC, Seattle, Wash. 267.7m-1120kc. 50 watts. Radio Sales Corp. Announcer, Robert E. Priebe. Pacific.
KSAC, Manhattan, Kan. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts nights, 1000 watts days. Kansas State Agricultural College. Announcer, Lisle L. Longsdorf. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1924.
KSCJ, Sioux City, Iowa. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. The Sioux City Journal. Announcer, C. W. Corkhill. Central. Opened April 4, 1927.
KSD, St. Louis, Mo. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Pulitzer Pub. Co. Announcers, W. F. Ludgate, R. L. Coe, C. R. Yarger. Central. Founded June 24, 1922.
KSEI, Pocatello, Idaho. 333.1m-900kc. 250 watts. KSEI Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, W. J. O'Connor. Mountain. Opened January, 1925.
KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah. 265.3m-1130kc. 5000 watts. Radio Service Corp. of Utah. Announcers, Roscoe Grover, J. Douglas Nowell, Douglas Done. Mountain.
KSMR, Santa Maria, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Santa Maria Valley Railroad Company. Announcer, Sydney C. Peck. Pacific. Founded Dec., 1925.
KSO, Clarinda, Iowa. 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Berry Seed Co. Announcer, Joe Faassen. Slogan, "Keep Serving Others." Founded Nov. 2, 1925. Central.
KSOO, Sioux Falls, S. D. 270.1m-1110kc. 2000 watts. Sioux Falls Broadcast Assn. Announcer, Randall Ryan. Slogan, "A Friendly Station in a Friendly City." Central. Founded 1922.

KSTP, St. Paul-Minneapolis, Minn. (tr. Wescott, Minn.). 205.4m-1460kc. 10000 watts. The National Battery Station. Slogan, "The Call of the North." Lytton J. Shields, Pres.; Stanley E. Hubbard, V. P. and Gen. Mgr.; Frank M. Brown, Sec.; E. H. Church, Treas. Central. Founded May, 1924.
KTAB, Oakland, Calif. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Pickwick Stages Station. Announcers, M. E. Roberts, Don Jefferies, W. Kimball. Slogan, "Knowledge, Truth and Beauty." Pacific. Opened Aug. 1, 1925.
KTAP, San Antonio, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Robert B. Bridge, Alamo Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Kum to America's Playground." Central. Founded Sept. 15, 1927.
KTBI, Los Angeles, Calif. 230.6m-1300kc. 750 watts. Bible Inst. of Los Angeles. Announcer, H. P. Herdman. Pacific. Founded September, 1922.
KTBR, Portland, Ore. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. M. E. Brown. Announcer, Hal McCracken. Pacific. Opened Sept. 23, 1925.
KTBS, Shreveport, La. 206.8m-1450kc. 1000 watts. S. R. Elliott and A. C. Steere. Announcer, Jack Temple. Central. Founded March 14, 1922.
KTHS, Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 288.3-1040kc. 10000 watts. The Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, G. C. Arnoux. Slogan, "Kum to Hot Springs." Installed Dec. 30, 1924. Central.
KTM, Santa Monica, Calif. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp. Pacific.
KTNT, Muscatine, Iowa. 256.3m-1170kc. 5000 watts. Norman Baker. Slogan, "The Voice of Labor and Farmer." Announcers, Norman Baker, Wm. McFadden, Charles Salisbury, Rene Bellows, Fonda Jarvis. Central. Founded 1924.
KTSA, San Antonio, Texas (tr. Woodlawn Hills). 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts night, 2000 watts day. Announcer, Jerry Hurt. Lone Star Broadcast Co.
KTSL, Shreveport, La. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Houseman Sheet Metal Works. Announcer, G. A. Houseman. Central. Founded Sept. 15, 1927.
KTSM, El Paso, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. W. S. Bledsoe and W. T. Blackwell.
KTUE, Houston, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Chalt Electric. Announcer, Walter Ivanhoe Zaborski. Central.
KTW, Seattle, Wash. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. First Presbyterian Church. Announcer, J. D. Ross. Slogan, "Hear Ye, Hear Ye, the Gospel." Pacific.
KUJ, Longview, Wash. 193.4m-1550kc. 100 watts. Columbia Broadcasting Co., Inc. Pacific.
KUOA, Fayetteville, Ark. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. University of Arkansas. W. S. Gregson. Central. Founded 1923.
KUSD, Vermilion, S. D. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts night, 750 day. University of South Dakota. Announcer, Harold Nelson. Slogan, "South Dakota University for South Dakotans." Central.
KUT, Austin, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. KUT Broadcasting Co. Mgr. and Director, Gene Furgason. Founded 1925. Central.
KVEP, Portland, Ore. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Schaefer Radio Co.
KVI, Tacoma, Wash. 394.5m-760kc. 1000 watts. Puget Sound Radio Broadcasting Co. Pacific.
KVL, Seattle, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Arthur C. Dailey, Calhoun Hotel. Pacific. Founded July 15, 1926.
KVOO, Tulsa, Okla. 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Southwestern Sales Corp. Announcers, Gordon Hittenmark, Roland R. Wiseman, Harry K. Richardson. Central. Opened Jan., 1925.
KVOS, Bellingham, Wash. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Mt. Baker Station.
KWCR, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. H. F. Paar. Slogan, "The Voice of Cedar Rapids." Central. Founded July 29, 1922.
KWEA, Shreveport, La. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. William Erwin Antony.
KWG, Stockton, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Portable Wireless Telephone Co. Announcer, George J. Turner. Slogan, "Voice of the San Joaquin Valley." Pacific.
KWJJ, Portland, Ore. 282.8m-1060kc. 500 watts. Wilbur Jerman. Slogan, "The Voice From Broadway." Pacific. Founded July 25, 1925.
KWK, St. Louis, Mo. 222.1m-1350kc. 1000 watts. Greater St. Louis Broadcasting Co. Announcers, John Harrington, Thomas Patrick Convey, Bob Thomas, Allan Taylor, Orson Curtis and Ray Schmidt. Central.
KWKC, Kansas City, Mo. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilson Duncan Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Elmer C. Hodges. Slogan, "Keep Watching Kansas City." Central. Founded 1925.
KWKH, Kennonwood, La. 352.7m-850kc. 10000 watts. The W. K. Henderson Iron Works & Supply Co. Central. Founded Jan. 8, 1925.
KWLC, Decorah, Iowa. 236.1m-1270kc. 100 watts. Luther College.
KWSC, Pullman, Wash. 215.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. State College of Washington. Announcer, Cyril Brewer. Program Dir., Arvilla Weisel. Pacific. Founded 1922.
KWWG, Brownsville, Texas. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce.
KXA, Seattle, Wash. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. American Radio Tel. Co.
KXL, Portland, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. KXL Broadcasting, Inc. Announcers, A. R. Truitt, H. B. Read, Chet Blomsness. Slogan, "The Voice of Portland." Founded Dec. 13, 1926.

KXO, El Centro, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. E. R. Irey and F. M. Bowles. Pacific.

KXRO, Aberdeen, Wash. 228.9m-1310kc. 75 watts. KXRO, Inc.

KYW-KFKX, Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 10000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Herald and Examiner. Announcers, Gene Rouse, Parker Wheatley, Barney McArville, D. L. Gross. Central.

KYWA, Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.

NAA, Washington, D. C. 434.5m-690kc. 1000 watts. United States Navy Dept. Eastern.

WAAF, Chicago, Ill. 325.9m-920kc. 500 watts. Chicago Daily Drovers Journal. Announcer, Carl Ulrich. Central. Founded May 22, 1922.

WAAM, Newark, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 2000 watts day, 1000 watts night. I. R. Nelson Company. Announcers, Jack Van Riper, James Cosier. Eastern. Founded February 1922.

WAAT, Jersey City, N. J. 280.2m-1070kc. 300 watts. Bremer Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, J. B. Bayley. Slogan, "The Voice at the Gate of the Garden State." Eastern. Founded 1921.

WAAW, Omaha, Nebr. 454.3m-660kc. 500 watts. Omaha Grain Exchange. Announcer, James Thompson. Slogan, "Pioneer Market Station of the West." Founded 1921. Central.

WABC, New York, N. Y. 348.6m-860kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Corp. Eastern.

WABI, Bangor, Me. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. First Universalist Church. Slogan, "The Pine-Tree Wave." Announcer, Prof. W. J. Creamer, Jr. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WABZ, New Orleans, La. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. The Coliseum Place Baptist Church. Announcer, Charles B. Page. Slogan, "The Station With a Message." Central. Founded January, 1924.

WADC, Akron, Ohio. 227.1m-1320kc. 1000 watts. Allen Theater Broadcasting Station. Announcers, Geo. Houston and Jerry McKiernan. Eastern. Founded March, 1925.

WAGM, Royal Oak, Mich. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Robert L. Miller. Announcer, Fred Stanton. Slogan, "The Little Station With the Big Reputation." Central. Founded Oct. 3, 1925.

WAIU, Columbus, Ohio. 468.5m-640kc. 500 watts. American Insurance Union. Eastern. Founded April, 1922.

WAPI, Birmingham, Ala. 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Alabama Polytechnic Institute, University of Alabama, Alabama College. Manager, Walter N. Campbell. Announcers, Carroll Gardner, Sam Benton, Howard C. Smith, Kirtley Brown. Installed 1925. Central.

WASH, Grand Rapids, Mich. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Wash Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Hugh Hart, Chas. C. Carpenter, "Uncle Jerry." Central. Founded March 13, 1925.

WBAA, W. Lafayette, Ind. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Purdue University.

WBAK, Harrisburg, Pa. 280.2m-1430kc. 500 watts. Pennsylvania State Police. Announcer, A. E. Poorman. Eastern. Founded 1919.

WBAL, Baltimore, Md. 282.8m-1060kc. 10000 watts. Consolidated Gas, Elec. Light & Power Co. Director, Frederick R. Huber. Slogan, "The Station of Good Music." Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1925.

WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas. 374.8m-800kc. 50000 watts. Carter Publications, Inc. Central. Founded April, 1922.

WBAX, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Announcer, Earl H. Pine. Slogan, "We Burn Anthracite Xclusively." Eastern. Founded May, 1922.

WBBC, Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Brooklyn Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Andie Baruch, Leon Sherman.

WBBL, Richmond, Va. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church. Founded February, 1924.

WBBM, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Glenview). 389.4m-770kc. 25000 watts. Atlass Co., Inc. Central. Founded 1922.

WBBR, Rossville, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Assn. Announcer, Victor F. Schmidt. Eastern. Founded Febr., 1924.

WBBY, Charleston, S. C. 249.9m-1200kc. 75 watts. Washington Light Infantry. Slogan, "Seaport of the Southeast." Eastern.

WBBZ, Ponca City, Okla. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carrell. Announcer, Morton Harvey.

WBCM, Bay City, Mich. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Bay City Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, S. F. Northcott. Eastern. Founded June 15, 1925.

WBIS, Boston, Mass. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. The Shepard Stores. Announcer, Grace Lawrence. Eastern. Founded Jan. 29, 1927.

WBMS, Fort Lee, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. WBMS Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Bergen County." Eastern.

WBNY, New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Baruchrome Corp. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WBOQ, Richmond Hill, N. Y. 348.6m-860kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Co.

WBOW, Terre Haute, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Banks of Wabash Broadcasting Assn.

WBRC, Birmingham, Ala. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Birmingham Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Dud Connolly. Central. Founded May 18, 1925.

WBRE, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Liberty State Bank and Trust Co. Announcer, Louis G. Baltimore. Eastern.

WBRL, Tilton, N. H. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Booth Radio Laboratories. Eastern.

WBSO, Wellesley Hills, Mass. 325.9m-920kc. 250 watts. Babson's Statistical Organization. Announcer, Ross Wood. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WBT, Charlotte, N. C. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Announcers, Ralph Rogers, Walter Haislip, Fritz Hirsch. Eastern.

WBZ, Springfield, Mass. 302.8m-990kc. 15000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Radio Station of New England. Announcers, Aidan Redmond, Howard Petrie, Wayne Latham, Wallace Streeter, Gordon Swan, Malcolm McCormick, John Clark, Robert Saudek. Installed Sept. 19, 1921. Eastern.

WBZA, Boston, Mass. 302.8m-990kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Same programs as WBZ.

WCAC, Mansfield, Conn. 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Connecticut Agricultural College. Announcer, Daniel E. Noble. Slogan, "From the Nutmeg State."½ time Eastern. Founded June, 1923.

WCAD, Canton, N. Y. 245.6m-1220kc. 500 watts. (1000 watts 6 am-6 pm.) St. Lawrence University. Announcer, Ward C. Priest. Slogan, "The Voice of the North Country." Eastern. Founded Dec. 7, 1922.

WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa. 245.8m-1220kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Brothers. Eastern.

WCAH, Columbus, Ohio. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Commercial Radio Service. Eastern. Founded April, 1921.

WCAJ, Lincoln, Nebr. 508.2m-590kc. 500 watts. Nebraska Wesleyan University. Announcer, J. C. Jensen. Founded October, 1921. Central.

WCAL, Northfield, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Dept. of Physics, St. Olaf College. Announcer, Harlow Skiffen. Slogan, "The College on the Hill." Central. Founded 1922.

WCAM, Camden, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Camden. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1926.

WCAO, Baltimore, Md. 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Mounmental Radio, Inc. Founded May 17, 1922.

WCAP, Asbury Park, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Thomas F. Burley, Jr. Eastern. Founded July 1, 1927.

WCAT, Rapid City, S. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. South Dakota State School of Mines. Announcer, J. O. Kammerman. Mountain. Founded 1924.

WCAU, Philadelphia, Pa. (tr. Byberry). 256.3m-1170kc. 10000 watts. Universal Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Stan Lee Broza. Eastern. Founded May, 1922.

WCAX, Burlington, Vt. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. University of Vermont. Slogan, "The Voice of the Green Mountains." Eastern.

WCAZ, Carthage, Ill. 280.2m-1070kc. 50 watts. Carthage College. Central.

WCBA, Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. B. Bryan Musselman. Announcers, Clarence Dreisbach, Don Rayburn, Chas. Melson. Eastern.

WCBD, Zion, Ill. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Wilbur Glenn Voliva. Announcer, J. H. DePew. Slogan, "Where God Rules, Man Prospers." Founded May, 1923. Central.

WCBM, Baltimore, Md. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Baltimore Broadcasting Co. Francis Mace, announcer. Eastern. Founded March 25, 1923.

WCBS, Springfield, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harold L. Dewing, Charles H. Messter. Slogan, "Home of Abraham Lincoln." Central. Founded April 8, 1923.

WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn. (tr. at Anoka). 370.2m-810kc. 7500 watts. Northwestern Broadcasting Co. Announcers, A. J. Snyder, K. C. Titus, A. B. Sheehan, K. W. Husted, F. F. Laws. Slogan, "Service to the Northwest." Founded Oct. 1, 1924. Central.

WCDA, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Cliffside Park, N. J.). 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Italian Educational Broadcasting Co.

WCFL, Chicago, Ill. 309.1m-970kc. 1500 watts. Chicago Federation of Labor. Announcer, Henry Parks. Slogan, "The Voice of Farmer and Labor." Central.

WCGU, Coney Island, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. U. S. Broadcast Corp. Eastern.

WCHS, Portland, Me. 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Congress Square Hotel Co.

WCKY, Covington, Ky. 202.1m-1480kc. 5000 watts. L. B. Wilson, Inc.

WCLO, Kenosha, Wis. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. E. Whitmore. Announcer, James Boutelle. Founded Aug. 4, 1925. Central.

WCLS, Joliet, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. WCLS, Inc. Slogan, "Will County's Largest Store." Central. Founded June, 1925.

WCMA, Culver, Ind. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Culver Military Academy. Announcer, C. F. McKinney. Central. Founded 1925.

WCOA, Pensacola, Fla. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Municipal Broadcasting Station. Announcer, John E. Frenkel. Slogan, "Wonderful City of Advantages." Central. Founded Febr. 2, 1927.

WCOC, Meridian, Miss. 340.7m-880kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts night. Mississippi Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, T. C. Billups. Slogan, "Down in the Old Magnolia State." Central. Founded Febr. 26, 1927.

WCOD, Harrisburg, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Norman R. Hoffman. Eastern. Opened Sept. 30, 1925.

WCOH, Yonkers, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Westchester Broadcasting Corp.

WCRW, Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Clinton R. White. Announcers, Fred K. Weston, Al John, Miss Josephine. Slogan, "For Your Entertainment." Central. Founded May, 1926.

WSH, Portland, Me. (tr. Portland). 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Congress Square Hotel. Slogan, "Sunrise Gateway of America." Announcer, L. T. Pitman. Eastern. Founded June, 1925.

WCSO, Springfield, Ohio. 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. Wittenberg College. Announcers, Charlotte Johns, Lester Crawl, James Thrasher. Eastern. Founded December, 1921.

WDAE, Tampa, Fla. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Tampa Daily Times. Announcer, Bruce Lum. Slogan, "Florida's Most Reliable Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.

WDAF, Kansas City, Mo. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Kansas City Star. Announcer, H. Dean Fitzer, Club, "Nighthawks." Founded June 5, 1922. Central.

WDAG, Amarillo, Texas. 212.6m-1410kc. 250 watts. J. Laurence Martin. Central. Founded May 16, 1922.

WDAH, El Paso, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. Mountain.

WDAY, Fargo, N. D. 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. WDAY, Inc. Announcer, Earl Reineke. Central. Founded May, 1922.

WDBJ, Roanoke, Va. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts daytime, 250 watts night. Richardson Wayland Elec. Corp. Announcers, J. V. Huffman, C. E. Stone, Hermon P. Black, R. P. Jordan. Slogan, "Roanoke Down in Old Virginia." Eastern. Founded May, 1924.

WDBO, Orlando, Fla. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Orlando Broadcasting Co. Announcer, K. W. Skelton. Slogan, "Down Where the Oranges Grow." Founded 1921. Eastern.

WDEL, Wilmington, Del. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts night, 350 day. WDEL, Inc. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WDGY, Minneapolis, Minn. 254.1m-1180kc. 1000 watts. Dr. George Young. Central. Founded 1923.

WDOD, Chattanooga, Tenn. 234.2m-1280kc. 250 watts daytime, 1000 watts night. Chattanooga Radio Co., Inc. Announcer, Frank S. Lata. Central. Founded 1925.

WDRC, New Haven, Conn. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. Doolittle Radio Corp. Announcer, W. B. Haase. Eastern. Founded December, 1922.

WDSU, New Orleans, La. 239.9m-1250kc. 100 watts. Slogan, "Second Port U. S. A." Announcers, Jack Holliday, C. Chick Owens, Uncle Mack, P. K. Ewing, Joseph H. Uhalt. Est. July, 1923.

WDWF, Cranston, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dutee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Eastern.

WDZ, Tuscola, Ill. 280.2m-1070kc. 100 watts. James L. Bach. Central. Founded March, 1925.

WEAF, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Bellmore). 454.3m-660kc. 50000 watts. National Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "The Voice to the Millions." Eastern. Founded July 25, 1922.

WEAI, Ithaca, N. Y. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts daytime. Cornell University.

WEAN, Providence, R. I. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts daytime. The Shepard Stores. Announcer, Edmund Cashman, Fred Long, James Cain, June Abbott, Jane Day, Beau Brummel. Slogan, "We Entertain a Nation." Eastern. Founded 1924.

WEAO, Columbus, Ohio. 526m-570kc. 750 watts. Ohio State University. Announcer, Robert Coleman. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WEAR, Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 250 watts. WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Eastern. Opened Jan. 15, 1926.

WEBC, Superior, Wis., Duluth, Minn. 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. Head-of-the-Lakes Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Sam Kiley. Slogan, "At the Head of the Lakes." Central. Founded 1924.

WEBE, Cambridge, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Roy W. Waller. Slogan, "The Voice of Southeastern Ohio." Eastern. Founded June, 1924.

WEBQ, Harrisburg, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. First Trust & Savings Bank. Announcers, I. H. J. Raley and Inglis M. Taylor. Slogan, "The Voice From Egypt." Central. Founded Sept. 1, 1923.

WEBR, Buffalo, N. Y. 228.9m-1310kc. 200 watts. H. H. Howell. Announcers, E. J. Hinckley, Lowell Kitchen. Slogan, "We Extend Buffalo Regards." Eastern. Founded Oct. 8, 1924.

WEBW, Beloit, Wis. 499.7m-600kc. 350 watts. Beloit College. Central. Founded Oct. 26, 1925.

WEDC, Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Emil Denemark Broadcasting Station. Central.

WEDH, Erie, Pa. 211.1m-1420kc. 30 watts. Erie Dispatch-Herald.

WEEI, Boston, Mass. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Edison Electric Illuminating Company. Announcers, Robert Burlen, Carlton H. Dickman, Edward Gisburne, Frederick Hawkes. Slogan, "The Edison Voice." Eastern. Founded Sept. 29, 1924, succeeding WTAT.

WEHC, Emory, Va. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Emory & Henry College.

WEHS, Evanston, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Victor C. Carlson. Announcer, Jessie Robinson. Central. Founded February, 1924.

WELK, Philadelphia, Pa. 218.9m-1370kc. 100 watts. Howard R. Miller. Slogan, "The Voice of the Elks." Eastern. Founded June, 1922.

The balance of the Log and Call Book of American stations will appear in the February issue of Radio Digest.

Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Foreign Stations

Canada

FAC, Calgary, Alta., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. Calgary Herald. Announcer, Fred Carleton.
FBO, St. John, N. B., Can. 337.1m-890kc. 50 watts.
FCA, Toronto, Ont., Can. 357.1m-840kc. 500 watts. Toronto Star. Announcer, Gordon W. McClain. Eastern. Founded March, 1922.
FCF, Montreal, P. Q., Can. 291.1m-1030kc, 1650 watts. Canadian Marconi Co. Announcers, W. Dundas Simpson, R. K. Paul. French announcer, C. A. Charlebois. Eastern.
FCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont. 500m-599.6kc. 250 watts. Abitibi Power and Paper Co., Ltd.
FCN, Calgary, Alta., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 1800 watts. Western Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Voice of the Prairies." Mountain.
FCO, Chatham, Ont. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Western Ontario "Better Radio" Club. Slogan, "Coming from Chatham, Ontario."
FCT, Victoria, B. C., Can. 476.2m-630kc. 500 watts. The Victoria Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, Cliff Deaville.
FCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 312.3m-960kc. 250 watts. Island Radio Co.
FGC, Brantford, Ont. 296.9m. 50 watts.
FJC, Kamloops, B. C. 267.7m-1120kc. 15 watts. N. S. Dalgleish and Sons, Weller and Weller.
FLC, Prescott, Ont., Can. 297m-1010kc. 50 watts.
FRC, Kingston, Ont., Can. 267.7m-1120kc. 20 watts. Monarch Battery Mfg. Co., Ltd.
FRNB, Fredericton, N. B. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. James S. Neill & Sons, Ltd. Atlantic.
FQC, Saskatoon, Sask., Can. 329.5m-910kc. 500 watts. The Electric Shop, Ltd. Announcer, Stan Clifton. Slogan, "The Hub City of the West Where No. 1 Northern Hard Wheat Grows." Mountain.
FRB, Toronto, Ont. 312.3m-960kc. 4000 watts. Rogers Majestic Corp., Ltd. Announcer, Charles Shearer. Slogan, "Just Plug In, Then Tune In." Eastern.
FRC, Kingston, Ont., Can. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Queen's University, Inc. Oct., 1923.
FCA, Calgary, Alta. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. The Western Farmer, Ltd. Announcer, D. E. Daniel. Sun, 5-6 pm.
FCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Can. 312.5m-960kc. 30 watts.
FCS, Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.7m-880kc. 10 watts. Hamilton Spectator.
FST, Red Deer, Alta. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. Messrs. G. F. Tull and Ardern, Ltd.
FDS, Summerside, P. E. I. 267.9m-1120kc. 25 watts. R. T. Holman, Ltd. Atlantic.
FMA, Edmonton, Alta. 517.2m-580kc. 250 watts. Christian & Missionary Alliance. Mountain.
FAL, Mount Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.7m-880kc. 50 watts. Maple Leaf Radio Co. Eastern.
FYC, Toronto, Can. 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. Toronto Radio Research society.
FHS, Halifax, N. S. 322.6m-930kc. 500 watts. Herald, Ltd. Slogan, "At Halifax, N. S. The Front Door of Canada—Always Open." Atlantic. Founded May 12, 1926.
FTC, Quebec, Que. 340.7m-880kc. 25 watts. E. Fontaine.
FYC, Regina, Sask., Can. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. R. H. Williams & Sons, Ltd. Mountain.
FVG, Pilot Butte, Sask., Can. 247.9m-1210kc. 100 watts.
FVK, Chilliwack, B. C., Can. 247.8m-1210kc. 5 watts. Chilliwack Broadcasting Co., Ltd.
FYC, Montreal, Que., Can. 411m-730kc. 500 watts.
FYR, Regina, Sask. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Saskatchewan Co-operative Wheat Producers, Ltd.
FYA, Edmonton, Alta., Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Edmonton Journal, Ltd. Announcer, R. A. Rice. Slogan, "Altogether for the Journal." Mountain.
FYB, Sydney, N. S., Can. 340.9m-880kc. 50 watts.
FYJ, Calgary, Alta. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. The Albertan Pub. Co., Ltd. Announcer, D. E. Daniel.
FYK, Red Deer, Alta., Can. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. The North American Collieries, Ltd.
FYL, London, Ont., Can. 329.7m-910kc. 500 watts. London Free Press. Eastern.
FYK, Yorkton, Sask. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. The Winnipeg Grain Exchange. Central.
FYS, Saskatoon, Sask., Can. 329.7m-910kc. 250 watts.
FYC, Lethbridge, Alta., Can. 267.9m-1120kc. 50 watts.
FYX, Sea Island, B. C. 291.1m-1030kc. 50 watts. H. C. Chandler.
FYI, Moose Jaw, Sask. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. James Richardson & Sons, Ltd. Mountain.
FYW, Fleming, Sask., Can. 499.7m-600kc. 1000 watts. James Richardson & Sons, Ltd. Central.
FYI, Winnipeg, Man., Can. 25.6m. 2000 watts. James Richardson & Sons, Ltd. Central.
FYC, Toronto, Can. 434.5m-690kc. 5000 watts. The Evening Telegram.
FYC, Saskatoon, Sask. 329.5m-910kc. 250 watts. Radio Service, Ltd.
FYI, Quebec, Que. 340.7m-880kc. 25 watts. Le Soleil, Ltd.

CKAC, Montreal, Que., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 20000 watts. La Presse. Announcer, Arthur Dupont. Eastern.
CKCD, Vancouver, B. C., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 50 watts. Vancouver Daily Province. Announcer, W. G. Hassell. Slogan, "Canada's Western Gateway." Pacific.
CKCI, Quebec, Que. 340.7m-880kc. 25 watts. Le Soleil, Ltd.
CKCK, Regina, Sask., Can. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Leader-Post Pub. Co. Slogan, "The Paper With the Western Viewpoint." Announcer, A. W. Hooper. "The Queen City of the West." Mountain.
CKCL, Toronto, Can. 517.2m-580kc. 500 watts. Dominion Battery Co., Ltd. Eastern. Founded May 5, 1925.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 100 watts. Dr. G. M. Geldert (Ottawa Radio Assn.). Announcer, Dr. O. K. Gibson. Slogans, "Ottawa's Radio Voice," "The Community Voice of Canada's Capitol." Eastern. Founded March, 1924.
CKCR, St. George, Ont., Can. 297m-999kc. 50 watts. John Patterson.
CKCV, Quebec, P. Q. 340.7m-880kc. 50 watts. G. Vandry.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 50 watts. Chalmers United Church.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., Can. 434.8m-690kc. 5000 watts. Gooderman & Worts, Ltd. Daily.
CKLC, Red Deer, Alta. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. Alberta Pacific Grain Ct., Ltd. Mountain.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont. 247.8m-1210kc. 5 watts. R. L. MacAdam.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., Can. 411m-730kc. 50 watts.
CKNC, Toronto, Ont., Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Eveready Battery Station. Announcers, Gordon Calder, Ernest Bushnell, Rupert Lucas, Charles Jennings. Eastern. Founded May 2, 1924.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.9m-880kc. 100 watts. Wentworth, Radio Supply Co., Ltd. Announcer, L. Moore. Slogan, "The Voice of Hamilton." Eastern.
CKOW, Scarboro Station, Ont. 291.1m-1030kc. 500 watts. Nestle's Food Co. of Canada.
CKPC, Preston, Ont. 247.8m-1210kc. 10 watts. Wallace Russ. Announcer, Jas. Newell. Eastern.
CKPR, Midland, Ont. 267.7m-1120kc. 50 watts. Midland Broadcasting Station. E. O. Swan. Slogan, "Voice of Canada's Northland." Eastern.
CKSH, St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. 297m-1010kc. 50 watts. Temporarily using 296.9m-1010kc. 50 watts. City of St. Hyacinthe.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. U. of Alberta. Announcer, Harold P. Brown. Mountain.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C. 410.7m-730kc. 100 watts. Sparks Company. Announcer, H. W. Paulson. Pacific.
CKX, Brandon, Man., Can. 555.6m-540kc. 500 watts.
CKY, Winnipeg, Man., Can. 384.4m-780kc. 5000 watts. Manitoba Tel. System. Announcer, F. E. Rutland. Slogan, "Manitoba's Own Station." Central.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., Can. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, W. E. Powell. Slogan, "Voice of the Maritimes." Started Nov. 8, 1924.
CNRC, Calgary, Alta., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., Can. 357.1m-840 kc.
CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.
CNRL, London, Ont., Can. 329.7m-910kc. 500 watts.
CNRM, Montreal, Que., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 1200 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcers, J. S. McArthur, W. V. George, A. J. Black, W. H. Chodat. Eastern.
CNRO, Ottawa, Can. 500m-600kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, A. W. Ryan. Eastern. On the air Febr. 27, 1924.
CNRQ, Quebec City, Can. 340.7m-880kc. 50 watts. C. N. R. Eastern.
CNRR, Regina, Sask., Can. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.
CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., Can. 329.5m-910kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.
CNRT, Toronto, Ont., Can. 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Rialways. Eastern. First broadcast May 16, 1924.
CNRV, Vancouver, Can. 291.1m-1030kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, G. A. Wright. Pacific.
CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., Can. 384.4m-780kc. 5000 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, R. H. Roberts. Central.
CNRX, Toronto, Ont., Can. 434m-690kc. 5000 watts.

Cuba

CMC, Havana, Cuba. 357m-840kc. 500 watts. Cuban Telephone Co. International Tel. and Teleg. Corp. Eastern.
CMI, Havana, Cuba. 376.6m-797kc. 500 watts. Instituto Provincial.
2FG, Hershey, Cuba. 226m-999.4kc. 20 watts. Alberto A. Ferrera.
2HP, Havana, Cuba. 205m-1460kc. 200 watts. Cristina W. Vda. Crucet.
2JF, Marianao, Cuba. 252m-1190kc. 15 watts. Jose L. Ferriol.
2JL, Marianao, Cuba. 249m-1020kc. 7½ watts. Jose Leiro.
2MA, Marianao, Cuba. 278m-1079kc. 50 watts. Modesto Alvarez.
20K, Havana, Cuba. 360m-833kc. 100 watts. Mario Garcia Velez.
2RK, Havana, Cuba. 326m-920kc. 50 watts. Raoul Karman. Casa De La Porte.
2UF, Havana, Cuba. 228m-1324kc. 100 watts. Roberto E. Ramirez.
2XA, Havana, Cuba. 230m-1300kc. 200 watts. Lecuonia Music Co.
2XX, Marianao, Cuba. 225m-1333kc. 10 watts. Antonio A. Ginard.
5EV, Colon, Cuba. 360m-833kc. 100 watts. Leopoldo V. Figueroa. Sun, 9-11 pm. Eastern.
6BY, Cienfuegos, Cuba. 260m-1153kc. 200 watts. Jose Gandiaxe.
6EV, Caibarien, Cuba. 250m-1200kc. 50 watts. Maria Josefa Alvarez.
6HS, S. La Grande, Cuba. 200m-1500kc. 10 watts. Santiago Ventura.
6KP, Sancti Spiritus, Cuba. 280m-1071kc. 20 watts. Antonio Galguera.
6KW, Tuinucu, Cuba. 368m-815kc. 100 watts. Frank H. Jones. Slogan, "If You Hear the Koo of the Cuckoo You Are in Tune With Tuinucu." Eastern.
6LO, Caibarien, Cuba. 325m-920kc. 250 watts. Manuel A. Alvarez.
6YR, Camajuani, Cuba. 200m-1500kc. 20 watts. Diege Iborra.
7AZ, Camaguey, Cuba. 225m-1333kc. 10 watts. Pedro Noguras.
HHK, Port au Prince, Haiti. 361.2m-830kc. 1000 watts.

Mexico

Mexico has adopted the letter X as its national prefix to all broadcast call letters. This makes it more simple to distinguish Mexican stations from those of Cuba and Canada, where the letter C continues in force.

XFF, Chihuahua, Mex. 325m-900kc. 250 watts.
XEA, Guadelajara, Mex. 250m-1199kc. 100 watts.
XFC, Jalapa, Mex. 475m. 350 watts.
XES, Cabo Lerdo, Mex. 250m-1199kc. 250 watts.
XEY, Merida, Mex. 548.6m. 100 watts.
XEB, Mexico City, Mex. 450m-666.3kc. 1000 watts.
XEN, Mexico City, Mex. 410m-731.3kc. 1000 watts.
XEX, Mexico City, Mex. 325m-900kc. 250 watts. Excelsior and Revista de Revistas. Announcer, Rafael Hermandez dez Dominguez. Slogan, "Land of the Aztecs." Mexican.
XFC, Mexico City, Mex. 470m-637.9kc. 2000 watts.
XFI, Mexico City, Mex. 507m. 1000 watts.
XFX, Mexico City, Mex. 357m-840kc. 500 watts.
XEH, Monterrey, Mex. 311m-964kc. 100 watts. Tarnava y Cia. Slogan, "The Industrial Center of the Mexican Republic." Daily, 7:55-8:15. Mon., Sat., 8-9 pm. Wed., Sun., 8:30-10 pm. Mexican.
XEI, Morelia, Mex. 300m-999.4kc. 100 watts.
XEF, Oaxaca, Mex. 265m-1110kc. 100 watts. Federico Zorrilla. "The Voice From South of Mexico." Mexican.
XEE, Pueblo, Mex. 312m-960kc. 100 watts.

Philippine Islands

KZIB, Manila, P. I. 260m-1153kc. 20 watts. I. Beck, Inc.
KZRQ, Manila, P. I. 413m-726kc. 1000 watts. Radio Corp. of the Philippines.

Salvador

AQM, Salvador. 482m. 500 watts.

Reader's Asiatic Log

Radio Digest is indebted to Frank A. Johnson, 317 West Englewood avenue, Chicago, Ill., for the following list of Asiatic stations. Mr. Johnson received the list in answer to his inquiry for confirmation of DX programs he had tuned in from the opposite side of the world in Chicago.

	Station	Watts	Wave Length
Peiping	COPK	100	315
Tientsin	COTN	500	480
Mukden	COMK	2,000	425
Harbin	COHB	1,000	445
Shanghai	KRC	150	345
Shanghai	SSC	50	370
Shanghai	NKS	50	315
Shanghai	KSMS	50	277
Nanking	XGZ	500	420
Hanchow	XGY	250	315
Hongkong	5HK	150	475
Tokyo	JOAK	10,000	345
Osaka	JOBK	10,000	400
Nagoya	JOCK	10,000	370
Heijyo	JODK	1,000	360
Hiroshima	JOFK	10,000	353
Kumamoto	JOGK	10,000	380
Sendai	JOHK	10,000	390
Sapporo	JOIK	10,000	361
Taihoku	JFAK	1,000	333
Dairen	JQAK	500	375
Vladivostok	RL20	1,500	480
Manila	KZRM	1,000	413
India	7CA	5,000	370



"General Crook's orders to overtake you, sir," announced the breathless orderly, "the Ogallalla chiefs are to come in for a parley."

The First Call

(Continued from page 30)

attending the war party's return; the thud-thud of ponies hoofs, the label of voices, the incessant rushing to and fro of moccasined feet. Old Spotted Horse came in again. His youngest squaw followed. While he sat cross-legged, she kindled the fire in the center of the tepee and prepared his meal. And presently he ate, but he said no word to the two white men, nor did the squaw bring them food. The time went by. Evening came. One after another the leaders entered the lodge, the chiefs and the old men of the council. Flames leaped outside; their glare fell through the entrance and with it came the Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! of the warriors.

"They are dance the scalp dance," Pete whispered.

And while the naked figures circled around the fire out there, three of them bearing on the coup sticks the bloody scalps of troopers which they had taken, repeating in fierce and violent panto-mime the story of the taking of those shreds of flesh, the leaders began their council within the lodge. The pipe went from hand to hand; they made no offer to pass it to Pete or Jess.

A SQUAW came forth out of the shadows and dropped some bits of fat upon the little fire in the center of the tepee. The flames sprang up. The wavering light revealed the faces of Spotted Horse and his companions—lean faces, dark as old copper, with straight thin lips, with glittering dark eyes which never met the eyes of Jess or Pete Le Seur now. It fell upon a huddle of fierce faces, packed closely just outside the slitted doorway; malignant faces of old squaws with the blood thirst in their eyes and writhing lips.

The flames died down and the whole picture was obscured. The shrill Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! of the dancers swelled louder; there came the wild shriek of a mourner lamenting her dead warrior in the outer darkness. The squaw emerged from the shadows and dropped more bits of fat upon the coals. The audience in the doorway broke into a shrill bedlam.

"What is it those squaws want?" Jess asked the half breed.

"They are want me an' you." Pete's voice was shaking. "They are want to 'ave some fon weeth os."

"All right." Jess set his square jaw. "We ain't invited to this council, but we're going to open it." He rose to his feet. The firelight showed the streak of dried blood upon his face; his eyes were on old Spotted Horse; they were serene. It was as if he did not hear the yelling of the scalp dance, as if the shrieks of the squaws had never reached his ears; his voice was steady, undisturbed. He was telling the members of the council how glad he was that he was here; how glad Pete was to be among them. The little half breed translated the lie solemnly, with many gestures. Then Jess went on.

"It is a good thing for the Ogallallas that we are here." One of the squaws sprang through the doorway and struck him from behind with a flaming billet of pitch pine. He did not turn his head. His voice remained unchanged. "The chiefs are wise men. They understand that if they did not have us among them now, the soldiers of the white man would drive their people from these mountains; their young men would die in battle and the squaws could find no food to cook. Then, when the snow began to fly and the children and the old men were dying of hunger, the Ogallallas would ask for peace. And nothing good would come to them."

He remained motionless while Pete repeated the words and the audience outside howled their demand for the two prisoners. When the half breed had done speaking, he resumed:

"This will not be. For in the morning the chiefs will send us to the trading post, where the Old Grey Fox is waiting with his soldiers. And we will tell him now how the Ogallallas were ready to go back to their reservation when this thing happened. We will tell him the things which the chiefs have told us in council. Then General Crook will arrange for a big talk with the chiefs, so that he can send word of these things to Washington and the Indians will get back their lands."

HE PAUSED and while Pete was translating he watched the face of old Spotted Horse. For the first time the beady eyes met his own. An instant and then they shifted. But Jess breathed more freely. Now one of the younger chiefs was on his feet.

"'E says," Pete's voice faltered; "Thees' ees dam fool talk you mak'. 'E says five warriors ees get keel. Han 'ere ees two w'ite mans to keel for pay. Eet looks dam bad, Jess."

"Listen," Jess bade him quietly, "take care you tell this to them just as I do." He turned his eyes on Spotted Horse again and he smiled.

"There is a story which my people tell. This is the way it goes. One time there was a white man and he was a fool. He had a goose and it laid eggs of gold. So that white man had treasure every day. But one day he got angry at the goose because it did something he did not like; and he chopped its head off. And after that the white man lived in want, without enough to eat, without good clothes to wear. Some of the young men of the Ogallallas are like this man in the story which my people tell. But the chiefs are wise. They know their people are angry now and do not stop to think. They will not let them do the foolish thing this white man did."

While Pete was interpreting Jess saw the face of Spotted Horse change; the beady eyes were twinkling. Grunts came from other members of the council. Then the old chief spoke.

"'E says," Pete made the translation with swift eagerness, "E'es good story. But the Injuns got two goose. I dunno wot he mins."

As to that meaning the two of them were still in doubt when they rode away from the village of the Ogallallas the next morning with Spotted Horse and a dozen warriors. But when they reached the last ridge of the mountains overlooking the valley where the trading post stood among the sage clumps, they were enlightened.

"'E says you weel ride in han' mak' talk weeth Crook. I weel stay 'ere. Eef you bring back good news they weel let me go then." Pete's eyes were pathetic as he laid his hand upon the arm of his companion. "You don' t'row me down, Jess?"

"I'll be back before evening," Jess answered quietly.

THE RANKS of Sibley tents were gleaming in the sunshine when Jess rode into the settlement. The dirt roofed cabins had never looked so good to him as they did that morning. There was something in the sight of white faces which made him breathe more deeply. It was as if he had awakened from a bad dream to find himself surrounded by the securities of everyday existence. The first man whom he met was MacLeod.

"I never looked to see you again, Jess," the trader said; then, as if it were an afterthought, "Pete get killed?"

"He was alive this morning." Jess told the story in a few brief words, and wound it up with the question, "Where's Crook?"

"Dunno. MacLeod's face was grave. "They say he's on his way somewhere. Meantime we got a nice new shavetail." He jerked his thumb toward the store. "That's headquarters. The army could have done better by us." Their eyes met in understanding and Jess squared his wide shoulders.

"Well, I got to get this thing settled while there is time," he said and hurried to the store. He would have liked to bide outside there a few moments longer for a word with Jean. As he

was entering the trading post he got a glimpse of her coming to the doorway of the cabin; he saw her eyes light up. He waved his hand to her and went on within.

A stiff little lieutenant in a spotless uniform was sitting behind a table. There was no doubt about it; the army could have done better; Jess thought of Crook with his unkempt gray side-whiskers and his canvas hunting coat—and his knowledge of the red man. The small lieutenant looked up.

"Well, sir?" His voice was as stiff as his white collar.

Jess went straight into his story. Outside the wide door the ranks of Sibley tents gleamed in the hot sunshine. In the roadway before the entrance, the scanty populace of the settlement was gathered; their eyes were upon him; they were listening intently. Jean was there, standing beside her father. It seemed to him that she had never looked so beautiful as she did now.

He was telling of last night's council with the Ogallalla chiefs. She was leaning forward, her lips were parted a little and the color leaped into her cheeks. Her eyes met his; he saw the pride in them—and the relief that he was here. He began to realize how precious life was to him. He went on to the parting with the Indians that morning in the mountains.

"So I left them and they held my partner. And the understanding is that they will let him go if I can fix up this conference as I promised them." He finished speaking. There was a moment's silence. The voice of the little officer broke the stillness; precise, self-satisfied—the cold voice of a man who is quite certain that the formula which he recites is final and correct.

"I have no orders to act as a peace commissioner."

"That's the message I'm to bring to those Indians?" Jess asked.

"You aren't thinking of going back?" The small lieutenant stirred uneasily; vexation and surprise were mingled on his face. Jess looked him in the eyes. Ignoring the question, he repeated his own.

"That's your message?" The other stiffened again.

"Yes, if you insist on taking it."

JESS turned his head. Outside the door the members of the little group were silent, motionless. Their eyes were fixed on him. He let his own eyes linger on Jean's face. It was dead white. He had never felt the longing for her that he did now. He had never known how deep his love was, how much he had wanted her, until this moment. Nor how dearly she loved him; that love was burning in her eyes. Her hands were clasped upon her breast. He pressed his lips. Deliberately he turned away from her and faced the lieutenant.

"I can't quit my partner," he said.

When he came outside the men crowded around him. Their voices mingled—

"If there is anything that we can do—Just say the word." He shook his head. But to MacLeod:

"Let me have your six-shooter, Mac." He tucked the weapon under his waistband. Then, before he went to his horse, he looked for Jean. She was standing beside her mother in the roadway. There was something in her eyes which he could not understand. And, as he came toward her, her lips went tight. She turned her back on him and walked swiftly away.

He went over to the hitching rack where the pony was standing and he mounted. And he rode out of the settlement without looking back. He rode straight on toward the mountains where the Indians were waiting. The noises of the camp grew fainter behind him.

Jean had refused to say good-by to him. He could not find it in his heart to blame her.

He had turned his back on life. And he had turned his back on love. For what? A worthless drunken man of mongrel race. Who beat his wife and left his children starving for months at a time. No one would miss Pete. Jess would have missed him least of all.

There was no chance to save him. Not one chance in a thousand. When he brought back this news he would make the best talk he could; then he would fall back on the six-shooter which MacLeod had given him. There would be two of them to die instead of one. And the two of them would go down fighting. That was all he was accomplishing. Yet he kept on.

For what?

"I can't quit my partner." Unconsciously he had put a tradition into those five words which he had spoken to the little officer.

A tradition, unwritten and seldom voiced. It was as old as the beginning of the West. Since the days when the first leather-skinned pioneers had crossed the Alleghanies, men had died for it. The stories of their deaths had been told around camp fires and in solitary cabins in the mountains. Stories of Texas men down by the Rio Grande, of trappers where the Yellowstone comes out of the mountains, of teamsters on the blazing deserts along the Gila; of backwoodsmen with their long-barreled muzzle-loading rifles in the Ohio valley; of voyageurs and cowboys, of horse thieves and emigrants and prospectors. Good men and bad—and unpretentious every one of them—bold souls who had stuck by the tenets of a creed, unpreached by ministers, unsung by congregations. As they had done, he was now doing—because it was the only thing a man could do and keep his manhood.

The miles went by. The mountains drew nearer. And life and love fell further behind. The pony began the long slow climb among the bald foothills; the juniper replaced the sage. He was in the territory of the Indians.

Suddenly he reined up. The report of a rifle came from behind him. For the first time he looked back. A horseman was coming after him at the dead run. As he looked the figure vanished around a turn. Whether it was Indian or white man, he did not know. He flung himself from the saddle and sought the shelter of a boulder on the hill's flank. The revolver which MacLeod had given him was in his hand.

The figure reappeared. He caught the glint of yellow facings in the sunshine. He saw the blue background of the uniform. The horse was winded, slackening its place; he waited while the animal labored onward. At last the trooper dismounted and came up on foot, a sergeant, weary from hard riding.

GENERAL CROOK'S orders to overtake you," he announced breathlessly.

"General Crook?" Jess repeated the name incredulously.

"He arrived a half an hour after you left," the sergeant said. "His instructions are for you to tell those Ogallalla chiefs to come in and have a talk with him."

So it came that the Indians went back to the reservation. The agreement was made in MacLeod's store the next day. But for some time before the long talk began the Ogallalla chiefs, decked out in beaded shirts and huge war-bonnets, whose eagle plumes trailed the floor, sat waiting with the peace pipe of red stone unlighted. And with them waited a lean man with a hook nose and grey side whiskers, who wore a shabby hunting coat—The old Grey Fox, the greatest leader of the white man's warriors in the West.

While they were biding the coming of the interpreter, Pete Le Seur was lingering outside to tell his neighbors the story which they would rather have heard from Jess. But Jess was not available just then. The little half-breed threw out his chest and waved his hands in wide gestures as he came to the conclusion of his tale.

"T'ings ees look bad han' I am begin to get a-scare, for I am theenk mebbe Jess, he's throw me down; then he is come riding back. Han' that ees all that I can tell jost now, for General Crook ees wait for me. 'E ees need me for to mak' interpret. By gar! E'es good t'ing for thees contry ees got soch men like me han' Jess han' the Ol' Grey Fox, for to handle thees Injuns."

With this account they had to be content, for Jess, as has been said, was not available.

During all the morning's journey to the trading post, he had ridden apart from the others, in silence, his head sagging, looking before him with unseeing eyes. Jean had refused to say good-by to him.

THAT thought abided. It was like a shadow obscuring all else by its dreary presence. He had turned his back on life and love. And then Fate had restored life to him. An empty gift without the love! An empty gift! Now he was riding home to realize the fullness of his sacrifice.

So he had come, with the noisy little half-breed and the solemn Ogallalla chiefs, into the settlement. And, when the neighbors and the soldiers crowded around him, he had turned away. And there was Jean, standing before him. She uttered one word—his name—and there was that in her voice which made the others draw aside. Then the two of them had gone together until they found themselves alone.

Now, while the half-breed was telling his story to the audience before the trader's store, these two looked into each other's eyes, and Jean saw how her lover's joy was struggling with bewilderment; she discovered the traces of the pain, which still remained, reluctant to depart. Her arms went out to him.

"Surely, dear heart," she said softly; "you understand?"

"I didn't know." He shook his head. "I thought—you wouldn't say good-by to me——"

Her head was back and there was pride in her look—the pride of a brave sisterhood who fought their weary fights in uncomplaining silence behind their battling menfolk all along the slowly shifting frontier.

"I was afraid to say good-by. It was so hard to have you go! I was afraid that one of us might weaken, dear. And you had to go. It was the only thing to do."

Her arms tightened around him. And the last shadows of pain and bewilderment vanished from his face as he bent his head to kiss her.

"It was the only thing to do," he whispered.

Are You Reading Gertrude?
Whatever you do don't miss this sparkling, modern story of love and life by Salisbury Field.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 45)

both practically ordered me to go to the highlands. They told me the 'All Alone' was there—and had been hi-jacked. How perfectly thrilling! I wonder if I shall see Ev?" Judy was at least one girl who was capable of coloring—naturally. She was frank, too. "I hope so!"

Kennedy smiled. "I should think you'd be sore at him for getting you mixed up in all this," he suggested.

She though a moment. "Well—I went into it—for him. But I didn't have to go in. He didn't point a gun or hold a knife over me. No; we both have the same complaint—we like thrills. I wanted Ev to think I was a good sport. I wanted to play along. And I didn't think. No; that part of the mess was more my fault than his . . . . I'm only a kid, after all, as Dad says; but it makes me tired when I read the papers nowadays. Everybody is passing the buck. They must have learned that in the war. The little boy who steals blames the movies. The girl who gets into trouble blames some fellow for betraying her confidence. The man who steals blames his extravagant wife. None of them ever blames himself. But they didn't have to do it. Now I blame no one. I went into this thing myself. I take the blame."

Kennedy was listening with frank approval. "You may be a kid, Judy, but you have the right idea. Most people miss it today. There's too much coddling—and blaming others."

We were on the forward end of the boat now in the car. The wind whipped our faces and brought the rose to Judy's face as no make-up has ever been able to imitate. I liked the gameness of the girl and her viewpoint.

"What are we going to do first, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked. "What is expected of me?"

"This is a serious business," Craig replied thoughtfully, his eyes set far away out on the water where we had seen a great deal the last night. I could see that he was laying a foundation for what was to come when McNaught passed the word. "This law you have been flouting so nonchalantly is really wideawake and reaching out for everyone concerned in any way with this murder."

HE INTENDED it to be blunt without betraying too much. I saw the little girl's color fade at the mention of Lola Langhorne; then she stiffened as she eagerly scanned Kennedy's face, waiting.

"I am going aboard the 'All Alone' first," he continued. "I may find something there that will help. You see, there is just one person we are still looking for, a key person, so to speak."

She caught herself in a little gasp. "It's not Ev, is it?"

He shook his head with an indulgent smile. She smiled back wistfully at the glint of hope.

"Mr. McNaught will be down there later, or I shall hear from him there. But there is nothing in this yet for you to fear, I believe, if you like thrills."

Another sigh of relief escaped her. "But, Mr. Kennedy," she blurted out rapidly, "I didn't kill Lola—and I'm sure Ev didn't. He couldn't. I don't know who did. I haven't even any suspicion that is worth while."

"That's nothing for you to worry about," he said frankly, as if it were an opportunity to get across something that had been long on his mind. "But, even if the government doesn't try to hold you on this murder, they have got to do something about the rum-running."

There was a gasp from Judy. Then quickly, "What does that mean—pay a fine?"

"Perhaps—if you come clean—help the authorities clear things up. It always helps."

"But it seems so disloyal to squeal."

"I can't see any special brand of loyalty that has been handed out to you, since you mention it. Someone of them got you in bad with the case of hootch hidden in your car—then tipped the enforcement officers off about you. Do you call that loyalty, playing the game? They even planted things on the 'Gigolo' that connected you up with the rum plot and so on, even if the other hadn't worked. No one has troubled much about coming to your help when you got into trouble and, as far as they knew, disappeared, has he?" added Kennedy pointedly.

"Or she, either," acquiesced Judy bitterly. "Yes, I know all that—and it hurts. I wouldn't have been like that with the others, any of them. . . . But if telling the truth and coming clean will help Ev Barr, I'll do all I can!"

Kennedy recognized it as her way of throwing herself on the mercy of the court as far as he was concerned and was gratified. It had been what he wanted, this frame of mind in her. Best of all, she was doing it voluntarily, not as a stool pigeon would have done.

Chapter XI.

THE RUM CASTLE

IT HAD been impossible for us to follow on shore those who had been on the "All Alone" and it was equally impossible to follow those on the hi-jacker. There were so many places where they could have landed after the piracy went through. All Kennedy could do was what he had done—notify McNaught and have his forces watch as best they could.

Down at Highlands, when we arrived, bootleg "hucksters," as they were called, were not inclined to be talkative. Some dories were chugging about in the forenoon, however, seemingly in preparation for trips at night. The boastfulness of the past weeks when the same breed of lawbreakers had been landing thousands of cases seemed to have disappeared.

Still, as Kennedy went among the old-style fisher folk along the docks preparatory to meeting McNaught on the "All Alone," I found it an interesting study of rags to riches. Some of them had indeed been getting rich, as rich as if each had found Captain Kidd's treasure or used a can-opener to crack Davy Jones's locker. It was hard to realize that nowadays there was wealth in a greasy fishing smack. These people were queer *nouveaux riches.*

I recall that we found one tattered old clam digger from the Shrewsbury who had come over for curiosity. He was frayed and there were holes in his boots—to let the water *out,* he said with a dry smartness as I looked over at the icy tide. That was the class of them; yet they all had money, not dollars, but thousands.

"What's your business in summer, skipper?" asked Craig.

"Wa-al, we fish—and we run rum," came frankly.

"What do you do in winter?"

A grin. "Wa-al, we don't fish!"

I saw Kennedy's purpose in this seeming waste of time. It was from this old codger, after gaining his confidence, that we learned that Barr and the rest of the kid-glove rum-runners must have been put ashore in the cold gray dawn by Barr's crew whom he left on the "All Alone" in quite the condition that the name of his boat indicated. What had happened undoubtedly was that Barr's party had immediately broken up, each going a separate way. But where? I saw that Craig was looking at Judy from the corner of his eye. Might she know where Ev Barr was at least? Would she tell?

The "All Alone" was moored at the end of the dock. At last the time came when Kennedy could no longer delay going aboard, much as he was inclined not to come into the open but to pick up facts from the gossip of these people. Besides, McNaught was signalling. He had come up from below, quizzing the crew, and caught sight of us.

AS WE went over the side Judy was visibly agitated at the sight of McNaught. It was one thing to talk about a revenue man; quite another to meet him.

"I suppose, Miss Hancock, this looks like just an old rusty tub to you now without your friends aboard it. There's not much glamor to it, is there?" pursued McNaught.

Judy listened and watched him speculatively. "No, Mr. McNaught, there isn't. It—it's too much like returning to the scene of the crime—I mean the rum-running, you know." Hastily.

"Well, that's why I wanted you brought down here," he said firmly. "You knew Captain Ryder Smith," he changed the subject suddenly. She nodded. "Of course you did," he went on, "out on Long Island. But what about it down here? He has disappeared, just dropped out of sight, as it were. Now we're going to pick his trail up here. I mean by that we're going to start here to locate him. I have been quizzing this crew. I have learned some things. They confirm what I already have learned from another source."

McNaught was looking at her sharply and she was watching him with that open-eyed air that a girl sometimes assumes, seeming beautiful but dumb until such time as a man lets slip something that banishes the inferiority complex and makes her master of the situation by changing the subject altogether. Only in this case it was McNaught who was master as a detective and this little girl knew it without knowing it.

"You see, it's this way," resumed McNaught. "Every one of these rum-running boats has a sending and receiving Radio set which puts the boat in communication with their central station on their short wave length."

He paused, watching Judy. She winced. "Well, of course, I was communicating with the 'All Alone' on our own set," she said quickly. "I have told Mr. Kennedy all about that."

"I don't mean that and I don't mean the 'All Alone.' What I mean is this other fleet. If you had belonged to the other fleet you probably wouldn't have been hi-jacked. But you were scabs; you didn't belong to the union. Now, they know you. They would be perfectly willing to take you into the union, so to speak, if you asked. Perhaps the hi-jacking was just discipline, whatever the personal motives on the surface may have been. They might even discuss a settlement—"

"But, Mr. McNaught, I don't want to get into the union, as you call it. I don't even want a settlement. All I want is to get out of the whole thing—and get Ev out too."

"Then you'll have to go deeper into it to get out of it!" he snapped.

Judy merely stared blankly again.

"NOW, Miss Hancock, I am going to tell you something. I'm going to tell you a little bit about what we call the Radio Trouble Wagon. After that you may change your mind about some

thing. Maybe you don't know it but we had begun to get a line on you, only we dropped that for a bigger game. The method we use to locate an unidentified broadcasting station is simple, after all.

"It is a characteristic of a loop-operated Radio receiver to get signals most loudly when the loop is pointing directly at the station transmitting. This fact is familiar to all who have owned such sets. Now, if the operator has no idea of where the station to which he is listening is, but merely swings the loop until reception is strongest, he will learn that the station is in one of two directions —that is, either edge of the loop points toward it. A line drawn on a map will make a record of this, though it will not show the distance from transmitter to receiver. It is the principle on which the ship Radio compass or direction-finder is based.

"Now, if the set is carried to another spot a few miles away and another line plotted on the map in the same manner, the two lines will cross when extended. The point of intersection will approximate very closely the location of the transmitter. The receiver may then be taken to the point, after which a little time spent in cruising in the wagon will lead the operator directly to the transmitter. Now, you know there is such a central location."

"Yes; I have heard about it, Mr. McNaught, but, honest, I have never been there."

"But you are going there. I know where it is. They will not think it strange if you go there. I cannot go until we are ready to crash it. But you can go, ostensibly to join with them. If they accept you, talk with you, then you can learn where Captain Ryder Smith is. I'll lose his trail, even if I crash it and get them all."

"But, Mr. McNaught, I—"

"No buts, Miss Hancock. I am giving Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jameson minute directions how to find the place. If you want to go free of this thing and make it easy for your friend, Ev Barr, when we get him, go with Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jameson there. Pose as representing Ev Barr. Offer to join with them. They will welcome Barr's influence and connections. Get them talking. You will get a line on Captain Ryder Smith. For he is in the ring—sometimes —unless he gets a good independent contract like that with Ev Barr. And even then, I suspect, he is in the ring. You will do it?"

"Yes—Mr. McNaught." There was no great enthusiasm in Judy's answer. But the tone indicated she would do her best.

HALF an hour later in Kennedy's sport car we pulled up before a mansion on the crest of the Highlands overlooking the ocean and, I am sure, with a view from the tower of the bay in the other direction.

"Why, Craig," I remarked under my breath, "this is a castle!"

"A Rum Castle," he muttered. "It used to be the summer home of an actor you and I have seen many times. But now—well, I wonder if we look enough like a couple of rum racketeers to get by with them? Here goes!" Craig pressed the buzzer.

A huge chap who looked like a bouncer in one of the old dance halls finally opened the door. "Well," he growled, "what do yer want?"

Kennedy turned easily to Judy. "Judy," he said, "this is your party. You tell him."

"You know Eversley Barr?" she began.

"Naw!" He shook his head. But we knew he knew.

"We were with him—are yet. We got into trouble with the revenuers, got hijacked, everything. So we've come to see how we can go into the game—right —the next time. Wonderful connections here with the banks and in Nassau, too."

He narrowed his eyes. "Yeh—society rum-runners!" he scowled, then with a sarcastic laugh. "Why didn't you come here first, before you went in?"

"Oh, we thought we knew the game. But we're learning."

"I s'pose money don't mean nothin' to bloods like youse!" He was accepting us at face value. "C'mon in." He closed the door as we entered and bolted it and I saw that he was anything but a butler. He was one higher up, anyway. "Now, spill the chatter."

"In the first place, you see we have a tanker down here at the dock. There's nothing on her. They've got to release her." Kennedy took quick advantage of Judy's opening. "Of course I can't agree to terms alone. But we came to arrange a meeting with your people and Barr. Can it be done?"

The man was still appraising Kennedy. "Anything can be done—if you guys play the game. When shall it be? No harm in talking things over."

"Tonight if you say. Name your own time and place."

"All right. The Exclusive. Tonight. Eleven o'clock."

"Done. We'll be there."

"Big Boy!" It was a girl's voice, down the hall. I thought there was something familiar about it, but could not place it, so I presumed I was mistaken.

He got up, shook his head at us to wait and started down the hall. Kennedy turned quickly and tried the front door. It was a trick bolt. Only Big Boy knew the secret. We were locked in.

A moment and he was coming back to us. His eyes never moved from us a moment.

"Now what was that you was sayin' about the All Alone?" he resumed in a business-like tone.

"I was saying it was Ev Barr's boat, my partner under cover," replied Kennedy easily. "But I would never run it in again this way."

"No skirts on it," frowned Big Boy. "Skirts on shore is all right." He put emphasis on the last two words.

"It's not only that," Kennedy passed the remark over lightly. "But I will never sail that tanker again without the right captain. Now Cap'n Ryder Smith—"

"You said somep'n!"

"Yes. But where is Ryder Smith? How can we get him?"

BIG BOY'S eyes were focused sharply on Kennedy. "You want to get Ryder Smith, eh?" He poked his head forward stretching the wrinkles on the back of his bull neck.

"It's Cap'n Ryder Smith or I quit Ev Barr," asserted Kennedy, positively.

Big Boy crooked his finger. "C'mon down to the mess room while I telephone out to that Gravel Works in Mount Sinai. You know the game—what you can tow into the city under, say, eight hundred yards of gravel?"

We followed him down the hall to what had once been the splendid all-wood paneled dining room of the old-time matinee idol. It was now a bar, a private bar. But it was the drawing room that we passed that interested me most. The most conspicuous feature of the drawing room was its armament, sawed-off shotguns, sub-machine guns, tear gas bombs and a variety of large pistols. A little reception room off the front hall had disclosed the Radio apparatus. Later I learned of telescopes mounted in the cupola observation tower.

"Have a ball at the bar while I telephone the Gravel Works," waved Big Boy leaving us.

Kennedy nodded and started behind the bar to help us, not for a moment taking his eyes off Big Boy who was passing through the door to what looked like a former butler's pantry where there was a wall telephone. Big Boy was several feet from the door when I saw it slowly shut as if in a draught of wind. But it did not bang.

Kennedy motioned for me quickly to turn the knob.

"Locked!" I whispered back. "It won't turn! Trapped!"

Kennedy tried the knob of a door on the other side of the little bar. It opened "Come on, quick; let's see if we can open a window!"

Judy and I were close behind him in a passageway at the end of which was a window that must have been only a few feet above the ground.

We were scarcely half way to it when it seemed as if the very floor of the corridor gave beneath us as if hinged at the point where we had opened the door. It was like some of those things one sees in amusement parks. We suddenly found ourselves on a slide precipitated down into a cellar that was really like a great cave in the side of the hill for liquor storage.

We landed in a heap at the foot of the slide, Kennedy and I breaking the fall for Judy who never uttered even a scream. As Kennedy advanced a couple of paces into the murky cobwebby darkness I turned and gave Judy a hand, pulling her to her feet, only to feel her little hand slip out of mine as she brushed past me under one of the arches of the cellar before I knew it.

I turned quickly after Judy. There my eyes scarcely yet accustomed to the darkness could just about make out three shadowy forms and three pairs of guns levelled at Kennedy.

It was then I saw little Judy, slender arms outstretched as her long coat flew widely open, her wild eyes facing the six murderous gats where she had suddenly catapulted herself between them and Kennedy.

Instinctively I reached for my own gun on my hip and as my fingers gripped it I was just about to swing it up and get a bead on one of the figures when I felt a terrific blow. My gun was knocked a dozen feet away on the soggy floor far beyond my reach and a burly Swede was towering over me.

"You'll have to shoot me first, men!" rang out Judy's clear voice. Mr. Kennedy did not come to get you. I brought him here—and it's Ryder Smith we're after—not you! He's not in the Castle. Where is he?"

WHAT happens when the lights go out, and the new perils that face Craig Kennedy and Jameson in their search for the murderer of Lola Langhorne will be continued in the February issue of Radio Digest. Be sure to get your copy.

Good Old School Days

Old school mates are always meeting each other for "The first time since . . ." in the NBC studios. The latest meeting occurred when Volney Hurd, Radio editor of the Christian Science Monitor, whose offices are in Boston, wandered into an RKO Hour rehearsal. Leo Reisman, conductor of the RKO orchestra deserted his stand to greet Hurd. They went to school together and had not seen each other in years.

Montegle Schemes New Ways to Rob

MYSTERY HOUSE

of the Denby Jewels and Kidnaps Brooke's Niece as Margot Disappears

RANSOME RENWICK, the great criminologist, once more had frustrated the fiendish plans of the arch criminal, Professor Montegle. His uncanny appearance at the nick of time apparently had saved Margot Hemmingway and the nightclub girl, Sally, from almost certain death in the home of the desperado. Then, phantom-like—Renwick seemed once more to be swallowed by the cosmos of the great city. Phillips Brooke retired to the shadows of the old Denby home, which now had become more of a Mystery House than ever, and Margot and Sally were safe in Margot's apartment.

Desperate and vicious, Montegle struck again in his effort to gain control of Mystery House where the Denby treasure of gold and jewels were believed to be hidden. And this time Renwick had been unable to frustrate the wicked plot. Brooke came upon his most faithful companion, Johnny Walker, brutally murdered. The war was on. Now he would drive Montegle into a corner and kill him, yes and the whole cutthroat gang that ranged through that section of the New York waterfront with him.

Not satisfied with invading and prowling through the old house Montegle had discovered that a little grandchild of the old renegade, Denby, lived in a mid-western town. By assuming the name of young Brooke he inveigled the mother to send the child to New York for a visit. And Alice was abducted from the train by Fragoni, Montegle's murderous henchman.

"And if you want me own opinion about the whole matter," said Fragoni a little later to his chief, "this kidnapping is a state prison offence and we're in real danger."

"You getting cold feet now, Fragoni?" asked Montegle.

"Well, I didn't think it smart the way you changed the plans and made me take the kid off the train the way I did. What's the big idea in calling me up at the station for that? I don't get it."

"Call you up, man, you must be crazy. I never called you up?"

"No? Who did then? It was somebody with your voice and who said it was you. So I gets on the western flyer at Newark, spots the kid makin' friends wid everybody on the car an' takes her off at Manhattan Transfer with everybody givin' me the big look over an' I rushes her back to Newark, an' Lefty takes us in a machine through the Holland tunnel, and right up to the house."

"You must be one colossal fool, Fragoni. I can't comprehend such idiotic business."

"Well ain't you the boss, an' ain't I followin' orders?"

"Nonsense. I never phoned to you at all and I think you are lying to me. It may have been some one pretending to be me who called you—Brooke maybe. Well when they begin the big hunt for this little girl there are plenty of people who will be able to give a grand description of Mr. Fragoni with scarred cheeks."

"That's what I was thinkin,' boss, an' that's why I say let's get rid of her. She ain't nothin' but bad luck as long as we keep her."

"Just one more reason besides a murder or two that the police will be wanting you for. Where is the little heiress? Bring her in. And we'll not mention names."

Fragoni lumbered awkwardly out of the room to reappear almost immediately leading a big-eyed little girl who seemed slightly bewildered by her new and strange experiences, and yet well bred enough to hold her poise.

"Alice," said Montegle, introducing himself in a friendly manner, "You are going to visit with me here for a little while, and I hope we shall be good friends."

"Then are you my Uncle Brooke?" asked Alice. "I know you are not really my uncle but mother said for me to call you that anyway."

"That will be just fine, Alice. You call me Uncle Brooke and I will call you Alice. We will get along splendidly. I am going to ask you a few questions and then the big man who is to take care of you will take you for a walk in the park."

EMERGING from the gloom cast over his spirits by the death of his good friend, Johnny Walker, young Phillips Brooke took a look over his household and decided that he must engage another trustworthy man. Williams, the valet, could not be asked to share the full responsibility of guarding the place when the master of the house found it necessary to be absent.

"A good cook is what we need," Brooke declared to his faithful servitor. "An able man who not only can cook but can act efficiently in an emergency."

Shortly thereafter Pierre, a voluble French chef, became conspicuous about the place. And, while there was absolutely nothing in his appearance to betray that he was other than exactly what he seemed and pretended to be, a skilled observer might possibly have noted a certaining familiar nasal inflection in the tone of his voice. And a bit of reflection would have aroused the suspicion that the voice belonged to none other than the volatile criminologist. Ransome Renwick.

With Pierre established Brooke resumed his plans to bring to justice the murderers of his late friend, Johnny Walker. The Denby diamonds which had caused the onslaughts of Montegle and his gang were hidden away in Margot Hemmingway's town house. The house had been thoroughly equipped with burglar alarms on every door and window.

"A telegram, Mr. Brooke," said Williams after he had answered the bell at the door. Brooke ripped open the envelope and read this message:

"Mr. Robert Brooke, New York. Have not yet received your wire confirming Alice's arrival. Is she well? Would like to hear from you both. Natalie Denby."

"What does this mean, Williams?" Brooke gasped in surprise. "Why, it's the first time I have heard of the child since she was an infant. What on earth can her mother mean by this message?"

In a flash it came to him that this was another one of the devilish schemes of Professor Montegle to gain control of Mystery House. Another reason for searching out and killing this villainous fiend!

Hardly had they read the message when the bell rang again and Sergeant Hanrahan was admitted. Now that Johnny Walker had been eclipsed from the scene it was on Sergeant Hanrahan that Brooke depended mainly for armed protection against his enemies under the leadership of Professor Montegle. He directed Williams to call Margot and advise her that he would be there to explain to her the latest developments in the conspiracy to gain control of the old Denby mansion.

IN THE meantime Margot and Sally were getting better acquainted and exchanging confidences.

"This is the nicest joint I ever was in as a guest," said Sally as she looked down from the high apartment window at the broad waterway of the Hudson rolling down to the sea.

"I had hoped you would like it," smiled Margot.

They came to the subject of the Denby diamonds and Margot told her how they were hidden and now were protected by complicated burglar alarms.

"Burglar alarms are mere child's puzzles for Montegle," said Sally.

Margot laughed at her fears and urged her to come for a stroll in the park. But Sally said she would rather not go out. Then Margot decided to go for the walk by herself.

Walking along one of the little side lanes she discovered a small girl apparently alone except for a squirrel which had perched on her shoulder and was cracking a nut.

The little girl explained that she had named some of the squirrels that were scampering about and that she was waiting for her guardian to bring some more nuts for them.

"So they really have names," smiled Margot, "do tell me about them."

"Well, the two tan ones that look just alike are called Franklin and Simon," said the child. Then after she had pointed them all out and told their names Margot said:

"Certainly, but look my dear, are you all alone here in the park? You seem so small."

"Oh no, Uncle Brooke's friend is with me. He went for the peanuts."

"How strange that your uncle's name should be Brooke, is that your name, too?"

"Oh, no, my name is Alice Denby."

"Alice Denby?"

Then musing over the combination of names—Brooke and Denby—Margot asked:

"What is your Uncle Brooke like?"

"He's tall. He has funny things in the house and—"

(Continued on page 125)

Sen Kaney

(Continued from page 16)

A UKE was shoved into his hands and he was rushed to the microphone. A half hour of song and music followed, and the fans listening in showed their approval with letters. That was the beginning of Sen Kaney, entertainer as well as announcer. The demand for his services grew and grew until he found that he was spending more time in the broadcasting studios than he was in his offices as a grain and commission broker. Finally, the decision had to be made, and the trade lost a promising broker while Radio gained one of her foremost announcers.

Now in the early days of Radio, an announcer was only an announcer. Altogether he was a rather mechanical sort of individual, whose principal job in life was to read into the microphone something someone else had written. While that condition exists today on regularly routined programs, there are many events where announcers must ad lib, or in other words, use their own judgment as to what goes out over the air.

It was while Radio was still in the infant stage that Sen began his work, and an announcer was not expected to inject his own personality into his work. Perhaps it was the fear of becoming a lifeless "cog" which set Sen Kaney wondering, or perhaps it was his natural rebellion against monotony that he had spent his life battling, but in any event, he registered a strong "howl" over the role in which he had been cast.

Sen filed his complaint in a rather forceful manner one day when he had been called into the office of Wilson Wetherbee, then director of KYW, who was also to later join the staff of the NBC, to discuss the work of the preceding night.

"Sen," said Wetherbee, "you sounded unusually dead last night."

"Dead," Kaney exploded, "How can I help sounding dead when I'm not permitted to live?"

"I know what you mean," Wetherbee replied, after a moment, "You don't like somebody else to do all your thinking for you. Am I right?"

"You are."

"WELL, I've decided to make a few changes. Tonight when you announce the midnight revue, the studio director will give you only the names of the performing artists and the selections they will present. You can make your own announcements. In other words, I want you to be part of the show. You can sense what's going on about you. Tell the listener about it. Let the world know what's happening in the studio and let's see what happens."

That conference marked the beginning, in the West at least, of the so-called "informal" announcing. During the midnight revue that evening, a stray cat wandered into the studio. Kaney immediately seized upon this as human interest material. He told the world something to the effect that he thought everything was going to be all right, because the studio cat had just come in bringing with him several stars from a well known musical comedy playing in Chicago.

During the next few days there came to the station a deluge of mail. The majority of the listeners wanted to know the name of the announcer . . . . for that was in the days before announcers were considered important enough to give their names at the end of the program. Several fans sent Kaney stuffed cats. Overnight Sen had become a personality instead of just a voice.

Kaney's new position in the eyes of Radio fans brought naturally enough, added responsibilities. He had to realize that although the studio director would supply him with the facts in the case, it was his work to present those facts to the public in the most acceptable way. I mean, in short, that he had to be versatile, for each day in a broadcasting studio presents new problems most of them without precedent. Perhaps in one evening he would be called upon to introduce a prominent speaker, the artists appearing on a classical program or popular stars appearing in a jazz revue. Each of the preceding programs called for a different style of announcing and it was Kaney's job to develop that style.

INFORMAL announcing, as it is called, is much more difficult than formal Radio presentations. In the latter, the announcer has only to read what has been prepared for him, while in the former he must tell his own story and tell it for the first time. Formal announcing requires rehearsals, but the informal kind requires even more, for the announcer has nothing except his own glibness and sense of fitness to guide him. Today this style of announcing is used for the most part only during sports events, in reporting spot news events—such as the landing of the Graf Zeppelin, Presidential Inaugurations, world's series and other news events, but it is in these that most widely known announcers have won their reputations, and it is in this type of broadcast that Kaney still excels.

By the time Radio had become well established in Chicago, Kaney was the acknowledged "guiding genius" of his station. Elaborate programs were arranged. Famous stage and movie stars contributed their talents to the etheral concerts—and all with the dominating personality of Sen Kaney hovering about.

Before many months had passed, Sen was flooded with offers from every section of the country, to go on the stage—take charge of other stations and what not. Prospective offers ran into several figures, and Kaney found himself blinking in a new calcium of public favor—and a new experience for him.

Finally his public demanded to see him in person and he was ordered to act as master of ceremonies for a week's run at one of Chicago's leading theatres.

"I didn't know what it was all about," Sen recalls, "but I went on over and saw the manager. He explained that they had a bit of entertainment arranged and wanted me to announce the artists from the stage just as it is done from the studio.

"'Go home and get into your tuxedo,' the manager ordered, 'and be back in an hour ready to go on.'

"I went home, hopped into my soup and fish and was back in an hour ready for the worst. And believe me, the worst came, for the curtain went up and some one said, 'GO ON.'

"Wow! That's about all I did do—but to go on. When I stepped out on the stage in front of some 2,000 people and also in front of a terrifically bright spotlight that scared me half to death, I forgot all I had to say. So this was being an actor. Holy smoke!

"FINALLY, collecting myself enough to say something, I told the folks in the theatre just how I felt. That for more than a year I had been talking to countless thousands of Radio listeners from the quiet of our studios, where I couldn't see my audience and they couldn't see me.

"Well, when they saw that coming out and meeting several thousand people face to face was an entirely different matter, and that I was having a bad case of stage fright, they laughed, and I felt more at home. I realized then that everything was all right and tore into a lot of gab."

That was Kaney's stage debut and he was so successful that vaudeville houses demanded almost all of his extra time. He did manage to work in a little time with motion pictures and before long his face was almost as familiar to the great American public as his voice.

The growth in the number of Kaney followers was almost phenomenal. There is no doubt that he was the most popular announcer in the country at that time, and there wasn't a Radio fan that didn't idolize him.

About that time WJAZ was sold and WGN was established in Chicago and the owners, wishing to "pull" an audience, went after Kaney as chief announcer. The offer was so flattering that even he couldn't resist, and he made the switch.

Then followed one of the greatest miracles that has ever been accomplished in Radio. Kaney followers were faithful to him and almost to a man—or woman or child—they followed him over to WGN. In other words, he created a following of Radio listeners who showed their preference — correspondence told the tale—of Kaney's announcing and chatty talks about the programs for which he acted as a master of ceremony. This was something new to Radio and something that to the knowledge of the writer has never been repeated.

Sen was made program manager at WGN and under his supervision it became one of the outstanding stations of the country. There he inaugurated some of the outstanding feats of broadcasting.

ONE of Kaney's greatest successes in those days was the first broadcast of the famous 500 mile international sweepstake automobile races at Indianapolis. This feat was accomplished from a pit alongside the famous brick oval and brought him an avalanche of praise from all parts of the country, and sent his reputation up another notch.

Baseball, football, fights, hockey, horse-races, auto races, outstanding news events—these became Kaney's "meat" and the millions of the middle west who depend upon the ether waves to keep them in immediate touch with the world came to know him as Radio's foremost reporter.

But after a year Sen was called back to this old station, and resumed his role of chief announcer and entertainer. It was from there that one night in the summer of 1925 that cupid went riding on the Radio waves and Miss Vera DeJong of St. Louis, one of the belles of that old metropolis and the daughter of a socially prominent family, was captivated by his voice.

She didn't write to him, but she did listen in religiously when he was on the air. Then she came to Chicago to visit friends. There was an evening party and the hostess suggested Radio music. She asked what station Miss DeJong preferred to hear.

"KYW," was the prompt reply. "There's an announcer there that I'm wild about."

The next evening the hostess, who knew the staff at the station, invited the St. Louis belle to a dinner, and next to her sat Sen Kaney himself.

A few days later Kaney called the studio director and said he would not be at work that day, maybe, if it was all right.

"What's wrong, Sen? Not under the weather?"

"Naw," came the rejoinder over the

wire. "Married."

That was July 14, 1925, and today the Kaney's have a beautiful apartment home almost overlooking Lake Michigan in Rogers Park, and spend their home hours playing with a golden haired little girl who has since become a very important member of the family.

IT WAS just before the birth of his daughter that Sen thought he was tired of broadcasting and went with Mrs. Kaney to St. Louis for a rest. He spent several months "just loafing" and enjoying himself. Then one bright autumn day he "got the bug" again and hopped a train for Chicago.

Many of his old friends from KYW were associated with the Chicago division of the NBC by that time, and it was there that Kaney landed.

"I just stuck around until they had to give me a job," he grins, recalling the incident. "In fact, I stayed so long that they began to regard me as part of the staff and some one finally got me on the payroll."

That was the start of a come-back that established another record for Radio. Sen had been "off the air" for six months, but the minute his voice began to go out again, this time over a wide network of stations rather than just one, his old friends welcomed him and new friends flocked to him in legion.

Before long he was announcing all of the Chicago NBC programs, writing continuity, doing production work and planning programs. As the division grew he was made chief announcer and continued to multiply the number of his followers.

Letters came pouring in from the Atlantic coast and the Pacific coast; from the remote regions of the Canadian subarctic and the tropical cities of the Florida keys, as well as from hundreds of thousands of his old friends in the middle-west. Radio critics welcomed his return in almost every journal in the country and the clipping bureaus almost smothered him in a deluge of newspaper comment.

Kaney warmed to this reception and worked like a trojan. Last May when his old boss Wetherbee decided to get out of broadcasting to enter the plumbing manufacturing business, Kaney was called in as assistant to the manager of the Chicago division. Because his new duties took up all of his time, other announcers were given the shows he had been working. But immediately Mr. and Mrs. Radio Fan and all the little Radio Fans set up such a clamor and cry that Sen found out that he just couldn't quit —so he was given enough time off to announce two or three of the most important of his old shows each week.

Now he often arrives at his desk at nine o'clock in the morning, pitches in and works all day, with hardly a minute off for food, not leaving the studios until after ten or eleven o'clock at night when his show is off the air.

Popular? Sen Kaney? Don't take my word for it—just ask any Radio fan in whatever section of the country you may happen to be.

Perfect Jack Little

(Continued from page 9)

You're asking, "What's this Little Jack Little like, now that he's king of the air, and monarch of a small domain, and still not yet thirty years old?"

He's really little. Jack says that's usually surprising to listeners who are used to "eighty pound tenors" who actually weigh nearer three hundred.

He's five feet four inches tall, although he doesn't impress one as being short, he's so compactly built, and so well proportioned. His features are not small; rather they are beautifully moulded in almost classic contours. His head and shoulders in pictures make him appear as a tall man, although they are not in the least disproportionate to his size.

Jack was born in London. There's the freshness of the English complexion in his ruddy coloring, blond hair, and blue eyes. There's the English love of a good tailor in him, too, that makes him carry three wardrobe trunks full of clothes with him on the vaudeville tour of Publix theatres that he's been making since October and which will last through the middle of January when he plans to take a vacation unless the booking offices demand that he keep right on with the tour until late in the Spring. If he wins, WLW audiences will hear him again for several weeks.

After every stage appearance, Little Jack Little changes his clothes completely before he comes on the stage again. He says it's because he exerts so much effort in his performance that he's wet with perspiration before he leaves the piano. Tea Little says it's because he likes to change clothes, likes to work out perfect costumes, that he has so many changes of apparel.

WHILE I talked to her about the absent Jack, a messenger from the best of Cincinnati's clothiers came to the door with a box.

"My husband has been ordering more shirts. I want to see them," she said, pulling off the wrappings. She found a half-dozen custom-made striped shirts in different colors, each marked inside the collar with an embroidered label: "Little Jack Little."

In his closet hung four dressing gowns and several suits that Tea said Jack hadn't considered worth taking with him. They looked like new to me. I couldn't help thinking of Mayor Jimmy Walker and his much-advertised wardrobe. (I made a mental note to find out how many suits Jack owns.) The closet shelves were lined with hat boxes, shoes on trees, and boxes that seemed to contain more shirts. Tea put away a pile of monogrammed, colored-bordered handkerchiefs she evidently had picked out of the laundry the maid had brought upstairs and had laid on the dresser in the midst of the silver monogrammed toilet set.

At the WLW studios, Jack is by far the most noticeably well-dressed entertainer. When he came back from London in the fall, he affected among other costumes, a brown wool suit, brown shoes, lavendar shirt, purple tie and handkerchief, and brown Homberg hat. In the early summer, his white suits and pastel shirts and ties were the despair of all the women at the studios striving to look cool and crisp in light clothes. In the winter, he wears a raccoon coat that takes five years from his age and puts him almost in the rah-rah class. He drives a Pierce-Arrow sport coupe: bright blue with red trim and red pin-seal upholstery.

You see, there's that same attention to detail and perfection in everything he does that is so evident in his performances. It continues to seem that this absolute rightness about him must be at the bottom of the charm that makes him a favorite with everyone who knows him.

ROBBED of the cloak of invisibility, so many Radio entertainers find their popularity wanes under the glaring light of propinquity.

Not so Little Jack Little.

Theatre audiences do not fail to exclaim in a delighted chorus when he walks out for his act. Studio visitors without exception say, "He must be a great little guy," if they're of that sex. Females cry, "Oh, isn't he cute," as females will. If more restrained, they say, "Oh, I think I'd like him awfully well."

They do, too. Women who have yearned over his voice coming to them through the loud speaker, would swoon with delight could they sit in the studio with him, or beside him on the piano bench, as guests sometimes do at the Little home. He's devastatingly attractive. The personality that puts him across for the Radio audience, is even more evident to a seeing audience. There are flashes of the eye, shakes of the head, smiles and half smiles, and a score of little gestures that help to make the songs he sings a perfect entertainment creation.

He plays the piano at home whenever he's working on a new idea or getting ready for a new act. "He thinks of nothing else," Tea revealed, although she admitted that sometimes he won't go near the piano for days. Even though he's the perfect host in every way (he adores having the whole house full of guests), he won't touch the piano to entertain his guests if he isn't in the mood. He never refuses to play. He just ignores the requests; seems not to hear the importuning. Perhaps that's not strange when one realizes that his entire Radio career has been based on the answering of requests, thousands in a night of four or five hours of broadcasting. He might possibly be tired of playing when and what people want to hear.

IN HIS home are three pianos. In the Georgian living room is a beautiful grand piano. He doesn't play on that very much. Up in his "studio" on the second floor, is the piano he uses most to compose on. It's a specially built upright piano, stippled in red and gold to match the gold pin-seal upholstery of the furniture, and the red and gold painted wooden chairs and desk.

It's a dream of a room—the kind a romantic girl fan would imagine as sufficiently alluring for her favorite Radio entertainer. The black wall paper, figured in red and gold and other brilliant colors, will be almost completely covered with autographed pictures of Jack's friends when they are all framed. It will be a gallery of Radio's most famous. The draperies at the long windows are gold leather like the divan and the upholstered chair. And it overlooks the two acres of gardens (illuminated at night by lights concealed under rocks and in clever arrangements of planting) sweeping out to a vista of valleys and hills that could be only a Cincinnati scene.

The cushions on the divan would send fifty thousand sentimental Radio fans into ecstatic hysteria. They're Little Jack Little cushions that might well start a souvenir fad. They're red morocco, painted with Little Jack Little's own emblems: his "Here 'tis" greeting; his "Yours Very Truly" signature; his musical signature, too, painted in notes and harmony on two clefs; and a picture of the grand piano downstairs. Then there's a very business-like looking desk with a French phone, red enameled, and a closet in which piles of music, pictures, correspondence, souvenirs, reach to the ceiling in neat piles.

IT MAY have been a shock to many Radio listeners—the designing ones, and the selfish ones—to learn that Little Jack Little is married. The Radio audience seems to feel that its idols must be wedded to their art alone.

Yet Jack will say without hesitation, and his friends will back him up in saying it, that his wife has been one of the greatest factors in his success. She manages all the business affairs connected with his entertaining. Someone responsible has to do it, and she never has to be fired for incompetence as so many managers might have been. She it is who has bullied theatre managers, written endless correspondence, stood up for Jack in numberless places where he never would have insisted on his own rights. When I was shown in the other afternoon, Tea was telling a recalcitrant theatre magnate exactly what she thought over the telephone while Panky-Poo, Jack's Pekingese dog, barked excited approval of her vehemence.

Ford Billings, director of the Crosley stations, paid a great compliment to her when I asked him how he accounted for Jack's phenomenal appeal.

"It's because Mrs. Little has listened to every one of his programs, and because she hasn't been afraid to give him plenty of constructive criticisms." Billings was evidently certain of his opinion.

"She represents the women of America to him. Never once has he allowed himself to sing a dirty song or make an off-color reference. Where other boys have let themselves get loose on the air to please a certain element of the audience, Jack has always hewn to the moral line. I doubt not that Mrs. Little is largely responsible for that."

TEA is small like Jack, almost the same size. Her skin is ivory white; her hair, jet black and curly. Her eyes are black, too, and large and snapping. She is not slim, not heavy, but opulently rounded. She dresses as exquisitely as she has made the twelve rooms of the new house.

Only once in nine years has she erred in her judgment of Jack.

When she furnished his bedroom in carved English furniture, and subdued dark blue and gold, she put two gorgeous French dolls on his bed for extra decoration. They had been made especially for the room. Jack rebelled. He threw the dolls out the door. Now they sit forlornly in a corner of Tea's room to be stared at in proud disdain by the three dolls of her own that sit in Directoire splendor on Tea's taffeta counterpane.

Everything about the house but those two dolls suits Jack. He was inordinately pleased with his "playroom" in the basement, fitted up a la the moment's mode with pseudo barroom furniture, minus the brass rail, and accoutered with great Indian wicker basket chairs. Some amused fan sent him an old slot machine for the room. Now Jack has great fun putting his own nickles into it.

"WE'VE got to have the 'old broken-down saloon piano'," Jack insisted with a determination that would have done credit to the thousands of fans who have begged and begged to have that piece repeated and re-repeated.

So when the Littles went to Europe last summer, they went to the home of Jack's grandmother and got the piano that he learned to play on when he was three years old. It's a respectable looking piano now, for it's been refinished. But it has the tone of an old piano, that mellow fullness that new pianos never have. It's his favorite, and he takes most of his guests down to the basement when he wants to entertain them.

Those listeners who have owned Radio receivers for eight years; who have followed Little Jack Little across the continent in his Radio jumps; who have heard him play for five hours at a stretch to answer all the requests that kept pouring in; who have watched him make long skips across country to fill vaudeville engagements; will be glad to know that he's to have comfort at last, and that a comfort that will not deprive them of any enjoyment. He plans to play only at station WLW where he can dash home and back with no inconvenience. He has his home, and he's frightfully happy in it.

He loves to take his coat off, put on red leather house slippers, and walk around gazing at his house in utter delight with a pretzel in one hand and a glass of Cincinnati's approximate-beer in the other.

"Isn't it great?" he gurgles. "Isn't it just too perfect."

And everyone who stops enjoying his enjoyment long enough, remembers that his own perfection made it all possible.

Salute Bold Pioneer!

(Continued from page 17)

jammed shut, but the husband reassures his wife as they cling together that they are more likely to be safe where they are, as the hotel is of steel structure and will stand where other buildings will crumble and fall. When they picture the desolation a little later you have called to mind all the pages of newspaper reports you read of the Tokio earthquake disaster—and Tokio or Japan have not been mentioned.

This is Radio showmanship up to date. Dramatic artists amid curtains of music fill your imagination with sensation. The invisible voices pulsing through the profound harmonies supply a timbre of human touch midway between the stage chorus and the orchestra pit and produce an effect indescribable. Caesar Sodero, director of the National Grand Opera, has done his work well in welding together these components of harmony in this new way. Special music had to be written and old songs revised. He was after illusions and he produced them as a master craftsman of Radio stagecraft.

There were no detached intermediary announcements. Podro de Cordoba, an actor of some renown, performed the delicate art of etching in connecting scenes and descriptions to give coherence to the whole.

And throughout that brilliant half-hour the forty friends of Mr. Mattson sat in speechless enchantment. Not one word had been spoken from beginning to end. Something new in broadcasting was taking place. They knew it and they said so later when gathered around the dining table in another room.

The Salute series is said by the National Broadcasting company to be the most costly regular program on the air today. Its preparation and production requires the entire time of a large staff. It is spread over a network that reaches from coast to coast.

Westinghouse has gone deep into this production with more than one new idea. It has eliminated all ballyhoo. You do not hear the trade name of "Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co." mentioned once. Merely as a matter of information you are told that it is a Westinghouse program.

Harbor Lights

(Continued from page 33)

TIMKINS (approaching — yawns sleepily): Aye—Cap'n Norton? Ye're back late—pretty near closin' time.

NORTON: Have ye seen or heard anything of my boy, Tom?

TIMKINS: What's the matter—ain't he home yet?

NORTON: No, he's not—I can't find hide nor hair of him.

TIMKINS (concerned): Well, well, now—don't look so good, does it. Maybe he'd stay the night in Brooklyn?

NORTON: He wouldn't do that—he carried lumber from Parmeley's over to the job every mornin'. . . . It's got me worried stiff.

TIMKINS: Let's see now—who—well, Cap'n Whitney's been on the harbor. Maybe he'd know somethin'.

NORTON: Nat Whitney? Did he come——

TIMKINS (laughs): Aye—Nat put back to port again—couple of hours ago. Rammed a hole in his bow making dock, do I hear. I calc'late he found the goin' too thick. Here he comes now.

NORTON: Nat!

WHITNEY (gruff): Lay a'port, ah—I don't feel like gassin' with you, nor anyone else.

NORTON: Ye got to listen. Nat. My boy Tom's failed to come home. Did ye see anything of him on the harbor—him or his sloop?

WHITNEY (Sudden flare): How the devil would I know anything o' your boy! (Suspicious note) And what are ye askin' me for? (Whining) Can't ye see I'm a sick man—somethin' I ate, I reckon. . . . I'm a sick man I tell ye—and I won't be questioned nor yammered at!

NORTON: Did ye see anything of my boy—that's all I'm askin' ye?

WHITNEY (tense): What's that!

TIMKINS: What's that—Nat?

WHITNEY (shivers): Ugh! Damn the luck that sails with fools! I didn't see yer boy . . . How could I? . . . I'm goin' home. Lemme pass.

TIMKINS: Set down Cap'n Norton—and the lad here. Bless ye, son—ye look tuckered out!

NORTON (gently): Sit in the chair, Jimmy.

TIMKINS: I calc'late Nat's had a might too much liquor.

NORTON: I don't see why ye sell him the rotton stuff, Timkins—when ye know how it takes him.

TIMKINS: Aye, I know—but what am I to do, Cap'n? After all, I'm in the business—and I tried cuttin' down his portions 'fore now. . . . He near wrecked the shop second time I done it. No. There ought to be some men comin' over from the city docks, right after midnight. If ye want to wait around maybe they'll know somethin' o' Tom or his vessel.

NORTON: I'll wait another hour—then I reckon I better try along the wharves again.

TIMKINS: Sure—and I'll go with ye, Cap'n. A couple o' men come in a while back. Wait and I'll go in the bar and see if there's any news.

NORTON (gently): Ye're near asleep, Jimmy lad. Rest yer head on the table if ye want to, that's it. (To himself, half under his breath) God—I keep seein' my boy—floatin' in water—beggin' me to help. Somethin's happened to him. He's been drinkin' the filthy gut-rot again. I've got to do somethin'—got to—

TIMKINS (approaching — awkward attempt at nonchalance): Some o' the boys come in just now from Coenties, Cap'n. Yeah. I don't know as it has any bearin'—but they tell me there was a sloop cut down in the harbor tonight.

NORTON: What! A—sloop? Where?

TIMKINS: Well—'twas down by the Narrows—quite a ways out o' Tom's course, I calc'late

NORTON: By the Narrows? Yes—that—that would be too far down—wouldn't it?

TIMKINS: I should think so. There's a man from the Harbor Master's office, on his way up, so they tell me. . . . He

may know more about it.

NORTON: For God's sake, find out, Tim!

VOICE: Hey, Tim! Joe Larson wants to see ye!

TIMKINS: Wait a shake, Cap'n!

NORTON: Tim! What is it?

TIMKINS: I'm afraid it's—it's bad news, Cap'n.

NORTON: What d'ye mean? Let's have it!

TIMKINS: One o' Sampson's steam tugs reported a wreck, this side o' the Narrows. They—seems they pulled a man out o' the water—drowned. Had his head cracked. They took his body up to the New York office.

NORTON (weakly): It couldn't—a been—Tom—that far down the bay.

TIMKINS: Here, Cap'n Norton—do ye reco'nize this?

NORTON: Good God! (Sharp cry) Tim! It's—it's—Tom's wallet! Where did ye—where—

TIMKINS: 'Twas in the drowned man's pocket, Cap'n.

NORTON: Oh—God. It's Tom.

TIMKINS: And I guess I better tell ye the rest of it, Cap'n Norton. They say Nat Whitney didn't hit the dock, comin' in. Anderson, the mate was on the wheel.

NORTON: What are ye tryin' to say, Tim?

TIMKINS: Well—I calc'late maybe it wasn't only the thick weather—made Nat turn back.

NORTON: Do ye mean to say—Nat Whitney run my boy down! Do ye mean to say—that drunken rat—killed my son!

TIMKINS: Easy now, Cap'n.

NORTON: Easy! Easy! I loved—my boy! Though he *was* a hard 'un to manage. My boy! Damn his liquor-rotten soul—Nat Whitney! Had no business sailin'—had no business bein' master of a ship—had no business goin' out, the night it was. The Lord's taken him to account—taken me to account for him! I'll serve him—I'll serve him—the way he served my boy! Get away!

CAPT.: I'll never forget that walk—though 'twas more of a run for me, stumblin' along at my Pa's heels, tryin' to keep from cryin'—afraid o' what was goin' to happen. Cap'n Nat Whitney lived in a small frame house—near the edge o' the cove, on the Narrow's side. . . . I can still see it in my mind—the rickety gate, and the loose board walk leadin' to the front door. There was a gale blowin' by then—rain comin' down—and I was just barely able to navigate.

JOE: What do you mean, Captain?

CAPT.: Well, I was a slip of a lad, as I told ye—and my Pa strode along—'bout three steps to my one—mutterin' to himself—never knowin' I was there, I reckon. I was just gettin' to the gate when I see him bang on the door. I heard a voice inside—and then Pa shoved the door open and it banged shut again.

JOE: What did you do?

CAPT.: I didn't know what to do. Jest stood there in the rain for a minute, listenin' to the bell-buoy down in the channel. Then I got up my nerve to go 'round to the side of the house and squint through a winder. Cap'n Whitney was standin' with his back to the fireplace and moving toward him was my Pa—his eyes blazin'.

WHITNEY: What's — what's the meanin' o' this! Get out, I tell ye! Why can't ye leave a sick man be!

NORTON: Ye'll be a sicker man when I get through with ye—Nat Whitney! (Mockingly) So ye didn't go out to meet the "Stornaway"—with all yer blowin'!

WHITNEY: Aye—what of it?

NORTON: Why did ye—put back—Cap'n Whitney?

WHITNEY: Fog was too thick—why else. Why else?

NORTON: Aye—why else? That's what I've come to ask ye. There was a sloop, cut down in the harbor, tonight.

WHITNEY: Well—well, what about it—?

NORTON: Plenty! You got a hole in the bow o' your boat, Cap'n Whitney. Was that why ye put back—because, in yer drunken handlin' o' the wheel, ye ran down a boat?

WHITNEY: Who says I ran down a boat? Who says it? Who's been talkin'?

NORTON: Yer own conscience has been talkin', Nat—I can read it as plain on yer face as if 'twas writ there. I can read it, 'long with every line o' weakness and fear and dissipation that's left in yer whiskey-soaked carcass! I said some day ye'd be called to account. This is the very minute!

WHITNEY: Big talk, Ab Norton! What if I did run down a sloop? What about it?

NORTON: Just this about it, Nat Whitney. It puts ye in with the rest o' them—men wanderin' the world over with the fear o' death in their eyes. Tryin' to get away from it—hearin' it in the shrouds at night—in every face ashore. Haunted men! Murderers—Nat Whitney!

WHITNEY: What are ye sayin'!—Stow that sort o' talk! Stop it, I tell ye!

Aye—what's that—voices, voices! Gad—I'm all atremble! I'm a sick man I tell ye. Leave me be! What if I did ram a boat—fog was heavy—who's accountable!

NORTON: You're accountable! You and your load o' Devil's rum! . . . You did cut down a boat?

WHITNEY: Aye—I—did . . .

NORTON: Ye cut down a life with it, Cap'n Whitney!

WHITNEY: What! Who—who—?

NORTON: Maybe ye remember—the curly-headed boy—used to come down to dock in New Bedford, with his Ma—wavin' to me—home from the sea? . . . Not so many years ago.

WHITNEY: Ab! Not—not—God, man!

NORTON: Aye—my first-born lad! Tom! TOM NORTON! Comin' home in his sloop—and ye cut him down! Ye cut him down!

WHITNEY: Abadiah . . . God help me—did I—do that!

NORTON: There! That's his wallet. That's what they took—out of his clothes. All that's come back to me—of the boy I loved! (Sobs.)

WHITNEY: God help me, Ab—I didn't know—I didn't—(Knock at door.) What's this! Ab—keep him out—keep him out!

NORTON: Who is it?

TOM: It's me—open—open.

NORTON: Stand away! TOM! TOM! It's you! You're not—dead!

TOM: Pa—help me—Pa. . . .

JOE: Who was it—not your brother, Captain?

CAPT.: Aye—'Twas Tom . . . torn and wet and draggled-lookin'. His eyes was starin' out of his head and I see Pa lift him up and put him on a couch to one side o' the room—and call Cap'n Whitney for brandy and bandages. Time I got around the house and into the room Pa was feedin' him the brandy while Cap'n Whitney held up his head. One o' Tom's arms hung limp and funny-like and there was blood on his chest. I'll never forget it—lamplight flickerin'—wind howlin'—and the buoy—down on Rockhead, tollin' away, like a funeral bell.

NORTON: Tom, lad—say somethin'!

TOM: I'm tryin' to tell you, Pa. . . . I left the yards in Brooklyn—usual time. Took that Swede feller along with me—Hanson—who does the mason work We'd both been drinkin' some—'fore we started. If ye'll forgive me, Pa——

NORTON: I'm not thinkin' o' that now, lad . . . Go on—what then?

TOM: We was still drinkin' when we put out—and 'bout half way across—we got fightin' for what was—what was left in the bottle. Ah! It'll always be in my head, Pa! Hanson got ugly—took his knife out and made a lunge for me. . . . Then I had to do it—it was self-defense, Pa. . . . I hit him with the bottle hard, I reckon—'cause he slumped down in the boat. . . . Time I could give a hand to him again—he just stayed slumped there—like—like a bag o' flour. Can I have another drink, Pa? I'm feelin' pretty badly bunged up.

WHITNEY: Here y'are, lad—raise yer head a mite! Drink this!

NORTON: Thank ye, Nat.

TOM: Then I got panicky—I reckon. Figgered I'd killed him. Fog was comin' down, but I tacked about and headed for the Narrows—I don't know what I had in my mind—to land some'eres on the Jersey side—make a run for it. . . . I put my wallet and stuff in his pockets—to throw off suspicion . . . I was just easin' into the wind—when—when—

WHITNEY: What, lad?

TOM: When this schooner came bearin' down out o' the fog—right on top o' me! Sloop crashed and went under—and next thing I knew I was swimmin' or tryin' to swim. . . . Right arm was busted—and something wrong with my hip. . . . But I made shore—down below here—by Rockhead. (Fainter) I guess I been there—a long time. Then I found my way—up here. . . . That's all.

NORTON: Thank the Good Lord—for keepin' ye alive, Tom! Thank God! Jimmy! Quick—run down to "The Anchor"—rout out Mr. Timkins and tell him to bring the doctor. That's a good lad—I know ye're weary—but ye're a stout-hearted young soldier. Run now. Don't forget Tom's in bad shape.

WHITNEY: He's sleepin' Ab . . . Abadiah—I can't tell ye how I—feel—

NORTON: It's all right, Nat—now. I reckon it's been a summat different accountin' from what I thought.

WHITNEY: It's been a—a close tack to hell for me, Ab. . . . God help me—I'll never touch another drop o' hard liquor so long as I live. I swear it!

NORTON: Good, Nat!

WHITNEY: And I wonder, if we couldn't be—well both of us is gettin' on in years, Ab—and—what's the use o'——

NORTON: Shake, Nat . . . We can be friends, if ye say so—stead o' fightin' each other for the rest of our days. What d'ye say?

WHITNEY: Aye—friends, Ab.

CAPT.: That's the end o' the story, Joe. They was good friends ever after that. My Pa died—in Cap'n Nat Whitney's arms—long years after.

JOE: And your brother, Tom?

CAPT.: Aye—pulled through, though it left him with a gimp to his right leg.

JOE: Well, that was quite a story, Captain Jimmy. How many yarns have you got in that head of yours, anyway?

CAPT.: A good many, son, I reckon. Seafarin' in the old days was real adventurin', ye know. Every day the beginnin' or the endin' o' some sort o' story. Besides which—I been livin' quite a spell beyond my time—quite a spell. And there goes the whistle—and we're comin' in. Up forrard with ye!

JOE: Well, I'll see you next week, Captain. . . . Goodnight!

CAPT.: Goodnight, son . . . take care o' yerself.

JOE: I will . . . same to you.

(Ferryboat Docks.)

Why be chained to your furnace *again this winter?*

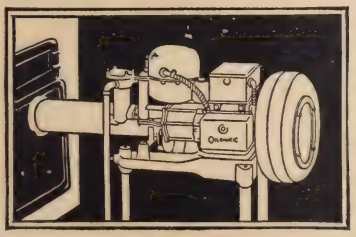


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Gertrude

(Continued from page 41)

AS I wended my way homeward towards Gert and little Harry, I felt I was the bearer of cheerful news; I mean news that would cheer Gert up if she believed it. She probably wouldn't.

Even so, things had turned out much better than I'd expected. Victor's attitude was everything an erring husband's should be; I was distinctly pleased that Mabel, famous for her mining activities, had dug so little gold out of me. Now, if I could restore the home life of the Victor Wigginses, all would be jake.

Gert, looking like a million dollars in what appeared to be a brand new tea-gown, greeted me with a nice sisterly kiss.

"I had the hebee-jebees after you left," she explained, "so I went and did some shopping. How did you make out?"

"Much better than you'd think," I replied.

"Tell me."

So I told her nearly everything—from my first glimpse of Victor to my parting words with Mabel.

"Do you mean to tell me," she demanded, "that you believe all that?"

"Every word of it."

"Well, all I can say is, you got a trusting nature, Harry. Of course I can see now Victor wasn't so much to blame. That Mabel person wanted his song, and tried to vamp him out of it. But he had no business renting that flat. How do I know he hasn't been entertaining a lot of other girls?"

"If you want to know how Victor strikes me, and I've seen a good deal of him lately, I'd say he was a one-woman man. All he thinks about is his music, and you—and little Harry."

"You're a queer one," said Gert. "I thought you didn't like Victor."

"I didn't, at first, but he kind of grows on you. He's a good little scout, Gert, and you'll be making a great mistake if you throw him over."

"If we could build a wing on the house," said Gert.

"What house?"

"The one I was looking at last week."

"Oh!" I said.

"Then Victor would have a nice big music room to compose in. And then if he gave up his job, and had his friends come there——"

"Not a bad idea," I said. "Only if I stake you to that house, don't you think you could ring up Victor and ask him to come out and talk things over?"

"I suppose I *could*."

"Well, will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Ring up Victor."

"No, I won't," said Gert.

"Why won't you?"

"Because I don't want to. Besides, I've already done it—he's on his way out here now."

CHAPTER IX.

GERT'S announcement, that Victor was on his way home, fairly knocked me for a goal.

"How come?" I asked.

"It's a surprise to me, too, Harry. I never expected to even speak to him again. But his laundry came, and I knew he'd want it. Besides, he threw a regular fit over the phone, when he found out it was me—said he could explain everything if I'd only give him a chance."

"Of course I didn't hold out much hope—at first. But when you're a wife and mother, Harry, it isn't enough just to LOOK, you got to STOP and LISTEN. Anyway, he's coming. And if he goes down on his bended knees and begs my pardon the way he ought to, maybe I'll take him back."

"Well, I hope you won't be too hard on him," I said. "As far as I can see, the only crime the poor fellow committed was being caught. And that might happen to any husband."

"If you want to know what his crime was, it was renting that flat and never telling me. Why didn't he tell me? That's what I want to know."

"Why not ask him?"

"Just watch me!" said Gert. "That's the very first thing I'll do."

In moments of emotion, however, one seldom does as one has planned. Gert greeted Victor as if, instead of having left home at eleven that morning, he'd been gone a year.



"Victor!" she cried, greeting him as if he had been gone a year. "Gert!" and they fell into each others arms with unintelligible murmurs.

"Victor!" she cried.

"Gert!"

They fell into each other's arms.

Stealing softly from the room, though I don't believe they'd have heard me if I'd been a horse and wagon, I made a

bee-line for my holy of holies and got out a bottle. For when the dove of peace settles on a troubled household, its' time to celebrate.

Finally Gert called:

"Come on in, Harry. We got no secrets from you."

And then I entered on as pretty a domestic scene as one could hope to find: Victor kneeling worshipfully on the floor, Gert seated beside him, her sleeves rolled to the elbow—soapsuds, splashings, faint gurgles of joy. Gert was giving little Harry his bath.

"Talk about your bathing beauties," said Victor, "I'd rather see that kid of mine in his bath than the Venus of Milo."

"Well, I should hope so!" said Gert. "Tell Harry what you told me—about your flat."

"Oh!" said Victor. "It's like this, Harry: Gert wanted to know why I didn't tell her I'd rented a flat."

"Very interesting," I said. "Why didn't you tell her?"

"If you must know, I thought, maybe some day, I'd like to have a party. Only after I'd looked 'em all over, I found I didn't want a party with anybody but Gert. That's the gospel truth, Harry."

"I believe you," I said. "And very complimentary to you, Gert."



Stealing softly from the room, although I don't believe they'd have heard a horse and wagon, I made a bee line for my holy of holies and got out a bottle.

"IF THAT'S a compliment," said Gert, "give me ant poison. I don't see how you can stand there, Victor Wiggins, and look me in the face! Is dinner ready, Harry?"

"Not quite," I said. "It will be, though, by the time that bottle of champagne I put on ice gets cold."

"Good work," said Gert. "I haven't had a drop of champagne since our wedding. One thing, Harry, even if I wasn't with Victor on our honeymoon, at least no other woman was."

"There you go!" said Victor. "One minute you tell me you've forgiven me, and the next minute you land on me."

"I have forgiven you, honey. But every time I think of that Mabel person—"

"Forget her!" I said.

"I will," said Gert. "Poor girl! I suppose she's just the way God made her—all except her ankles; Armour and Company must have made those. Here, Victor, hand me that towel."

"Have you told Victor about the new house?" I asked.

"No, I haven't. You tell him. Now get out of here, both of you; I'm going to put little Harry to bed."

"Women are queer," said Victor, as we adjourned to the parlor. "Gert has forgiven me five times already, and I've only been home half an hour. The first time was great, but after that, just when I'm beginning to feel good, she turns around and forgives me all over again. I wish she'd quit it. What's all this about a new house?"

I told him, thinking he would be pleased. He wasn't.

"It won't do," he said. "Down town I'm in the middle of things. Supposing Abe Herowitz is putting on a show and wants a song? He says: 'There's Victor Wiggins over on Eighth Street. I'll run in and see him.'

"It's a fact, Harry. Yesterday Abe did that very thing. You meet all the lyric writers and song pluggers down there, too—all the fellows that are working along the same lines you are—and it puts pep in you. Then there's my job at the theatre—"

"That's another thing Gert wants you to give up."

"Nothing doing," said Victor. "I'll quit it like a shot, though, as soon as I've made good. And I'm going to make good, Harry. I'll make a lot of dough, too. But do you know what would happen if I was to let Gert lock me up in a big room with a grand piano? It would be curtains for me—I'd never do another lick of work as long as I lived.

"There was a time when I wouldn't have cared a whoop in Hades; I'd have sponged off you for the rest of my natural life. But something you told me today made me see things different. What I'm doing now is for little Harry. I want my boy to be proud of his dad."

Well, there you are! Victor certainly had changed. Also, I knew the answer—it was Grandfather Gidding's red hair.

CHAPTER X

AS A MAN thinks, so he is—even if he isn't. Search the desert around Douglas, Arizona, for a thousand years,

you'll never find a profounder truth than that. On the strength of the white lie I'd told him—or maybe I should call it a red lie—here was Victor gone absolutely haywire.

"Gert won't like it," he said, "but that's the way it's going to be."

"Well, whatever you do," I begged, "please don't start your Independence Day rally till after dinner."

Victor promised. And I will say he did his best when Gert introduced the fatal subject with the soup.

"Did Harry tell you about the new house?" she asked.

"Yes," said Victor.

"Isn't it scrumptious?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, is that all you've got to say?"

"No. But let's wait till after dinner."

"Why?"

"I think Harry would prefer it."

"Oh, don't bother about me!" I said.

So Victor spoke his piece, and the war was on.

"You're crazy," said Gert. "You can work at home as well as not—that job of yours isn't worthy of you—a real house with a garden is just what little Harry needs—"

I never saw Gert work harder. She argued, she pleaded, she stormed. She used every weapon known to woman; but she might as well have been the German Army before Verdun.

All I could do during these trying moments was to act in turn, as Red Cross nurse and referee. There would be a lull; then, suddenly the gong would ring. Gert and Victor had started another round.

Finally, Victor turned to Gert and said:

"Things can't go on like this. It's bad for you, it's bad for me, it's bad for little Harry."

"If you ask me," I said, "it's bad for big Harry, too. Can't you battling babes in the wood declare an armistice, or something?"

"Of course we can," said Gert. "If Victor will give up his flat—"

"There you go!" said Victor.

"Just wait till I've finished, Victor Wiggins! As I was saying, Harry, when I was so rudely interrupted, if Victor will give up his flat, I'll let him keep his job."

"Fair enough," I said. "Gert concedes the job. Will you meet her half way?"

"No, I won't," said Victor, "and I'll tell you why. Up to now we've just been beating around the bush. It isn't really my job that's worrying Gert, and it isn't my flat; it goes a lot deeper. It all boils down to who's going to wear the pants in this family. Well, if you want to know, I am!"

AS VICTOR stood there, for of course he had to stand up to deliver an oration like that, he made quite a picture. The dominant male! I even thought for a split second the dominant female, meaning Gert, was going to fall for it. I believe she wanted to, at that. But something—pride, maybe, or being from Missouri, where the mules come from—held her back.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said. "I've been a good wife to you, and a good mother to little Harry. And now, when I'm trying to keep our home life pure and sweet the way it ought to be, you won't even do your share."

When an irresistible force meets an immovable object, what happens? Does the immovable object move? The best authorities say not—but of course they've met Victor.

"You make me tired," he said. "When have I ever refused to do my share? If you ask me, the only way to keep our home life pure and sweet is to stop having any. I'm going back to my flat."

A moment of strained silence, the slamming of the front door, and the Victor of the house of Wiggins had departed, leaving me to comfort the vanquished as best I could.

To do Gert justice, she met this crisis like a true philosopher.

"I'm glad he's gone," she said. "Oh, I know I'm bossy! I know I got a mean temper, too. But it isn't that. The trouble is, I never should have married Victor. Everything went fine with us right up to the day of our wedding. After that, all we ever seemed to get was wrong numbers.

"Of course when folks get married cold, it's different; maybe they can stand it for a year. But Victor and I had had ours. It was a great year, too. Not a worry in the world.

"And when the baby came! Honest, Harry, Victor was so excited he nearly had nervous prostration. I'll bet I could have got up next day and done the washing, but Victor went to bed for a week.

"That's how things were till we went on that awful honeymoon; not a cloud in the sky except little Harry's red hair, and Victor getting used to that. Now look at us!

"Of course I'm to blame for this work bug of Victor's, too—I drove him to it. But maybe after I've got my divorce—"

"Oh, come!" I said. "You know you don't want to lose Victor."

"Lose him?" cried Gert. "I lost him the day I married him. I've got to divorce him, Harry. It's the only way I'll ever get him back."

DON'T miss the last laughing, thrilling installment of Salisbury Field's story in the February issue of Radio Digest. Gertrude and Brother Harry and Victor and Little Harry slangily stagger through some more fun.

Radio Resolutions for 1930

(Continued from page 35)

In the meanwhile up in the center outer rim of the horseshoe, Graham and the Major were busy handing the tin cup back and forth to the punch bowl, the microphone back and forth to each other. Down at the end of the left leg of the horse-shoe the Spokesman of the Representatives of the U. S. Radio Listeners had fallen, breathless, into his chair as a result of another frantic fumble for attention of his hosts. Recovering quickly, he picked up a tin cup, bit a piece out of it, thus relieving somewhat the nervous tension resulting from his desire for self expression.

This seemed to calm him partially. He produced from a vest pocket a large and ample fountain pen, procured from a waiter some Village Nut Club stationery, proceeded to write a hasty and long letter in which, obviously, he voiced the protests of U. S. Radio Listeners. This letter he sent immediately to President of the NBC Merlin Aylesworth via a water boy. Just as soon as Mr. Aylesworth had read the first few lines and realized that the epistle was from the Radio Listeners, he looked all around, but no waste baskets had been provided, so Mr. Aylesworth did not know what to do with the Radio Listener's letter of complaint.

The Great Man's discomfort was discovered immediately by NBC Praise Agent Johnstone, who ran to his superior's side. The two, with Vice-President McClelland, held a brief whispered conference, then Johnny shouted:

"Mr. Chairman!"

There was immediate silence, for all of the artists and announcers waited upon Mr. Johnstone's words with the hope that among them—the words—their names would be mentioned. The press table graciously grabbed for pads and pencils, and the listeners' Representives felt sure that at last their appeals would be translated into good old fashioned New Year's promises.

Mr. Johnstone, slipping from under responsibility, merely said:

"Mr. Chairman, our Mr. McClelland has something to say."

Major White arose, announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. MacNamee will now present the next speaker of the evening."

Said Graham:

"THANK you, Major White. And now my friends, I have a surprise for you. I am going to present Mr. George McClelland, vice-president of that National Broadcasting Company. Now, as everybody knows, George is the boy who put the Radio chains all over the map of the United States. He's the fellow who persuaded dozens of owners of Radio stations to hook themselves into the WEAF and JZ networks, children of the A. T. and T., and then pay 75% of money received from commercial sponsors back to the key stations for telephone line service, and also to buy enough sustaining programs to equalize what was actually coming to them on commercial programs, so that in the end the National Broadcasting Company wasn't out anything except line charges, which was simply like paying Papa—it all went back into the family purse.

"And so you can understand that when the A. T. and T. decided upon giving birth to the National Broadcasting Company, George was remembered not so much with gratitude as with a confidence that he would be more and more useful as broadcasting developed. He has been. And no one believes that more firmly than George. He has all the *sans facon* of limitless self-confidence and self-satisfaction . . . I now introduce Mr. McClelland!"

A history of George's successes was written in the wrinklets of his proudly puckered lips as he removed from them a big black cigar, began to use his mouth for speaking purposes. Said George:

"It is our endeavor to keep in constant contact with the wishes of the great American public. (Applause.) We do this. (Applause.) We do this largely by paying careful attention to the letters which pour in upon us from the public. We know that we are but servants of the public. (Applause.) Our success—and all success in broadcasting—depends upon the generated good-will of the listening public. (Applause.)

"Six months ago in Chicago I promised that advertising announcements would be cut down to a min- (Applause.) imum over the National Broadcasting Company. (All but CBS officials and artists applaud.) I want to repeat that promise to the listening public of America. (Applause.) In fact, I want to make it a New Year's Resolution, that advertising announcements in 1930 will be (Applause so loud George's voice is nearly drowned out as he concludes in tones subdued and falling far short of reaching the ears of the Representatives of U. S. Radio Listeners) bigger and better than ever!"

The applause was long and loud, but Graham, having looked at his Gruen gift watch, realized his chances for visiting all the Village pumps before daybreak were slim unless he could bring the meeting to a finale within a very short

MISS ANDERSON'S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture below. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair dresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson.



KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
425 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926. Emma W. Stolzenbach, Notary Public.

Glorious Waves Like This Week In . . Week Out

No beauty shop expense—no ruinous hot iron—no bothersome appointments

Just 30 Minutes—at Home—Whenever Convenient

Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this paper and representatives of over one hundred other nationally known magazines and newspapers witnessed a demonstration of these marcellers and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.

If anyone told you that you could have the loveliest marcelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or other torturous methods you wouldn't believe it.

Yet, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your home to get it

Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week—right at home—and marcels, as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

A $1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. Your Maison Marcellers will save all this expense. Think of it! In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new frock. And the initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a marcel or two—and you are free from waving expense forever!

It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phone a dinner invitation just at the last minute—you can be ready in no time at all. What if you do return from a blowy motor ride or a wave-ruining round of golf to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved.

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks—and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot irons. As you know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven length, brittle hair.

You won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of water-wave "setting." A few months' use of the Maison Marcellers and your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining irons.

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because your hair could no longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

All Your Questions Answered in Advance

To anticipate the questions which come up in many women's minds we offer the following answers which are vouched for by any woman who has used Maison Marcellers.

Will the hair be entirely dry at the end of thirty minutes?
Answer: Yes. In using the Maison Marcellers, you merely dampen it.

Is all of the hair waved by the Maison Marcellers?
Answer: Yes. The hair is waved right down to the end.

Is all the hair marcelled at one time?
Answer: Yes. There are ten Marcellers in the set, sufficient to do the hair in one operation.

Is more than one set needed in a home?
Answer: No. One set of Maison Marcellers will do very nicely for the family.

How long does the hair retain its waved condition?
Answer: Not less than one week, in most cases ten days to two weeks.

How long do the Marcellers last?
Answer: They last indefinitely. We've never known a set to wear out in service.

I have a permanent, can I use these Marcellers?
Answer: Yes, you can use them. Regardless of how fuzzy the permanent is it can be shaped into a perfect marcel by these Marcellers.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement

The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the Maison Marcellers achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the Maison Marceller wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer.

For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it—in a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Maison Marcellers on your hair and catch the locks in place. The Maison Marcellers adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Maison Marcellers are just the thing you need to change its kink into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no need ever to have one. Maison Marcellers make other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Buy Now While the Special Price Prevails

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Maison Marcellers throughout the country, we are making this special offer. To safeguard purchasers who order immediately we guarantee to honor orders received from this advertisement at the price shown in the coupon. *You get a complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only $2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.*

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcels again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

Maison de Beaute

124 W. Illinois St., Dept. 133, Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beaute
124 W. Illinois St., Dept. 133, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including set of Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions for waving, which I will follow. I agree to deposit $2.98, plus postage with the postman when he makes delivery. If the Marcellers do not put a well defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

NOTE—If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $3.10 with your order and the Marcelling outfit will be sent postpaid.

time. With the ladle of the empty punch bowl he tapped upon that resounding object, then shouted:

"WHEN I hit the bell three times in rapid succession it will be exactly Three O'Clock in the Morning by the Debutante Watch Company's Watch. As you all know, the Mothers of Debutantes decided recently that all parties must break up at exactly three in the morning in order that young couples may drive home together under the cover of, and with the advantage of darkness. We have several debutantes with us tonight, and they are anxious to keep within the law of social regulations. Yes, we must hurry along, especially since we still have several notables to listen to."

Graham paused to thank a waiter who was running up the pitch of the punch bowl by filling it with fizz water. His last words and the pause was the loophole through which the Spokesman of the Representatives of the Radio Listeners leaped. But both he and his plans fell through; for Graham was on the go again.

"You know we announcers can't quite make a program—we've got to have some assistance from artists and technicians. I am told that the technicians are going to do better next year, and I am sure you will enjoy hearing one of their brightest minds express the conscientious Resolution of the technicians. He is the technical supervisor of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Paul Alfonso Greene."

Now indeed did the hundreds of celebrated artists gathered in the Greenwich Village Nut Club adjust their loudspeakers to the speaker's wave. Many a time and too often had the program of each of them been ruined by some non-music-minded operator, and if Mr. Greene had any good news on the subject, they certainly wanted to hear it. Yes indeed!

"I," confessed P. A., "speak for the Monitor Boys. As you all know, the Monitor Boys are *not* a harmony team advertising Monitor tooth paste, Monitor soap, not even Monitor soft soap. Monitor is not a product. It is a *Job*. I refer to an occupation and the vast Army of young men variously called Operators, Monitor Men, Control Board Operators, and other names not mentioned in polite assemblies such as the one we are now attending. As technical Supervisor of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and thereby commandant of one of the Monitoring Armies who nightly make or break the nation's programs, I wish to offer this Resolution for 1930: *The Monitor Boys are going to be on the level and keep things on the level.*

"My idea of 'on the level,' mind you, has nothing to do with 'a well balanced program'—that saccharic endeavor of the program makers to create curves of entertainment that will maintain an average, or *level*, of attractiveness. I am talking about a *level of volume*. My Monitor Men are going to maintain the level of volume—and the artists may shout and play as loudly as they blamed well please—my men are instructed to shoot up the *pianos* (soft passages), pull down the *fortes* (which, as most of you know, means loud like a fort being blown up. I don't know where the *e* comes from, but maybe that makes it a little louder), we are going to do this if for no other purpose than the very excellent one of proving that science is greater than art, Monitor Men Mightier than Musicians."

UNTIL this moment no one there had dreamed that taciturn Mr. Greene could make so long a speech. Most of them applauded doubtfully, but the technicians, who rarely have an opportunity for self expression, clapped their hands, stamped their feet, shouted and whistled.

Chairman Major White finally regained auditorium audibility, then said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I see a familiar Voice on the floor and I am sure you would all like to hear from him. I am now turning the microphone over to Graham MacNamee, the well known announcer, whose announcing and authoritative pronouncing is familiar to all. Mr. MacNamee."

"Thank you, Major White. It is very kind of the Major . . . ." and as Graham rambled on, the persistent gentleman who was the Spokesman for the little group down at the end of the left leg of the horse-shoe wearily struggled to his feet, thinking his cue had come at last. But he was mistaken. Another gentleman, much nearer the top of the table, had also risen, was smiling to an introduction which concluded with the magic name . . . . "Rudy Vallee."

"Mr. Chairman, I should like to register . . . ." began Rudy.

But the Chairman shouted: "Quite a bit louder, Mr. Vallee! No amplifiers have been provided for crooners this evening, and I can scarcely hear you. I certainly want to, and I'm sure many of these lovely ladies likewise longingly listen."

This interruption caused the Nut Club to ring with applause, and likewise sent little spasms of emotional ejaculations spurting from the luscious lips of ladies listening. Mr. Vallee nonchalantly took from his hip pocket a murad-ic-microphone to which was suspended a magnetic vibrator. Placing the vibrator in a dry and resonant punch-bowl, Rudy sighed into the microphone, the punch bowl loud spoke, and the feminine element sighed in synchronous rhythm with the Prince of Passion as he softly said:

"DEAR friends: My Resolution for 1930 is one which, as a universal warning, I recommend to all of you: BEWARE OF IMITATORS. I want my Resolution to be your Resolution. I want you, my dear listening public, to BEWARE OF RUDY VALLEE IMITATORS. If I take a trip to Hollywood it is for your sweet sakes, not mine—I assure you! I recommend that you see me as I appear upon the screen so that you will really know me, and so never confuse me with some ambitious imitator who has been on the air *three* years to my *one!*"

Major White almost had to break the punch-bowl before he could tranquillize the guests. Then he said:

"Mr. Will Osborn is present, but of course Mr. Vallee mentioned no names, so I think we shall drop the argument and suggest to Mr. MacNamee that he present the next and final speaker."

The Spokesman for the Representatives of the Listeners looked at his companions in triumph. While he was doing so, MacNamee had very briefly presented Willie Paley, Boy President of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The Spokesman heard the applause but not the name, rose to his feet, fainted when he perceived what had actually happened. Began Mr. Paley:

"Mr. Chairman, and Mr. Master of Ceremonies, Ladies and Gentlemen: You will all remember that when the Prime Minister of Great Britain came to the United States some weeks ago, chiefly on a mission of peace among nations, nothing was stated by statesmen regarding social wars in Washington, broadcasting wars in New York. Now, Mr. Chairman, I am *not* like Mrs. Gann, and I really do not know much about Mrs. Longworth; but I will say right now—and you can write this down for one of my 1930 resolutions—that the Columbia Broadcasting System will always be glad to give the American public an exclusive service every time it is possible for us to beat the National Broadcasting Company to it. But, Mr. Chairman—and I wish you would write this down in large letters—I shall always protest the NBC slipping anything over on me! (Applause from Columbia technicians, artists, etc., etc., etc.) No, I am not like Mrs. Gann: I am resolved for 1930 that I will always stand ready to share the honors of a great occasion with the National Broadcasting Company *providing there is no possibility of my grabbing the event on an exclusive basis!*"

THE And So Forths applauded. What the NBC faction thought or said among themselves was discreetly blanketed in polite hand-clapping. Everyone supposed the meeting had come to a conclusion, and from the whispered conversations all around the gigantic horseshoe, it was evident that Mr. MacNamee seemed to have transmitted his visitation idea to the entire gathering. But suddenly he surprised them all with:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—not *of* the Radio Audience, but *for* the Radio Audience—Major White and I have just been checking up here and we discover to our great chagrin that we had almost forgotten a most important gentleman. In fact, he is the Spokesman of the Representatives of the great American Radio Audience, the Listeners of America, you understand! (Applause.) We yet have time to hear just a word from that gentleman, Mr. Charles B. Mooney, of Iowa, Spokesman for the Representatives of U. S. Radio Listeners!"

Once again Mr. Mooney arose. This time, after a burst of applause, the Thousand and One—ah, Graham is surely one in a thousand!—waited wordless and still.

Tears started from the eyes of Mr. Mooney. He choked a little as he began. His voice was hoarse with all his preceding efforts. But he smiled with a bit of that fortitude which has distinguished the American Radio audience through all these years of careless, unrestrained and haphazard broadcasting. Said Mr. Mooney:

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. I have tried in vain several times this evening to voice the RADIO RESOLUTION FOR 1930 which expresses the true sentiment of the American Listening Public. Now I have almost no voice left. I merely wanted to say that U. S. Radio Listeners have: *Resolved to be more grateful to Sponsors, Broadcasters and Artists for the many blessings received.*"

Mr. Mooney sank into his chair, the Thousand applauded wildly, and Graham MacNamee shouted:

"Here's to 1930!"

Seth Parkers Singing School

(Continued from page 21)

the sololos tonight are by folks representing different organizations of Jonesport. The voice of Lizzy was representative of the Jonesport Humane society.

LAITH: It sounded like it alright.

SETH: Stop it. This is a serious performance tonight, Laith and that remark weren't called for. I hope you folks over the Radio are harking cause remember it ain't costing you nothing. Now we'll have a song by the Singing school intitled Grandfather's Clock. I think most of the folks listening have had grandfathers and most of the grandfathers have had clocks, so there ought

Have You Heard

THE

"Household Entertainers?"

Somewhere, every day, these programs of unusual entertainment are presented through the courtesy of the

Household Finance Corp.

"Pioneers in the Small Loan Field"

THIS company, for more than fifty years, has been serving American families. It stands ready at any time to advance $100 to $300 to relieve the temporary financial emergencies that confront every family.

You will hear all about it by tuning in on one of the "Household" Programs over the stations listed below.

Household Finance Corporation Radio Schedule

Produced by
DOREMUS & COMPANY
Advertising
CHICAGO

CITY	STATION	DAY	TIME
ALLENTOWN	WCBA		
ATLANTA	WSB	Fridays	7:00 to 7:15 P. M.
BALTIMORE	WCAO	Fridays	6:45 to 7:00 P. M.
CHICAGO	WJJD	Wednesdays	10:45 to 11:00 A. M.
		Thursdays	10:45 to 11:00 A. M.
		Fridays	10:45 to 11:00 A. M.
	Every afternoon but	Wednesday	5:15 to 5:30 P. M.
		Monday Nights	8:00 to 8:30 P. M.
		Sunday Nights	5:30 to 6:00 P. M.
		Tuesdays and Saturdays	9:30 to 9:45 A. M.
CHICAGO	WGN	Tuesdays and Thursdays (Announcements)	
CEDAR RAPIDS	KWCR	Wednesdays	6:30 to 6:45 P. M.
DAVENPORT	WOC	Mondays	5:15 to 5:30 P. M.
DETROIT	WJR	Tuesdays	7:45 to 8:00 P. M.
ERIE	WEDH	Sundays	7:00 to 7:15 P. M.
EVANSVILLE	WGBF	Tuesdays	7:45 to 8:00 P. M.
FORT WAYNE	WOWO	Tuesdays	7:00 to 7:15 P. M.
GARY	WKJS	Tuesdays	8:15 to 8:30 P. M.
		Fridays	8:15 to 8:30 P. M.
INDIANAPOLIS	WFBM	Wednesdays	8:00 to 8:15 P. M.
KANSAS CITY	KMBC	Fridays	7:00 to 7:15 P. M.
LA CROSSE	WKBH	Wednesdays	8:15 to 8:30 P. M.
LANCASTER	WKJC	Mondays	7:15 to 7:30 P. M.
MILWAUKEE	WTMJ	Sundays	9:45 to 10:00 P. M.
PEORIA	WMBD	Wednesdays	9:15 to 9:30 P. M.
PHILADELPHIA	WCAU	Fridays	6:45 to 7:00 P. M.
		Wednesdays	7:30 to 7:45 P. M.
PITTSBURGH	WJAS	Mondays	7:30 to 7:45 P. M.
PROVIDENCE	WJAR	Tuesdays	6:45 to 7:00 P. M.
ROCKFORD	KFLV	Fridays	9:15 to 9:30 P. M.
SCRANTON	WGBI	Thursdays	8:00 to 8:15 P. M.
SPRINGFIELD	WCBS	Wednesdays	8:00 to 8:15 P. M.
ST. LOUIS	KMOX	Thursdays	6:45 to 7:00 P. M.

Household Small Loan Company

CITY	STATION	DAY	TIME
CHICAGO	WJJD	Monday Mornings	10:45 to 11:00 P. M.
		Wednesday Afternoons	5:15 to 5:30 P. M.
		Friday Nights	6:30 to 7:00 P. M.
DETROIT		Sundays	10:45 — 11:00 P. M

Household Finance Corporation

A National Institution whose business it is to provide ready cash to families in financial emergencies. Now operating 118 offices in 68 cities.

ter be gineral interest in the song. Arise, Singing school (Little commotion.) The Singing school has arose.

SETH: Singing school set down. (Little commotion.) The next number on the performance is a word of welcome from Bilow Peabody, President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Better Business Bureau of Jonesport. Mr. Peabody's speech was prepared for him by Hulda Peabody, public school teacher of district 42 of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th grades. The gineral idea and emotion of the speech belong to Bilow. Mr Bilow Peabody will commence.

BILOW: Listeners over the Radio, young and old, rich and poor. Citizens of Jonesport, citizens of nearby suburbs, and to all them what's in range of my voice. F-f-f-f-four score years ago and ten our forefathers went——

SETH: WHOAH. That's your memorial speech. Don't be nervous now. Take it easy. Unseen faces but friendly in heart—

BILOW: I've got it. (Rather dramatically.) Unseen faces though friendly in heart are turned toward Jonesport this eventide. The Better Business Bureau of Jonesport invites you to Jonesport by the sea. The Better Business Bureau of Jonesport calls your attention to Jonesport Sardines what are better than all other sardines because they are caught by local talent. We hope when you see sardines after this you will think of the Better Business Bureau of Jonesport. We thank you.

SETH: I declare Bilow, that was a splendid boom fer Jonesport and nearby suburbs. The next number of entertainment value is a song by the singing school.

CAPT: Bless my rudder, when do I come in?

SETH: Pretty soon now, Capt. Hold your horses. Singing school arise. (Litte commotion.) The Singing school has arose. Watch for the fortissimoes and pianissimoes now. Ready?

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

CAPT.: Bless my rudder, when do I come in?

SETH: Hold your horses, Capt. You perform in due course. (Clears throat.) LADIES and GENTLEMEN and WOMEN and CHILDREN harking to us over the Radio. This performance tonight is fer your special benefit and I hope we're doing good. We'd sort of hoped to offer you another word of welcome by the police department but Asie Flood who constitutes the department is on duty. Last year the robbery took place on (night of Broadcast) and accordingly Asie is extrie careful to guard the peace on (night of broadcast). The substitute for the speech by the department is a sololo by Laith Pettingal. Sound a note to show you're here. Laith.

LAITH: (Sings a note.)

SETH: Mr. Pettingal, better known as Laith and certainly more appropriately, will sing a song the words being writ especial for the occasion by Hulda Peabody, sister to Bilow. Hulda has lived all her life in Jonesport except for a week she spent with her cousin over to Watkins Falls when she was a youngster. Mr Pettingal will sing the words to the popular and well known tune of Smiles. Better commence, Laith.

CHORUS OF SMILES

LAITH: Let's have the note, Martha.
There are smiles right here in Jonesport.
There are smiles for you to see.
There are smiles for you right here in Jonesport,
In Jonesport down by the sea.
The arms of Jonesport are unfolded,
And will clasp you to its bosom tight
We'll enjoy your calling upon Jonesport
It's a handsome, a handsome sight.

GREAT SHOUTING AND APPLAUSE AND WHISTLING

CAPT.: Bless my rudder, when do I come in?

SETH: You come in right now, Capt., as soon as I tell who you represent. The next number is a sololo by Capt. Bang representing the sentiments of the fire department. The Capt. was sot on singing a song of the sea and we had quite a bit of trouble in finding a department for him ter represent, but the fire department relies on water for its existence so the Capt. will sing a song of the sea. Better sound a note Capt. so the folks can hear you over the Radio. Capt.: (Sings a note.)

SETH: That was the Capt. and now he'll commence.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP. (Just before he gets to the last measure the Capt. lets out a terrible yell and keeps it up.)

SETH: WHOAH.
CAPT.: I'M STUNG.
SETH: GIT OFF HIS COAT.
CAPT.: There's a BEE IN IT.
LAITH: GIT OUT.
CAPT.: KILL HIM.
LIZZY: (SHRIEKS.)

COMMOTION STOPS

CAPT.: Gosh, what was it?

SETH: It was the pin from your suspenders.

CAPT.: Bless my rudder, a button was off so I used a pin.

SETH: It's too bad, Capt., but you ought ter be more careful when you're representing the fire department. You ought ter dress a mite safer.

LIZZY: Never mind, Capt.

SETH (clears throat): LADIES and GENTLEMEN and WOMEN and CHILDREN harking to us over the Radio. I hope you'll pardon the slight commotion on the part of the Capt. The rest of the program I hope will run according to schedule.

TELEPHONE RINGS

SETH: Hold on now, while I answer. (Click.) This is Seth Parker. Commence the conversation, please . . . 'course I'll hold the wire. (An aside to school.) It's Radio station —— calling.) Hello—hello—hello—How de do, Mr. ———. Well now, it seems nice ter hear from yer . . . ain't that nice . . . you think the performance is good? . . . Well now, I'm tickled most ter death . . . just a minute I can't hear yer. (Seth clicks the receiver several times.) I wish you'd git off the line, Mrs. Sparrow, I can hear your clock ticking in the kitchen . . . thank yer. Go ahead, Mr. ———, . . . can't quite git the drift of what you're saying. Hold on (Seth clicks the receiver again). I can hear Jerry barking, Mrs. Lufkin, and I wish you would hang up cause this is an important conference . . . thank yer. Go ahead, Mr. ———, . . . that's extrie nice . . . thank yer very much . . . just call any time you have a hankering ter . . . GOODBYE.

MARTHA: Land sakes, what's up?

SETH: It was Mr. ——— down to Station ———. He says the concert we're giving is about as nice as he ever listened to.

HULDA: Weren't that thoughtful of him?

LIZZY: You don't suppose he was fibbing just ter make us feel good, do yer?

SETH: I don't think so.

LAITH: City folks can hear lots higher class performances than this.

SETH: That may be, but they can't hear them in such comfort.

LAITH: What do you mean?

SETH: They can set right ter home and be chummy with us but when they go to the oprie they have such a time gitting there, they're all worn out. I read about it in a magazine.

LAITH: How come?

SETH: They have ter git on their oprie suit. You can't see an oprie in just an ordinary suit, yer know.

LAITH: Can't yer?

SETH: Lands no. Yer have ter put on a stiff shirt with buttons on it what stick into yer and yer have ter put on a collar with points so sharp they stick in your neck just south of your tonsils. There's only some conversations what you can say at the oprie and yer have ter stick pretty close to them too. By the time yer git to the oprie you ain't fit to enjoy nothing.

LAITH: I'm glad I live in the country and not the city.

SETH: They both have their pros and cons.

LIZZY: I have corns but what are pros?

MARTHA: Lands sakes, Seth, we're supposed ter be giving a concert.

SETH: Now ain't I turrible. I'd plumb forgot all about it. I wish you men of the school board would give us a tune while I look up the programmie here.

INSTRUMENTAL COMBINATION

SETH: The next number on the bill of entertainment is a song by the Singing school. Singing school arise. (Little commotion.) The Singing school has arose. Watch for the fortissimoes and pianissimoes now.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

SETH: Singing school be seated. (Little commotion.) The next number on the programmie is another song by the Singing school. Singing school arise. (Little commotion.) The Singing school has arose. Ready now. HUM.

SETH: We hope you've all enjoyed the concert we've done especial for you and we all want yer to come ter Jonesport soon as you can. We're going to sing Auld Lang Syne now and I want you all join in and sing it with us 'cause we're all old acquaintances now. Ready.

AULD LANG SYNE

COMMOTION AND GOOD NIGHTS

SETH: That was quite a concert, weren't it, Martha?

MARTHA: It was fine.

SETH: I think 'twas a mite better than the one was gave on the fourth of July, don't you?

MARTHA: I don't know but it was.

SETH: I kind of think the folks harking on the radio have been waiting ter hear me read the news. Would yer let me have my specs there, Ma? Thank you. (Clears throat.) LADIES and GENTLEMEN and WOMEN and CHILDREN harking to us over the radio, I ain't read the Jonesport Star to yer 'cause we've been so busy with the concert, but I'll read it to yer now.

STATISTICS

New Births.....none
Obituaries.....none
Folks moving in.....none
Folks moving out.....none

This leaves the debit and credit side of the population as is.

AILMENTS

Ezrie Lufkin has been having considerable uncomfortable moments due ter as asthma.

Dr. Tanner who grew up on Jonesport milk and butter right here with the rest of us, came back to vacation fer a couple of days. The doctor as you all know is an adenoid and tonsil operator down to New York. The following folks had him do things to them:

Fletcher Thompkins gave up his adenoids.

Lizzy Ross had her tonsils removed without any local anaesthesia.

The tonsils of the Herman boys are

Mail Coupon — NEW, FREE KALAMAZOO BOOK — Saves you ⅓ to ½

at Factory SALE PRICES

Sensational Values!
Write today for this new book. It's FREE. It quotes Factory SALE PRICES. It saves you ⅓ to ½. It shows more stove, range and furnace Bargains than in 20 big stores.

200 Styles and Sizes
In this book are 200 styles and sizes—beautiful new Cabinet Heaters, improved Porcelain Enamel Ranges (choice of 5 colors), Oil Stoves, Gas Stoves, Electric Ranges and Furnaces. Payments as low as $3 down, $3 monthly. Year to Pay.

750,000 Satisfied Customers
Mail the coupon Now! Buy Direct from Factory. Save the way 750,000 satisfied customers have saved from Kalamazoo in the last 29 years. Kalamazoo owners are everywhere—many in your town. Ask them about Kalamazoo quality. *Don't pay twice the price of a Kalamazoo for Quality not half so good!* Kalamazoo Ranges, Combination Gas and Coal Ranges and Gas Stoves are approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Beautiful New Cabinet Heaters
SALE Prices of New Cabinet Heaters—$34.75 up! Best Bargains Kalamazoo ever built. Beautifully finished in Black and Walnut Porcelain Enamel, hand grained. All made of extra heavy cast iron. Heat several rooms. Just like a furnace. Hold heat over night. Many exclusive Kalamazoo features. Mail the coupon today.

Choice of 5 Colors in Ranges
New Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Combination Gas and Coal Ranges in Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue, Pearl Gray, Ebony Black—trimmed in highly polished nickel. Always clean—



always easy to clean. Porcelain enamel baked on in our own enameling plant—no chipping, flaking or cracking. Modernize your home with a modern Colored Range. Brighten your kitchen. Lighten your work. Write today for FREE Book.

Easy to Install Your Furnace
SALE prices on furnaces $59.80 up. FREE furnace plans. FREE service. Make a double saving by installing your own furnace, after buying at Kalamazoo Factory Sale prices. Thousands have. Exclusive Kalamazoo features include Hot Blast Fire Pot—new ring type radiators—easy shaking grates—upright shaker. Mail the coupon now!





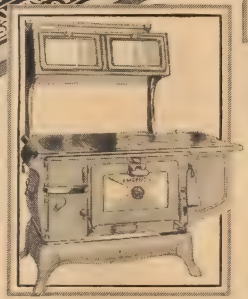
Above All Else—Quality
You simply can't get better quality. Why? The reasons are: First, Kalamazoo specializes—Kalamazoo stoves and furnaces are built complete in our big 13-acre factory. We make nothing but stoves and furnaces. Second, Kalamazoo has tremendous buying power—that means purchasing the best raw materials at lowest prices. Third, big scale production enables us to manufacture efficiently at extremely low cost. By selling direct, eliminating all "in-between" profits, you get absolute rock-bottom factory prices.

24-Hour Shipments
Kalamazoo is near you. 24-hour shipments. Orders filled same day as received. No waiting. Safe delivery guaranteed.

Cash or Easy Terms
You can buy on terms so small that you scarcely miss the money—as low as $3 down, $3 monthly. Year to Pay. Everything backed by a $100,000 bank guarantee. Satisfaction or money back. 5-year guarantee on Kalamazoo parts and workmanship.

30 Days' FREE Trial
Use whatever you choose for 30 days in your own home FREE. Satisfy yourself on Kalamazoo quality before deciding. 360 days' approval test on everything.





"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

Household Goods
Also in this new Book—Refrigerators, Washing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Cabinets, Cedar Chests and other Household Furnishings.

Cabinet Heaters	$34.75 up
Ranges	$37.75 up
Furnaces	$59.80 up
Gas Stoves	$25.80 up
Oil Stoves	$16.50 up

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
2403 Rochester Avenue
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Saved $71 to $91
"I paid you $109 for my furnace and the best I could do here on one anywhere near as good was from $180 to $200. Some saving for me. You certainly can put me down for a booster for Kalamazoo." Chas. Renstrom, Canton, Pa.

750,000 Satisfied Customers Have Saved Money by Mailing This Coupon

Important: Be sure to put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.

- ☐ Coal and Wood Ranges
- ☐ Gas & Combination Ranges
- ☐ Gasoline Ranges
- ☐ Cabinet Heaters
- ☐ Pipe Furnaces
- ☐ Direct Heat Furnaces
- ☐ Oil Stoves
- ☐ Household Goods

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.

Name.....
(Please print name plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

ter be gineral.
Arise, Singing..jamin has had considertion.) The S with his teeth and he had
SETH: . remove his binocular cuspid. (Little .e have been no immediate casualon s from the wholesale amputations and I wish we had more famous men like the doctor to come back to Jonesport and do the necessary fixings.

LOST AND FOUND

There is one found. The Widder Peabody found something but she won't tell what it is till somebody identifies it.

DOINGS

Mrs. Van Alst, from New York, is visiting her sister, Henrietta Dugal for the week. On Monday she called up some of the women to come over for a bridging party and Minnie Snow what lives up ter Bobby Brook, brought along her rubber boots. Minnie never was to a bridging party and she didn't want ter git wet if the bridge didn't work.

ORDINARY NEWS

The women folks of the Unitarian Church have called fer some more overalls for the barrel they're sending to the missionaries. Clem Peters contributed two pairs of overalls and a pair of boots but when he heard they was just going to Unitarian Heathern he took back the overalls. Clem's a pretty strong Baptist you know. He left the boots. Said they had nails in them and if Unitarian heathern was willing to be uncomfortable from wearing Baptist boots, they might as well have them. Another thing—the women have found there's a charge of $9.58 to sent the barrel to Africa, and there's only a dollar thirty-five in the treasury. If any of you know of some good heathern about a dollar and a quarters worth from Jonesport, I'm sure the women would be real tickled to know about them.

Somehow or other Ben Whitcomb can't git the safe open down to the store and all the postage stamps in town are inside. He's working on it night and day, but I think if any of yer have some letters yer want mailed, you'd better drive over to Watkins Falls. Stamps are two cents over there just like they are here in Jonesport.

Horance Matthews has resigned as selectman. Laith Pettingal and Luke Rogers are aspiring fer the position and we'll have a town meeting ter vote on them and all other aspirins.

That's the news fer this week—yes, Ma, I'm coming. WHISTLE—FADE OUT.

Big Time

(Continued from page 31)

Both "Big Time" preachers are delightfully non-sectarian in promoting the word of God. One young lady who heard me make the above remark informed me that I was wrong. She claims the gentlemen are "humanitarians." Maybe we're both right.

Dr. Barnhouse has been on one of the networks for a year now. Dr. Cadman, who was off the air during the Summer months, was brought back to the microphone this Fall by popular request. One might almost say he returned by popular demand.

THIS popular demand for certain established acts which have proven worthy of Big Time sometimes leads to peculiar situations.

At one time the Columbia Broadcasting system considered discontinuing their atmospheric Hank Simmons' Show Boat. However, the network officials were fortunate enough to discover the public's attitude toward this sustaining hour before taking their contemplated drastic step. What an earfull they got from the so-called silent Radio audience! It happened in this way. A commercial advertiser bought the time on the air long scheduled as Show Boat's own.

It was necessary to shift the sustaining program to a different hour on a different night. This was done without sufficiently advising the public of the change. The result was that Show Boat fans immediately suspected that Hank Simmons had sailed for parts unknown—or perhaps that the Maybelle had sunk. Mail bags were heavy with protests. Explanations were demanded. These "listeniners" knew what they wanted and they whooped for it. And let me tell you, Whoopee from that "great unseen audience" makes plenty of noise. Of course an explanation of the switch in time cleared up the atmosphere. The public just wouldn't stand for the demise of Show Boat and this exceptionally fine dramatic presentation remained on the air. Oddly enough this hour, with its tremendous following, has never been sold to a commercial advertiser.

ANOTHER similar situation is that of a fascinating little skit produced by the National Broadcasting company, The Two Troopers, featuring Marcella Shields and Helene Handin. The act presented by these real show girls clicked from the start. Try as they would the NBC salesmen were unable to interest a commercial prospect in purchasing the act as a program vehicle. The Winter advertisers began to fill up the schedule and it became necessary to pull The Two Troopers off the air, temporarily at least, much to the dismay of both the public and the network owners.

Here's an inside story about a double-barreled Chicago broadcast. And the racketeers aren't mixed up in it, either. The manufacturers of Pepsodent bought time on the air from the National Broadcasting company. Then they went scouting around for talent. They wanted Amos and Andy, but this team of blackface comics is under a long term contract with Station WMAQ. And Station WMAQ, a member of the Columbia system, would not release the two comedians from the contract. The upshot of the whole thing was that the advertiser made an arrangement whereby Amos and Andy microphone their regular daily broadcast in the Chicago Columbia system station. This is relayed to New York City, where it is rebroadcast over the network of the National Broadcasting company. Which accounts for the Chicago Radio listener getting this particular feature over his two Big Time stations simultaneously.

"Majestic's Theatre of the Air, guided by the advice of broadcasting experts, started out by giving the public a program featuring headliners of the concert and variety stages. After several months on the air the Majestic microphone ceased to register the voices of celebrities. But not for long. Stars are again featured. The advertiser returned to his original policy. Why? Because of popular demand.

The owners of the Big Time networks would hardly dare present a national event demanding colorful announcing without having their star announcers, Ted Husing and Graham McNamee, on the ground. Again the answer is popular demand.

WHEN Radio was a novelty almost anything went in the way of program broadcasting. We sat back thrilled, and said in awed tones, "Wonderful! What will happen next?"

What happened next in broadcasting was plenty. Plenty of dance music played by plenty of restaurant orchestras took the place of the studio records which had, at first, greeted our amazed ears. The air was filled at almost all and any hours with etherized jazz. It was the easy way out for the broadcaster. A microphone was set up in a restaurant and the talent cost him nothing. It couldn't last. And it didn't last. General and Mrs. Public led a personally conducted revolt and the studio owners turned to the next easiest way out.

A better class of music was broadcast by orchestras and instrumentalists brought into the studio. But too much cake is not so healthful, either. Slowly but surely speaking voices, other than those of announcers, began to find their way into the programs. Intimate parties were held in front of friend Mike. Interviews were broadcast. Stories, sketches, plays and historical episodes were presented with thespians in vocal characterizations. Yes, even the Bible was dramatized for the air.

THERE are some corking good script acts with us now. NBC presents Real Folks, Cabin Nights, Soconyland Sketches, Forty Fathom Trawlers, An Evening In Paris, Mystery House, and many others. A few of the offerings presented by CBS are Show Boat, Night Club Romances, Story In Song, True Detective Mysteries, True Story and the Nit Wit Hour. And more of this type of entertainment is in the process of preparation.

The trend in broadcasting is unquestionably in the direction of dramatic presentations with musical backgrounds. Some of the advertisers realize this, but there are many who have not yet awakened to the possibilities of the semi-dramatic program. For some unaccountable reason if John Jones features a dance orchestra on his advertising program Sam Smith, a rival manufacturer, invariably hires another dance orchestra with which to promote his products to a long suffering public. Now don't misunderstand me. I have nothing against dance orchestras. Not if they're good, I haven't. My criticism is aimed at the advertiser who refuses to permit those close to the public pulse to advise him in his choice of entertainment.

My only hope is that the advertisers, and judging from past performances they are liable to, do not all suddenly go dramatic at the same time! Too much red meat might be more than we could digest, especially after our recent recovery from too much cake!

FOR years, before the motion pictures began talking back at us, vaudeville filled a long felt want. It gave entertainment seekers variety. It was even called Variety. And variety is what General and Mrs. Public must be served in the way of Radio entertainment. The men behind the network broadcasts know this. They are working hard to supply this demand and the results are already noteworthy as witness the daily offerings on the great chains.

This business of variety is especially apparent in the orchestral programs on the networks. Just let's make a hasty survey.

Outstanding in the novelty class we find Walter Kolomoku's Hawaiians and Peter Biljo's Balalaika Orchestra.

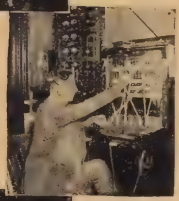
A favorite type with lovers of modern interpretation is the Salon orchestra. In one and the same breath come the names of Paul Whiteman and Nat Shilkret; the first, futuristic in tendency; the second, a modern stylist and a composer of no mean ability.

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Radio Mechanic and Inspector $1800 to $4000 a Year.



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Radio needs you . . . That's why the entire Radio industry is calling for trained men . . . That's why thousands of men who answered these advertisements are now earning from $2,000 and up a year. Radio is thrilling work . . . easy hours, too, vacations with pay and a chance to see the world. Manufacturers and broadcasting stations are now eagerly seeking trained RCA men . . . Aviation and radio in the movies also provide innumerable opportunities . . . Millions of sets need servicing . . . thousands of ships require experienced operators . . . Never before was there an opportunity like this.

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RCA sets the standards for the entire Radio industry . . . The RCA Institutes' Home Laboratory Training Course enables you to quickly learn all the secrets of Radio . . . In your spare time, in only an hour or so a day, you can obtain a thorough, practical education in Radio . . . You get the inside information, too, because you study right at the source of all the latest, up-to-the-minute developments. RCA, the world's largest Radio organization sponsors every single detail in this course.

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For the added convenience of students who prefer a Resident Study Course, RCA Institutes, Inc., has established Resident Schools in the following cities:

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Graduates of RCA Institutes Find It Easier to Get Good Jobs

They are closest to the source of Radio's greatest achievements because the progress of Radio is measured by the accomplishments of the great engineers in the huge research laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America.

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Study Radio at the Oldest and Largest Commercial Training Organization in the World

Send for our Free Book . . . or step in at one of our resident schools and see how thousands of men are already on the road to success in Radio. Remember that you, too, can be successful . . . can speed up your earning capacity . . . can earn more money in Radio than you ever earned before. The man who trains today will hold down the big-money Radio job of the future. Come in and get our free book or send for it by mail. Everything you want to know about Radio. 40 fascinating pages, packed with pictures and descriptions of the brilliant opportunities in this gigantic, world-wide money-making profession.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE 40-page book which illustrates the brilliant opportunities in Radio and describes your laboratory-method of instruction at home!

Name .....

Address .....

Orchestras playing the popular type music enjoyed by a large following are numerous. Conductor B. A. Rolph has, to my mind, the best orchestra in this group. Due credit must be accorded orchestras under the direction of Freddie Rich and Sam Lanin, two conductors in the employ of the network owners.

Dance orchestras? Oh yes. Some like 'em hot. We have dance orchestras —and how.

BUT I am going to step right out in the open and tell the entire world that my choice of all broadcasting dance orchestras is Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians. There are only ten men in this combination. The balance is perfect. Rudy Valee brought not only his fine orchestra into fame, but made a name for himself as a crooner of popular songs. And who hasn't heard the familiar trademark of the leader, who introduces his own numbers, "Lopez speaking"? Occasionally an advertiser brings a vaudeville stage orchestra to the microphone. Such an event made it possible for you to hear Ted Lewis with his catch phrase, "Everybody happy?" Oh, yes, we have dance orchestras.

The symphony orchestras have probably won the hearts of the music loving public more than any other type of combination on the air. Head and shoulders above all others in this group is the Roxy Symphony orchestra, about which I shall say more later.

Howard Barlow, the conductor in charge of Columbia's Symphonic hour, is probably as responsible as any one leader could be for popularizing the symphony program with the Radio listener. His Sunday afternoon concerts were inaugurated when the chain took the air. And again I must refer to the fact that public demand has kept it alive all these years.

The Philco company is to be congratulated for presenting one of the largest and finest orchestras in the country in a series of commercial broadcasts. It was this company's task to convince Leopold Stokowski, the conductor, that the time was ripe for the broadcasting of concerts by his Philadelphia Symphony orchestra.

JUST a word about brass bands. Here was a problem. The various "oom-pa-pas" were wild and windy! It was some time before the microphone could be trusted to handle any group of brass and wind instruments accurately enough to guarantee a successful broadcast. This was neither the fault of the microphone nor the instruments. The trouble lay with the grouping of the players in the studio. And not infrequently with the tooters themselves. Through the audition system of "trial by error" the correct studio grouping was accomplished. And under the leadership of such conductors as Sousa, Pryor and Goldman, who were able to control the tone balance of the ensemble, brass bands have arrived. The wild "oom-pa-pa" has become quite domesticated.

Singers? Plenty of them. And just as we went through a period of sour jazz with some of our orchestras so are we being driven to soft drinks and marmalades by those sob-sisters of the air, the crying tenors. But their days, yes, and their nights, too, are numbered. And those terrible "bo-do-de-o-dos!" Ugh! But fads will be fads, so let's turn the dial and tune them out. Soloists, harmony teams and quartettes we will always have with us, from Grade A on down the line to sopranos.

Both grand and light opera have proven their worth at the microphone. Right now choral singers are attracting more than passing attention. Without fear or favor we award the palm to the United Choral singers. Trained and directed by the tireless F. Channon Collinge, this group of mixed voices is making microphone history.

SO MUCH for the various types of programs you are getting on Big Time. Why are you getting them? Have you ever voiced your desires to the broadcasters? Probably not. And yet you must confess that you are getting better than you deserve. A whole lot better. Why? Because you pay nothing for an invaluable service. And because you sit back and accept this entertainment, keeping your words of praise or criticism for your immediate friends only.

A few years ago one of the big chain systems sent investigators to the doors of thousands of homes throughout the country. Husbands, housewives, sons, daughters, servants—representatives of every class of Radio listener were questioned: "What is your favorite program?" "What hours are most convenient for listening to the Radio?" How many hours a week do you listen?" There were many other questions pertinent to broadcasting.

The answers were tabulated and the questioners returned to the main office of the network. The results were compiled, filed and cross-filed. In this way a concensus of opinion was obtained. This public opinion was far reaching in its effect. But that was some time ago and with the ever-changing mood of the times this data is already out of date

Of its own volition The New York Telegram, one of the big daily newspapers, recently held a contest to determine the most popular program on the air. This contest was, of course, local, but the results were surprising. I might even go so far as to use one of Barnum's pet adjectives and say, astounding. The contestants were not listed. Any air program was eligible and voters were requested to name their first five choices. Thousands of ballots were received and we believe the final poll gave a faithful recording of the metropolitan public pulse.

The Roxy Symphony concert won first place. This choice came as a big surprise to those supposed to be in the know about broadcasting. Not so much because of the type of program but because of the time of its weekly broadcast. Sunday afternoon! Please remember that this contest was held in September, with Summer hardly over.

SECOND choice, metropolitanly speaking, fell to True Story. Always a stickler for variety I have shouted long and loud for half hour broadcasts. This program was some time ago cut from the full hour period to the half. This particular choice was not a surprise, for it is a fine example of Radio dramatics. Where there was, in the full hour, a noticeable feeling of padding to the presentation the plot now carries swiftly and eagerly through the shorter period with sure-fire dramatic balance.

The third choice brought another surprise. The program picked for this position was the Slumber Hour, which is broadcast nightly at eleven-fifteen, Eastern Standard time! This Slumber Hour is a quiet little program of chamber music. The choice of this type of program for a position on the list as high as third place is noteworthy, but even more noteworthy is the time of the broadcast.

Two of the first three choices were sustaining programs! But get this. Of the first fifty listed only eleven were sustaining programs! That certainly speaks well for the calibre of entertainment furnished by the advertisers. Twenty-six programs featuring orchestras are listed in the first fifty as against twenty-four dramatic and semi-dramatic programs. They are about equally divided in positions. Again variety comes into its own.

Of the fifty programs listed only four are strictly local! "Big Time" is king of the air.

NAMES? Certainly. That is what "Big Time" means. It brought you Feodore Chaliapin and Rosa Ponselle from the operatic stage. And there were others. How about George Gershwin, rated the greatest American composer? Did you hear him play his own composition, Rhapsody In Blue? And Walter Damrosch? Did you know that this great maestro has outlined an educational course in musical interpretation for weekly Radio presentations that will take a period of three years to present? What about such musical comedy stars as Helen Morgan and Jack Donahue? And John Golden, the prominent theatrical producer, who read one of the parts in the Radio presentation of one of his current productions? Did you catch Gloria Swanson as she etherized her screen personality for you? And Eddie Guest, the poet of the people? And what about The Headline Hunter, Floyd Gibbons, that noted war correspondent? And Eddie Leonard, Grace LaRue, Carlotta King, Anna Case—names—names—names! Yes, and thousands of other names all associated with "Big Time" broadcasting. Why? Because the owners of the names are all headliners in their particular line of entertainment.

BUT wait a minute. Hasn't Radio any stars of its own? Plenty of them. How about Amos and Andy? The featured announcers? And Rosalind Greene, first leading lady of the air dramas? Or Henry Burbig, the dialect comedian? Wendell Hall, the crooning singer? Jessica Dragonette, one of the few sopranos adored by temperamental Mike? Paul Mumont and Al Bernard, the end men in the Dutch Masters' Minstrel Show? But why continue? The list is long and growing longer each day as talented entertainers make the grade.

How does one get into Big Time? All sorts of ways. Some just drift in. Others have a hard time crashing the gate. It's just like getting into any other theatrical profession, I guess. There are many illustrations and let us consider this one.

Take the case of Henry Burbig. This Canadian boy came to New York and for five long years put his inimitable dialect "poms end sturries" on the air from the studios of small local stations. While searching for novelty Radio acts for a client I was dialing around the set picking up the local programs. Without warning I came in on the middle of a bedtime story being burlesqued in Jewish dialect. It was Burbig. His work clicked and I got in touch with him. He told me afterward that he was so excited when I asked him to take part in a chain broadcast that he actually trembled. Not from stage fright, but from excitement. He said, "I couldn't believe that at last I was going on the air over the Big Time." I have quoted his exact words. It was the first time I ever heard the networks referred to in this manner. Henry Burbig's apprenticeship in Small Time on the air served him well; he was an overnight hit on Big Time and is now the featured performer on a weekly commercial program.

Mr. Barnum, I thank you.

R. T. I. R. T. I. QUALIFIES YOU TO MAKE MONEY AND ITS SERVICE KEEPS YOU UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ON THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN RADIO, TELEVISION, AND TALKING PICTURES **R. T. I.**



THE RIGHT TURN NOW BRINGS BIG-MONEY JOBS

and lifetime success in the newest and fastest growing industry in the world

RADIO

The great new infant Radio industry continually outgrows the supply of trained men for its needs. Therefore, R. T. I. is seeking hundreds of earnest, ambitious men to train to fill the jobs that lead to $2500—$3500—$5000 a year and up. Spare-time work too is waiting everywhere — thousands of dollars to be made easily, quickly, in every part of the country.

TELEVISION

Now comes Television out of the experimental radio laboratory on the verge of another vast demand for men who are qualified to expand it and the R. T. I. "3 in 1" Home Training in Radio, Television and Talking Pictures offers you big opportunity in this magic new field.

TALKING PICTURES

The vast sweep of Talking Pictures through the larger cities is about to cover the country, creating more and more jobs that must be filled by men with such training as R. T. I. gives

R. T. I. Famous "3 in 1" Home Training Radio—Television—Talking Pictures

Qualifies you easily, quickly, and surely for Big-Pay Jobs in RADIO or either of its new and fast-growing sister industries—TELEVISION and the TALKING PICTURES. Your age or previous experience do not matter.

NOW IS THE TIME!

Never before in the history of the civilized world has there been such opportunity for ambitious men. These great industries—the "Big 3"—offer Big-Money Jobs—money-making without limit—all available to men and boys who are far-seeing enough "to get in on the ground floor"—right now, —and R. T. I. makes it easy for you to get in. Send for the Big free R. T. I. book.



F. H. SCHNELL

Let F. H. Schnell and the R. T. I. Advisory Board Help You

Mr. Schnell, Chief of the R. T. I. Staff, is one of the ablest and best known radio men in America. He has twenty years of Radio experience. He was the first to establish two way amateur communication with Europe. Former Traffic Manager of American Radio Relay League. Lieutenant Commander of the U. S. Naval Reserve. Inventor and designer of Radio apparatus. Consultant Engineer to large Radio manufacturers.

Assisting him is the R. T. I. Advisory Board, composed of men prominent in the Radio industry—manufacturing, broadcasting, engineering and servicing. All these men know Radio and will help you succeed in their field.

START AT HOME *Quick Money* NOW!

To meet the great demand for trained men from the new Radio, Television and Talking Picture field, R. T. I. with the help of its connections in the industry, has built up an easy, learn-at-home practical plan that will prepare you for these good jobs. You use fine testing and working outfits and learn by work sheets and the invaluable R. T. I. Job Tickets prepared by men who know. It's easy because clearly explained so you can do it—yet it is practical, scientific, and makes you an expert. R. T. I. starts you making money right at home and keeps stepping you up and up in the Big-Pay class.

The Facts Will Thrill You

You cannot possibly imagine the astounding present development of Radio, Television and Talking Pictures—their limitless future expansion—the big number of money-making jobs—spare-time profits—right now and rushing on bigger and bigger. The actual pictures and facts from all sources all are in the R. T. I. Free Book.





RADIO FOREMEN

Large radio factory has opening for several foremen thoroughly experienced on chassis assembly lines. Will make interesting proposition to right men.

ADDRESS—G Y 138, Tribune.

RADIO.

FINAL SET TESTERS

Splendid opportunity for young man with thorough knowledge of radio, to handle final set test in production line.

GALVEN MFG. CORP., 847 W. Harrison-st.

RADIO SERVICE MAN.

Must be capable of servicing and installing any make of radio. Apply Mon. or Tues. between 9-11 a. m.

642 N. Michigan-av

RADIO TESTERS

and balancers, experienced on A. C. sets; unusual pay for men who qualify. Call Smith, Grovehill 0600, or apply Silver-Marshall, Inc., 5401 W. 65th-st.



Salary Raised 33 1-3% Since Enrolling

Am now radio service manager for N. H. Knight Supply Co.—Earl P. Gordon, 618 E. 6th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.



Earned $500 Extra in Two Months

In spare-time work — I give you all the credit — J. Noffsinger, R. I. Box 37, Greenville, Ky.



$60 a Week—Now a $10 Raise

Repaired sets others fell down on—promoted to foreman — Fred E. Klemann, Box 8, Lisle, Ill.

Big R. T. I. Book FREE Now — Use the Coupon!

All you have to do is fill in the coupon and we will mail you, post paid, our wonderful book "Tune In On Big Pay." There is no other book like it. You will be startled, like thousands of others, with its thrilling pages —its amazing photographs—overwhelming evidence of the incomparable money-making opportunities for you in Radio — RIGHT NOW! Send for it immediately.

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Send me Free and prepaid your BIG BOOK "Tune In On Big Pay" and full details of your three-in-one Home Training (without obligating me in any way).

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Address.....

City.....State.....

R. T. I. R. T. I. TRAINS YOU AT HOME FOR A GOOD JOB OR A PROFITABLE PART TIME OR FULL TIME BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

Background

(Continued from page 13)

both parties. Perhaps he was too busy to have a heartache, Marilyn thought; perhaps,——

There was nothing to recall to her that torturing night; nothing, that is, except her own mind which dwelt painfully on it all the time—nothing until about ten days later Mr. Reade came to her, called late one afternoon. Ironically she received him in the room where Phil had proposed.

He was trimly clad and brushed. His outward appearance, at least, was as conventional as it had ever been. There was no sign in his smooth-shaven face or his carefully adjusted if scanty hair to remind her of the unkempt, shirt-sleeved man she had last seen battling so determinedly against death.

She asked politely after Mrs. Reade. It seemed the thing to do.

"She is quite well. She is taking your mother riding while I talk to you. You can see her out the window, I think."

Apparently he wanted her to look, so Marilyn parted the curtains.

Her mother was just getting into the tonneau of the Reade country car, where she was being warmly received by an exquisitely tailored and poised lady,—Mrs. Reade. Her air of unruffled distinction, enhanced somewhat by her nose glasses and a tight veil over a tiny hat, made her unbending to greet her old friend seem like the graciousness of a queen. Marilyn rubbed her hand across her eyes. It could not be the woman she had seen with the disheveled hair, the torn nightgown and the bruised body.

But it was.

"HAVE you seen Phil lately?" Mr. Reade questioned, calling her back.

She turned swiftly. "Of course not," she replied with just a little bitterness. "I shall never see him again. Has he, then, sent you as an emissary to plead for him?" She tinged the question with unspoken scorn. "You?"

Mr. Reade smiled. "Do you think it would be likely that he would send me? Scarcely. I have not seen him since that night. I do not particularly wish to see him again. I imagine that he has joined the number of those old friends of mine who have suddenly died to me,—but whose memories I carry around in the corner of my heart labeled 'Regrets'."

"Why did you ask me if I had seen him?"

"Because I was afraid you had not. Phil is a sensitive, rather shy young man, easily hurt and you—well, you have had very little experience with realities."

"Thank heaven!"

"It's nothing to be thankful for. Because you've got to meet up with realities all your life, unless you live all alone."

"Why should you plead Phil's case?"

"I don't know. I guess it's because I liked him. Anyway, unless you absolutely forbid it, I'm going to tell you what happened to him. Then you and I will be the only ones who know because he is in the dark himself."

Marilyn tried to protest, but something in her heart, a lurking tenderness perhaps, interfered and her protest was unuttered.

Mr. Reade took that as permission to go on.

"Some women," he said didactically, like a professor addressing a class on some impersonal subject, "have inherited more vanity from their sex ancestry than others. They think more about their power, allure, whatever you wish to call it. They exercise this power to make themselves queens over their little circles. They glory in their petty tyranny. "But like all tyrants they are afraid,—are always haunted by the fear that their power is failing. Every once in so often they demand assurance that their kingdom is secure. They are jealous goddesses and they demand tribute and human sacrifice. It isn't enough to hold captive the men who belong to them by law. To hold a husband, growing old with them, is not a sufficient proof of unfading charm. They long to try their teeth and claws in the arena against the youngsters of the pack. For some reason it satisfies the vanity of a woman of that type to enslave the attentions of a man much younger than herself,—to take him away temporarily from the débutantes. It is her defiance to Age, childish of course, because Age can laughingly accept puny temporary rebuffs secure in the knowledge that his web is all around her.

"BUT you get the idea I think. Mrs. Reade never cared a great deal for Phil,—or for that matter for any one else except me. She does care much about her own looks and charm. He happened along when a lurking fear prompted her to try out her weapons. A young man is easy prey for a good-looking married woman who sets out to win him. Under the guise of hospitality she can make advances that would brand a young girl as brazen—she can invite him frequently to her house—can receive him intimately, can command his presence when she wishes, can play upon his fears of raising a scene, can even go so far as that affair you witnessed the other night in her efforts to secure a declaration that her power has not waned. A young and inexperienced man in a situation like that goes farther than he intends simply because he does not know how to draw back.

"I don't say that Phil was entirely blameless, but I want you to see that he did not know what he was doing and that at times he had to float with the current. When he struggled to get free you see what happened. I suppose there had been a dozen scenes like the one we were in on before he finally took the definite stand which he must have taken in order to bring on the crisis." Mr. Reade rose as if he had put a conclusion to his formal remarks. "Think over what I have said; if you can, send for Phil."

"How could I marry him now?"

"I don't know. I can't advise you. All I can do is to give you my judgment that he really is a fine young fellow and that he was practically helpless in the adventure which caused the trouble between you. It will never happen again. He has learned something invaluable, just as you have, and your path together would really be on surer ground than if you were blind to the real forces in life."

"But you," said Marilyn in sudden sympathy for this unheroic businessman who had concerned himself so sympathetically with her unhappiness. "What will you do?"

He grinned. It was his first reversion to boyishness. "I'll pray for peace but keep my antidotes dry. Life will go on quite smoothly for a while."

"And you'll not get a divorce?"

HE SHOOK his head. "No, I love her and she—she loves me, really. Besides there are a lot of duties that you take on with a real marriage over and above the ones mentioned in the ring service. One of them is to stand by through thick and thin, no matter what happens. You learn about that in the corridor of a hospital while inside a darkened room doctors and nurses are fighting back death from the thing you love, or when your boy is lying in the cradle between the two of you, coughing and gasping for the breath that you would gladly give him out of your own two bodies, or under any one of the hundreds of circumstances which really ratify the church ceremony of marriage. You'll know about these things from personal experience later. Until then, take my word for it and think carefully before you let Phil step entirely out of your life. He isn't a saint,—none of us are,—he's neither so good as you once thought him, nor so bad as you consider him now. But he is better than most and he has learned much."

There seemed no occasion for further discussion. Marilyn thoughtfully ushered him to the door herself.

She continued to think for several days, not only about her own problem but also about that of the supposedly hard-headed business man, Mr. Reade.

If he could smile and go ahead, could she fail to follow his example? If he, who had every reason not to, could visualize Phil's good qualities and judge them as outweighing his faults, could she, from the heights of her inexperience, contradict the heart which still called to him?

A few days later an invitation for her mother and herself to dine informally with the Reades caused her a moment's indecision. She had been dreading the meeting with the married woman but she agreed with their tacit proposition to get the chill of the plunge over with.

So Marilyn and her mother went. It was fortunate that the Reades lived so near because that very day the street car strike had been declared and not a wheel was turning. There had been riots in various parts of the city. The strikers were rapidly placing themselves outside the bounds of sympathy by their obviously Bolsheviki methods. Fortunately, the residence part of the city had been spared any signs of violence, most of the rough demonstrations having taken place in the Yards district.

At the Reades' home the meeting was not nearly so bad as Marilyn had expected. Mrs. Reade was quite the same pleasant hostess she had always been and her memory appeared to be a blank as far as their last encounter was concerned. And she was sweet and gracious. Lord, it was impossible to hate her. And yet——

TO MARILYN now the background was only of gauze. This atmosphere of a pleasant, well-ordered home seemed painted on netting through which she, with the eyes of memory, looked upon a chaos of unhappiness and unrest,—that room upstairs as she had last seen it. It was not pleasant.

It was inevitable that during the dinner the subject of the street car strike should come up. It was too poignant a subject to be avoided even in a purely social dining room.

"The Mayor has called for volunteers to run the cars tomorrow morning," Mr. Reade said, imparting information that was already familiar if they had read the evening paper.

Marilyn had not. "Won't that be terribly dangerous?"

"Yes, I suppose so," Mr. Reade admitted. "The strikers haven't shown any signs of being gentle ruffians. But it is a time for good citizenship to prevail over this absolutely senseless anarchistic movement. The Traction Company has got to run, unless we are to degenerate to a condition like that of the lawless districts of Russia. It is a citizen's duty to help operate those cars."

"John, you didn't volunteer?" Mrs. Reade asked with genuine concern in her voice. "I couldn't stand it."

"Not yet," he replied. "The first crews have been made up entirely among the

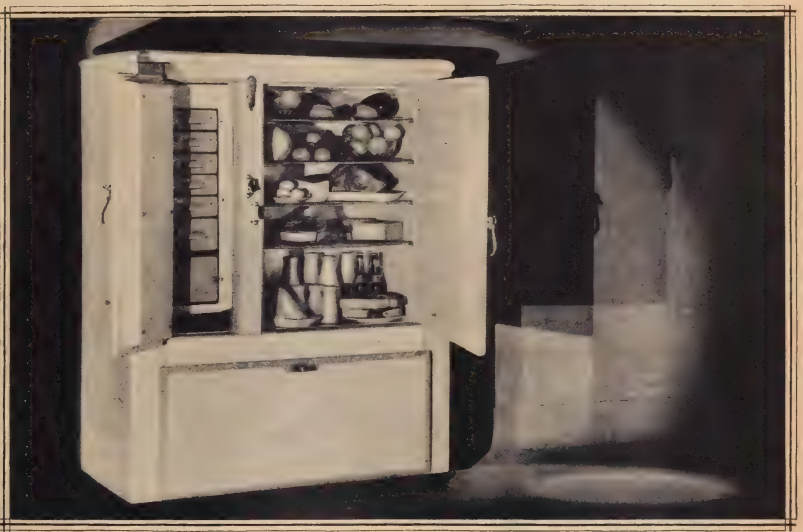
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F. O. B. DETROIT

Tune in on the Kelvinator broadcast through 39 radio stations Friday evening, November 22. See your local programs.





OF course you want quick freezing of ice cubes and delicious desserts . . . foods kept cool, fresh and healthfully pure for your table . . . every modern home demands these things from electric refrigeration.

With the new Super-Automatic Kelvinator you won't need to worry or watch over your refrigerator to obtain these benefits.

For Kelvinator, never deviating from its path of making electric refrigeration even more convenient, more trouble-free, and more economical, has designed its newest product to be 100% automatic in operation.

A new Kelvinator discovery—Ice-O-Thermic Tubes—makes possible far faster freezing of ice cubes. Frozen in special fast-freezing trays, ice and delicious desserts are prepared in an amazingly brief period. Yet food compartments remain always at the same safe temperature between 40 and 50 degrees—neither too warm nor too cold.

In the larger Kelvinator models you even obtain a separate cold storage compartment where fish, game, etc., may be kept for indefinite periods.

Each complete new Kelvinator—and they are priced as low as $185 f. o. b. Detroit—has a cabinet of sturdy metal construction, porcelain lined throughout. Chromium-plated and butler nickel hardware in dull finish, adds to the attractive appearance and durability of these models.

A Different Christmas—
A Different Future—
For the Whole Family

Wives and husbands all over America will provide future food healthfulness and food economy by installing the new Kelvinator for the family's Christmas. Under Kelvinator's ReDisCo monthly budget plan, the family budget will hardly be disturbed by the modest cost of installation. See all the new Kelvinators now, and be sure to order the size you need in your home for Christmas.

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NO SOAP
For Shaving

NOW all soap for shaving—cake, stick, powder or cream—is replaced by Kolax. Already it is endorsed by a million users. No brush is used. There is no lather to work up or "rub in". No treatment with lotions to heal a face made rough and irritated by the alkali *all* soap *must* contain.

Time is cut in half. Only these three simple steps are necessary: Wet the face. Spread Kolax on the beard thinly. Shave.

This is the secret. At last a real beard softener has been found. It acts upon the beard as soap in any form can never act. Kolax really softens. *Each hair and stubble swells one-fifth in size.* Oil vanishes. The razor cuts cleanly. Blades last twice as long—and keep sharp. Yet the skin is bettered. Even those with tender skins may shave as closely as they choose. Lotions and hot towels become needless. Daily the skin grows softer and more pliant.

You will be amazed to see how much quicker and better Kolax is than your favorite soap.

Make this Test Free

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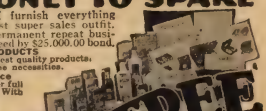
with a steady income for the rest of your life if you'll take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Full or spare time. You don't invest one cent, just be my local partner. Make $15.00 a day easy. Ride in a Chrysler Sedan I furnish all capital and go partners.

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Write quick for full information. With person I select as my partner, I go 50-50. Get my amazing offer for your locality. Write or wire

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This is part of my FREE offer to producers. It is yours to keep —no contest.



Chest of Food Products to my Representatives

C. W. VAN DE MARK, PRESIDENT Dept.5033-PP Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

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office employees of the company. They volunteered in a body."

"Is Phil Schuyler going?" Marilyn's mother interjected, all guilelessly.

"I believe he is," the host replied. "He is to be motorman on the first car."

"Isn't that splendid of him?" Mrs. Reade enthused.

Marilyn turned to her with insistent inquiry in her eyes. "You would applaud Phil for a foolhardy thing like this and do nothing to restrain him?"

Mrs. Reade shrugged her shoulders. "I think it is very characteristic of him."

"But you would not want your own husband to do the same thing."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because he's my man. My heart just wouldn't let him." With her brilliant eyes, now tender, she threw a proprietary lasso around her prosaic husband. "You'll understand how it is some day. Now you can't know."

THERE it was again,—this curious inexplicable loyalty between man and wife, something that bridged across every ugly, unlovely thing. It was a talisman, a charm, that prevailed against the world apart. Mrs. Reade couldn't let him go because he was "her man." But Phil she could see defying death and cheer at the spectacle. Because he was not "her man."

But wasn't Phil anybody's man? Was there no one to see him through, no one to keep him from risking his life?

Her decision was made instantly. She appealed to Mr. Reade. "Would you, could you ask Phil to come over here?"

He looked questioningly at Mrs. Reade. "Why,—if you wish it,—yes."

"I would like very much to see him, and I think it would be better here than anywhere."

While Mr. Reade telephoned for Phil, and after that, even, the situation had a certain tensity which was difficult to cover up with polite conversation.

Phil, mystified and slightly embarrassed by the assembly into which he had been imperatively summoned, arrived and attempted to steer the conversation in the usual preliminary channels of the weather and the health of the participants.

But he was a distinct failure. And so Marilyn precipitated matters by saying, "Mr. Reade has told us that you are going to take the first car through the Yards district tomorrow morning."

PHIL grinned. "Yes, I am to have that honor. Won't it be bully sport?"

"Do you look at it that way?"

"Yes. Uncle Sam played a low down trick on me in making me fight the great war entirely at Fort Sill, and this looks like the next best thing."

Mr. Reade interposed gently. "Marilyn's worry is this, Phil. She thought that you volunteered for this stunt simply because of a quarrel with her."

Phil laughed as he adopted the formal method of replying through a third person. "She can rest assured that I am not doing this in a feeling of pique. Gee, it's somebody's job, and I'm not married or anything. I know you fellows are just as anxious as I am, and you may get a chance later."

This was another blinding light for Marilyn. She quite believed now in the sincerity of her ex-lover. He was risking his life because he wanted to and not because of any love melancholy. Now she came to think about it, he didn't appear to have any love melancholy. And yet he was in love still,—she knew that from the way his eyes devoured her. She was so certain of that that she automatically ceased to be jealous of Mrs. Reade.

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Knowing this, and knowing also that come what might, in spite of the past or the future, he was her mate, she couldn't let him risk his life on the morrow,—not without telling him.

"SEVERAL weeks ago," she began, "you asked me to marry you, Phil. Do you still want it?"

"Marilyn!" This in shocked remonstrance from her mother. Mr. Reade, with clumsy kindness, motioned to his wife to withdraw with him, but Marilyn interpreted the gesture and frustrated the idea.

"Don't go. I want to say this in front of you. Once I thought that love was a matter of moonlight, and music, secluded corners and whispers. I'm afraid I was a very young girl then. I'm not so much older now, but I want to come out in the open. Even before Phil answers my question I want to tell him before you that I care for him, more than I think it will ever be possible for me to care for anyone else. I care, knowing everything that I know and seeing clearly. Now, Phil, you may answer my question. Do you want me?"

Phil grinned and said huskily, "Surest thing you know."

A moment later he said, "I hope you don't mind being kissed before everybody."

"I don't, but there isn't anybody here." In spite of her injunction her mother and the Reades had faded away.

"This really is better, after all," Phil decided as they settled down into a chair, one for both.

"If you are going to let me be your boss for life again," Marilyn said, "my first command is that you don't go on the front end of that street car tomorrow."

"Then I take back what I said about being the boss," Phil replied promptly. "Your command is overruled. I said I would go as skipper of the first trouble car and," he kissed her, "I'm going."

"Then I'm going too."

"Second false decision on the part of the commanding officer," Phil decided. "You are going to wait for me at the down town terminal of the State Street line. I shall expect to have a nice warm kiss right off the griddle waiting for me when I shut off the juice and fight my way through the crowds of admiring ladies to meet you."

"But you may be killed," Marilyn wailed plaintively.

"Nope, not now. If you hadn't sent for me I might have been, but under the circumstances I refuse to oblige."

BUT IT was a weary wait at the down town terminal of the street railway line. Marilyn did as she was told, because,—oh, because she loved him. But her heart strained through her eyes as she kept them fixed on the lines of steel rails that led from her to the tough Yards district. Was it an angry roar that echoed down the canon of the street? She almost fancied she could hear curses, blows, and the jingle of shattered glass. The papers were full of that sort of thing. Perhaps the strikers would even use fire arms.

It was nearly time for the first car to come through. A few loiterers from the down town district were collected around the terminal. They glanced curiously at Marilyn, who seemed strangely out of place. It was scarcely a throng to welcome the conquering hero. These people were indifferent; didn't know Phil and cared very little whether he came through or not. Marilyn resented their indifference.

"Here she comes," one of the men announced. "I guess I'll get home in time for breakfast, after all."

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New Radio Map and Log. We are now able to supply our readers with a new radio map and log, showing location of stations, list of all stations by call letters. Send 25 cents, stamps or coin, to Shopping Service, Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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SONGWRITERS: Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on publisher's acceptance. New booklet, "Song Requirements of Talking Picture," sent free. Newcomer Associates, S-78 Earl Bldg., New York.

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Since Early Childhood

Infantile Paralysis



After 4 months at McLain Sanitarium, William Peacock, 18, walked flat on his sole for the first time in years. See photos and letter:

As long as I can remember I walked on the toes of my left foot. I had always dreamed of the time when I would walk flat on my sole and McLain Sanitarium made that dream a reality. I will always speak a good word for McLain's.
WILLIAM D. PEACOCK
R. R. No. 2, Ashburn, Georgia

McLain Sanitarium (established 1898) is a private institution devoted to the treatment of crippled, deformed and paralyzed conditions generally. No surgical operation requiring chloroform or general anaesthetics. Plaster Paris not used. Patients received without delay. Parents retain full charge of children if desired.



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867 Aubert Av., St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

N908

Subscribe to RADIO DIGEST. Fill Out the Coupon on Page 6.

That's all he was thinking of,—his breakfast. Marilyn shot a scornful glance at him. But only one. She couldn't waste her eyes. Afar down the street, blocks away, was a tiny speck which was moving along at a bounding speed. Nearer and nearer it came. Finally she could hear the trolley wires hum overhead. It was a big heavy-trucked car, and it seemed irresistible in its progress, like a liner plowing the ocean. But as it drew nearer one could see what a sad wreck it was. Scarcely a pane of glass was left in the windows, especially in the front part of the car, and the fender was crumpled up into a mass of twisted iron where it had struck some obstruction on the track. With a grinding of brakes the car came to a stop and the motor man detached his brass handle from the controller and dismounted stiffly from the platform. He seemed looking for someone. But one eye was completely closed. His face was blackened and bloody, and his clothes had been used for a door mat by somebody.

"Here I am," said Marilyn, reaching out. She touched this battered wreck.

"And here I am," responded the aforesaid wreck.

"Then it *is* you," said Marilyn. "I wasn't quite certain."

Phil laughed. "I didn't know it was that bad. There were one or two passengers who had horrid habits. Wait a minute, you aren't going to kiss me like this?"

But it was too late to stop her. Besides he didn't want to.

Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 15.)

Brown. An' das how I come to find yo'."

"An' I makes an actor out of you, I does——"

"Either that or you ruins me, 'caise I musta knowed sompin' about it or de man would not have hired me before eveah I heered of yo'."

And through the long wrangle that followed I learned that these two found the next six years of their lives moving in parallel lines. They went from town to town staging shows sometimes together and sometimes separately. Their headquarters were in Chicago, where they had an apartment together. Andy would play the piano and Amos the ukulele. Their voices harmonized perfectly.

"Then you took up Radio?" I asked.

"Yaas suh," said Andy. "Dat was in de spring, let me think a minute—dat was de spring of 1925."

"Boys," I said at last, rather sternly, "you have an advantage over me. You are hiding behind the telephone. I can only hear your voices and judge the color of your skin according. I want to know the real color of your skins, and I want to know your honest-to-goodness names, the names your parents gave you. Amos, you first, are you black or white—and what's your real name? Quick, now, for I'm getting connection traced through and I'll have you cornered in no time——"

"Awa-awa-awa—!" The receiver clicked. They were gone.

But in the next issue of Radio Digest the real low down on Amos 'n' Andy, their homes, their private lives will be exposed to the merciless curiosity of the listening millions.

* * *

Arthur Snyder, formerly of WCCO, Minneapolis, has joined the ranks at the NBC as a production director. He wrote continuities, directed dramatic sketches for the Minneapolis station in addition to being heard frequently on the air.



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people praise this improved appliance

Forget about rupture pains and the need for constant care and watchfulness. Hold your rupture this secure, sanitary way. This perfected appliance retains rupture safely and with great comfort, and at the same time promotes healing. Out-of-doors men praise this better way to hold their ruptures. It binds the separated muscle fibres together. It gives absolute freedom in body movement. Over 3,000,000 Brooks Appliances sold.

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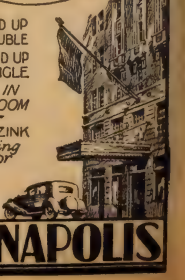
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RADIO IN EVERY ROOM

ARTHUR ZINK
Managing Director



INDIANAPOLIS

Mystery House

(Continued from page 102)

"Come on kid. Here's the nuts. Hello—what's this—er—" Fragoni had come up the path from behind.

"Good heavens, child—and—is—is this man your Uncle Brooke's friend?"

Sight of this child in such treacherous hands stirred Margaret's protective instincts to the depth, and when Alice begged that she would come with her to see "Uncle Brooke" Margot promised she most certainly would. Fragoni protested vigorously and threatened that she would be sorry if she did. But Margot declared she would not let the child out of her sight and Fragoni, out in the open, could do nothing but yield.

Events moved quickly and precipitately for Sergt. Hanrahan after young Brooke had left him at Mystery House. He had started out for another trip of investigation when suddenly he was fired upon from a black touring car that whirled around a corner ahead of him spitting bullets from a machine gun. One pellet grazed his hand as he dropped to the pavement for protection. Immediately afterward he rushed to Margot's home to report to Brooke.

Sally admitted him to the apartment. There he not only related what had happened to himself but told his young friend that Margot had been seen going away with Fragoni and the little girl. Brooke had already been pacing the floor in his anxiety at her continued absence.

"We must get going at once before further harm is done," said Brooke seizing his hat and starting for the door.

"But wait, the chase starts right here, Mr. Brooke," said Hanrahan. "I'm going to break this case right now. I want that young woman—you, I mean, Sally. Don't leave this room. I'm going to take you over to headquarters now."

"You don't mean Sally. You must be mistaken, Sergeant!" Brooke exclaimed.

"Look, her handkerchief! Sally, you are under arrest for the murder of Johnnie Walker."

By an almost imperceptible movement Sally whipped a revolver from the folds of her skirt and leveled it at Hanrahan's head. Then with a jeer for the disconcerted policeman, she backed to the door and was gone.

Hanrahan grasped at a phone to stop her below but Brooke prevented him, still unable to believe that Sally was false.

(To be continued in the February Radio Digest.)

Carillons Real Treat

CARILLON concerts are so rare and such a treat for the Radio audience that when the famous bells of Iowa State college at Ames were broadcast thousands sat spellbound before their loudspeakers. Anton Brees, world-renowned carilloneur, was the musician.

Only once previously had a carillon concert been broadcast, that from the Mountain Lake Singing tower when President Coolidge dedicated the Bok bird sanctuary in Florida.

A carillon is a set of bells tuned to the notes of the chromatic scale and numbering at least twenty-five bells. The carillon at Ames is the first set of its kind to be imported into the United States and includes thirty-six bells

The carillon concert was a part of the program broadcast from the annual convention of the American Country Life association on which Secretary of Agriculture Hyde and Ex-governor of Illinois Lowden spoke over the NBC farm network.



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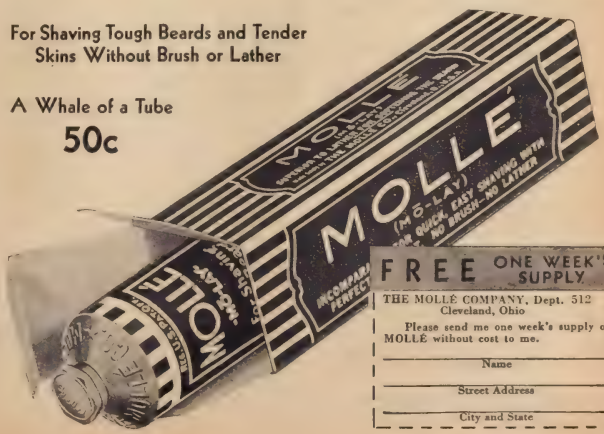
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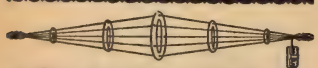
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No. 30—LENGTH 30 FEET: Assembled ready to string up. Brings in volume of 150-ft. aerial but retains the selectivity of a 30-ft. aerial. Rings are heavy gauge solid zinc. Duplicates in design and non-corrosive materials the aerials used by most of largest Broadcasting Stations. Design permits using this powerful aerial in 30-ft. space, (preferably outside). Sharpens tuning of any receiving set because of short length but has enormous pick-up because 150-ft. of No. 14 enamelled wire is used. Made for owners of fine radio sets who want great volume on distance without destroying sharp tuning. (Also used by many owners of short-wave outfits.) "Makes a good radio set better."

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No. 60—LENGTH 60 FEET: Assembled—ready to string up. "BIG BOY" Size. (same description as above except that 300-ft. of wire is used making this the most efficient and powerful aerial possible to manufacture.)

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Send me, without obligation, full details of Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan on the Deagan Xylorimba.

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Throng Home-Makers Club

(Continued from page 74)

that is being discussed. All over the country women in their own homes follow the same procedure as they listen. We know, for they write and tell us.

On Wednesdays the second broadcast of the National Radio Home-Makers club is on home decorating and is held from the decorating studio of the club—a striking room with buff walls, with the floor painted in Chinese vermilion with a modernistic design in each corner and a blue border, with a big two-toned blue rug, mahogany and Chinese vermilion furniture and heavy draperies in Czecho-Slovakian applique.

AT A WORK bench near the microphone, a painting or decorating demonstration is given during the broadcast, by Joan Barrett, the club interior decorator. Sometimes it's a vase she paints or a lamp shade. Sometimes it's a new wall finish she puts together; whatever it is, the Radio audience, as well as the visitors seem to get a clear idea of it. We almost always keep these decorating samples, as we call them, for some visitor is sure to ask to see the lamp that was made in July or the curtain created in May. You would be surprised at the number of people who ask to see definite pieces of work that we have described in our broadcasts.

It is this room that the musicians make their headquarters. Our singers include Vivian Holt, soprano; Elisabeth Wood, contralto; Charles Premmac, tenor, and Richard Hale, baritone. These four singers comprise the National Radio Home-Makers quartette. The instrumentalists, Lucien Schmidt, cellist, late with the New York Symphony; Harry Waller, violist, late with the New York Philharmonic, and John Corrigliano, concert violinist, with Ralph Christman, pianist, comprise the club string ensemble.

No visitor to the broadcasting studios of the National Radio Home-Makers club would be content without a view of the control room, a glimpse of the pleasant quarters occupied by the editorial staff and my own office. In every room, in every department, we try to emphasize the idea of home. There are dainty curtains everywhere, attractive rugs, bits of brilliant color and quantities of flowers. Never have I seen such a cheerful group of workers and I believe it is partly due to the surroundings.

The material for every broadcast is prepared by experts competent to write with authority on that particular subject. On the producing staff there are Bruce Chapman, managing editor of "Radio Home-Makers," the club publication; Edna Coleman, chief of the copy department; Barbara Daly, nutritionist; Sue Moody, stylist; Joan Barrett, interior decorator; Ruth Underhill, handicraft specialist; Helen Lewis, beautitian, and Grace White, dietitian.

The broadcasting is done only by broadcasters trained in singing and in production, for at least three months before going on the air, by Adele Holt, broadcasting coach and dictionist.

A tremendous undertaking, all this, you may possibly think. It is. But I believe that it is only by such meticulous attention to truth and perfection of detail, that adequate help can be given.

William Paley, President of the Columbia Broadcasting chain, said to me last week, "Mrs. Allen, your organization is the only one I know that is ready for television."

We are ready. And when it comes the women of this country will be as much interested in seeing the broadcasting procedures as are our visitors now.

BUILT INTO EVERY INSTRUMENT IS OUR WHOLE REPUTATION— A. G. Gulbransen

Gulbransen Leadership Brings to You the Joy of PERSONAL MUSIC



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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest Illustrated

Harold P. Brown, Editor

February, 1930



ONE of the first of Radio thespians to desert the stage for the microphone, Florence Malone is widely known for the work she has done in NBC productions. She is leading woman in the Westinghouse Salute programs on Wednesday evenings.

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THE essence of pep and personality permeating KFWB studios is evident in the person of Jean Cowan. She specializes in blues singing and plays her own accompaniments. As the KFWB Personality Girl she has oceans of IT and unlimited popularity.



LUCILLE BLACK steps out of character on Saturday nights when Madame Mocha de Polka steps into the limelight with that irresponsible group of people, the Nit Wits, led by Brad Browne. When in her right mind Lucille is a concert pianist of marked ability.



KENTUCKY long has been famed for its beautiful women, and Mary Alice McKinley is but one example of pulchritude to be found at WCKY, Covington, in the Blue Grass state. Just wait until television gets under way and watch the fans!

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Next to Last Call! Most Popular Station

Gold Cup Contest

Enters Last Lap with Nation's Leaders Bunched as New Stations Contest Positions

NEXT TO LAST CALL! This is the next to the last chance you will have to vote—your last opportunity to give a boost to the man who gives you some of the happiest and most worthwhile hours of your life, your favorite Radio station.

As the World's Most Popular Station contest goes into its fifth lap this month, Station WENR is still leading the field by a small margin, with WLS and WLW staging a close battle for second and third honors in the national field. From a position far down the line Henry Field's KFNF has suddenly leaped to within a step of the pace setters, while WWNC and KWKH are close behind, proving that it isn't always the big fellow who gives the best service or has the most faithful friends.

From Ponca City, Okla., has come another surprise for the leaders in this contest. WBBZ followers have suddenly come to life and put their favorite station in the running, perhaps for the Gold Cup, at least for one of the sectional Silver Cups to be awarded.

This is YOUR contest, YOUR chance to tell your favorite broadcaster that he is giving you better programs than any other station you tune in. Give him a break, don't be satisfied to sit back in your easy chair and think nice things—DO nice things, help the man who does so much for you earn sectional and international honors. VOTE! It's not too late. Just as WBBZ has come to the front in a few short weeks, so you can bring your most popular station to the front.

Not only has the pride of Ponca City suddenly leaped into the limelight in the Gold Cup Contest, the same influences seem to have been at work for WTAM, KHJ, KFI, KMOX, KDKA, and a host of others. The race is a hot one, and getting hotter every day. As the weeks pass, first one station and then another takes the lead within the geographical divisions. Everyone has a chance. It's up to the listener.

ALL nominations and ballots must be received by March 20, 1930. Don't forget to get the March issue and send in the six consecutively numbered votes you have been saving to secure the bonus, as outlined in the rules and regulations for the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup contest.

To the station in North America, including both the United States and Canada, which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsomely engraved Gold Cup. This trophy will be in the form of a golden microphone, similar to that illustrated, which was awarded to the world's most popular Radio announcer. It will be suitably engraved with the call letters and location of the winning station.



Gold Cup Design for Popularity Award

THAT this popularity contest may be entirely representative, and in order that the favorite station in your section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, six silver cups will be awarded in the sectional race. These trophies will be similar in every way to the grand prize, except that the base metal will be silver instead of gold. One will be given to the most popular station in each of the following six divisions of the continent: East, South, Middle West, West, Far West and Canada.

For the individual station winning the Gold Cup will come world-wide recognition as the most popular station on the globe. For nowhere else has Radio broadcasting achieved such unanimous popularity and importance as in North America.

No individual can tell exactly how any given station rates with listeners. It is only by an expression of approval or disapproval that the value of the service rendered may be judged, as in this Gold Cup contest sponsored by Radio Digest.

Literally thousands of letters have been received with nominations and ballots in this Most Popular Station contest. In many cases the enthusiasm for a favorite broadcaster mounts nearly to ecstasy.

"I BELIEVE that station KDKA cannot be equalled by any station on the air today for service, dependability, amusement and variety of programs," says R. L. Armstrong. "I believe WLW will win the Gold Cup. I never have heard

(Continue on page 110)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate.....

Station.....
(Call Letters)

in the World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest.

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Number 5

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
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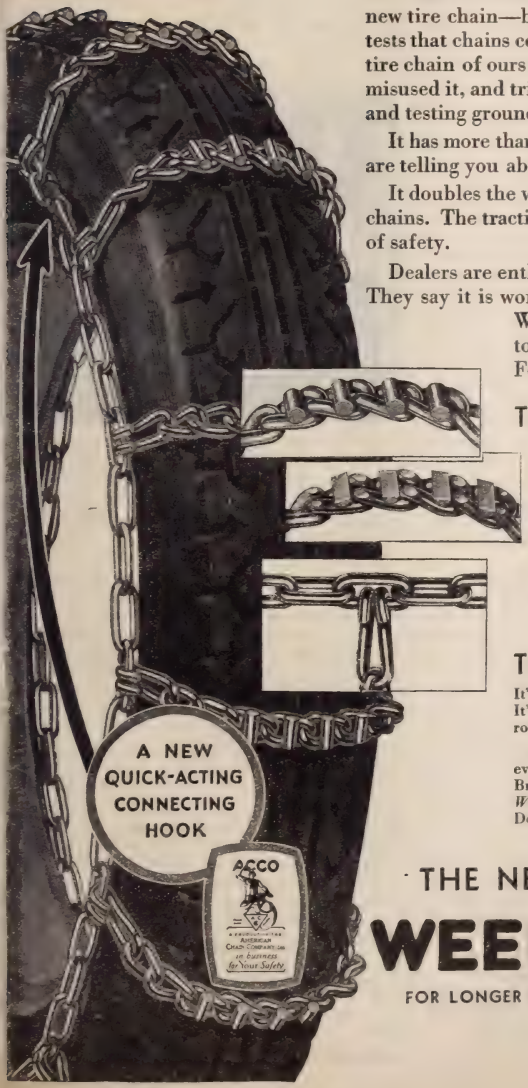
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We could have told you two years ago about this wonderful new tire chain—but we decided to give it the most brutal tests that chains could be put to. In fact, because this new tire chain of ours seemed too good to be true, we abused it, misused it, and tried it out on every sort of street and road and testing ground.

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THE NEW CROSS CHAIN

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WHEN THE CROSS CHAIN WEARS

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WEED AMERICAN

FOR LONGER WEAR, BETTER TRACTION, GREATER SAFETY

Advance Tips

"PARIS, France — Sending two covers today American Express for Radio Digest. (Signed) Guy Hoff." Ever since that cablegram was received in mid-December we have been eagerly watching every arrival of the express man, wondering what kind of a Parisian Radio beauty this famous artist would portray for you. The package has not arrived as we go to press. Hope it will be here in time for the March issue.

* * *

Natalie Giddings who wrote so entertainingly of Little Jack Little, in the January Radio Digest has discovered a ukulele player with a soul. And she thinks it has a sense of humor. Read her article about Don Becker, the Irrational Broadcasting Company, and the Flatenem Eight next month.

* * *

After you read Miss Drachman's interview with Floyd Gibbons in this issue you will be more than interested in the article Mr. Gibbons is preparing right now for the March number. We suggested that he write something about Radio in the Next War (which we hope will be long after this generation has ceased to worry about wars of any kind) but he may write about something else much better. Whatever it is the author of the Red Napoleon and other startling war stories will be sure to give us a thrill. And the article will be amply illustrated you may be sure.

* * *

Doty Hobart is on the schedule again for March. Mr. Hobart always gives us a wealth of interesting information about something worth while.

* * *

"It's only funny once," says Sherwood Anderson, famous author, who writes an article about things that are funny, and things that are not so funny. Looks like this will be in the March issue too.

* * *

George Gershwin who created that modern classic, Rhapsody in Blue, will be the subject of our opening biographical article in the March issue. The story of this typical American genius is told most entertainingly by an intimate friend.

* * *

RUPERT HUGHES ranks among the very first of American authors of today. A Rupert Hughes story is a story of living hearts. Every character he creates breathes the breath of life. You love, you hate, you grieve or you exult with that character because Hughes can make you feel as he wants you to feel when you read. One of the greatest pieces of short fiction ever to come from the hand of Rupert Hughes is a love story woven into the Gold Rush to California in 1849. You forget all that has happened since and live through that frantic period with lovely Alice Gammell. The story comes in two parts. The first will be in the March Radio Digest.

* * *

A serial of romantic adventure will begin in the March issue of Radio Digest. Don't miss the opening chapters. Follow each installment through.

* * *

Anna Peterson one of the greatest cooking experts ever heard over the air is on the books for a special article of interest to women in the near future.

Across the Desk

SOON the big station popularity contest will be over. Seven beautiful trophies will be awarded the winners. Topping all will be the exquisitely designed gold cup, awarded in other years to the most popular announcer, but this year to the most popular station. Times have changed since Radio first began conducting these popularity contests. There still are favorite announcers. Today, however, there are many other outstanding personalities and groups identified with a broadcasting station. The real personality that characterizes a station may be heard only at rare intervals by the listener. Therefore it has seemed more equitable to consider the station from the viewpoint of the general ensemble. If you want to be a good scout and do one kindly deed before this day is done cut out the voting coupon on page 3, fill it out for your favorite station, and mail it to the station contest editor of Radio Digest. Every vote counts.

* * *

IF YOU think the popular author has a pretty soft snap of it turn to the article by Edgar Wallace on page 16 and read the short biographical sketch borrowed from the January Golden Book. Wallace makes a great deal of money by his writing and he says in this article, which appears for the first time in print in Radio Digest, that he could make just as much money if he wanted to be crooked. But in spite of the long list of his activities—enough to stagger any other living soul—he says he "knows an easier way." He even thinks he could make you a crooked partner in the nefarious schemes by which he says he could tempt you to part with your money in questionable enterprises. To think of Wallace as a foundling, adopted by a fish porter and his wife, becoming at fifty one of the most prolific literary men of his day seems to hand a laugh to all the solemn theories of eugenics and environment. Radio Digest was fortunate to get this first-hand article by Wallace. The photo shown here was taken recently when Mr. Wallace took a peek at Chicago gangland and tried the effect of looking out from behind the bars of a Chicago jail.



* * *

RADIO DIGEST has gained thousands of new friends through the splendid co-operation of broadcasting stations throughout the country. Over sixty stations are represented in this January number by special items, or photographs, or both. This is the broadest representation we have ever before been able to get between the two covers of a single number. We are trying to give the reader the utmost of Radio information as it pertains to artists and programs and at the same time provide an attractive dress for other members of the Radio fan's family who may be more interested in good reading outside of the precise field of Radio. The co-operation of the stations in broadcasting our announcements has brought us more readers. More readers have made it possible for us to go into the market and buy better contents. So we wish to thank first the readers, and then the stations for expanding the public acceptance of our magazine. We have great expectations for a big growth in 1930. Important connections are being made for obtaining the best possible editorial material throughout the year. No Radio fan will feel that he can afford to be without his Radio Digest.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

WHEN YOU WANT

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City ..... State .....

Deathless Youth.

By Meredith Nicholson

MONOTONY kills. Most of us are so constituted that we demand change. Whenever we find ourselves resenting a break in the day's routine we may be sure that Age has gripped us; the freedom and zest of youth are waning.

It is cowardice to yield our spears without a struggle to the grim Lords of Time. We best insure against Age by planning for tomorrow as though we expected to live forever. We must beware of ruts, of a too-easy contentment. To keep the cup of life brimming—that is the great thing.

The pressure behind us is insistent; we've got to keep moving. We minimize the chance of sinking forgotten into the chimney corner, a prey to unhappy memories, if we hold ourselves alert for the charm of some new surprise.

It was a dark day and my countenance must have reflected the somberness of the sky when I met Ruth unexpectedly in the crowded street—Ruth, whose smile is a benediction, whose voice is a challenge to despair. "We mustn't let the grown-ups catch us!" she whispered, with characteristic irrelevance, and hurried on. Ruth is wise in her generation. We are old only when we stifle the child-spirit that is our heritage.

Life is a serious business, yes; but it would be intolerable if we were obliged to live by a set formula. We must avoid the deadly iteration of a settled programme. In these times of bewildering change the healthy mind has no excuse for growing stale. The day's work isn't enough; we need the renovating and rejuvenating that come from the cultivation of a diversity of interests. Two business men in my town are accomplished astronomers. At the day's end their imaginations dare the heavens and they take counsel of Orion and Arcturus with his sons.

While curiosity is keen in heart and mind we can never grow old in a world that is re-created with every sunrise. To identify ourselves with a good cause that cries for assistance; to pick out of the crowd an individual whose lot is hard and renew his faith in man and God by an act of kindness—in a thousand such ways we may broaden and deepen the channels of our own lives.

Hoping and helping, ridding our pack of old rubbish that has become a weariness, we may know the joy of deathless youth and realize each day the beginnings of immortality.



MILTON CROSS is permitted but one night a week at home, and on one of these nights he entertained Mr. Herbert Devins, who describes the event on the opposite page. Mr. Devins also tells some of the details of the award of the American Arts and Letters Diction Medal to Mr. Cross and quotes the acceptance speech.

Milton Cross Says, "Come In"

And the Family Is at Home Because Somewhere on the Sidewalks of New York Jay Is Lost and Little Lillian Is Sad

By Herbert Devins

MILTON CROSS says "Come in!" as though he meant it.

Tuesday nights, of course, are the only times the famous NBC announcer is home long enough to invite anyone inside. It's his only night off from the studios, so even then it's a rare Tuesday night that he isn't planning to go out with Mrs. Cross for dinner and a theater.

Sometimes five-year-old Lillian goes with them; usually she stays home under the care of Mrs. Nona Clarke, the genial landlady who lives upstairs.

Tonight the Crosses are "at home." They daren't go out tonight, for tiny Lillian will not leave the phone. Her life-long playmate, the police dog, Jay, has been lost since Saturday. Someone may telephone that he's found.

So Milton Cross answers the door himself, and says "Come in!" as though he meant it. He leads the way from the brown stone entrance on quiet St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn, a stone's throw from Prospect Park, through the shadowy hallway into one of those high-ceilinged parlors only to be found in old brown stone houses.

It's the sort of living room that can never seem unfamiliar, even at the very first glance. It is one of those rooms that somehow are always recognized as a racial heritage; that always strike a responsive chord through instinct, if not through experience. Its friendly expansiveness absorbs big, amiable Milton Cross without a jarring note.

The plain white ceiling is so far away that the unusual size of the room escapes attention. Tall windows look out upon the snowy pavements and wintry branches of St. Marks avenue, where stately houses with just such living rooms as this stand equidistant from the walks, like a military file at ease.

Inside with Milton Cross, none of the details of the room clamor for attention. Everything waits quietly, in perfect harmony. Even regular guests there are not sure of the color of the walls. One knows just where the marble fireplace should be, and only glances at it to make sure that it has not moved.

"Make yourself at home," smiles Milton as he drops your hat. As he bends to recover it, an ashtray clatters to the floor, spilling its contents. Before he has repaired this damage, you note that even on the floor it did not seem out of place.

"Just let me see what's in the ice box," he excuses himself and disappears through giant sliding doors at the end of the room.

After many visits, you may discover that Persian rugs are scattered about the floor. That snapdragon and yellow roses tumble from faience bowls on the library table and queer little stands. But not at first.

BECAUSE the thing is almost at your feet, you can't escape the long Venetian chest with intricate carved designs on its walnut sides. A grinning skull is painted on the dark velvet cover thrown carelessly across the top. It encourages the notion that the lid conceals a newly-strangled victim. When curiosity becomes unbearable, the smooth brass hinges reveal only a harmless assortment of little girl's toys: dolls and dishes, books and blocks, with the rear wheel of a tiny bicycle turning perceptibly on its axle.

There is a clatter on the stairway beyond the door, and a little musical voice queries, "Papa, has anyone phoned yet?"

"RADIO work is not only a profession, it is a life, and the serious-minded announcer virtually orders his whole mode of living to conform to the requirements of his work. In my own case, I have been on the air so long, and have so constantly applied myself to making my speech habits comform to microphone technique that my wife tells me I cannot even say 'good morning,' 'good night,' or 'please pass the butter' without it sounding like a station announcement. But seriously speaking, the announcer should keep his voice in the best possible condition and in order to do so he must not only live up to the rules required for general physical fitness but should take a certain amount of vocal exercises—singing every day—for I believe that the correct speaking voice should be developed from the singing tone.—Milton Cross.

The voice tumbles into the room—a tiny figure just beginning to stretch out of roly-poly babyhood into kindergarten size. This must be Lillian.

"Oh . . . where's—did anybody phone about Jay?"

"Who's Jay?"

"My police dog. Didn't Daddy tell you? We're still trying to find him. Where is he?"

"Who, Jay?"

"No. Daddy. Has he gone out?"

"Not with my consent. I came all the way over here to see him."

"Oh, I know. He's going to bring you some tea and cake, but I can't have any. Are you from the NBC?"

"Why, yes. How could you tell?"

"I couldn't. You don't look like most of them. I've been there. I—I was on the air twice, in Daddy's Children's Hour."

MILTON returned, with a tray that realized Lillian's promise. "Oh, you've met. Now meet Mrs. Cross." And he offered a cup to the graceful woman who followed him through the doorway. Behind dark lashes, the eyes of Mrs. Cross were brown and shining. But Lillian's eyes are blue, as mild and blue as Milton's.

"Mercy! Has she been talking much?" Mrs. Cross was worried. "Did she say anything she shouldn't?"

"I only asked him about Jay, Mamma. Honest. Wasn't I good?"

"Indeed you were. Remarkably!"

"But what about Jay?" I queried. Milton laughed.

"Now don't start to cry, Lily, so I can tell him. If you do, you'll have to go to bed." The little girl promised.

"Jay is our police dog, almost the same age as Lily. Their two birthdays are big festivals around here. He disappeared from the yard last Saturday, and we haven't seen him since.

"In the Children's Hour Sunday morning, one little tot sang 'Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?' so that gave me a chance to tell about the disappearance of Lily's pet, over the Radio. We've already had several replies, which may lead to our finding him."

"He was last seen, it seems, riding a subway train to midtown Manhattan. He got off the train safely, and headed for Sutton Place. He's easily identified, you see, because of two curly toes on one paw. He got those in an argument with an automobile when he was a pup."

Lillian was doing nobly. She hadn't shed a tear, though huge drops like fake movie tears must have made the whole room swim in front of her. With a sniff and a sweep of her wrist, she removed them, and tried to look unconcerned.

"He'll come back. You wait and see," was all she said.

I thought it best to change the subject. "Are you the pianist, Milt?" nodding toward the baby Grand.

"HA! You should hear me. No, the keyboard is home grounds to Mrs. Cross. We won't risk a demonstration. Better read the diploma, there." The diploma was duly starred and beribboned, announcing that Lillian Fowler had completed her studies at the Guillmant School of Organ. She and Milton Cross first met in the choir loft of the old First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue at Twelfth Street, when Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick was preacher there.

Another diploma hung in deeper shadows. This was Milton's own, from the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. It claimed that Milton J. Cross was duly accredited and qualified as a

(Continued on page 91)

There's a Lot of Funny Ways to Count

TEN and OUT

LEFTY Had to Do Some Heavy Thinking While He Fought—
To Knock Out His Pal—Lose His Sweetie—
Forget $4,000 or Only Get Shot

THE trouble with women is that they usually belong to the feminine gender and them which does is inclined to take too much interest in the folks which goes to make up the so-called masculine sex.

Now I ain't saying that a girl ain't entitled to have a sweetie if she wants to—or even three or four of 'em if she can get away with it—but she should let him work out his own destiny except in the home where he ain't got nothing to say and says it frequent.



"You love him, don't you?" "Yes, but if you tell him—"

Take for instance the average girl which when she gets married is an awful good battler when the ring is pitched alongside her own hearth—well, that same girl ain't so good when she mixes up in the art of prize fighting which is where I was always suspicious of Florrie and wasn't surprised entirely when she flang a monkey wrench into the sweetest piece of dollar-earning machinery I ever owned in all my career as a poor but dishonest manager of boxers.

Florrie was a nice girl and I didn't wish her no harm except to be married to a plumber or something and raising kids and hell out in Peoria or somewhere instead of travelling around with I and Lefty and George, which last-named is her brother by birth and breeding. But Florrie never could like the plumber which I kindly introduced her to, also she refused to flop for a taxi-driver or policeman or any other feller which was engaged in any art except fighting which I guess wasn't hard luck for me—only I don't guess that at all because it was and I don't blame Florrie except to say that it was all her fault and why should she of done it?

WELL, I will explain what my graft was so that you will see we had a clever scheme which didn't deserve anything like it got, and Oh Gawd! didn't we get it? You see, there is only two kinds of real money in the fight business and one of them is managing a champion which neither Lefty or George was or ever likely to be unless all the first class boxers quit the ring and went into the moving picture business.

Not that Lefty and George couldn't fight: believe me, Eleanor, they sure could. They knew all there was to know about the game which was invented by the Marquis of Queensberry only they couldn't do quite everything they knew. But they was good enough to bump off a local pride any time he got too prideful, and for a long time we done that until there wasn't no more local prides left which craved to take one on the jaw from either of my protejays.

Well, it seemed like we was due to return to the old days when we breakfasted and dinnered off of wheat cakes because they was cheap and not because we liked 'em. You see, the only boys which we could get bouts with which meant money was so good that George and Lefty was violently opposed to fighting them, saying thusly:

"If we fight 'em on the level we get our blocks knocked off also our fatal beauty spoiled and why should we do such? You are managing us, Ernest (they always call me Ernest, that being my name) and it is up to you to use your dome for something besides having a headache with."

WELL, they wasn't alone in accusing my brain of being on a vacation because Florrie, which is George's sister, and a real nice girl—sometimes—also remarked sotto voice that she had a hunch I was a bum.

"Lay off that libel stuff, Florrie," I protested passionate. "I ain't no bum which if I was you and your brother would be riding the rods instead of travelling around like kings and queens in the finest day coaches in the land. Besides you got to give me time to assemble my thought since I have a hunch that with the winter season coming on I am about to produce an idea."

"That is fine," she answers, "although I always thought that cabbages sprouted in the spring."

With which dirty crack she walks away haughty.

Well, all I will say for Florrie was that while I was annoyed at her sarcasm she certainly did start the old bean to working and if I do say it as one who shouldn't when my brain gets on the job it ain't hardly second to none if any, and before you know it I had thought out the Florida idea and was putting it into operation as the doctors say.

Now in order that there is no miscomprehension about this Florida game will say that so far as tourists is concerned Florida is divided into two parts. One of these parts is the East Coast and the other is the West Coast and the twin don't ever meet. If you happen to be a floss guy with a bankroll which spends a month or two every winter in Florida you

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrations by
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

either belong to the West Coast crowd or the East Coast gang, but you don't never belong to both fraternities. Maybe you might go to St. Petersburg for one month and then move down to Tampa the next but you don't never shift over from St. Petersburg to Daytona because they is on opposite coasts and ain't even members of the same club.

NOW sometimes a guy will visit three or four Florida resorts the same winter, but they always stays on the same coast: like for instance you go down to Miami at the beginning of the year and get an eyeful of the bathing beauties down there, and then when the weather gets too hot you move north to Palm Beach and after that you slide up to Daytona or Ormond and later to St. Augustine or Jacksonville. But never —Oh never!—if you are an East Coaster do you wind up your season on the West Coast. And that was where I got my glorious scheme which I put into effect as follows.

I divided Florida into two parts and I give the East Coast to Lefty and the West Coast to George. That was giving Lefty a little the best of it but what could George do about it and the answer is nothing. Which he did. Besides we was going fifty-fifty . . . fifty for me and fifty for them two lads. Daytona was our first stopping place and here is how we worked, which we done similar in all other towns where it seemed a good likelihood of putting our scheme over.

Well, we find out that down in Daytona they has got a local lightweight which is knocking 'em all dead and which the fans also tourists think would make Benny Leonard take a header which gives me the ha-ha. I look that baby over and see he ain't got nothing on his punches but a prayer and then I go back to Savannah where the gang is hanging out and give the word.

Well, George and Florrie go down to Daytona, only they take good care not to use their real sirname, which is Rogers, and instead they select the moniker of Rafferty, which I humorously remarked has got a punch to it. They get to Daytona and registers in a bean-and-bed place as Jimmy Rafferty and sister, Florence; and Florence visits the newspaper office and lets it be published that said Jimmy Rafferty is a swell lightweight which is looking for new worlds to conquer, and especially the local bird which he says is a ham of the first water.

THAT seems like gravy to the local promoter and he matches George, alias Jimmy Rafferty, up with this here local pride. They get a lot of publicity out of the fact that this scrapper from Scranton, Pa., which Jimmy tells them he comes from knowing that is a safe place to mention—is managed by his sister and also she is a pretty girl, and usually the sporting editor has got a good eye for a pretty girl.

Well, of course when the fight comes off George—which is using the nom the guerre of Jimmy Rafferty—bumps off the local idle in about three stanzas and then he becomes the local king himself which is some king, I'm telling you. Well, sister Florence talks a heap about Jimmy don't want to remain out of work on account it effects his judgment of distance and why don't they bring somebody else up here for him. They usually do this and Jimmy knocks them off—being a real good fighter anyway—and then the Daytona and Ormond crowd think that now surenuff they have got a fighter in their midst which is a real world beater and why don't Jack Dempsey sign him up right away.



He lets me peek at the butt of the ugliest automatic I ever did see. "You thought this was a flask, eh?"

Well about that time, as per according to instructions, I get a telegram from Florence which is in code and reads as follows:

Mr. Ernest Harrison
De Soto Hotel
Savannah, Georgia.

Ducksoup.
FLORRIE.

Immediately me and Lefty hop the rattler for Jacksonville and points south—and I must say that Lefty ain't sorry to do same because he is kind of weak in the head about Florrie among other things.

NOW that's a queer thing about Lefty; how he went twenty-six years without taking him a wife of any kind and then should go nuts about Florrie. I ain't slamming Florrie, mind you, but if I was a marrying man which I am not, I wouldn't go picking on a girl which knows as much about fighting as Florrie does, also whose brother has got as good a right chop as George.

But anyway Lefty is cut in the head over Florrie and ambitious to marry her which Florrie says No to all the time even though I think she is pretty sweet on him but is just contrariwise like a fisherman which hooks a trout and prefers to see the poor fish swim himself to death instead of landing him right away.

So for almost a year Florrie has kind of dangled Lefty McCann on her line and let him understand that while he has got the inside track he has got to make her love him irresistible before she will say the fatal Yes and become Mrs. Lefty McCann and the mother of his children if any. And the more she puts him off the bughouser Lefty gets and moons around the place and tells me he ain't half good enough for any woman, let alone Florrie, and if I agree with him he gets sore and if I don't he gets sorer, so where am I, and the answer is nowhere.

At Jacksonville we shift over to the Florida East Coast and get to Daytona two hours or more behind time and put up at a hotel, and then I and Lefty go around and visit the local newspapers and say to the sporting editor that we hear there is a ham in town which is named Jimmy Rafferty and we would like the chance of knocking his block off and have got money to back it up with.

Well, it is always that talk of betting on the side which gets a Florida crowd wild and they think we must be suckers to bet against Jimmy Rafferty—nee George Rogers—because they are sure that Jimmy is the best fighter which never took the count in Daytona, and before you know it the boys are matched and Jimmy goes to a friend and says will you bet two hundred dollars for me that I will knock this bum out inside of six rounds and right away this guy comes to me and says I will bet you such-and-such a way and I let out a howl.

"KNOCK my boy out! Why that big stiff couldn't flatten a pancake. If the gates of Heaven was made of tissue paper he couldn't hammer a hole big enough to get in. "No," I says, "I will not take that bet but I will bet you even money that my boy, Lefty McCann, wins the bout."

Of course that causes a lot of excitement on account of me being so confident and after I have covered George's money he bets me still some more that he will win and everything is chicken. Well, of course George goes around town saying that it is all applesauce and how he will kill Lefty and so

fourth and then the wise money starts to appear which means that all them bimbos in Daytona which has seen George fight under the alias of Jimmy Rafferty and believes he is the hard boiled egg of pugdom go and offer to bet on him also to win.

Well that is where my brains come in because there is where some real money begins to appear from my pockets and I cover every bet I can find, wagering that my lad Lefty is going to come out on the long end—and we always manage to postpone the bout at least once so as to give the ballyho a chance and then maybe just before the bout Lefty sprains a wrist or something and there is more George Rogers money putting in appearance (only they call him Jimmy Rafferty) and by the time them two buddies step into the ring I have bet everything but my Sunday pants that Lefty will cop.

There is not no use going into the details of the fight except to say that there is nothing left to nobody's imagination if any. I have worked with them two boys a long time and their signals never get twisted and each knows every move that the other will make.

There is one fortunate thing about them lads in my line of business and it is that both of them is good bleeders and when a hick fight crowd sees a lot of claret they know that the fight must be on the level.

Well, they done so good that even after Lefty had knocked Jimmy-George for a ghoul and the broke and disappointed crowd was leaving there wasn't hardly a murmur of regret because those fans is for the most part good sports and they say it is the best fight they ever see and who minds losing a little bet and the answer is nobody—unless it is me that loses it.

Well, that is our graft and I am here to admit that it is pretty near jailproof. So after cleaning up in Daytona we do the same thing on the West Coast only that being George's territory, it is me and Lefty which goes there first and Lefty takes the name of Tommy Perkins and when George comes along and bumps this Tommy Perkins off, George does it under his own name.

WE DO fine the whole winter with only one break which is when I grab off a main bout for Lefty down in New Orleans: fifteen rounds to a decision for the other feller and that night when we carried him to the hotel and Florrie was bathing one of his black eyes he swears off fighting.

"It is too rough, Ernest," he says, calling me by my name, "and why should I fight real fights when George and me can do this brother act?" And when he says that brother stuff he looks at Florrie kind of wistful but she does not seem to pay him no heed.

"That's all right," I answers, "but there ain't always a season in Florida and our pickings will get awful slim when these birds begin to flutter north again."

"We got plenty money, Ernest. Seems like it would be a good time for a vacation."

George kind of grins and looks at his sister "It'd be a ideal time for two people of opposite sects to take a honeymoon," he suggests.

Florrie tosses her head. "Trouble with honeymoons is that they mean something. Once you have taken one you have got to face the consequences no matter how many."

Lefty reaches up a bruised hand and grabs her mitt. "How about it, honey?"

"Now, Lefty—you know I'm awful fond of you, but I do not see why we should get married right now."

"No, Florrie—you never do seem to see that, which makes me think perhaps your ideas and mine are not exactly the same, if any. But I am awful strong for you, Florrie, and am very ambitious to make you man and wife."

Well, she looks down at his poor bruised face, which at the moment looks like eight cents worth of dog meat, and kind of softens up—"Don't give up hope, Lefty," she says, just like a woman, "some day I may become your widow."

I take Florrie outside with me and talk to her. "Florrie," I says, "on the level why do you not unite yourself in matrimony to Lefty? There are a heap of guys worse than him."

"Ernest," she answers, "some day I am going to do that very thing."

"But why put off until tomorrow a marriage which you have got a chance at today?"

"Oh! no special reason, Ernest—except that it is a lot of fun to have a big strong man like Lefty McCann crazy about me which he might not be if we was married to each other perpetual."

"You love him, don't you?"

"YES, I will tell you that I do; but if you tell him I said so I will say that you are a liar. As a matter of fact, Ernest, I guess I love Lefty almost as much as my brother only entirely different; do you understand?"

"Sure," I says. "Of course I do. It does not puzzle me any more than what is inside of a hot dog."

Well, the Ides of March is on the way and we have planned one more big killing on the East Coast and one more on the West Coast and both of these have been planted elegant.

The scene of our big killing on the East Coast is Miami, which is a good live hustling town where a guy can get a run for his money and money for his run. George—calling himself Jimmy Rafferty—and sister depart for Miami to work the usual racket. Just before leaving Florrie gives Lefty a little bit of encouragement.

"Maybe I will marry you some Thursday," she says, "when it is raining and I have not got anything else to do."

"Today is Thursday," he suggests.

"But I have got something to do today, which is to go to Miami with my brother and get him in trim to get licked by you. But don't you be discouraged, Lefty, because maybe if we close out our season successful and with nothing going wrong I might decide to take the fatal step, come what may."

Well, we hear occasional from Florrie and George that there is some good pickings down in Miami and we ought to make a cleanup there and already he has harvested a nice little pile and that there is one man in particular which has got a roll big enough to choke an elephant which already thinks that Jimmy Rafferty has got the stuff. A lot of these letters was about this man and Florrie was very careless to mention him also several times



"HE IS a fine, big strong man," she wrote to Lefty, "and he has got a way with him like a movie actor or something and he is teaching me to ride a surf board, also float, and we dance together divine almost every night. I do not know what he does for a living except that George says he has a hunch that our friend is a professional gambler, or at least plays for big stakes, which I can very well believe because whatever he is he is not no piker and he gave me a platinum bar pin with a real diamond in it."

Lefty McCann reads that letter twice and then kicks one hole (1) in the mattress, which I hope the hotel does not discover until after we get out. That afternoon he mails registered to Florrie a platinum bar pin with two diamonds in it.

"I reckon that will hold that big bum of a gambler," he says to me. "I do not see how a sweet innocent girl like Florrie can associate with such hoy polloy like gamblers. I will bet he is even a crook or something."

"Oh! I reckon she is just having a little fun to amuse herself, Lefty."

"Yes, and I guess when I get down to that sunny climb I am going to amuse myself with a little fun, also, altering the handsome expression of his face."

"Lay off that, Lefty. From what George writes this friend of Florrie's has got a bank roll which he is willing to bet that his friend Jimmy Rafferty can knock your block off."

"Just the same," says Lefty angrily, "he had better not fool around Florrie or God help him, if possible."

I must say that I did grow kind of sorrowful and sympathetic for Lefty while he hibernated around Jacksonville waiting for the Ducksoup telegram from Miami. To put it real mild, it seemed to me that Florrie was raising hell with this gambler which we now learned was named Mortimer Rollins.

"Mortimer! Good Gosh! A handle like that and Florrie falls for it. I suppose he has by now already gave her a platinum bar pin with three diamonds in it. Just wait until I park myself in his neighborhood—I will show him that no man named Mortmer had better fool around with my girl."

Florrie was certainly rubbing it in and Lefty was almost wild or a little more so. And then finally we got the telegram and started for Miami, which I will say is a pretty long jump from Jacksonville in case you have never taken it—and a longer one if you have.

WELL, they was not at the train to meet us, which would not have done at all, but that night we met them on the beach surreptitious and Florrie was looking like one million dollars. Lefty was right pitiful: all full of love and fury and ready either to kiss Florrie or bite her.

"Mortimer is a prince," George tells us. "He seen me bump off a couple of local lads and he is certain that I am a wonderful fighter and will shoot the wad on me to lick you."

"Wait until you see him," gushes Florrie. "He is divine."

"Pff! Just wait until I see him. Any guy named Mortimer . . . . ."

We separated pretty early and so far as I could hear the closest Florrie had come to telling Lefty she would marry him was to explain what a gentleman and otherwise swell feller this Mortimer Rollins was, and, of course, down in Miami Lefty could not see nothing of Florrie on account of her being our enemy's manager.



Lefty done the gallant thing and carried George to his corner. . . . Florrie hist. . . . "You hit him too hard. I hate you."

Well, the Miami paper eat up our publicity and it did not take us no time at all to get matched up, and the town was all heated over the big bout. We open training quarters near the beach and Lefty really gets in good shape under his own name, because it seemed that he had just got to hit someone if only his sandbag.

(Continued on page 93)

HERE'S the Real Low-down on that incomparable black face team, and their families

Private Life of AMOS 'N' ANDY

By Mark Quest

"NOW you have done it," laughed Marcella when I banged the receiver after Amos'n'Andy had hung up on me because I had tried to persuade them to come out from behind the telephone and tell me the actual color of their skins. Marcella claimed I had poached on her territory in asking such a question and deserved what I got.

"If you had been smart, really smart—" she was all set for a lecture but I stopped her.



Amos getting the best of Andy on an excursion boat about to leave Los Angeles.



Mr. and Mrs. Amos, alias Mr. and Mrs. Freeman F. Gosden.

"Thanks for your unasked advice, Marcella. You just worry around about Rudy Vallee's wavy hair and his eyes. Find out Graham McNamee's choice of suspenders and whether all fat men have tenor voices—"

"Oh all right, but you will be calling on me to find out all about their wives and babies before you are through."

"Whose wives and babies?"

"Amos'n'Andy."

"How do you know whether they have any wives to say nothing of babies?"

"That's important if you are going to tell about their private lives."

It was time for me to speak plainly to Marcella.

"I'll tell you, young lady—Amos'n'Andy are really smart, not dumb like they pretend. The colored people have a great deal of dramatic talent. Some are especially gifted. These boys have been running around putting on shows, just as they say. They got to singing together. Then they dropped into a broadcasting station. Folks liked to hear their lingo. Now they are famous. They don't talk the way you hear them on the Radio when they are around with their own people—just a couple of talented young colored boys. Probably they are graduates from Tuskegee or some place like that."

Marcella merely sniffed and commenced ruffling through her pile of letters. She is a hard loser but she simply had no answer to my argument along that line. To forestall any further nonsensical suggestions I turned to the phone and called up Charlie Gilchrist over at the Daily News.

"Why didn't you ask me in the first place?" he replied when I told him what I wanted.

"Do you actually know where they are in person?" I asked, more or less thunderstruck.

"Why certainly, they are right here, NOW!"

This was so startling after all I had been through I did not even wait to hang up the receiver. When I got down to the door I found it was raining like a summer cloudburst, only it was cold. So I went back up the elevator and got my rubbers and put them on while the elevator was going down. Marie gave the elevator a short stop at the main floor while I was standing on one leg trying to get the heel over my left shoe. It made her mad because I was pitched over against her arm that held the starting lever.

"Don't do that," she said. "People have been killed by starting elevators when they shouldn't."

I WANTED to say a lot of things but decided to wait until another time and hurried out into the deluge. You can never get a taxi in Chicago when it is storming unless you follow one around until the passenger inside gets out. So I had to slosh all the way over to the Daily News building, and dripped my way up to the twenty-fourth floor.

"You didn't expect to actually see them, did you?" asked Gilchrist when I had located him.

"That's what you said—" I gasped.

"What's what I said?"

"That they were here in person NOW and for me to come right over and have lunch with them before they put on their program, or something like that."

"Nothing like that, nothing like it at all. People never see them. They have their own studio all shut off from the rest of the place. They go in, the door is locked and that's the last anybody but the announcer and engineer ever sees of them until they come out again. Why their own wives couldn't get in there to see 'em broadcast. Not one of them—absolutely nobody, even me!"

"They are married?"

"Which?"

"Amos'n'Andy, of course."

"Certainly not. They are both men. That's funny—I guess you thought those two sweethearts they talk about were real girls, but they play the girls' parts themselves."

"Oh—then they are not married?"

"Didn't I just tell you they are both men? Men don't marry each other do they? It's just a partnership."

"I mean do Amos'n'Andy both have wives?"

"Why didn't you say that in the first place? Certainly. They both have lovely wives—one each. Now what do you want to know?"

Any—er—ah—children?"

"Say, you don't expect me to know all about their private lives do you?"

"When I get through, you will."

(Continued on page 112)

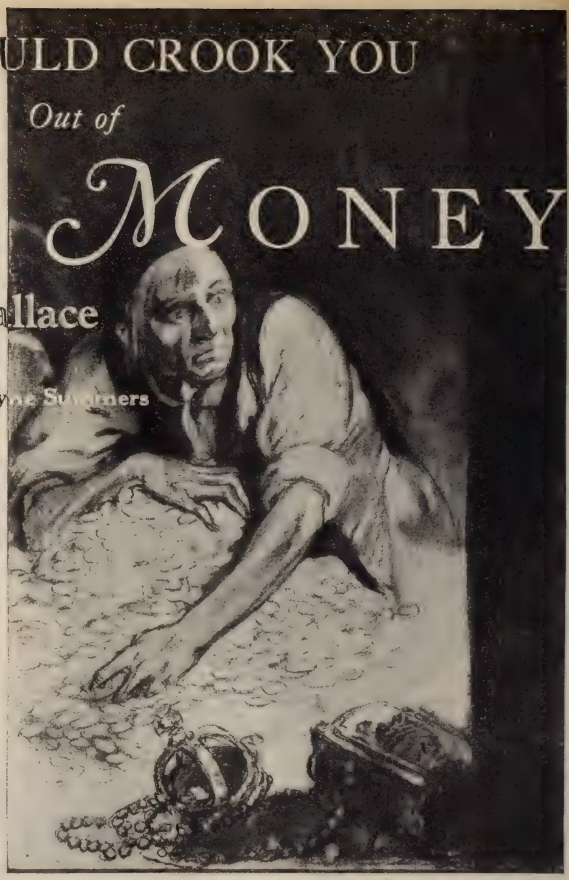


Mr. and Mrs. Andy, sometimes known as the Charles J. Corrells.

HOW I COULD CROOK YOU *Out of* YOUR MONEY

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers



EDGAR WALLACE has touched more hearts with his books than anyone since Dickens, says Hugh Walpole. Wallace has written about one hundred and forty novels (he has lost count), two to four hundred short stories, dashed off innumerable plays between breakfast and dinner, is dramatic critic for a London daily, and conducts one of the most eagerly followed racing columns in England. Mr. Wallace began his amazing career fifty-three years ago. At nine days he was a foundling adopted by a warm-hearted fish porter and his wife. At ten he was associate of a burglar's gang; he has been newspaper boy, factory hand, milkman, cockney soldier in South Africa, journalist, publisher, theatrical producer, writer. Not so long ago the overwhelming success of his mystery play THE RINGER *brought him sudden fame. Magazines that had bought his stories for $250 paid $2,500 for the right to run them again; newspapers paid $50,000 for thrillers written over a week-end.—GOLDEN BOOK.*

SPEAKING to a woman's club I once boasted that if story or play writing ever failed me, I could earn a competence by becoming a crook. In one sense this was a vain boast, for if I failed as a writer of fiction, it would be because I was short of those very qualities of imagination on which I must depend for my success as a law breaker.

If I went crook, there is only one department in that game for which I am fitted to a superlative degree. I should become a confidence man—and a very successful one.

I make this boast because I have made three test experiments in the con game and each has worked out admirably. A year or two ago I established a "control" and sent identical letters to 543 names chosen at random from a classified directory. The identical letter was, of course, crude, but the essay in this case was to check sucker percentages. I did not ask for money—I merely asked whether the recipients were interested in the scheme outlined.

Of the 543, I received 274 favourable replies. All but four of the remainder, did not write; of these four, three objected to my scheme on the ground that they could only benefit by condoning the covert act of dishonesty which I suggested. The other writer did not object to this dishonesty, but thought the deposit I would require was unnecessary.

In an earlier experiment, I approached 47 people with the following story:

"I have just come from Russia and have smuggled to England a number of the Russian crown jewels. I am nervous about offering them for sale, because I believe they have been stolen from the Soviet Government. In consequence, although I have nearly 17,000 dollars' worth of property, I am practically destitute in London. Would the reader undertake the sale of them and share the profits with me? If so, would the reader engage a room for me at the ——— Hotel (the best in the town) and send me the one-way car fare?"

Note these points. (1) Soviet Government. The average man thought it no sin to rob the Soviet. (2) The comparatively small value of the jewels; this read nearer to reality than a claim to have a million dollars worth. (3) Hire of the room; designed to convince the sucker that I was really coming in person to his town.

I WAS very careful to insist that I did not wish any money to be sent to me until they heard further from me. I clinched this by explaining that my address was not permanent. Of the 47 (all of whom lived at least 200 miles from London), 19 replied that they would send the car fare, 15 promised the fare (varying from $10 to $16) but required further information; and the remainder did not answer.

The Russian jewel fraud was "successful" because I was content to take small profits. The real art of this kind of swindle is to induce the sucker to part with an unimportant amount which he may have in his pocket-book—a $5 bill—a £1 note. Give him the impression that he is not risking much and he will part without a pang.

My third experiment was by far the most illuminating. Sixty names were very carefully chosen from the records of provincial County Courts. They were the names of men who had been brought before a judge in respect to debts they had incurred. The amount involved in my letter, in each case, was the odd sum of £7.5.0. ($36).

I explained how if that amount was sent to me the sender would be enriched to the extent of from $600 to $1200. I told each recipient not in any circumstances to send money until I asked for it—to my embarrassment three did actually send!



And when I returned the cash they wished to increase the amount of their "subscription"! Of the 60, no less than 55 returned favourable answers.

But you say, you would not have fallen for any such childish frauds. Well, I will wager, that I have a story, and a system by which I can relieve citizens of the United States of at least $500,000, and although the preliminaries might occupy a year, the actual operations would be carried out in three weeks. I should not sell oil shares, or indeed, sell anything except organization.

First of all, I would first visit at least one hundred towns—not the great cities where the identities of all, save a few eminent citizens are submerged, but towns wherein the banker, the hardware merchant, the soft-goods proprietor and the small professional men are so well-known to the general run of citizens that their secret life stories could be ascertained by any skilled listener who cared to loaf away an evening or two. From this information, I would compile a town directory for my private guidance, and it would be a different kind of directory to any that has yet been printed.

WITH my directory completed, all that would be necessary would be to hire two offices, with good addresses, one in Paris and one in London, and within a few weeks of sending out my carefully prepared literature, the money would be flowing back to Europe at the rate of $2,000 a day.

I should not promise money because the promise of easy money, written down in cold type, would raise nothing more substantial from my prospective financiers than a hollow and derisive laugh. I should emphasize the uncertainty of the project at some point in my appeal. You can only catch the sucker by suggesting, rather than stating, your transparent honesty. And that honesty is never better advertised than when you point out the defects in your argument and point them out in such a way that the payee-to-be is clever enough to see how unimportant they are.

You must leave no doubt in your argument that the sucker can dispel without assistance.

Now I don't propose to operate a correspondence school for crooks but just suppose you should receive some such letter as this:

"Your uncle, Mr. Smith, who died in New York last February (these facts having been ascertained by enquiry) bought a quarter share in a mining property in Leydenburg, South Africa . . ."

Or suppose tomorrow you receive from London a letter written on very good note-paper, bearing the name of what looked to be a prosperous firm of agents and bearing such cunning etceteras as "established in 1807," six telephone numbers, a list of the partners neatly inscribed, and having the addresses and names of agents in India, South Africa, Berlin and Australia, and this letter told you that some months ago, the writers were in communication with (here is named somebody whom you know very well) and they acted as London agents for the late (here occurs the name of a man who was a friend of yours) and that they were holding an antique snuff box (or whatever article I knew that you were in the habit of collecting) which they had bought for you at his order, on your birthday; and suppose that they added that the value of the article for customs purposes was $625 and sent you a bill to cover postage, insurance, etc., of $40.50—would you pay? Of course you would!

The profit here would be so small to the swindler that it would hardly be worth while going after. I merely put this before you as an exercise in credulity.

Big money CAN be made by an intelligent confidence trickster. It could be made by me. But happily, I know an easier way!

Cugat's Impressions of



When the analytical eye of a satirical sketch artist beams on a ladies' pet like Rudy Vallee the above is what happens.



John Golden is described by Doty Hobart as one of the Big Time showmen who have contributed to Radio.



Even Walter Damrosch, that revered and dignified father of American symphony, is seen at the right teaching all our National youth music appreciation.

Today's Air Highlights



Reinald Werrenrath, whose voice has been familiar to Radio listeners almost from the beginning, is seen thus by Cugat while waiting for the high sign from the studio director that the mike is "open."

It may, perhaps, be fitting that the Grand Old Band Man and March King, John Philip Sousa, should face Walter Damrosch on this stage of the Spanish caricaturist.

Salvation Army Drum Started Merle Johnston

Famous NBC Saxophonist Develops Sense of Rhythm and Finds Success After Hard Struggle

By Godfrey Irwin

SCENE: 1921. Another saxophonist. Stone broke on Broadway. Fifteen cents and no prospect of a job. All alone in New York. Big City Blues. Standing on the corner of Forty-sixth street and Broadway between frequent trips to Paul Whiteman's office. No luck. Moaning low. Crowds streaming to the theatre. Gay chatter. Skyscrapers blazing with light. No place to go, nothing to do, no one to talk to.

SCENE: 1927. A handsome studio just around the corner from the old location. Pupils galore on the saxophone. Broadcasting engagements filling every other minute of his time. Ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience, meet Merle Johnston, one of the most popular artists on the air today. And not merely a top notch saxophone soloist. He is the organizer of a saxophone quartet and a thirty-piece orchestra. Moreover, this master of the seductive sax is the owner of one of the finest libraries of saxophone music in the world.

No time now to stand on the street corner. Busy days and busy nights. The tempo of the city as definitely understood as that of a musical composition. Nine o'clock in the morning; lessons at the studio. Telephone calls, Radio rehearsals, more lessons, more telephone calls. Noon, plenty of money for lunch, but only time for that sandwich and cup of coffee which would have tasted so good and which were so far out of reach in 1921. Studying scores and arrangements, discussing Radio programs. A taxi dash from his studio to the broadcasting station. Evening and on the air till 11, midnight, 1 A. M. Who knows? Who cares? The rhythm of New York, no blues, pop, gay, jazzy numbers.

And not yet satisfied. He never was and probably never will be satisfied. He admits it.

"Even as a youngster," Merle Johnston remarks to his interviewer between numbers at WABC, "I would plan ahead. The eternal question with me was always, 'What's the program for next year?'"

For Merle Johnston life has been somewhat of a musical program every since he was seven years old. His parents were Salvation Army people in Galt, Ontario, Canada. When Merle was six they moved to Oneida, N. Y., frequently stopping along the way to attend Salvation Army meetings.

To the child these gatherings spelt romance. He was proud of his stalwart Dad—Captain George Johnston—and loved to hear his mother's clear voice ring out as she sang the old familiar hymns. But, boylike, most of all he liked the big bass drum. He would stamp his tiny feet in time to the drum beat with the same rhythmic sense that characterizes his playing of dance music today.

His father noticed his sense of rhythm and rewarded the youngster with a miniature drum and harness, with which Merle tramped about the house enthusiastically playing with his toy sticks. At nine he was a Salvation Army laddie and stood on top of the bass drum in order to see the words in his mother's song book. After the singing was over he would join the musicians, and, as proud as Punch, march with them back to headquarters, beating his own tiny drum to the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

JOHNSTON'S change from drum to brass was due entirely to his enthusiasm, for one evening he drove his drum stick through the drum head and his father decided on a hardier instrument. Presented with an alto horn slightly the worse for wear, Merle was soon playing "Oom-pahs," and at twelve received another present, a shiny trumpet, but it was several years later before he finally came into his own and acquired his first saxophone.

Playing trombone in the student orchestra of the Watertertown high school, Merle enthusiastically seconded the suggestion that a saxophone was needed. No one had such an instrument and the orchestra was too poor to buy one. Finally, after scouring the town, the boys located an old saxophone which had been gathering dust in an attic for years, and proudly carried off the borrowed instrument. About that time they discovered no one had any idea how to play on their latest acquisition. Merle took it home, patiently picked out notes on the piano, compared them with those on his newest treasure and long before his graduation from high school in 1917 had mastered the intricacies of the saxophone.



Merle Johnston

School days over, a job was the logical thing for Merle since money was scarce in the Johnston household, but the boy was determined to have a higher education. Tucking his sax under his arm, he set out for a school of technology and worked his way through a course of electrical engineering, graduating in 1921 as a Bachelor of Science.

"Even while I was in college," Johnston explains, "I specialized as much as I could. I had two main objectives, engineering and music. The training I acquired in the former was as great a help to me in my present career as music was in paying for my education, since it prepared me for the future and taught me to look ahead. That is my definition of the value of a college education.

"In 1921 all the large engineering firms were reducing staff personnel and I soon found that any hopes of work along that line were hopeless, so turned to music. Although I played both the trombone and saxophone, little hope for work was to be found at the Whiteman office, which I haunted for days. I honestly believe the booking agent grew so tired of seeing me that he finally gave me a job to get rid of me. It wasn't much of a job at that, merely playing the saxophone in the old Palm Garden in East 58th street, but I was so excited that I ran all the way home for my instrument."

Looking at the slight, wiry figure of Merle Johnston, you can picture the speed at which he made the trip, a light of triumph in his eye and the shadow of a smile on the sensitive mouth partially hidden beneath a trim moustache. He had made up his mind to succeed, and he did, for playing second parts with Wheeler Wadsworth proved so acceptable to the public that the pair soon found themselves booked for other engagements. It was a beginning, but not enough for Merle. He wanted to climb higher and make a place for himself not only among saxophone players but in music circles as well.

In those days curfew for the night clubs didn't ring so early, and his job with one of the prominent New York City resorts kept him on the job until 4 o'clock in the morning. Aside from this occupation, Johnston managed to play from five to six hours in the daytime.

(Continued on page 115.)

"Boy, you're one lyin' nigger," and Gene Arnold threatens his end man with a real caning.

SPARKLING and Varied from Beginning to End, the Wednesday Night Weener Minstrels Are "Big Time" Without a Doubt.



Gene Arnold Is Dean of

MINSTRELS

INTERLOCUTOR of Weener Mastodon Minstrel Show, Distinguished Alumnus of Stage, Is WENR Program Director

The Master of Ceremonies Says:

"AND as the next feature on our mammoth program this evening, we take pleasure in presenting the Weener Mastodon Minstrel Show from WENR, the Voice of Service, Chicago.

"There may be some of you in the audience who are interested in the personalities back of this glittering array of talent, consequently I will take a few moments of your time in telling you about Gene Arnold, formerly of the legitimate and musical theatre and now writer, conductor, interlocutor, creator, and third assistant office boy of this ether earthquake of mirth and melody.

"Mr. Arnold started out years ago as a traveling troubadour and ultimately became stage director for Henry Savage when that producer presented 'The Merry Widow' and 'The Girl of The Golden West.' From stage directing Mr. Arnold stepped into Radio, becoming an announcer at WOK, Chicago, in 1928. Later he joined the staff of WENR, where he now holds the title of program director.

"One of the most versatile Radio artists in Chicago, Gene Arnold composes religious and popular songs, is a member of the 'Memphis Mudcats,' a Hill Billy troup, and sings with the harmony trio of Chuck, Ray and Gene. And now, to the rolling of the drums, Mr. Arnold will make his appearance—Mr. Arnold."

The eager throng in the auditorium of WENR sits a little farther forward on the chairs, as if better to see what is going on behind the large windows, and hear more clearly the voices coming through the amplifiers.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is more than a pleasure for me to meet each and all of you. Unaccustomed as I am to . . . Say, Pete, where did you get that big diamond on your finger?"

Pete: Well, my mother-in-law left $3,000 for a stone, and there it is.

Gene: (turning in greeting to another end man): Chuck, you look different this evening. What's the matter?

Chuck: Well, I lost two hundred pounds just recently.

Gene: How is that?

Chuck: My wife ran away from home.

By this time the audience has relaxed from the tense attitude of waiting, and the already crowded reception room is even more jammed.

Gene: I think I saw her yesterday at the police station.

Chuck: What was she saying?

Gene: Nothing.

Chuck: Then it wasn't my wife.

The third end man has been squirming around uneasily in his chair, drawing the eyes of the audience, even before Gene turns to him.

(Continued on page 92)



VIRGINIA GARTRELL GRUBBS, and Virginia she is, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience. Tune WRVA at Richmond when this charming lady is announced and be looking at this page when you hear her.



DOROTHY DURHAM has sunny California written all over her face so we are not surprised to hear that she is the popular balladier and guitar ace at KFSD, San Diego. But they do wear furs there.



ELOISE KIRPATRICK is another California beauty whose charm lies in the wistful look of her eyes as well as the tender quality of her coloratura voice. Yes, sir, Los Angeles—and the station is KHJ.



LILLIAN RICE, and Rice is a name that means a lot in Texas. This is what Mr. Gifford of WFAA, Dallas, says, "and it's a pity you can't see the original—red hair, green eyes—." She's mezzo-soprano.



MARY HOPPLE sings songs in the Palmolive Hour on Wednesday nights and thousands tune in to enjoy her sweet contralto voice. Brown eyes and naturally wavy hair add to the charm of this NBC star.

Study Educational Value of RADIO *in* SCHOOLS

By Margaret Harrison

Director of Radio Studies, Rural Education Department, Teachers College, Columbia University

PRIMARY FIELD for Broadcast Education Is in the Rural Field; Columbia University Undertakes Analysis of Possibilites

IF RADIO is to prove a practical aid in education, it is fitting that its primary field should be in rural education where, by its inherent nature, it can overcome many of the natural drawbacks and backwardness of rural life.

In an effort to determine these possibilities the Rural Education Department of Teachers College, Columbia University, has undertaken a study of the use of Radio reception in country schools.

The research program includes an intensive study of the use of Radio in a small, concentrated group of rural schools in Wilton, Conn.; an extensive study of schools throughout six eastern states; and a comparative study of those programs actually designed for school purposes with daytime programs intended for a general audience but utilized by schools.

At the time the program was outlined, it was deemed advisable to list also the desired outcomes of the study. In the preliminary committee meeting, attended by Dr. M. Del Manzo, Provost to the Dean of Teachers College, Professor Mabel Carney and Professor Fannie W. Dunn of the Rural Education Department of Teachers College, Dr. Otis Caldwell, Director of Experimentation, Mrs. H. Howell Moorehead of the Foreign Policy Association and also a member of Secretary Wilbur's Commission on Educational Broadcasting, Dr. Ben D. Wood, Columbia University, and Mr. Ralph Rounds, Administrator of the Keith Fund, which is financing the study, the following "Desired Outcomes" were thought probable:

Desired Outcomes

(1) Knowledge of, or insight into, the technical and administrative details of using Radio in a rural school.
(2) Knowledge of educational adaptability or usefulness of programs not definitely designed for school use.
(3) Provision for adaptation, or knowledge of how to adapt or make use of such programs.
(4) Development of techniques of supervision or guidance of teachers in use of programs.
(5) Development of supplementary materials essential to educational use of Radio programs.
(6) Suggestions (from various groups) of desirable educational broadcasts.
(7) A gradual increase of programs designed for and appropriate to school use.
(8) A definite contribution (one of many) to the furtherance of development of educational broadcasting.

THE study will concentrate at first on programs already on the air. A weekly bulletin is sent to the co-operating schools listing daytime programs which might be utilized by either the entire school, one or two grades, or even, in some cases, by only one or two children. The teachers are urged to correlate these programs, wherever possible, with their regular school work. At the end of the week the schools report those programs used, what grades listened in, the effectiveness of the programs, stimulation in regular school work, and on any pedagogical problems which have arisen.

It is hoped that at the end of the school year data will be available on types of programs, methods of utilizing them in regular classroom lessons, correlation of programs with the school curriculum, and suggestions for future educational broadcasts.

The primary interest of this study is in the pedagogical problems involved in the introduction of Radio in the school curriculum, rather than in either Radio receiving equipment or programs. The schools are visited and the methods are observed of the teachers in working out these problems.

A MORE detailed study is being made of the NBC Music Appreciation Hour, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, Musical Counsel of the National Broadcasting Company, which is broadcast every Friday morning to the school children of the country. An effort is being made to test the growth of musical appreciation of those children, in the schools co-operating in this study, who listen to the Damrosch concerts. This series has been selected for specific study as it is the only program on a national network which is intended for school children and, as such, serves as a basis for the third part of the research study—a comparison of programs designed for school purposes with those intended for a general, daytime audience but utilized by school children.

Our present teaching system involves the use of three techniques; teachers, books and supplementary reading materials, and visual aids, such as maps, pictures, graphs, etc. Many educators feel that Radio may become a necessary fourth device. Others feel that if it is included at all it should be supplementary only in the broadest sense of the word. With various educational and broadcasting agencies throughout the country working toward a national "school of the air," the Rural Education Department has undertaken this study to determine, insofar as possible, the practicability of such a "school" and the potential value to the 160,000 rural schools.

Radio has one function which is not covered satisfactorily by any of the three other devices—the function of disseminating news and history at the time it occurs. I don't believe any educator would question the educational value of having the 24 million school children of the country hear the President of the United States take his oath of office, but they do insist on knowing the point beyond which Radio ceases to serve as an educational tool. In admitting the worth of certain programs, many educators at the same time question the advisability of Radio's constant use and the broadcasting of subject matter ordinarily covered in the school curriculum.

Various groups throughout the country have interested themselves in the problem of educational broadcasting. The Ohio School of the Air, which is now extended to include Indiana and Kentucky, broadcasts school programs and accepts the dictates of the school people of the state in arranging and adapting these programs.

IN CLEVELAND, Ohio, a small group has experimented with broadcast arithmetic lessons. To correlate these and other such studies and to investigate further possibilities of education by Radio, a commission has been appointed by Secretary Wilbur of the Department of the Interior. Its chairman is United States Commissioner of Education, William John Cooper, and its members include prominent educators and broadcasting authorities, among them M. H. Aylesworth, president, National Broadcasting Company; William S. Paley, president, Columbia Broadcasting system; Dr. Charles R. Mann, president, American Council of Education; Dr. J. W. Crawtree, secretary, National Education Association; Frank Cody, superintendent of schools, Detroit; H. Robinson Shepherd, educator, New York City; J. L. Clifton, director of education, Columbus, Ohio, and Dr. Harold Stonier, educational director, American Institute of Banking, New York City.

In all the studies and plans made for the furtherance of Radio in education, so far rural schools have been given comparatively little consideration. Yet, as shown in a report recently issued by Professor Carney, Rural Education Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, of the twenty-four million children enrolled in public schools in the United States, practically one-third are farm children. Of these, 160,000 are in one-teacher schools, that is a school where all eight grades are taught by one teacher; 34,000 are in hamlets of a population less than 250; 20,000 are in two-teacher schools (one teacher handling from first to fourth grade, and the other from fifth to eighth); and 17,000 are in consolidated schools. The total number of teachers instructing farm children is 348,000, naerly half the 750,000 public school teachers.

"Of all the educational disadvantages suffered by farm children, however, the most serious is the lack of professional leadership, as expressed in the quality and number of well-trained teachers, supervisors, and administrators," Miss Carney wrote. "Of the 250,000 teachers in one and two-teacher rural schools, 23% or 57,000 have had less than two years of education beyond the elementary school; a third are not high school graduates; about 15,000 have gone no further than the eighth grade; and at least 5,000 (chiefly in Negro rural schools) have completed only the fifth or sixth grade."

In spite of these disheartening figures, it is a relief to learn that in the last fifteen years more progress has been made in the field of rural education than in any other. The difficulty is that we have further to go.

THE TRAP

A Night Club Romance

By DON CLARK

(Copyright by Columbia Broadcasting System)

ON ANOTHER Monday evening, we invite you to again be our guests as we set out in search of a Night Club Romance. Each week at this time, our steps lead us to one of the cabarets which provide rendezvous for those whose bedtime is not early—one of those typical song-and-dance restaurants whose activities do not really begin until most of the world is tucked safely away in bed. So come along as we go down these steps to a club nestled well under one of midtown New York's tall office buildings. We've been tipped off that something interesting is going to take place here tonight—so we'll wander around and take the place in. Maybe here we'll find our Night Club Romance!

* * *

Apparently our tip that something is to happen in this club tonight is a good one. At any rate, we see "Jinx" Remington, the proprietor, over there by the door talking to "Hank" Bailey—one of the best men from headquarters. Let's go over and see if they are to provide us with our Night Club Romance.

JINX: Yeah—we been having the customary run of hard luck this week. Either it gets too hot, or else it's too cold—the crowd stays away anyway. The cabaret racket ain't what it was, Hank.

HANK: No—I guess not. But—did it ever occur to you that there's some other reason why they're staying away, Jinx?

JINX: Some other reason? No, Hank—what other reason could there be? I give 'em good food, and good entertainment, and my cover charge ain't so high.

HANK: Listen, Jinx—we're wasting a lot of valuable time for both of us. Let's get down to brass tacks.

JINX: Why—do you mean?

HANK: I mean that you know as well as I do why you're not getting the crowds like you used to. And I'm going to do something for you tonight that'll get 'em back.

JINX: Well—I hope you can, Hank—but I don't know what you're drivin' at.

HANK: All right—then I'll tell you. You know you had a murder here a while ago, don't you, Jinx?

JINX: Oh, that. Sure—but that was several months ago—and that wouldn't carry over until now.

HANK: Don't fool yourself. The public remembers those things. You also remember that the murderer was never found, don't you?

JINX: Why, yes—sure. But what's that got to do with it?

HANK: Just this—every clue pointed to the fact that the murder was an inside job. That was all in the papers. The public remembers that. They know that a common citizen came to the club to eat and dance, just as they do. They know that he was murdered in cold blood, while he was sitting at his table over there in the corner.

JINX: Well? I can't help what happens here, can I? It's a public place, and I have all sorts of people coming in. Other places have had murders, too.

HANK: And most of the murderers have been found, Jinx.



It's the job of the police department to bring 'em to justice.

JINX: Well—you're beyond me. I can't see how all this talk about the police department is going to get my customers back.

HANK: You can't—but I can. I'm here tonight to catch the murderer of Roy Fulton!

JINX: What? Three months after the murder, you come around to catch the murderer? Are you trying to be funny, Hank?

HANK: No, I'm serious.

JINX: And you think that whoever murdered Fulton will just come back tonight to be caught? That's funny!

HANK: I **know** he'll come back. This was an inside job—you know that. I've located everybody who was working for you at the time. I've even brought back the singers and dancers who were working for you then. We're going to stage a show just like the night that Fulton was killed—and when I'm through, I'll show you the murderer!

JINX: Hank, I think you're out of your head. I've had dealings with you for ten years, off and on, but I never heard you raving like this before.

HANK: All right—call it raving if you like—but I know what I'm talking about.

JINX: Well, Hank, you know that whatever the police department has said with me goes, don't you?

HANK: Sure. That's why I was so sure that you'd be ready to cooperate with me in this little plan of mine.

JINX: I still think you're crazy, Hank—but I'm ready to do anything you say. If we can catch this murderer it will fix things for me all right. So—where do we begin?

HANK: I've got the people I need outside—everybody who has left since the affair. I'll call 'em in, and we'll set 'em to work doing the things they were doing that night. We won't tell anybody anything—just go ahead with the regular routine.

JINX: Oh, say, Hank—I'll have to tell the customers. They won't know what happened when all this starts.

HANK: We'll tell nobody. They'd interfere with my plans.

JINX: All right—just as you say.

HANK: Now come along out with me and we'll bring in these people and put 'em to work. You'll remember 'em all. I had a tough time locating some of 'em—but today I got the last one.

JINX: Yeah? Well—let's go.

RITA: Well—so we're back working for Jinx Remington again, Buddy?

BUDDY: Yeah. Gee, Rita, this place gives me the creeps.

RITA: Why, Buddy—don't tell me you're going soft!

BUDDY: No—it's not that—but every time I walk around the place I see that white face of Roy Fulton staring up at me. I swear, I get the willies.

RITA: Say, don't act like that, or this Hank Bailey person will begin to suspect you!

BUDDY: What?

RITA: Come on, kid, calm down. Nothing's going to eat you.

BUDDY: No—don't mind me. I'll be all right in a minute. I don't know why I got like this. Say—just what has Bailey got in mind, bringing us all here like this?

RITA: I'm not a mind reader, dearie. You'll have to ask him—or else wait and see.

BUDDY: Well, I'll feel a lot better after it's over!

RITA: Say, I'm beginning to be a little bit suspicious of you myself, Buddy!

BUDDY: Oh, come off that stuff, will you, Rita? As if it wasn't enough that we get hauled up here for this thing, after I'd just started my first week on the big time, without you complicating matters! Lay off me, will you?

RITA: Sure. Say, here comes Jinx now. He looks sort of worried.

BUDDY: Who wouldn't look worried, with his night club turned into a laboratory for catching a murderer? I don't blame him a bit.

JINX: Hello, Buddy. Oh, hello there, Rita. It's good to see you back here again.

RITA: It gives you a lot more pleasure than it does us—especially Buddy, by the looks of him. I guess he thinks they're going to put everybody through the third degree.

BUDDY: Rita! Will you lay off?

JINX: What's the matter? What're you nervous about, Buddy?

BUDDY: Nothing.

RITA: Say, tell me, Mr. Remington, what's the low-down on this?

JINX: Low-down on what, Rita?

RITA: I mean—what's the idea of getting the old crowd back here? Does Bailey hope that one of us will confess that he killed Roy Fulton?

JINX: I don't know just what his plan is. He hasn't discussed it with me, yet. But you'll probably find out soon enough.

BUDDY: I suppose so.

RITA: Well—if we're going to do a repeat on the ghastly details, I'll have to go in and dress. You know, Mr. Remington, I'll bet this is the cheapest I've ever worked for you.

REMINGTON: I'd rather pay you—and get this over with, myself.

(Continued on page 79)



Hank: "Look at him, Jinx Remington! Look at the man you murdered!" Jinx: "No—No—I can't—I can't look at him! Roy! That face, staring up at me!"

BLACK BEAUTY

A Romance of the Old South

Twelfth Episode of Mystery House

An Original Radio Drama Written for the National Broadcasting Co.

By Finis Farr, Jr.

PROFESSOR MONTEGLE has called on what appears to be a psychic power in his efforts to get "Mystery House" into his control.

He has again managed to get Margot Hemingway, Brooke's fiancee, into his power. In a crystal he shows her a terrible danger which threatens her lover. Frightened, Margot agrees to write Brooke a letter, instructing him to "look behind the clock." With Sergeant Hanrahan, he does so, and when the big grandfather's clock is pulled out from the wall, a loud explosion is heard. The two men pick themselves up and find they have just escaped death from a concealed shotgun which was fired by the opening of the clock.

Who set this trap? There are two suspects: Sally, the dancer in Fragoni's night club, and Williams, Brooke's supposedly faithful servant. Questioned, Williams turns and dashes from the apartment.

Previous to this, Williams and Brooke have found the murdered body of Johnny Walker, Brooke's friend, in a waterfront dive frequented by the Professor. Pinned to the body is a black paper triangle with the number 2 written on it in white ink.

Even greater mystery is furnished when the Professor succeeds in getting hold of little Alice Denby, the legal heiress of the Denby fortune and the real owner of "Mystery House." Ransome Renwick, the great criminologist, rescues the child, but she is again spirited away by Montegle. It then develops that Montegle himself has lost the child—and unless Fragoni can throw some light on her whereabouts, she has disappeared entirely, both from Brooke and his friends and from Montegle and the gang.

Renwick arranges an interview with Montegle and confronts him with the charge of murder.

The master criminal and the master detective engage in a battle of wits; and it appears that each has checkmated the other.

COULD it possibly be true that Sally was a crook?

Young Bob Brooke could not yet bring himself to believe it. She had drawn a revolver and fled when Sergt. Hanrahan attempted to place her under arrest. That was natural. But why should she be carrying a revolver if she was straight?

There was no time to consider these questions. Margot, his fiancee was in the hands of the treacherous Professor Montegle. She had gone there to rescue little Alice Denby, kidnaped and held as a foil against interference by Brooke and others in the gang's nefarious operations and conspiracies.

Renwick the great criminologist who already had rendered valuable service to young Brooke has now come face to face with Montegle and bluntly accused him of murder. Montegle seems once more within grasp of the law and Renwick says:

"This looks like the end, Professor. The police will be here in two minutes."

"I've waited for them before, you know," Montegle replied sullenly.

"Yes. But this time there will be no slip-up. You'll be here when they come."

"You might give me an even chance. At least I have always played fair with you."

"Yes, very sporty you are, for example in asking me a moment ago to step over to that window where your man Fragoni could take a pot shot at me."

FOR that matter he has you covered right where you are."

"I grant you that, Professor. But you are likewise covered in that chair. From that distance he can not tell which of us is which."

Bantering each other these two kept up the interchange until the moment for the expected arrival of Sergt. Hanrahan. Then it was that Montegle discovered the telephone within reach of his chair. In a moment he had connected with the room in Haddon Hall across the street where Fragoni was waiting with rifle, ready to fire.

"Observe," he said to his henchman, "I am the one sitting in the chair. See, I raise and lower my arm. Are you satisfied? Good. Now, should you observe the figure of a man moving across the window from your left to right take accurate aim and kill your friend Renwick, who is holding me prisoner here. Give me a minute to get away then make your own escape."

Then he turned to Renwick with an apology, "If you'll excuse me, I believe I'll be going now—"

"Pardon! Just a minute," said Renwick. He reached for his gun on the window ledge with the walking stick and drew it to him. "You see I might be put to the painful necessity of boring a hole through your vest, shirt, skin and heart unless you remain seated exactly as you are."

"By heaven, it's a checkmate!" Montegle exclaimed.

The police arrive. The door is locked. They batter it down. In a moment of distraction as this takes place Montegle gives a sudden leap through the window, down two floors to a balcony roof. A quick scramble around the corner of the building, and he is gone.

Fragoni had fled the moment Montegle had hung up the telephone and a few minutes later Sally remarked to him that he would be expected to do just that. Then Montegle joins them. Fragoni has become greatly concerned about little Alice. He threatens to kill Sally because she insists she does not know where the child is. Montegle disarms him and says:

"The first thing for you to get out of your head is that little girl. Forget for the time being that she ever existed."

"Say you haven't gone and—" Fragoni turned a cheesy yellow.

"No, we didn't kill the child, though that would not have been so difficult. You know as much as I do, Fragoni. It looks as though Sally's failed us again."

RENWICK had achieved the impossible. He had taken little Alice away from her captors in some mysterious manner. Margot, too, had escaped. Gently the great criminologist questioned the child, trying to learn all that she could recall for what she thought was her whole life—and especially what she remembered about the big house where she had lived for a little while as a toddler.

Then, decoyed away by callers, Renwick left Alice alone for a few minutes. When he returned she had disappeared. Montegle, still holding the child's confidence as her Uncle Brooke had stepped into the room and persuaded her to leave with him. But why was it that the great detective did not seem greatly perturbed?

"Well, well, well," was all he said, but he said it with a chuckle. Then, after glancing about the room, he added: "Seems to have worked like a charm. Really my plans are turning out remarkably well. They even took my toy Kaleidescope. That's just too good!"

Meanwhile in the old Denby House—the House of Mystery—young Bob was beginning to grow suspicious of almost everybody.

And then Margot paid an unexpected call. She was agitated.

"I came down here to show you something," she explained.

"What is it?" asked Bob becoming serious at once.

"Here," she handed him a small piece of paper. It was black with a white triangle inscribed with the figure 3 in the center.

"Oh, Margot, my dear," Bob answered with a voice that seemed to come from deep in his chest. "This is not good. We must keep you under constant protection. The last one of these insignias that I saw—"

"Bob, do you mean that poor Johnny Walker—"

"Just like this. He was No. 2 in the triangle. They murdered him and I fear this means that you are marked for the next one to go."

Williams had taken his opportunity to escape from the room. He was not there to answer the buzzer that came at this moment. Bob answered it himself. And then came three words of amazement from Margot:

"Williams. How queer!"

Only a moment had the young man left the room. As he stepped back he heard Margot scream from a distance. He ran frantically to find her. She was gone—and gone without leaving a trace!

But Sally was there in her place. Sally warned him to keep his lips silent in that room.

Bob then persuaded her to show where Margot had been taken and his faith in her was restored. Mystery House never ends. Follow this thrilling serial as it continues each week over the network of the National Broadcasting company.



We were stretched out around the camp fire when Oscar broke the silence, "Mr. Dreiser, do tell us how you cured your insomnia."

Theodore Dreiser's

BED TIME STORY

Retold for Radio Digest by William C. Lengel

THIS is the story told by Theodore Dreiser of how he cured himself of insomnia. Like all of Mr. Dreiser's stories it has a moral and even if it didn't have a moral there are, no doubt, many, many readers of The Radio Digest who suffer from insomnia and this story may serve as a lesson to them.

WE WERE stretched out around the roaring camp fire one evening when some one of us—it must have been Oscar Schmaltz, yet, it must have been Oscar—broke the silence and said, "Mr. Dreiser, do tell us the story of how you cured yourself of insomnia."

Well, with the prospects of hearing such a tale you may believe that we were all ears—as the phrase has it—and we settled back to hear the amazing revelation.

Mr. Dreiser filled his "jimmy" pipe, lighted it, slowly puffed and puffed and puffed, and then he began:

"I was living in New York at the time," and such was the magic of the great novelist's word that we were transported back to the hustle and bustle of New York. "On Morningside Heights," he continued after a pause, stickler for exactness that he is.

"Living in my apartment at the time was a man whom I shall call A. H. for the very good and sufficient reason, as all and sundry know, his initials were A. H. I mention this now because A. H. has considerable to do with my story.

"For some little time—say two years—I had been more or less troubled with insomnia. And just at this period, which appeared to me particularly troublous, and when I was in considerable mental agitation, it seemed there were weeks on weeks when I did not sleep a wink.

"Let me assure you though that to me it was real enough. From the first to the last I felt myself pining away—the victim of a miserable illness. No man, I said, could go on and on and on, etc., without sleeping. And right I was.

"OFTEN in the dead of night during the first three months mind you—not afterwards—after tossing restlessly in my bed I would get up and sit on a bench in the park or walk under the stars and then as dawn was breaking I would go back to bed and perhaps have an hour's fitful sleep. Later, feeling myself to be in the grip of the same ill, and tossing and tumbling as I was sure that I did, I devised the scheme of pulling down my shades and drawing my curtains so that the rays of the sun could not come in and waken me.

"Just the same the situation got so bad that I thought I was sure I would lose my mind. The worst of it was that I got scant sympathy. A. H. had a latch key and swore that when he let himself in he heard me snoring. How can a man snore when he cannot even sleep?

"One night, after it seemed that I had tossed about for hours and finally sank into that peaceful borderline between consciousness and unconsciousness, I was brought suddenly to complete wakefulness by a curious dull thumping on my door. There would be a thud, then a few moments of silence, then another thud—and so on for ten or fifteen minutes, all of which time my weary sleep-tortured brain debating with itself as to whether the thing to do would be to get up and investigate or wait for the noise to cease.

"Inside the room it was pitch dark. It could not, I judged, be much after midnight. Another night's rest shot to hell!

"Finally after much groaning and swearing I got up and went to the door.

"There, stretched out at full length was A. H., half asleep, with his feet resting against the door. Every so often he would kick out at the door. That's the sound I had heard.

"What's the big idea?" I growled. "Waking a man up in the middle of the night like this?"

"'Night, hell! It's nine o'clock in the morning,'" he said.

"AND it was. The sun, as the saying goes, was high in the heavens. My closed shades and curtains had kept me in the dark.

(Continued on page 116)

The Secret of the Loneliest Man

Reported LOST AT SEA

OUT of the Writhing Waves Crawled a Man with a Vengeful Wraith at His Heels — Tense and Briny is this Harbor Lights Tale

By Burr C. Cook

Produced by the National Broadcasting Co.

HARBOR LIGHTS are twinkling and there's an answering twinkle in the eyes of Captain Jimmy Norton. He's got another amazing yarn for his young friend Joe.

And as Radio's only ferryboat sails across Radio's New York harbor Captain Jimmy, through the medium of Burr C. Cook, unfolds his story to Joe and, perhaps, a million other listeners scattered about the country.

Another of Cook's dramatizations of the stories of old sailors, just as it will be told in the National Broadcasting Company studios in New York the night of February 14th, follows:

ANNOUNCER:

WE are now ready for another of our weekly trips across New York Harbor, ladies and gentlemen. The old Municipal ferryboat is about to leave her dock. Off in the night the lights of Manhattan Isle sparkle like fairy beacons and the bay itself is alive with the dancing beams of harbor craft. Old Captain Jimmy Norton is on deck again, attending the small duties that keep him near his beloved sea.

(WHISTLE OF FERRYBOAT BLOWS TWICE)

The time for departure has arrived. Hurry and don't miss the boat, or you may miss Captain Jimmy and another of his true stories of adventure.

VOICE: "All Aboard"

(Ferryboat pulls out)—winches—deck gates—rush of autos and trucks—tinkle of bells—engine—water—boat leaves.

JOE: Is that you, Capt. Jimmy Norton?

CAPT. J.: Aye—it's me. Hello, Joe.

JOE: I didn't know you, all dressed up!

CAPT. J.: Yes, sir—a new suit—present from my daughter and my son-in-law. Look all right?

JOE: It sure does.

MUSIC STARTS

CAPT. J.: S'posed to be the latest style . . . see the pockets?

JOE: Yes—fits you fine. Did you have a nice visit down at New Bedford last week?

CAPT. JOE: Aye—I al'ays have a nice visit, Joe. It's the one thing I got to look forrard to in my old age. Folks was all well—little Jimmy gettin' to be a great big feller. Good cruise, too—only thing spoiled it was the rain.

JOE: Yes—Capt. Barlow said it came down in bucketfuls.

CAPT. J.: I never see it rain so hard before—but once.

JOE: When was that, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: Aye—when was it, son? Thirty years or more ago—down below the line. 'Twas the only time I ever sailed as mate of a steamer. And it came near bein' the last time I ever sailed as a mate of anything.

JOE: South of the equator, eh?

CAPT. J.: Aye—in Callao, lad—to be exact—down on the west coast o' South America.

BELL BUOY

STEAMER WHISTLE IN DISTANCE

CAPT. J.: There's a small island, 'bout twenty miles off the coast o' Peru, with a single gravestone on it—made of a steel buoy. Probably still standin' there.

JOE: A steel buoy—? Go ahead, Capt.—tell the story—how did you happen to be there?

CAPT. J.: It's a long story, lad. We'd been shipwrecked—'roundin' the Horn—and a square-rigger picked us up and brought us to Callao.

I wanted to get on to Panama—figgered I could cross the Isthmus and find a freighter bound for N'Orleans. 'Twas then I signed on with this steamer—and met up with the loneliest white man I ever knew.

JOE: Who was he, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: His name was Wilson—Cap'n Bartley Wilson—master o' the City o' Callao. His vessel was a small single-funnel boat that had been fixed up with cabin quarters and was about as seaworthy as a melon rind. They had one other boat workin' between Callao and Guayaquil. The line was British, as I recollect, but it had been goin' to rot and there was evil talk o' mismanagement and worse.

WHISTLE OF TUGBOAT

Anyhow, I was set on gettin' north, so I went to see this Cap'n Wilson.

JOE: What sort of man was he?

CAPT. J.: He was a white man—gone native, if ye know what that means. The tropics had got him. Must of been a big, fine-lookin' feller once—but his flesh was hangin' loose on him—his white alpaca greasy and dirty—and he was half drunk most o' the time. I found him in the dusty office of the Line—down on the quays. I remember, there was a long flight o' creaky wooden stairs and—spite o' the heat—the door was closed.

STOP FERRYBOAT NOISES

KNOCK ON DOOR

CAPT. W.: (In a drunken voice.) *(He is an Englishman, but the polish has been taken off his enunciation by long years in foreign climes.)*

COME in—

NORTON: Cap'n Wilson—?

CAPT. W.: Aye—that's me.

NORTON: My name's Norton—mate o' the Lewellyn. I'd like to sign on with the City o' Callao for the run to Guayaquil.

CAPT. W.: Sit down—Mr. Norton—sit down and—have a drink. It's not often I have an English-speaking visitor—visitors of any kind, for that matter. Lewellyn was wrecked, so they tell me.

NORTON: Aye, sir—lost her masts and was salvaged by the Boston Star.

CAPT. W.: Yes—so I understand. Foolish—payin' salvage money, you know. Have another drink—cool ye off.

WIRELESS SOUNDS FROM INNER ROOM

Ahem! So ye want to sign on for Guayaquil, eh? What do you know about steam-shipping?

NORTON: Not a thing—but I thought ye could use an able hand aboard—passin' coal, maybe.

CAPT. W.: Well, now—maybe I could—maybe so. I've got no more than a turret crew as it is. I'll take ye on as second mate, Mr. Norton.

NORTON: (Surprised) Second mate, sir?

CAPT. W.: Why not? You can follow the instructions of my first mate, Mr. Valdez—stand by the wheel—entertain the passengers and, I presume, if necessary—you can launch the life-boats.

NORTON: Yes, sir.

CAPT. W.: We have patent davits—latest thing from Liverpool—ropes run double in the blocks—but you'll soon learn to manage 'em.

NORTON: I reckon I can. But I hope you're not figgerin' on usin' the boats, Cap'n.

CAPT. W.: Well—best to be prepared, Mr. er.. that's my motto. Six stirrups of rum and you can face the devil. You see, the City of Callao isn't as seaworthy as she was once—even with a good ballast—and we're sailing light this time—all the weight above decks. Maybe ye know the story of the blind Clyde merchantman—but you wouldn't, bein' a Yankee. Well—here's health to ye!

NORTON: (Drinking) Good weather, sir!

CAPT. W.: Don't—don't hurry—meant to ask you—to, er,



Captain Wilson: "Lord help me! I wasn't figgerin' on a storm, Norton."
Norton (sternly): "You was figgerin' on wreckin' your ship, tho?"

pardon the appearance of the office.

NORTON: It's all right.

CAPT. W.: Unfortunately—it's all wrong, Mr.— Mr.— what was the name again?

NORTON: Norton.

CAPT. W.: Aye—Norton. Was a time I thought the Line would amount to something—but it's—we've got beyond that, by now. Aye—got beyond a lot of things—out here in hell's corner o' nowhere . . . (laughs gently). And maybe that's just as well.

NORTON: It'd never suit me—in the tropics, sir.

CAPT. W.: Aye—don't I know. There is just one consolation—Mr. Norton—just one consolation. It's called casava. (Clink of glasses.)

A burning, fiery red——taste it—sweet poison, that makes ye forget, easy—(smack lips). Ah! . . . forgot a thousand leagues of water—Piccadilly—and the green downs of Surrey—summer sunshine on the Thames—friends and family, and all the ancient, decent things . . . if ye understand?

NORTON: Aye—I think I understand . . . When do we sail, Cap'n?

CAPT. W.: We'll catch high tide in the morning. Report to Mr. Valdez aboard ship. You can sign your papers here—or below stairs.

NORTON: (Snappily) Aye, sir.

CAPT. W.: Wait—wait—wait. If ye must salute—do it right. Stand with your heels together—and bring your hand up square and smart. Aye—that's better—more in the Navy tradition, Mr. Norton.

NORTON: I'll report in the morning, Cap'n Wilson—and thank ye kindly for signin' me on.

CAPT. W.: Don't thank me, Norton. Thank the mercenary Lords of Belshire. (Laughs cynically.) The Lords o' Belshire—and His Majesty's Navy. Thank a drum-head court martial, and blind justice—and the devil himself! (His maudlin laughter fades out.)

FERRYBOAT NOISES—Music—rondelay

CAPT. J.: Well, sir, he was a queer 'un—though I learned the sense of his maudlin' 'fore I got through. I reported aboard ship the followin' mornin'. The first mate, Valdez, was a lean, shifty-eyed half breed, who didn't seem to care much whether I learned the ropes or not. There was about forty passengers aboard—three women, one of 'em with a sick child—and a feller I recollect in partickler, named Bartlett. Bein' about the only one who could speak English Bartlett and me got sort 'o chummy.

JOE: How about the Captain?

CAPT. J.: Cap'n Wilson? He never stuck his nose out o' the cabin—took his meals alone, or with Valdez—and was drunk most of the time, I reckon. This feller Bartlett was a square-rigged, well set-up man in his forties—a Limey from Liverpool—and new to the tropics. He'd come aboard at the last minute—transferred from the Rio Mail steamer—and while he was friendly disposed, he seemed to be keeping his real business to himself. We was talkin' one evenin' in the bar—second day out. There was a light fog makin' as I recollect.

SEA SOUNDS—Wind and waves, modulated
FOGHORN—Blowing faintly from above decks

BARTLETT: (He speaks concisely with an English accent.) Sit down, Mr. Norton—if you have a minute.

NORTON: Howdy, Mr. Bartlett—didn't see ye on deck today.

MR. B.: No—the roll of this vessel was turning my stomach a trifle—though I should be used to sailing by now. It was all of four months ago that I left London.

NORTON: Ye don't travel much by water, I take it?

MR. B.: No—I seem to have been cut out for a landsman—though my father followed the sea—and I had an older brother who was in the navy.

(Continued on page 103)

HEADLINE HUNTING

Famous War Correspondent Scores of His Many Thrilling Adventures

By Rose Marie

HE IS known today as one of the greatest of war correspondents. They call Floyd Gibbons the man of a thousand and one thrills. Douglas Fairbanks, introducing him, says, "He does in real life what I do on the screen."

He has ridden with Pancho Villa, been torpedoed and sunk in mid-Atlantic, lost an eye in the great war, crossed the Sahara by camel, covered wars and events in all parts of the globe, and even now is planning to blaze an automobile road—The Western Hemisphere Trail—from the tip of South America to the tip of Alaska.

He is sought after by lecture groups and Radio companies. He is the author of three books, "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight," "The Red Knight of Germany," and the just published novel, "The Red Napoleon."

And the explanation for his success is summed up in just five words—"Every human being an adventure."

As he puts it, "Life's like a big apartment house with thousands of rooms. You can stay in your own little room and never see anything more than its four walls. Or you can wander out in the corridors and find out about the neighbors."

THE other day I had an interview with him in his New York apartment.

"Interview" is such a formal word, and anything less formal than the apartment where he has his home and office would be hard to find. He himself, for instance. Wrapped in a brilliant Chinese bathrobe, bright yellow Moorish slippers on his feet—that is his costume for this morning—it needs only the final touch of the white patch over his sightless left eye, to give him the air of a benevolent pirate (if pirates ever are benevolent).

As for the room—in one corner the secretary is madly typing. In another, the telephone is almost as madly ringing. "Yes, Red (that's Sinclair Lewis), I'll be over tonight." "The National Broadcasting Company, Mr. Gibbons. Will you talk to them?" "Captain Railey, Mr. Gibbons." Captain Railey is the backer of the Western Hemisphere Expedition.

In the space of five minutes a messenger comes in with a telegram. A bellboy delivers a large envelope filled with newspaper clippings, the secretary leaving her typing long enough to sort them in three piles—those on "The Red Napoleon," those on the Radio talks, those on the South American trip. A man staggers in, literally staggers, under a great package containing 2,500 sheets of paper and envelopes—stationery to answer fan mail. The maid comes to clean up the room and is told to come back later. A waiter enters with a cup of breakfast coffee, notwithstanding that it is one o'clock.

By the fireplace are two padlocked tin boxes holding photographs and movie reels of the trip across the Sahara. On the table is a great sheaf of fan mail. On the chairs are stacks of "The Red Napoleon," waiting to be autographed. On the davenport are great piles of newspapers. As I start to sit down on these newspapers—there actually being no other place for me to sit—Mr. Gibbons gives a yell and rescues from beneath me and from beneath the papers, his prize possession, a large illustration from "The Red Napoleon," the one in which he is telling "President Smith" and his cabinet the dangers of a red invasion. As the rescuer of the picture puts it tenderly on the mantlepiece, the secretary comes over and slides the newspapers, the telephone books, and her umbrella to the floor. There is a place for me to sit down.

Excusing himself for a minute, Mr. Gibbons continues to run his one bright blue eye over a manuscript, and alternately sips coffee and dictates his next week's Radio speech.

WITH that patch over his eye, in that many colored bathrobe, with those bright yellow Moorish slippers, he really does look like a pirate. All he needs is for that bathrobe to be tucked up around his knees, a scarlet scarf wound around his sandy hair, ear rings in his ears, a knife stuck in his belt, and he could well be one of those jovial buccaneers of long ago, one who would cheerfully rob you of your jewels but leave you enough money for carfare.

As you sit there you are conscious of a liking and an interest for the man, but more than that, as you get between coffee gulps and dictating, a stray smile and a glance from that eye of his, you are conscious that he likes and is interested in you—that if you aren't careful, pretty soon he'll be asking all the questions and you'll be doing the answering, instead of vice versa.

THERE it is. Floyd Gibbons likes people—all people, of every sort of color, race, belief. It doesn't matter whether it's a witch doctor down in the Congo, or a soviet leader in Russia, or a little Moorish bootblack in Fez, or even someone as unexciting as a girl reporter, he has for them all a sympathy and about all of them an insatiable curiosity.

That is the secret of his amazingly vivid writing. He knows that in the last analysis events dissolve themselves into their effects on people. Therefore he makes events in far off places seem real to his readers, or for that matter, to his listeners, by making the people in them real. He knows that a thousand dead Riffs in Morocco are of less concern to you than the next door neighbor's broken leg. So he takes one individual Riff



With FLOYD GIBBONS

National Success With Narration in Strange Lands Across the Sea

Drachman

tribesman, makes you understand why he fights, why he dies, and immediately the other thousand deaths become comprehensible.

"You want to know about me? Well, wait a minute."

He goes into the other room, comes back with an armful of brown paper envelopes, dumps them down beside me on the davenport.

"There. Those are my 'morgue' clippings for the last fifteen years. I bullied the file clerk into letting me have them while I was doing these Radio talks. Read those and you'll know more about me than I do about myself."

I read them. As their author strides up and down the room dictating, as the typewriter clicks, and the telephone rings, I get from the clippings in those brown paper envelopes a bird's eye view of a life adventure—packed as perhaps few men's lives have been.

AND in that incredible amount of writing (how words pile up in fifteen years at the rate of from one to two thousand a day) I am conscious of many things—of a memory photographic in the accuracy of its recording, of an ability for writing which often passes fine reporting into literature, of an endurance, of a matter-of-fact courage, of an initiative which makes him ready not only to open his door to opportunity's knock but to rush out and drag in that elusive lady by the hair of her head. But, above all, I am aware of that sympathy for, that insatiable curiosity about people.

I look in the envelope marked "1915." The clippings are from Mexico. Gibbons is with Pancho Villa. It is at his own initiative that he is there. He had been sent down to cover the Johnson-Willard fight. When the fight did not take place, instead of getting on the train and going home, he wired for permission to find Villa. Now Señor Pancho had promised death to all Gringos he could lay his hands on. But before he realized just what was happening, the correspondent had arrived in his camp, had got into his good graces, had attached a box car to his special train. In that envelope were first hand accounts of a bandit's home life, of battles, lootings, executions. But also there are the human interest stories of the serape-wrapped soldados watching a cock fight, of the soldaderas, the women who follow the men into battle, cooking their pots of beans on the top of freight cars, of that young aviator and soldier of fortune, Mickey McGuire, the "Wild Irish Rose of the Sky."

Nineteen Sixteen. Clippings from Mexico again, this time from the Pershing expedition in pursuit of Villa. Clippings from the Texas border where Gibbons surveys the mobilization of the national guard and exposes its terrible inefficiency and unpreparedness. "A man, sick with pneumonia, lying on wet ground, a four inch ridge of earth all that holds the water back from him.



Gibbons consults Touareg guide on Sahara desert.

THE fat envelope of 1917. I hold in my hands that paper of February 27, with its two-inch banner headline, "How the Laconia Sank," and devour the columns of one of the world's greatest newspaper stories.

Perhaps some of you have forgotten how Gibbons happened to be on the torpedoed liner. It was, as I have said, February of 1917. Following Germany's announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare, the United States had broken off diplomatic relations with the Central Powers. Gibbons was being sent to London to be nearer the source of news. His paper arranged a passage for him on the boat that was carrying home the German ambassador and which would have a safe conduct through the submarine zone. But Gibbons cancelled that passage and took a berth on the "Laconia," a British vessel loaded with ammunition and war supplies. He had a "hunch" that it was going to be torpedoed.

The "hunch" is correct. Two hundred miles off the coast of Ireland the ship is torpedoed by a German submarine. But to let the clippings tell the story. It is the night of February 26. In the "Laconia" lounge passengers are considering the possibilities of being hit. An Englishman says there is about one chance in a thousand. Another puts it at one chance in two hundred and fifty. They didn't know how stories had a habit of "breaking" for Gibbons or they wouldn't have been so optimistic. For just at that moment a dull jar shakes the ship is if she had slid gently against the pilings of a pier. Only, of course, there isn't any pier in mid-ocean. The "Laconia" had been torpedoed.

For six hours the little life boats drift about in the sea before a British patrol ship finds them and takes them into Queenstown. Thirty minutes after land-

(Continued on page 87)



Sweeter than sweet—Max Dolin, musical director NBC Pacific Coast division, has to keep his eyes on the music and his mouth closed to avoid taking a bite out of this violin, made of pure sugar except for neck and chin rest.



Lydia Lee, WENR Little Blue Bird, takes Radio Digest to the mike and tells listeners what's inside the covers.



Helen House and Margaret Speaks are heard over the Brown-Bilt Footlites at WABC, New York. Helen is contralto and Margaret soprano.



Eight years old and fairly bursting with IT is little Betty Leeland at WDGY, Minneapolis. What will she be in 1939? She puts all the sparkle into the children's hour every Wednesday.



When Marion Ferrand and Jimmy Keith put on their Ann-and-Jimmy clothes at KSTP it's safe to predict rising temperature with heavy gales of chuckles for a thousand miles or so round about. They started teaming in grammar school—now look at 'em!



Lucky prefers the Backyard Broadcast system, but he's happy with Charlotte Bemis, RKO.



Sir Harry Lauder is never averse to picking up a few extra nickels at broadcasting when he comes to America. This is the $20,000 smile earned at the NBC studios in San Francisco when he sang his popular Scotch ballads over the networks. Aye, d'na ask aboot the Scotch stick — 'tis na nozzle at the end!



Mountain mocking birds are Dixie and Peggy who carol at KDYL, Salt Lake City. Real names: Mrs. Dixie Penrose Lloyd and Miss Peggy Driscoll.



The Sandman's Little Helper is wee Patsy Britten, who comes to the children of the Northwest over KOL, Seattle, just in time to help them over the bridge to Slumberland.



These bashful boys are Louie and Gus of the Schradertown band, NBC. Gus is crackin' a good one with aid of his thumb.



From the tips of her fingers to the tip of her chin artistic ability proclaims itself in this charming pose of Cecil De Horvath, guest artist at the NBC Baldwin.



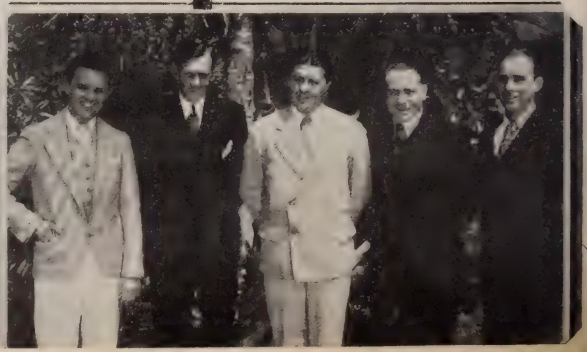
Rembrandt might have posed this excellent portrait of Katherine Tift-Jones, daughter of the Old South, and creator of the Negro character Calliope.



This puzzle picture shows Frances Alda, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, and her two dogs at her country estate. Find the other dog. You will recall Mme. Alda with the Atwater-Kent program.

When Ben Weaver puts on his high hat at WHAM, Rochester, it's time for the Friday night minstrel show. Ben has to keep the dark gent at the right back from the microphone because the high frequency necktie has a blasting effect on the listener.





It's June in Los Angeles—or maybe April—where Dudley Chambers and his KNX Rounders waft their voices to the balmy breeze and make the chattering folks "back East" think of palms and flowering gardens.



This is the lady who makes you cry when you listen to the Johnson and Johnson musical melodramas on Tuesday evenings over the NBC. She is Joyce Meredith, who takes the part of the heroine.
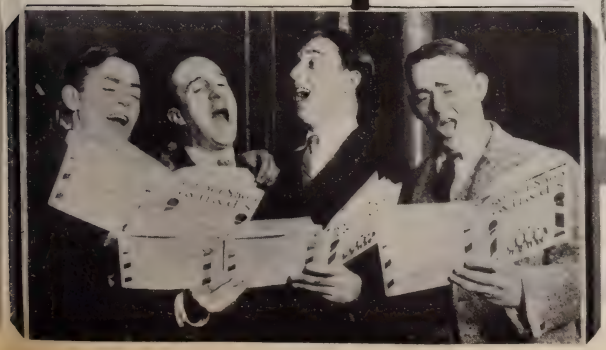


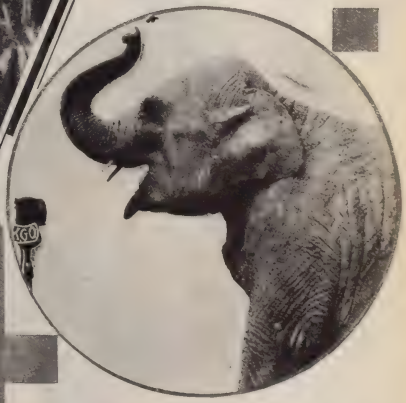
Lady listeners have severe palpitations when this handsome Spaniard sings to them over KFI, Los Angeles. Felipe Delgado with his lyric baritone voice is featured with the Los Caballeros orchestra.



"Oh Romeo, why art thou Romeo?" sighed the beautiful Juliet, impersonated by Eva Le Gallienne, and Romeo by Donald Cameron from WABC, New York, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Cold classical numbers are all very well as a general thing for the Ritz quartet at the CBS, but when you want to hear real harmony with plenty of volume pass out the Barber Shop Ballad books. 'Tis a pleasure.





"Have you a word or two for the children?" asked the polite KGO Radio reporter as he moved a mike close to Little Eva, the vaudeville elephant. She certainly did. Rearing her trunk in the air she remarked, "OOGhkltz! WOOSHIJGRROL!" Several clocks and dishes were tumbled to the floor in Colorado and Iowa.

Matrimony and Alimony a la

GERTRUDE

Divorcing a Husband in Order to Keep from Losing Him Is too Much for Harry, but It Seems to Work



She was one swell dame. She'd entered the building with Victor about midnight, and hadn't come out. The lights had burned brightly in Victor's apartment, and then darkness. The girl was still there.

By SALISBURY FIELD

Illustrations By
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

GERTRUDE is an exceedingly peppy, modern young woman. When her brother Harry inherits a million he determines to make a lady out of Gert, giving her anything she wants, which turns out to be a husband. After buying the prospect a divorce Brother Harry starts around the world.

By the time he returns to the happy couple Gertrude has found marriage a mirage, and Harry again foots the bills. But he is sympathetic when Victor gets thrown out of his happy home, his clothes flying after. Of course the fact that Little Harry has red hair, while neither Gert nor Victor have the slightest evidence of such a tinge, complicates matters.

But when Gert finds Victor in another woman's arms, she decides that enough is too much. Since Harry is to blame for the discovery, he decides to make a surprise visit on the boy and finds that Gert's husband is really blameless. Gert, however, insists that the only way she can ever be happy and win Victor back again is to divorce him. So Harry with a sigh decides that blood is thicker than water and sets out to give Gert what she wants.

CHAPTER XI

IT'S FUNNY how hard people will work to keep a couple together. They do things much better at the Zoo. There, at the first sign of trouble, they put them in separate cages.

I'm frank to admit I did my best to talk Gert out of this mad idea of hers.

"You may know what you're doing," I said, "but divorcing your husband, in order not to lose him, is too deep for me."

"That," said Gert, "is because you're a man. Any woman would understand."

"Very likely," I said. "But I'm as much in the fog as ever."

And I was. For as far as I could make out, Gert's formula ran as follows: she'd married Victor and lost him; if she hadn't married him she wouldn't have lost him; so now all she had to do was to lose him all over again, and everything would be high, wide and handsome.

When in doubt, let Nature take its course—it will anyway. So instead of puzzling my bean further, I rang up Jack Parkinson, my lawyer. And next morning I went to call, by appointment, on Mr. Herman Silverstein.

Mr. Silverstein turned out to be a cagy bird, with the beak of an eagle, and kind, tired eyes.

"Mr. Parkinson has spoken to me about you," he said.

"And to me about you," I replied. "He says you're the best in the business. I'm here on my sister's behalf; she wants a divorce."

"Why?"

"I'm blessed if I know. But she certainly wants it, and she generally gets what she wants."

Then, after explaining the situation to the best of my ability, I added:

"Though in Dutch with my sister, my brother-in-law is a pretty good egg. He's more genteel than most song writers—and also more Gentile. So don't be too hard on him."

"I imagine," said Mr. Silverstein, "your sister would like to get her divorce on the grounds of desertion."

"Why not?" I replied. "Her husband has certainly left her."

"Unfortunately, in the law, the husband's residence is the family domicile. If we were to write his wife a letter asking her to join him there, and she refused, she wouldn't have a leg to stand on. You're sure there isn't another woman?"

"Not unless he's a fast worker. He only left home last night."

"Then, in my opinion, it would be easier for the husband to get the divorce. Would your sister object to that?"

"I don't think so. But I'm sure my brother-in-law would."

"Well, you might ask him. In the meantime please tell your sister she can have any kind of divorce she wants."

"But suppose you lack evidence?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. Why should one lack evidence in a great manufacturing city like this?"

He picked up the desk 'phone.

"Send in Smith," he said.

IN THE matter of looks Smith did little credit to the illustrious name he bore—a sallow, gloomy man, with a decided cast in his left eye. An ideal eye for his job, by the way, for when he was looking at you, he apparently wasn't. Smith, it seemed, was the office bloodhound. When I left Mr. Silverstein, he accompanied me.

"Just show me where the guy lives," he said. "I'll do the rest."

"Look here!" I said. "And this goes for your boss, too. If I catch you trying to frame my brother-in-law, you'll wish you'd never been born. Fun's fun, and fair's fair. Get me?"

Smith looked at me, or I think he looked at me, though he seemed to be looking elsewhere—Smith looked at me, and sighed.

"I gotcha," he said.

Victor greeted me like a long lost brother. But when I'd explained my errand, he was not so cordial.

"I'll not do it!" he declared. "I'd look fine, wouldn't I, divorcing Gert? But thanks for the tip. I'll write her a letter at once—and keep a copy. I'll have it registered, too. Then, if she gets funny, I can prove I've asked her to come and live here."

"But Gert wants a divorce," I said. "Aren't you man enough to give it to her?"

"No, I'm not," said Victor. "Besides, how do I know she really wants one?"

"If that's all that's bothering you, ring her up."

"I did. She wouldn't talk to me."

"I can arrange that," I said.

So I got Gert on the 'phone, told her what was expected of her, then handed the receiver to Victor.

If I'm any judge, there was very little love and affection in the conversation that followed. And I gathered, from the way he slammed the receiver on the hook, that Victor was thoroughly upset.

He was.

"Get out of here!" he said.

"But Victor, old man, I'm not to blame."

"You are. Maybe you mean well, Harry, but ever since you



"Oh, Smith! Smith!" I called. He'd heard me —was crossing the street on the run.

came to live with us you've taken sides with Gert. I had her buffaloed till you showed up; and I'd have straightened her out this time, if you hadn't butted in. Just because you got a million dollars you think you're God Almighty. Get out!"

Well, there you are! Though I'd be the last to call Victor a worm, he certainly had turned. He'd bit the hand that fed him, too. But I was far from blaming him. Perhaps I had been a thorn in the side of the Wiggins family. Of course I had. I remembered now.

I was only a kid in short pants at the time. But the second day after my mother's brother came to visit us, my father took me down behind the barn and said:

"Listen, Harry! I don't want you to think I'd say a word against your ma. But if you ever have the choice of living under the same roof with an in-law or an outlaw—choose the outlaw every time."

CHAPTER XII

AS I LOOKED back on the long day, I can't say I was particularly proud of myself. I'd started the divorce-mill grinding; I'd been ordered out of Victor's flat without even remembering to return the key he'd given me. I'd miss the flat. Hadn't I, only recently, staked it to a case of gin?

And there was Victor. I was sorry for Victor; he loved Gert and Gert, according to her story, loved him. Yet here she was, clamoring for a divorce. It didn't add up. Nothing added up except the meter on the taxi that was taking me towards Hollywood—and the empty peg on the hatrack where Victor's hat no longer reposed.

One thing. If those two locoed love birds ever did stage another old home week, I'd not be there to see it. In olden days they spoke in parables. Very likely the snake in the Garden of Eden was a long, long visit from Adam's brother-in-law. Damn fool! I should have realized this from the beginning, and set up my tent elsewhere.

At any rate, I'd rent me a furnished apartment, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. You see I was still an optimist as regards Victor and Gert. They were both up in the air at present, but what goes up must come down—even in Hollywood; and it might still be arranged so that they'd light in each other's arms. Yes, I was still hopeful.

But I didn't tell Gert this. Home once more, in the home where I felt no longer at home, I refused to tell her anything.

"It's been a hard day," I said. "What I need is the firm clasp of a sister's hand—and a couple of cocktails. Get busy."

I'll say this for Gert: she's far too democratic not to be a good mixer. And the result being even beyond my expectations, I now rewarded her impatience by unrolling before her the cyclorama of the day.

True, she was more startled than impressed by the fact that Victor had refused to divorce her.

"Him? Divorce me? I'd like to see him try it," she said.

"You'll probably get a registered letter from him tomorrow, asking you to join him. But that's just to protect himself. Because if you do join him, you can't get your divorce, and if you don't join him you certainly can't—not for desertion."

"Then how can I get it?"

"There's only one way. Poor Victor will have to misbehave."

"Goodness!" said Gert. "I thought—"

You thought all you had to do was to say you wanted a divorce, and Victor would give it to you. Well, he won't."

"He would if he was a gentleman."

"Sure, he would. But he isn't a gentleman."

"He is, too. You've always been jealous of him, Harry, because he's more refined than you are."

Can you beat it? My own sister! And Culture and Refinement my middle names.

"Oh, is that so?" I said. "Well, let me tell you, when it comes to refinement, I'm there. But that little pack-rat you married still thinks it's something they do to sugar to take away the beet taste. If he's so darned wonderful, you'd better keep him. I'll ring up Silverstein and call the whole thing off."

"Here! Stop it!" said Gert. "I'd look fine, wouldn't I, quitting the first day? Besides, I didn't mean it. You are refined, Harry, and you got a heart as big as a house."

"I certainly have, or I wouldn't bother with a wild woman like you. Now talk sense."

She did. And in the end we decided to adopt the dear, old-fashioned policy of watchful waiting. So Smith, the bloodhound, watched—and Gert waited.

A WEEK passed. The registered letter arrived and was thrown in the wastebasket. Victor rang up each morning to inquire about little Harry; Smith rang up each evening to report he'd nothing to report. Gert confessed that now Victor was gone little Harry was getting to be a drag on her.

"What do you say we hire a nurse for him?" she asked.

"Good idea," I replied. "Have you anyone in view?"

"She's in the kitchen now."

So we hired a Swiss. Katrina wasn't beautiful; she'd had smallpox. Some people do not care for dotted Swiss—Little Harry, however, was not so particular—he adored her.

And still nothing happened.

"If you ask me," I said, "it begins to look like stale mate."

"Not Victor," said Gert. "He's full of pep."

"That's what makes it so annoying. What's the use of having an erring husband, if he refuses to err. Smith reports, except for his job, he goes nowhere, sees nobody, plays the piano."



"STOP!" It came from behind me like a bullet. I turned. For there, in bedroom slippers and a pink kimono, was . . . Gert!

"To hear you talk, anybody'd think you wanted Victor to do wrong."

"Why wouldn't I? Do you realize Smith is costing me fifty dollars a day?"

"But that's terrible, Harry! If I'd known he cost that much I wouldn't have let you hire him—even for an hour. The idea of spending all that money! You got to get rid of him at once. Promise?"

I had no intention of getting rid of Smith; I was merely ashamed of having told Gert how much he cost. Women shouldn't be bothered with such things. Besides, what's money for, if not to buy luxuries for those you love?

Smith certainly was a luxury; so was the monthly budget devoted to supporting Victor's ex-wife. If I could do that much for Victor—. But Gert was waiting for my answer.

"Of course I'll get rid of Smith. I'm glad you mentioned it," I said.

As I look back, it must have been about now that Victor wrote his famous song I WANTA GO HOME. That it afterwards swept the country like a plague was hardly due to its words, though this time he wrote them, too:

I haven't been home since this morning at ten;
I wanta go home.
I said: I will stay just a minute, and then
I wanta go home.
The food is delicious, the wine is on ice,
The ladies are lovely, the music is nice—
But in spite of each beautiful face that I see,
There's only one place and one pillow for me.
I wanta go home.

CHAPTER XIII

PEOPLE will tell you this is so, and that is so; they'll point out Truth where she isn't, and fail to see her where she is. But you can put this down as gospel: nobody ever had a million dollars without somebody trying to take it away from him. The local fisherman began on me before I'd been in Hollywood a week. And occasionally when the bait looked very attractive, I'd been known to bite. But up to this time I'd never been really hooked.

This time it was different—an oil well. Or it would have been an oil well if it had contained any. Though Tom Gallagher, the bird who'd got me into it, insisted it was practically a gusher, and all we had to do to make it so was to go down a couple of thousand feet more.

"It's a cinch," he said. "And you being the only stockholder among us that's got more than a thin dime, it's up to you, Harry, old sport, to put up the dough."

I liked Tom—but not to that extent.

"Nothing doing," I said. "We're already down three thousand feet. If I have to spend my money on a trip to China, I'd rather take a boat."

"Well, will you do this for me? Will you run up there and look things over?"
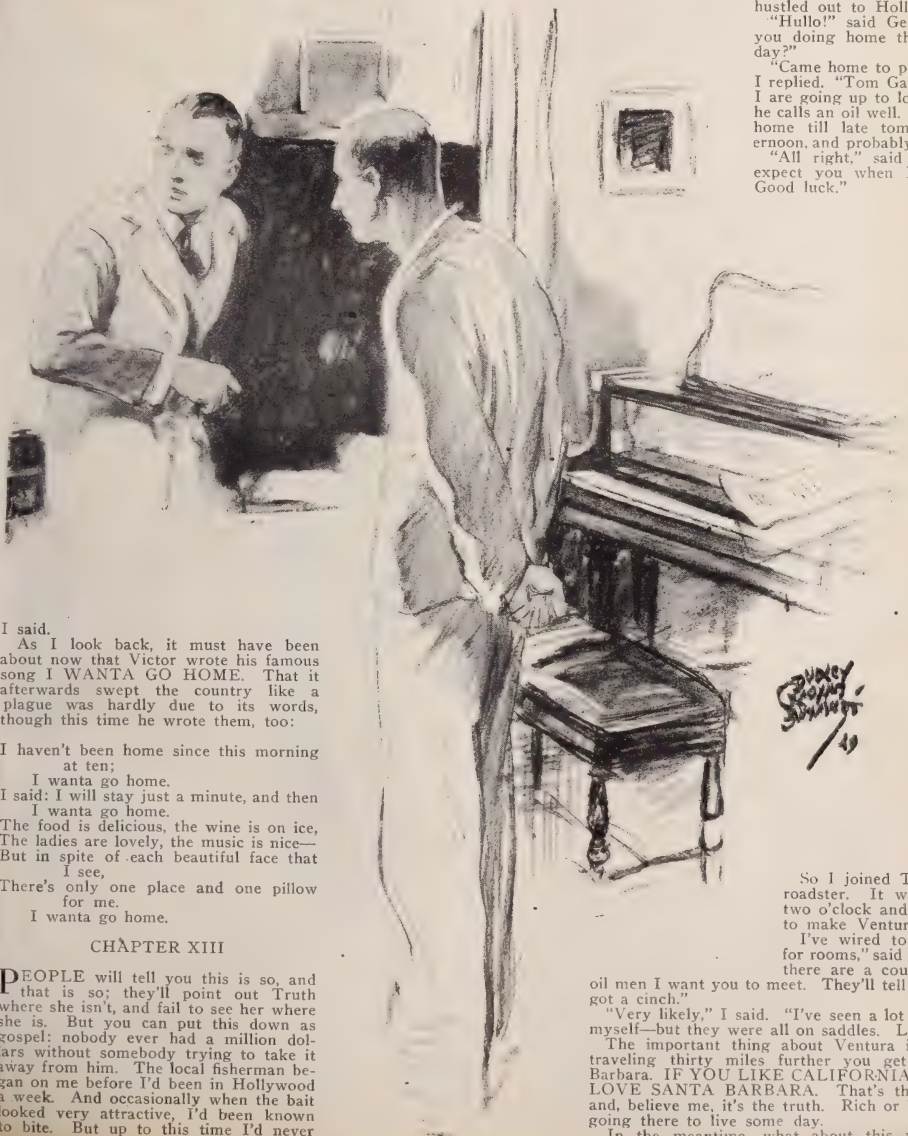
"Yes, I'll do that," I said.

For it couldn't do any harm to look, even if all one saw was an empty hole. So I called up Silverstein's office, leaving word where I'd be, then hustled out to Hollywood.

"Hullo!" said Gert. "What you doing home this time of day?"

"Came home to pack a bag," I replied. "Tom Gallagher and I are going up to look at what he calls an oil well. I won't be home till late tomorrow afternoon, and probably not then."

"All right," said Gert, "I'll expect you when I see you. Good luck."



So I joined Tom in his roadster. It was already two o'clock and we hoped to make Ventura by four.

I've wired to the hotel for rooms," said Tom, "and there are a couple of big oil men I want you to meet. They'll tell you we've got a cinch."

"Very likely," I said. "I've seen a lot of cinches myself—but they were all on saddles. Let's go!"

The important thing about Ventura is that by traveling thirty miles further you get to Santa Barbara. IF YOU LIKE CALIFORNIA YOU'LL LOVE SANTA BARBARA. That's their motto, and, believe me, it's the truth. Rich or broke, I'm going there to live some day.

In the meantime, what about this wildcat of

(Continued on page 95)

Craig Kennedy Nears End of Murderous Trail

The GIGOLO MYSTERY

NEW CLUES Bring Kennedy Within a Step of Finding Lola Langhorne's Murderers as Judy and Don the Dude Round Up Ev Barr and Smith

Illustrations by Charles Ropp

By Arthur B. Reeve

"FIND Captain Ryder Smith and you'll find the man who can tell you who killed Lola Langhorne," declared Craig Kennedy, the famous detective, after all the circumstances had been pieced together pertaining to that unfortunate young woman's death aboard the Gigolo.

Captain McNaught of the revenue service agreed with this deduction, as did Walter Jameson, the newspaper reporter who had been with the two men at the discovery of the girl's body, lopped over a chair before a small dining table on the deserted yacht.

They had found that Lola was one of a group—part professionals, part amateurs—organized to bring in a cargo of liquor from Nassau for surreptitious disposal of thirsty New Yorkers. Conspicuous in this group was Eversley Barr and Don the Dude. Little Judy Hancock, in her seventeen years of sophistication as the daughter of a prominent banker, had been drawn into it because she liked Ev Barr, and it was Ev Barr who wanted to use her Radio and Long Island landing facilities to bring the liquor ashore.

Where there are sporty young men with plenty of money there are sporty young women, so Barr and Don the Dude had their feminine circle of admirers. It may have been that Lola Langhorne had incurred the jealous hatred of Trixie Dare and Mazie Mellish, but there was nothing tangible to show that they had had a part in the murder. In fact there was nothing to show exactly what had been the direct cause of death. The once lovely skin of the beautiful Lola Langhorne had turned to a livid green. The coroner had been unable to find any trace of poison. But Kennedy had preserved the remnants of food that remained on the table.

ONCE launched on the trail they had followed through in their search for Captain Ryder Smith, who had disappeared from the Gigolo not long before it had been deserted, its sea cocks opened, to let it sink with its ghastly burden. Dietz, an influential bootlegger, served as guide to take the famous detective and his friend Jameson to Rum Row. There, aboard the All Alone, they met Ev Barr and Don the Due with Trixie Dare and others of the circle of whom Lola Langhorne had once been a part.

And when it seemed that they were getting hot on the trail of Captain Ryder Smith, the All Alone was boarded by a pirate crew of hijackers. A terrific fight ensued. Kennedy, Jameson and Dietz were sent ashore in safety, but not before Kennedy recognized among the pirate raiders Mazie Mellish, whom he had first interviewed and who had furnished him his first clew as to the trail of the slayer.

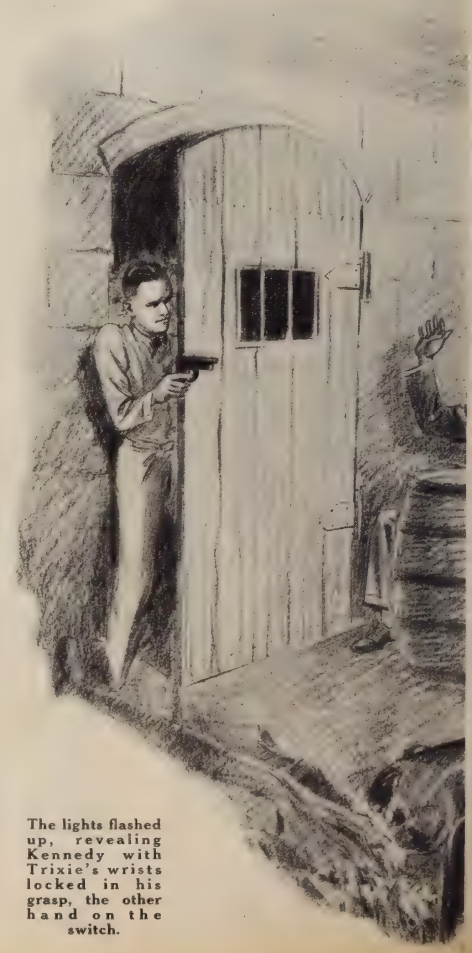
It was little Judy Hancock, the banker's daughter, who was next to serve as a guide on the hunt for Captain Ryder Smith. She believed herself still in love with Ev Barr. If by helping Kennedy she could help Ev escape the charge of murder, she would do what she could. Besides, the detective had taken her to see the body of the dead woman and the scene of her death, and Judy had received a severe jolt as to the real penalty of sin.

McNaught with his Radio trouble wagon had located the land headquarters of the big rum runners' organization. But he was not ready to make a raid. He, too, wanted to locate Captain Smith. To get at the headquarters, which was a veritable feudal castle, armed and protected on a hill, would require the assistance of some person known to those inside. He put it up to Judy to lead them and Judy reluctantly consented.

A burly brute of a man answered the buzzer at the door. "You know Eversley Barr?" asked Judy a trifle timidly. After a short interchange of suspicious questions and answers, they were admitted. Thinking they had been successful in their pose as peacemakers between the amateur rum runners of Eversley Barr and the organized gang, they followed Big Boy, the guide, through the hall into a bar room. Suddenly their guide left them. The floor dropped like dividing doors and they found themselves sliding down a chute into a dank and musty cave beneath the castle.

In the murky light Judy was the first to perceive three shadowy forms with guns trained on Kennedy. She sprang to his defense immediately.

"You'll have to shoot me first, men." Her voice was clear and ringing as she spread out her arms. "Mr. Kennedy did not come to get you. I brought him here—and it's Ryder Smith we're after—not you! If he's not in the Castle, where is he?"



The lights flashed up, revealing Kennedy with Trixie's wrists locked in his grasp, the other hand on the switch.

CHAPTER XII

TRAPPED!

"I KNEW it—this was too easy!" Kennedy with his gun levelled, one against six, was biting the words out decisively. "I knew it when I heard Trixie's voice in the hall upstairs. I won't shoot. She might be down here, too, in the dark. Judy is right. We didn't come to raid the place. It's only to locate Ryder Smith!"

"Put up your gun!" It was the same voice I had heard up in the hall. I recognized it now. It was Trixie Dare's. "Get back, fellows, where he can't recognize your faces. There!" Suddenly the lights flashed up and we could see only Trixie standing by a wall switch, no one else, not even the burly Swede beside me, as I recovered my own gun on the damp floor. "Now—remember! Keep your word. There's only eight guns covering you!"

"So this is where you came, Trix, after you left the 'All Alone.'" Kennedy remarked. "I suppose Don the Dude is one of the two-gun men?"

"Ask me no questions!" Trix laughed back with an assurance that anything she might say would be something not to be relied on. "Now, come clean, Mr. Kennedy. What really brought you here?"

"Ryder Smith," repeated Kennedy. "Nothing else. Do you think I'm insane enough to walk right into a trap if it was anything else?"

"Then you think it was Ryder Smith who killed Lola Langhorne?"

"I didn't say that."

"And I didn't say he was on a gravel barge or a tug, either!" boomed a voice in the darkness. It was Big Boy's.

"That makes us even, then," laughed Craig. "Now, take my word. On my honor I don't want any of you in the ring. But I do want Ryder Smith."

"You think he knows how to give the Green Death?"

"Oh—so you know about that?"

It was all I could do to restrain myself. Was Kennedy just walking into new trouble by the mere tone of the question? You can't third degree those who have you covered by eight gats.



"Oh, I read the papers. What do you think?"

"Exactly that; that you got it from the papers. I know there's not one of you here knows what caused the Green Death."

"Why."

"That's easy. If there was, at least one of those gats would have pumped lead into me long ago. And if I had suspected there was, I wouldn't have been here this way, either. There was really no occasion to tip off any of your stunts this way. I don't want any of you. It's Ryder Smith I want. There is just one question I want to put to him. Mind—I don't say he did it—or even knows what the Green Death is, perhaps. I'll play fair with you if you play fair with me. I am not smashing your rum ring. I don't even care about it. I do care about that poor murdered girl—and this pretty little flapper with me. Girls would be all right—if the men amounted to anything!"

"You said it!" This was from Trixie.

"Cut that stuff! I've a good mind to plug you just for that. You keep your trap shut, Trix! What do you mean by coming here and tryin' to make trouble for me, huh? One shot through this peep-hole and I'll take that little flapper you brought right away from you—understand?"

"You would, eh?" Trix had turned suddenly, her hand reaching out for the cellar switch.

There was a shot that seemed to come right from the brick wall of the cellar and I saw Kennedy lurch forward, one hand clutching wildly at the thin air as Trixie pulled the switch and the whole cellar was in darkness. I heard his gun clenched in the other hand strike the cement floor and clatter on it.

CHAPTER XIII

A SHOT IN THE DARK

COME what might, I leaped in the darkness as nearly as I could at the spot where I had seen Kennedy fall and heard the clatter of his gun on the wet cement of the cellar floor.

I groped about frantically in the dark. There was no body there; there was no body there.

The next instant a shot rang out from an entirely different and unexpected angle, followed by an oath and gasp.

"Don't!" this was a cray of anguish from a woman. "I'll show you the switch!"

"Quick, Trixie!" I recognized Kennedy's voice.

"Hands up! I give you my word we are not raidng you. All Kennedy and Jameson want is to locate Ryder Smith. It's all I want, too, men! There's a Lewis gun at every window of the cellar. But not another shot will be fired at anyone else if you will tell. He's not one of you, really."

Another suppressed cry from Trixie. "There—there it is!"

Lights flashed up instantly in the cellar, revealing Kennedy with Trixie's two wrists locked in his vise-like grip, while with the other hand he had turned the switch.

There was silence. On the floor by the wall where McNaught with cat-like eyes had seen him in the murk lay the Big Boy, sprawled unconscious with a bullet hole in his chest.

"I'll be damned!" This was from Don the Dude. "I

(Continued on page 88)

ANTARCTICA

COMMANDER Byrd Speaks From South Pole Base Through KDKA and Lloyd Thomas

By P. A. Boyd

"AND now, Commander Byrd, with your cooperation we will give to our Radio audience the surprise which we have promised them." The speaker was a heavy set, light haired, blue eyed man with firm, clear and well modulated voice, seated in front of a microphone at the announcer's table in the KDKA main studio, atop the Greater William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh.

From where the speaker sat he could have, had he so desired, looked out and down upon the myriad lights of Pittsburgh, "the workshop of the world"; he could have seen the flashes of flame from the throats of hundreds of blast furnaces in the great steel mills, reflected like sheet lightning on the clouds above.

But those sights were not for him at this particular time, as he sat quietly gazing at the microphone into which he had been speaking, and his thoughts were with the men to whom he had been speaking—Commander Richard E. Byrd and his band of intrepid explorers, eleven thousand miles away to the south at Little America, on the great Polar ice cap, and the operators on Byrd's ship, "The City of New York," eight miles distant from the camp in the Bay of Whales.

And as the man before the microphone sat there, the seconds ticked slowly away—fifteen of them—a long, long time on a Radio program. And then the speaker, wiping the sweat from his brow, reached for a pile of messages which had been thrust aside, advised the Radio audience that there had been a slight delay in the "surprise," and continued his interrupted task of reading these messages to members of the Byrd Antarctic expedition. For eight minutes he continued and then, at a signal from the operator, advised the audience that the "surprise" was this time ready for them.

And this time it came quickly, sharply and with astounding clearness—a message in Radio code from Commander Byrd to the people of the world—via short wave from the transmitter on the ship City of New York, picked up by Westinghouse engineers at the "pickup station" in the suburbs of Pittsburgh, stepped up to KDKA's standard wave, amplified and intensified in the huge KDKA transmitter, and rebroadcast for all to hear who wished. Many messages had been sent to and programs broadcast for Commander Byrd and his party, but this was the first time in history that Radio signals had been received and rebroadcast from the outposts of civilization.

And they heard it far and wide—men of the Arctic, scattered throughout the northlands, former companions of Byrd on northern exploration trips, hundreds of personal friends and relatives in the United States, and the great Radio audience of KDKA, estimated at several million people, who devote their time late Saturday nights and early Sunday mornings, listening to the programs which KDKA broadcasts regularly throughout the year to those in isolated places.

"THE rebroadcast was set for 12:15 o'clock Sunday morning, February 24th, but it did not take place until 12:23," laughingly explained the blond man, "and it was not until after four o'clock Sunday morning, when we completed the program, that I learned the reason for the delay. You see Commander Byrd had prepared his message about ten days before and it had been transmitted to the New York Times by Radio telegraph in order that the newspapers might have advance copies for news releases in case the test proved successful.

"A copy of the message had been furnished to us in order that I might have it to read to the audience at the close of its reception in code, for not more than one person in a thousand can read code. Copies had been supplied to our transmitting station also as a matter of precaution, and as it turned out this was our salvation at that time.

"You see, Byrd was at Little America, on the ice cap, with a small transmitter by which he could converse with his operators on the City of New York, which at that time had the big transmitter and which was then stationed eight miles distant, in the Bay of Whales. Byrd's copy of his message had been supplied to the ship operator who had been successfully 'working' KDKA right up to the time set for the big test. But evidently the importance of the occasion and the coming opportunity to broadcast to the Radio world through KDKA had flustered the operator, for when he received our signals to go ahead there was utter, abject silence for a few seconds, and the surprised KDKA engineers heard the excited signals from Byrd's ship through their headphones, 'For Heaven's sake, I've mislaid my copy of the message. Send it down to me, so I can give it to you.'"

"And so," continued the blond man, "the eight minutes of delay, during which I continued to give messages to Commander Byrd, was occupied in sending down to his operator on our short wave the message which he in turn sent back to our Radio audience and which marked a milestone in the history of Radio broadcasting."



A pioneer in Radio, Lloyd C. Thomas is now commercial manager of all Westinghouse broadcasting stations.

But this is only one of the milestones of Radio passed by the man who sat in front of the microphone that Winter night, for he and station KFKX both "landed" in Hastings, Nebraska, in the same month—September, 1923. Lloyd C. Thomas, commercial manager of the Westinghouse group of Radio stations—KDKA at Pittsburgh, KYW and KFKX at Chicago, WBZ at Springfield and WBZA at Boston, has his hands full now in directing the program and commercial activities of these pioneer stations, and very infrequently is he heard by a Radio audience, for he is now one of the army of workers "behind the scenes" in Radio who plan and direct the many activities of a group of great stations, such as the Westinghouse group.

LLOYD THOMAS, best known as "Lloyd" to his thousands of friends in his native state, Nebraska, is a product of the Western plains. Until he came East on February 1, 1927, to take charge of the Westinghouse group, his activities had been confined to his home state. For sixteen years he had been editor and publisher of the leading "country newspaper" of the state, had served a term in the Nebraska legislature, served for three years as secretary of the Hastings Chamber of Commerce, and established a wide reputation as a leader in the field of publicity. So well were his years of work recognized in promoting the interests of his native state that even after he came East he was urged to return to Nebraska to become a candidate of his party for the governorship.

Under the direction of Lloyd Thomas, station KFKX at Hastings became one of the most widely listened to in the country, and his experience there fitted him well for his present duties. His duties require that he travel almost constantly and since coming East he has averaged better than fifty thousand miles per year. The contacts secured in his travels have given him the reputation as one of the best posted men in the Radio field today, and this together with his ability as a dynamic and forceful public speaker, has placed him in wide demand as a speaker at luncheons and banquets of business, civic and professional organizations.

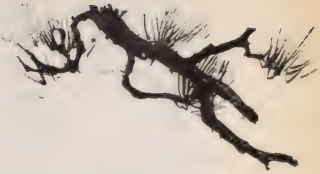
Lloyd's favorite subject is "The Romance of Radio" and this talk is replete with short sketches and personal glimpses of outstanding events in the history of Radio broadcasting, and in which he gives his audiences brief views "behind the scenes." His stories of experiences before the microphone in broadcasting to the men of the Arctic for the past five years, of the "Radio scoop" in broadcasting a talk by Queen Marie on Armistice Day in 1926, of his experiences in broadcasting speeches by William Jennings Bryan, Charles W. Bryan, Charles G. Dawes, John W. Davis and other national figures, never fail to thrill his listeners and to carry to them in a con-

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The Singing Indian Chief

TECUMSEH

Once More Deserts Valley of Wenatchees as the Autumn Leaves Are Falling to Visit Broadcast Tepees



SILENT as an apparition the tall dark figure suddenly materialized before the information desk. His black shining eyes gleamed out from beneath the brim of his big sombrero, and the brightly colored beaded vest proclaimed his nativity.

"Whoops, my dear!" gasped Marcella after a quick glance toward the door. The office greeter stepped briskly forward with outstretched hand.

"How! How! Chief! Off the reservation again! How are you!"

The dusky caller was not cordial.

"I see many pictures in Radio Digest," said the chief, "but why never a picture of Chief Tecumseh?"

That, of course, was by way of bullying preliminary to an invitation to show what he had wrapped up in his newspaper bundle. So the greeter humored the round-about way of the Indian nature and asked:

"Well, Chief, if you only had some nice new pictures—"

The bundle was unwrapped. Two of the pictures selected you behold on this page.



EVERY autumn this red minstrel goes to the big Lookout Rock on the edge of the Wenatchee river and turns his face eastward where the paleface dwells in great cities and where the great broadcast stations sweep the continent with mighty hosts of singing voices. The blood of his ancestors surges in his veins. He, too, has a voice. He, too, would ride the clouds over the plains and the mountains and the valleys like spirits from the Happy Hunting Grounds on white winged horses.

From early sunrise until dusk sits Tecumseh on this rock and thinks of his people who have vanished. He sings a quavering melody from a half forgotten campfire. Below is the old Wenatchee reservation now covered with orchards where the famous Skookum apples grow.

In the morning Tecumseh sits in council with his father, old Sam Kami. His mother brings her basket materials, for she is famous throughout all the Northwest as a weaver of baskets. She is old now, but her fingers have not forgotten their cunning. They quickly thread

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Autumn brings thoughts of the white man's Radio and Tecumseh turns to the rising sun from his rendezvous on Lookout Rock . . . He bids farewell to his father and mother.

Champion Ring-

Jack Dempsey Awarded and Vivid Blow by

By O. N.



"I must hand the decision to Tony," Jack announced.

SPORT writers and boxing fans have declared unanimously that Jack Dempsey doesn't need any "ghost announcer" to do his ringside broadcasting. They say he proved unquestionably that he is master at the job without equal. And Jack really likes it. He says so himself.

JACK DEMPSEY has been given the decision as the world's champion ringside announcer.

This may seem like a "too previous" announcement but I have seen the mail from the Radio listeners themselves. The mail shows the minds of the listeners and the listeners have made the award.

Why shouldn't he be the champion ringside announcer? He has spent a lifetime of training for the job. Who could possibly understand better the meaning of every feint, every blow, every tactical maneuver? A little quiet practice to make his tongue do the parrying where his fists have done it before—a little technical microphone training by Graham McNamee, and he gave the Radio audience one of the most thrilling ringside reports ever heard over the air, even though the battle was not as important as some of his own battles in other years.

"It doesn't take a great vocabulary to report a fight," said Jack to a host of friends who met him after the Canzoneri-Loayza affair at the Coliseum in Chicago. "The point is to make each blow a word and each word a blow. The listener has rather a clear mental picture of the scene and of the three men in the ring. You don't have to worry about your background. The business before your eyes is action. If you understand all the technicalities of the action the matter of putting the impressions into audible words is quite simple.

"In my case I have thought over almost every conceivable situation in the ring many, many times. In fact I am almost inclined to race ahead of what actually happens in my anticipations so that it has happened not infrequently that I have already spoken into the microphone the obvious thing to happen at the instant it is taking place. To the boxing man all of these movements have certain terse expressive word interpretations. That is a vocabulary I did not especially have to acquire to do the announcing at my own boxing exhibitions."

THOUSANDS of Dempsey fans gathered in the mammoth Coliseum to see Jack as a promoter. There were hundreds there who had never seen a fight before that evening. They came just to see the great Dempsey.

And for this reason it can be said that the Radio audience saw more of the main bout than did a large portion of the visible audience. Those gathered in the Coliseum to see Jack, Jack in evening clothes instead of trunks, kept their eyes glued on him as long as he was in view. Just before the Canzoneri-Loayza bout, Jack stepped into the ring. The applause was deafening. While the cheers were still mounting to the lofty ceiling, Jack slipped between the ropes and took his place in front of the WBBM microphone.

The eyes of the thousands of Dempsey fans followed him. In so doing they missed the beginning of the fight and many of the fans missed a lot of the rest of the battle, as they said, gazing at Dempsey, ringside announcer. Those who missed seeing would have been fortunate if they had had portable Radio sets with them, tuned to WBBM or one of the other stations on the Columbia chain.

They would have heard Jack announcing and describing the first round in this staccato manner:

"There goes the bell. The fighters advance toward the center of the ring. Loayza leads with his right. Ineffective on the shoulder. Follows with his right. Wrong again. Now Canzoneri gets into action. A straight right, left, right, all to the face. They clinch. They're apart. They spar for an opening. Loayza finds it. His left comes in with a rush. Rapid rights and lefts to the body. They don't hurt. Too close. They clinch. They part and Canzoneri gets over a right to the side of the head. Loayza feels it, but comes right back. Canzoneri catches his blows on his shoulder. Can't hurt a man pounding at his shoulder. They clinch, but break. Both boys are real fighters. They get out of clinches as soon as possible and go back to real fighting. Ah, its a great fight. They stand in the center of the ring and exchange fast ones. There's the bell."

"Pat Flanagan is supposed to come in here, but let me say a word. That round may have seemed like Loayza's to some of the crowd here tonight, but I must give it to Tony Canzoneri. He landed fewer blows but his were the only ones that counted. Loayza's blows to the shoulder were rapid and some of them were powerful, but the few Tony got into the head counted most."

AND so on through the five and a half rounds he broadcast. That the Radio audience saw the fight better through the eyes of Jack Dempsey than did many of the fans present was borne out in the letters Jack received. None of them "kicked" about the decision. The judges gave the fight to Canzoneri, and when the referee raised the little Italian's hand after the fight, the boos, coming from the crowded balconies and the medium priced seats at some distance from the ring, drowned out the applause of those real near the scene of action.

Jack's words during the broadcast of the interval between the fifth and sixth rounds explain this perhaps.

"The crowd is cheering for Loayza, but most of the cheers are coming from away back from the ring. Loayza is a hard worker and to all appearances he has landed more blows than Canzoneri. However Tony is better on defense and what may seem like vital blows to those back from the ring, are not. Tony is catching them on his glove, shoulder and upper arm. Tony is more deliberate and the blows he lands are counting."

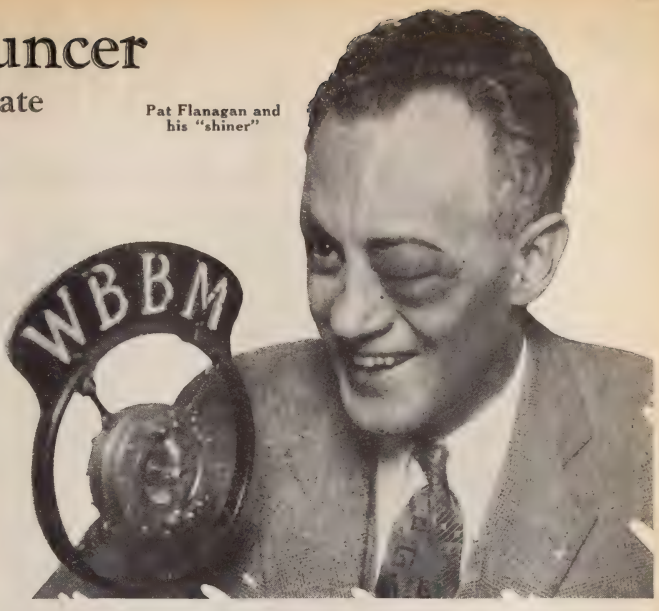
Such analyses as these are what enabled the listeners to see the fight in its true light and led them to write cheering instead of booing letters. Jack the expert fighter, Jack the enterprising promoter, and Jack the champion ringside announcer, told the story correctly and added much to his reputation as the most popular fighter since the days of old John L. Sullivan. He may not know much about "As You Like it" as a work of Shakespeare, but he does know a lot about the way the fight-Radio fan likes his ringside broadcasts.

"YOU must put yourself in the fighter's shoes," explains Jack "if you are going to give an accurate account of a boxing exhibition. Just as unnecessary movements in the ring tend to tire a boxer and lower his efficiency, so do extra words tend to tire your Radio audience and lessen your efficiency as an announcer."

Side Announcer

Top Honors as Accurate Blow Fight Reporter

"Yank" Taylor



Pat Flanagan and his "shiner"

TOO BAD Pat's friend Jack couldn't have been present at the Shires-Trafton comedy boxing match when a hoodlum with more beef than brains resented Pat's objection to swearing near the mike by a sock in the eye. Pat carried on to the end of the fight but he had to go to bed the next day with a broken nose. Pat tried to save the tough from being ejected.

Thus the "Manassas mauler" explained his theory of fight broadcasting to Pat Flanagan, WBBM Air Theater and Columbia Broadcasting System sports announcer, previous to his broadcast of this opening card at Jack's new Chicago Coliseum club. Flanagan was to handle the microphone for the chain and introduce Jack. It being Jack's debut in this city, as a fight promoter, he had consented to broadcast the first three rounds of the main bout of the evening, that between Tony Canzoneri and Stanley Loayza, scheduled for ten rounds. He continued:

"Never lower your eyes from the ring for a second after the gong sounds. If a fighter were to close his eyes for a fraction of that time during a round he would more than likely open them to be staring at the ceiling or the waving arm of the referee. An announcer who looks away from the ring to observe the crowd, or anything else, is apt to miss the blow that decides the fight or at least the round.

"Of course crowd description is interesting to listeners, but plenty of this can be given before the fight starts. In fact I think it adds interest to the listener if the announcer will give a clear word picture of the scene at the arena or in the stadium before the boxing begins. The listener is thus able to visualize the surroundings and imagine he is sitting with the announcer at the ringside. But during the battle the excitement of the spectators is carried over the air by their own utterances and if the announcer is following the fight properly it will not be necessary for him to explain why the crowd is applauding, shouting, or booing. Radio listeners tuned in on a good announcer will be doing the same as the crowd at the arena or at least thinking of doing it."

WHEN the starting gong rang for the Canzoneri-Loayza go, Dempsey took the microphone and started a running account of the fight. The words flowed from his mouth with the same rapidity and accurateness that his lefts used to shoot out from his shoulder when he was on the other side of the tape wound ropes. Just how well he followed out his theory of making every word count for a blow is attested by the thousands of letters he received following the broadcast from fight and Radio fans all over the country. All hailed him as the king of sport announcers and many advised that he should make ringside announcing his future business, even to the exclusion of his promotional activities. Some advised he should devote himself to all kinds of sport announcing.

"Jack Dempsey's description of the bout was technical, of course," said Flanagan in commenting on the broadcast, "but not too technical to be understood by any one who had ever seen a fight, read a fight story, or had heard one broadcast. Every word counted as he said it should, his description being so thorough that there was not much left for me to say between rounds.

"He knew the style of fighting each contestant used and oft times, Jack actually anticipated blows before they were struck," Pat continued. "He seemed to feel as if he were in the ring himself. Being an aggressive fighter, he always placed himself in the role of the aggressor in the ring, changing from time to time as the tide of battle changed. But in so doing he kept his neutrality, never showing favoritism. Not only did he put the fight into words but he used actions as well. We were in rather tight quarters down there at the ringside and the next day my left side, the one that had been next to Jack, was rather sore due to the nudges and jolts he gave me. At times he would become very excited but rather than let this excitement off by shouting unnecessary words into the mike, he seemed to shift his body about and I got the brunt of it."

Dempsey's excitement, however, as much as it might have been uncomfortable to Pat Flanagan, was not noticeable to the fans listening in. Of course he was enthusiastic over well delivered or well blocked blows and disappointed over poor technique. A man who loves and knows boxing as well as Jack would not be human if a bit of emotion did not creep into his voice. However, the emotion was that of the fight fan and was not caused by incidental attractions.

"Fight announcers should be as impartial as fight referees," Jack explained to Pat. "The public will form its own opinion from what you state is happening and if you fail to give an unbiased account of a bout you are cheating the listeners just as much as an unfair referee or crooked judges would be cheating the spectators at the ringside. The boos of the Radio audience might not be audible but they would be emitted just the same."

DEMPSEY not only broadcasts a fight well, but he likes to talk into the mike. During the Canzoneri bout, he was only scheduled to go three rounds and then turn things over to Flanagan. He became so enthusiastic however that he described five and a half rounds and only gave up the mike when he was called to the box office to perform some duties in connection with his promotional activities. At that he hurried back to the ringside and took the microphone for the last two rounds for a local station while Flanagan carried on for the Columbia Broadcasting system and WBBM.

Dempsey has often said that he does not believe broadcasting hurts the gate at boxing exhibitions and this belief was borne out by the attendance at his first Coliseum exhibition and by the letters he received following his broadcast.

Radio fans were enthusiastic about the broadcast in their letters. Many letters were from Radio listeners who had never attended a boxing exhibition. Some in this group told Jack that his broadcast had sold them on boxing as a clean athletic exhibition and that it had awakened a desire on their part to see a fight. There were several letters from a Mid-Western Veteran's hospital, also. Business men from all sections wrote that they were going to plan their winter buying and business trips to Chicago so as to be there on a night when a Dempsey-promoted boxing exhibition was on at the Coliseum.

MARJORIE Oelrichs Deserts Drawing Rooms of New York for Career as Fashion Director of Columbia System

SOCIETY DEB TELLS WOMEN of Styles

By Madeline Wolf

MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS is one of the many young society women who have joined the ranks of business women. As Fashion Director of the Columbia Broadcasting system, she broadcasts twice weekly on "What to Wear and Where to Wear It."

Miss Oelrichs is a member of a family that has long been prominent in New York society. She believes that social and domestic duties, when the latter do not entail actual labor, are not enough to fill the life of any woman today. Furthermore, since education in its fullest sense has been granted to women, it is not likely that her new equipment will leave her satisfied with her old position.

Society, itself, has lost its old relish for the parasite and the dilletante. Most of Miss Oelrichs' friends are running shops, or various forms of Junior League services. She determined to equip herself with some artistic and technical training and to go at the work that she chose like a professional.

After leaving the Spence school, she betook herself to an art school, where she studied for several years, learning the proper use of line and color in designing.

Promptly she acquired a position as stylist for one of the fashionable shops in the city. She took her job in all earnestness, feeling that she had a particular responsibility in relation to women at large. It was more than normally important for her to make good because it was neither essential for her to work as a matter of earning her bread and butter, nor was her position sufficiently out of the spot light to insure her succeeding or failing inconspicuously.

One of the pleasantest aspects of Miss Oelrichs' approach to her work is her interest in the whole problem of women in their new-found freedom. She realizes that the opportunity that has lately been granted them must be seized and put to its best uses. The equality of companionship that has begun to grow up between men and women is more precious than the type of gallantry that it has replaced. The latter, she feels, was dependent on an attitude of condecension to an inferior, and paternalism in every form has gone out.



Member of a socially prominent and wealthy New York family, Marjorie Oelrichs much prefers telling American women what to wear and when to wear it over the CBS.

AFTER her experience in a New York shop, Miss Oelrichs went abroad and took a position in one of the famous Paris dressmaking establishments, Irene Dana's. There she acted as stylist and supervised fittings as well. This gave her a knowledge of line that no amount of mere drawing could have supplied.

On a number of occasions, Miss Oelrichs is amused to relate, she even stood for fittings for women whose figures and her's were identical, and whose desire to acquire the smartest clothes was only equalled by their eagerness to see everything interesting or gay that Paris had to offer.

On her return to America, Miss Oelrichs decided to round out her education still further and undertook to study costume designing. She felt that the history of costume was essential to an intelligent understanding of modern women's clothes, and that stage costumes would lend variety to her other fashion interests.

Miss Oelrichs has met so great a variety of women that she knows not only what the rich woman needs and can afford, but she can suggest a wardrobe for the women in businesses or professions. Their needs she considers no more vital than those of the woman, who still "carries on" at home.

She knows, too, that for the limited budget a tremendous amount of thought is essential in order to be smart. The point that Miss Oelrichs stresses first and always is the importance of comfort and suitability in clothes. She has worked out a budget for the woman of limited means that takes care of every conceivable occasion.

She is emphatic about certain fundamental truths in regard to dressing well. There are few day time occasions on which a well tailored suit is out of place. For the woman in an office a suit or a simple crepe dress of dark color with a matching, fur trimmed top coat is always appropriate. She can lunch at the Ritz, or tea at Sherry's, if the occasion arises, without stopping to change, and in perfect fitness.

With either costume a tight fitting, simple hat of matching color is suitable. Miss Oelrichs cannot stress too strongly the importance of simple reptile street shoes, with sane heels, for every woman who is not conveyed from one engagement to another in a Rolls Royce.

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Women Strong for HOME HINTS

MARJORIE Presnell Builds WOR Program From the Ground Up, Offering a Real Service Solving Problems

By Marjorie Presnell

"HOME HINTS," broadcast over Station WOR every Thursday morning at 9:45 A.M., came about in an interesting way. At the particular time at which the broadcast was first presented, we had no talk of that nature on the air, and we felt that with the coming of Fall, women would have a natural interest in things that pertained to the home.

I decided that I would try to make this talk one that was a little different. You see, I had to do this for although I am entirely familiar with the microphone and all of its eccentricities, I had never made the many things that surround the home and its angles and interests a feature over the air, and therefore it was essential that I make this a little different. This I feel was done in this way.

I went on the air and in the first broadcast announced very simply that I was by no means an interior decorator, nor, as a matter of fact, was I an authority on anything on earth. However, I was willing to tell those who would bear with me each week, all of the practical little helps that I could gather. I also explained to them that the source of that information would come from every imaginable source, including articles that I might read during the week. They might also come from shop windows, or from the shops themselves. I told them I would be a veritable thief of ideas, that the homes of my friends and foes alike would be invaded for suggestions that would be useful to them.

I then asked them to participate in this little forum which I was planning and let all of us have the benefit of any clever hints that they had heard of or invented themselves.

LITTLE by little the letters kept drifting in, and each week they increased in number. Then I discovered that I was by no means receiving outside ideas but that I was being asked to answer vexatious problems that troubled the writers. In a very little time I further discovered that the questions all pertained to decorating. Fortified with the knowledge that I had had a sound art education, and that I had spent several years abroad during which time I had more or less specialized in the collection of furniture—for I have always been mad about antiques—I decided that if listeners wrote that particular type of letter, then that was what they wanted and I began to build the talks around color schemes that I had seen —lovely rooms, used as display rooms or in private homes, etc.; draperies that I saw in shops, and, in fact, all and sundry that had charm.

The result is that many, many letters come to me each week for advice on dining rooms, living rooms, children's rooms, colors for the walls, rugs, and a thousand things that go to the making of an attractive home. Every one of these letters received a personal answer when postage was enclosed, or were answered on the air when this was omitted.



When she started her Home Hints program from WOR Marjorie Presnell frankly admitted that she was far from an authority. But she certainly learned fast, helped by thousands of women listeners.

This brings out to my mind one of the most human and absorbing things about Radio. These same women who write in to me and ask for advice have access to the same shops and stores, and access to the same magazines, and perhaps more time in which to consult decorators of the service departments of shops. In fact, there are many ways in which they could actually have the answers to their problems much more expertly handled. But the fact still remains that they prefer that human contact and little more personal touch which they receive when we of the air talk to them. I can imagine that you may have a feeling that this is true of a certain type of home-maker, one who has not the time because of her many household duties, or one who cannot get into the nearby cities.

In some instances this may be confined to the woman who has a very limited amount of money at her disposal. In a very few cases, I have been asked to make suggestions that were to be restricted as to expenditure. I have received detailed descriptions of homes, the locality of which was perfectly familiar to me as being in fashionable neighborhoods. There have been descriptions of homes which were anything but modest, as well as homes that were small and modest. But the urge for the right color and arrangement was the same.

I may say, however, that the letters

(Continued on page 126.)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

"SWEETHEARTS were they until the other day
They parted and each went their way—
Now he's sorry too
For he loved her he knew
And to his mother does say today.
Somebody's lonesome for somebody's love,
Somebody's sad and blue——"

Spending last Fall in Seattle, trying to forget her sweetheart with whom she had quarreled, a girl heard the Bonnell Sisters sing this song over KNX, which was written by Al Stafford. "Somebody's Lonesome for Somebody's Love," came to her from several stations all over the country for some little time until she finally was so affected that she wrote to her real love. In Calgary he must have gone through the same experience, as within a week everything was patched up and now it's a "bungalow for two."

Now don't you think Al Stafford feels good? I wish I could be as much of an angel.

* * *

Joe O'Toole of WJAY wants me to tell Mrs. F. J. B. of Meadville that he's no good at blowing his own horn. But he did consent to my using his picture here, and confidentially it's the one he sent out to his friends at Christmas. Other names? Yes, indeedy! Lots and lots of people who have heard "Heeza Nut" at the piano at WJAY have wondered—and wondered. Now the mystery is out, it's just one of Joe O'Toole's trick ideas. You see, he's station manager, and his Irish dignity had to have some outlet. And they all love him, as Joe O'Toole. Young girls write to him full of love and hope; older women write to him as they would to a son. When Joe broadcasts he asks people to drop anything they are doing and listen in. He even promises to come out and help with the washing.



Joe has been in the entertaining game since he was four years old. That's when he began tickling the keys. He made his Radio debut quite by accident when somebody didn't show up for a program, and he was drafted to fill in. At the piano he's right at home, but he likes the bass drum better, as a battering ram for bandits. But ask him about that.

* * *

Good news for Mildred A., and the song should ring sweet and clear down in West Hickory, North Carolina, for Jack Jackson is single and unattached. "The Strolling Yodler from WLAC" is one nice boy, and in spite of his good looks has but one love, his steel guitar. Why his name?. He used it when making records for Columbia.

* * *

I'm sorry to have to tell you, Mary Ellen, that Bob Richards has, as the mail man says, "moved and left no address." I asked Jean Paul King about him, but got no help.

Incidentally, Jean Paul has left KHQ himself, and is doing business down at Mr. Crosley's stand at WLW. He's keeping himself busy with production duties down there, after having been chief announcer with the NBC at 'Frisco, as well as play director. For a while he was at KFRC, then while with the Henry Duffy players in Portland announced for KGW, from where he went to KHQ as chief announcer.

* * *

I got the nicest letter from Ted Hediger the other day. He threatens to take me to lunch and everything. Threaten away, Ted, and see what happens!



Ted has been out on the sunny shores of California at KTM in L. A., and later got himself a job as studio manager of KGB. Then his mother, up in the Twin Cities of Minnesota, was sick and he had to run home, where her boy made her much better.

Ted says he had a wonderful time rummaging things of days gone by when he saw Bobby Griffin, who's out at WHO now, while Ted, I forgot to say, is at WRHM, or was when he wrote. And he wants me to help him say "Hello" to Charlie Garland and others of the old gang; so here's "Hello."

* * *

Attention, please! Also, Help! Help! Here's a hard one, and it was asked of poor little me! Please, kind friends, do you know what stations broadcast programs in foreign languages, and what time? Particularly religious programs, in German and Swedish.

* * *

And now Bill Hartley wants to know if he can get a job with WENR. Says he doesn't know what he can do, but he likes the hours.

* * *

As far as the records of the National Broadcasting company go, Real Folks has been on the air a little longer than Seth Parker's Singing School. That's about all I can tell you, Mr. Zorn.

* * *

Yes ma'am, John B. Gambling and Uncle John are one and the same. His morning task is to get you started with a smile every morning. Winter or summer, rain or shine, it's all the same to Uncle John. Thousands tune in to his setting-up exercises and others hear his cheerful nonsense, but his popularity doesn't disturb him; in fact, he wonders at it. He was born and raised in Cambridge, England, had intended to take a course in horticulture when the war broke out, and he went off to sea as a Radio operator. He liked the U. S., and here he is. O. K., Mr. Kroll?



* * *

No, Mrs. Seymour, Jake and Lena don't really truly live, except before the microphone. That talented team created this pair for the air, and that's that.

* * *

Billy Beard, one of the Raybestos Twins, wants it known that he's sitting up nights writing a book, and it's a book on Radio Entertaining. If you want to know how to sell yourself over the air, what type of material is most in demand, and anything and everything else from the artist's point of view, read Billy's book when it comes out. Billy's with the NBC in New York now.

* * *

I'm positively abject. Here in the December column I talked about a picture of Fred Rodgers, and then it wasn't there at all. Those mean printers, and no one can be any meaner than a mean printer. Anyway, here it is. Remember about him? He is general program director of Westinghouse stations and one of the best known of all KDKA artists. Besides his work on the air he sings in church, the Watson Memorial Presbyterian in Pittsburgh. He has sung in many famous musical organizations and has appeared in light opera. Is he? Yes, happily.



* * *

Yes'm and No'm, I mean, sure. Anyway, Ben Bernie has got a nice band. Likewise the Smith Brothers. 'Course everybody has his or her own ideas, but you're at least half right. I've talked to the editor, and he has scratched his head. Now we'll see what happens.

* * *

I hope Gordon Bluhm wins some money. Anyway, he's right. Ford and Glenn and Jack and Gene are very decidedly individuals and separate and unrelated persons. Gene and Ford and Glenn, formerly of WLW, and probably futurely (I know that isn't a good word, but then——), too, are on the road now. Jack is off the air, having lost his voice.

* * *

Jerry Sullivan of "Chi-caw-go" fame is being heard regularly from WSBC, Chicago, but is no longer "cawing."

* * *

COMPLAINT COLUMN

What's a poor fella going to do? There are two stations right here in the Middle West who have no pity at all at all on a poor girl who's trying to earn an honest dollar. Down at WJR they don't even recognize that I exist. (Bet they would if I could ever get in to see them.) And in spite of my very good friend, Pat Barnes, at WGN, all I can get in answer to your queries is promises. Did you ever try to cash one?

I'm off from these stations. They're the only ones in the United States who won't answer my questions. So don't expect me to answer anything about them.

So if you really like me as much as you say you do—well, use your own judgment. But now you know and I feel better.

* * *

Now that is a poser. Harry Burke wants to know the best method to follow to become an announcer.

Of all the hundreds of announcers in the country, probably no two would agree on what has made them successful, but here's one suggestion that should work out.

Work up some sort of an advertising program, then sell the idea to a sponsor, and in turn sell the sponsored program, with yourself as director and announcer, to some broadcasting station.

If you try this, or any other scheme, let me know how you come out.

* * *

This, Arabella, if that really is your name, for it sounds too good to be true, is the love of your Radio heart, and a sweet one, too. Foster Hewitt, girls, can be heard from CFCA at Toronto. He specializes in broadcasting Canadian sports from the Daily Star station. He must know a lot, for he tells about rugby, hockey, boxing bouts, baseball, regattas, and other national and local events, and has handled the last two Wrigley championship swims for the Canadian National exhibition.



* * *

Open your eyes real wide, Kathleen O'Rourke, and look in the front of the book in the album section and see who you see. Right the first time; it's Mary Hopple. Y'w'kum.

* * *

The Oklahoma Cowboys are hard to keep track of, Faye, but if I can ever locate them again I'll get them to tell about themselves.

* * *

Mr. Halley Hammond is lonesome way up in Atwood, Ontario, Canada, to give the full address. He wants to write to some Radio artists, and tells me that he is blonde, just past nineteen, very presentable, and about medium height. Here's a friend.

And Hal, you can reach Rudy Vallee at the National Broadcasting company, 711 Fifth avenue, New York City. No, he doesn't broadcast the Sunshine Hour. I think you must mean the WENR program every morning. I gave the hours in another note.

Good luck!

* * *

The desert poems that are read by David Ross over the CBS on the Arabesque programs are the original creations of Yolande Langworthy. She is writing a book on Arabesque, in which these poems will be included. However, individual copies may be obtained by writing directly to Miss Langworthy at the Columbia Broadcasting system, 485 Madison avenue, New York City.

* * *

Nate Caldwell, who used to be with KOIL and then with WBBM, is doing commercial work right here in Chicago, and is off the air except for an occasional program.

* * *

Hiram and Henry? The editor promised me to run their picture this month. If he doesn't I'll have to pluck out a few more of the scattering thatch.

Walter Rothschild is at WTAD, Quincy, and is the high mogul in those parts.



Franz Locke of KMOX? I don't recognize the name, Mrs. Routh. Do you, by any chance, mean J. Francis Laux, the popular sports announcer at the St. Louis station? On the off chance that you do, here's his picture and a few lines about him. Known as just plain "France," he started life in 1897 in Guthrie, Oklahoma. Quite an athlete in school days, he has followed right through along these lines, managing baseball and semi-pro basketball and football teams. He is the oldest of a family of athletes. His younger brothers have all starred in college.

France first broke into Radio as sports announcer at the World's Series between the Pirates and the Yankees in 1927, working by wire for KVOO, where he remained until February last year, when he moved to KMOX. He's married, and the proud father of an eight months old son.

* * *

Mrs. J. Thompson, you aren't the only one who wants to know about John and Ned, the old Mona Motor Oil Twins. All that I can tell is that they are somewhere out on the West Coast, but what station I don't know.

* * *

A dear friend of Gordon H. Johnson has asked where he can be found. He is now with the Wurlitzer company, Main street, Buffalo, New York.

* * *

I hate to have to tell you, Margaret of old Kalamazoo, but I've plumb lost track of Billy Adams. I'd like to hear his sweet tenor voice again as much as you would.



The six year Radio romance of May Singhi Breen, the "Ukulele Lady," and Peter de Rose, song-writer, was climaxed December 9 in New York. They had long been partners in weekly broadcasts over the NBC. Two years ago they announced their engagement over the air, and now they are real partners.

* * *

In answer again to hundreds of inquiries, Jack Grady is definitely off the air. His voice hasn't come back to him yet, but we all are still hoping.

* * *

When my mind and typewriter joined in a high-powered slip last month I certainly got myself in for a lot of ragging. Yes, Yes, and a couple of Yesses, Paul McCluer is at the same station he started with, WENR. He is still, and will be for many a long day, popular with fans as announcer of the Sunshine Hour, on the air every morning at 10 o'clock except Sunday, when it starts at 8 o'clock.

* * *

Gene Carroll of the Radio combination Gene, Ford and Glenn was born in Chicago. Gene received a good education, for his parents planned to train him for a business career. His earliest inclinations, however, were a disappointment to his family for when he wasn't playing "Cowboy and Indian," he was singing or "fooling with some sort of musical instrument all the time" (his father's words). Growing older, Gene still had a burning interest in the stage. His first experience in the theatre came when he was nineteen and began several years of touring the larger vaudeville circuits. Radio broadcasting was getting on its feet contemporaneously with Gene so he turned to this new entertainment field. With an old school pal, Jack Grady, he first went on the air at station WLS where the team of Jack and Gene remained for several seasons.

Then the two went to Cincinnati to Broadcast from the powerful Crosley station, WLW. Their success was great there until Jack lost his voice late in the spring of this year. His friends Ford and Glenn invited him to join them permanently, having appeared with him before, and the team of Gene and Ford and Glenn became a reality on August 19 of this year when they went on the air at WLW. They expect to spend part of this season and next with WLW as the headquarters from which they will tour all the principal vaudeville houses within regular hearing distance of the big Crosley station.

Jack is slight in stature, about five feet six inches tall, and is very slight. He is fair skinned, light haired, and blue eyed and makes "wise cracks" continuously.

Ford (Rush) was born in Columbia, Mississippi, and carries the South with him on the air in his many quaintly southern expressions and the softness of his voice. At the age of ten, he moved with his parents to St. Louis, where he completed his education and entered the St. Louis offices of a New York music publisher as their professional representative. Thus he started on his theatrical career, and in this business he met Glenn (Rowell), destined to become his partner and to share his fame and fortune.

His interest in sports prompted Ford to leave the music profession for a time to play ball with the St. Louis Cardinals. But the lure of the theatrical world was too strong, so he re-entered the music business in San Francisco as manager of the San Francisco office of another eastern music publisher. If the truth must be told, Ford did his first broadcasting as a "song plugger" when those gentlemen with a musical axe to grind were the backbone of Radio programs. When a San Francisco publisher sent Ford back to Chicago as manager of the branch office, Ford and Glenn met again and presented their first joint Radio programs from WLS.

* * *

Here, Mrs. Davis, are a few words and a small picture of Glenn E. Riggs. This also answers Lucille, my old admirer from Weyers Cave.



"Good morning! This is Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA." Six days a week this is the cheery greeting coming from the lips of Glenn E. Riggs, who recently joined the announcing staff of the Pioneer station. During his high school career at Turtle Creek, Pa., he was in the National Oratorical contest and on the school debating team. When he went to college at Juniata college, Huntington, Pa. (loyal native son), he continued his forensic activities as president of the Freshman club and oratorical representative of his class, and also became trumpeter and reader for the glee club, and was a member of the dramatic society. Leaving college he became interested in amateur and professional plays, appearing in leading roles. Glenn is about five feet ten and a half inches tall; fair, with merry, twinkling blue eyes, chestnut, curly hair that you just love to tangle your fingers in, and has a love of everything out of doors, including baseball, football and tennis.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Get it off your chest.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By JEAN CAMPBELL

HOW-DO-YOU-DO, Mrs. Jones — We're awfully glad to know you better, and to know all about Calliope and Miss Katherine, and everybody. And Genia Zielinska and Vaugh de Leath, too. This IS a treat.

Jean Campbell is bringing these internationally known Radio entertainers right into your homes this month, and introducing them as only Jean can. Now you will know and understand your friends of the air channels as never before.

Each month Miss Campbell will write about two or three of the artists you hear over the great chains. Tell her the favorites you would like to meet through these pages and she will do the rest.

KATHERINE TIFT-JONES has a public confession to make. The gentle readers to whom it is herewith addressed are asked to become her father confessors and, as such, to deal most kindly with this charming lady of old aristocratic Georgian lineage, for she is about to become the mental murderess of one of the fans pet illusions.

"Calliope," that lovable and much loved old Negro mammy of the air, and the stately Mrs. Tift-Jones, and "Miss Katherine" known to the "air ladies" as the mistress of Calliope, are all—now for the confession:

"They are all just ME!" said the guilty creator of Calliope.

"You see—she, 'Calliope,' is just a figment of my imagination. No, she is more than that. In all realty she is a reincarnation of the old darky who was my nurse and second mother in my childhood on our plantation down in Georgia. You can't imagine what an impression she made on me. I didn't realize it myself until I created the character of Calliope for Radio performance, and I never dreamed that everyone would think her a real person, but they did.

"It's hard to believe that an illusion in which thousands of folks have believed implicitly is not a reality. Well, spiritually and intellectually Calliope IS a reality, even to me.

"Some years ago, when I was doing my first Radio work, classic poetry recitations and homey little dramatic sketches, I was asked to create for the sketch the character of a real southern Negro mammy to add home-made comedy to the skit. I immediately thought of my old mammy, she certainly had added plenty of humor and a wise and unique psychology to the atmosphere of our home. And so I went into the silence and renamed her "Calliope" and took her—as a second personality—before the microphone.

"Woe betide me! Calliope won the day and I had to step into the background with my lesser character of Miss Katherine, who became to the 'air ladies,' just the mistress of Calliope!

"Today, Calliope holds the spotlight. I'm glad and proud to have created her, because she is the only living replica of the real old Negro mammy of the South being faithfully reproduced today. There's much 'colored stuff' on the stage and screen and colored stories seem to be running away with the popular magazines. But as one who was born and reared on a real plantation I am pained at the lack of reality in most of the would be likenesses of the old southern Negro.

"The real ones were a rare treat in human nature, lovable, kindly, humane, intuitively wise beyond the wisdom of book learning and loyal to the point of absolutely refusing liberty from their old masters when freedom was granted them. At least, that's the kind I knew



"Calliope"

in childhood. They stuck to us, fearful lest we turn them out, until we pensioned them off into homes of their own when old age overtook them.

"Now to all the fans who have for several years been sending lovely letters to Calliope, do tell them to keep on. I'm keeping a scrap book, it's now seven volumes thick, of those letters.

"To all those dear women who have believed so implicitly all those little human-interest stories that Calliope has told over the air, those stories, yes fibs, about herself, her family, her friends, her dog, her troubles and her triumphs, to all who have sent her innumerable gifts of clothing and food delicacies and other little luxuries, just tell them that all those lovely heartfelt offerings to 'My Calliope,' have gone on their errand of love and mercy into the homes of needy colored folk in New York, and much of it into the homes of needy Negro folk down South."

She appears regularly in the drawing rooms of **"The 400,"** here. She is in constant demand for notable benefit performances for charitable or historical purposes. She graces the platforms of the leading clubs.

She makes yearly trips to Europe to make her appearances on demand before Royalty, and to be entertained by near-royalty as a guest-artist. The money she earns, professionally, goes for charitable purposes, and to further the education and ambitions of a long list of proteges.

She does not tell these things on herself, but other intimates of her own class do tell on her, occasionally. This is one of those lucky times when an interviewer "hears a little bird," telling a nice story that would sound too-good-to-be-true if the interviewer did not happen to know the "little tell-tale bird" really well.

Mrs. Katherine Tift-Jones is a very modest person despite her stately bearing. She is soft voiced, light brown as to hair, has hazel eyes that sometimes look gray, sometimes blue, according to the reflection cast in them by the color of her gown. She dresses with beautiful simplicity, is a linguist and a scholar of all that is literary.

Her home, a roomy apartment in the suburb of Jackson Heights, Long Island, is a retreat shared with her husband, who is not a professional, her two young men sons, and, until recently, with daughter Elizabeth. But that minx of a Dan Cupid stole daughter Elizabeth away recently, and a lot of space in the newspapers was devoted to pictures of the beautiful bride and her bridesmaids.

Daughter Elizabeth is honeymooning during the Winter down South while mother is preparing an apartment nearer home for the newly-weds.

GENIA ZIELINSKA refers to herself as "Radio's unchagrined bachelor-girl." Unchagrined is the word, because she is actually happy to forego all thought of romance and marriage until she has first achieved certain ambitious objectives incident to her career.

Genia likes, too, the life of a bachelor girl, which she lives to the last letter of the law on how a bachelor girl should live, as a resident guest of the famous A. W. A. Club House. This beautiful, artistically designed home was recently erected by the American Woman's Association, a group of business and professional women having at heart the interests of their kind who are alone in New York. It is a home with an environment that reflects the gracious thought of Miss Ann Morgan, who is its president.

Genia is, indeed, and rightly, just as proud of this club-home, in introducing you into its portals, as she would be were its rare and interesting appointments her personal possessions and the effects of her own private house.

"You see, I have truly a palace here. Come out into the garden in the rear, it's all glassed in, glowing with rare flowers, hot-house, conservatory variety, comfortable with swing seats, wicker tables, magazines, books, wooly rugs. Like it," asked Genia.

"Now here, going back indoors, is the North African Room. Isn't it a treat for a tired soul such as myself at times?" It was. Here we sat down to enjoy a salad and a pot of tea at one of its many gleaming red tables, under the reflected light of its many colored glass decorations which sparkled, even in mid-afternoon, in rivalry with bright African rugs against the background, somewhat startling, of black terrazzo floor and dead white walls.

Here, later in the evening, Genia enjoys having her full course dinner, because she is just a bit more fond of this particular dining room than of the English garden room, just beyond, which suddenly transplants one into a more quiet atmosphere.

After tea we lingered awhile in the Tudor lounge room, passed a happy group of club guests entertaining friends in the Georgian lounge, and repaired to the loveliest bachelor girl bedroom. Genia's own private nook, that bespeaks Genia's love of all that is beautiful and refined.

While changing from a red-bird hat and matching wool street frock to a yellow evening gown, Genia told simply and unaffectedly, and too modestly, the story of her life and ambitious career. And so it is retold now in more flattering tones.

This American-Polish girl was born in Kansas City, Missouri. She was one of a large family, yet enjoyed a convent education under the guidance of the Benedictine nuns.

Genia's musical talent first showed itself in rare pianistic ability, one of those children who ran to the piano to play whatever tune she had last heard, a child who could play by ear and by inspiration as well as quite easily by note.

At an early age she was placed in the convent choir, only as a means of furthering her musical education, and then it was discovered that she had a voice that might do more for her than her fingers could do. She sang solos every Sunday and the concert pianist career promised to fade into the shadows while a career as a concert singer loomed as an almost immediate possibility.

But Genia, herself, insisted that she finish her piano course. Wise child, doubly praised today, for two great talents well developed and sometimes jointly used.

Through her continued study of the piano, even after her voice became the paramount issue, Genia acquired an enviable musical background, a knowledge of harmony, counterpoint and technique which few singers have achieved.

She came to New York for further study in her 'teens, acquiring finishing school vocal lessons and a command of seven languages, in which she became most fluent in Norwegian, Spanish, Italian and French.

Friends suggested that she obtain for herself a Radio audition or try-out while they listened-in beyond the broadcasting room, "just to hear how her voice would sound over the microphone." That was an auspicious occasion.

Before this occurrence she had been declared a phenomenal success by New York critics i n both concert and opera debuts. Nonetheless, she approached broadcasting with the shyness and eagerness of a schoolgirl. Her personality as well as her voice won her instant attention. A few nights after her audition a well known Radio artist fell ill and failed, without notice, to come to an engagement.

Genia had a voice of similar quality. She got the call to come to the studio in this emergency.

She came, she sang, she conquered. Radio has been her "find," and she has been called one of Radios rarest finds, ever since.

Genia has behind a quiet exterior when in repose, which is seldom; a certain temperament, a dramatic force. It is said of her and for her that she has not yet been able to give up her concert work because of this very quality. She holds her audiences and they demand her personal appearances, again and again.

For this reason she has been cast by the NBC as one of the principals of its Radio opera company and also with the NBC quartette, which makes more personal public appearances than almost any other broadcasting group.

Genia is a slim, demure, brown-bird creature. Yes, she IS birdlike, in her constant activity of hands and eyes, giving one the impression of "fluttering," about to fly. It's that emotionalism, as she talks, of which they speak who say of her, "the stage will never completely lose her, because her gift is



Genia Zielinska

such that with eyes and hands she all but tells the emotional story of her songs before she sings a note."

VAUGHN De LEATH is not only "The Original Radio Girl," by virtue of the fact that ten years ago she was the only girl singing star then paid for her Radio performance but she is also the most original Radio Girl that one is apt to meet while venturing into homes of the Radio family. Originality, in everything that she does, in all that surrounds her personality, home environment and life, seems to be a keynote to her character.

When you enter the old-fashioned brownstone house where she maintains home and business studio quarters in a whole-floor-flat, your first expression is "Oh! How Original!" It is, indeed, a unique abode, with an atmosphere of luxury about it. Yet Vaughn declares that "it cost hardly anything to make it look like this"—since she designed and executed almost everything that is unique within the house except the actual furniture and the painting of the woodwork and the walls.

The furniture is all antique, things that she picked up here and there a piece at a time, to suit her fancy for French period stuff.

Each bit of furniture she has selected with the utmost care as to its authenticity and each piece from the Louis Sixteenth loveseat flanking the broad livingroom fireplace to the Marie Antoinette bedstead, in which Vaughn reposes at night amid queenly dreams, has its pedigree which is bound in a soft velvet book known as "Vaughn's Treasure Trove."

Under the covers of this book also reposes the history of another collection that is her hobby. She is addicted to earrings of antiquity and claims that the wearing of certain of these charms has a definite effect upon her mood of the moment.

In the matter of these ornaments it is her ambition to acquire the largest and most representative collection of savage and sedate ornaments outside of the museums. A peep at those she now possesses causes one to suspect that she has almost succeeded in this endeavor.

She wears certain earrings for certain moments and moods and declares it really remarkable what a mere earring will do to one's personality. Taking up a pair of slender black ornaments, long enough to all but touch her shoulder, she showed the effect, and added:

"You could put these on a Sunday school teacher and they would transform her into a woman with a soul of an adventuress—and what woman does not long to feel like an adventuress occasionally."

Vaughn serves tea, informally, in her business studio off the huge music-studio-livingroom. She takes lemon in her tea and also a bit of Chinese ginger with its sugary syrup to make it both spicy and sweet. It's a delightfully refreshing treat. Try it sometime, drinking it from a tall green glass goblet ala Vaughn de Leath, to whom color and the effect of color harmonies is indeed no mystery.

Had she not been a child prodigy, directing an orchestra at the age of twelve, later becoming by startlingly easy stages a Broadway light-opera singing celebrity, Radio star and composer of at least twenty well known compositions for piano and voice; had she not been all these things, so aptly and so easily, she feels her life might have been almost as successfully cast in the role of a well versed psychologist and an adept at things of a psychic nature.

Now this is a secret; and I've promised not to tell you his name, perhaps that's why she is happily married to a well known portrait artist, why her window curtains are of orange colored maline-net, the woodwork of old ivory and jade green, and the walls are of flat silver or gold, excepting for hall, bathroom and kitchen—which carry out in wall design a running story of the love life of a lady of the French court. These walls, by the way, represent a veritable French print from front to back of the house through hallways, highways and byways leading to various rooms, and all this is the work of her artist husband.

Vaugh does not regret the good old days of ten years ago when she was the center of Radio attraction. She finds her work more fascinating today, even though it now entails elaborate programs, rehearsals and rival stars. It at least affords comfortable studios to work in as well as a healthy competition of talents which she likes.

Vaugh recalls that her first broadcast

(Continued on page 91)

Gossipy Reflections From

Radio Digest

Vital News of Broadcasting Plans of Interest from Both Big Fellow in to Your Home With Their

RADIO DIGEST—the very name is significant of news, gossip and opinion of Radio broadcasting and entertainment. But what a tremendous field to cover. Perhaps no other one industry in the world directly concerns so many people as does Radio.

In this section of Radio Digest you will find from month to month a true reflection of the life behind the scenes at broadcasting stations throughout the country. In presenting this news we want the help of the reader and the broadcaster, for without you we can do but little.

Mr. Reader, write us a letter, giving your ideas as to what should appear in these columns. Then, write to your favorite station, tell them to write to us. Mr. Broadcaster, help us tell your listeners about you.

Radio School Over CBS

EDUCATION via air waves for young children on the most comprehensive scale ever attempted will be inaugurated this month on a nation-wide scale over the Columbia Broadcasting system on a program jointly sponsored by the CBS and the Grigsby-Grunow company, manufacturers of Majestic Radio.

Two afternoon half-hours each week beginning February 4 and running through until the first of June will be utilized in presenting programs for classes from fifth grade through junior high school. These will cover a number of subjects and utilize several types of presentation in an attempt to determine the most satisfactory method of using Radio in educational work.

The decision to present this series of broadcasts was arrived at after several months of intensive research in Radio education conducted by both the sponsoring companies. W. S. Paley, president of CBS, some months ago was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to serve on the Advisory Committee on Education by Radio as a member of the fact-finding sub-committee. For the Grigsby-Grunow company, their educational director, Ray S. Erlandson, a former secretary of the National Education association, has been conducting a similar study. Research on a national scale, it was discovered, was handicapped through the fact that practically no work had been done on a national scale along the lines of educational broadcasts for school-room reception. It was then determined to present a "curriculum of the air" upon which to base further tests and study.

Owing to the experimental nature of the series, it will be divided into two distinct parts. One afternoon each week will be devoted to dramatizations for children, based on outstanding characters in American history, the dramas presenting the most significant events, historically, in which the individuals participated.

Among the events tentatively decided upon for inclusion in the history series are the discovery of America, the landing of the Pilgrims, signing of the Declaration of Independence, Daniel Boone and Western expansion, Fulton and the first steamboat, Lewis and Clark, discovery of gold in California, Sam Houston, Theodore Roosevelt and the Hague Peace Conference.

The second weekly series will be divided into several parts with the end in view of testing the adaptability of Radio for teaching various subjects. American literature, American music, political science or civics, health and hygiene, and nature study are the subjects which have been tentatively selected for test work.

Leading educators of the country and outstanding authorities on the subjects to be presented have been invited by Grigsby-Grunow and the Columbia System to offer suggestions and to cooperate in the series. During conferences in Washington on November 20th between Mr. Erlandson of Grigsby-Grunow, Miss Judith Waller and Warren H. Pierce of the Columbia Broadcasting System and Dr. William John Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Dr. Cooper enthusiastically endorsed the idea of a test series and expressed an opinion that it would be closely watched by school superintendents and educators throughout the country. Judge Ira E. Robinson, chairman of the Federal Radio commission, stated that the series would fill a long-felt need in nation-wide broadcasting programs. He predicted that it would meet with wide-spread attention and interest in educational interests.

Booklets to serve as text-books for the Radio course are being prepared and these will be distributed to all schools in the country in order that the teachers may properly prepare the pupils for the Radio lesson to be presented.

"WITHOUT question Radio has been a marvelous gift to the world, its possibilities are unlimited for it has not only helped in appreciation of the classics but it has created a desire to hear and see artists in person." Thus does Katherine Meisle, contralto of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, enthusiastically endorse broadcasting.

Miss Meisle is not only a confirmed broadcaster herself, being under exclusive contract with the Atwater-Kent concerts, but is likewise a rabid fan.

Club Breaks Tradition

BREAKING a tradition of 63 years' standing the Mendelssohn club of New York City, which has been singing since 1866 without making a public appearance except for charity, made its first Radio broadcast over a chain of twenty-four stations early last December.

"Our recognition of the fact that Radio can make fine music most easily accessible to the greatest number has caused us to make this decision," said Allan Robinson, president of the club, on the occasion of the broadcast. Four songs composed by conductors and members of the club, past and present, were among the nine numbers offered.

The Mendelssohn Glee club was the



San Francisco and California joined in welcoming KECA to the Pacific Coast Division of the NBC. Left to right you see Donald Novis, Dove Kilgore and Don E. Gilman, the first two California winners in the 1928 Atwater Kent national audition. Gilman is vice president of the NBC.

Behind the Studio Scenes

from Ocean to Ocean and Topics and Little Fellow Who Come Entertainment, Education

first male chorus made up of native born Americans only in this country. Its organization in the year after the close of the Civil War encouraged several others to organize, including the Apollo Club of Boston. Up to that time male chorus music in America had been heard only in German-American and Welsh communities.

KGU Is Happy Family

By Dorothy Ellen Cole

MANY times I have been asked, "Just what is it that makes for success in the big Radio stations?"

I may not be correct with regard to other stations, but I do know that right here in KGU in Honolulu, Hawaii, it is the unstinted admiration of each for the ability of the other.

M. A. Mulrony, the manager of the station, is a man of great technical knowledge of all things pertaining to broadcasting. A scholar and a man with the deepest sense of the merriest humor, he is kindly and quiet and has the greatest respect for the other fellow.

The director, Homer Tyson, widely known for his work before the microphone, possesses what has been called one of the finest speaking voices on the air today. Mr. Tyson has a fund of wit that is always on tap.

On our KGU staff is another interesting man (you see I am completely surrounded by masculine society), Webley Edwards. He presents a snappy figure before the mike, and can sing and play the old folk songs to his own banjo accompaniment.

We are really pioneers here in Honolulu, you know. We have just moved into our new studios atop the Honolulu Advertiser building, and boast all that is new and fine in broadcasting equipment.

Of course the first night we were in our new home we put on a great program of everything in the bag, so to speak. And now, while the snow and cold is keeping most of you back in the States shivering we take friend mike down to Waikiki and let you hear the surf pounding as the bathers make merry.

And here's a special request, if any of you anywhere in the United States or Canada hear us, won't you let us know about it? We always like to hear from our friends back on the mainland.

Seek Farmer's Favor

WITH the inauguration of the farm community network by the Columbia Broadcasting system the directors of CBS are making an effort to bring the ideal Radio program for farmers and residents of farm communities a step nearer realization.

"We have endeavored," says Henry A. Bellows, advisory counsel of the Columbia system, "to avoid the pitfalls into which many other attempts to give farm programs have fallen. For that reason we have placed on our advisory board the directors of stations who have had several years' experience in catering to the demands of farm communities.

"Our first step in the development of this farm network was a visit to a group of outstanding stations serving the agricultural area of the United States to ascertain the preferences of their listeners. The consensus of this group was that farm communities largely exclude jazz and do not want the music of a symphony orchestra. They do want music of the type familiar to country homes, of melodies and songs which have become dear to millions of Americans of all ages. They want news, pathos, humor, all in condensed dramatic form."

All of the men chosen for the Advisory Board of the Columbia Farm Community network are directors of stations which for several years have presented successfully programs designed to fill the wants of the agricultural districts. Headed by Henry A. Bellows, former Federal Radio commissioner, the members are: Ralph Atlass, WBBM, Chicago; Earl H. Gammons, WCCO, Minneapolis; Blythe Hendricks, WFBM, Indianapolis; Arthur Church, KMBC, Kansas City; George Junkin, KMOX, St. Louis; Charles Sessions, WIBW, Topeka; J. Leslie Fox, KFH, Wichita; Don Searle, KOIL, Council Bluffs, and Dan Corkhill, KSCJ, Sioux City.

* * *

ADD a check for $3 to the list of presents received by Radio artists from fans.

The check came to Phillips H. Lord, principal character in Sunday at Seth Parker's weekly NBC program. It was from a man in a small town in New Jersey.

"I feel that I owe you something for the entertainment you bring," the accompanying letter said. "I don't know your likes and dislikes, so won't you take the enclosed and buy yourself a little present?"

The check went to buy a beefsteak dinner for a family in an East Side tenement.



Where the waves roll at Waikiki, H. N. Tyson is right at home. He's announcer at KGU.



After playing together in musical comedy for a number of years, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson "fell for the air," and are now heard in the Blackstone programs over the Columbia system. Both of them have been stars of the musical stage, appearing together in a long list of successes.



this irresponsible group of Nit Wits gathers every Saturdayd "Fun for All and All for Fun" as their microphone cry, With "Yes, We Have No Bananas" for their theme song an evening to broadcast their hilarious fun over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Music Taste Improves

AMERICA'S musical taste is growing rapidly finer and more discerning. The authority for this hopeful statement is none other than the great Walter Damrosch, for forty years conductor of the New York symphony and now musical counsellor for the National Broadcasting company in New York.

The statement was based on requests received by the NBC for musical selections during 1929 as compared to similar requests of other years. Thousands of letters from Radio listeners were included in the comparative survey, just completed.

Among the works for which numerous requests were made during the past year are: Symphony in G Minor by Mozart, Symphony by Cesar Franck, All Wagner program, The Moldau by Smetana, Toccata and Fugue in B Minor by Bach, Le Chasseur Maudit by Cesar Franck, The Seasons by Haydn, Symphonies 4, 5, 8 and 9 by Beethoven, Works of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Unfinished Symphony by Schubert.

"This list indicates a fine sense of discrimination and an appreciation of the best in symphonic music," Damrosch said. "Especially pleasing is the demand for entire symphonies, several of which I will endeavor to include in my winter programs."

"Letters from listeners also show a keen interest in modern works," Damrosch said, listing such compositions as "The Pines of Rome," and "The Dove," as among those frequently asked for.

* * *

Phil Cook, NBC comedian, is regarded by Radio fans as among the most versatile of entertainers. During a recent program he portrayed the parts of an Irish cop, a negro porter, an Italian bootblack, a down-east Yankee and read lines in his natural voice. The characters "conversed with each other," without the customary break of another voice.



Once a fireman on the Northern Pacific, now a Radio tenor heard all over the country, Howard Melaney evidently has to use an airplane to meet his engagements.

Irish Singers Ramble

THE Notre Dame Glee club, which at the close of the football season last fall appeared in a program from the Chicago NBC studios, like Rockne's famous Ramblers, each year piles up a record of mileage which far exceeds that of most of the other glee clubs of the country.

Under the direction of Joseph Casasanta, of the Notre Dame School of Music, the glee club has been heard in every part of this country, appearing in theatres, Radio concerts and special entertainments.

In addition to regular concert work, the club has made records for Victor, Brunswick and Columbia companies, and has appeared in one Vitaphone presentation.

* * *

Jolly Bill and Jane, the Radio folks so well known to children who tune in on NBC broadcasts, average more than 300 letters a day from listeners.

A Lyric Fireman

A SILVERY lyric tenor voice, which has carried him from a grimy locomotive cab to the nation's most luxurious Radio studios in a little more than two years, is possessed by Howard Melaney, internationally known Radio artist, who sings each Tuesday night over Station KMOX.

This voice, of rare mellowness and range, peculiarly adapted to Radio, was hidden in the rattling accoustics of a locomotive cab, where Mr. Melaney was employed as a fireman, until its discovery by a song writer. One day the "North Coast Limited" of the Northern Pacific Railway enroute to Yellowstone Park drew up at Glendive, Montana. The fireman, on his usual schedule of duties, was oiling the cups of the engine and sang while he worked. The strains of "Within the Garden of My Heart" poured out of the clear Montana air. Passengers were attracted towards the locomotive, and when Melaney finished there was a lusty demand for an encore.

That incident marked the beginning of a Radio artist's career unduplicated in America. The song writer, who was in the Glendive audience, induced Melaney to sing over a Radio station in Minneapolis, where he was presented by the announcer as "The Singing Fireman of the Northern Pacific." Before he had concluded two of his songs, the switchboard operator called for help because of the flood of inquiries and requests for additional numbers. This ended Melaney's firing job on the railroad.

Mr. Melaney has sung to Radio audiences in more than ninety American cities from New York to California and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and also over the National Broadcasting System. He was featured by KMOX at the St. Louis Radio show this fall and is heard regularly over that station each Tuesday night. He receives thousands of "fan" letters each week at his headquarters in St. Paul, Minnesota.

PAUL Shirley of Boston Symphony Only Artist Who Can Offer Complete Program on 14 String Viola D'Amore

Devotes A Lifetime To

RARE Instrument

By Walter M. Daniels

A LIFETIME devoted to saving from extinction a rare musical instrument is the unique boast of Paul Shirley of the Boston Symphony orchestra, whose viola d'amore was introduced to the audience of the air by Station WNAC in Boston. And Mr. Shirley's genius is as rare as his medium, he being the only artist who can offer a complete program for this instrument.

Inheriting a love for the beautiful in musical art, he commenced at the age of ten the study of the violin in his native Konigsberg in East Prussia, changing a year later to the viola. It was in 1910 while filling the postion of solo viola at the Darmstadt Court theater that he was assigned the task of playing the viola d'amore part in "The Hugenots."

Never had Mr. Shirley played upon this archaic instrument, nor was there any precedent for self-instruction. He was obliged to devise a set of exercises for mastery of its fourteen strings, seven of gut and seven of metal which are not touched by the bow but vibrate in sympathy.

The artist in him was enthralled at once by the possibilities of an entirely new musical art. With the rich depth of a viol and full range of a violin, this instrument offered tonal and technical effects not possible with any other stringed instrument.

The antiquity of the Viola d'amore, which has been traced back to the Hindus of the fourteenth century, and its disuse in recent years made it exceedingly difficult to obtain one of the instruments that could be played. Through the patronage of the Duke of Hesse, however, Mr. Shirley had access to a splendid specimen. He was able to learn, not only how to play the instrument, but how it was constructed.

Another perplexing problem presented itself in the failure of the viola d'amore to harmonize with the piano and other more modern instruments.



Doesn't seem that these boys would be exactly at home in Worcester, Mass., does it? But they are, and popular, too, at WORC. Mose is Armond LaPointe, and Henry is Ralph Warren.

Radiology Makes Announcers Right

By George Dworshak

THEY'RE giving weight in Buffalo to the saying "The announcer is always right."

The public is being taught, for instance, that when "Moscow" is pronounced "Mosko," it's that and not "Maskow"—that the announcer gives the proper pronunciation.

Twice a week every one of the eleven announcers on the staff of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation, which operates stations WKBW, WGR, WMAK and WKEN, attends the Radiology school. So far as is known, it is the only announcers' school in existence today.

Radiology, of course, isn't limited simply to the business of pronouncing correctly, but includes also the using of the proper tonal quality, the incorporating into the work of a distinct personality and the giving of intelligent explanations on programs. In short, it aims at the development of quick thinking, creative ability and expressiveness.

During the class routine different members are sent into an adjoining studio where they announce a program or extemporize into the microphone while fellow students listen in as critics. They tell him if his voice is too funereal, a little too decisive, too jovial, too light or if it lacks personality. There is something of the spirit of a forum about the whole proceeding as each man gives helpful suggestions to the other, and topics which make for general betterment of programs are discussed.

Kolin Hager, who is considered one of the deans of announcers in the country today and who now is vice-president in charge of production of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation, is the instructor. While studio manager of WGY, Schenectady, he established the first announcers' school, and when he went to Buffalo in the late Summer he carried the idea with him keeping the boys busy and out of mischief.

Mr. Hager is shown at the left of the picture on page 60, while the announcers who preside at the microphone for the four stations are shown at the right. First row, left to right; Roger M. Baker, Ralph A. Gram, Walter L. Amidon, Robert J. Strigl; second row, seated, left to right; Lowel H. MacMillan, Bradley Yaw, John L. Ribe, Mark H. Hawley, Edward Horning; standing, left to right: Leon W. Fisher and Louis E. Dean.



Thinking up plots, that's what Eleanor Lothian says she was doing when this picture was taken. She's continuity writer and actress at Station WHEC.



"Now, all together, pronounce Andante Cantable," says the instructor in the announcers' school of the Buffalo Broadcasting school, where these boys learn "Radiology." You can take their word.

Through his study of its structural detail, however, the sponsor was able with the aid of a skilled instrument maker to adapt it to take its place in the orchestra of today.

But neither of these handicaps, Mr. Shirley recounted to his friends at the studios of WNAC, held a candle to the difficulty of finding suitable music. Scarcely a half-dozen pieces existed which were available.

So the musician turned his attention to building up a volume of composition constituting a complete program for his instrument. Chords and phrases struck by his bow suggested more expansive bits. His study and creative efforts while sojourning at Bar Harbor, Maine, brought forth a number of distinguished works, including his D major concerto, an achievement of monumental scope in three movements.

During all of his struggle to attain mastery of the viola d'amore and to restore it to a place in the modern world of music, Mr. Shirley had the assistance and encouragement of Dr. Karl Muck, who as director of the Boston Symphony brought him to this country in 1912. His labors have resulted, in addition to his compositions, in technical treatises on "Right Hand Culture" and "The Study of the Viola d'Amore."



When Louis Kaufman went up in the air he got a thrill, but didn't know whether he was upside down or downside up, he says. Louis is the pride of KDKA.

Hears Own Suite on Holland Broadcast

WHEN Holland transmitted greetings to the American audience in the first international broadcast between that country and the United States, the officials of the short wave station at Huizen chose for the opening salutation an orchestral suite by Christiaan Kriens, distinguished Dutch-American composer, conductor and recently appointed musical director of Station WTIC of The Travelers, Hartford, Conn. The suite was Kriens' "In Holland" and it was heard through 30 stations scattered across the American continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Christiaan Kriens' affiliation with Station WTIC is not his first Radio experience. Last season he conducted a program of his own compositions in the "Master Musicians' Hour," broadcast over a coast-to-coast network by the National Broadcasting company. His symphonic compositions and smaller works for the violin, piano, cello and voice are well known to the Radio audience. At Station WTIC he often conducts the studio orchestra in performances of his own creations. The orchestra, by the way, is a full-piece organization capable of both symphonic and light classical performances. The services of its members are devoted exclusively to broadcasts by Hartford's 50,000-watt transmitter.

Mr. Kriens recently completed 24 original scores for talking motion pictures, which are being retained in the library of the Warner Brothers and by several famous music houses for use in forthcoming productions.

The new musical director comes to Station WTIC from New York City, where he achieved a notable record as symphony conductor, composer, concert violinist and instructor in violin and piano.

Mr. Kriens came to America from Holland several years ago to conduct the New Orleans French Grand Opera company. During his American career, he has served as first violinist in such organizations as the Philadelphia symphony, the New York symphony, the New York philharmonic and the Metropolitan opera, under many renowned conductors.

College Life on WCAU

COLLEGE life and activities "what is" are being presented by the University of Pennsylvania from WCAU every week. On Thursday nights leading musical organizations of the University such as the glee club, symphony orchestra, band and ensemble groups from the music department appear before the mike.

The University Glee club, comprising 150 voices, is one of the best known organizations of its kind in the country. More than fifty years old, since 1923 it has been under the leadership of Dr. H. Alexander Matthews, the noted choral conductor. Several years ago the club was selected to appear with the New York Symphony.



Busy, all day every day—that's Gertrude Mohr, musical director of WCAE, Philadelphia.

Railroad Trained Mr. Reed for Mike

By Ethel Rattay

"NORMAN," I said, breaking into the program department of WPG, "I am here to whitewash your past for your admirers." I was halted by husky, vociferous voices in Negro dialect, which told me I had interrupted a rehearsal for the Subway Boys broadcast.—

Rastus: Ah kaint git nothin' on ma Radio set but Atlantic City—ah been trying to git Washington, D. C., but all I can git is Atlantic City.

Mose: De trouble is yo all got an "A. C." set, you should borrow yourself a "D.C." set like mine. Ah gits Toronto and all over.

Rastus: Way down Toronto—whars dat?

Mose: Right between Atlanta, Georgia and Knoxville, Tennessee.

Rastus: Ma teachers learned me Toronto wuz in Canada.

Mose: Yur crazy, ah gits it on ma set between Atlanta and Knoxville!

"Gentlemen of the Sunny South," I interrupted, "may I have a few words. The Radio Digest is going to press and—"

"Be right with you," sang out Norman Reed as I sat down at his desk and swept aside a stack of reference books to take command of an interview with the World's Playground chief announcer and program director, who not only writes continuity for the Subway Boys regular Thursday night feature, but who is also the author and master of ceremonies for the new WPG Hokum Hour.

Mr. Reed acts as Dr. Hokum in this unique feature, which has acquired tremendous popularity, and includes poems, sketches and songs suggested by WPG listeners. All sorts of rare imitations are attempted, ranging as Dr. Hokum puts it, "from the splash of goldfish, singing seals to the meow of a cat or the bark of a tree." These programs are given FOB (full of bologny) with sufficient vocal and instrumental music to add variety.

The Subway Boys program was originated by Mr. Reed before he became officially associated with the station, and has been continued with each broadcast, taking the Negro adventurers through thrilling experiences which have included fires, wars, aviation stunts, jail terms, prize fights, horse racing, base ball—in fact running the entire gamut of human experience, with the boys seemingly "always in a hole." Their presentation is frequently in Moran and Mack style, but the text is entirely original and timely.

Then I asked Norman about himself, and here's the story as he told it to me:



Christian Kriens, music director of WTIC, goes over a piano selection with Laura C. Gaudet, talented French-American staff pianist.

"I was born in Pleasantville, N. J., October 26, 1899. After graduating from high school I started work with the Pennsylvania railroad, first in the freight department, and later in the passenger department, moving on to passenger representative in the Philadelphia district. In this capacity I planned itineraries and arranged entertainment for various organizations."

"When did you first become interested in Radio as a profession"? I interrupted.

"While publicity representative for one of the beach front hotels, Norman Brokenshire resigned as WPG announcer and Director Edwin M. Spence approached me for the vacancy, believing my former training qualified me and I was given the position which I have gradually grown in to."

"Do you like having the duties of program director, added by way of promotion"?

"Yes, but I have been under somewhat of a handicap in assuming the duties of announcer for in my very early training I was always told that I should be 'seen and not heard,' and here it is a case of being 'heard and not seen.' When you once get a habit like that it's sort of ingrown and hard to break," he laughed.

And with this confidence it was evident that "Uncle Norman the Second" of WPG would talk no more. But much may be said of the responsibilities of this thirty year old charming and very versatile chap who writes as well as he announces, who sings a bit, tickles the ivories a lot better and who is always alluring—to feminine eyes especially.

His chief duty, however, one that has won an enviable place for WPG in the hearts of Radio audiences is program construction for WPG Municipal Station's sixteen remote controls which in daily and nightly broadcast supplement the Neptune, Marine and Ocean Studio features in which Mr. Reed has the assistance of Miss Margaret Keever.

With the inauguration of athletic activity from the auditorium with its seating capacity of 41,000, Mr. Reed will soon find his responsibilities increased as the sports contests are shared with distant listeners and those present thru the amplification system.

* * *

Advice to juvenile song writers: Don't throw away your manuscripts if you can't find a publisher. Vaughn de Leath, NBC contralto, wrote a song called "Old Glory" when she was twelve years old. The song has just been published and is having a widespread sale. It all happened because Miss de Leath sang the song, "just for the fun of it" on a Voice of Firestone program.



Jolly boys, every man Jack! This is the announcing staff of WCAP at Asbury Park, N. J. Left to right: Robert Jonasson, Thomas F. Burley, Jr., director, John Osbourne, S. G. Leigh and Carl Schmidt.

Insane Patients Give Program

THREE Thousand Listeners Applaud Hospital Broadcast from Station KWKH

By Eleanor Champlin

COUNTLESS programs are presented from broadcasting stations every day of the year, running the entire gamut of emotional appeal, but seldom has a broadcast been put on that equals in entertainment value and unusual features that presented by the patients of the East Louisiana State Hospital through KWKH.

Such is the verdict of listeners from practically every state in the Union, and from Canada and Mexico as well. "We listened to your program last night, and were little short of amazed at the excellence of the numbers. It is hard to believe tnat inmates of an insane asylum could put on such a splendid musical program." That one letter is typical of the sentiment expressed in the 3,000 communications received after the broadcast.

One day last November, Judge W. C. Barnette, of Shreveport, La., visited the state hospital and happened to hear some of the 2,900 patients render a musical program. He was so impressed that he induced W. K. Henderson, owner of Radio Station KWKH, to put a program on the air. Arrangements were finally completed after consultation between Mr. Henderson and Dr. Glenn J. Smith, superintendent of the hospital.

None of the patients or Dr. Smith had had any previous experience before the mike, and the fact that thirty-five per cent of the patients selected for the broadcast were from the violent wards, added to the difficulties in presenting the program. It naturally called for a great deal of practice and patience on the part of everyone concerned to perfect details. During the actual broadcast it was necessary to have strong-arm guards to watch some of the patients, although on the whole they reacted favorably to the idea that they were rendering a great service to the outside world.

The program was musical throughout, opening with a selection by the orchestra, which was followed by vocal selections, instrumental numbers, including piano, violin, accordion, guitar, saxophone, and other instruments. Both classical and jazz selections were offered.

Established in 1847, the East Louisiana State Hospital now has 2,900 patients and about 325 employees. Dr. Smith is a strong believer in occupational therapy for the insane, and some kind of employment is found for seventy per cent of the patients, including everything from field work to the most delicate art and music. The state allows only about sixty cents per day for each patient, so most of the work for the inmates is along remunerative lines, such as farming and dairying. The program broadcast through KWKH followed out the ordinary routine therapy work carried on daily at the institution.

* * *

WHEN Harry Lauder played a return engagement on the air he insisted that his time be extended to half an hour instead of the fifteen minutes formerly allotted to him. "The last time I broadcast I was only on for fifteen minutes," he said. "And people wrote in and said that wasn't long enough. This time I want to give them enough. And, anyway, I like it. When a fellow is before the microphone he doesn't have to worry at all whether the seats in the house are sold or not."



Smiling at you are Bill Schaefer and his Country Club Arcadians of WAPI, Birmingham. Bill is the handsome gentleman standing directly behind "Paul Whiteman 2nd," who is sitting at the piano.

WFLA on Air 4 Years

By Exa Jones

THE fourth anniversary celebration of WFLA, Clearwater's popular broadcasting station, was staged in the studios in the city park, Wednesday night, December 4, where every available space in the studio and adjoining rooms was filled with musicians and friends from Clearwater, St. Petersburg and Tampa.

The Tarpon Springs High School chorus opened the program. Several sponsored programs followed and by the time the municipal gas department program got under way everything was in full swing.

A very popular feature of the evening was the Suwanee River Harmony Four, a local Negro male quartet. The darkies will be a regular feature of the gas department's program during the Winter season.

Ben Moss appeared frequently with popular and humorous songs which added much to the joviality of the evening.

Caroline Lee, "The Virginia Girl" entertained the party and the unseen audience with a number of vocal selections with her own accompaniment on the Spanish guitar. Miss Blanche McMullen sang several soprano solos which were appreciatively received.

Another novelty was the first appearance of Jack and Jill, two blind boys, who sang to their own accompaniment on the guitar. They were introduced by Ben Moss, who explained that these boys were bravely touring the state for a livelihood and commended them to the listeners.

Mrs. Frank Kennedy also sang several popular numbers to her own accompaniment on the banjo ukelele and rendered some well received piano numbers.

Another enjoyable feature was an impromptu chorus of the artists participating led by Ben Moss with a great deal of hilarity and jolliness. Corney Wolgum brought his violin and his saxophone and played several solos on each.

The party lasted until one o'clock, long past the regular hours of the studio and was going just as strong at the finish as at the start.

Hot chocolate, cake and cheese wafers were served during the evening.



As superintendent of the East Louisiana State Hospital, Dr. Glenn J. Smith deserves credit for the work of his patients in the KWKH broadcast.

WBRC Staff Proof Against Cupid

WHILE some Radio stations boast of being headquarters for Dan Cupid, WBRC prides itself on the fact that not one of its regular staff entertainers has felt the sting of the good old arrow of love.



Bill Young.

Al Treadway and Eloise Floyd, of "Goodnight" fame, although rumor after rumor has told of their engagement and marriage, are still young and eligible, while William "Bill" Young, station manager, is still looking around for the "right girl." John Connolly, who has just passed twenty-two, is one of the nation's younger announcers, and has been successful in dodging feminine charms to date, but is said to be slipping fast. Dan Hassler and Eugene Calhoun, engineers, are also still baching in single bliss.

An increase of one hundred times its original power in four years is the record of WBRC, "the little station with a big voice." It was just a little over four years ago that J. C. Bell opened the station with a home-made transmitter using ten watts. Now the station sends out a 1,000-watt message.

Living up to its motto of "just a step ahead of the times," WBRC put on the first commercial program in Birmingham. Bell, having built the first Radio in the city, broadcast the first church service, and offered the first nation-wide program, and now uses more than 100 hours of Columbia programs.

The "powers that be" at WBRC are M. D. Smith, Jr., president; K. G. Marshall, vice president, and J. C. Bell, secretary-treasurer.



Favorite entertainers at WBRC, Al and Eloise have won a name for themselves with their famous "Goodnight." Al Treadway is studio director, while Eloise Floyd handles music and programs. "Goodnight."

Puccini Is Broadcast

FOR the first time in the history of broadcasting operas by Giacomo Puccini are being broadcast. Beginning last November the NBC presented Madame Butterfly on a coast-to-coast hookup.

Only one opera will be given each month. In December La Tosca was broadcast. The other four on the schedule are Manon Lescaut, The Tryptich, The Girl of the Golden West, and La Boheme.

The offering of the Puccini works is considered a great tribute to Radio, according to musicians. His works have been carefully guarded and in the past permission to broadcast them always refused.

Name Newswriter for Program Position

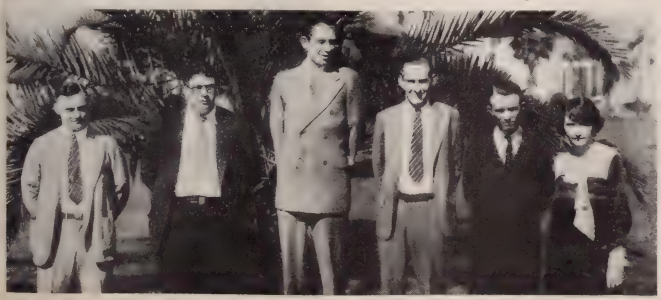
A FORMER newspaper woman, Miss Tremlette Tully, has been engaged by the management of Station WCKY, operated by L. B. Wilson, Inc., at Covington, Kentucky, to be woman's director.

Miss Tully already has made her morning program, "My New Kentucky Home," an interesting feature for women of the city and country alike. She is planning something different, and instead of a steady diet of menus she will broadcast daily but one menu, that for luncheon, which may be prepared by the housewife whether she lives in a metropolis or in the small country town.

Also Miss Tully has chosen different topics for each morning's broadcast. Monday brings poetry, and she reads the best contributions from her listeners. On Tuesday flowers provide the theme, and Wednesday fashions of the moment. Thursday gives Miss Tully an excellent opportunity to intrigue women listeners, for she conducts a questions and answer department, confining the period chiefly to matters of the home. She hopes to solve many domestic problems for those who write to her. Friday famous composers are discussed, while on Saturday morning Miss Tully gives a menu for the Sunday dinner and discusses dressing up the home.

A novel introduction, playing of "My Old Kentucky Home" brings Miss Tully's voice daily to the Radio audience with her talks on the new Kentucky home. Miss Tully also has been engaged to write continuities, and "The Snow Family," a morning program broadcast three times a week is her work.

Miss Tully is a native of Flemingsburg, Ky., and has lived in Covington and Cincinnati, Ohio. She engaged in reportorial and advertising work for Cincinnati and St. Louis newspapers, and has conducted a shoppers' column. She has had dramatic training and a year ago gave a series of book talks from a Cincinnati station.



Palm trees, sunshine and WJAX—Here's the staff of the Jacksonville, Florida, station. Joe Kuehl, operator-announcer, Hunter Synde, announcer, John T. Hopkins III., chief engineer-announcer, Gifford Grange, operator-announcer, Earl Quattlebaum, operator-announcer, and Ruth Roark, secretary.



"Boy, all you gotta do is to begin at th' 26th floor an' wash them windows on down to th' tenth. I'll stay here on the ground and see that you don't fall." Tom Mooney and Joe Combs, or Tom and Joe, WSM Minstrels have a lot of fun for themselves and a host of others.

Make Big Whoopee on WJAX Birthday

WHEN WJAX in the Land of Sunshine at Jacksonville, Fla., celebrated its fourth birthday 'way back last Thanksgiving Radio fans in Jacksonville as well as DX hounds in every state in the Union had to sit up for twenty-four straight hours unless they wanted to miss part of the great whoopererdoo program.

A typical Florida program went on the air, with but little in the way of speeches and plenty in the way of entertainment. Among the other feature numbers was a review of the leading artists heard over the station during the past year. As a gesture of Florida friendship early mail from DX'ers in each state was rewarded with oranges or a live baby alligator.

Opened on Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1925, by the people of Jacksonville as a municipal broadcasting station, WJAX has grown from an operating basis of but a few hours a day to a present average of over 400 hours a month. The station has always adhered to a policy of no recorded programs except during the daylight hours. Many selections from the NBC chain are picked for listeners of the Southland, and the station is a regular member of that system.

Financial return has always been a secondary consideration at WJAX. Pleasing 150,000 people in a municipal station in which they as taxpayers all own a share is a task that Commissioner Imeson has ably handled, as is evidenced by his leading the entire ticket in the last city election.

In passing out laurels more than a little credit is due John T. Hopkins, III., chief engineer and program director of the station. Not one day of broadcasting has been missed due to mechanical trouble since the first program was broadcast over four years ago.

Two studios are operated, one at the transmitter and one in downtown Jacksonville, in the Hotel Mayflower. Programs, which are all rigidly censored, include sixty chain features each week and events of national importance, which are secured by the station itself as sustaining programs. Besides the forty remote controls required to adequately broadcast the activities of the city, the stations have installed amplifiers in the city parks so that residents and tourists may listen to the programs from the studios.

Bushmen Hear Radio

AMID the barbaric settings of a Siang Dyak village in the heart of Dutch Borneo, and surrounded by scores of primitive natives who could hardly believe their eyes and ears, the All-American Lyric anthropological Radio research expedition recently gave a demonstration of the white man's newest magic by bringing in the voices and music of white men from Radio stations thousands of miles away, Theodore Seelmann, leader of the expedition, stated in a report just received here.

As a further demonstration of the white man's power, Harry W. Wells, Radio engineer with the party, rigged up what is probably the first broadcasting station in the history of the island, and broadcasted a program which included speeches in the native language. A number of distinguished guests were in the audience, including the resident governor of Dutch Borneo and the commander of the island army who were in Poerook-Tjahoe, last outpost of civilization on the island, and main base of the research party. The officials came from Bandjermasin, capital of the island, for the annual inspection of troops.

* * *

As a result of the rebroadcast through the NBC system of a program originating at station PHI in Holland, the Dutch announcer has been offered souvenirs of the state of Texas. In a letter received from a woman in Abilene, Texas, the Dutch announcer was offered seeds of the mesquite tree, some Texas pecans and some bolls of Texas cotton.

Good Air Helps WWNC Audience

ASHEVILLE, North Carolina, has long been known as "The Land of the Sky" and because of the invigorating air of the mountains has drawn many people there to regain their health. This fact has played an important fact in the destinies of WWNC, the Asheville Citizen station located there. It has given the station a large daytime listening public.

The thousands of patients in the various sanitariums have responded to the efforts of the station staff to keep the daytime programs up to the standard of evening offerings and the fan mail at WWNC has grown by rapid strides. In fact, many of the patients keep up a weekly correspondence with the station. One large tubercular hospital at Asheville is a government institution located at Oteen, just outside of the city limits. There are over 2,200 ex-service men there.

In order to form closer contact with these shut-ins the artist of WWNC make weekly appearances in the various hospitals. To further the work for these people who get so much out of the Radio programs WWNC recently took on all day service from the Columbia chain. So now the schedule of the station runs from eight in the morning until midnight and at least half of this comes from New York. The station has thus attained a popularity ranking with the leading stations of the country.

Asheville was the home of Bill Nye and O. Henry. Both of them are buried here. Bill Nye, Jr., sings over WWNC and has a very pleasing baritone voice. WWNC features an O. Henry program every Friday eve and this period is conducted by the Rev. Clarence Stewart McClellan, pastor of the outdoors Westminster Abbey of the South, otherwise known as historic old Calvary Church.

Few people realize that the widow of O. Henry still lives, and right here in Asheville. At the opening of this series of programs Mrs. William Sidney Porter (Mrs. O. Henry) was in the studio to introduce the first program. The keeping alive of these literary traditions has been one of the most important efforts of WWNC.



Name is Marcus B. Hooton. Business is singer, director, teacher and composer. Place is WJBY at Gadsden, Alabama. That's all. Sure 'nuff.

RECEIPT OF 7,000 Letters Following Sunday Morning "Concentration" Program Refutes Wavering Allegiance Argument

WENR Test Proves FANS ARE ALIVE

By Ben Pratt

SEVERAL years ago it was not uncommon for a Radio station to receive hundreds and even thousands of letters following some big broadcast. Then broadcasting was so new that listeners would write on any and all occasions—in other words, fan mail was easy to get. Of late, however, there has even been a question as to whether interest in broadcasting was waning, so light has been the response of listeners.

Any doubts as to lack of interest in Radio have been emphatically obliterated by a recent test conducted by WENR in which nearly 7,000 letters were received from people in 18 states who were listening to a morning program.

This record undoubtedly refutes any statement that the allegiance of Radio listeners in America is wavering, according to Morgan L. Eastman, station manager of WENR.

On Sunday morning, November 24, at 10:30 A. M. (CST), a "concentration test" was put on during the Sunshine Hour. Mr. Eastman, who in the past has been responsible for a number of unusual broadcasting innovations and who several years ago conceived the idea of broadcasting his own heartbeats, becoming known as "the man whose heart was heard around the world," was the author of the text.

He explained to the Sunshine Hour listeners that Paul McCluer, Sunshine Hour announcer; Sallie Menkes, staff accompanist, and Gale Swift, assistant manager, would give three different compositions over the air simultaneously. He asked the listeners to test their powers of concentration by picking out and naming the subjects that



Ballads, and babies hold the interest of Bradley Kincaid, the famous Mountain Boy of WLS. Twin daughters, named by listeners after Bradley's song, Barbara and Allen, claim his attention much of the time. Just passed the one year mark, the babies have made their microphone debut.

Uncle Jerry Boasts 20,000 in His Club

UNCLE JERRY, the genial Radio uncle at WASH, Grand Rapids, is known in private life as Hugh Hart. He is also chief announcer and studio director at WASH. His Happy Club for the kiddies numbers 20,000 enrolled members and many times this number listen in every night for his songs, stories and letters.

Members of the Happy Club must do three things every day to make someone happy. Rivalry among the youthful members has sprung up as to who can send Uncle Jerry the largest number of kisses, and the fan letters which pour into the studio are loaded with crosses and circles. One youngster now holds the record with 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. It must be explained however that these were not actually counted, but were sent in totalled. Allowing one kiss to the second,—a pretty short kiss,—Uncle Jerry has figured it would take trillions of centuries to deliver this number of kisses individually. Figure it out!

Many of his kiddies join the club before they are 24 hours old through their parents or brothers and sisters. Uncle Jerry's present ambition is to get a centenarian enrolled.

He has also had to start an auxiliary branch of the Happy Club to take care of numerous pets, which their young owners feel are entitled to belong through their propensities for making others happy. Included in this auxiliary is a motley array of dogs, kittens, canaries, rabbits, white mice, ponies, parrots, and a large assortment of dolls.

Originality is displayed by the kiddies in reporting their good turns to make others happy. One little five-year-old miss writes in very gravely that she takes her cod liver oil every day to make her mother happy, and another that she drinks all her milk every morning. A little boy promises not to punch his little brother any more, while the next letter comes from a little fourteen-year-old motherless girlie, who is playing the mother to her five little brothers and sisters.

Safety is stressed on all kiddies broadcasts, and Uncle Elmer Brackett of the Grand Rapids police department, the "Kiddie's Kop" speaks every Wednesday night about Safety.

"Voice of Gold Coast"

"RADIO STATION WEHS broadcasting from the Tower Studio in the Orrington hotel, Evanston, Illinois," is the daily announcement heard from Miss Jessie Robinson, announcer and studio director of the only broadcasting station on the Gold Coast of Chicago.

This charming and talented young lady whose rich voice thrills thousands within the range of WEHS every week is a conservatory graduate who has successfully appeared as a soloist with the Chicago Symphony orchestra. Her dramatic soprano voice is heard in classical songs as well as popular ballads. Radio critics of Chicago hailed her with acclaim when she made her debut with WLS while still a student.

After other appearances at Metropolitan Chicago stations Miss Robinson joined the staff of WEHS in the Spring of 1926, succeeding Joe Allabough as director and chief announcer. Assisting her as director and soloist is Vera Gillette, concert pianist and accompanist.

Located at the seat of Northwestern university, WEHS has many opportunities to draw on the talent of the school of music. Among the college artists heard frequently are Jack Warner, Georgia King, Morris Quint, John Rees, Helen Craig, Kenneth MacDonald and Milton Shurman.



Deep contralto, old minstrel songs, an Irish brogue, that's Grace Wilson, "Bringin' Home the Bacon Girl" who sings with the Show Boat and Barn Dance crews Friday and Saturday nights at WLS.



Pride of Rockford and popular on the daily programs of KFLV, the Mellotone Male Quartet is an unusually talented musical organization.

each of the three speakers were reading in unison. Miss Menkes read part of the fairy story of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears." Mr. McCluer read a dissertation on "Eggs," and Mr. Swift recited "The Night Before Christmas."

On the four days following the broadcast—that is, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 25, 26, 27 and 28, the station received a total of 6,678 letters from the members of its listening audience.

From the figures it can be concluded that if only one listener in every hundred wrote in, there was a listening audience of nearly 700,000 at the time of the broadcast.

* * *

Ivan Firth of the NBC production department formerly was a leading contender for the amateur middleweight wrestling championship of England.



Two Little Girls in Blue. Very charming, very pretty, and much more than very popular with all those fortunate enough to hear them sing harmony from WTAD.

Good Things Come in Small Packages

IT'S NO small task to satisfy an audience out in the great central west. However, judging from the fan mail received daily at KFJB, the listeners of the tall corn state seem to get just about any kind of entertainment they ask for. There is the farmer who, if he doesn't hear enough old time harmonica, guitar or fiddle music, doesn't think he is being treated fairly.

If just a little too much of this is sent out over the ether wave, someone from the cities asks for more opera or symphony. Too much of this and the younger generation asks for more popular music and sports. The average medium or low powered station, if encountered with such a situation, must do their very level best with phonograph records.

But, Phil Hoffman, the station director-announcer of KFJB, didn't stop with records. His station has been very well thought of, not only locally, but over the entire state of Iowa, and it was time for the support of the merchants, manufacturers and distributors in that area. It didn't take very long to gain this support and it proved very helpful in many ways.

In one sense of the word, it served as a boomerang. The advertiser furnished some exceptionally good talent, which is abundant in and near Marshalltown, making very good programs for the followers and newly acquired listeners. The station not being operated for profit, but as a public servant, began to look around for the best entertainers and educational features.

All the proceeds received from the loyal advertisers were used to defray the salaries of the entertainers. The results were increasing popularity of the station.

The demand for increased time on the air made it necessary for Phil Hoffman to increase the announcing and engineering staff, and the station now has a total staff of sixteen. Gene Loffler was imported some time ago from one of the central west's major stations.

Missouri Waltz? It Means Voice of WIL

WHEN the sweet strains of the Missouri Waltz open a program you may be sure you are listening to WIL, the "Friendly Station." A pioneer in many ways, the men back of this St. Louis station are true pioneers in the world of Radio.

L. A. Benson, the founder of WIL, has been experimenting with broadcasting since he was sixteen years old, and his was the first voice heard over the air in St. Louis. The Benson Brothers, including L. A. and C. W., have been identified with Radio since its earliest days, and today are the principal stockholders in the Missouri Broadcasting company, which operates WIL.

The station staff is headed by W. M. Ellsworth, as managing director, who directs the broadcasting from the studio atop the Melbourne hotel, the Fox theatre and the RKO St. Louis theatre, as well as remote controls from police headquarters and the board of education.

Jerry Cammack is the staff organist, George Wood, formerly of KOIL, senior announcer, and Billy Lange of the vaudeville team of Ray and Lange, junior announcer. The Morning Orchestra is composed of ten girls, the E. Menges recording orchestra is heard on the afternoon programs, while Otto Reinhart and Allister Wylie, famous artists, are featured with orchestra on the evening offerings.

Some of the educational programs emanating from WIL include the music lesson, the police broadcast, the health talks, aviation and traffic talks, departmental releases from Washington, market reports, fire prevention, and others too numerous to list. The school children's programs on Saturdays and the bed time hours each have large audiences, judging from the quantity of mail received.

* * *

Co-operating with the Federal Commission of Education by Radio, WIL has been commended for the splendid work it has been carrying on, and has been asked for a further report of its features, notably its Saturday children's programs and safety programs.



'Tenshun! Listeners, present ears! Captain F. M. Dyer of the Third Infantry band at Fort Snelling, who serves as announcer during the broadcasts over KSTP.



It takes college folks to be collegiate. Thus it's a group of college students and grads, all with professional experience on the boards, who appear on the Heatrolatown Party programs at WLW. And it's a college boy who writes the sketches, each a vignette of good-time gatherings in college town homes.

KFLV Family One Busy, Lively Group

A BUSY, alive, talented group of men and women are behind the microphones and in the studios at KFLV, in Rockford, Illinois. Peter MacArthur, business manager, announcer and entertainer, heads the staff with Wesley W. Wilcox as musical director, also an announcer and entertainer.

Mr. MacArthur, who has traveled with Harry Lauder, and with many light opera companies, has had twenty years of professional singing experience. Before joining the KFLV staff he was prominent at WOC. Wesley Wilcox is a well known concert artist whose clear diction and individual mannerisms have won him a host of followers. When not entertaining with his baritone voice he is contributing to musical publications and serving as a music critic.

Romola Latchem Hicks, studio hostess and secretary is Nancy Lee on KFLV programs, as well as director of the home maker's hour. Mrs. Hicks fills numerous engagements during the fall and winter months as a dramatic reader and interpreter, and is often heard in dramatic sketches before the mike.

Celeste Bengston, pianist and organist, presents many organ recitals direct from the auditorium of the Emmanuel Lutheran church in Rockford, besides serving as accompanist and soloist at the studios. Dr. Leon Jones, the tenor who is frequently heard from the Rockford station, was for seventeen years tenor at the First Congregational church in Chicago, and a member of the Apollo and Opera in English quartets.

Other staff artists include: Laurie's orchestra, Jane Harris Stiles, Arthur Duell, Mellotone Male quartet, Mildred Larson and Ruth Ticknor Mills.

Hayshakers Join WGHP

"THE HAYSHAKERS," old time dance orchestra, is a new and novel feature that is appearing regularly over WGHP. "The Hayshakers" are unique in that they play nothing but the old time type of music, in the old fashioned way, with no modern versions. They are believed to be the only organization of their kind in Detroit. Their popularity over the air is easily evinced by the volume of mail that they constantly receive from their invisible audience.

* * *

A new announcer has been added to the WGHP staff. He is Harold Tanner, and a new comer in the Radio game. Last spring he was graduated from Drury College, a prominent middle western institution. He has had quite a long and varied experience in amateur theatrical, oratorical, and debating work. Although new at the business he shows excellent possibilities of developing into a polished announcer.

* * *

A new studio pianist has been added to the WGHP staff. Miss Helene Wyhan is the versatile young lady who holds the official title. Miss Wyhan studied at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago and completed her musical education abroad, studying for two and one-half years in Germany.



Milo Finley is director of ensemble at Hotel LaSalle and WLBF string trio. Doesn't he look like a musician? He is, and a real one.



Not just a Hawaiian trio, but real, honest to goodness Hawaiians, the Aloha Serenaders on WIL programs.

WKBF Beautifies

WITH the opening of the new studios of WKBF, station of Indianapolis Broadcasting, Indianapolis has the distinction of having one of the most attractive broadcasting studios in the Middle West, according to W. C. Bussing, manager.

"Beauty within and beauty without characterizes this progressive extension of Indianapolis' broadcasting activities," says Bussing. "Overlooking the new plaza of the World War memorial, the studios command a view worthy of comparison with some corners of Paris. The site of the World War memorial, covering land nearly 500 feet wide and half a mile long, has a monument that not only pays tribute to those who sacrificed their all for their country, but it is also a constant inspiration to all who look on its beauty." Bussing continues.

"The station has the entire second floor of a building which offers excellent lighting facilities in every room. Ascending the private stairway, one steps into a homelike reception room, furnished with upholstered furniture which carries out the general color scheme of rose and green. Sitting in any part of this room, one can look through long glass windows into the adjoining twin studios where exceellence of sound reproduction has been attained by means of the most modern equipment. Here the light gray monk cloth draperies blend richly into the dark gray carpets, with candelabra and floor lamps lending color and a cozy atmosphere."



Nice, and jolly, and talented, too. Therese Kochendarfer is staff contralto at station WFDF.

Picking Men Tough

WHEN Chester J. Gruber, who presents Tony Cabooch and His Jungaleers every Wednesday and Friday at 6:45 P. M. over KMOX, conceived the idea for this program it became quite a problem to select the men who were to portray the different characters, knowing that the public taste varies. After much thought Gruber decided to get a group of comedians of different dialects and weave a story containing comedy, travel and education. At the end of sixty days the cast was completed with the exception of the Chinese character, but shortly thereafter Gruber was successful in obtaining a Chinese actor.

In this story Gruber portrays the character of Tony Cabooch, and the letters received from Radio fans have amply compensated him for his efforts in bringing the story of the travels of the Jungaleers into thousands of homes throughout the land. The story will be full of action, thrills, comedy and hair-raising escapades once these characters start penetrating the African Jungle.

* * *

Gregory Williamson and John Wiggin, production managers at NBC, used to write varsity shows together when they were classmates at Leland Stanford University.

* * *

The longest name in the National Broadcasting company is worn by Viola Isabella Augusta Wilhelmina Lagergren. She's in the press relations department.

First Army Studios Heard From KSTP

THE first army broadcasting studios in the United States have been opened at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, under the direction of post officers and Radio engineers of KSTP at St. Paul.

The Third Infantry band, the oldest regimental band in the United States, organized as a unit of three men, the fife and drum corps in 1784, even before the adoption of the constitution, played the inaugural program and KSTP installed the equipment for broadcasting.

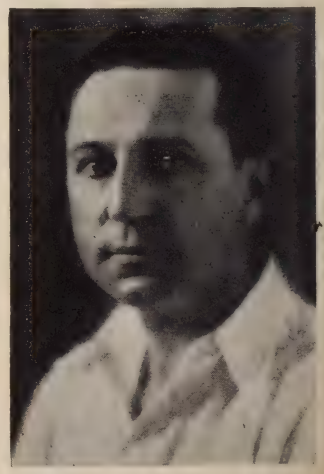
The original Continental uniforms and the Continental colors used by the Third Infantry when it engaged in battle during the Indian Wars, prior to the Revolutionary War, still remain with the unit. With the passing of time, new instruments were added to the regimental band, until now it is composed of 28 men, the regulation size of an army organization.

Fort Snelling is the first post in the country to undertake a program of Radio broadcasting on an extensive scale, and Captain F. M. Dyer, the only commissioned officer who serves regularly as announcer during the presentation of army programs, is in charge of all broadcasting.

* * *

PRETTY?—Yes. Beautiful?—Yes. Talented?—Yes. All those questions and a host more of similar ones may all be answered in the affirmative when you are speaking of Mildred Koenig, organist and vocalist. Mildred is known to thousands of Radio fans as the "Ray of Radio," and is heard frequently from the studios of WJKS. She has been in church solo work for many years and her winsome personality and beautiful contralto voice make her a great favorite with those whose fingers twirl the dials to the WJKS combination.





Boasting a membership of 20,000 in his children's club, Uncle Jerry, alias Hugh Hart, preaches safety and happiness from WASH at Grand Rapids.



A sweet little, pretty little girl with a sweet little voice from a very nice station, that's what they say 'bout Dorothy Staker of WLBF.

Sleepy-Time Gals Sit Up Late, Letters Say

AMERICA'S "Sleepy-time Gals" are no more inclined toward eight o'clock slumber than they were when that popular tune was created, if responses to the all-night programs of KSAT, are any indication.

A veritable flood of letters last week assured the station that the program "Flying the Sunrise Trail," broadcast from 12 until 6 o'clock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights is decidedly being heard and appreciated, and induced the company to continue the feature that makes it unique among the country's hundreds of stations.

The scores of letters followed a change in the company's policy of all night programs as inaugurated with the opening of the station last Fall. Officials collaborated over the matter: "That's awfully late. Not many people are awake during those hours," they agreed. And so for a few nights the station went off the air at three o'clock. Immediately a wave of protest started at the corners of the country and rolled in to station KSAT. "Give us the Sunrise Trail program," they entreated. Officials, whose theories had been upset, were obliged to confer again hastily and KSAT went back on the air for its regular three-nights-a-week all-night program.

Newspaper men, filling-station operators, cafe owners, night watchmen, policemen and various types of individuals who work at night, as well as social gatherings, are particularly gratified by the program broadcast at such late—or early—hours when the Radio world is usually silent. That all-night parties are being arranged especially to "Fly the Sunrise Trail" with KSAT was indicated in several of the letters.

"Flying the Sunrise Trail," conducted by Paul Wellbaum, an entertainer of twenty years' experience, is presented with an aviation background that adds to its popularity. Announcements are made with the hum of an airplane motor back of them. The best talent available is presented on these programs and no records are used.

* * *

All the world loves organ music played with feeling and meditation, as well as with novelty and popular arrangements. With this in mind, KDYL has inaugurated a series of organ "Tone Pictures," played by Ethel Hogan. These broadcasts are heard every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 11:30 o'clock.

KFH Keeps Busy Putting

KANSAS ON AIR

Proud of Wichita and the Sunflower State, KFH Twice a Month Invites Home Town Boosters to Put On Prestige Building Programs.

By Donald Burchard

PROUD of Wichita—proud of Kansas—proud of each and every municipality that goes to make up the Commonwealth of Kansas, Radio Station KFH is out to boost the stock of its home city of Wichita and all of its neighbors. Every other Wednesday night from 10 to 11 o'clock a program offered by the representatives of some Kansas town goes out from the studios of KFH. This service is offered without charge to each community.

The programs are usually made up of musical numbers interspersed with brief talks concerning the advantages of the respective cities by their chamber of commerce president, mayor, or other speaker. The value of these broadcasts is hard to over-estimate and the stimulus it gives to local pride and to the musical resources of each community is undoubtedly worth more than can be immediately realized. In addition these programs unquestionably build prestige for Wichita, KFH and Kansas as well.

* * *

One of the most delightful and popular programs offered by KFH is "Just a Song at Twilight" by a mixed quartet and accompanist. The singers include: Mrs. Harry Cooney, soprano; Sue Fulton, contralto; Ted Marvel, tenor; and Kenneth Gascoigne, bass; with Myrth McGaugh at the piano.

The scene is laid in Grandmother's sitting room, as she turns the pages of her time-worn book of old favorites. As she runs across songs which bring back fond memories they are sung for her special benefit by the quartet.

Much of the success of this program is credited to Sue Fulton, program director, who writes the continuities.

"Hokum Kings," with Virgil Bingham and Harry Wells, dispense sweet harmony daily on the Ladies' Matinee programs. The boys average over 300 requests a week, and are headliners at KFH in their line.

Portrayal Fools All

PORTRAYING Western characters so faithfully that ranchers think they recognize their own neighbors is an accomplishment of the Solitaire Cowboys at KOA at Denver.

The Cowboys call their outfit the Flying M ranch. It happens that there is an actual Flying M ranch out in the far reaches of the West, and after a broadcast there came a letter from a cowboy who once had worked for it. He asked why those waddies whose voices he recognized had changed their names.

The most recent letter was from an ex-cowgirl who has retired and lives in California. "You can't beat a cowboy when it comes to singing," she said. "It made me think of old times and wish I was on the ranch again."

Talking Way Through

BOB SCHULZ, announcer and studio operator at WDAY in Fargo, N. D., literally is talking his way through college. Bob, a student at North Dakota Agricultural college, takes care of WDAY's studio equipment, does his trick at the mike and still finds time to keep up his work in electrical engineering at the A. C. Bob has been interested in Radio for years and, while in Fargo high school, succeeded in getting an amateur license issued to the school. He also constructed the high school's equipment.



True harmony. Don't they look it? The picture was even taken by the Hart studio. It's Don and Farrell, the Harmony team of KOL. They're harmony singers, and, in this picture at least, harmony pals.

Big Time Years Help to Build Up Station

DOWN in the "Cow Country" in the land of the Ponca Indian and on the edge of oil lands that has made the Osage Indians the wealthiest Red Men in the world is a city of wealth and progression, Ponca City in Oklahoma.

Nearly two years ago a portable Radio station came into town for a week's stay and in the new allocations that became effective a little over a year ago WBBZ was granted a permanent license to remain in that city.

Things didn't go so well for the first eight months, but then there came to Ponca City a couple recruited from the ranks of Keith vaudeville, who were known as Morton and Betty Harvey.

They came into town and looked over the situation and realized that there was considerable work to be done, and the first thing they found was that the listeners had lost their interest in the station.

The vaudeville game is a great institution of learning and one of the things that Mr. Harvey learned was that an audience must be interested, so he set about to do that very thing.

There was considerable interest at that particular time (as always) in the personality of W. K. Henderson at Shreveport.

The first thing that Mr. Harvey did on the air was after about two weeks' study of the situation and when the psychological moment came he stepped to the mike and used his knowledge of mimicry and gave an excellent impersonation of Mr. Henderson. This was not with the intent of misleading any of the listeners, but merely to attract the attention of the air audience to the station.

The folk in Ponca City and surrounding territory became interested and asked each other if they had heard the new announcer at WBBZ, who impersonated Mr. Henderson. This was what Harvey wanted and immediately they began to improve the quality of the programs.



Why do so many people like to visit the KOIL studios? Evelyn Kitts, studio hostess and purveyor of blue songs, is the reason, and, if you ask us, a good one.



Just Uncle John and Aunt Minerva. And if you don't believe that those are their names, why just write to them at KMMJ, Clay Center, Nebraska, and find out.

The advertisers had been fooled a few times so were not inclined to look with favor on this new man that had come in "to fool them" again. Programs were arranged with great care and the selections were made that would attract the class of people, as listeners, who were interested in the advertisers' wares.

Suddenly there came a letter to all the merchants asking that they include Radio advertising in their budgets for 1929. Out of ninety letters there was only one reply and that was that the writer was not interested. Now what was to be done? The old vaudeville training came into use again. He went out and secured ten advertisers at a very nominal figure and the Original Oklahoma Alarm Clock club was formed, meeting every morning at six-thirty.

During this program the listeners get the time announcements, a bulletin from the Department of Agriculture, Associated Press dispatches, a scripture reading, cream and market quotations and a poultry question box.

These features were interspersed with carefully selected recordings and the ninety men who received the letters and did not seem to be interested heard all about the other fellow's merchandise while they were having breakfast and began to see the effects of the other fellow's advertising.

The listeners who began to call and ask who the announcer was that was giving impersonations were told it was the "Rolling Stone." This because of the character he assumed and the friendly tone of voice and personality he put over the air. Boys and girls and grown folk all called him the "Rolling Stone," and soon when Betty Harvey began to tell the children the stories of the animals at the zoo, everywhere they talked of Aunt Betty and the "Rolling Stone" of WBBZ.

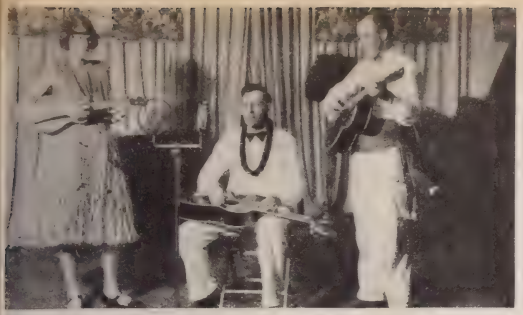
Aunt Betty has a rich contralto voice and plays the piano and the "Rolling Stone" is a baritone and reader. The combination was perfect and soon the business men's luncheon clubs commenced calling for the services of these entertainers, and no social function was complete without their harmony songs and the solos and stories that seemed to come from an inexhaustable supply that had been gathered in the years of vaudeville.

The standing of WBBZ in the community had become a thing of pride, and the folks from miles around came in to see this man who talked to them every morning at breakfast and the lady that always was glad to see the children of her Kiddies club and knew most of them by name.

Gradually national advertisers came to see the value of this little station in their plan of national distribution, and when a few of the advertising agencies sent representatives down to interview the manager and found him and the "Rolling Stone" to be one and the same they were astounded, as they could not see how any one man could do all the things he had to do, sing, announce, write continuities, sell advertising, work out advertising for any line of merchandise and talk on it intelligently and work out features for the farm listener and city listener that would hold the interest of both and tire neither of them.

* * *

THE Norfolk Daily News Radio Station WJAG at Norfolk, Neb., to keep up originality in Radio experimented successfully with a minstrel show via Radio recently. Karl Stefan, "The Printer's Devil" of the station and also the chief announcer, appeared as the interlocuter wearing a beautiful full dress suit of green. Other members of the Radio staff took leading parts and local fans "saw" and heard the old time minstrels which were sponsored by the Elks Lodge of Norfolk.



Bob and Francis Kia, better known in the West as Gurney's Hawaiians, playing on steel guitar, standard guitar and uke at WNAX. Brother J. Kumalae is the third of the trio.

Toy Siren Is "Cop-y" Signal From WDAY

A GONG or a whistle may mean "police bulletin" from some stations, but WDAY at Fargo, N. D., has decided that something more "cop-y" would serve better.

Now a toy bicycle siren, operated by a hand crank, sends its startling noise over the air before each police bulletin is read.

WDAY fans now have no excuse for getting time signals mixed up with their police bulletins. And, incidentally, in the sparsely settled northwest territory these police bulletins serve a wide variety of purposes. For instance, the other day a bank at Rosholt, S. D., some 150 miles from WDAY, was robbed. Four minutes later WDAY had the dope and about three minutes later a warning was on the air. Another instance. The other day a car was stolen from a Fargo street. About twenty minutes later WDAY's siren roared and a warning went out. Half an hour later a call came to the studio from the town marshal at Buffalo, N. D., twenty-four miles to the west. He had the car, he said, as well as the thief. And then there was the time the little Fargo boy set out to see the world. He was gone seven hours before his mother called WDAY. A bulletin was read and a few moments later his mother was notified that the child had been picked up by a passing motorist and taken to the police station, where he was being taken care of.

Trains Teachers in Town Barber Shop

A CERTAIN Montana barber shop is turned into a training school for Sunday School teachers every Saturday night, according to information reaching KOA.

The Rev. William O. Rogers, pastor of Washington Park Congregational church in Denver, is their instructor. He broadcasts a pre-view of the international Sunday School lesson each Saturday night over KOA, giving teachers suggestions for teaching their classes next day.

The owner of the barber shop is superintendent of the local Sunday School and he requires his teachers to be present each week to hear the Reverend Rogers.

More than 300 old time songs were played and sung over a period of eight months by the Old Stagecoachers, those four music makers out of the past who broadcast each week over KOA. Begun as an experiment to learn if a banjo, guitar, fiddle, harmonium quartet assisted by a vocal trio could create a frontier atmosphere, the Stagecoachers were accepted enthusiastically until so many old numbers were requested that the musicians will be several months catching up. There has not been a repetition in numbers during the eight months except in a few cases where listeners demanded it.

Lauds Radio Clubs

RADIO clubs are not only a lot of fun but are really necessary in the West, according to a recent article by Harold A. Lafount, Federal Radio commissioner. Many cities in the outlying districts of the West are some distance from a broadcasting station, which adds to the value of Radio clubs, such as that in Butte, Montana, which is said to be one of the largest organizations of listeners-in in the United States.

Such clubs are not necessary in the eastern centers, where stations are close together, according to Lafount.

In his article he praised the club in Butte for its active work in promoting the use of the Radio, for its employment of experts to do away with Radio interference and for other work in securing worth-while programs.

* * *

A new series of programs is being put on the air by WBAP at Fort Worth, Texas. Tuesday evenings at 6 o'clock the Eureka Vacuum cleaners are heard in an entertaining broadcast.

* * *

Among the wide variety of programs heard from WBAP one of the most popular is the team of Prissy and Jack.

Smart Man; He Plays 95% of All Requests

IMAGINE a man who can play ninety-five per cent of the numbers requested of him! Such an artist is Jack Medland, who is heard over KDYL at Salt Lake City every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock (MST). The only restriction is that the requests must be for numbers at least ten years old. Beyond that the field is open. Hundreds of requests await Jack each Wednesday night when he steps into the studio, and although he hasn't time to play all of these numbers, he has made a record of playing thirty of the old tunes in the half-hour allotted to him.

* * *

It is new ideas that interest the audience, and KDYL has captured one that is truly novel as well as vastly interesting. It is the Music-Box announcer. That sounds odd, but if you tune in any Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock (MST) you will hear a very novel program, with musical variety from popular to classical, presented without the aid of the usual human announcer stating the name of the musical selection. Instead, a music box will do the announcing, telling you in tinkling tones what the featured selection to follow will be. This is known as the Maid O'Clover hour.

* * *

KYDL listeners often hear a speaker with a musical background that sounds something like the Salvation Army Band. This is due to the fact that when ventilation is needed in the main studio, the windows are raised and the melodious notes of the Salvation Army band on the street come drifting up into the studio and through the sensitive mike.

* * *

Vernon Duke, graduate engineer of the University of Colorado, is the newest addition to the technical staff of KOA in Denver. Duke entered the General Electric training school on his graduation a year ago last June and was employed at the Fort Wayne and Schenectady plants until coming to Denver. He is married and quite large chested over the very tiny Eleanor Jean. Two pretty important interests for one man.



Winken, Blinken and Nod, three fairies who step out of the story books to sing over KDYL every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. With the musical signature of "Sleep" they proceed to wake everyone up with real blues. In private life, Virginia Allen, Verba Robinson and Genevieve Davis.

Former "Sparks" Is KGW Chief

Paul Heitmeyer Is Youngest Executive of Any Major Station on the Pacific Coast Today



Helms and Harkins are known about the KMO studios as Hugh and Bennie. Hugh is the straight man and Bennie is the Oofgay. Their line makes even the studio hostess laugh, an acid test.

Making Merry in A. M.

"MAKING Merry With Sperry" is the new title given to Hugh Barrett Dobbs' morning health exercise period from KPO, 7 to 8 o'clock.

Dobbsie and Wee Willie, his versatile musical partner, known in private life as William H. Hancock, have been on the air continuously from KPO going on five years, with their hour of original nonsense and "applesauce," together with the setting-up exercises. And now under the sponsorship of the Sperry Flour company, one of California's pioneer establishments, the broadcasts are released every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings over the entire Pacific Coast Network of the National Broadcasting company, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays locally from KPO.

As entertainment, aside from Dobbsie and Wee Willie, the program offers a variety of well known singers, pianists and musical novelties. Among the artists whose work has contributed to the success of the hour are Kevin Ahearn, the young Irish tenor; Art Fadden, the pianist with a personality, and others.

* * *

When Jeannette Sheerer, NBC clarinetist, was nine years old, she decided to try-out for the "Boy's Band" in her home town, Cedar Falls, Iowa. Then she grew up with the same band and later found herself playing solos with the Chicago Symphony orchestra.

By William Moyes

MEET PAUL HEITMEYER, ladies and gentlemen!

Manager of KGW, the Oregonian's Radio station and the youngest executive of any major station on the Pacific coast. A man who in the eight months he has been at the helm has increased the business of KGW to a point where it is on the air 17 hours a day continuously, with its time very close to being 100 per cent sold. Courteous, modest and amiable, he can do any job in a broadcasting station from operating the transmitter to actual selling.

Operating, by the way, was the avenue by which Paul approached his present position. Radio had been a hobby with him as a kid in school. When he graduated the wanderlust seized him. A tramp steamer came in to Portland. The captain, a big Swede, needed a Radio operator. Paul ran home, packed his bag and jumped aboard just as the gang plank was hauled up. Down the Columbia river they floated, Paul at one rail and the Captain opposite. The old craft rolled like a sporting porpoise. Now the Swede was 20 feet above Paul and now 20 feet below him, see-saw fashion.

"Where's the Radio?" Paul inquired.

"Raadio! Vass ist?" was the puzzled reply. Sign language followed, then "dah-dit-dah-dit-dah-dah," and the big Swede comprehended.

"Ach, der Schpark-funker!" he said. "Ve keep dose pieces in dot tub mit fresh water uberall. Dot keeps der sea air from making green cheese on der machinery."

Paul drained off the water, dried out the parts, and day and night for three days while the old tramp ploughed down the Pacific coast he labored until finally the ship Prosit—or something equally ridiculous was its name—boasted a working transmitter.

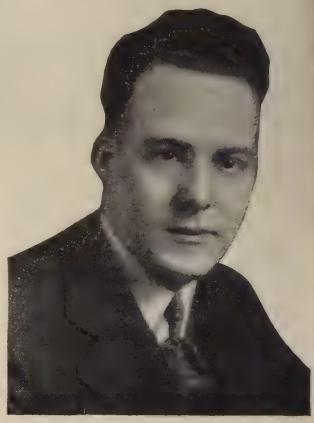
One voyage to Scotland was enough. Paul stepped ashore in Portland again and immediately took precautions to prevent ever going to sea again. He got married. Then came the job as Radio operator for KGW. Next stop was Radio editor. These were the days when Radio editors knew not so much about who Fannie Brice and Sophie Tucker were as about the latest super-heterodyne circuit.

From Radio editor to production manager.

And now manager.

And how!

Aside from Paul's eminence in the Radio industry, he enjoys another distinction—that of being the first man ever to go to sea in an automobile. Last Summer he loaded his sedan with two new Radio sets, one of them an expensive short waver, also three weeks' food supply and all his family's personal belongings and set off for the beach to enjoy a vacation. To reach his cottage he had to drive along the beach. Racing along at 30 miles an hour he hit a crab hole—one of those 12-foot deep lakes that appear to be only moist places in the sand—and in he went and disappeared. The water was three feet about the roof of his car and he barely escaped drowning inside. Radios, the family's clothing, the cargo of food, most of the insides



Youngest executive of any major station on the Pacific Coast, Paul Heitmeyer started Radio life as "Sparks" on a tramp freighter. Some jump, eh?

of the car and vacation were ruined. But the lot of the pioneer is a tough one, and Paul has sworn off the sea—the bottom of it as well as the top—and on dry land in a Radio station he will stay. And watch him!

KOIN Starts Early

POSSIBLY you have talked to people who were of the opinion that it is useless for a Radio station to start broadcasting before noon every day. KOIN has a feature that disproves any such statement. Stanleigh Mallott, organist at the local Publix theatre, has one of the largest audiences of any feature on the air. Each morning at nine o'clock Mallott goes on the air and for the following half hour the phones at both the theatre and the studio are kept busy taking requests. Requests are even written in days ahead, and advance orders play a major part in the arranging of Mallott's program.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST receivers tuned in to the Eveready hour broadcast over the NBC late last Fall were privileged to hear a voice never before heard over the air when Inga Hill of Minnesota was introduced to the Radio audience.

Miss Hill only a short time ago was a school teacher who didn't know she had a voice. Shortly after graduating from the University of Minnesota she was urged to develop her vocal talents. After winning the Juilliard scholarship she was helped financially by music lovers in the Twin Cities, later studying with Madame Iga Schoenrene.

* * *

Yes, the voices of the KGO "Morning Glories" have been heard often before by the NBC System audience. The new harmony duo is Imelda Montagne, who has been singing with the Pepper Maids, and Peggy Chapman, contralto soloist with the Pacific Vagabonds.



At the extreme right you see the director of this orchestra, Bill Harkins. He leads them in dinner concerts and dance programs from the studios of KGIR. And they don't scorn old time tunes.

Breneman's Stunt Is a Thriller for Fans

By Gerald Byrne

TWO hundred people were crowded about the lobby Radio in the Alexandria hotel, Los Angeles. The lust of battle was in their eyes.

Through the great mahogany set's speaker came an excited voice: "O-O-O! What a beauty! The champion connects with Tom's chin! Tom reels against the ropes. The champion is after him like a panther. Tom covers his face with his gloves and attempts to protect his body with elbows as he crouches, knees wobbling—— O-O-O! The champion sinks his right to the midriff . . . and Tom . . . is down——"

A newcomer, trying to crowd in, demanded, "Who's fightin'?"

And a bell-hop who was in the know grinned as he answered:

"Aw! That ain't no real fight. It's a guy out at Hollywood pullin' a stunt. But it sounds better'n some of the bouts these bozos stallin' for real dough put up."

And so it was.

The "bout" was being put on by Tom Breneman, who has gained coastwise fame for himself through a Radio skit known over the Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express station as "Tom and His Mule Hercules." The "fight" stunt was one that was ballyhooed just like a real prize fight and interest arose to fever pitch among KNX listeners on the Coast as all the details of training preliminaries were put on the air.

It all began when Tom, Negro hostler in a livery stable, helped out his friend, "The Deacon" (Frank Geiger), who was down on his luck. The Deacon's 200 pounds gave Tom an idea. He began building him up for the "champeenship" of the world. Once a week the story went on the air—the beginning of Tom's cunning plan; the deacon's apparent acquiescence; the hard training in the gym; the deacon's groans as he worked with punching bag, medicine ball and hard-hearted sparring partners; the sarcasm of Miss Sophromie (Martha Boswell) which irked the deacon so he wouldn't quit. Then, as they say in Hollywood, came the night of the great battle!

And as the impatient customers waited; as the champion, contrary to all ring precedent, entered the ring first and sat impatiently awaiting——

No Deacon!

The Deacon had taken a run-out powder!

And here was Tom with a championship fight on his hands—a big house—lots of money in sight—more than a poor cullud boy had ever hope to gather in a lifetime as valet in a livery stable.

What should he do? What would Hugh Wiley's "Wildcat" have done under the circumstances?

Well, that's just exactly what Tom did. He put on the gloves, climbed through the ropes and got more tar knocked out of him than Willard did when Jack Dempsey laced him at Toledo.

And Tom has forsaken the ring forever—a real retirement.

KFRC Is Proud of Variety and Staff

KFRC, the Don Lee Station, San Francisco, is proud of its continued growth, not only in the size of its staff and technical facilities, but also in the increased quality and variety of its programs. KFRC is a unit in the Don Lee chain which includes KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles, and KMJ, the Fresno Bee station in Fresno. All programs originate in the studios of the Don Lee stations.

KFRC's concert orchestra, directed by Frank Moss, numbers eighteen people. All of them are musicians with many years experience who play either classical or jazz—difficult musicians to find. They set up in the new studio "C," a huge room measuring fifty by fifty feet, richly decorated and containing marvelous acoustical properties.

From the great staff of singers has been chosen the KFRC Mixed Ensemble, which includes Juanita Tennyson, soprano; Lucille Atherton Harger, contralto; Harold Dana, baritone; Lloyd Knight, bass; Raymond Marlowe, Frederick Brown, and Harry McKnight, tenors.

The comedian department includes "Pedro," the dumb janitor of Seal Rocks, whose naive Mexican soul is never ruffled. His real name is Eugene Hawes. "Frank Watanabe," the politest Japanese who ever had difficulties with the English language, whose other name is Eddie Holden. "Simpy Fitts," Radio humorist and writer who has a reputation for always popping up with something new and timely. He also has a name for signing checks and log sheets: Monroe R. Upton. Al Pearce, also known as "Dippy" when he teams with "Simpy" is just as much of a clown as he is a singer—he is fifty per cent of the Pearce Brothers, harmony team which makes Columbia records.

* * *

THE best in the modern theatre is being brought to KHJ every Thursday night during the 7 to 8 o'clock hour. The hour is called "Raymond Paige Presents" and in it Mr. Paige, musical director of KHJ, presents stars of the stage and screen in good drama; his own famous orchestra, the Sierra Symphonists, and discoveries in the way of singers and musicians. The following stage personages are among those who have been heard: Nance O'Neill, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Maude Fulton, Henry B. Walthall, Ruth Nenick, Marjorie Rambeaux, Franklyn Pangborn, Edward Everett Horton, Florence Eldridge and others of less fame who handled roles in the weekly dramatic offerings.

* * *

Cecil Underwood spends his working hours announcing at the San Francisco NBC studios, but his hobby is aviation and he is out to become a licensed pilot.



Saturday nights especially, but almost any other time that KFSD is on the air you may hear the voice of this charming contralto, Ruth Merril Bence.



"Old Man River" is more than a theme song for these children who learn much about geography and their little foreign cousins from the educational tours they take with Aunt Betty and the Kiddies Klub at KGO and the NBC.

Buys Law Books But Sets Up as an Actor

SAM HAYES bought an impressive supply of text books and set out to become a lawyer. He enrolled at Stanford University, Palo Alto, California, and remained until he graduated. But he came out an actor rather than a lawyer.



Now he is a member of the National players at the NBC San Francisco studios. Sam doesn't know just how it happened.

He was given roles in col'ege productions and, well, it just was "one of those things." Gordon Davis, director, was impressed by Sam's talent and stage presence. He encouraged Sam, who already was enthusiastic, and the result was an engagement.

Hayes distinguished himself in the Mountain Play association productions in Marin county, interpreting the leading role two years. This year he will be featured again in Peer Gynt, a role in which he has been very successful.

The San Francisco Theatre guild claimed Hayes for "Craig's Wife," the Pulitzer prize play two years ago, and "The Young Idea."

Besides working with the National players, he will appear in Ned Cobb's Daughter, at the Berkeley playhouse, and with the San Francisco players.

Romantic productions and revivals such as "The School for Scandal" are Hayes' favorites. He had a ripping time in his first commercial production, "The Green Goddess."

Down in the Hayes' home there's another interest for the young actor—a very new baby son. Hayes was married only a few years ago and junior is the first child. Mrs. Hayes was Marion Brune of San Francisco.

The new NBC star was born in Cooksville, Indiana, and came to California in 1920. He had his fling in Hollywood. Perhaps that's why he decided to become a lawyer. School looked good after Hollywood and the stage looked good after school.

But Radio? "I don't know exactly why I came to Radio," Hayes wondered aloud. "Perhaps because Herbert Hayes and Bill Ryan like it. Now I know why they do. It's interesting to learn the reactions of a vast audience. There is unlimited opportunity and, best of all, there is so much latitude. There are many, many more productions. In stock or on the road, an actor is cast and, if he is good, he retains his part until the show closes. Playing before the microphone, he has the opportunity to interpret a hundred parts to one on the legitimate stage."

Simply "Smiling Eddie"

ONE of the most popular singers in Southern California is "Smiling Eddie" Marble—"the boy with the green hat"—who sings regularly over KGER, the Long Beach good will station.

Marble's clear tenor voice radiates a beaming personality as well as an exceedingly friendly attitude, which he maintains at all times toward his audience. He is well known throughout the southland, having appeared before many civic organizations and over various Radio stations, among them being KFI, KMTR, KWTC and KMIC.

KGER's "Smiling Eddie" has a large repertoire of light classical selections, ballads and popular numbers, any of which he is always ready to sing whenever an admirer requests.

Assisting Marble is Dorothy Richardson, popular pianist, who is a real coworker and partner in his weekly request hour, the Sunday Night Frolic, of which Eddie is master of ceremonies, and the "Melodies of Bygone Days" theme program of each Wednesday evening presenting quaint, old-fashioned tunes of yesteryear.

* * *

HAL'S GANG are "At Home" to their Radio audience every night except Sunday from 6 until 7:30 over KFOX. This informal program presents Hal Nichols and his "gang" of studio artists in the sort of entertainment, which, according to the thousands of letters received in a recent contest, is preferred by the majority of the listeners-in. Hal Nichols has an inimitable manner of making his audience "see" as well as hear his programs.

KOMO Rehearsals Often Beat Show

REHEARSALS at KOMO are often more interesting to studio visitors than actual broadcasts. One day an unexpected thrill was provided when the members of the Associated Football orchestra laid down their instruments and engaged in a lively scrimmage. Lead by their gallant director, Walter Henningsen, they ran signals all around the studios.

The secret is that the band was called on for a takeoff on a football team in action. For several weeks the boys had been playing a musical football game on their programs over the stations of the Northwest Triangle, KGW, KHQ and KOMO.

The University of Washington alumni wanted to see this football orchestra in action, however, which was an entirely different kind of a horse than telling the story before the mike. The athletic department of the University came to the rescue, however, and when the Homecoming banquet came along the musicians dashed onto the ballroom floor with as much speed as the Thundering Herd from U. S. C. and proceeded to hit the line for great gains of "Break Away," "Piccolo Pete" and "Singin' in the Rain." A good time was had by all.

* * *

Pacific Northwest listeners tuned to an NBC program from San Francisco coming through KOMO had a treat in hearing the voice of an old friend, Art Lindsay, KOMO's former chief announcer. Art is now announcing for the Frisco NBC studios. Other former KOMO artists with the same organization include Doug Richardson, tenor, who is frequently heard with the Musical Musketeers.

* * *

Engineers are hard at work building a new transmitter for KOMO. All this activity followed word from Washington, D. C., that a frequency of 970 kilocycles had been assigned, together with a permit to use 15,000 watts. Of course, all the latest and best will be used in this plant, including an RCA transmitter, the first of its type on the Pacific Coast.



Sweet? We thought so, too. Her name is Edna Bond, and she is a very clever popular singer at KGER. Edna has a voice with personality, which she uses to advantage, playing her own piano accompaniments.

Canadian "Pinch Hit" Act Wins

"Faith and Hope" Fill In when Storm Delays Act; Now They're Constant Sell-out

By Doc Irving



IN FEBRUARY, 1928, on a Tuesday evening, some slippery intersection brought about an accident, in which four Radio artists were so delayed that they could not arrive at the studios of CKCL on time for an 8:30 to 9 o'clock program. This was learned in the neighborhood of 8:20 P. M., and it was the special intention of those in charge that the air would not be dead immediately preceding one of our biggest hours.

Just what was to be done no one knew, and the manager, A. P. Howells, was pacing the floors of every studio, office and reception room in the building, trying to figure out some presentation that would not be detrimental to other programs following. Suddenly one of Toronto's finest young pianists, capable of handling both the modern, popular and heavy classic types of piano work with the greatest of ability, offered his services if Joe Allabough would sing the numbers and handle the announcing.

With a pack of music under arm, the two entered Studio "A" at 8:30 and proceeded to unleash just about anything that came to mind.

Pandemonium reigned, and after singing about thirty songs, discussing politics, the weather and anything uninteresting, said half-hour was brought to a close.

The result of this thirty minute outbreak, crammed full of nothing worth while, and undoubtedly the worst piece of supposed Radio entertainment in history, was over a thousand letters, postcards and telegrams, repeated demands for "more," and a sponsor, operating one of the finest Radio and sporting goods houses in Toronto, known as the Toronto Radio Co., Ltd.

This feature has been known as "Faith and Hope" (the World's Two Worst Radio Entertainers) since the evening the opportunity came, averaging over a thousand letters weekly, and causing the sending out of more than two thousand photographs monthly, which CKCL claims is a record, more or less.

During the ten-month period this nonsensical act has been considered one of Toronto's most attractive programs, there have been no less than 11 large Canadian firms desiring the services of this team, and asking only an opening announcement and closing announcement.

Presented every Wednesday night (the evening being changed from Tuesday shortly after it started back in February) from 10:15 to 11 o'clock, in the studios of CKCL.

* * *

SHORTLY after winning the Fourth Annual International Oratorical contest at Washington, D. C., Roch Pinard went on the air as the guest of the Canadian National railways. Pinard, who is only eighteen years old, was featured during the French-Canadian hour of music by the CNR.

Canadian National Again Leads Pack

By W. E. Thompson

A RAILWAY, as Sir Henry Thornton said in a recent interview, is never finished. To streak across the prairies after the farmer's grain, to bring the farmer to the world and the world to the farmer; to bridge the mountains, to link sea with sea, to pull the wild, potent North down to the populous cities—these have been the tasks of the Canadian National railways. How can they be finished until Canada itself is done? And within itself a railway is ever changing, for here, as in all life, the law is change or die.

"When our president, Sir Henry Thornton, decided to harness this latest and most wonderful invention of modern times to the Canadian National Railways," Mr. W. D. Robb, vice-president in whose department the system's Radio service comes, said in a broadcast address, "he was animated by a single thought—to render still greater service to the public of this country."

The story of Radio and the railway goes back to the time before the Radio and before the National system; it goes back to the days when Radio was wireless telegraphy only and when the Canadian National existed, in nucleus, in the Grand Trunk. It was on October 13th, 1902. Telegraph signals were transmitted from Saint Dominique station, near Coteau, Quebec, to a special Grand Trunk train running from Chicago to Portland carrying members of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents to their forty-seventh annual convention. This unique wireless demonstration was carried out by Dr. Ernest Rutherford, F.R.S.C. (now Sir Ernest Rutherford) and Dr. Howard T. Barnes, F.R.S.C.



This former Toronto boy is director of the Ritz-Carlton dance orchestra in Montreal, heard from CKAC on Tuesdays and Thursdays.



Perhaps the worry of building up and maintaining a comprehensive Radio chain hookup across Canada is the cause of the lack of hair on this gentleman's head. He's E. A. Weir, Director of Radio, CNR.

During the early Summer of 1923 Radio and the railway were actually linked. So successful was the experiment that several trains were equipped with receiving sets and on the last night of 1923, the first Canadian National broadcast took place. The next step was the erection of a station at Ottawa, the erection, by the railway, of the most powerful broadcasting station in the Dominion.

The Canadian National railway has brought about a development this year which should be of the greatest interest to the lovers of music in Canada. Every week the stations at Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Moncton, Quebec and London are linked in a broadcast of the finest programmes. These chain concerts will soon include Chatham.

Soon the chain will reach out even farther. Now the concerts are broadcast simultaneously from the eastern series and Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Yorkton, Edmonton, Calgary and Red Deer as well. Twice a week, Canadian National broadcasts are heard from Moncton to the mountains. When the lines are available, Vancouver will also become part of the network and the chain will stretch from ocean to ocean.

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JAMES RICHARDSON and Sons, operating CJRX, are temporarily using the station on 49 meters with the call letters of VE9CL. A good deal of experimental work is being carried on at this short wave station, and they are anxious to test distant reception. Among the features on these programs is the well-known British artist, Georgie Wood.

Earl Hill and his Royal Alexandra hotel orchestra are still bringing in the mail over CJRW, while a new feature at the same station has attracted widespread interest.

On Thursday evenings the Rev. W. O. Fryer is tracing the progress of China and Japan and dealing with the influence, past and possible future, upon Western civilization. This series of talks has attracted widespread comment.

Cook, Eat Right, Forget Calories

Advice of Mrs. Page at WJR; Says Preparation of Food Can Be as Much Fun as Eating

EATING is one of life's fundamental pleasures. It ought to be fun, instead of a daily intake of so many calories of protein and carbohydrates. Cook right, eat right, and the calories will take care of themselves. This is the principle on which a morning talk for women from WJR, Detroit, is based. Furthermore, listeners to this talk soon learn that cooking can be fun as well as eating. Mrs. Page, practical housewife, who conducts the program, says this,

"We all have more than a thousand meals to get in a year, too much time to waste in something we don't enjoy, too big a sacrifice to make if the rest of the family are the only ones who have any fun out of it! It's fun to think of the things which come to our kitchen from every part of the world, and to know that we are entrusted with forming them into delicious nourishing foods. The difference between cooking that is work and cooking that is pleasure is a state of mind. Get into the right frame of mind. And if you do have one of those unappreciative families, where everything is gobbled down without a word of praise from one year's end to the other, think of this old saying, 'God made the food, the devil the cooks,' and see if you wouldn't rather give the lie to this old proverb than support it."

Because few suggested menus can be made practical for every kind of budget, Mrs. Page confines her morning talks to "Ideas." She spells "Ideas" with a capital, because "Ideas," according to Mrs. Page, are what the distracted housewife craves when three times a day the same old question arises, "What shall we eat?" She gives ideas on inexpensive meals, on inexpensive entertaining, ideas on getting the children to drink all the milk they need; ideas on time-saving meals; ideas on fuel-saving meals, and ideas for old foods in new guises. In short, a continual supply of the kind of ideas women in homes are constantly seeking. "Often tonight's dinner, or the children's lunch for tomorrow, presents such a worrying problem that it just seems impossible to figure it out without getting half an hour by oneself in a quiet corner of the kitchen with a pile of cook books," says Mrs. Page. "It's my ambition to keep such a continuous flow of ideas circulating that nobody will have to wonder and worry too much when it comes time to think 'What are we going to have for dinner?"



Learning the intricacies of what is and what's not at the National Radio Home-Makers Club. Left to right, Adele Holt, instructor; Grace White, Barbara Daly, Helen Lewis, Joan Barrett, Sue Moody and Ruth Underhill.

* * *

PROGRAMS for women are always in demand, and if they offer anything of value and interest, as most of them invariably do, they are universally popular. But just as insistent are the demands for women broadcasters who are equipped and qualified to handle a big program without masculine assistance. And here there is a difference, for such women are rare.

Because of this dearth of good women broadcasters, Ida Bailey Allen, president of the National Radio Home-Makers club, conceived the idea of training specialists in the various subjects to be presented in broadcasting and in Radio technique.

For this work Mrs. Allen enlisted the assistance of Mrs. Adele Holt, well known in theatrical circles for her earlier work in the Shakespearian drama, and in light opera. Mrs. Holt's last dramatic appearance was in "Experience." Since then she has specialized in diction and in Radio broadcasting technique.

This class meets for two hours every day in the Columbia Broadcasting system studios in New York City. Each student is required to practice exercises for flexibility of the tongue, jaw and lips. These are followed by actual work before the microphone. In addition, each member of the class has two singing lessons a week. This training produces amazingly successful results, and proves how unnecessary it is to foist unpleasant voices on the listening public.



Wednesday afternoon rehearsals of the National Radio Home-Makers Club are pleasant occasions, with tea and everything. Here are Ralph Christman, Vivian Holt, Margherita Gentile and Richard Hale waiting for the bell.

Voice of the Listener

THERE are many people who turn their feelings quickly into action when they are pleased or displeased. The first and most common manifestation of this action is by voice. When it is a fine bit of acting on the stage we applaud with our hands. If it is an especially pleasing program on the air we write a letter. And perhaps it is because the Radio listener has learned to write applause letters to the broadcast station that Radio Digest has received so many kind letters from its reader-listeners. These letters have from time to time done more to make this magazine a success than any other one factor. Without real, sincere, well-wishing friends no magazine can hope to survive. It is with the utmost heart-felt gratitude that the publisher and the editor of Radio Digest take this occasion to publicly thank all those who have so kindly encouraged us by their letters—especially those letters that have come since we have resumed monthly publication.

Out of all the letters received only one —which came unsigned—took occasion to be really unkind and perhaps a little unfair. It was not printed for the first reason that it was unsigned, and for the second reason it obviously did not represent even a small part of our readers in its opinion. There were such expressions as "the problem is not how to get the chain programs but how to get anything else but." The fact that Radio Digest has incorporated fiction seems to make him unhappy (assuming that it is a "him"). He overlooks the fact that Radio Digest has more Radio in it than ever before and the fiction is extra, to satisfy the magazine wants of the other members of the family who like fiction.

* * *

"Grandma" Likes Us

Allow me to congratulate you on the October Radio Digest. It certainly is a beauty and arranged so interestingly. Certainly am so proud to be a subscriber.

I am sending in my favorite station for the gold cup contest, and hope they will win the gold cup. Best wishes and success.—"GRANDMA" MRS. WM. H. FAIRBANKS, Hobart, Indiana.

* * *

Look on Page 34

I am a new reader of Radio Digest, having begun to read it with the October issue, and I would like to tell you that I like it very much.

Can you run an interview of Floyd Gibbons, "Headline Hunter"—who tells his very interesting real life adventures over WEAF and associated NBC stations every Monday evening at 10:30. I would also like to see something about Henry Burbig of the Ceco Couriers and about Bradford Browne—"Chief Nit-Wit" and about the Hank Simmons' Show Boat Company—all broadcast over the CBS.

Just one week after I read your story about Norman Brokenshire and his evidently final location as an announcer, his resignation from the CBS was announced. He left to become Radio advertising head of H. W. Kastor and Sons, although he still acts as announcer on some programs.—ALAN E. SMITH, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Announcers Please Note

Now I am a DX hound and I must say I am heartily in favor of more frequent announcements. Haven't I sat through eight numbers to hear "who it is"? Since the wave length change of November 11, I have had a time. Of course, I don't believe in announcing who it is—what the number is—then who played—but I do think at least every fifteen minutes stations should identify themselves. Even on the test programs of the wee small hours of the morning announcements are not often enough. So many play the same few records.

If the announcers could only speak slowly and distinctly it would help. All cannot be Graham MacNamees, but don't bunch the call letters, station and town like breath was too precious to use.

"Bags Big Game With Radio" reminds me of one night last summer. I was listening to a dandy play over my six tube receiver. I did not get the title of the play as it was just started when I tuned in. It was coming in clear and fine. During the lines which run "Madam, I have come to kill your husband" —Madam: "Now don't kill him in here on the rugs, they get so mussy—take him in the bathroom, that is easier to clean," I became aware several persons were gathered outside. A man said, "Say, get this—this will be good—did you ever hear anything so cold blooded?" Another suggested going for the police; no one wanted to miss anything—so they all stayed. The play was finally finished, then the announcer said, "You have been listening to a play by the Faust Players at WDGY," then one man said, "A Radio, by golly; come on, well, I'll be doggoned."

* * *

He's Having Trouble

I have been reading your Radio Digest and I am well pleased with it. Now I wish to ask you a few questions. We have quite a bit of interference at Fort Wayne with programs coming in after 7 p. m. in the evening. Now the way this interference acts, I'm sure there are too many stations too close together on the same wave length. For a time the program will come in fine, then it will faint way out and get mushey, then it will come back full power again. Now this trouble we don't find in the afternoon or on Sunday. That shows that there are not so many stations on. Stations WLW and WLS we find more troublesome now than we did a year ago. I am just mentioning this for you may be working on this line now.

For programs I am sure that the people wish for more songs and music that have a good sound as some of the old songs and melodies and more hymns instead of all dance music. This is only my suggestion.—H. F. Dicke, 1322 Park Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

* * *

Happy to Please

May I suggest that if you want to please your readers you will do so greatly by printing in Radio Digest the speech made by Milton Cross when he received the medal he won in the Diction Contest.

On account of static many listeners could not hear his speech clearly. Not only the youth of today but many older people have received much help and inspiration toward correct speech from Radio announcers, and it would be a nice way of showing appreciation for their efforts if you will give space to this good speech in the best Radio magazine published in the world today.—Ethel Williams Sopher, New Providence, Iowa.

* * *

An Embryo Announcer

Tonight I bought (after a Radio announcement) my first copy of the Radio Digest and it surely fulfills my idea of what a Radio magazine ought to be. I've bought them many times, as I am a Radio F.A.N., but always have been dissappointed, because, as you say, they are all too technical.

Your editorial about John B. Daniel touched me very much, as I loved his "Golden Voice." He was a fine announcer.

I am attending the "Announcers' School," and hope someday to, at least, do something about Radio (if only to scrub the floors in a studio).

I like the pictures especially of Radio Stations, and staff, etc.—Mrs. Charlotte F. Trusty, 129 S. Ritter Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana.

* * *

See November Issue

I have just discovered the Radio Digest and think it is a wonderful magazine. Just the thing for Radio listeners. Have you ever published any articles about or pictures of the popular entertainers, Rudy Vallee and his orchestras? If so, what issues of your magazine contained them and may I procure them from you?—Wilma Lambertus. Route 3, Milford, Iowa.

* * *

Allocation Troubles

The new Radio change may have helped certain sections of the country but it has made matters worse for the Radio listeners here. Before the change we had KYW and WLW, WGN and WMAQ, but now we never get KYW, the station could be off the air for all we know about it. We must depend upon WGN, WLW and WMAQ for our programs and if any of these stations gives up broadcasting any of our favorite programs we are out of luck.

My suggestion to whoever makes up the chain programs would be to have one station broadcast **"all"** of the chain programs. WGN could carry the Red, WLW the Blue and WMAQ the Columbian. Who wants to listen to the local programs? Some of them are not even programs.—Mrs. R. M. Robertson, La Fayette, Indiana.

* * *

Can Anyone Help?

Is there any way to ascertain the stations that broadcast programs in foreign languages and when they do?

My mother-in-law (an old Swedish lady) has learned that WNAX broadcasts Swedish church services from 9:00 to 10:00 a. m. Sunday mornings and she not only listens in herself but she also invites her old friends in to listen to them.

How would it be to publish a schedule of stations broadcasting foreign programs in the Digest?—Wesley Johnson, Des Moines, Iowa.

* * *

Cooperation Appreciated

Please make me a member of the V. O. L. correspondence club. I enjoy reading the Digest and certainly appreciate every picture of the various artists you have published thus far. Having written various stations to have their artists, studios, etc., published in the Digest but have had no reply since, hope you get them. I would like to see pictures of the WLS male artists and announcers as Steve Cisler, Bradley Kincaid, etc., and Campbell K. New of Radio station KTHS, Hot Springs, Ark. Thanking you for the Digest, waiting for the January issue of 1930. —Carl J. Maurer, Wakarusa, Ind.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Poetry Program Wins Short Go

ORIGINALITY and High Standard of Thousands of Suggested Programs Makes Judging Difficult

FROM far and wide, from every corner of the United States and Canada, thousands of letters offering suggestions for a fifteen-minute program have been received in the first Short Go contest sponsored by Radio Digest. The number of letters and the high standard as well as the originality and practicality of the suggestions offered by readers and listeners demonstrate a great degree of intelligent interest and criticism of the offerings of broadcasting stations.

Each entry in the contest was submitted independently to a committee composed of such outstanding men in Radio as Don Bernard, program manager of the Chicago division of the National Broadcasting company, Gene Arnold, program director of Station WENR, and Don Malin, musical director of station WLS.

Winners in the second Short Go contest, which closed on January 1, will be announced in the March issue of Radio Digest. The judges are now at work studying the many entries received.

Suggestions of the leading contestants were so nearly equal in value the judges were some time in arriving at a decision. After due consultation, however, Miss Elsie McCloskey, 237 W. Market St., Marietta, Pa., was awarded first prize; Mrs. Clyde Bradley, 66 Hillside St., Asheville, N. C., was awarded second, and Jos. C. Taksar, 32 Levesque Ave., Hartford, Conn., was third. Especial honorable mention was voted to: Lloyd Elsworth Hopkins, 1232 A Hodiamont Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Gertrude Otto, Edinburgh, Indiana; Ronald Preston, R. F. D. 2, Marshall, Michigan; and Glenn O'Connor, 9449 Brush St., Detroit, Michigan.

Miss McCloskey's $25 prize-winning letter follows:

"May I suggest 15 minutes of poetry? This is something that you hear very little of over the Radio and I think it is something that we should all hear and know more about. Not only the poems of the older and better-known poets, such as Longfellow, Riley, Burns and others, but the poems of our more modern writers should be used. I really don't know many of our modern poets myself, and should like to know and learn more of them. There are poems to fit almost every mood—humorous ones, cheery ones, poems to banish sadness and those that help us to live day by day. Such a program would be not only entertaining, but helpful and educational as well."

ONE of the judges, Gene Arnold, says of this letter: "It proposes a program of diversified readings featuring modern poets. With a musical background, it would have great appeal, and as a sustaining program, could be extended indefinitely. The response, both in letters of appreciation and in contributions by the listeners, would be enormous."

The $15 second prize suggestion, submitted by Mrs. Clyde Bradley:

"As a suggestion for a fifteen-minute program, why not give the public fifteen minutes of real life, as various people experience it. Take the telephone office and visit and listen in there, then a department store, a Radio shop, a factory, a hospital, a lawyer's office, almost anywhere. Go behind the scenes and broadcast what is found there in everyday life."

Of this suggestion Don Malin writes: "The idea is not fully outlined in the letter, and is capable of being developed considerably further. However, I like the idea of broadcasts taken from real life, for I believe the inside of the telephone office, or a department store, offers an opportunity for a colorful, out-of-the-ordinary broadcast."

Mr. Taksar wins the third prize of $10 with this suggestion:

"For a fifteen-minute program I would suggest dramatizations of news happenings. They should be of a humorous, odd or light nature. The Radio audience could be asked to send in clippings of this sort."

"This has the germ of an excellent idea," says Mr. Bernard. "Dramatization of current news events should make a great show, and should be very popular with the audience."

IT WOULD be impossible to print every letter received in this contest, or even every suggestion awarded honorable mention by the judges, of which there are 100. The first three given especial honorable mention, are printed in order, without comment, and also a summary of a few of the other letters, also without comment, and not in the order of value.

"Every large city has its zoo, which is visited by thousands each week. Why not a fifteen-minute program of 'Animals in the Zoo'? This would be both interesting and educational."—Lloyd Elsworth Hopkins, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

"Why not have a spelling match over the air? Have the station give out the words to be spelled, pronouncing them twice. The competitors should have pencil and paper, and write out the words, the correct spelling and instructions for grading being given at the end of the program."—Gertrude Otto, Edinburgh, Indiana.

* * *

"For a Saturday evening, discuss the Sunday School lesson and read the part it covers from the Bible. For week-day evenings, read some of the old, old stories and songs which used to be told and sung a hundred years ago or more." —Ronald Preston, Marshall, Michigan.

* * *

"Let the personnel of the station put on a fifteen-minute playette depicting the intimate back stage scenes that occur during the arranging of a program. Let this be as authentic as possible, with a little 'dressing up'."—Glenn O'Connor, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

"Why not put 'Old Man McGuffy' and the 'Old Oaken Bucket' and the old 'Readin' and Writin' School' on the air?" —Mrs. Lucy Bayless, Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

"Why couldn't some station undertake a series of 'Spoopendyke'? I suppose he went out of date with leg o' mutton sleeves, but he was good. Any other good humorous programs are always welcome."—Alice M. Morris, Bismarck, N. D.

* * *

"Get a group of young children, from one to six years of age, and have them give little playlets and programs. Children have a universal appeal."—Kathern Pollock, (age 12 years), Burnaby, B. C., Canada.

* * *

"Suggestion for a Christmas program. A happy family is gathered in the living room. As they chatter and sing a band of carollers is heard approaching, follows a group of carols, and the village clock chimes midnight, the program closing with 'God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen'."—Alice J. Griggs, Sherbrooke, Quebec.

* * *

"A good novelty male quartet is fine entertainment because of the variety they can offer. Words play a small part in a good quartet when they can imitate steamboats, train whistles, and do other harmony tricks. An unusual yodeler also puts life and interest in a selection." —Ned Pilley, Sheridan, Wyoming.

* * *

"'Ask Me Another' stunt would make a good program, asking the questions in the first few minutes of the Short Go, answering them at the close."—A. M. Schaub, Eufaula, Alabama.

* * *

"Ask the audience to name the composition from which the classical number just played was stolen. This is adaptable to Radio parties in outlying sections, where little prizes can be awarded, etc. The answers could be given later in the evening, or the next day."—J. D. Bader, Hachita, N. M.

* * *

"College pranks should go over big. Typical stunts as the average person thinks of college, burlesqued, of course." —Mrs. E. M. Hoefler, Geneva, N. Y.

* * *

"Give a little talk about the doings of the stars outside of the studio, their hobbies, habits, etc."—Mrs. J. C. Garner, Waco, Texas.

* * *

"News of general interest, with a very brief biography of one or two of the outstanding men in the day's news, and leaders in national and world affairs."— Helen C. Mahmoney, Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

"An entirely Indian program, high spots of first settlers, life of the aborigines, etc. This could be worked in with a musical program."—S. M. Shields, Topeka, Kansas.

* * *

"Lives of our greatest men. Biographies, running perhaps a week to a man, of such men as Edison, Burbank, etc."— Arthur B. Phillips, Washington, Indiana.

* * *

"A program of helps and hints on making a few extra dollars would be greatly appreciated by the vast number of women who are trying to struggle along on $18 to $25 a week."—Mrs. Mary Goggins, Lincoln, Nebr.

Night Club Romance

(Continued from page 29)

RITA: Another man afraid of his soul! It must be contagious. Well, I'll put on the fancy clothes and see you in a few.

BUDDY: A few what?

RITA: What do you care—you're here for the evening anyway. See you later!

BUDDY: Gee, you know, Mr. Remington, I'd rather do almost anything than come back here.

JINX: Why?

BUDDY: I don't know. I get the willies, some way.

JINX: Maybe—there's a **reason** why you don't like it here any more.

BUDDY: You mean—you think—

JINX: I didn't say I thought anything. That's the business of the police. Whoever they get, it will be on circumstantial evidence, anyway. You stand as good a chance as I do—as anybody does.

BUDDY: Well, I'll go and dress for my dance. I hope the orchestra doesn't do as bad a job of the number as they did the night of—**that** night!

JINX: They will. I've got to go, too. I've got to see what Hank's plans are. Better be on hand pretty soon—he may want you.

BUDDY: I'm afraid so.

HANK: Now, Jinx, if everybody's ready we'll start the proceedings. I want everyone to do exactly the things they were doing the night that Fulton was killed, do you see?

JINX: Sure, I see.

HANK: All right, you can tell all your performers that. The people in the audience I'm not interested in—much. We'll start with the beginning of the show. Let's see, what was your first number?

JINX: Rita Pickett—the girl you brought back with you—opened the show with a song. Then the quartet sang—and then Stearns and Kinsey did their dance specialty.

HANK: And it was during that dance specialty, if I remember correctly, that Fulton was shot.

JINX: That's right.

HANK: O. K. You go and tell all your performers what to do—and I'll make my arrangements. When I'm ready, I'll tell you, and we'll start the show.

JINX: All right, Hank. I'll tell 'em now.

JEANNE: Buddy!

BUDDY: Hello, Jeanne.

JEANNE: Buddy, they brought you back—for this?

JEANNE: Oh!

BUDDY: What's the matter, Jeanne? Don't worry. Everything'll come out all right.

JEANNE: Oh, but Buddy—it took **this** to bring you back!

BUDDY: Listen, Jeanne, I wanted to come back. You know that. I didn't dare—that's all.

JEANNE: Didn't dare?

BUDDY: No.

JEANNE: Then—you do know something about—about that night?

BUDDY: I know that you and I had a fight that night, Jeanne. I know that I've been struggling along to try and keep my head ever since.

JEANNE: But you didn't have enough thought for my feelings to tell me where you were, or what you were doing.

BUDDY: I didn't think you'd want me to, Jeanne I somehow felt that you never wanted to see me again—after that night.

JEANNE: Oh, Buddy!

BUDDY: Nothing seems right without you, Jeanne. I opened this week on big time, but it didn't mean anything without you there.

JEANNE: I've been here all the time, Buddy—waiting for you to come back.

BUDDY: Well—I'm here now, dear. Am I—too late?

JEANNE: I don't know, Buddy. I'll tell you when—when tonight's over.

BUDDY: Why, what do you mean, dear?

JEANNE: I mean that—a great many things may happen that will surprise us. That's all.

BUDDY: But you'll give me your answer before I go?

JEANNE: Yes.

BUDDY: And we do the same dance again tonight—the one that we used to do here.

JEANNE: Yes.

BUDDY: Oh, Jeanne, don't you know that I love you?

JEANNE: I think you do, Buddy.

BUDDY: I won't ask you if you love me—yet. But will you promise me that—whatever happens here tonight—you'll give me the chance to tell you that again?

JEANNE: Yes, Buddy, I promise. Now let's go over and see what's on the program.

PETE: Chief!

HANK: Well—what is it, Pete?

PETE: I've got him!

HANK: Yeah? How does he look?

PETE: Swell, chief. Gosh—I didn't know he could look so good.

HANK: Where is he?

PETE: I put him out there in the ante-room, and locked the door. Is that O.K.?

HANK: That's fine, Pete.

PETE: When will you want to use him?

HANK: We'll keep him for a last resort. If everything else fails, I'll fall back on him. If you see that we need him, bring him in. You know what to do with him.

PETE: Yeah — that part's all set, chief. Well—I'll be handy by if you want to see me.

HANK: All right, boy.

PETE: So long, Bailey.

HANK: So long, Pete.

HANK: All right, Jinx—your show all set?

JINX: Yeah — everything all set, Hank. I'm kind of nervous about this thing, though. I've got a lot of good customers in here tonight, and I hate to lose them by frightening them to death.

HANK: Don't worry about that. I'll take care of things. Now remember—don't leave out a single detail of what happened the night of the murder. If you see anything going wrong—stop and we'll start again. It must be just the same way.

JINX: I understand.

HANK: All right. Tell them to start off with Rita Pickett's number. Oh Miss Pickett! We're starting the show. Get ready, and do exactly as you did the last night you were here.

RITA: O.K. Only—I broke on one of my high notes that night, because I had a cold. Do I have to do that again? It may ruin me with my public if it happens twice, you know.

HANK: No—you won't have to do that again. There — they're ready for you. Go ahead!

LEE SONG IN FULL WITH ORCHESTRA.

PETE: Nothing wrong there, chief.

HANK: No—that's all O.K.

PETE: You know—maybe they're not doing the same things that they were on the other night, chief.

HANK: I've got a hunch they're following things pretty closely, Pete. They would, you know, until they get to the point where it happened. Then everybody will act self conscious. Some of 'em will do the right things—and some of 'em will do the wrong things—and they won't match. That's where I come in.

PETE: Bailey—did you find out much about this wise-cracking Rita Pickett?

HANK: Sure, I found out about her —why?

PETE: Did she know Roy Fulton?

HANK: Yes — she knew him fairly well, I guess. Why?

PETE: Did you know that she and little Jeanne Kinsey had a fight on the night of the murder—over a man?

HANK: No—I didn't, Pete. That's a fast one. Where did you get that?

PETE: I just overheard a conversation. They're not speaking yet.

HANK: Um-hum. Thanks, Pete—that may help, you never can tell. Well—there goes the quartet to do its bit. Let's get this and see what happens.

PETE: O.K. Chief.

QUARTET: SINGS NUMBER WITH PIANO.

HANK: All right. Miss Kinsey. Ready for your dance?

JEANNE: Yes.

HANK: Good. Tell me first, though—did you know Roy Fulton?

JEANNE: (PAUSE) Yes.

HANK: Oh—is that so? Then why did you say after the murder that you **didn't** know him?

JEANNE: Did I say that?

HANK: You did!

JEANNE: I—I—listen—Buddy didn't—I don't know anything.

HANK: If you're trying to tell me that Buddy didn't do it—I think you're right. But that doesn't help me any. Is it true that you had a fight over a man on the night of the killing?

JEANNE: Why—yes.

HANK: And that fight was with Rita Pickett?

JEANNE: Oh—yes. Why are you asking me all these things?

HANK: Because you forgot to mention them at the inquest. That's all—go ahead and do your dance routine with Buddy. How did you work it?

JEANNE: Well—I'd go out and do a chorus first—and then the lights would go out and while it was dark, Buddy would come out and join me on the floor.

HANK: I see. Well—let it go, and we'll try it. I'll pull the lights myself. Go ahead—there's the orchestra.

HANK: Wait a minute there, Miss Pickett. What are you doing over on this side?

RITA: Well—you said you wanted everybody to go where they were when the murder took place. I was over here trying to get acquainted with a big butter and egg man. I can't do the job properly, because he's not here tonight. But I'll look for another, and—

HANK: All right—all right. Find a seat near where you were and sit down. I want to talk to you later on. Say! Stop that music, Jinx, will you?

RITA: Well — the murderer didn't come out and give himself up, did he?

HANK: Beat it, will you?

PETE: Say—chief—how about it?

HANK: Nothing happened, Pete. So—bring him in this time, and see what happens.

PETE: O.K. chief. Say—are you following up that hunch I told you about?

HANK: Yeah — now hurry along. And bring him in at just the right moment—you know when.

PETE: Sure.

JINX: Well, Hank—how's it working. Got any clues yet?

HANK: No—not yet, Jinx. But I'm going to do that part over again. Something was wrong with that.

(Continued on page 118)

Chain Calendar Features



Internationally known as a composer and the conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic, Eugene Goossens has been heard as a guest artist in the Baldwin hour through the NBC Sundays at 7:30 (EST).

Sunday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 a.m.	8	7	6

The Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
454.3	660	WEAF			

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30

Metropolitan Echoes.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

221.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

1	12	11	10

National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	WWJ
299.8	1000	WHO	454.3	660	WEAF

2	1	12 n.	11

Troika Bells.

265.3	1130	KSL	344.6	870	WLS
299.8	1000	WHO	454.3	660	WEAF
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

2	1	12 n.	11

Roxy Symphony Concert.

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
299.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WFAA
305.9	980	KDKA			

12:30	11:30	2:30	1:30

Milady's Musicians.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

265.3	1130	KSL	344.6	870	WLS
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

3	2	1	12 n.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
Key Station—Chicago Studios.

205.4	1460	KSTP	483.6	620	WTMJ
234.2	1280	WEBC	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
309.8	750	WJR	545.1	550	KSD
416.4	720	WGN			

Symphonic Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	234.2	1280	WDOD
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	KOYL	394.5	760	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	486.9	616	WAIU
243.1	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	536	570	WWNC
258.5	1160	WOWO	535.4	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

4	3	2	1

National Light Opera.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	389.4	770	KFAB
222.1	1350	KWK	394.5	760	WJZ
234.2	1280	WEBC	463.6	620	WTMJ
282.8	1060	WBAL			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4	3	2	1

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	394.5	760	KVI
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	508.2	590	WFAA

5 p.m.	4	3	2

McKesson News Reel of the Air.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	KFJF	267.7	1120	WISN
208.2	440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.6	950	KMBC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	WHP
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
239.9	1250	WDSU	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC

6:30	5:30	4:30	3:30

Whittall Anglo-Persians.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	KFO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.5	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

Old Company's Songalogue.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

7:30	6:30	5:30	4:30
7	6	5	4

Heroes of the World.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WJAS	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	KOC	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WOD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX			

7:30	6:30	5:30	4:30

Major Bowes' Family.

206.8	1450	WFJC	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	545.1	550	KSD
315.6	950	WRC	325.9	920	WWJ
333.1	900	WKY	225.4	1330	WSAI
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WOD
365.6	820	WHAS	280.2	1070	WTAM
379.5	790	WGY	288.3	1040	KTHS
384.4	780	WMC			

7:30	6	5	4

At the Baldwin.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990,	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ

8	7	6	5

Enna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
221.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.1	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1020	KFAA	535.4	560	WIOD
293.9	1020	KYW			

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WFBM	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	680	KFO
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Sonatron Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	KOIL	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	309.1	970	KJR
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
232.6	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	389.4	770	WBBM
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	535.4	560	KLZ

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WLS			

9	8	7	6

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.8	740	WSB
265.6	820	WHAS	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WFAA	545.1	550	WGR

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KGA	309.1	970	KJR
215.7	1390	WHK	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KTSA	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WEAN
236.1	1270	WDSU	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	410.7	730	CKAC
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	KMTR
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			



Lee Morse of the deep, deep voice is heard on the Majestic Theatre of the Air program, CBS, Sunday evenings at 9 (EST).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15

Atwater Kent Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
245.6	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KPRC
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
265.3	1130	KSL	325.9	920	KOMO
280.2	1070	WTAM	333.1	900	WKY
288.3	1040	WFAA	361.2	830	KOA
299.8	1000	WHO	374.8	800	WSAI
10:30		9:30	8:30		7:30

Arabesque.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	KCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
10:15		9:15	8:15		7:15

Studebaker Champions.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	416.4	720	WGN
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	KPO
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WEI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			
10		9	8		7

Royal's Poet of the Organ, Jesse Crawford.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WNS
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WBK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	319	940	KDN
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	399.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	KPRC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	500	WKRC
10:45		9:45	8:45		7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
245.6	1220	WCAE	333.1	900	WJAX
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
11		10	9		8

Longines Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WJZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:45		10:45	9:45		8:45

Armchair Quartet.

Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA			

Monday

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen,

(National Radio Home Makers Club.)

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	KCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	389.4	770	WBBM
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC



Rosa Raisa, prima donna of the Chicago Civic Opera, had the title role in Aida, presented by the NBC on Monday evening at 11 o'clock (EST).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WSAI			
1 p.m.		12 n.	11 a.m.		10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KPRC
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260.7	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
2		1 p.m.	12		11 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WBBM	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

See "10:30 C. S. T." Listing

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	434.8	690	CKGW
305.9	980	KDKA			
7:30		6.30	5:30		4:30

Roxy and His Gang.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	309.1	970	WCFL
227.1	1320	WSMB	315.6	960	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.9	990	WBZA	461.3	650	WSM
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
8		7	6		5

The Voice of Firestone.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	KVOO	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	WAPI	483.6	620	WTMJ
270.1	1110	WRVA	491.5	610	WDAF
277.6	1080	WBT	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
283.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WFAA
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX			
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.

Alternate Weeks

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	389.4	770	KFAB
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ	365.6	820	WHAS
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8	750	WJR
305.9	980	KDKA			
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

Ceco Couriers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	KCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

A and P Gypsies.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			
9 a.m.		8	7		6

Edison Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.1	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ



Freddie Rich has probably directed more orchestras during the past year than any other leader. He's heard in the Voice of Columbia on Mondays at 10:30 P. M. (EST).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 p.m.	8	7	6

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
226.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	422.3	710	WOR
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WCAU	554.1	550	WKRC
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30

General Motors Family.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
333.1	900	WJAX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	KPO
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOC
331.7	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			
8:30		7:30	6:30		

Chesebrough Real Folks.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30

"An Evening in Paris."

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	312.5	960	CFRB
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC
10		9	8		7

Burns Panatela Country Club.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
10:30		9:30	8:30		7:30

Empire Builders.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
249.9	1200	KPRC	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	428.3	700	WLW
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ



One of America's best known singers, Morton Downey, has appeared as a guest artist with the C. A. Earle orchestra, heard over the NBC Tuesday nights at 10:30.

Eastern 11 p.m.	Central 10	Mountain 9	Pacific 8

Voice of Columbia.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	394.5	760	KVI
234.2	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studio.

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2	740	WSB
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	WPTF
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	526	570	WIBO
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

10	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
233.1	900	WJAX	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

Eastern 12 noon	Central 11 a.m.	Mountain	Pacific 10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
333.1	900	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WTJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WTFF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

The American School of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

4 p.m.	3	2	1

Columbia Symphony.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WRRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFFY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	389.4	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

7:00	6	5	4

"Roads of the Sky."

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	516.9	580	WTAG
282.8	1060	WTIC	535.4	560	WIOD
299.8	1000	WHO	535.4	560	WFI
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

See "10:30 C. S. T." Listing

260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	315.6	950	WRC
302.8	990	WBZA	434.8	690	CKGW
305.9	980	KDKA			

8:00	7	6	5

Pure Oil Band.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WTJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

True Romances.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL
204	1470	WKBW	238	1260	WLBW
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.2	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	468.5	640	WAIU
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
333.1	900	WFBL	499.7	600	WCAO

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Pro-phy-lac-tic Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WFI
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR
375.9	790	WGY	545.1	550	KSD

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

"Around the World With Libby."

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WTJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	680	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
361.2	830	KOA			

9	8	7	6

Eveready Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

9	8	7	6

Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	238	1260	KOIL
204	1470	KFJF	241.8	1240	WGHP
204	1470	WKBW	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	KGA	243.8	1230	WNAC
215.7	1390	WHK	243.8	1230	WTAG
215.7	1390	KLRA	254.1	1180	KEX
223.7	1340	WSPD	256.3	1170	WCAU
227.1	1320	WADC	258.5	1160	WOWO
230.6	1300	KFH	267.7	1120	WISN
232.4	1290	KTSA	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	KDYL	288.3	1040	WDBJ
232.4	1290	WJAS	309.1	970	KTR
234.2	1280	WDOD	315.6	950	KMBC
236.1	1270	WBSO	322.4	930	WDBJ
238	1260	WLBW	322.4	930	WBRC

Eastern 9 p.m.	Central 8	Mountain 7	Pacific 6

Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
333.1	900	WFBL	475.9	630	WMAL
348.6	860	WABC	499.7	600	WREC
370.2	810	WCCO	499.7	600	WCAO
384.4	780	WEAN	526	570	KMTR
384.4	780	WTAR	526	570	WWNC
389.4	770	WBBM	535.4	560	KLZ

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Dutch Masters Minstrel.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMI
302.8	990	WBZ			

10	9	8	7

Clicquot Club Eskimos.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	468.5	640	KFI
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	WWJ	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
333.1	900	WTAX	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	KFI
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WSAI			

10	9	8	7

Fada Orchestra.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	KFJF	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	KTSA	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Royal's Poet of the Organ—Jesse Crawford.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Night Club Romances.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KFJF	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	KLRA	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
234.2	1280	WDOD	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
384.4	780	WEAN	258.5	1160	WOWO



From the legitimate stage, Evelyn De LaTour now is a regular member of the "Show Folks" company over CBS Tuesday evenings at six o'clock.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	361.2	830	KOA
228.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
248.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1111	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
297.8	1010	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WJR
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

11	10	9	8

Around the Samovar.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WJAC	399.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station Chicago Studio

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WEAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KOA	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			

Wednesday

10 a.m.	9	8	7

National Home Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

10	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	WOWO
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
239.9	1250	WRHM	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
245.6	1220	WCAD	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			



This internationally famous actor, Pedro de Cordoba, is the "Voice of Intervals" in the Westinghouse Salute, which is heard over the NBC Wednesdays at 7:30 (EST).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WJR
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Columbia Noon Day Club.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ

1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	KY
333.1	900	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WFTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

2	1	12 n.	11 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

7	6	5	4

See "10:30 CST" Listing

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	434.8	690	CKGW
305.9	980	KDKA			

7:30	6:30	5:30	4:30

Westinghouse Salute.

202.1	1480	WCKY	263	1140	KVOO
205.4	1460	KSTP	265.3	1130	KSL
222.1	1350	KWK	270.1	1110	WRVA
227.1	1320	WSMB	277.6	1080	WBT
234.2	1280	WEBC	263.9	1020	KYW
333.1	900	WJAX	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
252	1190	WOAI	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	325.9	920	WOMO
325.9	920	KPRC	399.8	750	WJR
333.1	900	WKY	405.2	740	WSB
361.2	830	KOA	440.9	680	WFTF
365.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
374.8	800	WFAA	468.5	640	KFI
379.5	790	WGY	483.6	620	KGW
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	KHQ
389.4	770	KFAB	535.4	560	WIOD
394.5	760	WJZ			

8	7	6	5

The Yeast Foamers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ

8	7	6	5

Erno Rapee's Mobiloil Concert.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WKY
228.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
248.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
252.0	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WJR
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

7	6	5

Grand Opera Concert.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WJAC	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	491.5	610	WFAN
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WCAO
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550	WKRC



The newest photo of Olive Palmer, star of the Palmolive Hour, NBC feature Wednesday nights at 9:30.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Happy Wonder Bakers.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	344.6	870	WLS
206.8	1450	WFIC	374.8	800	WFAA
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR			

Sylvania Foresters.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Forty Fathom Trawlers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	272.6	1100	WMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

9	8	7	6

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers—Alternate Weeks.

245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
374.8	800	WFAA	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Halsey, Stuart Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252.0	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263.0	1140	KVOO	434.8	690	CKGW
265.3	1130	KSL			KYW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Palmolive Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
333.1	900	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
240.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR



Vincent Lopez himself, as conductor of the Thursday night (7:30) Kylectroneers, National Broadcasting company program.

Thursday

Eastern 8:30 a.m. — Central 7:30 — Mountain 6:30 — Pacific 5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2	740	WSB
248.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	526.0	570	WIBO
333.1	900	KYW	535.4	560	WEI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

10:00 — 9:00 — 8:00 — 7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.
Key Station (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

Busy Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	WLBW
201.2	1490	WLAC	238	1260	KOIL
204.0	1470	WKBW	245.6	1220	WCAO
209.7	1430	WHP	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	KLRA	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6	950	KMBC
		WBBM	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	526	570	WWNC

11:30 — 10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WAIU
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

11:45 — 10:45 — 9:45 — 8:45

Columbia Noon Day Club. Tropical Tramps.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

204	1470	KBW	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	535.4	560	KLZ

1 p.m. — 12 n. — 11 a.m. — 10 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
333.1	900	WMAQ	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

2 — 1 — 12 n. — 11 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	267.1	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	394.5	760	KVI
333.1	900	WFBL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC

The American School of the Air.

2:30 p.m. — 1:30 — 12:30 — 11:30 a.m.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m—860kc)

5:00 — 4:00 — 3:00 — 2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.

206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
248.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7 — 6 — 5 — 4

See "10:30 CST" Listing

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZA	315.6	950	WRC
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR

8 — 7 — 6 — 5

Fleischmann Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.3	1040	WFIS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

Eastern 8 — Central 7 — Mountain 6 — Pacific 5

Lehn & Fink Serenade.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
249.9	1200	KPRC	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

8:30 — 7:30 — 6:30 — 5:30

Champion Sparkers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	344.6	870	WLS
260.7	1150	WHAM	360.4	770	KFAB
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW

9 — 8 — 7 — 6

True Detective Mysteries.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

Selberling Singers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	454.3	660	WEAF
225.4	1330	WSAI	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	KHQ

9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30 — 6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD

Around The Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	399.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	500	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10 — 9 — 8 — 7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			



Coming to the United States only a few months ago from Italy, Nino Martini appears as the principal in the Grand Opera company concert of Columbia Wednesday night at eight o'clock.

Eastern 10:00 p.m.		Central 9:00		Mountain 8:00		Pacific 7:00
Victor Program.						
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	KJAR	
266.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA	
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS	
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP	
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY	
333.1	900	WJAX	379.5	790	KGO	
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC	
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB	
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WFIF	
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF	
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM	
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW	
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ	
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF	
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI	
292.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW	
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ	
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG	
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI	
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WIOD	
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD	
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR	
11:00		10:00	9:00		8:00	
Longine's Correct Time.						
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)						
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA	
260.7	1150	WHAM	303.9	980	KDKA	
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR	
302.8	990	WBZ	526.0	570	WHO	
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30	
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.						
Key Station—Chicago Studios						
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY	
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA	
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA	
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO	
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	
265.2	1130	KSL	483.6	620	KGW	
263.9	1030	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ	
299.8	1000	KECA	491.5	610	WDAF	
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ	
325.5	920	KPIC				

Friday

10 a.m. Eastern		9 Central		8 Mountain		7 Pacific
Ida Bailey Allen, National Home Makers' Club.						
Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120) WABC (348.6-860)						
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX	
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC	
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL	
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK	
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM	
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL	
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN	
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC	
256.3	1170	WCAU	243.8	1230	WNAC	
258.5	1160	WOWO				
10:30		9:30		8:30		7:30
National Home Hour.						
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)						
245.6	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	WWJ	
379.5	790	WGY	336.9	890	WJAR	
280.2	1070	WTAM	374.8	800	WSAI	
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF	
299.6	1000	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI	
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG	
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI	
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR	
11		10	9		8	
Salon Singers.						
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)						
206.8	1450	WFJC	282.8	1060	WBAL	
222.1	1350	KWK	288.3	1040	KTHS	
227.1	1320	WSMB	293.9	1020	KYW	
234.2	1280	WEBC	299.8	1000	WHO	
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZ	
252	1190	WOAI	302.8	990	WBZA	
263	1140	WAPI	305.9	980	KDKA	
270.1	1110	WRVA	315.6	950	WRC	



After making a successful Radio debut back in 1926 Bobbie Perkins has been kept busy filling theatrical engagements. She was induced to appear, however, in the Brown-Bilt Footlites program, which is heard over the Columbia system Fridays at 8 P. M. (EST).

Eastern 11 a.m.	Central 10	Mountain 9	Pacific 8
Salon Singers.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters Kc	Call	Meters Kc	Call
319 940	WCSH	399.8 750	WJR
333.1 900	WKY	440.9 680	WFTF
336.9 890	WJAR	454.3 650	WEAF
361.2 830	KOA	508.2 590	WEEI
365.6 820	WHAS	516.9 580	WTAG
379.5 790	WGY	535.4 560	WIOD
394.5 760	WJZ	545.1 550	KSD
12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.	9 a.m.
Evening Stars.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
205.4 1460	KSTP	333.1 900	WKY
333.1 900	WJAX	361.2 830	KOA
245.8 1220	WCAE	374.8 800	WBAP
263 1140	WAPI	379.5 790	WGY
265.3 1130	KSL	454.3 660	WEAF
270.1 1110	WRVA	461.3 650	WSM
277.6 1080	WBT	483.6 620	WTMJ
280.2 1070	WTAM	491.5 610	WDAF
299.8 1000	WHO	508.2 590	WOW
315.6 950	WRC	516.9 580	WTAG
319 940	WCSH	535.4 560	WLIT
325.9 920	KPRC	545.1 550	KSD
325.9 920	WWJ		
1 p.m.	12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.
National Farm and Home Hour.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4 1460	KSTP	315.6 950	WRC
222.1 1350	KWK	325.9 920	KPRC
234.2 1280	WEBC	333.1 900	WKY
238 1260	WJAX	361.2 830	KOA
245.8 1220	WREN	365.6 820	WHAS
252 1190	WOAI	374.8 800	WFAA
260.7 1150	WHAM	384.4 780	WMC
263 1140	KVOO	394.5 760	WJZ
270.1 1110	WRVA	399.8 750	WJR
277.6 1080	WBT	428.3 700	WLW
282.8 1060	WBAL	440.9 680	WFTF
293.9 1020	KYW	461.3 650	WSM
299.8 1000	WHO	483.6 620	WTMJ
302.8 990	WBZ	491.5 610	WAF
302.8 990	WBZA	508.2 590	WOW
305.9 980	KDKA	535.4 560	WIOD
2 p. m.	1 p. m.	12	11 a. m.
Patterns in Prints.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
204 1470	WKBW	267.7 1120	WISN
215.7 1390	WHK	333.1 900	KMBC
223.7 1340	WSPD	384.4 780	WEAN
227.1 1320	WADC	389.4 770	WBBM
232.4 1290	WJAS	394.5 760	WMAQ
238 1260	KOIL	475.9 630	WMAL
243.8 1230	WFBM	535.4 560	KLZ
256.3 1170	WCAU	545.1 550	WKRC
7	6	5	4
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
260.7 1150	WHAM	305.9 980	KDKA
302.8 990	WBZ	315.6 950	WRC
302.8 990	WBZA	399.8 750	WJR
8	7	6	5
Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
205.4 1460	KSTP	374.8 800	WFAA
225.4 1330	WSAI	379.5 790	KGO
245.8 1220	CAE	454.3 660	WEAF
280.2 1070	WTAM	483.6 620	WTMJ
282.8 1060	WTIC	483.6 620	KGW
292.9 1020	KYW	491.5 610	WDAF
299.8 1000	WOC	508.2 590	KHQ
315.6 950	WRC	508.2 590	WOW
325.9 920	KOMO	508.2 590	WEEI
325.9 920	WWJ	535.4 560	WLIT
333.1 900	WKY	545.1 550	WGR
336.9 890	WJAR	545.1 550	KSD
361.2 830	KOA		
Brown-Bilt Footlights.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)			
201.2 1490	WLAC	275.1 1090	KMOX
204 1470	KFIF	288.3 1040	KRLD
208.2 1440	WHEC	315.6 950	KMBC
209.7 1430	WHP	319 940	KOIN
215.7 1390	WHK	322.4 930	WDBJ
223.7 1340	KFPY	322.4 930	WBRC
227.1 1320	WADC	333.1 900	WFBL
230.6 1300	KFH	333.1 900	KFJ
232.4 1290	KDYL	333.1 900	WMAK
232.4 1290	WJAS	370.2 810	WCCO
234.2 1280	WDOD	384.4 780	WEAN
238 1260	WLBW	384.4 780	WTAR
238 1260	KOIL	394.5 760	KVI
239.9 1250	WDSU	468.5 640	WAIU
241.8 1240	WGHP	475.9 630	WMAL
243.8 1230	WNAC	491.5 610	KFRC
244.8 1230	WFBM	499.7 600	WREC
245.6 1220	WCAO	526 570	WWNC
256.3 1170	WCAU	535.4 560	KLZ
258.5 1160	WOWO	545.1 550	WKRC
9	8	7	6
Interwoven Pair.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
222.1 1350	KWK	325.9 920	KOMO
227.1 1320	WSMB	333.1 900	WKY
333.1 900	WJAX	361.2 830	KOA
245.8 1220	WREN	365.6 820	WHAS
252 1190	WOAI	374.8 800	WFAA
260.7 1150	WHAM	379.5 790	KGO
263 1140	WAPI	384.4 780	WMC
265.3 1130	KSL	394.5 760	WJZ
270.1 1110	WRVA	405.2 740	WSB
277.6 1080	WBT	428.3 700	WLW
292.8 1060	WBAL	440.9 680	KFI
288.3 1040	KTHS	461.3 650	WSM
293.9 1020	KYW	468.5 640	KFI
302.8 990	WBZ	483.6 620	WTMJ
302.8 990	WBZA	483.6 620	WTMJ
305.9 980	KDKA	483.6 620	KGW
325.9 920	KPRC	508.2 590	KHQ
9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00
Harbor Lights.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
225.4 1330	WSAI	336.9 890	WJAR
245.8 1220	WCAE	508.2 590	WEEI
282.8 1060	WTIC	508.2 590	WOW
299.8 1000	WOC	545.1 550	WGR
315.6 950	WRC	545.1 550	KSD
325.9 920	WWJ		
True Story Hour.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)			
201.2 1490	WLAC	232.4 1290	KDYL
204 1470	KFIF	234.2 1280	WDOD
208.2 1440	WHEC	236 1260	KOIL
215.7 1390	KLRA	238 1260	WLBW
215.7 1390	WHK	239.9 1250	WDSU
223.7 1340	WSPD	241.8 1240	WGHP
223.7 1340	KFPY	243.8 1230	WNAC
227.1 1320	WADC	256.3 1170	WCAU
230.6 1300	WIBW	258.5 1160	WOWO
232.4 1290	KTSA	275.1 1090	KMOX
232.4 1290	WJAS	288.3 1040	KRLD



Quite a background! It's Phoebe Crosby, operatic and concert soprano, as a guest soloist with the "Something for Everyone" program from WABC and the CBS Thursday mornings.

Eastern 9 p.m.	Central 7	Mountain 6	Pacific
Philco's Theater Memories.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m—760kc)			
Meters Kc	Call	Meters Kc	Call
315.6 950	KMBC	394.5 760	KVI
319 940	KOIN	447.5 670	WMAQ
322.4 930	WDBC	475.9 630	WMAL
322.4 930	WDBJ	491.5 610	KFRC
333.1 900	KHJ	499.7 600	WCAO
333.1 900	WFBL	499.7 600	WREC
333.1 900	WMAK	526 570	WWNC
370.2 810	WCCO	535.4 560	KLZ
384.4 780	WTAR	545.1 550	WKRC
384.4 780	WEAN		
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30
Philco's Theater Memories.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4 1460	KSTP	302.8 990	WBZA
222.1 1350	KWK	305.9 980	KDKA
245.8 1220	WREN	394.5 760	WJZ
260.7 1150	WHAM	399.8 750	WJR
263 1140	WMAQ	428.3 700	WLW
282.8 1060	WBAL	447.5 670	WMAQ
293.9 1020	KYW	483.6 620	WTMJ
302.8 990	WBZ		
Schradertown Band.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
225.4 1330	WSAI	454.3 660	WEAF
245.1 1220	WCAE	491.5 610	WDAF
279.5 790	WGY	499.7 600	WTIC
299.8 1000	WOC	508.2 590	WEEI
315.6 950	WRC	508.2 590	WOW
319 940	WCSH	516.9 580	WTAG
325.9 920	WWJ	565.4 560	WLIT
336.9 890	WJAR	545.1 550	KSD
344.6 870	WLS	545.1 550	WGR
10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00
Bremer-Tully Time.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)			
215.7 1390	WHK	267.7 1120	WISN
223.7 1340	WSPD	275.1 1090	KMOX
227.1 1320	WADC	315.6 950	KMBC
232.4 1290	WJAS	333.1 900	WFBL
238 1260	KOIL	333.1 900	WMAK
238 1260	WLBW	384.4 780	WEAN
241.8 1240	WGHP	447.5 670	WMAQ
243.8 1230	WNAC	475.9 630	WMAL
256.3 1170	WCAU	499.7 600	WCAO
258.5 1160	WOWO	545.1 550	WKRC
Armstrong Quakers.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4 1460	KSTP	325.9 920	KOMO
205.4 1460	KSTP	333.1 900	WKY
227.1 1320	WSMB	361.2 830	KOA
222.1 1350	KWK	365.6 820	WHAS
234.8 1280	WEBC	374.8 800	WFAA
245.8 1220	WREN	379.5 790	KGO
252 1190	WOAI	384.4 780	WMC
260.7 1150	WHAM	394.5 760	WJZ
263 1140	KVOO	399.8 750	WJR
265.3 1130	KSL	405.2 740	WSB
270.1 1110	WRVA	461.3 650	WSM
293.9 1020	KYW	468.5 640	KFI
302.8 990	WBZ	483.6 620	WTMJ
302.8 990	WBZA	483.6 620	WTMJ
305.9 980	KDKA	483.6 620	KGW
325.9 920	KPRC	508.2 590	KHQ
10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30
Armour Program.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)			
205.4 1460	KSTP	302.8 990	WBZ
222.1 1350	KWK	302.8 990	WBZA
227.1 1320	WSMB	305.9 980	KDKA
234.2 1280	WEBC	325.9 920	KPRC
331.9 900	WJAX	325.9 920	KOMO
252 1190	WREN	333.1 900	WKY
252 1190	WOAI	361.2 830	KOA
260.7 1150	WHAM	365.6 820	WHAS
263 1140	WAPI	374.8 800	WFAA
263 1140	KVOO	379.5 790	KGO
265.3 1130	KSL	384.4 780	WMC
270.1 1110	WRVA	394.5 760	WJZ
277.6 1080	WBT	399.8 750	WJR
282.8 1060	WBAL	405.2 740	WSB
288.3 1040	KTHS	428.3 700	WLW
293.9 1020	KYW	440.9 680	KPO



Guest soloist with the National orchestra, Walter Damrosch conducting, Arcadie Birkenholz was a hit on the eight o'clock Saturday evening program over the NBC.

Eastern 10:30 p.m. — Central 9:30 — Mountain 8:30 — Pacific 7:30

Armour Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
461.3	650	WSM	483.6	620	WTMJ
468.5	640	KFI	508.2	590	KHQ
483.6	620	KGW			

Mystery House.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ			

11 — 10 — 9 — 8

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZ			

11:30 — 10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5	920	KPIC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			

Saturday

Eastern 6:45 a.m. — Central 5:45 — Mountain 4:45 — Pacific 3:45

Tower Health Exercises.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

8:15 — 7:15 — 6:15 — 5:15

Morning Devotions.

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

8:30 — 7:30 — 6:30 — 5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	440.9	680	WTIC
234.2	1280	WEBC	454.3	660	WEAF
333.1	900	WJAX	483.6	620	WTMJ
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF
263	1140	WAPI	499.7	600	WTIC
263	1140	KVOO	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	KPRC			

9:15 — 8:15 — 7:15 — 6:15

Parnassus String Trio.
Key Station—WJZ (454.3-660)

222.1	1350	KWK	454.3	660	WJZ

11 — 10 — 9 — 8

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1340	KFPY	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

Eastern 11:15 a.m. — Central 10:15 — Mountain 9:15 — Pacific 8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
345.9	870	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	WGR

1:00 p.m — 12:00 m. — 11:00 a.m. — 10:00 a.m.

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
333.1	900	WJAX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WTIC
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

2:00 p.m. — 1:00 p m. — 12:00 m. — 11:00 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WJH	322.4	930	WRRC
215.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.7	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	389.4	770	WBBM
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
230.6	1300	KFH	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	526	570	WKBN
238	1266	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WGHP	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

4:00 — 3:00 — 2:00 — 1:00

Nit-Wit Hour
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	394.5	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

7 — 6 — 5 — 4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)
See "10:30 CST" listing.

205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	447.5	670	WMAQ
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF

8:30 — 7:30 — 6:30 — 5:30

Launderland Lyrics.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
333.1	900	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY			

9 — 8 — 7 — 6

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
333.1	900	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
254.1	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	468.5	640	KFI
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30 — 6:30

The Gulbransen Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern 10 p.m. — Central 9 — Mountain 8 — Pacific 7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
333.1	900	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WTIC
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	KGW
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA			
365.6	820	WHAS			

Chicago Civic Opera.
Key Station—(Chicago Studios)

202.6	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	KFJF	275.1	1090	KMOX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.7	1390	WHK	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

11:00 — 10:00 — 9:00 — 8:00

Longines Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30 — 10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	483.6	620	KGW
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.5	920	KPIC			



Harold Stern and his Ambassador orchestra, heard over the CBS, provide an appetizing musical dish four times a week, especially Saturday evenings at 6:30.

Headline Hunting With Floyd Gibbons

(Continued from page 35.)

ing in the little Irish port, Gibbons has on the cables one of the greatest newspaper stories ever written. It is a masterpiece both of reporting and literature. It was read on the floor of the Senate. It furnished the dramatic evidence for the overt act which sent the United States into war five weeks later.

IT IS a story full of those weighty things called facts—the tonnage of the "Laconia," the exact hour of the torpedoing, the number and position of the lifeboats, the number of the casualties—yet, as always, Gibbons emphasizes the human element.

Across the years, I shall remember the jibbering negro in the bow of the boat, the old sea captain giving his quavering commands to be translated by the booming voice of Gibbons, the little near-sighted Jew who had lost his glasses, and quite unforgettable, the joy of the mother who finds on the patrol ship one of her missing children delivered up from another life boat.

Still from the 1917 envelope. Gibbons is greeting Pershing as he lands in Liverpool. He accompanies him across the channel to France. He is with him as he arrives in Paris, at the flag-draped, red-carpeted Gare du Nord. Blue clad poilus stand at attention. The band plays the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise." The crowd is hysterical with joy.

More clippings. The American troops have arrived in a little village on the coast of Brittany. The first American troops are going up to the front. Gibbons rides with the doughboys, tells of eight horses and four men trying to be good traveling companions in a toy French box car. Later there is a more serious picture of these same men and horses in an air raid. The final journey is by foot through a rain-soaked night, "along a road bordered with bare skeletons of shell-wrecked houses, the mud of the roadway forming a colorless paste that makes marching not unlike skating on platters of glue."

Into the trenches. A story of the first concentrated artillery action. Three minutes to zero hour—two minutes—one minute. "The black horizon belches red . . . ."

Nineteen eighteen. The great German offensive. Hindenburg driving into Picardy. The retreat of the Allies toward Amiens. Foch in supreme command. Belleau Wood. The marines advancing into the lead-swept open field to the never-to-be-forgotten words of their sergeant, "Come on, you —— — ——, do you want to live forever?"

AND then for a while there are no clippings from Gibbons. Clippings about him instead. He has been wounded. Creeping across a machine-gun swept field to the aid of the injured Major Berry, three bullets tear into his arm, and another takes out his left eye.



Gibbons, set for a new adventure in the field

For three hours he lies there until with darkness he can crawl away to safety. And all the time he lies there his mind—that trained newspaper mind of his—is clicking on with the inevitability of a taxi meter, registering impressions, that the bullets in his arm had felt like the sudden burning of a lighted cigarette, that at the moment the fourth bullet took his eye, everything turned white, not black. In the first aid station he describes the doctors, notes the talk of the other wounded men, tells the exact measure of his relief when the anti-tetanus serum arrives and the needle jabs into his abdomen. Those who wish may read the complete story of this experience in "How It Feels to be Shot," a chapter in his war book.

Still the clippings continue about him. He has won the Croix de Guerre. He has a citation from General Petain.

And as if this weren't adventure enough, there are eleven more adventure-filled years.

In the 1919 envelope are stories from the Irish revolution.

In the 1920 one, tales of the American occupation of Germany, the bombing in Bucharest, civil war in Germany, the activities of the soviets in Russia. In this file I learn that he has been made foreign chief of his paper's pan-European news bureau.

In the 1921 file is his 2,000 mile trip by rail, motor, horse and boat through famine-scourged Russia. From towns with the queer sounding names of Syzran, Samara, Kazan, come tales of starvation, cholera, filth, stench, lice. There is a description of a dying child, its horribly protruding stomach filled with clay. His dispatches speed relief. He reports the work of Hoover and Kellogg.

Nineteen twenty-two. There is the election and the coronation of the Pope in Rome. There are elections—not so peaceful, these—in Ireland. There is the Passion Play at Oberammegau.

IN 1923 he carries the first United States flag across the Sahara Dessert, in a three months camel trip from Colomb Beehar to Timbuctoo. There are descriptions of the kingdom of the Touaregs where men go veiled and women are uncovered. The king of the Touaregs gives him a message to President Harding. There are the tales of the expedition's hardships, of being lost, of thirst, of semi-starvation. A picture in one of the clippings shows Gibbons in native costume, wearing turban, baggy trousers, a long beard. At Timbuctoo he learns France has made him a chevalier of the legion of honor. He goes down the west coast of Africa, visits Liberia, Portuguese Guiana, the British gold coast.

In 1924 clippings tell of the situation in New Zealand and Australia.

Nineteen twenty-five. He is in the Philippines, China, Manchuria, Siberia, and Morocco.

The 1926 clippings tell of his survey of Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkans, of the war in Poland.

Nineteen twenty-seven he devotes to writing "The Red Napoleon." Whatever your opinion of the book may be, whether you are pacifist or militarist, you must admit the author knows whereof he writes.

In 1928 he takes a four thousand mile air cruise over the Carribean.

This year he is taking his first rest in fourten years, and while "resting" he gives Radio talks, prepared lectures, plans his expedition to South America.

I have come to the end of the clippings. In my hands I hold the very stuff of Floyd Gibbons' life—his day by day diary, the stories he often risked his life to get, the inexhaustible material which furnishes the background for his books, from which he draws for his lectures and Radio talks.

Not that he has reached the arm chair stage or that henceforth he will be content merely to turn over the closely written, thrill-packed pages of his memory. That adventure-seeking, adventure-making mind of his which so long ago saw the news value of ordinary events happening to ordinary human beings, is already reaching out to the one continent he has never visited—South America.

In 1930 he plans an expedition which will blaze an automobile road up and down the length of the two Americas, from Tierra del Fuego to the sandy beach at Nome, Alaska. It is Gibbons' hope that this Western Hemisphere Trail will not only open up a practicable motor route between the two continents but will foster inter-American friendship.

So it goes. To him that hath shall be given. To him who can make a good story of an insignificant event affecting an insignificant life, will be given not only to report but to participate in events which affect many lives.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 45)

fired point-blank at that man Kennedy. He must have sensed it, dropped to the floor the instant Trix shot the lights out, then crawled along the floor and got Trix. He's got her now between me and him! What d'yer say, boys? Big Boy's out. I'll take yer up on that, McNaught, if Kennedy promises. I trust him."

"I'll promise!" repeated Kennedy. "Not a shot—and we'll leave just as we are if you'll put us next to Ryder Smith."

Donato came from behind a door in a cellar arch. He stuck forth a grimy paw toward Kennedy, who grasped it and they shook hands.

"Now where is he?" reiterated Kennedy.

"I don't know."

There was a tense moment. Was the gangster playing fair or was he making unscrupulous sport of us? The two men stood for an instant in the middle of the cellar floor under the light looking into each other's eyes, sizing each other up.

Whatever it was he saw it must have satisfied Craig. "All right. I'll take your word. Find out."

"I will. I'll find out and let you know the minute I get it."

"You won't tip him off?"

"Say!" There was a trace of injured dignity in Donato's tone. "What d'yer think I am—a gentleman?"

A smile played around Kennedy's mouth. "You love like one." He cast a sidewise look at Trix that suggested he was thinking of Maisie. "But you act according to the code. No; I don't think you're a gentleman. I trust you. When will you let me know?"

"As soon as I can locate him," Don was quiet. He appreciated the compliment Kennedy was paying him. "I will locate you wherever you are and let you know. You know I can do that." There was bravado in it, but there was also that new sincerity bred of the racketeer code modernizing the old legend of "honor among thieves."

"I AM satisfied." Craig relaxed his hold on Trixie's wrists and turned to us. "Come, McNaught; come on, Walter. We'll make our exit through that cellar window McNaught broke to get in. Of course, we don't know a thing about the Castle. It wouldn't do much good—tomorrow, say, anyway. Everything would be changed, even the real headquarters. We'll give you a break. You give us a break. The next move is yours—locate Ryder Smith. Then the next move is mine. Whatever happens it'll be a square deal. You know that."

"If it's you—not these revenuers, we do."

"It will be I," assured Kennedy. "You heard him, McNaught? This is my case from now on."

"O. K."

"Let's go! So long, men!"

Kennedy stood and waited for us, first McNaught, then myself to scramble up through the narrow slit of a window.

"Say—you got some grip—Craig!" This was Trixie. The familiarity was that of the feminism of the gun girl, fifty-fifty in crime, pay and punishment. There was frank admiration for Craig, the man, in it.

"Lay off, Trix!" Donato growled, jealously.

To that extent Trixie enjoyed it. It was evidence of her unbroken hold still of Don in spite of the untoward events of the night before. But there was a wistfulness, too. She knew she never could have the hold on Kennedy that would put these two in conflict over her. She strove with herself and was a good sport.

"Well, so long—**Mister** Kennedy!" She said it with a mock obeisance toward Don. "But it's some way you have of holding hands, let me say!"

Kennedy smiled and bowed. "They're some hands, Trix. If they were mine, I'd know they were mine—no one else's. So long, Trix—everybody." He swung himself up and followed Judy Hancock whom he had already lifted so that McNaught and I could pull her through the window with a minimum of cobwebs and grime.

McNaught turned to call off the small army he had posted about the Castle, while Judy, Kennedy and I trudged around the gravel path to the car Craig had parked in front.

He started the engine, released the brakes and we could almost coast down the long winding road to the flat level along which we sped a few miles to the dock where the "All Alone" was tied up.

Judy was silent; she had been revolving something in her mind.

"I don't think I'll ever forget, if I live a hundred years, the sinking sensation, Mr. Kennedy, when I was there in the dark surounded by them and I thought you were dead on the floor. But—" She paused.

"But what, Judy?" I prompted.

She looked at Kennedy reproachfully. "But why did you come away defeated, when McNaught had them covered at every angle? In the cellar I didn't believe it. I thought it was a bluff. But I saw them outside."

"Defeated?" repeated Craig.

"Yes. You could have cleaned up the whole bunch and then by one of your scientific third degrees you could have found what you wanted from them. But now—we don't know a thing more about Ryder Smith or anything else than we did when we were last on this dock."

"SUPPOSE I had rounded up the lot of them," remarked Craig looking at her like an elder brother. "I would have been playing the Government's game—perhaps. But I would have lost my case. I am not in this to fight the battles of prohibition enforcement. I am here to bring to justice the slayer of that little girl, Lola Langhorne, whom we found dead in the cabin of your friend, Ev Barr's boat, the 'Gigolo.'

And I am here to set you straight, too, my dear, for the sake of your father for whom I have a genuine regard. Do you think I would have accomplished either of my purposes if I had played McNaught's game?"

"Well, no; perhaps not."

"No 'perhaps' about it. I don't even know whether those above McNaught want the Rum-runner gang to slip between his fingers. But I do know that just now if McNaught tried a round-up he would get a lot of small fry. The leaders would slip through the net. There wouldn't be an indictment; or, if there was, not a trial. Then at the same time shipments of the stuff would be diverted to other ports in safety. There might be a couple of small fines, but the cases of most of the small fry, even, would be dismissed because of lack of evidence. McNaught's whole case would collapse. The net result would be that Deitz and others like him would lose a few thousand dollars. They would figure that in as if it were a customs duty or a liquor license, and on the total of their transactions by a process like insurance the public would foot the bill by paying the cost that is passed along to the ultimate consumer. Who then would pay?"

"I don't know. I never thought of it that way. Who?"

"You would be one."

"I? I don't buy the stuff."

"I don't mean that. What I mean is that the gang would shut up like clams. There wouldn't be a word from them that would involve any one of them. They would talk a lot, give a lot of dumb answers to wise questions—and in the end we'd find Judy Hancock and Ev Barr and all of you that are honest so involved that it would take a lot of money and a lot of influence to set you straight, while the gang cases would be thrown out of court for lack of evidence. Then I would have one failure tacked to my name. I would have one unsolved case, the 'Gigolo' murder of Lola Langhorne. I can't afford it. I have to show results. I have to put my hands on the murderer of Lola. I have to get you out of this mess and set your feet straight. No one is going to make a speech in Congress and no people are going to march grimly to the polls to vote their confidence that black is white for me."

"Then you—trust Don the Dude? You think he'll squeal on Captain Ryder Smith?"

"I don't think it—I know it. Within less than twenty-four hours I will have Ryder Smith or know where he is."

Chapter XIV.

ANOTHER GREEN DEATH CLUE

I SAW that Kennedy was looking at Judy from the corner of his eye. "There's just one thing more you can do."

"I? What can I do?" She was not seeking to avoid anything.

"It has to do with Ev Barr."

She met Craig's eye frankly. "If it's something to help Ev, I'll do it. Ev would do it for me."

"That's the proper gang spirit," he smiled. "At least society isn't any worse than the rumrunners and racketeers—at heart. Thanks, lots, Judy. I want to leave a message here for McNaught. I'll put it in a note. Then we'll get back in the car and shoot across to Staten Island and the Brooklyn ferry."

"What—back to the North Shore?" She was a bit startled.

Kennedy nodded as he hastily penned his message and left it with the revenue man in charge of the "All Alone."

There was nothing eventful or worth noting in the long ride from the Highlands to Harbor County. Comparatively little was said by either Kennedy or Judy. But I felt sure, long before the journey was half over, of just what was in Kennedy's mind. It was a safe conclusion that Judy might know where Ev. Barr had disappeared. The only question was: Would she tell?

I was as much in the dark as to Kennedy's next move as was Judy and I know I was quite as surprised when we swung along the north shore road at last into the little harbor town and Craig turned along the Beach Road until he pulled up before a basin on the west side where we could see several yachts—among them the 'Gigolo' which had been floated and towed in to the basin where it was being held by the Government.

"Like a criminal," remarked Craig. "I often return to the scene of the crime!"

Judy was inclined to hang back as we entered the enclosure of the yacht basin, parked the car and started forward down the dock where the 'Gigolo' was being held.

"I thought it was time I came to see what had happened to your friend Ev Barr's boat," commented Kennedy, building, I knew, to some effect on little Judy. "To say nothing," he added casually, "as to just what they might have on him."

Judy winced at the very thought contained in the last remark. Craig knew she would but paid no attention to it.

As we came aboard and started down the steps that led into the cabin of the 'Gigolo' Judy stopped and with a little cry clutched my arm.

"I can't help it, Mr. Jameson," she cried, "but I'm thinking of poor Lola all the time!"

I took her arm. "Just bear up, Judy," I encouraged. "It's necessary."

"I suppose so. But it's awful. Those last hours of Lola—last minutes, I mean, maybe seconds, must have been terrible. When you know a person as I knew Lola and something dreadful like this— this murder happens to her, with all her experience, there must be something, some Power, that protects me, with all the things I don't know! Oh, I wish I could have been there to help her!"

"You can thank your stars you weren't," rejoined Kennedy grimly. "What do you suppose you could have done?"

"I don't know," she replied helplessly. "I don't know, even, what happened. Do you?" she appealed.

"I AM not going to tell—yet." Kennedy was evidently building up his chain of evidence, link by link. Some links were not yet welded into the chain. "Now, that's the chair in which she was slumped forward over the table at this point—and a plate of grapes, half eaten, before her." He paused.

Judy steeled herself to look. I knew her type. She was one whose active, vivacious mind saw pictures; not mere abstract words. She saw Lola in the chair, dead, and the grapes.

"D-do you think that had anything to do with the Green Death, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked. "I mean the grapes?" She wrinkled her brow in perplexity.

"Grapes before her, half-eaten, seeds and all," continued Craig. "Then, to cap it all, the doctor out here best qualified to perform an autopsy finds in her stomach not a trace of poison—yet she has been poisoned!"

Judy was silent. That was a mystery. It had baffled me. I had thought of it a great many times. Poisoned—and yet no trace of a poison by what seemed to be the simple and most direct means of administering it!

We looked about the boat, in the hold, on the decks, in the cabins, the still wet lockers, the ruined kitchenette, at the cases that had not yet been removed, the contraband that had motivated this mad escapade. It seemed that we had looked everywhere. But we could find nothing that suggested to me at least even a clue to the crime. As far as one could discover there was nothing that seemed to have happened, nothing that had been left behind or that had been touched or removed that had the least relation to the crime.

"Yes," nodded Kennedy, thinking aloud for our benefit, "it's bad that we could not have given Captain Ryder Smith the third degree right here in this cabin that night. There isn't much here to clear up a mystery, is there?"

"No." I was forced to agree with him. My own spirits which had risen with my faith in him at the handling of the ticklish raid on the Castle had cooled considerably now when I saw the paucity of the evidence against anyone for the murder of Lola and what a prima facie case there was against little Judy Hancock as far as it went.

Judy was very quiet, answering, very docilely, all Kennedy's questions, some personal ones at that. She was harried. Without a word she took his admonishment, his criticism, and I thought sometimes when I saw her lips tremble that he was rubbing it in. But he meant it to be a good lesson to her. And something else. Finally he played his trump.

"Judy, can you stand another ordeal?" he asked.

"I'll try!" Her eyes were raised beseechingly.

"Then, follow me."

We climbed back into the car and motored up to the business part of the town. Judy paled again as he set his brakes before an undertaking establishment.

She got out slowly and thoughtfully. With heavy feet she followed us across the sidewalk and into the reception foyer. Only once she looked at me and gasped, "Must I?"

I shrugged. I was following Kennedy. I knew he must have a purpose back of it all. Always Craig was kindliness and chivalry personified to women. I fancied I saw in this his higher kindness to her.

After a quiet word to the undertaker, he took Judy by the arm gently and led her into a darkened rear room that was the private morgue.

AGONY was written on her face. There, by an open window, was all that was mortal that had once been poor, beautiful Lola Langhorne. Judy uttered a little cry, then buried her face in her hands, sobbing. I think Kennedy never felt more sorry for anyone than for that little girl that moment. But he had promised her father to do something. And he had his own purpose.

Craig put his arm around Judy. "There," he said in a hushed tone, "is a girl who defied the law, defied the rules of society, defied all the things that have come down to us as good breeding for women through the world's experience. There she lies, little July . . . Such defiance, such disrespect isn't very happy or successful, is it? Your father asked me to do this. It is the best sermon he can think of."

Holding tightly to his arm, the girl shook with sobs. Craig patted her shoulder and led her back into the fresh air, to the car.

We sat there a moment, apart from the curious. "Judy," he almost whis-

pered, "do you know where Ev Barr would go after he left the 'All Alone'?"

She looked up at him through her tears, breaking down.

"I—I think so."

"I want you to take my car and find him. See, I trust you. If he comes clean now, and helps me, it will help you both. Later—is too late. It must be now. Remember, I am the only friend either of you has among all these men." He waved his hand at some of the government officers who were now teeming in the town. "When you find him," he added, "take him to the bungalow, your bungalow. I shall go there and I will expect to meet you there—both of you."

"All right!" Her fine young face was set. "I'll do it!"

We watched her drive away. I looked longest, marveling at Kennedy's influence over the young folks. When I turned I was surprised to see that Kennedy was looking in the other direction.

There was McNaught and with him were Warner Davis and Jean Bartow. Kennedy crooked his finger at McNaught.

"Glad you got my note and did as I asked. It was as I told you, wasn't it, Mac?"

McNaught nodded. "This time," he said under his breath, "it isn't just plain rumrunning. The Admiralty is interested in piracy and crime committed on the high seas. Besides, I have our position protected because the English consul-general joins in asking to have the criminals apprehended."

"But——?" I whispered and covertly jerked my thumb toward Davis and Jean.

McNaught smiled. "I didn't know it myself. They are underground agents, with a commission from Washington. Down there they have a lot of them—to make examples of rumrunners and bootleggers!"

CHAPTER XV.

BROADCASTING

McNAUGHT was leading the way with Kennedy down to the steamboat dock at the foot of Main street and I was on the other side of him. Back of us only a few feet, but out of earshot, followed Warner Davis and Jean Bartow.

I was thinking of Jake Merck and Maisie Mellish as well as of Captain Ryder Smith, the three we had not yet located, when by what seemed at first to be just some queer quirk of coincidence one of McNaught's cutters docked. Three men came up with Jake Merck and Maisie, sullen and silent captives from a "huckster" boat, who had been taken and brought 'way around here. Only it was really no coincidence. It was the logic of the situation which had of course occurred to McNaught already, who had simply ordered the combing of the harbor waters for them the moment Kennedy suggested it.

Apart Kennedy and McNaught questioned the sullen couple, who now and then glared sidewise at their former partners, Davis and Jean, as if they could cheerfully have shot them. Finally Craig looked at his watch.

"We'd better go in your car, McNaught," he determined.

Judy, of course, had Craig's car. Therefore it was necessary that we should ride in McNaught's with Warner Davis and Jean Bartow down to the Hancock bungalow, followed by a couple of operatives in another car with Jake Merck and Maisie. For it seemed to be Craig's idea, as he covered it with them, to go down along the shore to see the wireless and the shore end of the rumrunning plot, which we had had no chance to visit in the rapid-fire events of yesterday.

As we drove up the private road leading to the bungalow, I was impressed by the size and probable comfort of it. Except for its style of architecture no one would ever have called it a bungalow. I would have called it a one-story mansion. A huge porch was all around and the main entrance led into a spacious hall that extended through to a garden in the rear. Big rooms opened off the hall and a narrow hall divided the rooms front and back and opened into a wing built on either side.

My first idea was the incongruity of such a case taking such a house as a background. It was essentially homelike, built for love and quiet and children—not for lust and rumrunners. Now people were gathered there who should never have polluted its hospitality.

As we searched the empty bungalow on the bluff above the beach, I watched Warner Davis and Jean Bartow narrowly. I had not much respect for prohibition agents, anyhow. But the agent provocateur is just a little bit worse. I hate stool-pigeons.

I think they sensed their position in my mind. Red spots on Warner's cheeks showed it as he faced the others. He had declined to ride with Jake and Maisie, in spite of the officers. Jean Bartow dropped her gaze, even when she was speaking with McNaught.

I imagine they wished they had been taken off this and immediately assigned to some other case. In court it might have been different. But here they were forced to stand the gaff, accusing former pals.

McNaught, however, was inexorable. There had been so much criticism of his office lately that he was going to do anything in his power to bring this case out successfully, no matter how distasteful it might be to any mere secret agents. Besides, I don't think he had any too much respect for secret agents.

We were searching about and had found that no trace of the cases of hootch had been left, save where trucks had run up the cinder drive to load it in the night.

Suddenly the sound of a car up the drive. Craig's car—and Judy and Ev Barr—had driven in.

Barr's look of happiness at being with Judy vanished as he caught sight of McNaught and the others. Coming up the steps he had had his arm through Judy's and they had been smiling at each other. Now he suddenly turned to the girl with a hurt look.

"What have you let me in for, Judy?" he said, dropping her arm. "I trusted you when you came over to Barney Emmet's and I let you coax me to take a ride over here. Barney was always a good old sleuth in college; he said to be careful. Why—why did you do such a thing?"

Half laughing, half crying, almost hysterical, Judy put her hand on his arm again. "You got me into it, Ev—now I'm getting you out of it!"

He looked incredulously at her.

"It wouldn't have been long before they would have found you, anyway, Ev. By coming clean and saving them the delay and trouble you only make your case better. Mr. Kennedy is my friend. He advised me—and I am advising you."

"Mr. Kennedy?" Barr recognized the name and looked sheepishly at Craig and me as he recognized "Mr. Kendrick" and "Mr. Johnson." He said nothing to us, but, turning to Judy, he asked her how long Craig Kennedy had been helping her.

"Ever since they found Lola—and arrested me for carrying hootch in the car."

"Carrying hootch in your car?" he repeated. "Why, I ordered everybody to keep you out of danger that way. Who got you to carry it? I'll break him!"

"Nobody, Ev. It was a plant. But it worked. I was pinched. It really looked as if the dry agents were waiting for me!"

Barr looked over menacingly at Merck, sullen and silent. He was about to say something when there was a noise outside as of another car that came to a stop.

"I told you, Kennedy, I'd find you when I had the info.!" Don the Dude had a studied, bored, theatrical look as he and Trixie Dare entered the living room of the bungalow. "Now I leave it to you to play fair—as you gave your word, this morning!"

"It's a promise," reiterated Craig.

Donato had not been prepared, however, to see Merck and Maisie, who had turned the tables on them the night before. Still he had no difficulty in brazening that out.

Trixie's face, in the night now, showed the marks of Maisie's fingers. But she wore a veil that concealed the powder and paint that hid the scratches pretty well as just make-up. Her animation increased and even Don's spirits took a jump when he caught side of those who had caused them all the humiliation.

As she passed Maisie, Trix turned a moment, just long enough to shoot out sarcastically, "Why don't you beat it? . . . Why don't you make me walk the plank?"

Maizie maintained her silence. Jake's hands clenched, but he said nothing. They had made it up, I figured, out of their low cunning. It was their protection. Jake Merck now and then looked at Kennedy and me sullenly. We had seen the fight and he knew it. He knew we could swear to their boarding the "All Alone," even if we hadn't actually seen him take any of the stuff off.

Gradually we got their story. It seemed that Maisie and Jake had been put ashore just as daylight was breaking. The devils on that other rum-row boat to which Jake had gone out first had chosen to throw them over, hoping they might be caught—and not without reason. As for those on the "All Alone," after it had been pirated they had put in to shore anyhow. Warner Davis and Jean, it seemed, had got up to their headquarters in the city by train as fast as possible to square themselves by reporting at the enforcement office. Barr had hired a car and had speeded across to the Island to the home of his former roommate to hide. Don and Trixie did not say so, but we knew that they had gone up to the Castle to get Trixie's face fixed up. It was there that we had run across them. The very thing that otherwise would have involved them was what was now protecting them, until Craig made the next move, as had been agreed.

"Say!" This was Ev Barr. "Who put that case of hootch in Judy's car under the rumble sea?" Barr demanded it generally, but particularly of Merck.

Jake refused to be drawn into answering. But a smile flickered over his face.

Judy had been looking at Maisie. "It doesn't seem right," she murmured aside to me, "to have that awful girl sitting with her legs up in mother's favorite chair!"

With a smart smirk at the rest Don the Dude whispered aside to Kennedy. Kennedy motioned to him to stay where he was. He was now tinkering with Judy's wireless outfit, a mighty good amateur station set, too, in an alcove near the French doors that opened out on a secluded angle of the porch.

As in subdued tones, by two and two,

we were whispering I fancy as we looked each other over, practically all of us were by a process of elimination discussing the one missing member of the memorable society rumrunning plot, Captain Ryder Smith.

Kennedy turned to McNaught. "What one of your Coast Guard patrols is out nearest Rum Row now, Mac?"

"The 'Geronimo,'" was the prompt answer.

Donato nodded. "That's right. That's on the level, Kennedy!"

We were all too tensely serious to appreciate the humor of a rum racketeer vouching for the honor and accuracy of a prohibition officer. But it was a commentary on the topsy-turviness of today when reformers have us all literally standing on our heads.

"Only Captain Ryder Smith can clear this thing up now—quick," snapped out Craig, still adjusting. "You certainly had an excellent land station here, with Judy, for your whisky wireless, Barr," he added. "What's the wave length of the 'Geronimo,' McNaught?"

Before McNaught could answer, Donato had glibly recited the wave length, the frequency and the code call. Kennedy ignored the ethics, whether it was legal or extra-legal that he was asking.

He twisted and adjusted some more. "They're on!"

A moment, now, and Craig would have the last link in the chain of evidence he had been quietly forging.

Who killed Lola Langhorne? What is the secret of the Green Death? Next month Craig Kennedy unfolds the secret of this ghastly mystery. Don't miss the startling revelations in this last installment of the Gigolo Mystery in the March Radio Digest.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 55)

was from a makeshift studio in the New York World Tower on Fortieth street, only a few blocks from her present unique home. That broadcasting studio wasn't big enough for a piano so she had to squeeze Mario Perry in to play her accompaniments, since Perry squeezes a mean accordion, the only instrument that could be squeezed into those ten-years-ago studio quarters.

Since then she has moved in broadcasting from the old WJZ to the new NBC, where studios will accommodate a symphony orchestra and a grand opera company at the same time if need be. Vaughn is now quite satisfied and doesn't believe better accommodations could be found outside of the Yankee Stadium, where she hopes it will not be necessary to move with the growth of Radio.

Modest, mild-mannered, soft-voiced, is Vaughn—an altogether appealing personality. She has curly brown hair and deep brown eyes—the sort of woman one feels should be caressed, and doubtless is caressed, petted, even babied a bit, by adoring family and friends.

Being as feminine as she is, she delights in the loads of fan mail that comes regularly. She enjoys, but being honest, also, regrets that one male admirer, apparently unaware of her marriage, continues to send flowers every time she sings. His initials only are on the card which he doubtless hopes will one day lead to her learning who he is; but of course it won't—Vaughn de Leath being madly in love with her adoring artist husband.

Commander Byrd Speaks

(Continued from page 46)

vincing way his belief that there is romance in Radio and that it is one of the most powerful and influential factors in the lives of the people of today.

"The motto of every successful Radio station must be 'service' and the successful station is the one which strives constantly to serve its listeners," says this director of the pioneer stations of the country. He believes that Radio has not yet reached it maximum usefulness and that its field of service can and will be extended as those in charge of program activities realize the opportunities before them for greater service to the Radio public.

Always full of enthusiasm and radiating good will as he travels from city to city and visits station after station gathering information and imparting advice to those who ask for it, this blond, blue eyed Nebraskan stands high among the leaders in the Radio industry today. As a Pittsburgh newspaper recently said. "He has endeared himself in the hearts of all his associates by his sunny countenance, winning ways and absolute fairness in all his dealings. . . . He has a big job, indeed, but Lloyd is a big man and well fitted for it. . . . His ability as an executive and organizer has been proven in the fact that the Westinghouse stations continue to hold their places as leaders in the broadcasting field."

Milton Cross

(Continued from page 9)

"supervisor of music for public schools." He saw the lifting eyebrow.

"No, I never used it. Got into Radio soon after. Soon I spent so much time at the mike that I even had to give up the Paulist Choir—"

"I thought you were Presbyterian."

"Sure. Oh, the Paulist Choir—that's nothing. I also sang in those days at the Progressive Synagogue, Brooklyn, and at another Catholic church, Our Lady of Lourdes, in Washington Heights. Had to give them all up for WJZ." He drifted into reverie. I began to notice the number of cabinets and cases about the room, and the bindings visible on the bookshelves above the Winthrop desk.

"Are these all full of books?"

"Pardon me? Oh . . . no. Music, mostly. Most of it belongs to Mrs. Cross." But there were many famous names on the open shelves and behind glass. Dumas and Victor Hugo, Pasteur, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Keats, Shelley and Kipling. Swinburne and Sherlock Holmes tried to avoid touching each other on the table at Milton's elbow.

"By the way, Milton, did I tell you Earle and Douglas are coming over tomorrow night for bridge?" queried Mrs. Cross.

"Good. Glad I'm to be at the studio, though." He detests the game, but is genuinely fond of Mrs. Cross' two brothers, Earle and Douglas. When there's to be a table of bridge, Mrs. Clarke from upstairs has to make a fourth.

"But seriously now, let's get down to business. Radio Digest has got to have a description of you folks "at home"! They were both really bewildered.

"Gosh!" was the prize-winning announcer's first suggestion. "I can't imagine how you're going to do it. Oh, I know! Describe that clock there on the mantle. See it? It's carved out of solid anthracite coal and polished, in the form of a microphone. There's an inscription on it with the name of the Bible class in Pennsylvania that gave it to us. No-o. I guess that's not so good. Maybe I should mispronounce a word, or use bad grammar. No, that wouldn't do either. Mrs. Cross or Lily would be sure to correct me." Oh, I have it!

"Tell the editor of Radio Digest we weren't home."

AFTER all is Milton J. Cross a bigger and better Radio announcer since being adjudged the best by the American Academy of Arts and Letters?

Obviously, Cross should know.

But the medal-winner isn't sure, so conscientious has he become under the weighty responsibility of his title.

"Now I don't dare make a mistake," Cross declares, "so to that extent I suppose I have improved."

"But the constant care of double-checking myself on every word I utter sometimes makes me fear that Radio listeners will think me cold and inhuman. No prize could ever compensate for that."

Two great things come to the Radio announcer distinguished among his fellows, Milton volunteers from his own experience.

One is a deluge of letters from men and women in all walks of life in every section of the civilized world. Most of them who write ask how to become Radio announcers.

The other is a deep sense of responsibility to the public, and consequent increase in caution exercised in the discharge of his duties.

Any improvement, Cross sincerely believes, is due in no measure to increased announcerial ability, but is brought about solely because he dares make no mistakes. If he should slur a single syllable, no matter how difficult the word may be, there will be at least a hundred listeners eager to tell him of his mistake.

"I know this is true," NBC's prize announcer insists, because it has happened to me. Most of these critics do not mean to be unkind, and some of them —these are usually friends, far from being enemies—are simply joking to start an argument with me.

"If the truth must be told, though, every one who wrote was doing me a favor. They impressed me above all things that I was a 'marked man,'—and one in whom the public would not forgive even the slightest mistakes they would readily overlook from any other announcer."

"This is the only evidence I can give which might indicate that winning the prize has improved my work."

THE traditional modesty of Milton Cross is shown in his reply. Radio experts, and even diction connoisseurs, however, are more certain in their statements that Cross has continued to improve since winning the medal, and is rapidly becoming a definite factor in the cultural influence of Radio.

Such improvement in his work and even the deluge of letters are only two incidentals in the changes he found after the award. He would have to have thirty-six hours in every day, or develop a "dual personality" in order to satisfy all the demands for his time.

Cross fills as many requests as he can. Whenever his broadcasting schedules permit, he makes flying overnight trips to important cities and towns which request his dignified presence at meetings or Radio events.

But a system is now being worked out which will permit him to grant more attention to personal appearances without sacrifice of broadcasting time. This may be accomplished by more scientific rearrangement of all Cross schedules, involving less waste time between periods of feverish activity.

(Continued on page 116)



Gene Arnold, famous showman and head of WENR production department. He is interlocutor of Weener Minstrels and writes the script.

Dean of Minstrels

(Continued from page 21)

Gene: Well, Ray, you don't look very happy. What's the trouble with you?
Ray: Not much, except I got some new teeth inserted yesterday.
Gene: Who did the inserting?
Ray: A bulldog.
Gene: How did the accident happen?
Ray: It wasn't no accident. He done it on purpose.

Gene: What kind of games were you playing over at your house last night?
Ray: Well, we had a rolling pin throwing contest, and a hundred yard dash. My wife won the first and I won the second.

By the time Mr. Arnold deigns to notice the fourth end man of the Weener Minstrels everyone in the crowd is a bosom friend of his neighbor and the spontaneous laughter is constant.

Gene: Where is your brother these days, Al?
Al: Why, Gene, they sent him to the crazy house.
Gene: That's too bad. What does he do there?
Al: Sits around and watches the others work.
Gene: Why doesn't he work, too?
Al: He's not that crazy.

Gene: I understand your partner, Pete, got rich at a single stroke.
Al: Yes, a wealthy uncle of his had the stroke.

Gene: Who is the best after-dinner speaker you ever heard?
Al: The fellow what was in our party the other night.
Gene: What did he talk about?
Al: About two seconds. He said, "Waiter, give me the check."

Al: They tell me, Gene, that you understand the language of wild animals.
Gene: That's right.
Al: Well, the next time you see a skunk, will you ask him what's the big idea?

Gene: Say, Bill, I've got a little matter to take up with you. I understand you are telling my friends that I stole a dollar from you.
Bill: I never said anything like that, Gene.
Gene: Well, what was it you did say?
Bill: Why, I said I lost a dollar last night and if you hadn't been with me I might have found it.
Gene: Didn't I see you take your wife to the doctor today?
Pete: Yes, I took her to see the doctor and he found her all right except that her tongue was coated.
Gene: Her tongue was coated?
Pete: Yes, and that kind of surprised me, because you don't often see moss growing on a race track.

Gene: Ray, haven't you been going to the dentist a lot lately?
Ray: Yessir, I've got me a good dentist, too.
Gene: How's that?
Ray: Well, every time he pulled a tooth, he would give me a big drink of whiskey.
Gene: Well, are you still going to him?
Ray: No, I quit.
Gene: Why, did he run out of whiskey?
Ray: No, I ran out of teeth.

Gene: I presume there were some amusing incidents in the dentist's office?
Ray: Yeah. A cab driver came in and the dentist said, "Will you have gas?" and the driver answered, "Yes, and I think I'll take three quarts of oil, too."
Gene: I understand you are having financial difficulties at home.
Bill: Yes, when we were married, I was getting $21.00 and I gave my wife $20.00 and kept $1.00 for myself.
Gene: That was mighty generous of you.
Bill: Yes, but I decided to change it a little bit, so a couple of paydays ago I gave my wife $1.00 and kept $20.00 for myself. She said to me, "How do you expect me to manage for a whole week on a dollar?"
Gene: What did you tell her?
Bill: I said "Darned if I know. I had a rotten time of it myself."

Here Gene crosses over to see what one of the blackface boys is writing, and audience and actors crane their necks.

Gene: What are you figuring there, Pete?
Pete: I was figuring the number of people killed by gas last year.
Gene: How many were there?
Pete: Four thousand four hundred fifty nine.
Gene: How do you figure that?
Pete: Well, ten inhaled it, forty-five lighted it, and four thousand two hundred ninety-eight stepped on it.

Chuck: Gene, can you tell me what a pessimist is?
Gene: Well, I think I can; but what is your idea of a pessimist?
Chuck: A pessimist is a fellow who has had limburger cheese rubbed on his upper lip and then goes around and tells everybody that the whole world stinks.

And so, after another song or two, to say nothing of a lot of music that has come in between the gaps, another Weener Minstrel show comes to an end. The audience draws a big, deep breath and goes home happy, eager for another Wednesday to come around with another minstrel show from WENR.

Songs of Yesterday

By GENE ARNOLD

THE old songs of yesterday. Ah, those were the happy days, say the song writers—when a "hit" song slowly percolated through the country and brought thousands of dollars in royalties to the composer. Now, the music publishers put out professional copies of a new "theme" song, and before the picture arrives in town, the song is old. Two or three weeks of intensive "plugging" over the air, and a "hit" song begins to wabble.

The listeners are coming more and more to prefer the old ballads, too. They say there is more character to them. Here's an example—a few weeks ago, in the Weener Minstrel from WENR, I sang a ballad of twenty-five years ago, "Won't You Come Over to My House," with the composer, Egbert Van Alstyne, at the piano. That touching little tune brought more written response from the Radio audience than any song I had sung for a long time. It tells the simple story of a lonely child whose sobs and tears touched the heart of a kindly woman who, with the promise of "dollies and sweet things" coaxes the unhappy child to "Come over to my house, and play that you're my little girl." Mr. Van Alstyne was an eye witness to the incident which inspired this great hit of other days, just as his "Memories," "Old Pal," "Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and others were inspired by incidents in real life. Paul Dresser with his "My Gal Sal," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "Just Tell 'Em That You Saw Me," and Charles K. Harris, with "After the Ball" and other tunes, wrote their songs in the same way.

Ten and Out

(Continued from page 13)

We're going along pretty good and Lefty eating his heart out when one day somebody walks into our training stable only it really was a garage. I looked at that bird and smelled trouble, but even if I had a hunch—Lefty didn't.

This feller, who I will at present call a stranger, was a whole lot over six feet tall and darn near that broad and he had a chest which I know good and well was covered with he-man hair and one of the first things I noticed about him was a bulge in the right hip pocket. Well, that bulge interested me a heap on account of my suspicions and I walked up to him and says—

"Mister, how about slipping me a little drink?"

He grins real gentle-like: I never can feel comfortable with these big fellows which smiles gentle. "Sorry, old man, but I never drink."

"But surely," I counters, "you carry around a little something on the hip for them that does."

"NO-O . . . ." Then a dimple shows at the corner of his mouth and he lets me peek at the butt of the ugliest automatic I ever did see. "You thought this was a flask, eh?"

"Phew! A gun?"

"Yeh. I got in the habit of carrying it when a few guys was once trying to get me and I feel pretty safe with it now."

"Mister," I says, "I am interested in you. Have you got any objections to telling me what your name might be?"

"Certainly not. My name is Mortimer Rollins."

That was where somebody stuck a pin in my balloon.

Well, Mortimer goes on to say that he has bet a lot of money on Jimmy Rafferty (that's George Rogers on the East Coast) and did I mind letting him watch Lefty McCann work out. Well, I says I did not mind him watching Lefty McCann work out but I was not prepared for what that man done which was to walk over and introduce himself to Lefty.

Lefty like to of busted when he learned who it was he was talking to.

"No," he gasps, "your name really ain't Mortimer, is it?"

"Yes. I was christened such."

"Gosh!" I seen right away that Lefty had kind of discarded his original plan of hanging one on Florrie's friend's jaw which I would say was considerable discretion. They chatted with each other for a little while and then Lefty come over to me and he was grinning.

"Well," he says, "I'm fixing to get even with that bird."

"You had better not try no tricks, Lefty; because he is bad medicine."

"Huh! I ain't fixing to slam him or nothing but Oh Mama! how I am going to trim him."



"Oh, Lefty!" she half laughs and half cries, "I am so glad that you was brave enough to knock my brother out and so save his life."

"Whatcha mean: trim him?"

"Well, he ast me real confidential did I really think I was going to lick Jimmy Rafferty and I says sure, and then he says, 'I don't know whether you are or not because this Rafferty boy is going awful good and has got a keen manager' and I says, 'Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Rollins, I think I am better than he, but this climate does not agree with me after Pennsylvania and I am not so sure of myself and I wish the bout was postponed two weeks but the promoters will not do such.' Well, he says it's a toss up anyway, but I convince him that I am not in the pink and he wishes me luck but says he will shoot his wad on Jimmy and I tell him that I hope he has got a bad bet but do not think so. And now, Ernest, you had better collect all the shekels which you can find and cover that lad's money."

WELL, I tell Lefty that he has most likely shot off his mouth too much and I explain to him about the gun which I thought was a pocket flask and Lefty kind of turns pail.

"He cannot prove that this is a lay-down, Ernest. So I should worry—but he should."

"Just the same Lefty—it is not usually healthy to flirt with no professional gamblers named Mortimer which has got dimples and carries automatics."

I was scared, but then Steve Brodie got away with a dive himself and it was a shame not to trim a guy like Mortimer, specially when I learned that he was laying real money on Jimmy to win: all bets off in case the battle is a draw, and so I cover about two thousand dollars worth which is all the surplus cash I can get my hands on while my friends is not looking. Between then and the fight we did not see no more of Mortimer except once or twice we passed him when he was strolling along with Florrie and Lefty had to pretend like he did not know her and she sure got away elegant with not knowing him.

After awhile come the night of the fight and when we got to the arena Florrie meets us. She does not talk very much but is to the point.

"Listen Lefty," she says, "I know just how you feel about me being friendly with Mortimer and of course Brother George is going to pull a dive in about the seventh round, but Lefty," she says, "I do not want you to let your enthusiasm run away with you and wallop my brother George too hard because if you was to do that, Lefty," she says, "I would never forgive you—being very fond of George."

"I ain't gonna hurt your brother," growls Lefty.

"Well, that's all right then; because I have always been afraid that you would some time wallop him too strong and I would never forgive no man for that."

You see, I guess it was being so fond of George which kept Florrie from ever marrying Lefty even though one of them was her brother and the other was not: Lefty being the was not.

All I have got to say about the fight

that night is that it looked almost too good. After the third round Lefty come into our corner looking worried and while I was wiping the blood from his pet cut he wonders whether George has double crossed us and is trying to win because Florrie is standing so strong with Mortimer or vice versy. I'm also a little worried myself and I tell Lefty that he should put a little more snap in his punches to sort of warn George that this is supposed to be a friendly bout.

"Yeh, but if I flop him what will Florrie say?"

"Sure she will. But if he drops you what will all of us say when we have to walk back to Scranton or somewhere?"

The end come in the seventh round and I am willing to admit that Lefty did hit George pretty hard. It was hard enough anyway to suggest to him that he should drop because he done so and when Lefty done the gallant thing and carried George to his corner Florrie hist into his ear—

"You hit him too hard. I hate you."

"I did not hit him too hard," answers Lefty. "I was just reminding him it was his turn to take a snooze."

Well, he come back to our side of the ring worried on account of Florrie's being mad because her pet brother had to be reminded it was bedtime and on the way out we run right into Mortimer. I was not afraid of him but just for safety sake I put Lefty between him and I.

I will hand Mortimer one thing which is that he was a good loser.

"Well," he says to me, since Lefty pretended like he did not see him. "I lost two thousand smackers on that bout but it was worth it. It was a great fight and I think that your lad here could beat Benny Leonard."

"Mister Rollins," I says, "I hand it to you. If I had ever lost two thousand dollars I would at least be yellin' fake or something like that."

"Oh!" he says, "I do not cry over spilt milk and so long as I know everything was on the level I take it cheerful or something like that."

IN OUR dressing room I told Lefty that I was very glad Mortimer knew the fight was on the level but we had better get out of Miami before he ever begin to suspect that maybe he was mistaken.

"An' leave Florrie down here with him?"

"You poor fish—Florrie ain't goin' to hang around here. Besides, she's sore at you anyway."

"Ain't you a cheerful bozo? Well, where do we go from here?"

"Tampa," I says.

"Not right away. Can't we meet Florrie and George some place and talk things over?"

"No. The season is almost ended and we have to get planted in Tampa for our last big killing. So come along—and kindly do not forget that Tampa is on the West Coast and when you are in Tampa your name is Tommy Perkins."

"I will remember," he answers. "Because I have been Tommy Perkins four times already this year and I think that is a hell of a name for a fighter."

A few days later I and Tommy Perkins drifted into Tampa and things sure did break nice for us there because there was a lightweight from there and we get a bout with him and draw a good crowd and win the fight and then we lick a guy from Charlotte and before three weeks has past everybody in Tampa says who is this Tommy Perkins because he sure is the cat's puppies.

All this while Lefty is corresponding with Florrie and also George and of course George is not so very sore because Lefty hit him hard which he says he knows was an accident but Florrie pretends like she will not forgive Lefty which makes him miserable much to Florrie's delight which proves that she loves him, but Lefty does not believe such. So when finely Florrie comes to Tampa with her brother—and in Tampa George uses his real name—they meet one night by appointment and have a good quarrel. Lefty is miserable but I console him.

"It is a good thing to get all the fighting out of your system now," I says, "and then after Florrie has married you, you can live in peace and contentment if any."

Well, things break awful good in Tampa. We have a bankroll and Tommy Perkins (which is us) pretends to bet it heavy that we can lick this poor bum George Rogers.

It's about the last big fight of the season and of course we want to wind up in a blaze of glory so we collect every nickel we can grab and really lay it on George, and I tell Lefty not to take no chances—

"If you hit him hard enough to break an egg," I says, "I will bust you one with an axe. We have got too much kale up on this bout to take any risks because if anything goes wrong we will all be broke and then where are we and the answer is in Tampa."

"I will not take no chances, Ernest. I would not hit Florrie's brother hard again if I had to retire from the boxing profession and go to work."

"Also," I says, "take your flop about the third round and make it look good because there is no telling."

"All right," he answers, "I will do so."

WELL, on account of all the betting there is a heap of interest in the forthcoming battle and the night of the bout the arena is packed and jammed and the house is divided solid into two fractions. The prelims are pretty good and the semi-final brings a heap of blood and action and then we take a ten minute intermission before the main bout.

And it was during that intermission that something happened which proved to me that woman's place is in the home. Because if one woman I know who her name is Florrie had never left the home she would never have met that guy named Mortimer which carries a dimple and an automatic.

Well, it happened this way. Tommy Perkins, which is Lefty, being the challenger, gets into the ring with me right behind him toting the water bottle and while I and he are bowing and smiling to the jeers of the fans I lamp Florrie back by the dressing rooms and she is wigwagging me something terrible. At the same time I see that George has left her and is starting up the aisle with his helpers. I slip out to where she is and she clutches my arm—

"Guess who is here!" she gasps.

"Somebody with a pass," I retorts humorous; me feeling fine because of all the money we was due to make.

"No," she snaps, "it is not somebody with a pass but somebody with a gun."

"You don't mean—?"

"Yes I do. Mortimer Rollins."

"Great Jumping Beer Bottles! Where?"

"Over yonder—Oh my Gosh! Duck! He sees me and he's coming over."

I hid behind the partition and I heard what transpired between them twain. Mortimer allowed he was glad to see her.

"Say," he asks, nodding toward the ring, "Ain't that your brother?"

Well, I got to hand it to Florrie for using her head for something besides having a bob hung on. "Sure," she answers.

"But how does it happen that he is fighting here under the name George Rogers and down in Miami he was Jimmy Rafferty?"

"WELL," she says desperately, "Rafferty is his real name, also mine, like I told you. But he got knocked loose a couple times and figured to start all over so he took a real fighting name like George Rogers; see?"

"Sure, I see. And I'm awful glad to meet up with you again, sugarfoot. How about a little lunch tomorrow."

"Of course," she says, "Mighty little."

Well, she gets rid of him real clever and then comes back to me, and of course like a woman it is my fault.

"Now you see what we are up against," she says. "Mortimer is a wise baby and one of the lads working here told me that he is known on the West Coast as well as the East Coast and being a professional gambler he is going to get hep to what our graft is and we will have to come across with what we won from him down in Miami, or else get shot up, either or both. Now you go tell George—"

"I cannot tell George nothing," I says. "My boy Tommy Perkins is fighting him and if I talk to him the fans will yell that there is something wrong."

"Let 'em yell. There is something wrong. Awful wrong. And if you don't tell George—"

"I cannot do it," I says, and walk towards the ring where I see Lefty looking for me. Five minutes later I am back with Florrie in the rear again and now she is almost in tears.

"The fat is all in the fire," she says. "What do you think I seen Mortimer doing?"

"What?"

"I seen him bet five hundred dollars that Tommy Perkins would win."

"Good Lord!"

"Exactly. And I spoke to him and asked him why he done that and he says—'Well, I seen your brother in Miami, remember!' And I told him I remembered all right and now if George knocks Lefty out where will we be and the answer is dead or in jail."

Well, they are yelling for me to come to the ring and I done so although my brain was working very fast giving me a kind of a headache. I did not know what to do and I was doing it real successful. Of course I knew that the jig was up because Mortimer was a wise gazabo and thought he was pulling the same act here that we done in Miami and it was too late now to wise him up because he had already bet five hundred berries on Tommy Perkins and besides he would demand his Miami money back which I didn't have to give him.

The boys got instructions from the referee and I give Lefty his final ones—

"Now listen at me, Tommy Perkins: don't you get excited and take no flop in this round."

"Of course not," he says. "That would not be fair."

THEY start fighting and I guess the round was all okay because the fans was yelling delirious. Meanwhile I had the old bean working overtime and finely decided that anything was better than sudden death so between rounds one and two I tells Lefty that he must whisper to George that he is to take a flop.

"You are as crazy as you look," snaps

Lefty. "Ain't we got all our money bet on George?"

"Yes, but what can a dead man do with money if any?"

"Whatcha mean: dead man?"

"That is what we will be if you get knocked out."

"What are you talking about, Ernest?" he asks, calling me by name.

"Take a slant over your shoulder in about the middle of the tenth row, C section."

Well, he done so and his face got purple.

"Great Gosh! Dimples Mortimer!"

"Himself—in person—with his gun."

"What is he doing here?"

"Just dropped in—and I got a suspicion, Lefty, that it ain't all accidental either; because he asked Florrie wasn't George her brother and then he bet five hundred dollars on Tommy Perkins, which is you, and told her he done so because he remembered seeing her brother fight down in Miami."

Lefty begins trembling. "He really wouldn't kill us, would he?"

"Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't; but I ain't the kind of a guy that is strong for playing the maybes. I say being broke is a whole lot better than riding in a coffin. Now will you tell George?"

"Believe me, I will."

At the end of the second round he comes to me kind of worried.

"I did not tell George," he says.

"Why, you fathead: why?"

"Because I could not. I tried to tell him and the referee says that if he heard me talking to George again he would disqualify me and give the fight to George and I guess you know what would happen then."

"Yes, I do. Mister Mortimer Rollins would puncture you with a bullet or two."

"Sure. And now, Ernest, what am I to do?"

"Lefty," I says sadly, "there ain't but one thing. You have got to knock George out."

"What!"

"Uh-huh. You have got to knock him cuckoo."

"Ernest, you have not got no brains. Do you remember the icy mitt Florrie give me when I bumped George a trifle hard down to Miami? Well, what would she do to me if I was to double-cross him and really bust him loose?"

"She would thank you for saving her life."

"Yes she would—not. I ain't taking no chances."

"Well," I sums up: "If you talk to George the referee will give him the fight and all our winnings can go to buy caskets and flowers. And if you knock him out Florrie will give you the G. B. Now, I ask you, Lefty—what good is it to you if Florrie loves you when you are dead?"

"Hmm! But what good is it to me being alive if she does not love me?"

THE gong sounds again, and Lefty meets George in the center of the ring. They mix it fine like they have been practising all winter but I can see that Lefty is awful worried about this terrible problem which he faces but he ain't half as worried as I am because I am wondering what he is going to do and the answer is I am sure it will be the wrong thing. I wonder why Florrie is not in George's corner and I drift back during the fourth round and she tells me that the police have forbid her doing such because it is not ladylike and they have ordered her positive that she shall not go near the ring.

Just then the gong sounds and I have to beat it to the ring to tend to my man, Tommy Perkins, and I see that Tommy has made up his mind.

"I've got to knock him out!" he says. "I know Florrie will hate me for it, but then maybe some day she will understand and forgive."

"Right-O, Lefty—you sure do figure things out accurate."

"It will be hard, Ernest—to bust dear old George on the button—but I guess it would be harder having a bullet put through my stummick."

"It sure would, Lefty—especially as Mortimer would then most probably try to marry Florrie or worse."

Well, that decided him: the idea of him being dead and Mortimer living.

I hate always to think of that fifth round. And all my sympathies was not entirely with poor George who took that first wallop on the button and was down for eight seconds trying to convince himself that the referee done it. What I was thinking of was them thousands of dollars which I had bet that George would win this fight and there I was sending my own lad out to take my money away. Almost I decided to tell Lefty to take his flop as per schedule and then I could duck out and hope that Mortimer would not murder him.

Wham! Down goes George. At the count of seven he gets up and looks at Lefty kind of puzzled as much as to say —"You are mistaken, Lefty, the wrong feller is getting walloped."

Zowie! Down he goes again. The fans is on their feet screeching the name of Tommy Perkins. -I slip a glance toward Mortimer and he is smiling gentle-like and showing his dimple.

Bang! George turns end over end and grins kind of silly. Poor kid; I could see that his feeling was hurt something awful, and believe me, he is a bear for punishment. He staggers to his feet and lurches around and then—

Whang!

THAT spells curtains for George and when the referee says Ten it gyps me and George and Lefty and Florrie out of four thousand dollars but by Gosh! it saves our lives and I guess they is worth a thousand dollars apiece or even more.

Well, for awhile there is an awful racket around that ring and everybody is telling Tommy what a wonder he is and why don't he fight Benny Leonard and finely they bring George to and carry him to his dressing room and Lefty and I go in to see him. We shut the door and lock it and Lefty kind of braces himself for the wallop which he knows Florrie is going to fling him.

It's like I said: You never can tell about women. Does Florrie hand him one? She certainly does—not.

Instead she gets a strangle hold on him and kisses him right on the lips.

"Oh! Lefty," she half laughs and half cries—"I am so glad that you was brave enough to knock my brother out and so save his life."

"Huh?" inquires Lefty. "Did you really say them words, Florrie, or have I went goofy?"

"I mean it, sweetness. George understands, too, and he also is glad he is alive even though he feels kind of rotten. I was terrible sorry for George, Lefty—but I was even more sorry for you—knowing how you was suffering."

At that Lefty seems to wake up. He grabs Florrie in his arms and when he takes an intermission from the kissing he looks over at me—

"Bein' broke," he says, "sure is grand!"

Well, them kids was so dog-goned happy that I was inclined to agree with Lefty that it wasn't so worse to be without a jit . . . . and I guess it would have been a very happy wedding party if it had not happened that when the boys got dressed and we was going down the street, we run into Mortimer Rollins.

Mortimer looked big and handsome—and happy, too, because his dimple was showing real sweet. And he stops us.

"Well," he says to Florrie, "I am sorry your brother got knocked out again but I won five hundred dollars on Tommy Perkins here."

Florrie says that is fine, and then Mortimer turns to Lefty and says something which makes me understand for the first time how it is that folks get miserable enough to commit suicide.

"Perkins," says Mortimer, "you are a bird of a scrapper. In fact, you are one of the best I have ever seen. But there is a lad fighting over on the East Coast which would give you an awful battle."

"A lightweight?" asks Lefty.

"Uh-huh! And he's a humdinger right."

Lefty looks at me and I looks at Lefty. We begin to see which way the wind is blowing and both of us is feeling kind of sick.

"What is his name?" asks Lefty.

"Lefty McCann!" answers Mortimer.

That was where the bottom dropped out. It didn't hardly seem possible that Mortimer was not trying to kid us. In fact, I didn't want to believe it, because that being the case it meant that what we had done was to blow four thousand dollars unnecessary.

"Mister Rollins," I says kind of pleading, "what does this here Lefty McCann look like?"

"Well, lemme see," says Mortimer, smiling and dimpling. "He's short and stocky—in fact he sort of looks like Tommy Perkins here. To tell you the truth, when I first seen Perkins I thought he looked a heap like this Lefty McCann, but I see now that I was mistaken."

The awful part of it was that Mortimer was on the level and we all knew it.

"Believe me, Mister Mortimer," I groans—"You are not the only one which was mistaken."

Gertrude

(Continued from page 43)

ours? For it was a wildcat—a good mile beyond the forest of derricks comprising the Ventura field; a lonely wildcat, high on a hill. But how that animal could eat! Money, money, money, and always yowling for more.

Well, I looked down the hundred thousand dollar hole, glanced at cables, counted casing, examined drills, read the log—and was no wiser than I was before; only sadder. How could I help being sad with Tom looking at me hopefully with those Irish eyes of his, and me torn between wanting to hang on to my bank roll, and wishing I could give the old cat one more whirl.

"What do you say?" asked Tom.

"I think we might talk to those big oil men of yours," I replied.

"We'll have them for dinner," said Tom—"and four canvasback ducks. I know the head waiter."

HOW I got through that dinner without committing myself, Heaven only knows. I liked Tom's friends; they'd had no end of experience in oil. And they believed in our well. I'm sure of it. For you can't counterfeit belief; it's something shining. Any Salvation Army meeting on any street corner will teach you that.

Besides, after calculating what it should cost to sink our well to where

they thought oil was, they agreed to put up half the money. And if that isn't belief, what is? But even then I didn't come through.

"I'll talk it over with Tom, and let you know in the morning," I said.

So I had a hopeful talk with Tom, then went to bed, little realizing what influences would be brought to bear before sunrise.

Sound asleep, suddenly I became conscious of a note of alarm. My first thought was that there must be a fire. Bells were ringing. Well, let them ring. No, they were too near for safety—they were in the same room with me—they were right by my bed. Awake at last, I glanced at my watch; it was a quarter to four. Then, grabbing the telephone, I said, in tones an angry rattlesnake might have envied:

"Who and what the Sam Hill do you want?"

For nobody would possibly want me at that hour. Just another of those wrong number wrongs. The night clerk, however, assured me I was mistaken.

"Long Distance calling. Just a minute," he said.

It's the habit of telephone companies, when people are wanted miles away, first to disturb the person who's wanted, then to completely lose the person who wants him. So I waited—and worried.

Gert was ill—little Harry was ill—there'd been an earthquake in Hollywood—

Such foolish thoughts as these passed through my mind. For of course we don't have earthquakes in California. If we think of them occasionally, it's because we have so many Japanese. Look at what happened to Yokohama—or was it Tokio?

Have you ever heard a bloodhound baying at four o'clock in the morning? It isn't pleasant. Jumping into my clothes I woke up Tom, told him I'd do my share for his oil well if he'd lend me his runabout, and five minutes later, with headlights boring into the darkness, I was speeding south.

For it was that dog Smith who had called me. And what he'd said was:

"You know the guy in the all night restaurant across the street—the one who's in our pay? Well, he's just woke me up. And you better come quick because, believe me, this time we got the goods on that no-account brother-in-law of yours."

CHAPTER XIV

WITH the road deserted, except for an occasional truck and a probable bootlegger, I fairly flew towards my destination—the all-night restaurant of which Smith had spoken. The Parthenon! Sounds grand, but it was nothing but a hole in the wall run by George Papudulos, a Greek.

I knew George. Once, in a moment of generosity, Victor had taken me to the Parthenon for lunch. I knew, also that his usefulness to Smith lay in the fact that his restaurant was directly across the street from Victor's flat. So there you have it. George had discovered something—or thought he had. And here I was hurtling through the night. But the nearer I got to the Parthenon, the more I hated the whole business. Never again! I'd finish what I started, but next time Gert would have to pull her own chestnuts out of life's joke book.

Descending the steep hill into Calabasas, I was now on the floor of the celebrated San Fernando valley. Perhaps you've never seen dawn break over the San Fernando valley? Well you haven't missed much.

Sharply at half past five I drew up before George's restaurant. Smith was there waiting for me; so was George.

"Tell me," I said.

"You sure made good time," said Smith. "Tell him, George."

She was, according to George, one swell dame. She'd passed the Parthenon with Victor about midnight; she'd crossed the street with him; she'd entered the building that contained his flat. AND SHE HADN'T COME OUT! Of this George was positive. He would have staked his reputation on it—if he'd had one.

Angelo, his assistant, had watched the doorway as a cat watches a mouse. He, himself, had kept an eye on Victor's windows where lights had burned brightly.

"And then," he finished with a sweeping gesture, "and then those lights is darkness."

"Then George gives me a ring," said Smith, "I give you a ring, and here we are. Of course if you hadn't given orders not to act without you, I could have handled this myself. Besides, you got the key."

The key. Yes, I had the key. Victor had given it to me, not as a brother-in-law, but as a friend. And now I must use it to betray him.

"Suppose," I suggested weakly, "suppose the young lady is only a neighbor? Suppose she has a flat in the same building?"

"First thing I thought of," said Smith. "But George says not."

"Bet your life!" said George. "Me, I got the eye for womens. I know what dames lives there and what don't!"

WELL, I'd put my hand to the plow and couldn't turn back, though I hated to plow Victor. He'd been working hard and was entitled to a little recreation. Besides, Gert hadn't treated him right. A man was supposed to be boss in his own family. If he couldn't make the grade he'd better move on.

Victor had moved; it was my move now. And how I dreaded it. Maybe he'd thank me for it some day. But he wouldn't thank me this morning—not if I invaded his flat. Cold chills ran down my spine at the very thought. Why must I appear in the matter at all? Smith was used to such things; catching cupids in corner cupboards was part of his daily routine.

"If I give you my key," I began——

"O. K.," said Smith. "It's just like I told you. George and I can clean up the whole business."

"George?"

"We better have two witnesses. You'll go, won't you, George?"

"Sure, I will," said George. "I'd like to, fine. Maybe I see something."

I scowled at George.

"Nothing doing," I said. "The early worm catches the bird, but I'm the worm. You stay right here. You, too, Smith. This is strictly a family affair."

Later, of course, I'd call Smith in so he could appear as a witness at the trial. In the meantime, having borrowed his flashlight—

Once, when a kid, I climbed a mountain behind San Bernardino. It was over a mile high, but it was nothing compared to those stairs up to Victor's flat. Though I've never been drowned, I'll bet if I had I couldn't have thought of more things—and all of them unpleasant.

What would I find? How would Victor take it? How would his co-companion act? Gert was my own sister; blood was thicker than water; she had to divorce Victor to get him back. Maybe she wouldn't want him back now. Damaged goods!

Reaching the third floor at last, I stole down the hall. Here was the door. Should I, or shouldn't I? Could I, or couldn't I? I couldn't. But I must! Strength came to me; perhaps from above?—probably from below. So, like a thief in the night, I entered Victor's flat. It was as black as pitch; all the curtains were drawn.

Turning on the flashlight, I looked about me. There was the piano where he worked; there was the kitchenette where he mixed drinks; there was the bedroom where he slept. And the door was open! I started towards it on tiptoe, pausing after every step to listen. Not a sound.

Then, suddenly, out of the darkness, shot a devil—a snorting, snarling devil. How was I to know Victor had gone and bought himself a dog? Letting out a yell you could have heard in the next block, I made a dash for the center table. It was strong enough; it wasn't high enough. I ended on top of the piano.

And then, all of a sudden, the room was ablaze with light, and there stood Victor in his pajamas. And there was the dog, leaping higher and higher like a dog in a circus.

If any one ever registered surprise, it was Victor. His eyes stood out like saucers.

"Why, it's Harry!" he said.

CHAPTER XV

HAVE you ever tried explaining why you were on top of your brother-in-law's piano at six o'clock in the morning? Well, it isn't easy—especially when you've just had the daylights scared out of you.

"Why, it's Harry!" said Victor. "What in the world are you doing here this time of night?"

"It isn't night, it's morning. Whose dog is that?"

"Mine. He's a Dobermann Pinscher."

"And biter," I said.

"He thought you were a burglar. Come on down."

"I like it up here."

"Nonsense!" said Victor. "He won't bite you. He does just what I tell him."

"All right," I said. "Just tell him to shut himself up somewhere."

"Certainly," said Victor. "Come on, Caesar."

Taking him by the collar, Victor dragged the obedient beast to the bedroom, opened the door and shoved him in. Clever work on Victor's part. Very! He knew I'd never venture inside that bedroom now. So, descending from my perch, I said:

"Maybe you think this is only a friendly call?"

"Oh, no!" said Victor. "I'm not as big a fool as I look."

"I'm not so sure," I replied. "You're a bigger fool than you look if you think you can get away with murder like this."

"Just what do you mean," demanded Victor.

"I mean turning this flat into a love nest the way you have."

"Who says I have?"

"I do."

"Prove it."

"I have proved it. You can't fool me, Victor—you've got a girl here."

"I haven't," said Victor.

"You have."

"Well, what if I have? You're no tin saint yourself."

"I'm not married."

"I won't be either—if Gert has her way."

"I'm making it my business to see that she gets her way."

(Continued on page 116)

Who's Who In Broadcasting

ANDT TRIO AND WHITE, NBC, New York.

Larson, Mildred, Pianist, KFLV. Accompanist for Mellotone quartet.

arson, Nell, Organist and Pianist on the staff of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Born in Vancouver, Canada, 1902. First radio work at KHJ, 1924. Made the rounds and returned to KHJ in 1926. Appears on most of KHJ programs of lighter type, but has done considerable church, theatre and concert work. Would be recognized in Portland and Calgary. School days in Santa Ana, California. Hobby, eating. Thinks Anna Karenina is a great book and likes Mr. Chopin's big numbers.

aurie's Orchestra: Laurie and His Serenaders bring many tuneful programs to the KFLV audience each week, playing symphonic arrangements of the popular melodies of the day. Lawrence Nordstrom is the pianist-conductor of the ensemble.

ogsdon, Pauline, KHJ soprano with soft, persuasive Southern accent. Came to KHJ as stenographer and learned to sing. Voice of great promise. Kaufman County, Texas, girl making good. Can play harmonies on typewriter. Hobby is swimming.

opez, Vincent and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.

ove, Mabel, Women's Program Director, WCAU.

ove, Mark, Basso, Director of vocal group. A popular favorite with thousands of listeners, and a well known concert singer outside Radio. Even his deepest bass notes have a singing quality that make them superb on the Radio. He is to sing this year with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, WCCO.

oveless, Wendell P., Director, WMBI.

ovell, J. J., Banjoist, WLAC.

oving, Refuge Ray, Soprano, KFDM.

owe, Alfred, Violinist, WAFI.

owe, Helen, Soprano, WCCO.

owell, Philip, Operator, WCSH.

owenheim, Mary Jane, Pianist, WLAC.

owenstein, Louis, Violinist, WLAC.

owry Male Quartet, WCCO.

oyet, Paul, Announcer, WOC.

ubovisky, Calmon, Violinist, KNX.

ucas, Mrs. Lucian L., Pianist, WFLA.

ucille and Iva, Popular Numbers and Blues, KFEQ.

ucy Jane (Kielman) and **Mary Jane (Morrison).** The two Janes who entertain with Uncle Dave on his Comy Time hour. Lucy Jane plays the ukulele and piano, and Mary Jane plays the ukulele and they both sing. They are quite famous characters over WHB. Many thousands of children flock to the studio to see this pair.

ucy, C. T., the General Manager of WRVA, born in Baltimore, Maryland, graduate of Baltimore City College, 1909, and ever since associated with Lucy & Bro., Co. in various capacities, from clerk to Office Manager and Purchasing Agent. He is now Assistant Advertising Manager in the sale of the world famous Edgeworth Tobacco, as well as shouldering the managerial duties of Virginia's flagship Broadcaster. Used to be somewhat of an athlete, but "they were the good old days;" is a fisherman and huntsman, but never was known to bag any game.

ucy, Harry S. The perplexities of the Plant Department of a 5-KW Radio Station very probably turned Harry's hair gray. He is the gray haired veteran of the WRVA staff and when not struggling with technical problems is the resident fisherman in Virginia. He has been with the owners of WRVA a long time, rising from mechanic to foreman, to Chief Electrician of the company's huge tobacco plant, and now is responsible for the mechanical end of WRVA, besides being somewhat accomplished as a musician.

udlow, Godfrey, Violinist, National Broadcasting Company.

udwig, Preston, Percussionist, KGW.

ugeska Trio, WMAK.

uhken, Mrs. Albert, Contralto, KVOO.

undquist, E., KSTP, Clarinet and saxophone. National Battery Symphony orchestra.

upton, Mrs. H. M., Pianist and Accompanist, WLAC.

uther, Aida, Soprano, and Lupe Luna, pianist, who are appearing on KTAB between 7 and 7:30 on Sundays, have earned a tremendous following through their authentic renditions of Spanish and Latin-American music.

uther, Frank, Tenor, Happy Wonder Bakers, NBC.

uton, Mrs. Horace, Soprano, WLAC.

yman, Abe, and His Californians, NBC.

ynch, Fred, Popular Tenor, KOMO.

ynch, Montgomery, Baritone, General Director, KOMO.

ynch, Steve, Songs, WWNC.

ynch, William, Announcer, NBC, New York.

yon, Hartzell J., Baritone, KMOX.

yon, Ruth, Soprano, WMBB-WOK.

Lyons, William, Harmonicist, WOC.

MAC, Children's Hour Entertainer; a Favorite with "Youngsters from 9 to 90", has probably wrecked the old "97" more times than anyone else, KFRC.

MacArthur, Peter, Business Manager, Announcer, entertainer, KFLV. Formerly with WOC. Has traveled with Harry Lauder, and also with many famous light opera companies. Twenty years of professional experience.

MacDougall, Bertha, KSTP, Mezzo soprano, Holmes Fireside Hour.

Mace, Alice, Pianist, KMOX.

MacHarrie, Lindsay, Chief Announcer of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Fargo, North Dakota, 1900. University of Washington Glee Club four years. With Plymouth Players, Bellingham, Washington. Assistant Graduate Manager, U. of W. for two years. First radio work at KHJ, 1928. Also writes continuity and is on KHJ program committee. Thinks Bell can write novels. Tall, dark, handsome, collegiate, unmarried. Not Spanish osteopath type although gave early indications of becoming physician.

Mack, Harry, Studio Director, Manager, Chief Announcer, WNJ.

MacKown, Marjorie Truelove, Pianist, WHAM.

MacLean, Alice, Lyric Soprano, KOMO.

MacMurray, Frederick, Viola Soloist, NBC San Francisco studios.

Macon, Uncle Dave, Banjoist, Singer, WSM.

Madden, Frank L., KSTP, "Officer Dagnacius Mulcahey." Gives talks on safety in traffic and current events for Northwest listeners.

Madison, Julian, KSTP, College entertainer, member cast "Adventures of Bill Jones," traveling music salesman.

Madsen, Harold, an original member of the Nifty Three Trio; member of the cast of the New York Musical Show "Just a Minute." He was also a member of several prominent dance orchestras in which he played trumpet. At present he is identified with KOIL as a popular vocal artist.

Mae and Gert, Harmony Team, WENR-WBCN.

Maggio, Agie, Crystal Beach Orchestra, WMAK.

Magill, Samuel, Announcer, WOR.

Mahon, William, Announcer, KOIN.

Mahoney, Bill, Announcer, KOIL.

Maish, Jack, Author of WLW Historical Highlights and Great Adventures, is a Harvard graduate with an historical sense and a dramatic gift. He digs out the truth about historical events and characters and presents them as Radio dramas. These are two of the station's most popular programs. Maish aspires to write books and plays for the legitimate stage.

Major and Minor, Pianists, WHAM.

Male Quartet, WWNC.

Malin, Don, Musical Director of WLS, the Sears-Roebuck station, Chicago. Came to WLS in January, 1926, from farm journal field. Became musical director and served in this capacity until June, 1928, when he was named director following the appointment of Edgar L. Bill to supervise all Radio for Sears-Roebuck and Company. Graduate of Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, 1918. With Wallace's Farmer, Des Moines, Iowa, for five years, then to Chicago with Prairie Farmer. Music always a hobby, studied violin and piano and was accompanist for glee clubs during college life. A thorough student of music, its history and the lives and personalities of the great men in music. Saw in Radio a great opportunity to encourage appreciation in good music and his series of piano-talk programs on "Personalities in Music," the opera, the symphony, and his many big choral and symphony broadcasts and other programs of high class character have set a new standard in Radio.



Mallory, Paul, Second Tenor of the Aeria's male quartet, WMAQ.

Mallory, Walter, Tenor, WCCO.

Malone, Mary Cornelia, Soprano, WSM.

Malone, Web, Piano and Songs, WWNC.

Man, L. R. Operator, WBAP.

Mandolin Musicians, KMA.

Mangano, Don, Saxophone. Jules Herbuveaux KFWB orchestra. Don, like his little brother Joe, traces his musical growth from the Hull House band sponsored by Jane Addams. Like his brother, he plays all of the wood wind instruments. He is married and that's that. During the war he was overseas as assistant bandmaster with the Rainbow division, 149th Field Artillery band. He was born in Chicago, and has played with a dozen or so of the famous orchestras before coming to KYW.

Mangano, Joe, Saxophone. Jules Herbuveaux' orchestra. Joe is master of all the wood wind instruments in the band, but the saxophone expresses his own, the jazz age. Television will disclose "Jody" as the Adolph Menjou of Radio—if television is not too long in arriving. There is hope, however, for Joe is only 23. His musical education started as a member of Jane Addams Hull House band, at the age of 9, and there is a sparkle of pride in Joe's eyes when he mentions Miss Addams. "for otherwise," Joe says, "I would never have had the chance to learn music." He is unmarried and, if he can help it will remain that way. However, modern girls set their man and some day probably Joe will be caught off guard. His hobby is golf and trying to be serious.

Manley, William Ward, Radio Playwright and Author of "Biblical Dramas" of NBC System.

Manning, Edward, Announcer, KPO.

Mansfield, Andy, Pianist, arranger, entertainer, soloist, orchestra director, program arranger and comedian. Originated at WLW. Entered Pennsylvania State 1920 as a law student. Changed to a music course when he found he couldn't give up the piano long enough to study Blackstone. Member of Sigma Nu fraternity. Penn State Glee Club, and Musical Club. Transferred to Cornell University and Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Member of the Cornell Musical Clubs, Savage Club, Masque, Sharps and Flats. Left college in 1923 to join Whiteman's office. Played the piano for the first Victor records of the Collegians. Left the Whiteman organization to join the "Little Jesse James" orchestra at Miami. Florida. Has broadcast over WGBU, WIOD, WMBF, and WJAX. Keith Vaudevile in 1924. Orchestra director of the Palmetto Follies at Miami in 1925-26. Joined Ray Miller's orchestra as pianist soloist and arranger. Was with Blue Steele's Victor Recording Band before coming to WLW in 1926. Phonograph owners have Andy's pianologues on Victor, Brunswick, Vocalian, and other records. He has written many popular songs. On the air at WLW he is particularly noted for his comic sketches in which he accompanies himself at the piano. Josephine, the Terrible Traveling Piano, is his radio child. Mansfield's Radio Gazette, a melange of musical news reports, is now entertaining morning audiences. His pianologues on Saturday nights alone would have made him famous.

Mansfield, Mrs. S. A., Pianist, WLAC.

Manson, Margaret, Secretary, Manager Station Routine, KYA.

Manuel Cigar Girls, Popular Numbers Singers, WJR.

Maple City Four, Male Quartet at WLS. Pat Petterson, Bass; Art Janes, Baritone; Bob Bender, Second Tenor; Fritz Meissner, First Tenor, and Rege Peel, Pianist. Drove into Chicago two years ago in a rickety flivver from LaPorte, Ind., determined to "crash" into Radio. Been with WLS ever since—some crash.

Marcotte, Don, and His Vagabonds, NBC.

Marcotte, Ralph, Cellist, WDAF.

Marcoux, Henri, Baritone, WLWL.

Margot, Manya, Staff Artist on WMAY. Has a tenor voice, a knack for fiddling and telling stories. Formerly with KWK, and master of ceremonies at Coffee Dan's, St. Louis.

Marian, Edith, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.

Marian and Jim, Airscout Hour, WENR-WBCN.

Marks, Regina, Violinist and Musical Director of WAPI. Regina can't remember far back enough to be considered an infant in swaddle clothes in music. Coming from a musical family, her early training was received from Josef Hesine, whose home was a Kentucky neighbor of Regina's, later studying with Colman and Klenk, the latter a pupil of the great Joachim. She has long been recognized as one of the outstanding Directors of the South, having directed picture, concert, and restaurant ensembles. Regina considers Radio orchestra work as the ideal means of self expression, bringing a satisfaction, almost a reward in its enabling influence, and appreciates the opportunity of being an important cog in the great wheel of WAPI.



Marlowe, William C., KSTP, Assistant conductor, National Battery Symphony orchestra. In charge KSTP music library of more than 5,000 selections. Conductor, concert master, and violinist with various organizations in Northwest past 15 years.

Marsh, Francis B., Manager Vocal Personnel, Columbia Broadcasting System.

Marsh, Isabel, Soprano, WFLA.

Marshall, Charles, Singer and Producer at the NBC San Francisco studios.

Marshall, Gilbert, Baritone, WLAC.

Marshall, Rhena, Mezzo-Soprano, KOMO.

Martens, Thora, Versatile member of WENR staff. Contralto, she is heard in solos, duets and sketches. Five feet nine inches tall, has gray blue eyes and light brown hair. Favorite hobby is good cooking and shopping. Prior to taking up music Miss Martens did sales and secretarial work. First heard over KYW in duets with Dorothy Wilkins. Appeared in The Student Prince. Has been heard over KYW, WQJ, WHT, WMAQ, WBBM, WLS, WEBH, WIBO, WCCO, KMOX and WOW. Graduate of Senn High school, Chicago.

Martin, Browne, Pianist, WSM.

Martin, Halloween, Alias "Miss Musical Clock" of KYW. Went from college to Home Economics Department of Chicago Herald-Examiner, giving daily Radio talk on Interior Decorating. Lectures at Cooking Schools and Clubs and Winds Musical Clock every day for early listeners.

Martin, Howie, Announcer, KOIL.

Martin, Marion, Accompanist, Hostess, WWJ.

Martin, Virginia, Pianist, WLAC.

Marx, Mrs. Regina, Director of her own concert orchestra, WAPI.

Marylin Trio, Helen Bennett, Violinist; Marion Matthews, Cellist; Mildred Carroll, Pianist and Soprano; KNX.

Maslin, Alice, Program Director and Assistant to Manager, KMOX. Also a concert pianist, narrator, booker and continuity writer. Studied under Alma Dawson and Leo C. Muller in St. Louis, Arcadia college and Colorado college. Was director for Community theatre at Colorado Springs, and has been on the stage. Joined KMOX in March, 1926.

Mason, Richard, Announcer, WPTF.

Massengales, Clyde and Florence, WBAP.

Master Six Orchestra, KFAB.

Mather, Donald, Operator, WEEI.

Mathewson, Ralph W., Chief Operator, WEEI.

Matteson, E. E., Director KFKX.

Matthews, Alice, Pianist, WNAC.

Matthews, Blanche Hunt, Pianist, WLAC.

Matthews, C. J., Commercial Representative in Chicago Office, National Broadcasting Company.

Matthews Sisters, Harmony and Uke Players, KYW.

Maudie (Mrs. Boyd Shreffler), is the most popular single entertainer heard over WIBW. She plays two piano request programs each week besides accompanying for Boyd's band. She has been in radio work and theater for the past 10 years; has the largest repertoire of piano numbers of any entertainer known to WIBW. She has never failed to play any request named, whether popular or classical and plays by the hour without music. Her memory of music is unequaled by any, and she receives more fan mail than any single entertainer on WIBW.

Maupin, Rex, First Trumpet, Arranger, Jules Herbuveaux' KYW Orchestra. Born, St. Joseph, Mo. Graduate of Kansas State with B.S. and M.S. degrees, member Sigma Nu fraternity. Following graduation taught classes in music department of the University and directed band and orchestra. During summer vacations organized dance band among students and played summer resorts. Leaving school he continued with music instead of Entomology in which he earned his B.S. degree and studied harmony, theory and counterpoint with Adolf Weidig in Musical College and Chicago Musical College. He plays piano, cello and trumpet and conducts. Besides having been a member of Prior's band, Rex has played with the famous Paul Ash, Mark Fisher, Benny Meroff, Charles Kaley, Verne Buck, Al Kvale and Charley Straight's orchestras. His hobby is going to fires.

Maurer, Hazel, Pianist, WDBO.

Maxwell, Paul, Engineer, KSO.

Maxwell, Richard, Tenor, NBC.

Maxwell, Ted, NBC Production Manager at San Francisco. Besides handling the details of his important office, Ted plays on many dramatic programs and carries the leading role on one of the most important serials written around Western history. He has been on the stage since he was graduated from high school in Oakland, Calif., his native city. At 19, Ted was leading man for a repertory theatre company doing the old-time hits—"Girl of the Golden West," "East Lynn" and "Two Orphans." He organized the Ted Maxwell Players in Oakland after touring the United States in a vaudeville sketch playing several seasons on Broadway. Ted came to NBC as an announcer and soon was in charge of production.

May, Mrs. Earl, Soloist, KMA.

May, Earl E., Director-Announcer, Gold Cup Announcer, 1926, KMA.

May and June, Harmony Team, WMBB-WOK.

Mayer, Purcell, Violinist, KFI.

Mayer, Robert, KSTP, Oboe, National Battery Symphony orchestra.

Mayflower Trio, Mrs. June Taylor, Jim Taylor, Bob Ross, KMA.

Mays, Esmeralda Berry, Violinist, KMOX.

Maytire Orchestra, KMA.

McAdams, Mrs. Jordan, Soprano and Dramatic Reader, WLAC.

McAllister, Charles, National Player, NBC at San Francisco.

McAloon, Lois, KSTP, Secretary to District Sales Manager, Minneapolis.

McArt, W. J., Tenor, KVOO.

McCabe Jubilee Singers, Negro Spirituals, WSUN.

McCampbell, Ursula, Violinist, WLAC.

McCann, Mildred, Soprano, WFLA.

McCarville, Barney, Announcer, KYW-KFKX. Born, raised and educated in Chicago. The pleasant baritone voice heard on morning studio features and afternoons in market reports and baseball scores. Barney desired early to become a newspaper man and, following in the footsteps of his esteemed father, joined the Chicago Herald and Examiner staff. After two years of reportorial endeavor Barney found himself assisting in editing the woman's page, to-wit, interpreting dreams, answering lovelorn letters and those of embarrassing moments for the readers. (Ed. Note—That is where he laid the foundation for the Sheik he has become.) Little wonder then when the Herald and Examiner started its Radio department that he fled to its protection. He straightway became an announcer and meets his listeners under many names, such as the Newspaper Man, Georgia O. George. Barney is indispensable to the Radio station. There is no branch of the program department in which he can not and is often called upon to function effectively. As one of his many side accomplishments for which his early training fits him he edits from the grist of the world's news the famous Chicago Herald and Examiner News Flashes, a nightly uninterrupted efature for more than three years.



McClellan, Carter, Xylophonist, WLAC.

McCleod, Keith, Pianist, NBC.

McCluer, Paul, Sunshine Hour Announcer, WENR. Born in Brimfield, Illinois. Single, five feet nine inches tall, has blue eyes and light brown hair. Hobbies are golf, writings of Ben Johnson and teaching of speech. Attended University of Chicago and Illinois. Has been a teacher, house painter, and was on the Chautauqua circuit. Besides announcing writes continuities for WENR. Favorite dessert is watermelon.



McCluney, Richard, Baritone, WJBY.

McConnel, Elizabeth, Violinist, WLAC.

McConnell, Ed, Radio Team of Ed and Mama, WSUN.

McConnell, John, Musical Director, WCAU.

McConville, Leo, Trumpeter, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.

McCormack, Hamilton, Operator, WBAL.

McCormick, Evelyn—"Mac" to the KYW-KFKX staff, who can tell at a glance from the master panel index, just when any program was, is, or will be. So far she has only made four million mistakes, but she's been right four hundred million times. All the announcers, operators, artists and production men read her schedules daily.

McCormick, Leo, Baritone Soloist, KSTP.

McCormick, Peggy, Contralto, KVOO.

McCosker, Director, WOR.

McCrocklin, Angeline, Contralto, WAPI.

McCullough, James, Basso, WFLA.

McDermott, Tom, Popular Songster, Novelty Pianist, WGB.

McDonald, Avis, Vibroharp and Xylophone Soloist and Drummer in the Studio Orchestra of WJJD.

McDonald, Elmer, Tenor, KMOX.

McDonald, Grace, Contralto, WSAI.

McDonald, Ross, Banjo and Director Silverking Dance Orchestra, WSUN.

McDonough, Dick, Banjo, Guitar Soloist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.

McDowell, M. F., Operator, WEAO.

McElwain, George, Announcer. Drafted from Technical Department for late program, KGO.

McFadden, Frances, Pianist, WSM.

McGann, Hugh, Baritone, KOIL.

McGee, Beulah, Contralto, WOC.

McGee, Sam, Fiddler, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.

McGinty Cowboy Band, WLW.

McGlone, Louise, Organist, KMA.

McGowan, Grace, Coloratura Soprano and Office Director, KMOX. Pioneer Radio artist. Chosen as one of the two St. Louis sopranos for the special choir in The Miracle, and has also sung in operatic productions. Appears in station recitals and light and grand opera.

McGrath, Frank, Director Parker House Concert Orchestra, WEEI.

McHugh, H. Bart, Jr., Manager of WCAU. One of the leading authorities on Radio advertising in the East.

McIntire, Katheryne, Studio Director, Violinist, Contralto and Dramatic Reader. She has been called the most talented girl in Radio. But with all her accomplishments, Miss McIntire is first a violinist. She has spent several seasons in Europe studying with Kreitler in Paris, and Rosalind Day in Vienna. Miss McIntire has appeared before the microphone for some years as a concert artist, and has been a staff member of KMOX for two years.

McIntosh, Barr, Cheerful Philosopher, KFWB. Honorary Member of the "Rough Riders." Elected at thirtieth convention held in Hollywood June 24th, 1928. Was with them in Cuba as war correspondent. Honorary of Roosevelt Camp No. 9, Spanish War Veterans in Los Angeles. Membership over 2,500, the largest camp in the country. Recently elected honorary member Veterans of Foreign Wars, Santa Monica Post. All of these because of continued interest in the welfare of ex-service men.

McInturf, Lucille, Organist, WWNC.

McKee, Edna, "The Oklahoma Melody Girl," Pianist and blues singer, KMOX. Miss McKee, who was in Los Angeles for 14 months, was a feature artist over KFLA, the Los Angeles Examiner station, and prior to that time was connected with KVOO, Tulsa. She has also broadcast over stations KNX at Hollywood, KFI and KFWB at Los Angeles. While in Hollywood she became affiliated with the Sound Arts Academy, where many motion picture stars learn how to "talk." She has also appeared on the stage in the largest theatres on the Pacific Coast.

McKenzie, Rev. J. A. Weekly Bible School Lesson, KMA.

McKenzie, Jock, KSTP, Scotch Baritone.

McKiddy, M. M., Operator, WDAF.

McKinney, Tommy, Tenor Soloist, KFJF.

McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Dance Orchestra, WJR.

McLaughlin, Ben Walker, Editor of the NBC "Woman's Magazine of the Air," broadcast from the San Francisco studios every weekday excepting Saturday. Known as Ben Walker to the Radio audience of the Magazine, he conducts one of the most unique of all broadcasts. Designed to help and entertain the home-maker, Ben's program includes everything from recipes to an organ recital and jazz music. "Three sponsors a day, keep the blues away," says Bennie as he presents the one hour broadcast divided into three periods. Formerly a vaudeville entertainer, concert singer and one-time actor in Hollywood, Ben came to NBC two years ago and was given charge of the Magazine. He is a native of Slatington, Pa. Ben appeared on the stage when he was 13. He has lived in California since shortly after the World War, when he served in the 4th Field Artillery.

McLaughlin, Frances, Secretary to Big Brother Club, WEEI.

McLaughlin, Manus, and "His Old Time Fiddle." Heard at various stations throughout the country. Specialized for over twenty years in playing old time music.

McMahon, Leah, Program Director, accompanist, blues singer, KFSD.

McMillin, Mrs. Benton, Reader, WSM.

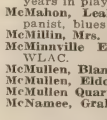
McMinnville Exchange Club Male Quartet, WLAC.

McMullen, Blance, Soprano, WFLA.

McMullen, Eldon, Pianist, WFLA.

McMullen Quartet, WFLA.

McNamee, Graham, Announcer. Began work at WEAF in 1923. Has described the World Series, the Presidential Inauguration, the Democratic National Convention, Football games. He is also remembered for his announcing of the Shark-Dempsey and the Tunney-Dempsey Fights. He is known by his "Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen of the Radio Audience." Broadcasting Company. McNamee also is a recognized concert baritone and was heard during 1929 in a series of concerts that took him to all parts of the nation.



McNeill, Don, Announcer, WTMJ. Graduate Marquette university, 1929. Was announcer and writer for the Milwaukee station while an undergraduate. Also draws cartoons for the Milwaukee Journal and is a staff writer. Six feet, two inches tall, black hair, Irish blue eyes. Hails from Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

McNight, Wes, Announcer, CFRB.

McQueen, Alexander, the Scrap Book Man, musician, author, entertainer, specialties. WFBE.

McQuhae, Allen, Tenor, NBC.

Mecker, Louise, Weekly Book Reviews, WDAF.

Mediterraneans, Orchestra, WJBY.

Meek, Sandy, Scotch Tenor, WSBC.

Melaney, Howard, the "Singing Fireman" from WLS. Discovered while on a locomotive out in the mountains. Travels 4,000 miles each week singing for Northern Pacific railway functions from coast to coast. His tenor voice fits ballads.

Melbe, Chester, KSTP, Bass and Tuba, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Melcher, Irving W., Manager, WCSH.

Melgard, Al, Organist, KYW.

Mellonino, Claire, Pianist, KNX.

Mellotone Male Quartet, KFLV. Favorites, old and new, are offered by this singing group composed of Francis Keye, Willard Newburg, Earl Johnson and Carl Johnson.

Melodians, Laurie, Eddie, Bennie, Male Trio, WGES.

Melodians, Quartet, WSM.

Melody Trio, Sid Lippman, Dale Imes, Sally Farnsworth, KNX.

Melody Twins, Dorothy Maddox, Vera Trueblood, WHB.

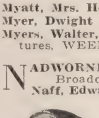
Melton, Charles F., "Charlie, the French Harp King," WLAC.
Melton, James, Tenor, NBC.
Menkes, Sallie, Jack Baus, Sterra Feigen, Trio, WENR.
Menton, Jean Dawson, Afternoon Program Supervisor, WBAL.
Menzer, Carl, Announcer, WSUI.
Mercer, Harry Yeazell, Tenor, WOC.
Meridian Hillbillers Orchestra from Meridian, Miss., WAPI.
Merrick, Mahlon, Director of Concert Orchestra, KHQ.
Mertens, Louis, Violinist, WSM.
Messeus, James, Cello, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.
Metcalf, Peggy, Blues Singer, WWNC.
Meteyarde, Lawrence, Pianist, WAPI.
Metropolitan Male Quartet, KVOO.
Meyer, Mrs. Benjamin, Pianist, WLAC.
Meyer, Vic, Leader of Butler Hotel Orchestra, KFH.
Meyers, Charlotte, Member of Team with Miss Tudor, WLW.
Meytrot, West, Popular Pianist, WSUN.
Michael, Milton, Tenor, KFDM.
Micklin, Harold, Violinist, Conductor of Orchestra, WFI.
Mignoiet, Jeanne, Soprano, is frequently heard when Roxy and His Gang are on the air over the National Broadcasting Company's Network.
Mike and Herman, Comedians, Arthur Wellington and James Murray, WENR-WBCN.
Miles, Mrs. T. E., Contralto, WSM.
Millholland, Eugene L., Studio Manager, Chief Announcer, Program Director, Famous for his Radio Vaudeville. He is also a reader, impersonater and singer, KGO.
Miller, Dick, Tenor, WMAK.
Miller, George, WSBC.
Miller, Hugh, Bass, KFDM.
Miller, Leah, Announcer of Women's Exercise Period of KSTP, is Physical Director of the St. Paul Y. W. C. A.
Miller, Lou, Uncle Jack, KOIL.
Miller, Mamie, Domestic Science Lady, KMA.
Miller, Priestley, Baritone and Member of WLAC Male Quartet, WLAC.
Miller, Sylvia, Young Lyric Soprano, Major Bowes' Capitol Family, National Broadcasting Company.
Miller, William, Tenor, went through to the Semi-finals in 1927 Atwater Kent Contest, WDAC. Now staff tenor with WTAM.
Millrood, George B., Violinist, WJR.
Mills, Byron, Announcer. Learned to sing touring country towns with his father, who was a circuit rider. It is also rumored he reads all the fan mail, KGO.
Mills, H. Lawrence, KSTP, Chief Maintenance Engineer.
Mills, Ruth Ticknor, Contralto KFLV. Heart songs a specialty. Accompanist is Laura Sterling.
Milton, Billy, "The One Man Band" (Harmonica and Guitar), KSTP.
Minea, Ethel, KSTP, Secretary to Assistant Manager.
Mineo, Sam, Pianist, WMAK.
Minicis, Joe De, Tenor, WFLA.
Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Henri Verbrugghe, Conductor, WCCO.
Minotti, Carl, Popular Songs, WSUN.
Mitchell, Bertha, Staff Pianist and Brown Trio, WSUN.
Mitchell, Everett, Announcer on Popular program. He has been connected with Radio three years, WENR.
Mobley, Earl, and His Orchestra, NBC.
Moeller, Katherine, KSTP, Reader, "Children's Hour."
Moffit, Star's Photoplay Editor, WDAF.
Mole, Miff, Trombonist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Mona Motor Mixed Quartet, Mrs. Will Cutler, Soprano; Mrs. X. Kynett, Contralto; Howard Steberg, Tenor; Philip Helgren, Bass; KOIL.
Mona Motor Oil Orchestra, KOIL.
Monjicin, Gregory, Dancer, Russian Arte Troupe of Dancers, Musicians and Vocalists, KSTP.
Monk, Alfred, Radio Orchestra, WHAM.
Monroe Jockers' Orchestra, KNX.
Montagne, Imelda, Contralto Singer, NBC at San Francisco. Imelda dances and is an actress as well, but most of her programs now are with the Pepper Maids, a feminine harmony trio heard with the Musical Musketeers, an NBC dance band.
Montanus, Mrs. Agnes, and her Friendly House Dramatic Players, WOC.
Montgomery, Ruth, Soprano, WDAF.
Mooney, Ralph Stifford, Tenor, WLAC.
Mooney, Tom, Baritone, WSM.
Moore, Grady, Hawaiian Guiter Artist, WLAC.
Moore, Homer, Operatic Baritone, WFLA.
Moore, Lloyd, Announcer, CKOC.
Moore, Morrill, Organist, WHB.
Moore, Pryor, Musical Director, KFI.
Moosman, Bead, Dramatic Player, Control Operator, KOMO.
Moran, Estelle, Pianist, KTAB.
Morna, Nelle Lee, Soprano, WSM.
Morehouse, Marguerite, Organist, KOIL.
Morelli, Whitfield, Pianist, and Student in Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, WLAC.
Morgan, Arthur, Violinist, WBAL.
Morgan, Madge, Soprano, KVOO.
Morrey, Grace Hamilton, Pianist, WAIU.
Morris, Margaret Messer, Soprano, KNX.

Morrison, Clair E., Manager of KYA. Mr. Morrison received his early training as director of KPO, San Francisco. For the past year and a half he has been piloting KYA into national prominence. The reason he is not on the air now as much as formerly is because he is too busy looking after all the details which go toward making a smooth broadcast.



Morrison, Edris, Director, KOIN Players.
Morrison, William O., Member KVOO Studio Orchestra.
Morrow, Fred, Reeds, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Morse, Clyde, Program Director, WHAM.
Morton, Dorothy, Pianist, WSM.
Morton, Harry, Nat Vincent, Happy Chappies, KFRC.
Morton, Helen, Contralto, KVOO.
"Mose and Charlie," Harold Hughes, Jose Simonson, KOIL.
Moses, Eva, Hostess, KFON.
Moses, Everett Allyn, Band Conductor, WSUN.
Mosher, Austin, NBC Baritone at San Francisco.
Moss, Ben, Associate Announcer, WFLA.
Moss, Frank, Musical Director of KFRC. A concert pianist of distinction; has co-starred throughout America with Alice Gentle, Marjory Maxwell, Tina Lerner, Louis Persinger, Lawrence Strauss and others. He is an Ampico recording artist and former director of music at the University of Hawaii, KFRC.
Moss, Nora La Mar, Contralto, WHB.
Mountain, Rose, Contralto Soloist, WGY.
Mullins, Earl, Saxophonist, KVOO.
Munn, Frank, Tenor, Former, One of Rudd Light Opera Group, National Broadcasting Company.
Murphy, Ella, Weekly Book Reviews, KMA.
Murphy, James, KSTP, Piano, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
Murphy, Lambert, The American Singers, NBC.
Murphy, Russell, Tenor, WCCO.
Murray, Norine, Irish Songs, WOC.
Murray, Rachel Neil, Guitarist, WSM.
Music Masters, Twenty-Piece Concert Orchestra, WBAP.
Musical Chefs, Don Travline, Max Freedman, WCAU.
Myatt, Mrs. Herman, Soprano, WSM.
Myer, Dwight A., Engineer, WBZA.
Myers, Walter, "Mr." of Universal Radio Features, WEEI.

NADWORNEY, Devore, Contralto, National Broadcasting Company.
Naff, Edward D. Musical Director of Station WRVA, Richmond, Va. Conducts auditions for the station, plans musical programs, and acts in an advisory capacity in the arrangement of programs for local broadcasts. He also has charge of the continuity department. Besides these duties Mr. Naff finds time to do considerable singing and announcing. His recent series of 28 lectures were listed in the bulletin of the University of Virginia as one of the contributions in the State's extension series of educational features.

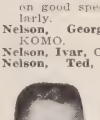


Nagy, Charles, Violinist, and Member of Francis Craig and His Recording Orchestra, WLAC.
Nalley, Velva, Blues Singer, WDAF.
Nappi, William, Director of Columbia Recording Orchestra, WAPI.
Nash, Mrs. Charles A., Musical Director of KFUL, Galveston, Texas, began her musical career at the early age of seven, when she began taking lessons both in voice culture and piano. On completion of studies in Houston, Texas, and later in Chicago, she became well known to Texas audiences as concert soprano and as director of various musical organizations. Much credit for the high quality of musical programs broadcast by KFUL is due to Mrs. Nash. She is the wife of a Presbyterian minister and in addition to her Radio work Mrs. Nash finds time to direct the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Galveston.



Nash, Kenneth, KSTP, Saxophone, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
Nashville Conservatory of Music. This is Nashville's newest musical institution of which Signor Guaetona S. De Luca is Director. The Conservatory will sponsor weekly programs over WLAC throughout the coming fall, winter, and spring seasons, WLAC.
Nashville Men's Quartet, WLAC.
National Barn Dance Fiddlers, Tommy Dandurand and Rube Tronson with the fiddles; Sam Mack, banjo, and Ed Goodreau, caller. "Hot" old time barn dance music. Pioneers in this field in Radio. WLS.
National Battery Girls, Grace Epperson, Olive Stageman, Rachel Salisbury, KOIL.

National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP. H. C. Woempner, First Flute, Minneapolis Symphony, Director; Max Scheliner First Violin, Minneapolis Symphony; William Marlowe, Violin and Librarian; John Lambert, Violin and Saxophone, Minneapolis Symphony; Frank Obermann, Violin, Viola and Piano, Minneapolis Symphony; James Messeas, Cello, Minneapolis Symphony; Alan Warren, Cello and Saxophone; Herman Rudoff, Piano, Viola and Accompanist, Minneapolis Symphony; Frank Kuchynka, First String Bass, Minneapolis Symphony; John Stamp, Trumpet, Minneapolis Symphony; Con Derus, Trumpet Spence Adkins, Trombone, Earl Hamilton, Clarinet and Saxophone, Minneapolis Symphony, Marston Teschion, Clarinet and Saxophone; Gordon Cooke, Drums; Harry Cunnington, First Bassoon, Minneapolis Symphony; Alexandre Lavoie, First Oboe, Minneapolis Symphony; Burton Spedding, Piano, Alan Hustand, Flute, Minneapolis Symphony.
National Cavaliers, Popular Songs, NBC, New York.
National Male Four, KSTP. Voices quartet: Earl Stockdale, first tenor, Nels Svensson, bass, Raymond D. Walter, second tenor and Leo Hemmingbaus, baritone, Ye Merry Men of Windsor.
Neale, Floyd Judson, Announcer, WOR.
Nearles, C. A., Physical Director, Announcer, KMOX.
Neatrour, Harold, Announcer, WRVA.
Neely, Uberto, Violinist; Concert Master of several orchestras. Instructor of WSAI Song Writing Class.
Nellums, Mrs. M. E., Soprano, WLAC.
Nelson, Bertram, Professor of Public Speaking at the University of Chicago. Prof. Nelson broadcasts for the Chicago Daily News station. WMAQ fans hear his lectures on good speech and correct speaking regularly.
Nelson, George, Chief Announcer, Bass, KOMO.
Nelson, Ivar, Chief Engineer, WNAX.
Nelson, Ted, Announcer-General Manager WRNY. One of the pioneers of the Atlantic Coast is Ted Nelson. Everybody knows him. This summer he has been followed closely by the fight fans because if anyone knows how to describe a fistic battle it is Ted, and WRNY has been carrying the fights of the local stadium. Mr. Nelson comes to WRNY with experience. He has announced from both WMCA and WPCH. As a graduate of Columbia University and a former newspaper man, he brings to his broadcasting a good background. This summer he has been communicating between the beaches, and, it is rumored, trying to fish.



Nelson, William Warvelle, Orchestra Leader WCCO.
Nerat, Andrew, Jugo-Slavacia Grand Opera Soloist, KSTP.
Neumiller, Howard, Musical Director, WENR-WBCN.
Nevins, George, Tenor and Member of Nashville Men's Quartet, WLAC.
Newman, J. W., Chief Operator, WFLA-WSUN.
New Yorkers, Popular Songs, NBC, New York.
Nice, Dr. Clarence, Director Rollins College Conservatory Program, WDBO.
Nicholls, John N., Announcer, Staff Pianist, Baritone, KOIN.
Nichols, Dorothy, Cellist of the KTAB musical ensembles, is a red-head and the sister of the heralded "Red" Nichols, trumpet virtuoso and phonograph artist. She is often heard in solo and trio selections over the Pickwick station.
Nichols, G. B., Spanish Announcer, KFDM.
Nichols, Martin, Tenor, WSM.
Nichols, Red, and His Orchestra, NBC.
Nichols, Robert, Associate Announcer, Baritone, KOMO.
Nicholson, James, Chief Operator, WCSH.
Nicholson, Williams B., Tenor, WSM.
Nickell, Joe, Studio Director, WTAW. He has been with the Capper publications since 1917. Graduate lawyer.
Nickle, Margarett, Pianist, WFLA.
Niesley, Myron, NBC Tenor at San Francisco
Nighingale, Helen, Soprano, KOIL.
Nitsche, Ed., KSTP, Accordeon player, member team "Ed and Norm."
Noel, Harold, Announcer, Publicity, WGES.
Noel, Mrs. L. G. Pianist and Teacher of Piano, WLAC.
Noel, Tom, Musical Director, KVOO. Known to the Radio audience as Hippo of the A.B.C. Safety Club of KVOO and Prof. Schnitzelbunk, Theatrical and musical work for twenty years. Member of U. S. N. for eight years. Band leader, 11th U. S. Engineers.

Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the March Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.

Evening Schedules of Favorite Stations

CENTRAL TIME

Add one hour for Eastern time, subtract one hour for Mountain time and two hours for Pacific time.

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Akron	WADC	227 1	1320	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Akron	WFJC	206 8	1450	500	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00 11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Albuquerque	KGGM	243 8	1230	500	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Albuquerque
Amarillo	KGRS	212 6	1410	1000	5:00- 6:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Amarillo
Ames	WOI	468 5	640	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Ames
Asbury Park	WCAP	234 2	1280	500	7:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Asbury Park
Asheville	WWNC	526	570	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00 11:00	5:00-11:00	Asheville
Atlanta	WGST	336 9	890	500	Silent	6:30-12:30	Silent	Silent	7:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Atlanta
Atlanta	WSB	405 2	740	1000	5:00- 9:15	6:00-10:45	5:30-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	Atlanta
Atlantic City	WPG	272 6	1100	5000	5:00-12:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Atlantic City
Austin	KUT	267 7	1120	500	7:00-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Silent	Austin
Baltimore	WBAL	282 8	1060	10000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	Baltimore
Bangor	WLBZ	483 6	620	250	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Bangor
Bay City	WBCM	212 6	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 1:00	Bay City
Beaumont	KFDM	535 4	560	500	7:00- 9:00	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-12:00	Beaumont
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508 2	590	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Berrien Springs
Beverly Hills	KEJK	422 3	710	500	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	Beverly Hills
Billings	KGHL	315 6	950	500	8:30-11:00	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:00	
											12:30- 3:00	Billings
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1140	5000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	
					8:00-11:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00				Birmingham
Birmingham	WBRC	322 4	930	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 2:30	Birmingham
Bismarck	KFYR	545 1	550	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00-11:00	
							9:00-11:00		9:00-10:00			Bismarck
Boise	KIDO	239 9	1250	1000	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Boise
Boston	WBIS	243 8	1230	1000	Silent	5:00-11:10	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Boston
Boston	WBZA	302 8	990	500	5:00-10:45	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:55-10:23	5:00-10:22	Boston
Boston	WEEI	508 2	590	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:05	5:00-10:05	5:00- 9:35	5:00-10:15	Boston
Boston	WNAC	243 8	1230	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Boston
Brookings	KFDY	545 1	550	1000	Silent	Silent	7:30- 9:00	Silent	7:30- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Brookings
						5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	6:30- 9:00	6:30- 9:30	9:00-11:00	6:30- 8:00	
Brooklyn	WBBC	214 2	1400	500	6:00- 9:30	9:30-11:00	8:00- 9:30				9:30-11:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WLTH	214 2	1400	500								Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WSGH-WSDA	214 2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Brooklyn
Brownsville	KWWG	238	1260	500								Brownsville
Buffalo	WGR	545 1	550	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKBW	204	1470	5000	6:00- 8:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKEN	288 3	1040	1000	Silent							Buffalo
Buffalo	WMAK	333 1	900	750								Buffalo
Burbank	KELW	384 4	780	500	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Burbank
Calgary	CFAC	434 5	690	500	8:00	10:00-11:30	9:30-10:00	9:30-10:00	7:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	
					8:30-10:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	Calgary
Calgary	CFCN	434 5	690	1800	10:15-11:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-12:00		9:30- 2:00		Calgary
Calgary	CHCA	434 5	690	500	6:00- 7:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Calgary
Calgary	CJCJ	434 5	690	500	7:00- 8:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	12:00- 1:00	Silent	8:00- 9:30	9:00- 1:00	
					11:30-12:30	11:30-12:30						Calgary
Calgary	CNRC	434 8	690	500	Silent	9:30-11:30	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Camden	WCAM	234 2	1280	500	Silent	6:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00-11:00	Silent	Camden
Canton	WCAD	245 6	1220	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Canton
Charlotte	WBT	277 6	1080	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Charlotte
Chattanooga	WDOD	234 2	1280	2500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Chattanooga
Chicago	KYW-KFKX	293 9	1020	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	Chicago
Chicago	KYWA	293 9	1020	10000	Same as KYW-KFKX.							Chicago
Chicago	WAAF	325 9	920	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WBBM	389 4	770	25000	5:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	
						12:00- 1:00		12 :00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	Chicago
Chicago	WCFL	234 2	1280	1500D	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	
				1000N	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	Chicago
Chicago	WENR	344 6	870	50000	8:00- 1:00	11:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	11:00- 2:00	11:30- 2:00	12:00- 2:00	
					5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
					9:00-10:30				9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30		Chicago
Chicago	WGES	220 4	1360	500	12:00- 2:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	12:00- 2:00	12:00- 2:00	9:00-10:30	Chicago
Chicago	WGN	416 4	720	25000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WIBO	535 4	560	1000	Silent	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-11:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	Chicago
Chicago	WJBT	389 4	770	25000	9:30- 2:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WJJD	265 3	1130	20000	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	Chicago
Chicago	WLS	344 6	870	5000	6:00- 8:00	5:30-11:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:30	5:30-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMAQ	447 5	670	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMBI	277 6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	10:15-11:15	12:00- 1:00	Silent	Chicago
Chicago (Tran. Deerf'd)	WORD	202 6	1480	5000	5:00- 7:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Chicago
Chicago	WPCC	535 4	560	500	5:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chickasha	KOCW	214 2	1400	500	6:00- 8:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	Chickasha
Cincinnati	WKRC	545 1	550	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WLW	428 3	700	50000	5:00-11:20	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 3:00	9:00-12:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WSAI	225 4	1330	500	5:30- 9:45	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-10:00	5:30- 9:30	5:30-10:00	Cincinnati
Clarinda	KSO	217 3	1380	500	Silent	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Clarinda
Clay Center	KMMJ	405 2	740	1000	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	Clay Center
Clearwater	WFLA	483 6	620	1000	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Clearwater
Cleveland	WEAR	280 2	1070	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
Cleveland	WHK	215.7	1390	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Cleveland
Cleveland	WJAY	483 6	620	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Cleveland	
Cleveland	WTAM	399 8	750	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
College Station	WTAW	267 7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	College Station
Colorado Springs	KFUM	236 7	1270	1000	Silent	6:00-11:30	6:00-12:00	6:00-10:00	6:00- 3:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:00	Colorado Springs
Columbia, Mo.	KFRU	475 9	630	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Columbia, Mo.
Columbus, Ohio	WAIU	468 5	640	5000	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Columbus, Ohio
					5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00		
Columbus, Ohio	WCAH	209 7	1430	500	8:00-10:30	9:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	8:00-10:30	6:00- 9:00	8:00-11:00		Columbus, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio	WEAO	526	570	750	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 8:30	Silent	Columbus, Ohio
Coney Island	WCGU	214 2	1400	500		5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30				6:30- 8:00	
					6:00- 9:30	9:30-11:00	8:00- 9:30	6:30- 9:00	6:30- 9:30	9:00-11:00	9:30-11:00	Coney Island
Corvallis	KOAC	599 6	550	1000		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					Silent	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	Corvallis
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1260	1000	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Council Bluffs
Covington	WCKY	202 6	1480	5000								Covington
Culver	WCMA	214 2	1400	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Culver
Dallas	KRLD	288 3	1040	10000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					7:00- 8:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	
					10:00-11:00						12:00- 3:00	
Dallas	WFAA	374 8	800	500	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	Dallas
Dallas	WRR	234 2	1280	500	7:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	Silent	Dallas
Davenport	WOC	299 8	1000	5000	5:00-10:45	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	Davenport
Denver	KFEL	319	940	500								Denver
Denver	KLZ	535 4	560	1000	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Denver
Denver	KOA	361 2	830	12500	6:00-11:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:45	Denver
Denver	KPOF	340 7	880	500	8:30-10:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Denver
Des Moines	WHO	299 8	1000	5000	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Des Moines
Detroit	WJR	399 8	750	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Detroit
Detroit	WWJ	325 9	920	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	Detroit
East Lansing	WKAR	288 3	1040	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	East Lansing
Easton	WICC	252	1190	500	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1¾ hrs. after sunset	Easton
Eau Claire	WTAQ	225 4	1330	1000	Silent	5:00- 7:55	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	Eau Claire
Edmonton	CJCA	516 9	580	500	8:25-10:30	8:00- 9:00	6:00-10:00	7:00- 9:30	6:30-11:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 1:00	
						6:30- 8:00				6:30- 8:00		Edmonton
Edmonton	CKUA	516 9	580	500	5:00- 6:30	9:00-11:30	10:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:30	Silent	Edmonton

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Edmonton	CNRE	517 2	580	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Edmonton
Evansville	WGBF	475 9	630	500	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 1:00	
					6:00- 8:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	7:00- 9:00	7:30- 9:30	6:00- 8:00	6:00 12:00	Evansville
Fairmont	WMMN	336 9	890	250				11:00- 1:00				Fairmont
Fargo	WDAY	319	940	1000	Silent	8:00-10:00	8:00 10:15	8:30-10:00	9:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00-10:00	Fargo
Fayetteville	KUAO	215 7	1390	1000	Silent	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 5:55	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:30	Silent	Fayetteville
Fleming	CJRW	499 7	600	1000	5:00- 7:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:30	5:00- 7:30	8:00- 9:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00 11:00	Fleming
Ft. Wayne	WOWO	258 5	1160	10000	5:00- 6.00							Ft. Wayne
					7:30 11:00	9:00 11:00	6:00-11:00	8:30 11:00	6:00-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:00-10:30	
Ft. Worth	KTAT	241 8	1240	1000	7:30-12:00	5 p.m. 7 a.m.	5:00-12:00	5 p.m. -7 a.m.	8:00 12:00	5 p.m.-7 a.m.	5:00 12:00	Ft. Worth
					5:00- 6:00	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 6:00	
Ft. Worth	WBAP	374 8	800	50000	9:30-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	Ft. Worth
											5:00 10:00	
Gainesville	WRUF	361.2	830	5000	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	11:00-12:00	Gainesville
					1st in Mo.		6:00- 8:00		6:00- 8:00		6:00 8:00	
Galveston	KFUL	232 4	1290	1000	7:30- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00 12:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	Galveston
Gary	WJKS	220 4	1360	500	7:00- 9:00	7:00 9:00	7:00 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	
					10:30-12:00	10:30 1:00	10:30 1:00	10:30- 1:00	10:00 12:00	10:30-12:00	10:30 1:00	Gary
Gloucester	WHDH	361 2	830	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Gloucester
Grand Rapids	WASH	236 1	1270	500		5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	
					6:45-11:00	11:00 12:00	11:00 12:00	11:00 12:00	11:00 12:00	11:00 12:00	11:00 12:00	Grand Rapids
Great Falls	KFBB	220 6	1360	500		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					Silent	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	Great Falls
Greeley	KFKA	340 7	880	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:00 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Greeley
Greensboro	WNRC	208 2	1440	500	7:00	5:30- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	Silent	Greensboro
Harlingen	KRGV	238	1260	500	5:00- 7:00	9:00 11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 6:00	Harlingen
Harrisburg	WBAK	209 7	1430	500	Silent	6:00- 8:00	Silent	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Harrisburg
Harrisburg	WHP	299 7	1430	500	5:00- 7:59	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Harrisburg
Hartford	WTIC	282 8	1060	50000	6:00-11:00	Silent	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	8:00- 6:00	Hartford
Hoboken	WPCH	370 2	810	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00 9:00	5:00 9:00	5:00 -9:00	Hoboken
Hollywood	KFWB	315 6	950	1000	8-30- 1:00	6:15- 2:15	6:15- 1:30	6:15- 2:00	6:15 1:30	6:15- 2:00	5:00- 2:15	Hollywood
Hollywood	KMTR	526	570	500	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	
					1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	Hollywood
Hollywood	KNX	285 5	1050	50000	8:30-12:30	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	Hollywood
Honolulu	KGU	319	940	1000	9:30- 2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30 -2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30-12:00	
											2 to 5 a.m.	Honolulu
Hopkinsville	WFIW	319	940	1000	9:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00 11:00	Hopkinsville
Hot Springs	KTHS	288 3	1040	10000	7:00- 8:00	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 8:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	6:00- 6:30	
					9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:30 11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	7:00- 9:00	Hot Springs
Houston	KPRC	325 9	920	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Houston
Indianapolis	WKBF	214 2	1400	500	6:00- 8:00	6:45-12:00	6:00- 8:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Indianapolis
Indianapolis	WFBM	243 8	1230	1000			5:00- 6:00		5:00- 8:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00 10:00	
					5:00-11:45	5:00-11:15	8:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	10:00 11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	Indianapolis
Inglewood	KMIC	267 7	1120	500					7:00-10:00		2:00-5:00	
					Silent	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	12:30- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	12:30- 2:00	Inglewood
Iowa City	WSUI	499 7	600	500	6:00- 7:00	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 6:30	5:30- 6:30	5:30- 6:30	5:30- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	
					9:15-11:00	12:00- 3:00	8:30-10:00	8:30- 9:30	8:30 10:00	Silent	8:30- 9:30	Iowa City
Ithaca	WEAI	236 1	1270	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:30- 9:30	Silent	Ithaca
Jacksonville	WJAX	333 1	900	1000	5:30-10:45	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Jacksonville
Jefferson City	WOS	475 9	630	500	Silent	6:45-10:00	6:45- 7:00	6:45-11:00	6:45- 7:00	6:45-11:00	Silent	Jefferson City
Kansas City	KMBC	315 6	950	1000					5:55- 9:30		5:55-10:00	
					5:00-11:00	5:00- 9:30	5:55-12:00	5:55- 9:30	11:00-12:00	5:55- 9:30	11:00-12:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WDAF	491 5	610	1000	6:00-10:15	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WHB	315 6	950	500		5:55- 5:55		5:00- 5:55	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 5:55	5:00- 5:55	
					11:00-12:30	9:30- 1:00	5:00- 5:55	9:30- 1:00	9:30-11:00	9:30- 1:00	10:00-11:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WOQ	230 6	1300	1000	8:00- 9:15				6:00- 7:00			
					10:00- 1:00	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:45	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Kansas City
Kingston	CFRC	267 7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Kingston
Knoxville	WNOX	535 4	560	1000	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Knoxville
La Crosse	WKBH	217 8	1380	1000	Silent	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	
								10:00-11:00			10:00-11:00	La Crosse
Lawrence	KFKU	245 6	1220	1000	Silent	6:00- 7:00	Silent	6:00- 7:00	Silent	Silent	6:00- 7:00	Lawrence
Lawrence	WREN	245 8	1220	1000	5:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	8:30- 9:00	5:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	Lawrence
Lawrenceburg	WOAN	499 7	600	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	5:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	6:00-11:00	
							11:00 12:00		7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Lawrenceburg
Lexington	WLEX	220 4	1360	500	5:00- 7:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	11:00-12:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Lexington
Lincoln	KFAB	389.4	770	5000		5:00- 8:00		5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	
					5:00- 5:30	10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00		10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	Lincoln
Lincoln	WCAJ	508 2	590	500	5:30- 7:00	Silent	8:00- 9:00	9:30-10:30	5:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Lincoln
Little Rock	KLRA	215 7	1390	1000	6:00-12:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55- 6:55	Silent	Silent	Silent	Little Rock
London	CJGC	329.7	910	500	6:00- 7:30				5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-11:00	
					9:00-10:00	5:45-10:00	5:45-10:00	5:45-10:30	5:30-11:00	5:45-10:00	Silent	London
London	CNRL	329.7	910	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	London
Long Beach	KFOX	239.9	1250	1000	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	5pm-7am	Long Beach
Los Angeles	KFI	466.5	640	5000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 1:15	7:00- 4:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KFSG	276 7	1120	500	5:00- 6:30			5:00- 6:00	5:00- 7:00			
					8:30- 1:00	Silent	Silent	6:00- 7:00	10:00-12:30	5:00- 7:00	10:00-12:30	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KGEF	230 6	1300	1000	5:00-10:00	Silent	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KHJ	333 1	900	1000	5:15- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KECA	209 7	1430	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00-3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	
Los Angeles	KTBI	230 6	1300	750	8:00- 9:00							Los Angeles
					10:00-12:00	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-12:00	Silent	
Louisville	WHAS	365 6	820	10000	5:30-11:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Louisville
Macon	WMAZ	336 9	890	500	Silent	Silent	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	Silent	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Macon
Madison	WHA	319	940	750	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Madison
Manhattan, Kan.	KSAC	516 9	580	500	Silent	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	Manhattan, Kan.
Memphis	WGBC	209 7	1430	500	7:30-10:00	5:00 11:00	5:00 11:00	Silent	5:00 11:00	Silent	5:00 11:00	Memphis
Memphis	WMC	384 4	730	500	6:00 11:45	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:30	6:30 12:00	6:30-12:00	6:15-12:00	6:30-12:00	Memphis
Memphis	WNBR	209 7	1430	500	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Memphis
Memphis	WREC	499 7	600	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00 12:00	5:00 12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Memphis
Meridian	WCOC	340 7	880	1000								Meridian
Miami	WQAM	535 4	560	1000	6:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Miami
Miami Beach	WIOD	230 6	1300	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Miami Beach
Milford	KFKB	285 5	1050	5000	5:00- 1:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	Milford
Milwaukee	WTMJ	483 6	620	1000	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00-12:30	5:00- 1:30	Milwaukee
Minneapolis	WCCO	370 2	810	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Minneapolis
Minneapolis	WDOY	254 1	1180	1000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Minneapolis
Minneapolis	WHDI	254 1	1180	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	Silent	7:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Minneapolis
Minneapolis	WLB	239 9	1250	1000	Silent	Silent	7:30- 8:30	7:00- 9:00	Silent	6:30- 7:30	[8:00-10:00	Minneapolis
Minneapolis	WRHM	239 9	1250	1000								Minneapolis
Missoula	KUOM	526	570	500	10:30-11:45	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Missoula
Moncton	CNRA	475 9	630	500	Silent	Silent	8:00 10:00	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Moncton
Montreal	CFCF	291 1	1030	1650			5:00- 7:00		5:00- 7:00			
					Silent	5:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	10:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	Montreal
Montreal	CKAC	410 7	730	1200	Silent	Silent	6:15-10:30	Silent	6:15-10:30	Silent	6:15-10:30	Montreal
Montreal	CNRM	410 7	730	1200	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Montreal
Moose Jaw	CJRM	499 7	600	500	Silent	8:30-12:30	Silent	8:30-12:30	Silent	8:30-12:30	12:00- 2:00	Moose Jaw
Mount Beacon	WOKO	208 2	1440	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Mount Beacon
Mt. Clemens	WGHP	241 8	1240	750	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Mt. Clemens
Mt. Prospect	WJAZ	202 6	1480	5000	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Mt. Prospect
Mt. Vernon Hills	WJSV	205 4	1460	10000	6:30- 9:10	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	Mt. Vernon Hills
Muscatine	KTNT	256 3	1170	5000		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					Silent	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00 12:00	Muscatine
Nashville	WLAC	201 2	1490	5000	5:00- 7:00							
					9:00-10:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Nashville
Nashville	WSM	461 3	650	5000	6:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-10:30	6:00-12:00	Nashville
Nashville	WTNT	201 2	1490	5000		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					Silent	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	Nashville
Newark	WAAM	239 9	1250	2000	Silent	9:00-12:30	Silent	8:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00	8:00-12:30	5:00- 8:00	Newark
Newark	WOR	422 3	710	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:00	Silent	Newark
New Haven	WDRC	225 4	1330	1000	Silent	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	New Haven
New Orleans	WDSU	239 9	1250	1000	7:30- 9:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:30	New Orleans
New Orleans	WJBO	218 8	1370	100	5:00-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	
New Orleans	WSMB	227.1	1320	500			6:00- 8:00			6:00- 7:00		
					6:00- 9:15	6:00-10:30	9:30-10:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	8:00-10:30	6:00-10:00	New Orleans
New Orleans	WWL	352.7	850	5000	6:30- 7:30	7:00- 9:00	9:00 12:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00 12:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	New Orleans
New York City	348 6	860	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	New York City	
New York City	WEAF	454 3	660	50000	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	New York City
New York City	WEVD	230 6	1300	500								New York City

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
New York City	WGBS	254 1	1180	500	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	New York City
New York City	WHAP	230 8	1300	1000	8:00-10:00	5:00- 6:00	Silent	5:30- 8:00	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:30-10:00	New York City
New York City	WJZ	394 5	760	30000	5:30-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	New York City
New York City	WLWL	272 6	1100	5000	7:00- 8:15	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	New York City
New York City	WMCA	526	570	500	5:00- 7:00 8:15-10:30	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	
New York City	WNYC	526	570	500	Silent	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 7:30	New York City
New York City	WOV	265 3	1130	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	New York City
New York City	WRNY	296 9	1010	250	5:00- 9:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00-10:00	8:30-12:00	Silent	5:00- 8:00	7:00-12:00	New York City
Norfolk, Nebr.	WJAG	348 6	860	1000	Silent	5:30- 6:30	5:30- 6:30	5:30- 6:30	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Norfolk, Neb.
Norfolk, Va.	WTAR-WPOR	384 4	780	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Norfolk, Va.
Norman	WNAD	296.9	1010	500	Silent	Silent	7:15- 9:15	7:15- 9:15	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Norman
Northfield	KFMX	239 9	1250	1000								Northfield
Northfield	WCAL	239 9	1250	1000	Silent	7:00- 8:30	Silent	9:00- 9:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Northfield
Oakland	KFWM	322.4	930	1000	8:00- 9:45 11:15-12:15	5:00- 8:00 9:00-10:30	7:00- 8:00 9:00- 1:00	7:00- 8:00 9:00-10:30	7:00- 8:00 9:00-12:00	7:00- 8:00 9:00-10:30	7:00- 8:00 9:00- 1:00	Oakland
Oakland	KGO	379 5	790	7500	5:00-12:00	5:30- 2 a.m.	6:30- 2 a.m.	5:00- 2 a.m.	5:00- 2 a.m.	5:30- 2:00	7:00- 3:00	Oakland
Oakland	KLX	340.7	880	500	6:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Oakland
Oakland	KTAB	535 4	560	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Oakland
Oil City	WLBW	238	1260	500	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	Oil City
Oklahoma City	KFJF	204	1470	5000	6:30- 9:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:00	6:30-11:30	6:30- 1:00	Oklahoma City
Oklahoma City	WKY	333 1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	Oklahoma City
Omaha	WAAW	454 3	660	500	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Silent	Omaha
Omaha	WOW	508.2	590	1000	5:00- 5:30		5:00- 8:00	5:00- 9:30			5:00-11:30	
Orlando	WDBO	267.7	1120	1000D 500N	7:00-11:00	5:00-11:15 5:00- 6:00	9:00-11:15 5:00- 6:00	10:30-11:30 5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:15 5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:15 5:00- 6:00	or 12:00 5:00- 6:00	Omaha
						8:00- 9:00	6:45- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	6:45- 8:00	8:00- 9:00	6:45- 8:00	
Ottawa	CNRO	500	600	500	6:30- 9:00 9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00 7:45-10:00	9:00-10:00 10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00 Silent	10:00-11:00 Silent	9:00-10:00 Silent	Orlando Ottawa
Pasadena	KPSN	220.4	1360	1000	2nd & 4th Sun. 10:00-11:00	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00-8:30	Pasadena
Paterson	WODA	239.9	1250	1000								Paterson
Pensacola	WCOA	223.7	1340	500	Silent	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	Pensacola
Peoria	WMBD	208.2	1440	1000D 500N	5:00-11:00	5:00- 7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00- 7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00- 7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00- 7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00- 7:00 9:00-12:30	5:00- 7:00 9:00-12:30	Peoria
Philadelphia	WCAU	256.3	1170	10000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WFAN	491.5	610	500		5:00- 5:30		5:00- 5:30		5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	
Philadelphia	WFI	535.4	560	500	5:00- 8:00 5:00-10:15	5:00- 5:30 5:00- 6:30	6:30-11:00 5:00-11:00	5:00- 5:30 5:00- 6:30	6:30-11:00 5:00-10:30	5:00- 5:30 5:00- 6:30	6:30-11:00 5:00-10:30	Philadelphia Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WIP	491.5	610	500	8:00-11:00	5:30- 6:30 6:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WLIT	535.4	560	500								Philadelphia
Phoenix	KFAD	483.6	620	1000	7:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Phoenix
Phoenix	KOY	215.7	1390	500								Phoenix
Picher	KGGF	296.9	1010	500	8:00-10:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Silent	6:00-11:00	6:00-10:30	Picher
Pittsburgh	KDKA	305.9	980	50000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:02	5:00-11:02	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:05	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	KQV	217.3	1380	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 1:00	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	WCAE	245.8	1220	500	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:30	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	WJAS	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Pittsburgh
Portland, Me.	WCSH	319	940	500	5:30- 9:15	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore.	KEX	254.1	1180	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore.	KFJR	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00- 9:00	9:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00- 2:00	7:00- 9:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore.	KGW	483.6	620	1000	5:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore.	KOIN	319	940	1000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore.	KTBR	230.6	1300	500		5:00- 7:00			5:00- 7:00		5:00- 7:00	
						8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	8:00- 9:00	
					5:00- 1:00	10:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00	10:00- 2:00	10:00- 2:00	10:00- 2:00	10:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore.	KWJJ	282.8	1060	500	11:00- 1:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore.	KXL	239.9	1250	500	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Poughkeepsie	WOKO	215.7	1390	500	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:30-10:00	Poughkeepsie
Pullman	KWSC	214.2	1400	1000	Silent	9:00-11:30	Silent	9:00-11:30	9:00-11:30	Silent	Silent	Pullman
Quincy	WTAD	208.2	1440	500	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	Quincy
Raleigh	WPTF	440.9	680	1000	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	5:00 to Sunset Pac. Time	Raleigh
Red Deer	CHCT	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Red Deer	CJCR	356.8	840	1000								Red Deer
Regina	CHWC	312.5	960	500	5:00-10:00	7:00- 1:00	6:00- 6:30	7:00- 1:00	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	7:00- 1:00	Regina
Regina	CJBR	312.3	960	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CKCK	312.3	960	500	10:01- 1:00	Silent	6:30- 1:00	Silent	6:30- 1:00	6:30- 1:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CNRR	312.5	960	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Regina
Richmond, Va.	WRVA	270.1	1110	5000	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Richmond, Va.
Richmond Hill	WBOQ	348.6	860	1000								Richmond Hill
Roanoke	WDBJ	322.4	930	500	6:30-10:30	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	Roanoke
Rochester	WHAM	260.7	1150	5000	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:20	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:20	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Rochester
Rochester	WHEC	208.2	1440	500	Silent	5:00- 9:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 9:30	5:00-10:30	Rochester
						5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
Rockford	KFLV	212.6	1410	500	7:30-10:00	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	Rockford
Rossville	WBBR	230.6	1300	1000	5:00- 8:00	Silent	5:00- 7:00	8:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	Rossville
St. Joseph	KFEQ	440.9	680	2500	Silent	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis	KFUO	545.1	550	1000	On Air at 9:15	9:30-10:30	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 6:30 11:00-12:00	6:00- 7:00	9:30-10:30	6:00- 6:30	St. Louis
St. Louis	KMOX	275.1	1090	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KSD	545.1	550	500	5:00- 9:15	7:00- 9:30	5:00- 9:30	6:30-11:00	7:00-11:00	5:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	St. Louis
St. Louis	KWK	222.1	1350	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	WEW	394.5	760	1000	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Silent	St. Louis
St. Paul	KSTP	205.4	1460	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	St. Paul
St. Petersburg	*SUN-WFLA	333.1	900	1000	Silent	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	St. Petersburg
Salt Lake City	DYL	232.6	1290	1000	6:00- 1:00	7:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	Salt Lake City
Salt Lake City	SL	265.3	1130	5000	10:30-12:30	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Salt Lake City
						5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	
San Antonio	KTSA	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	San Antonio
San Antonio	WOAI	252	1190	5000	6:00- 9:15	5:45-12:00	5:45-10:30	5:45-12:00	5:45-11:00	5:45-10:30	5:45-10:00	San Antonio
San Diego	KFSD	499.7	600	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-a.m.	5:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	San Diego
San Francisco	KFRC	491.5	610	1000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	San Francisco
San Francisco	KFWI	322.4	930	500	9:50-11:15	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	8:00- 9:00	10:30-11:00	8:00- 9:00	San Francisco
San Francisco	KPO	440.9	680	5000	5:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	San Francisco
San Jose	KQW	296 9	1010	500	9:30-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	San Jose
Santa Monica	KTM	384 4	780	500	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
					10:00- 2:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	Santa Monica
Saskatoon	CFQC	329 7	910	500								Saskatoon
Saskatoon	CNRS	329.5	910	500								Saskatoon
Savannah	WTOC	238	1260	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Savannah
Scarboro Station	CKOW	291.1	1030	500								Scarboro Station
Schenectady	WGY	379 5	790	50000	5:00- 9:45	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Schenectady
Seattle	KJR	309.1	970	1000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOL	236.1	1270	1000	11:30- 1:30	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 3:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOMO	325.9	920	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	Seattle
Seattle	KTW	236.1	1270	1000	On Air at 5:00- 9:30	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Seattle
Sheboygan	WHBL	212.6	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00 12:00- 1:00	6:00- 8:00	Sheboygan
Shenandoah	KFNF	336.9	890	500		6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	
					6:00- 9:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	8:00-12:00	Shenandoah
Shenandoah	KMA	322.4	930	500	5:00- 7:00 8:00-11:00	6:30-12:00	6:30- 8:30 7:00-11:00	6:30- 8:30 10:00-11:30 7:00-11:00	6:30- 7:00 7:00-11:00	6:30- 8:30 10:00-11:30 7:00-11:00	6:30- 8:30 7:00-11:00	Shenandoah
Shreveport	KTBS	206.8	1450	1000	5:00- 7:30	7:00-11:00						Shreveport
Shreveport	KWKH	352.7	850	10000	7:45-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Shreveport
Sioux City	KSCJ	225 4	1330	1000	On Air at 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00-10:30	5:00- 7:00 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00-10:30	5:00- 7:00 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:00 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00-10:30	Sioux City
Sioux Falls	KSOO	270.1	1110	2000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	7:30- 8:00	Sioux Falls
South Bend	WSBT	243.8	1230	500	10:00-12:00	Silent	6:00- 8:00	10:00-11:00	8:30-10:00 11:00-12:30	730-11:00	10:00-1:00	South Bend
So. Dartmouth	WMAF	220 4	1360	500								So. Dartmouth
Spokane	KFPY	223.7	1340	500	5:00-11:00	5:00- 7:00 11:00- 2:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 7:00 11:00- 2:00	5:00-11:00	Spokane

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Spokane	KGA	204	1470	5000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Spokane
Spokane	KHQ	508 2	590	1000	5:00- 12:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Spokane
Springfield, Mass.	WBZ	302 8	990	15000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio	WCSO	206 8	1450	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	8:00-10:30	5:00- 1:00	6:00- 8:00	7:00- 9:00	Springfield, Ohio
State College	WPSC	243 8	1230	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	State College
State College, N. M.	KOB	254 1	1180	10000	6:00-10:00	6:00- 8:30 9:30-11:30	6:00- 8:30 9:30-10:00	6:00- 8:30 9:30-11:00	6:00- 8:30 10:00-11:30	6:00- 8:30 11:00-11:30	6:00-10:00	State College, N. M.
Stevens Point	WLBL	333 1	900	2000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Stevens Point
Superior	WEBC	232 4	1290	1000	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	Superior
Syracuse	WFBL	353 1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Syracuse
Tacoma	KMO	223 7	1340	500	11:00- 1:00	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	7:00-11:30	11:00- 1:00	7:00-11:30	11:00- 1:00	Tacoma
Tacoma	KVI	394 5	760		5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Tacoma
Tampa	WDAE	241 8	1210	1000		6:00- 8:00 9:00-10:30	6:00- 6:45 8:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 6:45 9:00-11:00	6:00- 8:00 10:00-11:00	6:00- 6:45 8:00-11:00	
					5:00- 6:30	9:00-10:30	10:00-11:00		11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	9:00-11:00	Tampa
Tilton	WBRL	209 7	1430	500	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Tilton
Toledo	WSPD	223 7	1340	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Toledo
Toronto	CFCA	356 9	840	500		5:00-10:00						
Toronto	CFRB	312 3	960	4000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	5:00- 1:00	5:00-12:30	5:00- 9:00	Toronto
Toronto	CHNC	356 9	840	500	5:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	1:00- 2:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CKCL	517 2	580	500	Operating	11:00-12:00	5:00-11:00					Toronto
Toronto	CKGW	434 8	690	5000	6:00- 8:00 8:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	6:00- 8:00 5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00 7:00-11:00	5:00-11:00 2:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Silent 5:00-11:00	Toronto Toronto
Toronto	CKNC	517 2	580	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CNRT	357 1	840	500	Silent	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	Silent	Silent	Toronto
Trenton	WOAX	234 2	1280	500	6:45- 8:15	Silent	Silent	6:45-11:00	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Trenton
Troy	WHAZ	230 6	1300	500	7:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Troy
Tulsa	KVOO	263	1140	5000	5:00- 8:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Tulsa
Urbana	WILL	336 9	890	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	9:00- 6:00	Urbana
Vancouver	CNRV	291 1	1030	500	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	Vancouver
Vermilion	KUSD	336 9	890	500	11:00-12:30	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	9:30- 2:00	Silent	Vermilion
Victoria, B. C.	CFCT	329 5	630	500	Silent	8:00- 9:00 8:00- 9:30 1st Mon.	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	
						2nd & 4th Mondays	8:00- 9:30	8:00- 9:30	8:00- 9:30	7:30- 9:30 10:00-11:30	8:00- 9:30	
					9:28-11:00	10:00-12:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	Victoria, B. C.
Waco	WJAD	241 8	1240	1000	Silent	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:00- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	Waco
Washington, D. C.	NAA	434 5	690	1000	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	6:45- 7:00 On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.	WMAL	475 9	630	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.	WRC	315 6	950	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D. C.
Westminster	KPWF	201 6	1490	5000 to 10000								Westminster
Wichita	KFH	230 6	1300	1000	5:00- 6:00 7:00- 9:00	5:00- 5:30 7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:00	5:00- 5:30 7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:00	5:00- 5:30 7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:00	5:00- 5:30 7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:00	5:00- 5:30 7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:00	5:00- 5:30 7:00- 8:30 10:00-11:00	Wichita
Winnipeg	CJRX	25 6	10000	2000	Silent	7:30-11:30	On Air at 9:15	7:30-11:30	Silent	7:30-11:30	7:00- and 10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CKY	384 4	780	5000								Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CNRW	384 4	780	5000	Silent	11:00-12:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	6:30- 7:45	10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1000	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Yankton
York, Neb.	KGBZ	322.4	930	500	5:00- 6:00	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	York, Neb.
Yorkton	CJGX	475 9	630	500	7:00- 8:30	7:15- 8:00 9:00-10:00	7:15- 8:00 11:00-12:00	7:15- 8:00 5:00- 6:00	7:15-10:00	7:15- 8:00 8:30-10:00	7:15- 8:00 5:00- 6:00	Yorkton
Youngstown, O.	WKBN	526	570	500	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00 9:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	9:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	9:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	Youngstown, O.
Zion	WCBD	277 6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Zion

Lost At Sea

(Continued from page 33)

NORTON: (Laughs) Strange ye didn't follow their wake.

MR. B.: Not so strange, you know. I was rather delicate, as a boy, and, in my country, the eldest sons bear the honors of the family.

NORTON: I had a younger brother—he was lost at sea.

MR. B.: It's a rather mysterious way of—passing on, isn't it? My brother was also—lost at sea.

NORTON: Where are ye bound, sir?

MR. B.: to Guayaquil—possibly back again to Callao—I can't say just yet. Tell me—how long have you worked on this Line, Mr. Norton?

NORTON: First trip, sir.

MR. B.: I understand it has a rather unsavory reputation.

NORTON: Ye've got me, sir—all I know is, business has been fallin' off and they lost two boats in the last fourteen months. Between you and me, this here vessel's none too seaworthy.

MR. B.: (Ruminatively) They seem to have a habit of losing boats.

NORTON: It's a British outfit—isn't it, Mr. Barlett?

MR. B.: (Abstractedly) Pardon? . . . Oh, yes—the Belshires, of Liverpool, are the owners. They have a junk line in Bombay, I believe—and part interest in a shipyard in Philadelphia. How about this Captain Wilson? Does he know how to handle this ship?

NORTON: Seems to, sir—considerin' that he's in his cups most o' the time.

MR. B.: I'd like to see him.

NORTON: Ye can't, sir—keeps to his cabin, and Valdez, the first mate, won't let anyone near him. A lonely sort o' cuss, he is.

MR. B.: Well—the fog seems to be clearing—I think I'll take a turn on deck. Where is your cabin, Norton—in case I should want you in a hurry?

NORTON: Top deck, amidships, sir—just afore the stack.

MR. B.: Thank you. About how far off shore are we?

NORTON: Between ten and fifteen miles, I should judge, sir.

MR. B.: About what I figured—well, goodnight.

NORTON: Goodnight, sir.

FERRY BOAT NOISES—Music—

CAPT. J.: I recollect it struck me as queer at the time—his askin' my cabin location, and so on—but I went on duty shortly after that and I had other things to fill my thoughts. 'Twas along toward mornin' that Valdez came by to relieve me. He seemed jumpy and nervous and I noticed—after he'd taken the wheel—that we changed our course—nor-by-nor'east.

JOE: Where were you then, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: I should say, about fifteen miles off the coast o' Peru—headin' for the heel o' the continent that rounds into Ecuador. The change o' course puzzled me, 'cause we should a been bearin' further west if anything. I took a stroll about deck and was just preparing to turn in when I happened to glance toward the bow. My eyes near popped out o' my head.

JOE: What was the matter?

CAPT. J.: There—less'n a half mile ahead of us—was a thin line o' breakers—dead ahead, too. I ran up to the pilot-house and got there just in time to see Valdez turnin' the wheel over to Cap'n Wilson. The cap'n had his slicker and tarpaulin on and there was a grim-kind o' look on his face. He was sayin' somethin' to Valdez—somethin 'about there bein' 40,000 pounds in it for the Line—and 5,000 a piece for the two o' them—but it didn't make sense to me at the time. I was so excited I rushed in and tried to grab the wheel myself.

SEA SOUNDS—Wind and Waves

CAPT. W.: Stand back—you young fool, Valdez! Hold 'im off!

NORTON: But—Cap'n Wilson—can't ye see! There's a reef—dead ahead! Ye're goin' on the reef!

CAPT. W.: When I signed you on—I thought ye were seaman enough to obey orders. You must be blind in the bargain!

NORTON: I know a reef when I see it! It's the low coral o' the Trijo Islands!

CAPT. W.: You're going daft!

NORTON: It's not me that's goin' daft—it's you! Goin' daft for the smell o' money! Are ye tryin' to wreck us a purpose?

CAPT. W.: Who says I am?

NORTON: I say it! . . . Foulin' yer own ship! Ye ought to be hung—ye low-bellied beach rat! Port the wheel, I tell ye!

CAPT. W.: Take your hand off!

A DULL WHACK

Perhaps that'll keep ye quiet! I see the reef—and I know what I'm doing!

BELL JINGLES IN PILOT-HOUSE FOR HALF SPEED

Rout all hands on deck, Valdez! Call the engine crew up! Get up out of there you—and swing out the boats—if you're learned how! Put passengers and crew aboard!

NORTON: I hope ye drown for this business, Cap'n Wilson, or a curse strikes ye!

CAPT. W.: (In a roar.) Hold your tongue! You'll all drown if you don't get at your boats in a hurry!

(EXCITED VOICES IN DISTANCE)

(ANOTHER TINLE OF BELL)

(SU'DDEN CRU'NCHING SOUND—AS BOAT HITS REEF)

(ESCAPING STEAM)

(YELLS AND CRIES OF PASSENGERS) Lost in rising sound of—(WIND AND WAVES) fade out.

FERRYBOAT NOISES

(Continued on page 118)

Official Wave Lengths

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KFJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	KWTC	Santa Ana, Calif.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	Wilkinsburg, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMCS	Newton, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.1	1,480	5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
202.6	1,480	5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WSOE	Merrfield, Ill.
204	1,470	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	Westcott, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Fort Lee, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Tuscoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WABK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WCBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		50	KGCN	Concordia, Kan.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		50	KGHD	Missoula, Mont.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		50	KGTT	San Francisco, Calif.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		5	KTUE	Houston, Texas
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		10	WHDL	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill.
		10	WHPP	New York, N. Y.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		50	WLBH	Farmingdale, N. Y.
	100-250		WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo.
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WOBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBI	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		2,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUAO	Fayetteville, Ark.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (½ time)
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
		500	WOKO	Pouchkeepsie, N. Y.
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	CKO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		50	KFEC	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		50	KFUR	Ogden, Utah
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz.
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		100	KGCB	Enid, Okla.
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGDM	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KGRC	San Antonio, Texas
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		50	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVI	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md.
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		500	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Erie, Pa.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
	220.4	1,360	500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont.
			250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
			250	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
			500	WGES	Chicago
			500	WJKS	Gary, Ind.
			500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
			500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
			300	WQBC	Utica, Miss.
	222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
			250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
			250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
			250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
			250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
	223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
			500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
			500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
			500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio
	225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa
			500	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
			500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
			500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
			1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
	227.1	1,320	250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo.
			250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho
			250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
			1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
			500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
	228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
			100	KFCB	Boone, Iowa
			10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
			100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
			100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
			15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
			100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
			50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
			100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla.
			250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
			100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
			100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
			50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
			50	KGHC	McGehee, Ark.
			50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
			50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
			100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
			100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
			75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
			50	WACM	Royal Oak, Mich.
			100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
			100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
			100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
			100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas
			200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y.
			100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
			100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
			100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
			50	WFKD	Frankford, Pa.
			15	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
			100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
			100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
			100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
			100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
			100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
			50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
			100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
			100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
			10	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
			50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
			100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
			100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
			50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn
			150	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
			100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
			100	WOI	Washington, D. C.
			100	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
			20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
			100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
			100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
	230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
			500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
			1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
			750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
			500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
			1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
			500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
			1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
			500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
			1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
			1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		1,000	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (day)
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (night)
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		500	WOR	Newark, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa.
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		500	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WCCP	Newark, N. J.
		500	WLB	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		750	WCHP	Fraser, Mich.
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
243.8	1,230	100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
		100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WBIS	Boston, Mass. (day)
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WNAC	Boston, Mass. (day)
		500	WNAC	Boston, Mass. (night)
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		500	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb.
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KPQ	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
247.8	1,210	100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		100	WLSI	Cranston, R. I.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	100	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGER	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		100	WBBW	Norfolk, Va.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAI	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y.
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa (day)
		100	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		5	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WPRC	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOIA	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		500	WGBS	New York City
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
		10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KUT	Austin, Texas
		500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas.
270.1	1,110	2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
		5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	10,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		3,500	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		50,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	10,000	KPLD	Dallas, Texas
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		1,000	WKAR	East Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WKEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
293.9	1,020	10,000	KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KYW	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		5,000	KYW	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	KYW-A	Chicago
		250	WRAX	Philadelphia
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
		5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		1,000	KPSN	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WHB	Kansas City (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	250	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		250	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif.
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala.
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va.
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Signal	Location
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.

A Real Treat for March

BEGINNING next month Radio Digest is planning a new treat for its readers, and it's going to be a surprise. If we told you all about it now it would spoil half the fun.

One of the outstanding writers of fiction in this country has been signed up to write a new serial story that will keep you on edge and coming back for more.

In the March issue—a wonderful new serial story—a worthy successor to The Gigolo Mystery. Don't miss it!

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Signal	Location
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KUSD	Vermilion, S. D.
		500	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga.
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo.
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss.
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		50,000	WABC	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Signal	Location
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	10,000	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBI	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
		1,000	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.9	680	5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WFTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		3,500	WOI	Ames, Iowa (day unlimited)
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		25,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me. (day)
		250	WLBZ	Bangor, Me. (night)
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif.
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		350	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Iowa
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KUOM	Missoula, Mont.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas
		2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		5,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill.
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		500	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

Complete Call Book and Log of All Stations

WEMC, Berrien Springs, Mich. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Emanuel Missionary College. Announcer, John E. Fetzer, Willard Shadel. Slogan, "The Radio Lighthouse." Central. Founded April 1, 1923.

WENR, Chicago, Ill. 344.6m-870kc. 50000 watts. Great Lakes Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice of Service." Central.

WEVD, New York City, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Debs Memorial Radio Fund. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1927.

WEW, St. Louis, Mo. 394.5m-760kc. 1000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. St. Louis University. Announcer, Geo. Rueppel. Founded April 26, 1921. Central.

WFAA, Dallas, Texas. 374.8m-800kc. 50,000 watts. Dallas News and Dallas Journal. Adams Colhoun. Slogan, "Working for All Alike." Central. Founded June 26, 1922.

WFAN, Philadelphia, Pa. 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Keystone Broadcasting Co. Hotel Lorraine. Max C. Freedman, Chief Announcer. Eastern.

WFBC, Knoxville, Tenn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. First Baptist Church. Central. Founded 1924.

WFBG, Altoona, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. The Wm. F. Gable Co. Announcer, Roy F. Thompson. Slogan, "The Original Gateway to the West." Eastern. Founded Aug. 28, 1924.

WFBJ, Collegeville, Minn. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. St. John's University. Announcer, Hilary Doerfler. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Landscape Paradise." Central. Founded October, 1924.

WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y. 333.1m-900kc. 750 watts. Onondaga Company. Announcer, Charles F. Phillips. Eastern. Opened Nov. 19, 1924.

WFBM, Indianapolis, Ind. (tr. at Perry Township). 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Indianapolis Power and Light Company. Announcer, John Tribby. Slogan, "The Crossroads of America." Central.

WFBR, Baltimore, Md. 236.2m-1270kc. 250 watts. Baltimore Radio Show, Inc. Announcer, S. R. Kennard. Founded Oct. 1, 1924.

WFDF, Flint, Mich. 238.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Frank D. Fallain. Announcer, Fred L. McKittrick, Mark Laux.

WFI, Philadelphia, Pa. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Strawbridge & Clothier. Announcer, John Vandersloot. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1922.

WFIW, Hopkinsville, Ky. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. Acme Mills, Inc. Announcer, D. E. "Plug" Kendrick. Central. Founded Febr. 12, 1927.

WFJC, Akron, Ohio. 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. W. F. Jones Broadcasting, Inc. Eastern.

WFKD, Frankford, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Foulkrod Radio Eng. Co. Eastern.

WFLA-WSUN, Clearwater, Fla. 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Walter Tison. Founded Dec. 25, 1925. Eastern.

WGAL, Lancaster, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Lancaster Elec. Supply & Construction Co. Announcers, J. E. Mathiot, Luther J. Mathiot. Slogan, "World's Gardens at Lancaster." Eastern.

WGBB, Freeport, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harry R. Carman. Eastern. Founded Dec. 10, 1924.

WGBC, Memphis, Tenn. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts First Baptist Church. Announcer, A. L. Cowles. Central. Opened 1925.

WGBF, Evansville, Ind. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Evansville on the Air, Inc. Announcer, Martin Hansen. Curtis-Mushlitz, V. P. & Gen. Mgr. Central. Founded October, 1923.

WGBI, Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Broadcasters, Inc. Eastern.

WGBS, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Astoria.) 254.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. General Broadcasting System. Dailey Paskman, President. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.

WGCM, Gulfport, Miss. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Frank L. Kroulik, Business Mgr. and Announcer. Great Southern Land Co. Music Co.

WGCP, Newark, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 250 watts. Paramount Broadcasting & Artists Service, Inc. Announcer, Irving Porter. Eastern. Founded March, 1924.

WGES, Chicago, Ill. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Oak Leaves Broadcasting Station, Inc. Announcers, Harlow Wilcox, Geo. Keicher. Founded August, 1920. Central.

WGH, Newport News, Va. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Virginia Broadcasting Co. and Hampton Roads Broadcasting Corp., Inc. Announcers, E. Ellsworth Bishop, G. Douglas Evans, Malvern Lee Powell. Slogan, "World's Greatest Harbor."

WGHP, Detroit, Mich. 241-8m-1240kc. 750 watts. American Broadcasting Corp. of Ohio. Announcers, E. G. Smith, Jack Bundy, Stanley Swales, Betty-Jane Lamborn. Eastern. Founded Oct. 19, 1925.

WGL, Fort Wayne, Ind. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Allen-Wayne Co. Fred C. Zieg. Slogan, "The Home Sweet Home Station." Founded 1924. Central.

WGN, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Elgin). 416.4m-720kc. 25000 watts. Chicago Tribune. Announcers, Quin Ryan, Pat Barnes, Russ Russell, John Stamford, Robt. Elson. Central.

WGR, Buffalo, N. Y. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. W. G. R., Inc. Announcers, Bradley T. Yaw, Lowell MacMillan, Roger Baker, E. F. Horning. Eastern. Founded May 21, 1922.

WGST, Atlanta, Ga. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Georgia School of Technology. Announcer, J. O. Turner. Slogan, "The Southern Technical School With a National Reputation." Central. Founded January, 1924.

WGY, Schnectady, N. Y. 379.5m-790kc, 50000 watts. General Electric Company. Announcer, A. O. Coggeshall. Slogan, "Good Evening to You All." Founded 1922.

WHA, Madison, Wis. 319-940. 750 watts. Univ. of Wis. Central. Founded 1920.

WHAD, Milwaukee, Wis. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Marquette University. Cy Foster, Dick Macaulay. Central. Founded Oct., 1921.

WHAM, Rochester, N. Y. 260.7m-1150kc. 5000 watts. Stromberg-Carlson Tel. Mfg. Co. Announcers, F. H. Warren, Ben Weaver, W. Fay, L. G. Stark, Frank Kelly, Clyde Morse. Slogan, "This Is Rochester—Where Quality Dominates." Eastern. Founded July 11, 1922.

WHAP, New York, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Defenders of Truth Society, Inc. Announcer, Franklin Ford. Eastern. Founded May, 1925.

WHAS, Louisville, Ky. 365.6m-820kc. 10000 watts. Courier-Journal and Louisville Times Co. Founded July, 1922. Central.

WHAZ, Troy, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst. Announcer, Rutherford Hayhoe. Slogan, "Transcontinental and International Broadcasting Station Located at the Oldest College of Science and Engineering in America." Club, R. P. I. students. Founded June 22. Eastern.

WHB, Kansas City, Mo. 416.4m-710kc day and 315.6m-950kc night. 500 watts. Sweeney Auto & Electrical School. Announcer, John T. Schilling. Slogan, "Heart of America." Central. Founded April 1922.

WHBC, Canton, Ohio. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. St. John's Catholic Church. (Sundays.) Slogan, "Ignorance Is Our Greatest Foe." Central. Founded Feb., 1925.

WHBD, Mt. Orab, Ohio. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. F. P. Moler. Eastern. Founded February, 1925.

WHBF, Rock Island, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Beardsley Specialty Co. Announcer, C. L. Beardsley. Slogan, "Where Historic Blackhawk Fought." Central. Founded February, 1925.

WHBI, Sheboygan, Wis. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts, 6 am-6 pm. Press Pub. Co. and C. L. Carrell. Founded 1925.

WHBQ, Memphis, Tenn. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Broadcasting Station WHBQ, Inc. Founded, March 6, 1925.

WHBU, Anderson, Ind. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Citizen's Bank. Announcer, A. L. McKee. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Anderson."

WHBY, Green Bay, Wis. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Norbert's College. Central. Founded Jan., 1925.

WHDF, Calumet, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc—100 watts. Upper Michigan Broadcasting Company.

WHDH, Gloucester, Mass. 361.2m-830kc. 1000 watts. Matheson Radio Co., Inc.

WHDI, Minneapolis, Minn. 245.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. Wm. Hood Dunwoody Industrial Institute. Announcers, M. R. Bass, A. P. Upton, G. W. Haverty. Slogan, "Northwest Leading Trade School." Central. Founded May, 1924.

WHDL, Tupper Lake, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts day only.

WHEC, Rochester, N. Y. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts, 6 am-6 pm. Hickson Electric Co., Inc. Slogan, "The Cavalry Day Broadcasting Station." Eastern. Founded January, 1924.

WHFC, Cicero, Ill. 211.1m-1420kc. 1000 watts. Triangle Broadcasters. Central.

WHIS, Bluefield, W. Va. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Daily Telegraph Prtg. Co.

WHK, Cleveland, Ohio. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Radio Air Service Corp. Slogan, "Cleveland's Pioneer Broadcasting Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.

WHN, New York, N. Y. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Marcus Loew Booking Agency. Announcers, Perry Charles, George Nobbs. Slogan, "The Voice of the Great White Way." Eastern. Founded March, 1922.

WHO, Des Moines, Iowa. 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. Bankers Life Co. Announcers, Bobbie Griffin, Gradon Allen, Edward Breen, Jr. Central. Founded 1924.

WHP, Harrisburg, Pa. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Penna. Broadcasting Co. Announcer, W. S. McCachren. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Central Penna." Central. Founded March 1, 1924.

WIAS, Ottumwa, Iowa. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Poling Electric Co. Announcer, Thomas J. Doonan. Central. Founded June 12, 1922.

WIBA, Madison, Wis. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. The Capitol Times Announcer, Geo. Kenneth F. Schmitt. Slogan, "Four Lakes City." Central. Founded June, 1294.

WIBG, Elkins Park, Pa. 322.4m-930kc. 50 watts. St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church. Announcer, W. Le Roy Anspach. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WIBM, Jackson, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carrell. (Portable.)

WIBO, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Des Plaines). 535.4m-560kc. 1500 watts day, 1000 watts night. Chicago Evening American, Nelson Brothers Bond and Mtg. Co. Announcers, Walter Preston, "Stu" Dawson. Central. Founded May 20, 1925.

WIBR, Steubenville, Ohio. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. George W. Robinson. Founded January, 1924. Eastern.

WIBS, Jersey City, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. New Jersey Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Capt. H. J. Lepper, J. H. Lepper. Founded June, 1925.

WIBU, Poynette, Wis. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Wm. C. Forrest. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.

WIBW, Topeka, Kan. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. Topeka Broadcasting Assn., Inc. Announcer, Joe Nickell. Central. Founded 1926.

WIBX, Utica, N. Y. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 300 day. WIBX, Inc. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WICC, Bridgeport, Conn. 252m-1190kc. 500 watts. The Bridgeport Broadcasting Station, Inc. Announcers, Edw. W. Hall, Art Withslandly, Walter Ryan, Leonard Andrews, Joseph Andrews, Judson La Hay. Slogan, "The Voice That Serves." Eastern. Founded Aug. 3, 1925.

WIL, St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. Missouri Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, "Bill" Ellsworth, L. A. Benson, C. W. Benson. Central. Founded September, 1922.

WILL, Urbana, Ill. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts daytime, 250 watts night. University of Illinois. Announcer, J. C. Bayles. Central. Founded 1922.

WILM, Wilmington, Del. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Delaware Broadcasting Co.

WIOD, Miami Beach, Fla. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Isle of Dreams Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Jesse H. Jay. Slogan, "Wonderful Isle of Dreams."

WIP, Philadelphia, Pa. 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Bros., Inc. Announcer, E. A. Davies. Slogan, "Watch Its Progress." Eastern. Founded November, 1921.

WISN, Milwaukee, Wis. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Evening Wisconsin Co. Managed by Wisconsin News. Central. Founded Sept. 21, 1922.

WJAC, Johnstown, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Johnstown Automobile Co. Announcer, J. C. Tully. Slogan, "The Voice of the Friendly City." Eastern.

WJAD, Waco, Texas. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Frank P. Jackson. Central. Founded July 22, 1922.

WJAG, Norfolk, Nebr. 282.8m1060kc. 1000 watts. Norfolk Daily News. Announcer, Karl Stefan. Slogan, "The World's Greatest Country Daily and Home of Printer's Devil." Central. Founded 1922.

WJAK, Marion, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Marion Broadcast Co. Arthur Curran. Central. Founded September, 1925.

WJAR, Providence, R. I. 336.9m-890kc. 400 watts day, 250 watts night. The Outlet Co. Announcers, John J. Boyle, David L. Stackhouse, Howard G. Sawyer. Slogan, "The Southern Gateway of New England." Eastern. Founded Sept. 6, 1922.

WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa. 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts Pittsburgh Radio Supply House. Announcers, Howard Clark, Francis Owen, Jim Hughes. Founded Aug. 4, 1922.

WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. City of Jacksonville. Eastern. Founded Nov. 26, 1925.

WJAY, Cleveland, Ohio. 483.6m-620kc. 500 watts. Cleveland Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Joe O'Toole. Eastern. Founded Jan. 7, 1922.

WJAZ, Mt. Prospect, Ill. 202.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Zenith Radio Corp. Announcer, George G. Smith. Founded 1922. Central.

WJBC, La Salle, Ill. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Hummer Furniture Co. Announcer, Loyal Popaski. Slogan, "Better Home Station." Founded May 4, 1925. Central.

WJBI, Red Bank, N. J. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Robert S. Johnson. Founded Sept. 15, 1925.

WJBK, Ypsilanti, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. J. F. Hopkins, Announcer, Don Cole. Eastern. Founded Oct. 27, 1925.

WJBL, Decatur, Ill. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Commodore Broadcasting, Inc. Announcer, W. Hey. Martin Hansen, Mgr. Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1925.

WJBO, New Orleans, La. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Valdemar Jensen. Central. Founded 1922.

WJBT-WBBM, Chicago, Ill. 389.4m-770kc. 2500 watts. Paul Rader and Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. Announcer, Don Hastings. Central. Founded 1926.

WJBU, Lewisburg, Pa. 247.3m-1210kc. 100 watts. Bucknell University. Announcer, Geo. A. Irland. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Keystone State." Eastern. Founded 1925.

WJBW, New Orleans, La. 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. C. Carlson, Jr.

WJBY, Gadsden, Ala. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Gadsden Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Frank D. Hoggard. Central.

WJJD, Chicago, Ill. 265.3m-1130kc. 20000 watts. Loyal Order of Moose and Palmer House Station. Slogan, "The Voice of State Street." Announcers, Ellen Rose Dickey, Hugh Aspinwall. Central.

WJKS, Gary, Ind. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Johnson-Kennedy Radio Co. Announcer, Dr. Dave Edelson, Central. Founded Aug. 16, 1927.

WJR, Detroit, Mich. (tr. at Pontiac). 399.8m-750kc. 500 watts. WJR, The Goodwill Sta., Inc. Announcers, Leo Fitzpatrick, John F. Patt, Neal Tomy, John B. Eccles, John K. Harper, Owen F. Uzzell, Norman White, Carl Schroeder. Eastern. Founded August, 1925.

WJSV, Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 205.4m-1460kc. 10000 watts. Independent Pub. Co. Announcer, T. A. Robertson.

WJW, Mansfield, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Mansfield Broadcasting Association, John F. Weimer, owner. Eastern. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.

WJZ, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Bound Brook). 394.5m-760kc. 30000 watts. R. C. A. Managed by National Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Milton J. Cross, Manley Sherris, Norman Sweetser, Curt Peterson.

WKAQ, San Juan, Porto Rico. 336.7m-890kc. 500 watts. Radio Corporation of Porto Rico. Announcer, Joaquin Agusty. Slogan, "The Island of Enchantment, Where the World's Best Coffee Grows." Eastern. Founded Dec. 3, 1922.

WKAR, East Lansing, Mich. 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. Michigan State College. Announcer, Keith Himebaugh. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WKAV, Laconia, N. H. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Laconia Radio club. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.

WKBB, Joliet, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sanders Brothers. Al Sanders, announcer. Central.

WKBC, Birmingham, Ala. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. R. B. Broyles Furniture Co. Central. Founded June, 1926.

WKBF, Indianapolis, Ind. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Indianapolis Broadcasting, Inc. Announcers: James Carpenter, Ralph Elvin, Wm. Behrman and Francis Finch. Manager, W. C. Bussing. Central. Founded October, 1925.

WKBH, La Crosse, Wis. 217.8m-1380kc. 1000 watts. Cellaway Co. Announcer, Arthur J. Hecht. Central. Founded 1924.

WKBI, Chicago, Ill. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Fred L. Schoenwolf. Central. Founded August, 1926.

WKBN, Youngstown, Ohio. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Warren P. Williamson, Jr., and Arthur Brock. Announcers, Arthur Brock, Warren P. Williamson, Jr., Frank Proudfoot, Don Hoffman, Bill Hammerman. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.

WKBO, Jersey City, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Camith Corp. Announcer, H. F. Bidwell. Eastern. Founded Sept. 11, 1926.

WKBP, Battle Creek, Mich. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Enquirer-News Co.

WKBQ, New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Standard Cahill Co., Inc. Announcer, Allan Cahill. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.

WKBS, Galesburg, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Permil N. Nelson. Announcer, Paul W. Palmquist. Slogan, "The Corn of Galesburg." Central. Founded October, 1926.

WKBV, Connersville, Ind. 199.9m-1500kc. 100-150 watts day. Knox Battery & Elec. Co.

WKBW, Buffalo, N. Y. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Churchill Evangelistic Assn., Inc. Eastern. Founded 1926.

WKBZ, Ludington, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. "The Voice of Western Michigan." K. L. Ashbacker. Central. Founded Nov. 23, 1926.

WKEN, Buffalo, N. Y. 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. WKEN, Inc. Announcers, Walter L. Amidon, Leon Fisher. Eastern. Founded Fall, 1925.

WKJC, Lancaster, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Kirk Johnson & Co. Announcers, M. W. Gehman, L. H. Bailey. Eastern. Founded November, 1921.

WKRC, Cincinnati, Ohio. 545.1m-550kc. C. P. to increase power to 1000 watts experimental. T. S. Boyd. Eastern. Founded May, 1924.

WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla. 483.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. WKY Radiophone Co. Central.

WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. Life and Casualty. Central. Opened Nov. 24, 1926.

WLAP, Louisville, Ky. 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. American Broadcasting Co. Central. Founded 1922.

WLB, Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. U. of Minnesota. Announcer, Robt. W. Orth. Central. Opened 1921.

WLBC, Muncie, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Donald A. Burton.

WLBF, Kansas City, Kan. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Everett L. Dillard. Slogan, "Where Listeners Become Friends." Central. Founded Nov. 13, 1926.

WLBG, Petersburg, Va. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. R. A. Gamble.

WLBL, Stevens Point, Wis. 333.1m-900kc. 2000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. State of Wisconsin Dept. of Agriculture and Markets. Slogan, "Wisconsin Land of Dreamland Lakes." Central.

WLBW, Oil City, Pa. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Radio Wire Program Corp. of America. Slogan, "The Home of Quaker State Motor Oil." Announcers, Wm. S. Perry, Leigh Ore, Haven Haas. Eastern. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.

WLBX, Long Island, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. John N. Brahy.

WLBZ, Bangor, Me. 483.6-620kc. 500 watts. Maine Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcers, Jack Atwood, Henry C. Wing. Slogan, "This Is the Maine State." Central.

WLCI, Ithaca, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Lutheran Assn. of Ithaca. Announcer, A. B. Berresford. Slogan, "The Church at the Gate of the Campus." Eastern. Founded 1926.

WLEX, Lexington, Mass. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Lexington Air Station. Announcers, Gerald Harrison, Donald R. Leffin. Eastern. Founded October, 1926.

WLEY, Lexington, Mass. 211.1m-1420kc. 100-250 watts. Lexington Air Station.

WLIT, Philadelphia, Pa. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Lit Bros. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1923.

WLOE, Boston, Mass. (tr. at Chelsea). 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Boston Broadcasting Co. Announcers, H. von Holtzhausen, Paul Welsh. Eastern.

WLS, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Crete). 344.6m-870kc. 5000 watts. Agricultural Broadcasting Co. Prairie Farmer. Announcers, Don Malin, Steve Cisler, Charles Stookey. Central. Founded April 6, 1924.

WLSI, Providence, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dutee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Announcer, H. Holmquist. Eastern. Founded January, 1925.

WLTH, Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Voice of Brooklyn, Inc. Eastern.

WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio. 428.3m-700kc. 50000 watts. The Crosley Radio Corp. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WLWL, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Kearney). 272.6m-1100kc. 500 watts. Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle. Announcer, Bartholomew Sheehan. Eastern.

WMAC, Cazenovia, N. Y. (tr. at Cazenovia). 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Founded 1022. Eastern.

WMAF, Dartmouth, Mass. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Round Hills Radio Corp.

WMAK, Buffalo, N. Y. (tr. at Martinsville). 333.1m-900kc. 750 watts (tr. Tonawanda). WMAK Broadcasting Systems, Inc. Announcers, Jeff Baker, Robert Steigl, Mark Hawley. Founded Sept. 22, 1922.

WMAL, Washington, D. C. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. M. A. Leese, Eastern.

WMAN, Columbus, Ohio. 247.8m-1201kc. 50 watts. W. E. Heskett. Announcers, J. E. Anderson, C. S. Bidlack. Eastern. Founded September, 1922.

WMAQ, Chicago, Ill. 447.5m-670kc. 5000 watts. The Chicago Daily News. Announcers, Bill Hay, John W. Harrison, Harold Van Horne. Central. Founded April 13, 1922.

WMAY, St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night; 250 watts day. King's Highway Pres. Church.

WMAZ, Macon, Ga. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Jr. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, E. K. Cargill. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WMBA, Newport, R. I. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. LeRoy J. Beebe.

WMBC, Detroit, Mich. 211.1m-1420kc. 250 watts. Michigan Broadcasting Co. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WMBD, Peoria, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Lessee and Operator, Chas. C. Adams; Chief Announcer, Bill Abbott; Prog. Dr., Chas. H. Dixon; Studio Dr., Ben Scanlon. Peoria Heights Laboratory.

WMBG, Richmond, Va. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Havens and Martin. Announcers, H. W. Jones, W. H. Wood, L. Stone. Eastern.

WMBH, Joplin, Mo. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Edwin Aber. Announcer, E. D. Aber. Central.

WMBI, Chicago, Ill. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Moody Bible Institute. Slogan, "The West Point of Christian Service." Announcer, Wendell P. Loveless. Central. Founded July 28, 1926.

WMBO, Auburn, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Radio Service Laboratories.

WMBQ, Brooklyn, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Paul J. Gollhofer.

WMBR, Tampa, Fla. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. F. J. Reynolds. Eastern.

WMC, Memphis, Tenn. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Memphis Commercial Appeal. Announcer, Lloyd G. Harris. Slogan, "Station WMC, Memphis," "Down in Dixie." Founded Jan. 20, 1923. Central.

WMCA, New York City (tr. at Hoboken). 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "Where the Searchlight Flashes and the White Way Begins." Eastern.

WMES, Boston, Mass. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Mass. Educational Society. Announcer, A. Berggren. Eastern. Founded Aug. 1, 1927.

WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va. 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts day. Holt Rowe Novelty Co.

WMPC, Lapeer, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. First Methodist Protestant Church. Central. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

WMRJ, Jamaica, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Peter J. Prinz. Eastern. Opened July 9, 1926.

WMSG, New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Madison Square Garden. Announcer, Horace E. Beaver. Eastern.

WMT, Waterloo, Iowa. 249.9m-1200kc. 500 watts. Waterloo Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Raymond L. Hill, Harold E. Clark. Central. Founded July 29, 1922.

WNAC, Boston, Mass. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. The Shepard Stores. Howell Co. Announcers, Ben Hadfield, John Wardell, Joseph Lopez, Edmund Cashman, Jean Sargent. Eastern. Founded July 31, 1922.

WNAD, Norman, Okla. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. University of Oklahoma. Announcer, Bill Cram. Slogan, "Voice of Sooneriand." Central. Founded September, 1922.

WHAT, Philadelphia, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Albert A. Walker. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WNAX, Yankton, S. D. 570m-526kc. 1000 watts. Gurney Seed & Nursery Co. Central. Founded 1921.

WNBF, Binghamton, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Howitt-Wood Radio Co., Inc. Eastern.

WNBH, New Bedford, Mass. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 Watts. New Bedford Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Donald Morton. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WNBJ, Knoxville, Tenn. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Lonsdale Baptist Church. Central.

WNBO, Washington, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. John Brownlee Spriggs. Slogan, "The Voice of Southwestern Penna." Eastern.

WNBR, Memphis, Tenn. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Popular Radio Shop. Announcer, Mrs. John Ulrich. Central. Opened Feb. 28, 1927.

WNBW, Carbondale, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. Home Cut Glass and China Co.

WNBX, Springfield, Vt. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. First Congregational Church Corp.

WNBZ, Saranac Lake, N. Y. 232.4m-1290kc. 50 watts. Smith and Mace. Daily, all day. Eastern.

WNJ, Newark, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Radio Investment Co., Inc. Mgr. and Chief Announcer, Harry Mack. Eastern.

WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn. 535.4m-560kc. Licensed to operate on 2000 watts day to local sunset. 1000 watts after. Sterchi Bros. Central. Founded 1921.

WNRC, Greensboro, N. C. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Wayne M. Nelson. Eastern. Founded March 24, 1926.

WNYC, New York, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 500 watts watts. Wayne M. Nelson. Eastern. Founded Dept. of Plant & Structures. Slogan, "Municipal Broadcasting Station of the City of New York." John F. Fitzpatrick, Acting Director. Eastern. Founded July 8, 1924.

WOAI, San Antonio, Texas. 252m-1190kc. 5000 watts. Southern Equip. Co. (Evening News-Express). Announcer, J. G. Cummings. Slogan, "The Winter Playground of America. Where the Sunshine Spends the Winter." Central. Founded summer 1922.

WOAN, Lawrenceburg, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. Vaughn School of Music. Announcer, V. M. Cornelius. Central.

WOAX, Trenton, N. J. 234.5m-1280kc. 500 watts. F. J. Wolff. Slogan, "Trenton Makes; the World Takes." Eastern. Founded March 2, 1923.

WOBT, Union City, Tenn. 228.9m-1310kc. 150 watts day, 100 watts night. Titsworth Radio Music Shop. Sun., 4-5 pm. Eastern.

WOBU, Charleston, W. Va. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Charleston Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Wally Fredericks. Eastern.

WOC, Davenport, Iowa. 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. The Palmer School of Chiropractic. Announcers, Peter MacArthur, Edgar Twamley, Richard Wells. Slogan, "Where the West Begins and in the State Where the Tall Corn Grows." Founded May, 1922.

WOCL, Jamestown, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 25 watts. A. C. Newton. Slogan, "We're on Chautauqua Lake." Announcer, Bob Page. Eastern.

WODA, Paterson, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. O'Dea Temple of Music. Slogan, "A Voice From the Silk City." Founded April 13, 1925. Eastern.

WOI, Ames, Iowa. 468.5m-640kc day unlimited. 5000 watts. State College of Agr. & Mech. Arts. Announcer, A. G. Woolfries. Founded April, 1922. Central.

WOKO, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Hudson Valley Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice From the Clouds." Eastern. Founded March, 1924.

WOL, Washington, D. C. 228m-1310kc. 100 watts. American Broadcasting Co. Founded 1924. Eastern.

WOMT, Manitowoc, Wis. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Announcer, F. M. Kadon. Central. Founded July, 1926.

WOOD, Grand Rapids, Mich. 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Walter B. Stiles, Inc. Central.

WOPI, Bristol, Tenn. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Wilson Radiophone Service Co.

WOQ, Kansas City, Mo. Sharing with KFH on 360.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Unity School of Christianity. Announcer, Rex G. Bettis. Central. Founded 1921.

WOR, Newark, N. J. (tr. at Kearney). 422.3m-710kc. 5000 watts. L. Bamberger & Co. Announcers, John B. Gambling, Walter J. Neff, Arthur Q. Jan, Ralph Roysdal, Pastley Sinclair, Floyd Neal, Roger Bower. Founded 1922. Eastern.

WORC, Worcester, Mass. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. A. F. Kleindienst. Eastern. Founded Feb. 22, 1925.

WORD, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Deerfield). 206.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Association. Announcer, J. P. Holmes. Slogan, "Watchtower Station WORD." Central. Founded December, 1924.

WOS, Jefferson City, Mo. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. Missouri State Marketing Bureau. Announcer, Jack Henry. Slogan, "Watch Our State." Central. Founded 1922.

WOV, New York, N. Y. 265.3m-1130kc. 1000 watts. International Broadcasting Corp.

WOW, Omaha, Neb. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Woodmen of the World. Announcers, Ezra McIntosh, Joe Eaton, Eugene Konecky. Marie Kieny, Program Director. Slogan, "The Omaha Station." Central. Founded April 2 1923.

WOWO, Fort Wayne, Ind. 258.5m-1160kc. 10.000 watts. Main Auto Supply Co. Announcers, Al Becker, Joe Poehling, Howard Ackley, A. H. Kuckein. Central. Founded April, 1925.

WPAP, Palisade, N. J. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Palisade Amusement Park. Announcer, Perry Charles. Eastern.

WPAW, Pawtucket, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Shartenberg & Robinson Co. Director, R. K. Stone. Slogan, "The Cradle of American Industry." Eastern. Opened January, 1924. Reopened August, 1926.

WPCC, Chicago, Ill. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. North Shore Church. Announcer, Ralph E. Briggs. Central. Founded July, 1924.

WPCH, Hoboken, N. J. 370.2m-810kc. 500 watts. Assoc. Broadcasters, Inc. Eastern.

WPEN, Philadelphia, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts day, 250 watts night. Philadelphia School of Wireless Telegraphy. Slogan, "First Wireless School in America." Eastern. Founded 1908.

WPG, Atlantic City, N. J. 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. Municipality of Atlantic City. Slogan, "World's Playgrounds." Eastern. Founded Jan. 3, 1924.

WPOE, Patchogue, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts unlimited. Nassau Broadcasting Corp.

WPSC, State College, Pa. 258.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. Pa. State College. Announcers, E. H. Rohrbeck, K. L. Holderman. Slogan, "The Voice of the Nittany Lion." Eastern. Founded Nov., 1921.

WPTF, Raleigh, N. C. 440.9m-680kc. 1000 watts. Durham Life Ins. Co. Slogan, "We Protect the Family." Eastern. Founded October 1, 1925.

WQAM, Miami, Fla. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Miami Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Frederick W. Mozer, Dale James. Slogan, "The Voice of Tropical America." Eastern. Founded Febr. 1, 1925.

WQAN, Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Times. E. J. Lynett, Prop. Announcer, T. V. Nealon. Slogan, "The Voice of the Anthracite." Eastern. Opened Jan. 8, 1925.

WQAQ, New York City. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Calvary Baptist Church. Announcer, D. Jones. Slogan, "The First Church Owned and Operated Broadcasting Station in the World." Founded 1922. Eastern.

WQBC, Utica, Miss. 220.4m-1360kc. 300 watts. Utica Chamber of Commerce, Inc. Central.

WQBZ, Weirton, W. Va. 211.1m-1420kc. 60 watts. J. H. Thompson.

WRAF, La Porte, Ind. 249.9m-1200 kc. 100 watts. Radio Club, Inc. Announcer, Charles Middleton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Maple City." Founded April, 1925. Central.

WRAK, Erie, Pa. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. C. R. Cummins. Slogan, "The Voice of Presque Isle." Eastern. Founded 1924.

WRAW, Reading, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Avenue Radio & Elec. Shop. Slogan, "The Schuylkill Valley Gay." Announcer, C. M. Chafey. Eastern. Founded June 5, 1923.

WRAX, Philadelphia, Pa. 239.9m-1020kc. 250 watts daylight. Berachah Church, Inc. Announcers, Walter S. Smalley, Herbert Hogg. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WRBI, Tifton, Ga. 228.9m-1310kc. 20 watts. Kent's Furniture and Music Store. ½ time.

WRBJ, Hattiesburg, Miss. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Woodruff Furn. Co. Central.

WRBL, Columbus, Ga. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. David Parmer.

WRBQ, Greenville, Miss. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. J. Pat Scully.

WRBT, Wilmington, N. C. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilmington Radio Assn.

WRBW, Gastonia, N. C. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. A. J. Kirby Music Co.

WRC, Washington, D. C. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. R. C. A., National Broadcasting Co. Announcer, George F. Hicks. Slogan, "The Voice of the Capitol." Eastern.

WREC, Memphis, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts night, 1,000 watts day. WREC, Inc. Announcers, Hoyt B. Wooten, S. D. Wooten, Jr., Doc Sunshine, Bob Alberty, Bob Brooks. Central. Founded Sept., 1923.

WREN, Lawrence, Kan. 245.8m-1220kc. 1000 watts. Jenny Wren. Announcers, Vernon H. Smith, Ernest Pontius. Central. Founded February, 1927.

WRHM, Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Minnesota Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Troy S. Miller. Central.

WRJN, Racine, Wis. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Racine Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, H. J. Newcomb, Dick Mann. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1926.

WRK, Hamilton, Ohio. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Hamilton Radio Service. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WRNY, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Coytesville, N. J.) 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Aviation Radio Station, Inc. Eastern. Founded June 12, 1925.

WRR, Dallas, Texas. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Dallas. Announcer, John Thorwald. Slogan, "City and Achievements." Central.

WRUF, Gainesville, Fla. 361.2m-830kc limited. 500 watts. University of Florida. Announcer, Chas. Lee.

WRVA, Richmond, Va. 270.1m-1110kc. 5000 watts. Larus & Bro. Co., Inc. Slogan, "Down Where the South Begins." Announcer, J. Robert Beadles. Eastern. Opened Nov. 2, 1925.

WSAI, Cincinnati, Ohio (tr. at Mason). 225.4m-1330kc. 500 watts. Operated by Crosley Radio Corp.

WSAJ, Grove City, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Grove City College. William L. Harmon, activities. Founded April, 1920.

WSAN, Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Allentown Call Pub. Co. Announcer, Charles Walp. Eastern.

WSAR, Fall River, Mass. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Doughty & Welch Elec. Co., Inc. Announcers, Barton G. Albert, Leonard A. McGrath. Founded Jan., 1923. Eastern.

WSAZ, Huntington, W. Va. 316.9m-580kc. 250 watts. WSAZ, Inc. Announcer, F. B. Smith, Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WSB, Atlanta, Ga. 405.2m-740kc. C. P. issued to move and increase power to 5000 watts. Atlanta Journal Co. Announcer, Lambdin Kay. Slogan, "The Voice of the South." Central.

WSBC, Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. World Battery Co. Central.

WSBT, South Bend, Ind. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. South Bend Tribune. Announcers, Leslie Mutchnick and Reginald B. Martin. Founded April, 1922. Central.

WSGH—WSDA, Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Amateur Radio Specialty Co. Announcer, E. C. Rhodes. Eastern. Opened Nov. 1, 1926.

WSIX, Springfield, Tenn. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. 638 Tire and Vulc. Co. Announcer, George H. Lawrence. Central. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WSM, Nashville, Tenn. 461.3m-650kc. 5000 watts. National Life and Accident Insurance Co. Announcers, George Hay, Jack Keefe, Harry Stone. Founded Oct. 5, 1925.

WSMB, New Orleans, La. 227.1m-1320kc. 500 watts. Saenger Theaters, Inc., and The Maison Blanche Co. Announcer, C. R. Randall. Founded April 21, 1925. Central.

WSMK, Dayton, Ohio. 217.3m-1380kc. 200 watts. S. M. Krohn, Jr. Slogan, "The Home of Aviation." Central.

WSOA, Chicago, Ill. (tr. Deerfield, Ill.). 202.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Radiophone Broadcasting Corp.

WSPD, Toledo, Ohio. 223.7-m-1340kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. The Toledo Broadcasting Co. (Columbia Broadcasting System Chain.) Announcers, Willard Rippon, Dick Pheatt, Harry Hansen, Dwight Northrup, Merrill Pheatt. Slogan, "The Gateway to the Sea." Eastern.

WSSH, Boston, Mass. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. C. P. to increase power to 500 watts on daytime. Tremont Temple Baptist Church. Announcer, Raymond B. Meader. Eastern. Founded June 8, 1924.

WSUI, Iowa City, Iowa. Sharing with WMT on 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. State Univ. of Iowa. Announcer, Carl Menzer. Founded Feb. 12, 1924. Central.

WSUN-WFLA, St. Petersburg, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. City of St. Petersburg. Announcer, Eddie Squires. Slogan, "The Sunshine City." Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1927.

WSVS, Buffalo, N. Y. 218.8m-1370k • 50 watts. Seneca Vocational School. Announcer, David Warnhoff. Slogan, "Watch Seneca Vocational School." Eastern. Founded Nov. 9, 1925.

WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Slogan, "Voice of Central New York." Eastern. Founded 1922.

WTAD, Quincy, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Illinois Stock Medicine Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Agriculture." Central. Founded Dec. 29, 1926.

WTAG, Worcester, Mass. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Worcester Telegram Pub. Co. Announcer, Chester Gaylord. Slogan, "The Voice From the Heart of the Commonwealth." Eastern. Founded May 1, 1924.

WTAM—WEAR, Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 3500 watts. WTAM, 1000 watts. WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Announcer, Fred Ripley. Founded Sept. 26, 1923. Eastern.

WTAQ, Eau Claire, Wis. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. Gillette Rubber Co. Announcer, C. S. Von Gorden. Slogan, "Where Tires Are Quality."

WTAR—WPOR, Norfolk, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. WTAR Radio Corp. ½ time. Chief Announcer and Program Director, Blayne R. Butcher. announcers, Fred Pfahler, George Beck, Joe Kluzz, D. C. Cary, Tom Hanes. Eastern. Founded Sept. 21, 1923.

WTAW, College Station, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Founded 1922. Central.

WTAX, Streator, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Williams Hardware Co., Radio Division. Central.

WTBO, Cumberland, Md. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Associated Broadcasting Corp.

WTFI, Toccoa, Ga. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Toccoa Falls Institute. Announcer, Kelly Barnes. Eastern. Founded Oct. 4, 1927.

WTIC, Hartford, Conn. 282.8m-1060kc. 50,000 watts. Permanent location. The Travelers Insurance Co. Slogan, "The Insurance City." Eastern.

WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wis. (tr. at Brookfield). 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Milwaukee Journal. Chief Announcer, Russell Winnie. Announcers, Merrill Trapp, Donald T. McNeill, Merl Blackburn. Slogan, "Voice of Wisconsin, Land of Lakes." Central. Founded July 25, 1927.

WTNT, Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. WTNT Broadcasters. Announcer, Fred Waldrum. Founded Feb. 24, 1924. Central.

WTOC, Savannah, Ga. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Savannah Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Welcome to Our City." Announcer, Harold Danforth. Eastern.

WWAE, Hammond, Ind. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Dr. Geo. F. Courier.

WWJ, Detroit, Mich. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. The Detroit News. Announcers, E. L. Tyson, E. Wallace, Lynn Gearhart. Eastern. Founded Aug., 1920.

WWL, New Orleans, La. 352.7m-850kc. 5000 watts. Loyola Univ. Announcer, Jean Pasquet. Central. Founded March 31, 1922.

WWNC, Asheville, N. C. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Citizens Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Asheville Citizen." Gen. Mgr., G. O. Shepherd. Program Dir., Stanley Cross. Com'l Mgr., Clyde Smith. Promotion Mgr., Earnest Tappe. Eastern. Founded Febr. 21, 1927.

WWRL, Woodside, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. W. H. Reuman. Founded Aug. 15, 1926.

WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va. 258.5-1160kc. 5000 watts. West Va. Broadcasting Corp. Eastern. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

Stations Cleared Waves

Call Letters	Location	Wave Length	Freq. in Kilocs.
WAIU	Columbus, Ohio	468.5	640
KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.	468.5	640
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.	461.3	650
WEAF	New York, N. Y.	454.3	660
WAAW	Omaha, Nebr.	454.3	660
WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.	447.5	670
WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.	440.9	680
KPO	San Francisco, Calif.	440.9	680
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio	428.3	700
KFVD	Culver City, Calif.	428.3	710
WOR	Newark, N. J.	422.3	710
WGN	Chicago, Ill.	416.4	720
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	405.2	740
KMMJ	Clay Center, Nebr.	405.2	740
WJR	Detroit, Mich.	399.8	750
KVI	Tacoma, Wash.	394.5	760
WJZ	New York, N. Y.	394.5	760
WEW	St. Louis, Mo.	394.5	760
KFAB	Lincoln, Nebr.	389.4	770
WBBM	WJBT—Chicago, Ill.	389.4	770
WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.	379.5	790
KGO	Oakland, Calif.	379.5	790
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio	374.8	800
WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas	374.8	800
WFAA	Dallas, Tex.	374.8	800
WPCH	New York, N. Y.	370.2	810
WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.	370.2	810
WHAS	Louisville, Ky.	365.6	820
KOA	Denver, Colo.	361.2	830
WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.	361.2	830

Call Letters	Location	Wave Length	Freq. in Kilocs.
KWKH	Shreveport, La.	352.7	850
WWL	New Orleans, La.	352.7	850
KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.	352.7	860
WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.	348.6	860
WLS	Chicago, Ill.	344.6	870
WENR-WBCN	Chicago, Ill.	344.6	870
WCFL	Chicago, Ill.	309.1	970
KJR	Seattle, Wash.	309.1	970
KDK	Des Moines, Iowa	305.9	980
WBZ-WBZA	Boston, Mass.	302.8	990
WHO	Des Moines, Iowa	299.8	1,000
WOC	Davenport, Iowa	299.8	1,000
KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.	299.8	1,000
KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.	293.9	1,020
KYWA	Chicago, Ill.	293.9	1,020
WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.	293.9	1,020
WKEN	Buffalo, N. Y.	288.3	1,040
WKAR	East Lansig, Mich.	288.3	1,040
KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.	288.3	1,040
KRLD	Dallas, Tex.	288.3	1,040
KFKB	Milford, Kans.	285.5	1,050
KNX	Hollywood, Calif.	285.5	1,050
WBAL	Baltimore, Md.	282.8	1,060
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.	282.8	1,060
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr.	282.8	1,060
KWJJ	Portland, Oreg.	282.8	1,060
WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.	280.2	1,070
WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio	280.2	1,070
WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio	280.2	1,070
WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.	280.2	1,070

Call Letters	Location	Wave Length	Freq. in Kilocs.
WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.	280.2	1,070
KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.	280.2	1,070
WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	277.6	1,080
WCBD	Zion, Ill.	277.6	1,080
WMBI	Chicago, Ill.	277.6	1,080
KMOX	KFOA—St. Louis, Mo.	275.1	1,090
WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.	272.6	1,100
WLWL	New York, N. Y.	272.6	1,100
WRVA	Richmond, Va.	270.1	1,110
KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.	270.1	1,110
WOV	New York, N. Y.	265.3	1,130
WJAD	Mooseheart, Ill.	265.3	1,130
KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah	265.3	1,130
WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.	263	1,140
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	263	1,140
WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.	260.7	1,150
WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.	258.5	1,160
WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	258.5	1,160
WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.	256.3	1,170
KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa	256.3	1,170
KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.	256.3	1,170
WGBS	Astoria, L. I.	254.1	1,180
WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.	254.1	1,180
WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.	254.1	1,180
KEX	Portland, Oregon	254.1	1,180
KOB	State College, N. M.	254.1	1,180
WICC	Easton, Conn.	252	1,190
WOAI	San Antonio, Texas	252	1,190
WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.	205.4	1,460
KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.	205.4	1,460

You Must Have Sugar

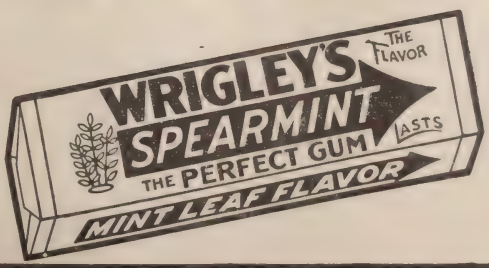
Sugar is one of the much needed elements in a balanced diet.

WRIGLEY'S supplies sugar in a convenient way. The flavor is an extra delight.

Then too—you know you aren't adding weight. Sugar is a fuel that burns up needless fat.

WRIGLEY'S

When tired or hungry, pep yourself with WRIGLEY'S





K100

Gold Cup Contest

(Continued from page 3)

a poor program over that station, and I have been listening for three years," enthuses Mrs. W. V. Copeland, of Topeka, Kansas.

"KFNF wins all honors for real service and entertainment. Their programs are splendid," from Mrs. John Ferguson. While from Mrs. Paul Specht of Fort Worth comes word that WENR is undoubtedly the best broadcasting station in existence.

"We always look for WLS of Chicago when we want good entertainment, especially on Saturday night. We enjoy Bradley Kincaid, and think WLS is a station for America to be proud of," write Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Matthews, of Lexington, Virginia.

"Have been listening to Radio stations for four years, and think I know what a good station is. WHO takes all honors," asserts Miss Olive Couch, of Valley Junction, Iowa.

"I have yet to find a station in the East, West or South that can hold a candle to WTAM of Cleveland, and here are my votes," enthuses Mrs. Reinhold of Mantuca, Ohio.

And so on. Every broadcaster has his friends. You are numbered among the listening audience, and you have a favorite. Act now—fill in the coupon ballot and mail it.

* * *

East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	1,790
WBZA	Boston	1,019
WPG	Atlantic City	1,684
WABC	New York City	1,697
WBZA	Boston	804
WCAU	Philadelphia	896
WEAF	New York City	1,709
WGR	Buffalo	1,514
WHAM	Rochester	1,298
WOR	Newark	1,216
WRC	Washington, D. C.	924
WTIC	Hartford	1,104
WISV	Washington, D. C.	819
WBAL	Baltimore	926
WEEI	Boston	187
WBRL	Tilton, N. H.	586
WGY	Schenectady	1,614
WJAS	Pittsburgh	1,046
WJZ	New York City	1,604
WFBL	Syracuse	934
WMAK	Buffalo	781
WNAC	Boston	911

South	City	Votes
WCOA	Pensacola	781
WFLA	Clearwater	1,087
WHAS	Louisville	994
WSMB	New Orleans	1,235
WWNC	Asheville	1,596
WSM	Nashville	1,481
KWKH	Shreveport	1,514
WSB	Atlanta	1,112
WJBO	New Orleans	911
WDOD	Chattanooga	798
WMC	Memphis	1,127
WREC	Memphis	1,071
WCOC	Columbus	892
WRVA	Richmond	1,008
WDBJ	Roanoke	711
WLAC	Nashville	847
WLAP	Louisville	653
WBT	Charlotte	546
WTAR	Norfolk	741
WAPI	Birmingham	1,387
WPTF	Raleigh	531
WJAX	Jacksonville	1,147
WBRC	Birmingham	913

Middle West	City	Votes
WTAM	Cleveland	1,247
KMA	Shenandoah	748
WCCO	Minneapolis	819
WCBD	Zion	617
WAIU	Columbus	736
WCAH	Columbus	822
WJAY	Cleveland	734
KFH	Wichita	781
KMOX	St. Louis	1,679
KSTP	St. Paul	1,410
KYW	Chicago	1,826
WBBM	Chicago	1,363
WFBM	Indianapolis	1,039
WGN	Chicago	1,434
WJJD	Chicago	1,187
WJR	Detroit	968
WHK	Cleveland	1,080
WLS	Chicago	2,500
WMAQ	Chicago	1,643
WTMJ	Milwaukee	946
WOWO	Fort Wayne	869
WHO	Des Moines	814
KOIL	Council Bluffs	1,384
KFKA	Milford	719
WOS	Jefferson City	802
KFEQ	St. Joseph	830
WENR	Chicago	3,170
WWJ	Detroit	1,564
KFNF	Shenandoah	2,240
KTSM	El Paso	538
WOC	Davenport	970

Middle West	City	Votes
KWK	St. Louis	790
KSO	Clarinda, Iowa	604
WCAW	Tulsa	622
WDAF	Kansas City	1,336
WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.	540
WLW	Cincinnati	2,077

West	City	Votes
KOA	Denver	1,114
WBAP	Fort Worth	1,286
KVOO	Tulsa	1,184
KSOO	Sioux Falls	806
KGCU	Mandan, S. D.	918
WOAI	San Antonio	709
WFAA	Dallas	1,012
KFAB	Lincoln	830
WOW	Omaha	1,140
KOB	State College, N. M.	740
WNAX	Yankton, S. D.	568
WIBW	Topeka	934
KMMJ	Clay Center, Nebr.	581
KPRC	Houston	911
KFYR	Bismarck	507
KFKB	Milford	896
KGIR	Butte, Montana	714
WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.	840
KRLD	Dallas	671
KTHS	Hot Springs	531

Far West	City	Votes
KDYL	Salt Lake City	947
KSL	Salt Lake City	918
KFI	Los Angeles	1,510
KJR	Seattle	1,180
KOMO	Seattle	1,386
KGA	Spokane	1,009
KIDO	Boise	804
KGW	Portland	1,114
KOIN	Portland	1,217
KFWB	Hollywood	1,086
KGO	Oakland	1,240
KPO	San Francisco	1,400
KFOX	Long Beach	780
KFRC	San Francisco	638
KFIZ	Astoria	701
KHJ	Los Angeles	1,264
KFWM	Oakland	609

Canada	City	Votes
CFAC	Calgary	618
CFCA	Toronto	720
CFQC	Saskatoon	670
CHCS	Hamilton	410
CHWC	Regina	538
CJCA	Edmonton	554
CJCI	Calgary	494
CJRM	Moose Jaw	514
CKAC	Montreal	704
CKUA	Edmonton	470
CNRM	Montreal	640
CNRV	Vancouver	649
CKCK	Regina	501
CKCL	Toronto	802
CJGC	London	534
CFRB	Lawrence	380
WREN	Toronto	569

Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1929, and ends at midnight, March 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, March 20, 1930.

2. Balloting will be by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly, each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For the complete series of the six consecutively numbered coupons, sent in at one time, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1.000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. Canada will comprise the sixth district. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri. District number four, known as the WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST." will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon. District number six, known as Canada, will comprise the entire Dominion of Canada.

6. The broadcasting station holding the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared the WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BROADCASTING STATION and will be awarded a Gold Cup. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the broadcasting station holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared to be the most popular station of their district and each awarded a Silver Cup. No broadcasting station is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Mail Coupon — NEW, FREE KALAMAZOO BOOK—*Saves you ⅓ to ½ at Factory* SALE *PRICES*

Cabinet Heaters $34.75 up
Ranges . . . . . $41.50 up
Furnaces . . . . $61.95 up
Gas Stoves . . . $25.80 up
Oil Stoves . . . $18.90 up

Sensational Values!

Write today for this new book. It's FREE. It quotes Factory SALE PRICES. It saves you ⅓ to ½. It shows more stove, range and furnace Bargains than in 20 big stores.

200 Styles and Sizes

In this book are 200 styles and sizes—beautiful new Cabinet Heaters, improved Porcelain Enamel Ranges (choice of 5 colors), Oil Stoves, Gas Stoves, Electric Ranges and Furnaces. Payments as low as $3 down, $3 monthly. Year to Pay.

750,000 Satisfied Customers

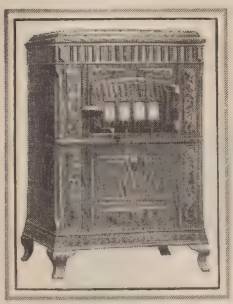
Mail the coupon Now! Buy Direct from Factory. Save the way 750,000 satisfied customers have saved from Kalamazoo in the last 29 years. Kalamazoo owners are everywhere—many in your town. Ask them about Kalamazoo quality. *Don't pay twice the price of a Kalamazoo for Quality not half so good!* Kalamazoo Ranges, Combination Gas and Coal Ranges and Gas Stoves are approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Beautiful New Cabinet Heaters

SALE Prices of New Cabinet Heaters—$34.75 up! Best Bargains Kalamazoo ever built. Beautifully finished in Black and Walnut Porcelain Enamel, hand grained. All made of extra heavy cast iron. Heat several rooms. Just like a furnace. Hold heat over night. Many exclusive Kalamazoo features. Mail the coupon today.

Choice of 5 Colors in Ranges

New Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Combination Gas and Coal Ranges in Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue, Pearl Gray, Ebony Black—trimmed in highly polished nickel. Always clean—



always easy to clean. Porcelain enamel baked on in our own enameling plant—no chipping, flaking or cracking. Modernize your home with a modern Colored Range. Brighten your kitchen. Lighten your work. Write today for FREE Book.

Easy to Install Your Furnace

SALE prices on furnaces $61.95 up. FREE furnace plans. FREE service. Make a double saving by installing your own furnace, after buying at Kalamazoo Factory Sale prices. Thousands have. Exclusive Kalamazoo features include Hot Blast Fire Pot—new ring type radiators—easy shaking grates—upright shaker. Mail the coupon now!

Modernize Your Home with a Cabinet Heater



Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

24-Hour Shipments

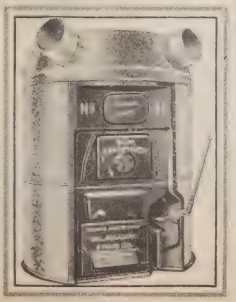
Kalamazoo is near you. 24-hour shipments. Orders filled same day as received. No waiting. Safe delivery guaranteed.

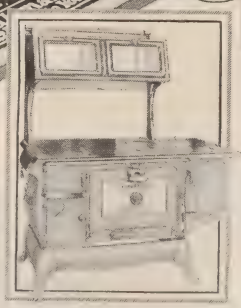
Cash or Easy Terms

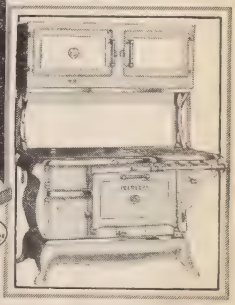
You can buy on terms so small that you scarcely miss the money—as low as $3 down, $3 monthly. Year to Pay. Everything backed by a $100,000 bank guarantee. Satisfaction or money back. 5-year guarantee on Kalamazoo parts and workmanship.

30 Days' FREE Trial

Use whatever you choose for 30 days in your own home FREE. Satisfy yourself on Kalamazoo quality before deciding. 360 days' approval test on everything.







Above All Else—Quality

You simply can't get better quality. Why? The reasons are: First, Kalamazoo specializes—Kalamazoo stoves and furnaces are built complete in our big 13-acre factory. We make nothing but stoves and furnaces. Second, Kalamazoo has tremendous buying power—that means purchasing the best raw materials at lowest prices. Third, big scale production enables us to manufacture efficiently at extremely low cost. By selling direct, eliminating all "in-between" profits, you get absolute rock-bottom factory prices.

Household Goods

Also in this new Book—Refrigerators, Washing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Cabinets, Cedar Chests and other Household Furnishings.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
2403 Rochester Avenue
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Saved $71 to $91

"I paid you $109 for my furnace and the best I could do here on one anywhere near as good was from $180 to $200. Some saving for me. You certainly can put me down for a booster for Kalamazoo." Chas. Renstrom, Canton, Pa.

750,000 Satisfied Customers Have Saved Money by Mailing This Coupon

Important: Be sure to put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.

- ☐ Coal and Wood Ranges
- ☐ Gas & Combination Ranges
- ☐ Gasoline Ranges
- ☐ Cabinet Heaters
- ☐ Pipe Furnaces
- ☐ Direct Heat Furnaces
- ☐ Oil Stoves
- ☐ Household Goods

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.

Name .....
(Please print name plainly)
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 15)

"Why don't you get your information direct? I would suggest that you talk to the boys themselves."

"Man, if you will tell me how that can be accomplished without habeas corpus proceedings I will be your friend for life."

"Call up the Chatelaine Tower Apartments and ask Mr. Gosden for an appointment."

"What's Mr. Gosden got to do with it?"

"Nothing. He's only the chap you know as Amos. His full name is Freeman F. Gosden. And you might be interested to know that a gentleman by the name of Charles J. Correll is none other than the well known president of the Freshair Taxicab company. Mr. Andrew Brown. Both are free, white and solvent."

"Oh!"

AT LEAST I was getting somewhere now. But after all, if they were through broadcasting I wanted to know whether I could see them, then and there. Two birds in a studio were worth more than one in the Chatelaine Tower.

"You're too late," said Gilchrist. "They are all through, washed up and gone for the day, but I can show you where they broadcast."

He took me into a small room, about 14 feet square underneath the visitors' gallery. There was a table near a window that looks into the main studio.

"Andy sits over there on the right hand side," said Gilchrist. "Amos sits opposite. Andy always talks right up close to the microphone to get the deep tone effect in his voice. Amos talks quite a little way back from the mike. When Amos speaks for Kingfish and the other characters he varies the distance from the mike. But this is a place absolutely barred to all visitors while they are broadcasting.

"They require this exclusion in order to invest themselves more perfectly into their characters. Sometimes when the comedy turns to pathos they feel their parts so sincerely that tears run down their cheeks. Mr. Gosden will often show effects of it for hours afterward. I would suggest you call him up tomorrow forenoon sometime."

So I found that although Amos'n'Andy were really white they are able to imagine themselves the characters they represent so acutely they actually convince hundreds of thousands of their listeners that they are real Negroes actually involved in some of the troubles and adventures they dramatize on the air over two networks every evening of the week except Tuesday.

At about 11 the next morning I called the Chatelaine apartments.

"Whoall shall I say is callin' Mr. Gosden?" same a voice that had shades all over it. I told her. She said to call a little later or she would leave word for Mr. Gosden to call me. That was satisfactory.

Later Mr. Gosden did call.

"Oh so you are Mr. Quest?" he asked. "Lillian, our colored maid, said I was to call Mr. Mark. She's that way. Come on over to the office in the Palmolive building, 2411, at 12 and Mr. Correll and I both will be glad to see you."

THE Palmolive building is one of the newest and most beautiful office buildings in Chicago. It is one of the towering intrusions in the district formerly known as the Gold Coast. The Chatelaine Tower and other magnificent apartments in the vicinity afford convenient homes for the high salaried executives who have offices there. It was five minutes to 12 when I stepped out of a taxi at the entrance. In less than two minutes I stood in front of Door 2411 on which was the sign "Amos'n'Andy." The door was locked. A young man was there with a big box bearing "Amos'n'Andy" signs all over it. He was undecided whether to take it away again but I assured him Mr. Gosden would be there presently.

Exactly on the stroke of 12 a smartly attired young man, brisk and energetic, appeared on the scene.

"You are Mr. Quest?" he asked. We went in. The boy brought in the box.

The office was small but richly furnished. I noted a handsomely carved Radio receiver in the center of the east wall, a table-desk of exquisite design with onyx top stood opposite the door and between two windows looking north on Michigan Avenue. From these windows could be seen the towering skyscrapers stalking into the loop and across the river. A smaller desk was against the west wall. It supported a practical looking typewriter. And there was a cabinet for books and papers. The boy deposited his conspicuous looking box with its humorous embellishments on the floor. Mr. Gosden asked me to help him open it. I had a screw driver blade in my knife and soon we had the cover loose.

The box had been shipped from Syracuse and contained an ancient model of a Smith-Premier typewriter, one of those relics with the double keyboard—one for capitals and one for lower case.

Gosden, rather quiet and dignified, sat down in a chair and chuckled.

"That's the answer," he said, "to our difficulty when we said something must be wrong with our old typewriter because it didn't have any capital letters. Well, we'll use that typewriter. You'll hear the keys click when we put it on the air.

Young Mr. Gosden is habitually smiling. Far from an Etheopian cast of countenance, he is a typical blonde with sandy hair that curls almost in ringlets and his eyes are blue. He looks straight at you in a confident winning way. He talks and acts in a way to satisfy you that as yet he is quite unspoiled by the enormous success of the great Radio act of Amos 'n' Andy.

I SAT watching him as he hung up his neatly tailored overcoat and hat, stopped for a minute in front of a glass to straighten his tie and then sat down in a chair across the room at the gorgeous onyx desk.

"I understand you are going to give us a write-up," he said, leaning back and swinging a bit in the swivel chair.

"Yes, Mr. Gosden, quite right," without being able to think of anything else to say.

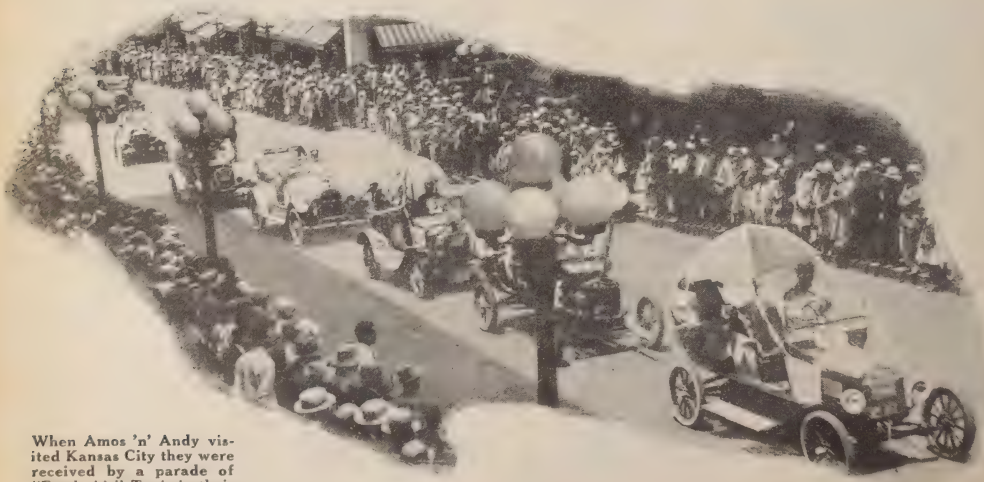
"Where do we begin?"

"I guess here as well as any."

He didn't know what to make of that any more than I did.

"We got a swell telegram from Kan-

(Continued on page 114)



When Amos 'n' Andy visited Kansas City they were received by a parade of "Fresh Air" Taxis in their honor.

N

WINTER

ILLINOIS CENTRAL
COURTESY
EFFICIENT SERVICE
ALWAYS
SYSTEM

SUMMER

S

"OVERNIGHT TO GOLF"



Quaint

New Orleans

BEAUTIFUL MISSISSIPPI

Gulf Coast

BILOXI·GULFPORT·PASS CHRISTIAN

Golf, motoring, sailing, almost every sport of land and sea are now at their best in this outdoor summerland of far-famed hospitality and unequaled charm. Plan to spend your perfect Winter Vacation here

Only 21 Hours from Chicago

Panama Limited

The Last Word in Elegance and Luxury

Lv. Chicago	12:30 p. m.
Ar. New Orleans	9:30 a. m.
Ar. on the Gulf Coast	9:50 a. m.

Two other all-steel trains daily to New Orleans. Leave Chicago 8:50 a. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Mardi Gras at New Orleans and Biloxi March 4, 1930. Reduced Fares. Midwinter vacation party—6 days for only $95.00 up all-expense from Chicago.

Sixth Annual Spring Golf Training Tour to the Beautiful Mississippi Gulf Coast, New Orleans and Natchez, Miss., March 4-16, 1930. All expense from Chicago $142.50 up.

Reduced fares to all principal Southern Resorts in effect every day during winter season.

Extremely low fares to New Orleans, Mississippi Gulf Coast and other Southern Points including Havana, Cuba, will be in effect March 14 and April 19, 1930.

Ask about two weeks of Sunshine for only $166.59 up all-expense from Chicago.

J. V. LANIGAN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Illinois Central System
501 Central Station, Chicago, Ill.

12P

Illinois Central

THE ROAD OF TRAVEL LUXURY

Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 112)

sas City last night," he said, pulling a message from his pocket. "You know we won on a popularity contest at WDAF of the Kansas City Star last year and here are the figures on the latest contest."

"He motioned for me to come over and sit at the desk opposite to him. I read the telegram. It stated that Amos and Andy were first; Damrosch, second; Cathedral Hour, third; Chicago Symphony, fourth, and Lucky Strike orchestra, fifth. There were 96 features on the ballot.

When Amos and Andy visited Kansas City last summer the city declared a holiday and held a Fresh Air Taxicab parade through the principal business streets of the town.

"I suppose you are pretty busy interviewing all the Radio folks," he intimated after a lull by way of carrying on the conversation.

"Nobody knows, Mr. Gosden—you can't imagine—"

Just then the telephone rang. A bright twinkle came in his eye as he pulled the instrument close and smiled happily. How could I help hearing—just pleasant little nothings of a proud father quite enraptured with his wife?

"Baby awake yet? God blessums—what'd he do then? Ha-ha, Ha! I don't blame him for not liking spinach! How's the tummy? . . . Good! Sure—alright, Sweetheart. . . . Bye-bye."

"Is Mrs Gosden ill?" I asked.

"No, not exactly. We were invited to a pheasant dinner last night; Mr. and Mrs. Correll, Mrs. Gosden and I. It was a marvelous dinner. You know the season lasts four days only, and you have to make the most of it. I think we both had a little too much pheasant—but she says she is feeling fine now.

"My partner will be in here almost any minute. We have great times together—the four of us, going around to places together and seeing things."

"He's not so mean toward you as he sounds, then—over the Radio?"

"Heavens, no! Not a mean thing about Charlie Correll. What's the use of anybody being mean in real life? There are so many things to be glad about if you only stop to think what's what. One really cannot afford to take time to be mean and miserable—that sounds kind of preachy, but it's good philosophy just the same and I believe in it, so does my partner."

And then Mr. Correll came in. He is shorter than Mr. Gosden, a little heavier and perhaps just a bit more ponderous in his manner like the amiable Andy, familiar to all Radio listeners. We were introduced. The bond of affection between the two men was at once obvious. He immediately inspected the typewriter that had just been unboxed. A broad grin spread over his face, but he did not chuckle audibly as did Gosden. He had a big package of mail which he dumped on the double desk. I offered to surrender his place to him but he would not permit it. He did, however, pick up a few of the envelopes and began slitting them open.

THIS incident happened on one of those days when the fans were at white heat because they had been taken off the late schedule. Twenty thousand letters of protest were received in three days. Petitions had been circulated. Among the letters was a long roll on which had been signed hundreds of names.

"How about the colored folks," I asked. "What do they think of Amos 'n' Andy?"

"They are our best friends," said Gosden. "You know before The Chicago Daily News engaged us for the WMAQ feature they investigated that angle. They did not want to seem to condone anything that might be regarded as offensive to the colored people of Chicago. They made inquiries of members of the Urban club where the intellectual leaders of the race belong. The Urban club endorsed our feature because they declared we had never said anything that reflected in the least on the moralities of the colored people—and that we had always been considered as presenting a creditable side to the characters we represented."

"Did you ever go out there where they really are?"

"Tell him about the time we went to the Regal," laughed Correll.

"We put on our Amos 'n' Andy vaudeville act out there at the Regal, which is really a palatial theatre patronized almost exclusively by colored people. When we appeared on the stage we received such an ovation from the packed house that we didn't know what to do. They not only enjoyed our skit but seemed to get a great kick out of our trick lights where are transformed from black face to white at the turn of a switch."

"Is it true, Mr. Correll," I asked, "that you were really born in Peoria?"

"Absolutely," he answered with an appreciative smile toward Gosden. "I is de president of the de Fresh Air Taxicab company now, though," he added.

"And you were born in Richmond, Va.," I inquired of Gosden.

"Das whah I was bawn," smiled Gosden.

The hall door, which had been open an inch or two was now pushed boldly wide open. Three somewhat startled girls stood on the threshhold. They were without wraps, and apparently were employed in the building. Gosden gave me a wink and moved over to the door to receive them. One of them, a little more bold than the others, stepped in and said:

"We've been coming here every day for a week and nobody was ever in. We just wondered if you really are the Amos 'n' Andy we hear on the Radio."

"Why, sure we are," laughed Gosden, "and over yon sits de Kingfish." He pointed to me. I felt a bit flustered with such prominence suddenly thrust upon me before these wondering young buds.

"Well—er—which is which?" asked the leader. "I mean which is Amos and which is Andy?"

"Now suppose you guess," said Gosden. "Would you like a souvenir?" He went to the cabinet and brought out some packages of Pepsodent toothpaste. He gave one to each girl. They examined the packages eagerly. The smaller girl looked up wistfully.

"But these are just like you buy in the store—"

"Maybe they'll autograph them," suggested the other.

So the packages were passed back. Amos signed first and handed each one to Correll, who added the name "Andy." And thus they found out which one was Amos and which Andy. The girls backed laughingly out of the room. The door was closed and latched this time.

"HOW does it come?" I asked, "that so many people seem to think you are doing this broadcasting in New York?"

"Well, you see," said Correll, "some of the New York crowd seemed to think that the sketches would go better in the East if the Eastern folks thought it originated there."

"It really originates in Chicago, though, doesn't it?" I persisted.

"I don't think we ought to discuss that," said Gosden. "As a matter of fact, when we are on the road it originates in the town where we are playing. It is rather an expensive proposition, too. We have to have a wire into Chicago by the week and engineers to take care of it constantly. The broadcast is put on from the dressing room of the stage where we happen to be playing—in St. Louis, Toledo or Detroit, wherever we happen to be."

"It must be rather a strenuous life, doing both stage and Radio."

"But we get a lot of fun out of it just the same," said Gosden.

"How far ahead do you get up your skits?"

"Only about two or three days ahead."

"Who writes them?"

"We both do. We start talking the situation from one episode to the next just as though it actually existed and say the things that come the most natural under the circumstances. One of us sits at the typewriter and puts down the lines that seem to fit in the best as we go along talking back and forth to each other."

"How long does it take?"

"Sometimes half an hour, sometimes half a day—depends on how we feel toward it and the mood we are in."

"You always write your own skits then?"

"Always. There never has been a variation from this rule."

"When do you write?"

"No particular time. We generally make an appointment for a certain time the night before—'See you tomorrow at 1 o'clock,' as Mr. Correll said last night. 'That suits me,' I said. So here we are."

"That reminds me," I said after a sudden look at my watch and noting that it was 1:10. "I got a date at 1 o'clock myself." Far be it from me to impede the progress of such a popular pair in the course of their duty toward their listening constituents.

"You might get some suggestions from our book," Correll suggested.

"That's an idea," Gosden agreed. "I'll call up Mrs. Gosden and have her send a book down to the desk for you and you can stop in for it as you pass. It's just around the corner from here."

He telephoned and the arrangement was made.

IT WAS about a week later when I sat with a friend at a table in the gallery of the Medinah Athletic Club grill.

"You want to come in here some day when Amos and Andy are getting dressed up in the locker room," said my friend.

"Why, what about it?"

"They do their Amos 'n' Andy stuff in everything they say. It's screaming! All spontaneous, you know. Whatever happens or whatever the other does, they come back and crack wise at each other better than the real show. It's funnier because the situations are real—as real as stone and water and not made up just to be funny.

"You know this Kingfish and all the water names they use? Well, they get that from the Dolphins. The Dolphins are sort of inner Shrine swimming bunch. They are in and out of the water like seals. They have tables beside the pool. If they are hungry when they climb out of the water they throw a towel around themselves and sit down to eat a la naturel.

"And Correll and Gosden are in that crowd?" I asked eagerly.

"Sure. That's where they get all those funny names like Kingfish and—"

"What a picture that would make! Have 'em sitting by the pool all dressed up in a towel. I guess that would show the real color of their skins."

"Go ahead. You make arrangements

for the boys to be here and I will get permission to have the picture taken."

I didn't have the telephone number at the office so I called up at the Chatelaine Tower. Mrs. Gosden answered the phone.

"Why, they're gone now, you know," she said.

"Gone where?" I gasped in dismay.

"On tour. They are in Toledo this week. From there they go to Detroit."

That certainly was a tough break.

"Well, I wonder if you know anything about their private lives?"

"Why, I rather hope I do; I'm Mrs. Gosden, you know."

"Oh, to be sure. Mrs. Gosden, do you feel in a life-saving mood? There's a desperate interrogator around here who MUST find out all about the private lives of Amos 'n' Andy. Will you help him out?"

She promised to do the best she could. Accordingly the elevator boy took me to the door and Lillian, the maid who had called me Mr. Mark, let me in. Mrs. Gosden was attending to Freeman F. Gosden, Jr. The interior of the apartment was finished in Spanish mission style, rough walls, arched doorways. A mammoth pastoral was hung over the mantle and a small escritoire stood in a corner. A Coxwell chair and end table heaped with books showed where the head of the house makes himself comfortable. There were ash trays about—one receptacle was supported by a magnificent statuette of a Nubian maid. At one end of the room was a Radio receiver of handsome workmanship. At the other was a phonograph similar in design—and there was a concert grand piano.

PRESENTLY a tall slender woman with the vigor of youth in her dark eyes entered the room where I had been seated. She was followed by a curly headed little boy on a kiddie car—a noble pair—mother and son. No wonder such a happy light had come into Freeman Gosden's eyes when he talked to her at the time I had seen him in his office.

The little fellow glanced up at me curiously. He was not too inclined to be friendly. He would find out about his stranger.

"He is a very precious little mite," said Mrs. Gosden, sitting down in her husband's chair. "He is the last of the family except for his father. Mr. Gosden lost his only brother recently. An automobile accident during the war, and while he was in the service, removed two other members of his family. Mr. Gosden loves to play and romp with the baby and take him out for a walk. He is just one year and a half old now. He doesn't talk much. Sometimes folks wonder if he will speak with a dialect."

"Did you come from Virginia, too, Mrs. Gosden?"

"No, I was born in Missouri and brought up in Minnesota."

"How did you and Mr. Gosden happen to meet?"

"At the time the boys came to WGN was secretary for Mr. Thomasson, who was business manager of the Chicago Tribune at that time. Knowing the same people, we met at a party and soon became good friends. My maiden name was Leta Schreiber. We were married in June, 1927. Mr. and Mrs. Correll were married in January of the same year. Mrs. Correll is an Iowa girl and her maiden name was Marie Janes. She went along with the boys, but I thought it would be better for baby for me to stay here where he could have good care. The Correll's live just across the street and our two families are together the most of the time."

"What do you do for amusement?"

"Right now the boys are interested in skating. Mr. Gosden never had had on a pair of ice skates before in his life until last winter. He is crazy about it. But they belong to the Tam O'Shanter Golf club and they also play on other courses in the right kind of weather. The Correll's drive a Cadillac. We have a Buick, but I think we are going to have a Cadillac soon—and then we will both have the same kind of cars."

A canary bird rippled into carol in another room.

"I suppose you are fond of pets?" I asked.

"The little bird is one we bought on a train. A man came through the car with a lot of birds and Mr. Gosden took a fancy to this songster and bought it. A singing bird seems to typify the happy spirit in a home. We are very fond of this one."

"And when daddy is on tour I suppose the little canary helps to cheer baby and mother?" I turned hopefully to the little fellow to make friends.

"Mr. Gosden always calls us up wherever he is and that is what always cheers us most. And, of course, we can always hear him on the Radio when Amos 'n' Andy are on."

"But nobody is permitted to see them broadcast."

"No, I have seen the tears streaming from Mr. Gosden's eyes when he, as Amos, was having so much imaginary trouble. He feels embarrassed naturally. Last night when he called me from Toledo I could tell by his voice he still felt shaky from his emotions aroused by the broadcast episode."

The boys have been partners for a long time, you know. They began long before Amos 'n' Andy and Sam 'n' Henry. It was very hard for them to give up Sam 'n' Henry at first. It was almost like a death in the family, but soon they got used to the new names and now I believe they are better satisfied than ever. They like to live their parts together wherever they may happen to be. You are just about as likely to find them in a West Madison street auction shop watching the crowds as at the Medinah Athletic club. They go around to benefits and help in other charitable enterprises. Some times they see a couple of picture shows together beside attending to their regular duties."

Mrs. Gosden showed me their photograph album, there were scenes taken from one end of the country to the other. One showed them beside a huge airplane.

"They are both keen about flying," she said. "About a year ago we all four flew to New York together in that ship. It was a marvelous trip and we enjoyed it immensely."

A scene on the Pacific coast showed the two comedians playing high jinks aboard a boat. Amos in this case seemed to have the best of Andy in keeping him from climbing over the rail from the outside to the safety of the deck.

* * *

Joseph Bell of the NBC production department and director of the Westington Salute, is on the faculty of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

* * *

Dana S. Merriman, of the NBC program department, once conducted a Radio course in music appreciation in conjunction with the Connecticut State Board of Education through WTIC, Hartford.

* * *

Harold McGee, who directs and plays in NBC dramatic productions, is a director of the Provincetown Playhouse, one of the best known experimental theaters in America.

Singing Chief Tecumseh

(Continued from page 47.)

the reeds and fibers in gay color designs learned from her mother and her mother's mother.

"Rest your hands, my mother," says the young Tecumseh (named from a great ancestral chief). "I am going on a journey. I have looked out from the rock and it is time to go. I will sing and tell the palefaces of our Skookum apples. Then they will buy the apples and we will have money to provide us meat and bread for another year. I will go tomorrow."

And the iron horse takes Tecumseh away from the little village of Cashmere in the Washington valley. He wears the beaded vest given to him by his mother But otherwise he follows the white man's ways. He is known in a hundred broadcasting stations. And when Tecumseh comes there always is some place on a schedule for him to sing. He is very popular and receives many letters. Last year he received so many letters that he covered his tepee with them and still had many left.

"WHERE are you singing in Chicago?" asked the Radio Digest man, after some of the pictures had been selected.

"At WLS."

"Why don't you sit down and write us your own story?"

"I will have my secretary do it."

His secretary! This Indian was getting on!

But when the days passed and no story came from Tecumseh or his secretary the Radio Digest man called up Don Malin at WLS.

"Oh, Tecumseh, the Indian?" answered Mr. Malin. "Yes, he sang here several times. But he seems to have folded his tent and disappeared—a queer chap."

Tecumseh had gone to a new camping ground. Somewhere in the big circle that wends its way around from the big rock on the edge of the Wenatchee over the Great Lakes region to the Atlantic and back by way of the Southland and the Pacific this wondering red minstrel has pitched his lodge and is singing tonight the songs of his people to the white conquerors who throw their voices from ocean to ocean and move with the speed of the spheres.

Merle Johnston

(Continued from page 20.)

"It was too much. I wanted to reduce my hours, and so was constantly on the lookout for something else," Merel recalls, "and finally shifted over to another night club which closed at 3 o'clock in the morning. This also left Sundays open. That was six years ago when Radio was still young. I thought it was the coming thing, and began to nurse along a few Radio accounts of my own.

"For awhile I kept my club engagements and played for Radio on the side, needing the money to support my newly acquired wife and myself. At last, however, I thought the opportunity for change had arrived."

It proved to be a big change and a big chance. For eight weeks nothing transpired in the way of new business, and there wasn't much money coming in. But Johnston held himself open for engagements at any hour, and found his income had jumped to almost $500 a week by the end of the second month.

And when one remembers the saxophone quartet organized and directed by Mr. Johnston, the Six Brown Brothers and their saxtet, and Clyde Doerr's octet,

(Continued on page 126)

Gertrude

(Continud from page 96)

"I believe you. You always have, you big stiff!"

"Just a minute," I said. "I've had a detective on your trail for some time. He's had you boxed, crated and ready to deliver to the divorce court since four o'clock this morning."

"Then why didn't he deliver me?"

"Because I told him not to. I wanted to save you from having a stranger raid your flat."

"He couldn't—not without a warrant."

"He could if I lent him my key."

"Who gave you that key?"

"You did."

"And now you're using it against me."

"I had to, Victor. I hated to, but I had to. It's all over now, anyway—except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"I've got to see this girl of yours."

"Why?"

"So I can make an affidavit that I saw her. That's not much to ask, is it?"

"Hell, no!" said Victor. "You break into my flat, you butt into my private affairs. That's nothing."

"Well, I'm sorry, but either Smith or I have got to see her, and if you're wise you'll choose me."

"I am wise," said Victor. "I'm just wise enough to believe you can't get away with this. Where's your authority? Do you belong to the Vice Squad, or what? And there's the girl. How do you suppose SHE feels? Fine girl, good family—you'd be surprised. You don't want to drag her into a rotten mess like that, Harry, you know you don't."

"You're right," I said. "I hate the whole business. But I've started and I'm going to finish. Tell that girl to slip on some clothes and come out.

"I won't do it," said Victor. "You can give orders till you're black in the face, but you're not going to see that girl."

"Is that your last word?"

"It is."

"Very well," I said. "You've got a Dobermann Pinscher: I've got a hound dog myself. Here's where he mixes in."

Dashing to the window, I flung it open and leaned out.

"Oh, Smith! Smith!" I called.

He'd heard me. He was crossing the street on the run—.

"STOP!"

It came from behind me like a bullet. I turned. And then I thought I would die. For there, in bedroom slippers and a pink kimono—.

If it had been just a blonde or a brunette; a manicure, a movie queen; an outcast—even a half-caste—I could have stood it. But it was so much more. It was the last person in the world I could have expected; the one woman in the world I'd ever really trusted.

It was Gert.

CHAPTER XVI

GERT! There, in bedroom slippers and a pink kimono! I'd shot at a hawk and brought down a bluebird—if I'd been as small as I felt I'd have crawled down a crack in the floor.

You'd have thought Gert would have felt the same way. Not at all. She was as mad as a snake.

"It's all your fault, Harry," she said. "You told me you'd fired that detective, and not to expect you back from Ventura before this afternoon."

"Yes," said Victor. "You deceived your own sister; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Can you beat it? If anyone ought to have been ashamed it was Gert. I would have told her so, too, only I'd forgotten all about Smith. And here he was, pounding on the door, demanding to be let in.

"Just a minute," I called.

"Got the goods?" he shouted.

"Shut up! You'll wake up the whole house."

Then, turning to Gert, I said: "That's Smith. He wants to come in. I'll let him in, too, if you don't get busy and cook me some breakfast."

With that, I eased myself into the hall for an interview that was far from satisfactory—to Smith.

"Well," he said, "did you see her?"

"I did."

"Want me to see her?"

"No."

"I ought to see her."

"It isn't necessary. I've made a deal with my brother-in-law."

"Tain't lawful."

"That's my lookout," I said.

"Then I don't see her?"

"No."

Smith sighed. "I'd like to have saw her," he said. "George's been countin' on it, too. Can't I have just one look?"

"NO!"

"That's always the way," said Smith. "I do all the dirty work; the other guy gets all the fun."

Turning on his flat feet, he stalked, muttering, down the hall, leaving me free to join Gert, who by this time had the coffee on, and was busy frying eggs and bacon.

So we all sat down to breakfast. Even Caesar seemed to realize I was a member of the family, and only snapped at me twice. But I was still sore at Victor.

"Look here," I said. "Why didn't you tell me it was Gert?"

"Because you made me mad, breaking in on us like that."

"Besides," said Gert, "it would have looked funny with me getting a divorce."

"What's that? You're crazy. You can't get a divorce now."

"Of course I can," said Gert. "Victor and I have talked it over. He understands things now, don't you, honey?"

"Yes," said Victor. "You can say what you please, Harry, we did have a better time that year we weren't married."

"We certainly did," said Gert. "And when we get our divorce we'll be happy again. Have another egg."

* * * * * *

If this were a fairy story, this story of Gert and Victor, I'd end it like this: SO THEY WERE DIVORCED AND LIVED TOGETHER HAPPILY EVER AFTER. For they were—and they did. But EVER AFTER is a long time.

At that they're the happiest couple I know; Gert, splendid mother, adoring ex-wife—Victor, famous composer, doting parent—You see, after little Harriet was born, Gert could do anything with Victor.

"It's a funny thing," she said. "Of course I prayed for it. But where in the world do you suppose that child got her red hair?"

Another enthralling serial starts next month. Watch for it!

Bed Time Story

(Continued from page 31)

"'I forgot my key,' said A. H. 'I got home here at eleven-thirty and pounded on the door for fifteen minutes. I decided you were not in so I went and sat in the park for a couple of hours. Then I came back here and pounded on the door again. No luck. So back to the park for another hour. Then I brought in the cop from the beat and he pounded on the door with his night-stick.

"'Well, he finally convinced me you were out and as it was getting pretty cold out in the park I've been here kicking at the door since about three o'clock! You and your insomnia. Quit kidding yourself. If you ever mention insomnia to anyone again I'll kid the life out of you!'"

We sat in silence as the author of "An American Tragedy" finished his story. The fire died down. "Shall I throw on another log?" asked Otto Dittmar, who would be the one to ask such a question.

"Ho, hum," said Mr. Dreiser, yawning. "I'm going to turn in. I'm sleepy. And what's more I've not suffered from insomnia since that night. You see, what had happened was this. For the first three months, two years before, I did actually suffer from insomnia. After that the idea that I could not sleep had become fixed in my mind, a notion merely. Yet the hallucination persisted and though I slept like the well-known log I was convinced that I was not sleeping a wink."

We all voted it a very good story indeed. And if any of your friends ever talk about going without sleep for months you will know exactly what to months and months you will know exactly what to do to cure him.

Milton Cross

(Continued from page 91)

There are still requests from clubs and organizations throughout the United States requesting a personal appearance for concert or speech; churches make overtures to him to accept singing positions; theatrical opportunities still pour in, and many Radio sponsors seek to add the prestige of his name to their weekly commercial programs.

Milton Cross is a real veteran in point of service as Radio announcer. Only one announcer in the United States has served longer than he before the microphone. He is the veteran of the NBC staff, having been in broadcasting since 1922. Before that he was a singer, but since becoming a "mike-man" he has consistently refused to be lured away from that post.

The recognition of the Academy in making the presentation on its twenty-fifth anniversary last April, placed the job of Radio announcers in the same responsible class with the legitimate stage and literature, as a good influence upon American standards of speech.

The National Broadcasting announcer is thirty-two years old. He was born in New York and educated at the DeWitt Clinton High School and received his musical training as previously stated, at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. Before his entry into Radio, in 1922, Cross was a singer and attained considerable renown as a tenor soloist. He is known to the Radio audience for his singing of "Slumber On" on the NBC Slumber hour.

Good diction can be acquired through study and hard work, Cross told members of the Academy in accepting the honor conferred upon him. This was his speech:

"PERMIT me to express my deepest appreciation to the American Academy of Arts and Letters for the honor it has conferred upon me and to Mr. Garland for his gracious remarks in presenting the award. Fully realizing that it is a trite practice to express one's surprise when receiving a coveted honor, I cannot refrain from saying that I was not merely surprised—I was amazed and

For HEALTH'S Sake ROLLER SKATE



"OUR GANG" wears "CHICAGO'S"

They like "Speed Without Noise"—and maybe they don't travel some!

"CHICAGO" LEADS ALL OTHERS in 1st SIX Day INTERNATIONAL ROLLER RACE

Madison Square Gardens New York

"CHICAGO" Skates won 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Places.
27 Racers wore complete "CHICAGO" units.
15 Racers had combination skates but all equipped with "Chicago" Racing Wheels.
2 Racers wore another make.
1 Racer wore a third make.

The wheel is "the heart of the skate." Champions know the speed and free action of "Chicago" Skates. That is why they use and recommend them. The oldest skater in this contest was the world's famous Harley Davidson — 57 years old. The youngest was William Oddson, 17 years old. Both using "Chicago" Units.



If You Prefer Steel Wheel Skates, Get These New DOUBLE TREAD "TRIPLE-WARE" SKATES



Shown above. Note the double tread wheel at left. The hardened steel Outer Tread is crimped over the Inner Bushing Tread and will last three times longer than other steel wheels. Fine ball bearings. Wheels guaranteed not to come apart. Price, $2.25. From your Dealer or sent direct POSTPAID on receipt of price and Dealer's name.

You'll Find a New Source of Enjoyment In—

"CHICAGO"

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Rubber Tire Roller Skates

With the advent of the new swift and silent "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Skates, roller-skating has become "quite the thing" for all ages and classes—for health, for sport, for endurance tests and training, for pleasure and for business uses. No longer is it just a "kid" sport, nor is this excellent form of recreation confined to Roller Rinks.

ROLL ON *Rubber*

Put on a pair of "CHICAGOS". See how quickly you can start. Note how you can accelerate speed—and maintain it—silently, easily—see how quickly you can stop with "four-wheel brakes". You'll say these skates are GREAT.

They have wonderful Composition Rubber Tires which outlast steel wheels 2 to 1 (by actual tests) and self-contained ball bearings which make these wheels spin 10 times longer. These skates have high steel backs, wide clamps with wedge grip, extra strong reinforced foot plate and oscillating front truck.

Join the "Roll on Rubber" Club

Get this beautiful gold finish skate pin, Membership Certificate and Book "How to Roller Skate." Just send dealer's name and 10c to cover postage. Write Today!

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
Established Over ¼ Century
4429 W. Lake Street CHICAGO, ILL.



Real dignity and poise are secured with the new Rubber Tire "CHICAGOS." Here you see Leila Hyams and Clyde Cook, movie stars, enjoying their "CHICAGOS."

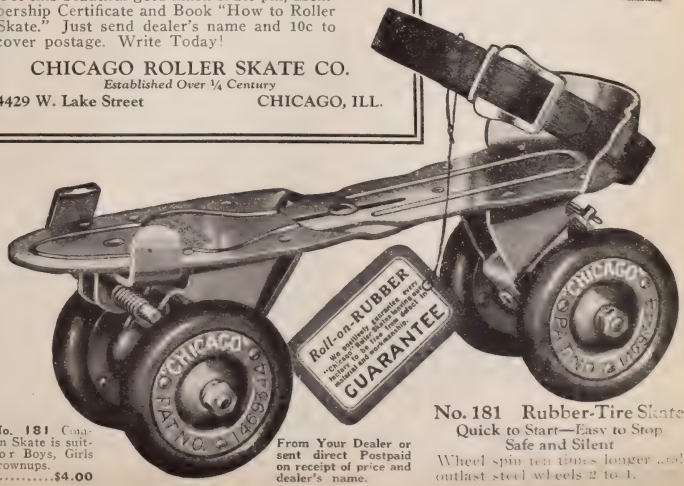
"How to Roller Skate"



is a little booklet that will prove of greater value than at first you might suppose. Just like swimming and other sports, it is important to get "started right" or to correct "lost motion."

Thousands of children and even grownups are wearing this beautiful gold finish Club Pin.





The **No. 181** Combination Skate is suitable for Boys, Girls and Grownups.
Price $4.00

From Your Dealer or sent direct Postpaid on receipt of price and dealer's name.

No. 181 Rubber-Tire Skate
Quick to Start—Easy to Stop
Safe and Silent
Wheel spin ten times longer ...and outlast steel wheels 2 to 1.

over-whelmed when I heard this award was to come to me. I believe it was Ex-President Taft who said 'Some of us are given honors *Cum Laude*, (with praise); others win awards *summa cum laude* (with highest praise); and still others are honored *mirabile dictu* (marvelous to relate). I was just that much surprised.

"Like all other announcers I was delighted with the interest manifested by the Academy in our profession and with the announcement of the project to recognize unusual merit in our field. Naturally I indulged in some speculation as to who might win the award but little dreamed that I would be the fortunate recipient. To be perfectly frank, the situation is still a bit of a puzzle to me, as it is perhaps to many others who would not agree with the decision of the judges. I realize that one of my many limitations is the slowness of my mental processes. I am justifiably known as what is called a slow thinker and I have often felt that this mental deliberateness has been reflected in my speech, with a consequent undesirable effect upon the listener. And so I'm not yet clear as to whether this is an asset, or a liability offset by other qualifications, or a point entirely overlooked by the judges. Again it may be something which exists only in my imagination—perhaps I'm not as bad as I think I am.

"Radio, thus far, appeals to only one of man's senses—that of hearing—and this fact puts the use of the spoken language in the control of a few, to be heard by the many and these few are the Radio announcers of the country. Our influence particularly in the matter of speech may be felt in millions of homes and while we are exerting every possible means to engage and hold the interest of the hearer, we should keep in mind the importance of beauty of tone, modulations of the voice as to pitch or emphasis, correct pronounciation and enunciation. In my estimation these are some of the qualities which constitute the making of a good Radio announcer or a desirable microphone performer. Along with these qualities, of course, there must be a concentrated interest and an unqualified sincerity in his work.

"Radio work is not only a profession, it is a life, and the serious-minded announcer virtually orders his whole mode of living to conform to the requirements of his work. In my own case, I have been on the air so long, and have so constantly applied myself to making my speech habits conform to microphone technique that my wife tells me I cannot even say 'good morning,' 'good night,' or 'please pass the butter' without it sounding like a station announcement. But seriously speaking, the announcer should keep his voice in the best possible condition and in order to do so he must not only live up to the rules required for general physical fitness but should take a certain amount of vocal exercises—singing every day—for I believe that the correct speaking voice should be developed from the singing tone. He must carefully watch his pronounciation and enunciation not only on the air but in his every day conversation, because the habits of speech cannot be laid aside like an old garment, when addressing the radio audience. He must be constantly on the watch that he does not accept pronounciations of words which are commonly incorrectly pronounced. It is so easy for us to slip into those habits of speech which may not seem at all offensive in every day conversation, but which, indeed, create unfavorable impressions when used on the air.

"Admitting, what Mr. Garland has said, to be true, that our American speech, on the whole, is not what it should be; that many of our voices are unpleasant, strident, colorless and uninteresting, there is but one thing to do and that is to correct our faults. Good diction, purity and beauty of tone can be acquired through study. And because we announcers are the daily examples of spoken English to millions of people we should be most particular of our speech. Many of us, I am glad to say, are making a special study of the subject in order to raise our own standards with the hope of a consequent effect upon the country.

"I'm sure we are all taking our profession seriously, and it is most encouraging to realize that you of the American Academy of Arts and Letters have given us recognition for that effort. Your action in making this annual award brings us a new realization of the dignity and importance of our profession, as well as a realization of our responsibilities to the public. I think I may say as unofficial representative of the Radio announcers of America, we thank you for your interest in our work and your recognition of the part we play in the life of the nation.

"Again, permit me to express my own appreciation of the honor that you have accorded me. I am afraid I shall now have to attend school seven days a week instead of one, that I may live up to the expectations that will be the inevitable result of your action."

A Night Club Romance

(Continued from page 79)

JINX: That so? What?

HANK: A lot of things. Oh Miss Kinsey—Jeanne! Was that just the way they played that number when you did it before?

JEANNE: No—not quite. They played a coda on the end, while the lights were out—and that gave Buddy a chance to get out on the floor with me before they came on again.

JINX: No—I think you're wrong, Jeanne. Buddy used to come out after the lights came on.

JEANNE: Oh—no.

HANK: Well—we've tried it one way—now we'll see how it goes the other way. Go out and tell the orchestra to start, Jinx. Or—no, better still—you tell 'em as you go by, Jeanne. Where's the electrician, Jinx? I had to pull the lights myself that time.

JINX: Why—he's up in the booth getting the floods ready.

HANK: That's where he has to be at this time, isn't it?

JINX: Yes—sure. He can't do two things at once.

HANK: That's so. Well—who pulled 'em the night of the murder?

JINX: Why—I don't know. I can't remember.

HANK: Funny you didn't think of that before, Jinx. The shot was fired from this direction, you remember.

JINX: Say—that's right.

HANK: Well—you help me out by pulling them for me this time, Jinx. Go over there and get ready. I'll give you the signal. There goes the orchestra.

JINX: O.K., Hank.

PETE: Chief! He'll be there any time you pull the lights.

HANK: O.K., boy. This one'll get somebody. When she finishes this part—Jinx will pull the lights—then let them have a look at him.

PETE: O. K., Chief.

HANK: All right, Jinx—pull your lights.

JINX: Now?

HANK: Yes, now! Hurry up.

JINX: But—I wasn't standing here that night!

HANK: No? Where were you?

JINX: Why—

HANK: Pull the lights!

JINX: I—I don't think they work this way, Hank.

HANK: It's the same way they worked that night!

JINX: No—

HANK: How do you know?

JINX: Why I—don't.

HANK: Pull 'em out!

JINX: There!

HANK: Now look over—there! Look!

JINX: Oh!

TWO REVOLVER SHOTS ARE HEARD.

HANK: Look at him, Jinx Remington! Look at the man you murdered!

JINX: No—No—I can't—I can't look at him! Roy! That face, staring up at me!

HANK: Then you did kill him!

JINX: Yes—yes—I'll tell you! Only take it away—take it away!

HANK: All right—take that spot light off the double, Pete, and bring up your house lights. That's it.

PETE: Gee, chief, it worked! He fell for it!

HANK: Yeah. Well, all the rest of you people can go now. I **thought** I knew who did this job all along, but I had to check on it.

JEANNE: Buddy! It was Jinx Remington! He's the one that killed Fulton!

BUDDY: Well, do you feel better about me now, dear? Are you convinced now that I didn't do it?

JEANNE: Yes, dear. Come on—let's go home.

And so ends the forty-second in this series of Night Club Romances. These original Radio plays are written and directed by Don Clark and come to you over the CBS on Monday evenings.

Lost at Sea

(Continued from page 103)

CAPT. J.: Well—'twas a perilous time for the next half hour or so. The City o' Callao was fast on the ledge, but she stood on an even keel long enough to get the boats off. Then the wind began risin' and purty soon she crashed over on her port side. The sea was blowin' up and it was cloudin' over for a tropic storm—gettin' black and sullen-lookin' overhead.

JOE: Where were you, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: I was on a buoy-raft—me and the chief engineer—'twas the only thing left, after the passengers and crew had got off. I remember, the storm broke all of a sudden and we was tossed and tumbled around in mountain-high seas. But finally our raft hit breakers and we slip up the sands of a slopin' beach.

JOE: What did you do then?

CAPT. J.: Well—it had begun to rain—and I never seen such rain in all my days—torrents and rivers of it! We pulled our raft back into the underbrush. It kept us fairly protected, but seemed like every crawlin' thing in the jungle' round about wanted to come in and share our safety—crabs, scorpions, snakes—kept us awake all night.

JOE: I suppose you couldn't light a fire.

CAPT. J.: (Laughs) Everything was soaked, lad. I remember the next mornin' it was still rainin', but we went out in it to take our bearin's. I was just from roundin' a hillock and mounted the raft when I come face to face with a weird spectacle.

JOE: What was that, Capt.?

CAPT. J.: There—staggerin' across the sands, toward me—stripped down to his shirt and trousers—was Cap'n Wilson. A sorry-lookin' sight he was—wet and bedraggled—and both arms hangin' in a funny, loose way at his sides.

CAPT. W.: (Approaching) (He is fairly sober now, nervous, worried.)

"Unaccustomed as I am—



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

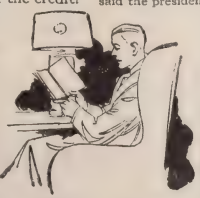
"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"



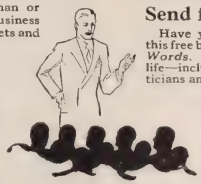
"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words,* which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"



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NORTON!

NORTON: (Abruptly) Aye—it's me.

CAPT. W.: Where — where's — the others?

NORTON: Ye can ask yerself that, Cap'n. . . They're not here.

CAPT. W.: Lord help me—I wasn't figgering on the storm—Norton.

NORTON: (Sternly) You was figgerin' on wreckin' yer ship, though!

CAPT. W.: Aye—that. I've been wrecked before on the reef—got all hands safe ashore at Trujiho on the mainland. I knew what I was doing.

NORTON: Then, ye did wreck her deliberate—for insurance?

CAPT. W.: (Dully) I did—but it's been done before by better men than me, Norton.

NORTON: Ye damned traitor!

A DULL WHACK

Pay ye back for the one ye gave me! I've half a mind to throw ye in the sea!

CAPT. W.: (Anger slowly rising) Aye—you're a brave one, Norton. If my arms weren't both broken. . .

NORTON: Broken.

CAPT. W.: Aye—broke when the Callao turned over—(voice wavers) and giving me the torture of hell—and my legs are near gone. Help me—have you a drop of whiskey about?

NORTON: There ought to be enough rum in yer hide—from soakin' in it so long.

CAPT. W.: Aye—a long time, Norton. I only hope ye never have to forget things—for it takes a heap o' soaking.

NORTON: It'll take a heap more to forget this business.

CAPT. W.: I'm praying not. . . They were good, staunch boats, we had—the latest thing from Liverpool—I made sure of that. They'll get ashore safe—all hands safe. God knows I meant no harm to anyone—no harm to anyone—help me, man—it's a stroke in my legs—I feel it coming on!

FERRYBOAT NOISES

CAPT. J.: As I recollect, I half led and half carried him back to our shelter—chased out the crawlin visitors—and put him on a grass mat. Both his arms was broke, above the elbow, and he was practically helpless. I tore a piece from his shirt and tried to bandage him—but I reckon I hurt him more'n I helped. The chief engineer hadn't come back and—the rain lettin' up a piece—I went out to look for him. After a bit I saw two figgers come 'round the cove—the chief engineer and someone with him. I ran down the beach a ways to meet 'em. The second man was—Bartlett.

(RAIN SOUNDS) modulated, but still an unceasing background.

(SURF POUNDING IN DISTANCE)

BARTLETT: (Approaching) Hello, there—Norton—hardly expected to see you again, this side of purgatory!

NORTON: Reckon we're all overdue there, Mr. Bartlett. Where'd you spring from?

BARTLETT: We landed the other side of the island—all five boats.

NORTON: Thank God for that!

BARTLETT: Only three souls missing—to all accounts—one of the men passengers, the ship's cook—and Captain Wilson.

NORTON: I can assure ye the cap'n's safe—more's the pity.

BARTLETT: (Quickly, interestedly) He is safe?

NORTON: Aye—got him up under our shelter, off the beach—both his arms broke.

BARTLETT: (Command) Please take me to him, at once!

NORTON: I know how ye feel—like to lay hands on the drunken wretch. Wrecked us a purpose, he did—like he's wrecked more'n one vessel, I reckon . . . for insurance!

BARTLETT: Did he admit that to you, Mr. Norton?

NORTON: Aye—he admitted it, sir.

BARTLETT: Then let's be moving. I'll want your deposition, along with his.

NORTON: My—what, sir?

BARTLETT: I'll have to take your testimony of the wreck, Mr. Norton—to supplement Captain Wilson's story—whatever story he chooses to tell me . . . You see, I happen to be a special investigator for Lloyd's of London.

NORTON: Ah—I see it clear now. I was wonderin'.

BARTLETT: This isn't the first time we've had trouble with the Belshires. How they manage to sign masters for their dirty work is more than I can understand. Lead ahead, Mr. Norton!

(FERRYBOAT NOISES) Music—agitato.

CAPT. J.: So—as I recollect it—I led 'em along the beach—back to where I'd left Cap'n Wilson under the buoy-raft. I thought I heard the Cap'n callin'—and something fearful in the call made me run on ahead o' the others. I reached the shelter and ran in. Cap'n Wilson had twisted over on his side. His big, loose-joweled face was chalky white—and his eyes were starin' horrible. I follered his look. There was a shiny, green coral-snake. As we entered, it struck!

JOE: They're poisonous, aren't they?

CAPT. J.: Poisonous? There's nothin' deadlier—onless it's a viper. With his busted arms and his paralyzed feet, the Cap'n couldn't help himself—so I grabbed up a stick and batted the thing off. I remember he tried to sit up and Mr. Bartlett put an arm under his shoulders.

(RAIN SOUNDS) Modulated but still audible.

(Pounding surf) in distance.

CAPT. W.: (Slightly incoherent) I couldn't move—and it got me. . . It sunk its fangs in my arm. I saw it crawling toward me—but I couldn't move—(groans). Who are you—who are you?

BARTLETT: Try to calm yourself, Capt. Wilson.

CAPT. W: (An hysterical break of a laugh) I'll soon be calm enough.

BARTLETT: I've got to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind.

CAPT. W.: Question—questions? It's rather late for questions, you know.

BARTLETT: I've got to know, among other things, how long you have been master with the Callao Line.

CAPT. W.: Aye—a long time—a matter of fifteen years or more.

BARTLETT: And who—who ordered you to wreck your ship?

CAPT. W.: Who orders such things. (Excited) Who but the mercenary Lords o' Belshire—sitting at their ease in far-off London—sending men to sail their leaky tubs—aye, the Lords o' Belshire—!

BARTLETT: You were ordered to wreck your ship?

CAPT. W.: (Low) Aye—I was ordered to wreck her?

BARTLETT: Ah—for insurance, I suppose?

CAPT. W.: Though she was a cankered hulk, ready for the graveyard, I'd bring no harm to a staunch ship. The City of Callao was a sailing menace—a floating junk heap—warped pistons and a patched keel. (Surprised) What are ye doing—writing it down?

BARTLETT: Just to keep the record straight, Capt.

CAPT. W.: (Gently) You're from home, I take it—from England?

BARTLETT: Yes.

CAPT. W.: Aye—there was something familiar about ye, you know—your voice—your talk—your way of standing here—looking at me. An Englishman! (A pleading, pitiable note in his voice.) Tell me something—of home. Is Foster's still on the Strand? And the little creamery at Great George and the Birdcage?—

CAPT. W.: Ah! And Piccadilly with its gay shops—and Big Ben—still chanting off the hours—?

BARTLETT: Yes, Capt.

CAPT. W.: I used to see it all in my dreams—the beautiful, green downs of Surrey—soft and cool and lovely—(a catch in his voice) if I could only have—gone back—just once—just once.

NORTON: (Kindly) Here, Cap'n—here's a cup o' whiskey.

CAPT. W.: Thanks, Norton. (Gulps it down) Ah! There's ice in my limbs and fever in my head. Let me rest back. The poison's all through me. (Laughs bitterly.) A noble way for an Englishman to die, sir. While you're writing—write it all down. Make an epitaph of it! Tell them there was once upon a time, a young English gentleman—commissioned in His Majesty's Navy—who—who killed a brother officer, for the love of a lady who belonged to neither of them.

CAPT. W.: (Groans) But don't make it too lurid, you know—and not too hard on the young man. For it wasn't entirely his fault—love and a woman's honor—and all that sort of thing. Are you listening—?

BARTLETT: We're listening, Capt.

CAPT. W.: Make a picture of the poor wretch, if you can—haunting the tropic seas — searching oblivion in rum, and swamp root—and casava—all the long years. (Bitter laugh fades into a low moan.) And, if perhaps, you are a great artist—write down the agony of the damned—and trim it 'round with regrets and misery and heartaches. (Another low moan.)

NORTON: Can I make ye easier, Cap'n?

CAPT. W.: No—thank ye, Norton—leave me as I am. Let me die with the tropic stench around me—and the rain—the eternal warm rain—playing my requiem. (Raises his voice slightly.) The Englishman—where's the Englishman?

BARTLETT: Right beside you, Capt.

CAPT. W.: Have you put down all I told you?

BARTLETT: I've put it down, in my memory, Capt.

CAPT. W.: In your memory? Aye—maybe that's the safest place. There are those who might not care to read it. There's a little cottage in the town of Midhurst—deep in the Surrey hills.

BARTLETT: (Startled) Midhurst—?

CAPT. W.: (Wanders on, unmindful of interruptions) off the old Bath road—as I recollect—beech trees in the yard—and a brook that rambled off across the meadows—

BARTLETT: And—an old ship's bell, by the gatepost—?

CAPT. W.: (Absently) Aye—aye—striking the hours—or announcing guests—or calling two brown-faced young bairns to their victuals.

BARTLETT: (Voice filled with emotion) It—can't—be—!

CAPT. W.: At the end of it all, write down—Cap'n Bartley Wilson—(a gasp or, to make it clearer—put down—Leftenant Wilson — Leftenant — Wil — Ah! (Voice fades out—he is dead.)

BARTLETT: Wilson! Wilson! Wil—

(DRAMATIC PAUSE) With only the incessant drive of rain and distant — (POUNDING SURF)

NORTON: He's—gone, Mr. Bartlett.

BARTLETT: (Gently) Yes—he's gone.

NORTON: (After a pause) If there's nothin' more ye want—I reckon we better be gettin' back to the boats. We can rig a shroud and take him along.

BARTLETT: We'll—bury him here—Mr. Norton.

NORTON: We can make the mainland in a short sail—soon as the weather eases up. Might be better to notify the Line.

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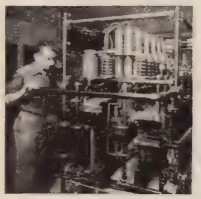
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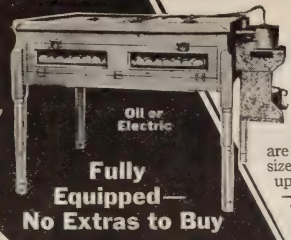
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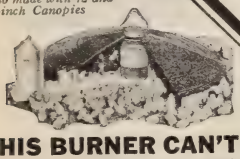
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NORTON: Aye, sir?

BARTLETT: I shall record the wreck of the City of Callao—as an act of God.

NORTON: (Wonderingly) I don't understand, sir.

BARTLETT: You couldn't be expected to, Norton. This dead man—was my brother.

NORTON: Your brother! Cap'n Bartley Wilson—?

BARTLETT: My brother—Leftenant Wilson Bartlett—reported lost at sea. I think it is better to leave him here, where he made his final atonement.

NORTON: Aye, sir—'tis a lonely spot—but he was a lonely man. Maybe 'tis more fittin'—all around.

(FERRYBOAT NOISES) Music—reverie.

CAPT. J.: So there he be—I've spun ye another yarn, son. That was the time it rained—harder'n it did last week. The only time, in my recollections.

JOE: And you buried him there?

CAPT. J.: Aye—knocked one o' the steel buoys off the raft and set it up over the spot. I reckon it's still there—keepin' his soul dry.

(WHISTLES OF STEAMER)

JOE: You certainly have had your share of adventure, Capt. Jimmy!

CAPT. J: More'n my share, Joe—more'n my share.

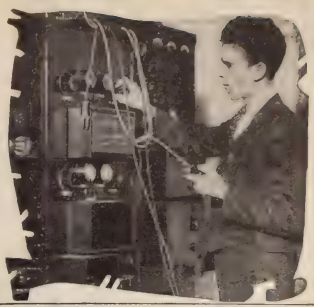
(FERRYBOAT WHISTLE BLOWS THREE TIMES)

Get up forrard with ye—we're landin'. I got to moor this water-crab.

(FERRYBOAT DOCKS) tinkle of bell—slackening of engine—bumps—another bell—rush of water—deck gates—winches—feet and trucks—MUSIC TO FILL.

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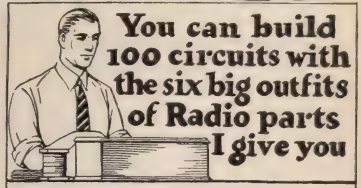
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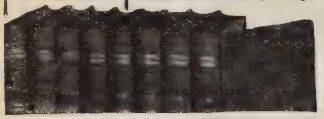
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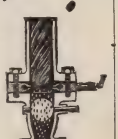
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Deb Deserts Society

(Continued from page 50)

Purses should match shoes, and gloves should always be of a neutral shade.

NOTHING, to Miss Oelrichs' way of thinking, is more deplorable than being inappropriately clothed as regards comfort and fitness. Early in the season, she attended a football game, at which she had occasion to observe a young woman who had recently acquired a new costume. The day was cold and damp. For the most part tweeds and jerseys were in evidence. Sensible sports shoes, simple turbans, and warm coats completed the costumes of most of the spectators.

This particular girl, whom Miss Oelrichs noticed, had entirely disregarded the day and the place, and was arrayed as if for a tea dance. A crepe dress of uneven hemline hung below her thin kasha coat. Patent leather slippers with high heels made her stumble as she walked through the mud outside the stands. Her gloves that must have left her fingers numb with cold were of white kid, no longer spotless, since the stands and the train on which she had arrived were obviously not carefully dusted.

A panvelvet hat contributed to her discomfort, since she must have kept an eye on the threatening clouds rather than on the game. Little did it avail her that she wore her Sunday best. She might as well have arrived in a bathing suit or a ballgown.

It is absolutely impossible to be fashionable, whether your dress bears the stamp of the foremost Paris dressmaker, or is made of fifty dollar a yard brocade, unless it is suitable to the occasion on which it is worn.

Among other generalities Miss Oelrichs deals with the wearing of jewelry, which should be sparingly done even at formal evening parties, and almost completely eliminated for sports or day time wear. Evening slippers and bags should match and should be a shade or two darker than the dress that they accompany.

Despite the fussiness of the first fashions that arrived from Paris last Autumn, a simplicity of line is always good, especially when the wearer has not an enormous choice of costumes. The high waist line is, of course, essential.

Miss Oelrichs does, however, not limit herself to describing clothes for the moderate income. She describes costumes that she sees worn at smart restaurants, theatres, and night clubs in New York. She is bringing all of the pleasures of a gay New York season to the women throughout the country, who have either never before had the opportunity to enjoy them, or who have never enjoyed them so intimately as they are able to today right at home.

Her description of a two hundred and fifty dollar crepe dress, seen on a woman lunching at the Park Lane is sufficiently lucid and detailed for the woman whose entire clothes budget is no more than four times that sum to copy it and remain within her set limits, thus assuring a gown in the latest mode of Paris, at a price within the reach of her purse.

Miss Oelrichs is answering the great quantity of letters that reach her at Columbia's headquarters in relation to particular problems. Women all over the United States are profiting by the advice of a woman, whose taste, whose training, and whose opportunities have all conspired to making her see and recognize the smartest clothes and the best material that the world affords, yet who has kept a real understanding.



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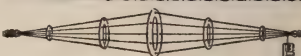


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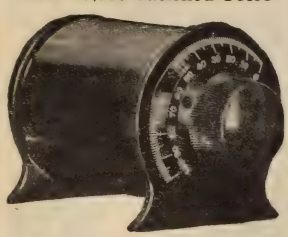
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Suites of parlor, bedroom and bath			10.00 - 12.00

IN THE MOORISH GRILL
Famous Hotel Manger Broadcasting Orchestra

Merle Johnston

(Continued from page 115)

there is ample reason for the enthusiasm this artist shows, not only in his playing and arrangements, but in his hopes and predictions as well. The saxophone is conceded to be the most popular instrument in Radio today, not only as a moaning, humerous instrument, but as a medium for the playing of more serious music.

"Fine saxophonists are as scarce as hens' teeth," is the way Mr. Johnston phrases it, "and Radio listeners, through hearing so many programs, are daily becoming more critical. I believe that in spite of the strides that have been made in securing new music lovers for classical programs by broadcasting fine concerts, the majority still prefer jazz. But they will no longer listen in on any jazz program—they demand perfect execution. The popular musical ear has become attuned to the best, which may explain why expert saxophone players are able to earn from $150 to $200 a week."

Quite a difference from the days when Merle Johnston spent those lonely days on the sidewalks of New York, a saxophonist, merely another, none too well regarded. And the case of Merle Johnston is typical of scores of similar romances in the short history of Radio broadcasting.

Strong for Home Hints

(Continued from page 51.)

I am always particularly happy to get are those that come from the small towns many miles distant from New York, and for that matter, many miles distant from any city.

In my mind, there is the definite proof of the meaning of this kind of a service. Place yourself in the same position. Imagine that as you went about the daily iksome tasks attendant upon the home-maker, not having access to any smart shops or large department stores, you would hear a Radio discussion of a question that had been bothering you for a long time; that, for instance, of matching the walls in Junior's room with the color of the furniture.

Then as the voice goes on, you hear a simple little idea that you can easily adapt to a living room which has grown too familiar and which needs just that inexpensive touch to make it a little different. At no time have I advised impractical and frightfully expensive draperies or furnishings which the professional decorator hopes to sell.

There is satisfaction in letters that have individual thought, and often a conclusion that has entirely escaped one on the air. You hear that chatty gossip for which women long, especially when neighbors and friends are busy elsewhere. There is an element of fun in hearing some other woman's question and its answer, which you feel sure she is waiting for also. There is a little element of drama, too. One is never quite sure whether the letter you sent will have arrived and that it will be answered.

All of these things contribute to the something which you can not get from some weary one standing behind a counter—weary from being asked the same monotonous questions.

Can there be any question concerning the service in these talks by the many earnest women engaged in them? Is it worth while and productive?

Any question that "stumps" me means a special trip to a shop, a home, or a diligent search for the answer. But the expressed gratitude of the listener is pay plus.

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City ..... State .....

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown, Editor

March, 1930



YOU have been hearing and reading about Don Clark's Night Club Romances. This is a picture of the heroine, Martine Burnley, who appeared in many of them. She was featured with Good News as it played across the continent and in Australia. She likes Radio and her work at WABC.

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GO TO Hollywood blindfolded, stand on any corner, stretch out your hand and grab the first girl that comes along. It's a safe bet she'll be a beauty. But one special prize would be Jeanette MacDonald, famous in talking pictures, and one of the Hollywood stars featured recently by the Columbia System.

National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
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THERE'S a witchery to June Pursell's eyes that seems to creep into the KNX microphone, Hollywood, and the best part of it is the feminine listeners are as fond of her as the male. She made her Radio debut in October, 1924, so you can see she has learned a little of mike technique. She is the KNX Girl.



THIS little flash of Welcome Lewis of the NBC is a gross injustice to her beauty. Wait until you see her smiling face as depicted by Bradshaw Crandell on the April Radio Digest cover! Miss Lewis is heard during the RCA Victor program and other high class broadcast features. Her voice has a delightful lure.

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Seek Most Popular Program

Diamond Meritum Award to Be Presented to Contest Winner: Radio Digest Readers and Listeners to Elect Favorite for All-American and District Recognition

WHICH is America's Most Popular Radio Program? In a mammoth voting contest, starting this issue, readers of RADIO DIGEST are given the opportunity of deciding this question. By means of their ballots, the listeners will determine just what Radio program, organization or artist, is AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR. To the program chosen by popular vote will be given the RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD, emblazoned with the name of the winner, a truly enviable honor.

A Gold Award of the same design will be presented to each of the runners-up in the various sections of the country in recognition of being voted the East's Most Popular Program; the South's Most Popular Program; the Middle West's Most Popular Program; the West's Most Popular Program, and finally, the Far West's Most Popular Program. The Radio program, organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes in each district after the Diamond Award grand prize winner, will each be given a Gold Award and the title of Most Popular Program, organization or artist, for its section of the country.

RADIO DIGEST in sponsoring this great undertaking to select America's Most Popular Radio Program is carrying out its policy of encouraging the best of Radio entertainment and determining the attitude of the listening public, that broadcasters may better determine the material to be put on the air.

EVERY broadcasting station has an individuality built up by the individual characteristics of the personalities heard through its channel. It may be a large station or a small station. There is always that indefinite SOMETHING that gives that station popularity, and it is usually some one program, or group of programs. No individual in the world can tell with any degree of accuracy how any particular program rates with its listeners. Only a comparison as indicated in a contest such as RADIO DIGEST sponsors in the Diamond Award Contest do the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove its real popularity.

It is by no means the program from the largest station that may justly be called the most popular. RADIO DIGEST is interested in finding that program which has the staunchest friends, friends who are enough interested in their favorite to stand up and fight for its honor and success.

Everyone who owns a receiving set, and many who don't have one program they prefer to all others heard over the air, one program that invariably draws their attention when it is on. Some one broadcaster seems to you to offer a better entertainment—it may be a black face team, a barn dance fiddler, a dance orchestra, a yodeler, a classic soprano, or any one of a wide variety of programs, but it IS your favorite. Give this fellow a break, don't be satisfied to just sit back and think how good he is, but help to bring him international recognition.

The Diamond Award contest will give every listener an opportunity to show his appreciation and express his judgment on the programs which are sent to him over the air. By clipping ballots in RADIO DIGEST and by votes given on paid-in-advance subscriptions to this magazine he may help bestow an honor of inestimable value on his favorite Radio entertainer.

ALL that is necessary for you to do to place your favorite Radio program, organization or artist in nomination in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest, is to clip the nomination ballot at the bottom of this page and mail it to RADIO DIGEST. This places the program, individual or team in nomination and assures immediately the active support of thousands of other listening admirers of your favorite.

A voting ballot will be published in each issue of RADIO DIGEST, starting with this March issue, and continuing until the September issue, inclusive. They will be numbered consecutively from one to seven. The ballots clipped from the DIGEST will count for more in votes if they are saved and turned in at the end of the contest. If they are turned in singly they will count for only one vote. A bonus of five votes is given for two consecutively numbered ballots sent in at one time; a bonus of fifteen votes for three consecutively numbered; a bonus of twenty-five votes for four consecutively numbered; thirty-five for five consecutively numbered; fifty for six consecutively numbered, and seventy-five bonus votes will be given if the entire series of seven consecutively numbered ballots are turned in at one time. Votes will also be given for paid in advance subscriptions for RADIO DIGEST sent in direct in accordance with the rules.

Now, if you want to reward your favorite Radio program, organization or artist for the many pleasant hours they have given you, just fill in both coupon blanks below and mail them to the Contest Editor. For complete rules and conditions see page 99 of this issue.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate _____

Station _____ (Call Letters)

in the World's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Number **1**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

_____ (Name of Program) _____ (Call Letters)

_____ (City) _____ (State)

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

On the Air or Off the Air—
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LISTED below are some of the many Columbia artists whose names and fame are household words in millions of radio-loving homes. Some of them are your favorites. You're sorry when their program ends, you anticipate their next appearance. Lots of times you'd like to hear them when they're off the air. And you can! Columbia records enable you to hear any or all of these artists when you want to, where you want to, and for as long as you want to—each exactly "like life itself."

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Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians	Robert Burns Hour	C. B. S.
Ben Selvin and His Orchestra	Wahl Pencil Hour Kolster Hour Beginning Feb. 1st— DeVoe & Reynolds Hour	C. B. S.
James Melton	Seiberling Singers Palm Olive Hour	N. B. C.
Ipana Troubadours	Ipana Hour	N.B.C.

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Last Call for the

Gold Cup

WENR Lead Contested by Many as Closing Date Nears

LAST CALL! Fill in the coupon at the bottom of this column, gather up the other ballots you have been saving and send them to the Popular Station Editor today. On Thursday, March 20, at midnight, the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station Contest comes to an end. Unless you have mailed all of your votes by that time you will have lost your opportunity to help bring honor and reward to your favorite broadcasting station.

As the Gold Cup Contest goes into its last lap this month, sixteen stations are closely bunched in the lead, with WENR still holding a slight margin. From every part of the country come thousands of votes from loyal listeners, putting their favorites within touching distance of first honors. WCOA, WDAF, WAPI, KGA, KFNF, KWKH, KFOX, WSM, WLS, WLW, WJAS, WBBZ, WWNC, KFI, and WNAX are in the fight, with a number of others so close behind that it is impossible at this date to hazard even a guess as to who will eventually win the Gold Cup.

A single day's mail may give some one station what seems like a commanding lead, while the next day another contestant leaves the former leader far behind. And it is not the big station which may spring the surprise, either, as is evidenced by the list of those at the top now.

Among the other stations that at this time are closest to the sixteen leaders are KMOX, KHJ, WTAM, and KDKA. Tomorrow's ballots may put some other station at the top. It's not too late, send in your votes now and help to reward the man who has done so much for you.

DON'T forget that there are two chances for your favorite to gain world-wide recognition in this contest. Not only will the station receiving the greatest number of votes be awarded the Gold Cup, but the broadcaster receiving the largest vote in each district of the country, the East, the South, the Middle West, the West, the Far West, and Canada, will receive a Silver Cup and the title of Most Popular Station in his district. No one station will receive more than one award.

Be a Booster! Don't just sit back and say to yourself or to your friends, "that certainly is a good station—I wish they would win the Gold Cup. They certainly are deserving of every honor, and nothing could mean more than winning this award." Vote—send in your ballots today!

Hundreds, perhaps thousands of your fellow listeners throughout the United States and Canada have nominated and are supporting YOUR favorite station. Same of them may be a thousand miles away, while you are next door, or vice versa, but you have one thing in common, a deep and sincere admiration and appreciation for the service this broadcaster has given you. Perhaps you think his station is too small to have a chance, but yours may be the votes that will decide the issue and bring the Gold Cup to the broadcaster who has done so much for you.

If you want to see how the stations stand, look on page 110 of this issue.

Winners of the World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest will be published in the May issue of Radio Digest. Full details as to the outcome of the race will be found in the June issue.

Number 6

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please credit this ballot to:

Broadcasting Station..... (Call Letters)

..... (City) ..... (State)

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Advance Tips

ANOTHER big step forward will be the April Radio Digest.

* * *

Old Jap Gideon had starved and deprived himself of the luxuries of life in a long unsuccessful hunt for gold. Finally he struck it. Got $15,000 and decided to go after the things he had always wanted and never had—"travel, a clean collar and white pants." He cut loose completely and woke up in Honolulu. It's a scream of a story. Lowell Otus Reese, the author, calls it "The Sucker," but you'll have a tear for the old codger as well as many a lusty laugh. And it is just one of the gilt edged bits from the exceptionally big and attractive April issue of Radio Digest.

* * *

ALICE GAMMELL was a young woman in a little "Illinoise" town on the banks of the Mississippi. Her husband was a steamboat pilot. She saw before her a purposeless humdrum existence. Then came the exciting news of the discovery of gold in fabulous California. Gold! Hope! A change! It took artful persuasion and cunning to persuade her husband to convert their all into one unit of the great endless caravan heading into the Mytic West. In a small Ohio town a brilliant young doctor had been swept off his feet by an unworthy woman. He, too, joined the caravan—alone. Fate led these two to meet before they had reached their goal. Rupert Hughes tells the story in his "New Laws for Old" in this issue.

* * *

What is a "Radio Racket?" That is not a facetious question. A racket in the modern sense of the word is a holdup that may range anywhere from a small time graft to bombs, blackjacks and guns. Harry Mack, who has had years of experience in Eastern broadcast studios has informed us that he is preparing an article called "Radio Rackets." He probably will expose some of the rackets and racketeers. He may get his head blown off in the exposing but he is a brave man and will give a good account of himself. Coming in April.

* * *

"Out of the Blue" is the name of a story that has to do with airplanes and a conscientious deputy sheriff "who seen his duty and done it." But you couldn't blame him for putting the sand burrs to good purpose. Will Payne wrote it. We're hoping to get it in that cram-packed full April Radio Digest. If not, you get it later.

* * *

GO OVER to the calendar right now and put a red ring around the 24th of March! That's the day the April number of Radio Digest appears—and something brand new about Amos 'n' Andy. We are pledged to secrecy as to just what this new story about Amos 'n' Andy is going to be—but you are going to get a lot of fun out of it. Remember, the 24th!

* * *

Henry Burbig, who gets the biggest individual mail at the Columbia key station, WABC, New York, and whose greetings to Norman Brokenshire as "Mr. Brokenwire" are known from coast to coast, is going to have his picture and quite a piece about him in that April Radio Digest.

Across the Desk

WHAT'S the matter with the daily routine program? The world is waiting for some genius to come forward and throw something big and new into the air. That Amos 'n' Andy have skyrocketed to such sudden popularity may be attributed in part to the fact that the listener is hungry for something different. Music doubtless will continue to be the meat and substance of the program but there is room for other diversion. What shall it be? Who is going to come through with another Amos 'n' Andy? Fame and fortune are waiting.

* * *

Apropos of programs we thought it would be interesting to get up before breakfast on a Sunday morning and see what the air had to offer. Pipe organs all over the country were blowing in every tempo, with the more ponderous tones predominating. None of it was very good. The organ at the University of Chicago chapel was positively doleful. There is no use in punishing a good pipe organ to make it adhere to the long-faced sanctimoniousness with which some of our forefathers used to vest the Sabbath day. We felt inspired and more in tune with the spirit of the Almighty from a series of concerts broadcast from records by WMAQ. The feminine voice announcing was well adapted to the microphone, was neither shrill nor loud. We did feel a bit annoyed that she seemed to find it necessary to repeat over and again before and after every record that it was a record and finally with a distinct tone of apology to state that it seemed to be the best way to get a variety of music for that particular time. No apology was necessary with the best musical artists in the world giving of the best that was in them. The reproduction was perfect.

A BIG DRIVE has been gathering force to incorporate in the April Radio Digest the Greatest Radio Magazine that has ever been published. Do not fail to get your copy. You may subscribe by filling out the blank below or make sure of your copy by buying it from your newsdealer the day it is out, March 24. It will have complete Radio information, splendid articles and fiction by the greatest authors.

MODERN receivers are built so that one almost inadvertently tunes in distant stations without definite intention. This has revived interest in DX hunting. We are intrigued by a strange voice and strange names and tarry, waiting for the call letters before swinging over to the station we were particularly expecting. We tarry—and we tarry a plenty. What station is it? Surely we will get the call letters with the next announcement. But no. Bill Blahblah starts chortling again and we fancy, well it's a Southern accent—or maybe it's Eastern. Now that certainly comes from Texas! Song, fiddle, string trio, and local advertising roll along and still no station call! The writer had this experience waiting for a Cleveland station a few nights ago. But that is only one of forty others. It's time the listeners formed a league for demanding more frequent announcement of call letters—even if it is only just the call letters. Voicing "WAWA" right up close to mike in a large whisper after every selection wouldn't seriously interfere with the artistic presentation of the programs—especially local programs. Listeners are invited to write to the editor, stating specific instances where it has been necessary to wait longer than 15 minutes for a station announcement.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

WHEN YOU WANT

Radio Digest

YOU WANT IT!

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Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Where Do We Go?

By Elsie Robinson

THIS business of life after death—what a superstitious mumbo-jumbo we have made of it.

We have, of course, no absolute proof that we go on but if we do—and we're all banking on that probability—why shouldn't we treat such future existence as a normal phase of evolution, a natural passing into a richer maturity, as natural and inevitable as the passing from infancy to youth and from youth to age?

That would seem to be the natural and comfortable theory. But instead we insist that life entirely changes its character after death and becomes a purely religious experience.

Which may be orthodox but it certainly isn't alluring.

You know as well as I do that it is not in the nature of man to enjoy a perpetual religious session. How long can YOU stay in church without wriggling or napping? Thirty minutes is my limit. And yet we're expected to twang harps and compare souls for eternity. Naturally we haven't warmed up to the prospect.

Also, to some of us who lack the orthodox viewpoint the whole scheme sounds unreasonable. Personally I never could see how I could do enough good or evil in a short three score years to save or damn me for eternity. Why, most of us have hardly learned to act at table by the time we come to die, much less how to act with God!

It seems to me that this insistence that the future life must be utterly unrelated in character to our normal existence has done an immense amount of harm.

We do need to know whether we go on. We need to know desperately. A practical proof of a future life, and even the slightest contact with our lost loved ones, would alter everything for us. It would glory and dignify every act in life. Of all problems, this is the greatest and most poignant.

And yet we can't tackle it because of this religious aura with which it has been invested. The thing has been put beyond our grasp, and we're not sure that we'd enjoy it even if we could grasp it.

So between inertia, fear, despair, and bitter disbelief we mug along and get nowhere.

Now I'm sure that we could get somewhere if we once became really interested and hopeful and set ourselves to the job.

Suppose that instead of feeling that we are about to achieve harps or griddles, we should feel that we shall sometime leave our inconvenient cubicles and go on a thrilling journey into a far country. And that in that country we shall adventure as we have done here, we shall work and play and make merry—we shall, in short, live very much as we have always lived, only we shall live "more abundantly" with a greater freedom and a wider vision—

If we could feel that way about the future life the whole matter would at once assume a different complexion. We would be thinking in terms which we could understand, and which would enlist our interest and enthusiasm. And we would forthwith tackle the problem as we have tackled the other great scientific problems which have balked us. With, in all probability, the same measure of success.

For, after all, if life is really a matter of force and vibration, as we're beginning to suspect, then it should not be any more difficult to discover how men can persist without bodies than it has been to discover how words can persist with bodies.

One hundred years ago the theory of the Radio would have been regarded as an insane hallucination and the perpetrator probably executed for witch-craft. Yet we now receive and broadcast words from and through the "empty air."

We do this because we desired to do it and came to believe that we might be able to do it and searched for a practical instrument toward that end.

What of that other greater Emptiness which we have not dared to penetrate? If we allow ourselves to desire—and to believe—and to search—may we not also find that for which we search?



GEORGE GERSHWIN, who wrote symphony into jazz and created a new kind of American music, since exemplified by Paul Whiteman. He sometimes plays for the national Radio audience and most recently was heard over the Columbia system during the Majestic Hour.

King George of Tin Pan Alley

He Wouldn't Practice and Mother Gershwin Almost Despaired—Then He Got a Job and Made a Million from Rhapsody in Blue

By David Ewen

A WAN and nervous lad of sixteen applied at Remick's Music Publishing House for a position. Did they need the services of a jazz-pianist? The manager eyed the young applicant quizzically for a few silent moments. Then, at last, he spoke. Yes, the firm was in need of a good jazz pianist. (The word "good" so strenuously emphasized added to the boy's discomfiture). Would the young man care to sit down and play something? The boy, with a nervousness that was rapidly growing into fright, sat at the piano and, with his heart beating a loud and rhythmic accompaniment, began to play a popular ragtime number. But things did not go so well. His trembling fingers insisted upon playing mischievous pranks on him and more than once they stumbled clumsily during the flight of the song. Exasperated by his own timidity and realizing that he had made a complete mess of this audition, the lad banged his fist angrily upon the keyboard and then, without a word or even a look at the manager rose to leave.

"You'll do, young man," his surprised ears heard the manager call after him. "You can come in tomorrow morning."

There was rejoicing that night in the impoverished home of the Gershwins. George had actually gotten a job! Mother Gershwin strutted about the rooms, declaiming proudly that she always knew her George would amount to something in the world and picturing with her mind's eye how neatly she could use George's income. Little Frances could now get a sadly needed dress; George and Ira would get new suits for the holidays; she could even get some new chairs and a new set of dishes for the home! Pa Gershwin was busy calling up all the relatives and telling them the good news. All of George's sins were, for the time being, forgotten. For one precious evening, he was happily playing the role of the family hero.

But the first week soon passed, carrying with it all the delight of obtaining a first position and all the thrill of drawing a first pay. After that, only the drudgery of a hack-pianist's life remained. All day long, George banged away a few good and a mountain of execrable jazz-tunes, until his thin fingers almost split. Here, he absorbed jazz, breathed jazz, perspired jazz. His ears heard nothing but the eternal wails of jazz; his lips were puckered only to warbles of jazz-melodies; from his fingers there bounced jazz rhythms. For three interminable years, George's life was one endless jazz rhapsody. But he passed through his initiation bravely and then, at the end of three years of apprenticeship, George Gershwin was a fully confirmed son of Tin-Pan Alley.

EARLY in 1923 George Gershwin, a composer of jazz-songs, met Paul Whiteman, a leader of a jazz-band, and a friendship between the two was struck at once. Paul Whiteman, a graduate from the ranks of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra where he had been 'cellist, had some vague ideals about the future of jazz—ideals with which George Gershwin, himself a serious student of music, could sympathize completely. More than one evening did they spend discussing at length the future of jazz. George Gershwin felt that he could compose a jazz-music that would likewise be symphonic and Paul Whiteman felt that he and his band could perform such a composition as no other orchestra in the world could. And so, they would confide to one another their secret hopes.

But one day in 1924 Paul Whiteman decided that he had been dreaming long enough, and that it was time for him to act. He called his band together for a series of long rehearsals; he commissioned his friend George Gershwin to create a long symphonic-jazz composition; he hired the Aeolian Hall for a certain Sunday afternoon; he sent mysterious notes to the press about a certain "All-American Music Concert" he was planning. All-American Music Concert, indeed!

The skeptics answered with laughter, musicians retorted with groans, friends urged Paul Whiteman to drop the futile adventure. But Paul Whiteman continued rehearsing his band at the Palais Royale, long after the dancing had stopped and until the early hours of morning; and George Gershwin continued working on a long symphonic-jazz composition which was to be featured on the program.

GO OVER to the tenement districts of the lower East Side of New York any summer day and see long, dirty streets that squirm and wriggle with noisy carefree children. Whatever of music could come from all this wrangle and clamor? Twenty years ago you would have found young George Gershwin in this motley crowd of youngsters. He seemed no different than other boys. His mother wanted him to learn to play the piano. He wasn't interested. But she kept him at it. He has composed many great things since then—Rhapsody in Blue alone made him rich and famous.

Rehearsals continued in full swing every night in the week and, after four strenuous weeks, the entire program was ready—with the exception of Gershwin's symphonic-jazz composition. Patiently, Paul Whiteman waited for Gershwin to send in the manuscript but as the days flew by his patience dwindled and he was rapidly becoming frantic. Would that infernal work never be finished? Somewhere in the niche of Whiteman's heart there lurked the terrible fear that, perhaps, the work was beyond Gershwin's capabilities and that there would be no symphonic-jazz composition ready for the concert. This fear rankled him so, that, in one sleepless week, Paul Whiteman lost more than ten pounds and his friends were beginning to notice streaks of gray in his hair. Frantically, Whiteman kept Gershwin's telephone ringing perpetually, kept Western Union messengers running incessantly to Gershwin's house. But always did he receive the same complacent answer. The composition required more time and more revision.

A WEEK before the concert . . . and yet no sign of Gershwin's work. In despair Paul Whiteman himself invaded Gershwin's house and swore that he would not leave without the composition in his hand. Regretfully, and with the lingering feeling that it was not so good as it should be, Gershwin surrendered the music. Whiteman seized the manuscript, with savage eagerness, taxied hurriedly to his office before Gershwin could change his mind and then, that very night, held the very first rehearsal of the work. By the time the composition was performed half-way, Whiteman stopped his vigorous conducting and was merely listening with open mouth and alert ears and then when the saxophones began to sing out the seductively lyrical slow-section, his baton fell out of his hand and he was practically quivering with excitement.

"Dammit," he said breathlessly, after that first rehearsal, "and he thought he could improve on it!"

Despite all the groans, the skeptical snickers, the dissuasions that Paul Whiteman's first announcement evoked, the first "All-American Music Concert" took place and to a capacity audience. Paul Whiteman confessed that when he saw the people swarming into the hall—among whom he recognized his best friends, famous musicians, literary people, the critics of the press—he was tempted to escape, then and there, out of the city, rather than make a fool of himself before such a celebrated assemblage. Only his love for Gershwin's new jazz-composition and his debt to Gershwin kept him from yielding to this mad desire. George Gershwin came late to this concert because it took him all morning and a great part of the afternoon to summon enough courage to go and see how that erudite audience would react to his new composition. And when, finally, he did arrive at the concert hall he lingered for a few moments outside of the doors of the parquet, pricking his ears in an attempt to hear any sounds of laughter or derision.

(Continued on page 120)

Peeking Through the Window at

AMOS 'N' ANDY

Bill Hay Declares His Two Black Boys "Grew Up" from Kinky Kids Parade —Sam 'n' Henry Only a Name

By Mark Quest

"WHY don't you give Bill Hay a break in this Amos 'n' Andy duo-biography?" demanded Marcella in carping tones. "And what was the matter that you chopped off so abruptly in the February number telling about them being in San Francisco? You left poor Andy with his foot hanging over the rail of a ferryboat and—"

"That's all right. I admit the charges. What's the fine?" It certainly is galling to have a girl like Marcella telling an Interrogator like me what to do. But you see Freeman Gosden, who everybody now knows is the little guy, Amos, promised me that he would write the finish to the story himself and furnish newer and lovelier pictures of Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy. Then after I had sent him the copy as it was he sent it back, said it was complete and he didn't know of anything he could add. In the meantime I had steamed away to New York.

"But what about Bill Hay?"

Well, we will come to that right now.



"Yu'se a fool to write an' comprise yo'self wid a woman, Amos. She kin make you feel bad about dat."

NOW you would almost suppose, wouldn't you, that a couple of young fellows like Amos 'n' Andy might have their heads turned with such sudden and overwhelming popularity. Imagine 75,000 people writing to know why any mere mortal had dared to change one party's hours of broadcasting! It cost the Pedsodent people 75,000 photographs and considerable stationery and stamps to answer those request. But Amos 'n' Andy are the same level headed happy-go-lucky pair that they were before the shining hand of Fame had lifted them above the horizon. They are sensible, too. They are making hay while the sun shines—and Hay is making them while the moon shines.

That's one way of bringing Bill Hay into the picture, though somewhat reprehensible. Bill deserves his share of glory. He had a very important part in making Amos 'n' Andy what they are today. In fact, he is the real impressario. He works behind the scenes, before the curtain and during the intermission. The organization should be called Amos, Andy and Bill. But Bill would be the first to disclaim any such a billing.

A few weeks ago Bill doubled up under the strain of working day and night and they carted him away to a hospital where he spent an upleasant fortnight. A substitute took his place at the mike to give Amos 'n' Andy the air. The substitute did his best, but the fans couldn't see it. Without Bill Hay, Amos 'n' Andy were something else again. They protested some more. And what a glad day it was when Bill came back and sat down at the mike and they heard him say just as of yore, "Here they are."

Nobody has ever been able to say those three words just the way Bill says them. Plenty have tried and failed. Amos 'n' Andy wept on either shoulder for sheer joy when he came back to them. They even did a buck-and-wing hornpipe to satisfy his highland heart.

Way back under the luxurious visitors' gallery in the WMAQ studio, Chicago, Amos 'n' Andy do their stuff when they are at home. It's very secret. Not even their wives ever get by the vigilant doorkeepers who watch suspiciously every visitor who strays into the vicinity.

"Shh-hh, come with me and say nothing," said Amos when I dropped in there a few nights ago, just before their early evening broadcast. "You want to get behind the scenes and tell the Radio Digest readers what's what don't you? Come on."

Miss Davies, the ever courteous WMAQ hostess looked at me with frank surprise. I was going to the inner shrine—the holy of holies. No outsider ever before had been invited into that curtained-in back studio made expressly and exclusively for Amos 'n' Andy.

"YOU want to get a glimpse back stage and I'm going to show you just exactly what we do and how we do it," said the spick and span young man with sandy hair, whom you always fancy as a skinny young negro, cowed and bedeviled by the gruff and overbearing Andy.

There were two microphones on a small black marble topped table. The mikes were housed in black enameled boxes about four inches square and eight inches upright.

"The one that we use," said Amos is this one right at the edge of the table. Andy sits right down here with his mouth about two inches away and says, 'De trouble wid you Amos is dat you always axes too many questions,' in a deep bass voice. Now I sit over here in this chair and when I am Amos I lean way back so you see I am about four feet from the mike and I say, 'And I's got tu axe questions If I's goin' to find out sompin', aint I?" And Kingfish he comes in here about two feet from the mike and he says, 'Well, boys, de brudders of de lodge has appointed you on de committee to raise money faw de benefit of de Chinee orphans."

"How do you manage to get the distance exactly right to create the illusions of different characters?"

"Just practice. It gets to be a habit."

"I should think it would keep you bobbing when the conversation gets hot between Amos and the Kingfish."

"That's where the real acting comes in—a different distance from the mike for each character. If three or four people are talking I have to dodge back and forth like a jumping jack. But as I say, it becomes a habit and after long practice I am able to gauge within an inch the exact distance my mouth has to be from the mike instantly."

If you find that hard to believe, try thinking of Amos and Kingfish as one and the same man the next time you hear them and imagine Amos bending forward a couple of feet to answer his own questions in another voice. It seems almost impossible to believe that they are truly the same person—and yet that is one of the unique microphone technicalities that makes it pos-

Back Stage at WMAQ



Two bright upstanding young showmen are Freeman F. Gosden (left) who takes the part of Amos, and Charles J. Correll, who plays Andy.

sible for a single talented actor to double for many characters.

AT THAT moment—and it was then four minutes to 6 when the Amos 'n' Andy sketch is presented for the first broadcast over the Eastern network—Charles J. Correll, the Andy of the team, came into the room waving a newspaper all marked up with a red pencil.

"Looka here!" he exclaimed. "This certainly is hitting the high spot. Here is an article that says the ———— theatre discovered a lot of their patrons were leaving in time to get home to hear Amos 'n' Andy on the Radio. Then you see this ad?" He pointed to a big display ad by the theatre in question. It stated that the Amos 'n' Andy episode would be broadcast from the stage as a part of the show.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" said Gosden lapsing into the Amos jargon. But the incident was passed in a moment as Mr. Gosden explained to Mr. Correll that he was demonstrating what went on behind the scenes during the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast.

"Now you sit down and show Mr. Quest how it goes," he suggested. The clock showed one minute to 6 and I felt nervous.

But Andy sat down just as Amos had explained and I heard him talk. His voice did not sound one-quarter as gruff and rough as it does when it comes out of the amplifier. In fact, I noticed that there was no particular difference in the timbre of the voices of the two men in their ordinary conversation. This would further prove that the varying distance from the microphone is the factor that makes it possible for the same person to take the part of various characters.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I'll see you later," I apologized and made for the door. I didn't want to be told to go and I could see the engineers lined up for action through the window. I had already met Mr. Charles Pease, in charge of the operating department.

Mr. Pease has three assistants in handling the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast and his position is the real back stage—it looks something like the backstage of a theatre except, of course, the operating room is not encumbered with the miscellany of stage properties to be rolled out front as they are needed.

The three operators stand before a long high panel covered with every assortment of switches, levers and signal lights. Each of the three men has a headset. The first man sits, the center man stands and watches the studio and the third man keeps his fingers on the modulation knobs. He is seated.

"The first man," explains Mr. Pease, "has charge of switching the mike openings between the studios—first for Bill Hay and then for Amos 'n' Andy and then back to Bill and the musicians. The center man is the contact man between WMAQ and the National Broadcasting company network distribution. It is a very intricate detail this spreading out of the pick up from a couple or three microphones — sometimes widely separated—over a network that covers the continent from coast to coast."

ALL THE while he was explaining this to me a narrow bit of partition prevented me from seeing Amos 'n' Andy at work. I could see Bill Hay in the other studio. He was smiling and gesticulating slightly as he talked into the microphone but I could hear not a word of what he was saying. The operating room speaker was tuned in to the regular WMAQ broadcast for that time of day and would not get the Amos 'n' Andy program until 10.30.

"Will I get shot if I walk down to the end of the room and back?" I asked.

"Go ahead. But don't get too close to the window where they can see you."

I remembered what Gosden had said about the reason for their exclusiveness. "It isn't that we have any self consciousness," he said, "but while visitors are looking at us there is almost an unavoidable tendency to play up what we say and do to the ones we can see listening to us rather than to the audience we must please beyond the range of our eyes. By actual experience we have found that we can do far better work when we are absolutely by ourselves. That is the real reason we have made it a hard and fast rule to bar the doors to our own little studio while we are broadcasting. That applies to the arrangements for broadcasting while we are on the road making stage appearances. We never broadcast from the stage but have one of the dressing rooms fitted up for a studio. Conditions are duplicated there just as you see them in this studio. We are strictly alone and undistrubed. A through wire is rented by the week for our fifteen-minute go twice of an evening."

I walked along the panel and looked unobtrusively through the window where as a rule only the NBC operator can see them. Sure enough, there was Amos bobbing back and forth toward the microphone as he argued with Andy and the Kingfish—

Andy: "Amos, you go on an git out here. I'm goin' to bust you in de nose an' knock you flat on de floah."

Amos: "If you does dat, Andy, you hurry up an' git away fast 'cause you better not be here when I gits up."

That was when Andy and Kingfish were both very much "regusted" because Amos would not invest his $126 savings in the new bank just opened by Kingfish, with Andy as one of the "delayed stockholders."

BILL HAY has no time to waste. The moment he finishes with glorifying Pepsodent tooth paste and has properly launched Amos 'n' Andy on their adventures his microphone is cut off and he plunges into a mess of papers piled on the desk before him beside the microphone.

He is rather thin and has a boyish personality in spite of his quite dignified style over the air. How he keeps up that genial spirit is a mystery to me. I never saw a broadcaster with so many personal responsibilities. He supervises all the commercial activities of WMAQ, calling on the accounts, writing continuities and attending to an infinite number of miscellaneous details incident to a day's work in and out of a great broadcasting station. And of course he has his Auld Sandy as a constant program feature. All in all Bill Hay finds his time fully occupied from 10 in the morning until 11 at night—and often he is on the job even longer than that. No wonder he had to go to a hospital for a rest up.

Seeing him thus occupied while Amos 'n' Andy were doing their stuff I felt a bit squeamish about breaking in and burdening him with my demands for information such as he alone could furnish about Amos 'n' Andy behind the scenes. But one time doubtless would be as good as another, so I nailed him.

"I guess the boys really figure that I am a part of the act and it's all right," he said when I had stated the object of my call. "I have been with them from the beginning of their first broadcasts."

A violinist came in and began hammering a key on the piano while he tuned his instrument. Other musicians came in and began tuning up. A young woman came in with tragedy staring out of her eyes. Bill answered her beckoning finger as she mumbled excitedly into his ear.

"It's OK. By chance I happened in there today and got a copy of the continuity." He reached into his hip pocket and pulled out a folded script. "You know this isn't the first time they have forgotten to send over their stuff. I was afraid it might happen again and took care of it. Just luck I happened to be going by there. Now get over the big panic and we'll have to see to it that somebody watches this account and follows through for the continuity without depending on them to send it over."

The girl sighed as a broad smile of relief spread over her features and she rushed out of the room with the paper clutched tightly in her hand.

THE musicians were making so much noise Bill could hardly hear what was coming from the cone on the wall. He walked over to the window to the Amos 'n' Andy studio and pulled the curtains apart a tiny crack while he peered within. Then he motioned for silence as he took his seat before the microphone. He glanced at a script spread out on the table beside the other papers.

"I've not read the thing through," he explained to me, "and so I will have to listen to what they say at the end and take my cue from that."

The voices from the next room were now clearly audible from the cone. Andy had been sitting on a patch which Amos had just placed on an inner tube.

"Whu-whut's de mattah heah? Whut's a stickin' to me?"

"Well, I'll be doggone, Andy," piped Amos, "de cee-ment has squeezed frum de patch and has stuck de tire to yo' pants."

"Pull it away!"

"Get ahold, Kingfish, help pull!"

Rip-tear-rrr-rrr!

"Awa! Awa! Awa!"

"Well it looks as though Andy has come to more grief," said Bill as the sound of Amos' piping voice faded out of hearing. And then there was the regular concluding hoorah for Pepsodent. If Don Becker of WLW had been in Bill Hay's place he might have said something to the effect that "as the rubber cement made the rubber stick to Andy's pants so sticks the film to your teeth unless it is removed by the gentle action of Pepsodent, which does not tear the enamel in shreds as do the coarse abrasions."

"There is no use for us to try to do any talking here, let's go down to my office," said Bill when the signal light reading "Silence" had flicked off in the studio.

On the floor below a faithful secretary offered to bring Bill a sandwich or some hot chocolate. He had no time for dinner. He declined this little service with an appreciative smile. I felt mean, but he assured me that even if I were not there he would not go out and it would only be something else and besides he would much rather talk. He lit his old briar and leaned back in his swivel chair.

"There is no question about it, Amos 'n' Andy have established the greatest hit in the history of Radio," he said. "They have made Radio history. Going over the network has only emphasized in a larger way the big hit they already had established here. I am glad to have been associated with them from the beginning.

"Remember when they used to sing the Kinky Kids' Parade and interpolate a little dialog of their own during the song? That was when they were announced as Correll and Gosden." This recollection came to me as I thought of the old days when

More 'bout Amos 'n' Andy

BILL HAY says, Amos 'n' Andy have made Radio history with their inimitable negro sketches. They write from fifteen to eighteen hundred words to each episode. Charles J. Correll (Andy) was born in Peoria, Ill., 1890. Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) was born in Richmond, Va. There's a little Gosden in the Gosden apartment, Chicago . . . no little Correll. You will find another interesting article about Amos 'n' Andy in the April issue of Radio Digest.

I first heard and recognized the voices of Correll and Gosden while they were at WGN of the Chicago Tribune, maker and loser of great names.

"THAT was five years ago," said Bill. "I think that is where the boys showed their aptitude for broadcasting negro dialect. It was their first broadcast experience but they had traveled about the country together organizing and staging amateur minstrel shows since the year after the World war.

"They had their headquarters here. Gosden's home was in Richmond and he was the first of three generations of Gosdens to make his home outside the state of Virginia. So you see he had plenty of opportunity to naturally acquire his background for what he is doing today. As a matter of fact his mother had taken a darky boy to raise along with Freeman. The boy was called Snowball and afterwards Snowball became one of the characters heard with the team. Amos is in fact in many respects the true character of Snowball all over again.

"Rooming together in Chicago they listened to the Radio and became enthused with the idea of doing a little harmony singing for themselves. Their audition caused a favorable impresion in the studio at old WEBH. And when it came to the Kinky Kids' Parade some time later at WGN, I knew we had two good characters for broadcasting.

"Meantime they wrote a skit for Paul Ash, and called it Red Hot. It was a great success. As a result they decided they would jump their old jobs and go on the stage as a vaudeville team. But before they had signed up for their first booking we had them under contract at WGN.

"We were looking for a feature for the air to correspond to the comic strip in the paper. We felt that Correll and Gosden were the right ones to do it. They did not feel adequate to the domestic idea of the Gumps although that was the plan first considered. Neither was married at the time. But out of their years of experience with minstrel shows they worked up the two characters, Sam 'n' Henry.

"For a while we endeavored to keep their private identities a secret but a great many people recognized their voices from the Kinky Kids song which they had put over so tremendously. The mails were loaded with requests for that number and although the boys themselves became terribly weary of it the Radio fans besieged them to repeat and repeat it. And you might say that Sam 'n' Henry grew up from the Kinky Kids."

Bill drew reflectively on his old briar pipe and a quiet smile curled at the corners of his mouth. He had forgotten the high pressure of momentary cares.

"SAM 'N' HENRY seemed to strike a very quick and appreciative audience. The boys were elated. They developed the two characters with eager enthusiasm, always on the watch to keep them natural and free from cheap vulgarity. Anything that savored of the wise cracking smart aleck sort was studiously avoided.

"Through it all they kept their heads. And that same natural good fellowship they still have. I think they have continued to grow in favor because they have maintained that attitude through all their success. They are saving their money and making more money and I say that is a good trait, not because I am a well advertisted Scotchman, but because we have seen it happen so often that when some people suddenly grow affluent they lose their heads, become wasteful and then lose those very qualities that have been responsible for their success."

"Did you get the boys to leave WGN and join you here, Bill?" I asked.

"A great many people seem to have that impression," he answered. "But the real truth is it happened as a coincidence, although to our mutual joy and satisfaction. We happened to begin broadcasting at WMAQ on the same day. So far as my change over from WGN is concerned it seemed to be the hand of Fate to keep me in alliance with these boys. They left WGN at the conclusion of their second one-year contract because they wanted to syndicate their sketch to other stations on records and WGN would not allow them the privilege."



Bill Hay, the bonny lad who has had much to do with the growing fame of Amos 'n' Andy from the time they were in the Kinky Kids Parade, through Sam 'n' Henry to now.

Bill did not say so, nor did the boys, but WGN is well known in Radio circles for its self-sufficient attitude. With the wealth and bulk of the Chicago Tribune behind it the station not infrequently deviates from the spirit of public service to determine a course of its own that seems expedient to a whim or narrow prejudice of some individual in control.

So the Tribune, as it appears to me, snapped its WGN fingers at Correll and Gosden, and told them they could go when and where they pleased but Sam 'n' Henry were the two black slaves of the corporation to remain as such forever and a day. Of course they soon discovered it wasn't WGN nor the Chicago Tribune that really made Sam 'n' Henry, but two young fellows who had put a verity of blood, soul and brains into the characters that could not be successfully imitated by other flesh and blood.

GHOSTS of the old Sam 'n' Henry continued to emanate feebly from WGN but Correll and Gosden went to the Chicago Daily News and a worried world of listeners soon found them in the characters of Amos 'n' Andy. It was a happy day, and old Bill Hay was right there with them, to make the reunion complete. With new freedom for expression and expansion Amos 'n' Andy soon cast an exceedingly dark eclipse over the old Sam 'n' Henry and it was not long thereafter before Sam 'n' Henry ceased to be other than a memory, and a bit of legal document tucked away in the musty archives of a great corporation.

"Are the boys happy over here?" I asked.

Bill blew a mouthful of smoke toward the ceiling and looked at me in surprise.

"Happy? Did you ever see a couple of kids on Christmas morning more happy than those two boys are tonight?" Bill had not been thinking along the lines I had of the old environment

"Of course I don't see so much of them as I did in the old days," he added. "They have their own office where they write their scripts undisturbed. I don't know how they get along.

(Continued on page 91)

Fatal Lure of the Nonius Opal

THIRTEEN and ONE

While the Storm Rages Grim Tragedy Stalks Into the House of Ghosts Which Shelters an Unlucky Number

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers



THE House stood far apart from all of its kind, a monster and monstrous thing crouching at the edge of the great black pine forest, with a narrow strip of white sandy beach in front of it where one of the deepest-indented coves of beautiful Lake Tahoe lay hidden between high mountains.

If it be fact or legend that a sequence of tragic misfortunes had followed the acquisition of a great Opal, it still remains to be shown that even an Opal, despite all the dread tales of baneful influences thronging about so lovely a lodestone, could positively be said to attract evil. Also, if this Opal had ever been, what had become of it? Why had only the talk of it lingered and nothing of the stone's self? Queer, those fancies which had lasted so long; fancies to be banished lightly of a summer noontide—and to come flocking back like so many birds of ill omen on a night like this one.

In any case the House itself, though remodeled once or twice, remained in essence what it had been in the beginning, a pile of gloom, a labyrinth of many rooms, hallways and closets in queer places, all embraced by time-defying log walls on the outer surfaces of which, like so many barnacles, were its porches and balconies and crooked staircases.

At this season of the year, mid-winter with snow piling up against the first floor windows which were a good ten feet above ground, the House was not meant to be inhabited. It was and had been during several years the summer home of none other or less than Mr. Mainwaring Parks himself. No use seeking him here (as a rule) after the first poplar leaf by the Truckee River turned from emerald-green to topaz-yellow. (Curiously enough, and no doubt purely by way of coincidence, he was a fond lover of emeralds and had an instinctive dislike for topazes, which reminded him of the eyes of a black tom-cat.) Look for him then during the winter further south, in Pasadena, in New Orleans; frequently on the Riviera; at times when it was a matter of "business" in Brussels or Amsterdam. So this time he was breaking all rules of nomadic habit by being now in the Sierra Nevadas.

SHARING Mr. Mainwaring Parks' storm-smitten solitude at this particular exceptional time was as misfit a company as one can readily imagine snared at one cast of the net of circumstances. To begin with naturally there was Mainwaring Parks himself, host to the several guests; it was a curious thing, becoming apparent later on, that whereas each of these guests began of the opinion that everyone knew all about Mainwaring Parks he ended on the admission that he himself knew nothing intimately of his host. If there was one exception to this rather odd lack of knowledge on the part of those entertained—yes, entertained—under this ill omened rooftree, it existed in the secretive brain of Detective Dicks. All others shared only those externals which may be considered as negligible. Dicks alone could have told all that had been said in an earlier interview at the St. Francis Hotel, which terminated in an invitation being extended and promptly accepted.

Besides these two, who may be considered as being head and tail of the company, there were Dr. Andregg, seedy and cadaverous, who had been Mainwaring Parks' guest during the late summer and who, it appeared, had lingered on after the House was really shut up, to act as a gentleman caretaker. It was Dr. Andregg, with his large limpid black eyes, unkempt wiry black hair, pasty and ill-shaven jowls, who bade the first of the new arrivals come in, explaining that not yet had Mr. Parks himself arrived. He handed them over to one or the other of the two Filipino house-boys and stared in his queer, ill-humored fashion after each one as he was shown to his room.

Paul Savoy, stamping loose snow from his arctics, was the first to come in at the wide door and under the ice and fire of Dr. Andregg's eyes. He accepted Dr. Andregg as a most thoroughly undesirable butler—and without remark acceded to Andregg's request in the name of Mr. Parks to sign the guest book in the front hall as he came in. Though his hands were stiff in their wet gloves he made no demur; pulling gloves off while studying the book and noting its oddity, he wrote swiftly:

"Paul Savoy. Drudge of a millionaire during office hours. Between whiles, Seeker after the Truth."

HE WAS quite a young man, fine face, thin, intellectual with broad and thoughtful brow. He carried a small black case in his gloved hand, retaining it while he wrote, carrying it himself as he followed his Filipino guide to his allotted room.

"Oh, yes; by all means," he said to the lingering Filipino. And tray, bottle and glass arrived with smooth frictionless swiftness.

He passed a thoughtful hour by his fire. Now and then he went to a window looking out through vistas of pines across a white world.

He did not know that there were to be other guests. One, yes; but he had had no inkling of the plural number. Himself; Mr. Mainwaring Parks; and "Mr. Nemo." This "Mr. Nemo," by all means; else Paul Savoy never would have thought of this thirty mile adventure of lurching sleigh and spray-smothered launch. He was here primarily to meet this "Mr. Nemo," the whole matter having been arranged through Mainwaring Parks. Oh, yes; there would be one other; Paul Savoy had thought little of him, though. This was only Amos Laufer-Hirth; he was to be a silent though naturally interested spectator unless called upon, because of his expert knowledge and profound experience, for an opinion. He was to be expected along with Mainwaring Parks himself.

Paul Savoy, having smoked and idled and bathed and meditated, changed from dressing gown to informal dinner clothes and strolled down the hallway, looking for a large comfortable living room somewhere. The lights were on; electric lights evidently of a private plant. They were "jumpy," like a neurotic man's nerves; they blinked and threatened at every moment to go out for good. It was reassuring, however, to note that the establishment did not depend on them with any blind and foolish faith; there were coal-oil lamps bracketed against the walls and on tables and stands. Many of the rich black old beams were set with candle sticks all in readiness.

He found the room he sought half way between front and rear of the house, occupying a generous portion of the southern side; the glow and crackle and resinous smell of a big pine fire drew him into a chamber of high-beamed ceiling, soft rich rugs and chairs which lured like so many little isles of Lotus Eaters. A man was standing with his back to the open fire, warming his hands. He started forward eagerly.

"MR. PARKS?" he exclaimed questioningly. Then he appeared to hesitate. "No, not Mr. Parks—"

Paul Savoy came on into the room and was in no great haste in answering. When he spoke it was to say rather curiously:

"No. I am not Mr. Parks. Merely a guest, you know. I—ah—was just about to ask if you were Mr. Parks!"

The other stared at him and in his look there may have been either curiosity or suspicion, or both; certainly there was nothing in it of pleasure.

He was a man of perhaps sixty-five; hard-bitten, lean with the leanness of adventure and hardship. Tawny little mustache and old-fashioned imperial were graying. The head was thin at the temples, aggressive of lower jaw, with eyes which had looked upon many strange lands and stranger human happenings and were cold and aloof behind lids which drooped noticeably.

Dr. Andregg came in walking jerkily, his bony hands twitching, his voice sounding sharp and querulous to the others.

"It was Mr. Parks' wish that if any of you gentlemen chance to meet before he got here, I should introduce you. Captain Art Temple, Mr. Paul Savoy."

He started jerkily away, then half turned on his heel and added:

"Mr. Paul Savoy, Sergeant Tom Blount," and hastened away.

Still another man, until now hidden in the generous depths of one of the hospitable chairs, got to his feet. A short, powerful, blunt square man with mahogany skin, snapping red-brown eyes and the look of an orderly.

The three men, each with his own kind of nod, acknowledged the queer form of introduction.

Paul Savoy spoke first and with a half-smile.

"Odd to meet this way, eh, Captain Temple? Odd, too, that neither of us appear to know our absent host personally!"

"I know who you are, of course," said Captain Temple.

"And, equally of course, everyone knows of the renowned Captain Temple of the many thrilling exploits," rejoined Savoy, equably. "Beyond that shall we not go?"

"Shall we leave that for the mouth of Mr. Parks. When — and if ever — he comes! Sergeant, a word with you."



"That night, an hour after the arrival of the Opal, if ever it did arrive, there was double murder committed right here."

SAVOY idly watched the two as they stepped away together to a far end of the room, conversing confidentially. His little amused half-smile returned.

"Rude? Merely disgruntled? Or, as the French have it, set-upside-down? And what the devil are Captain Art Temple and his man at arms doing here?"

He ensconced himself in an inviting chair, his back turned on the two who held his thoughts, and took a book at random from the table close at hand. "Kunz's Curious Lore of Precious Stones." He opened it carelessly; rather the book opened itself, the leaves falling apart at the beginning of the fifth chapter. Savoy was familiar with the book. Here was some speculation on the "Ominous Stones." At the head, in large type, was the word to be expected in such a position: "The Opal."

Come to think of it, if you picked up at random, in any reading room, club or private home, a chance tome devoted to such a subject, and allowed the volume something to say for itself in the matter of what page it should reveal, with an even break it would turn up diamonds or opals.

But here again returned Captain Temple.

"I'm afraid I was a bit rude, Mr. Savoy, just now. I'm sorry. Didn't really mean to be—or want to be, you know."

"Fine," said Savoy, and put the book aside. "We were both a bit surprised. Had a drink yet?"

AT THE moment there was a commotion toward the front of the house bespeaking fresh arrivals; much stamping, a deep, cheery voice singing out lustily, the tones whipped along down the hall by the wind which with the newcomers had got in at the front door.

"That'll be Mr. Parks now, without a doubt," said Temple.

"Not alone, either, I'll wager."

"It's the devil's own night, gentlemen," said a high, metallic, vibrant voice, and the speaker with two men at his side turned in at the living room door. Just behind them, never more tense than now, came Dr. Andregg. The sergeant reappeared and stood stiffly at the side of his chair, like a sentry popping out of his box.

The man who had spoken stopped just within the door and stood looking from one to the other of the three men already occupying the room. Both Savoy and Captain Temple knew him for Mainwaring Parks, arriving at the swift, sure knowledge by eliminating his companions. One of these, he of the bluff, cheery voice heard from the moment he came in at the outer door, was already expected: expected, it turned out, by both Savoy and Temple. This was Amos Laufer-Hirth who was to San Francisco what Tiffany had long been to the East. An expansive man as to body and mind; he lifted his graying brows, then chuckled and brought his bulky form lightly forward on a pair of small, shapely feet, extending two hands at once and crying out:

"Paul Savoy! Captain Temple! Well, well, well. This is fine."

"Perhaps," said Mainwaring Parks with a humorous quirk at the corner of his mouth. "you'll be so good, Amos, as to introduce me to my own guests here! I've long anticipated the very keen pleasure of knowing both Mr. Paul Savoy and Captain Art Temple."

Further introductions were informally made: even the sergeant was impelled to come forward and be shaken by the hand all around. Then.

"Come here, Andregg," sang out Parks. And to those who already had come in contact with that individual, he explained lightly: "An old friend of mine, Dr. Andregg. No doubt you have had a word or two with him, but it's ten to one he's allowed you to think of him as a butler, or whatever else you chose of him, never speaking up to set you right about his real position here."

LAST of all to be made known to the company was the man who had entered the room in company with Parks and Laufer-Hirth. It was as though for the moment Mainwaring Parks had quite forgotten him and now was cordially eager to make amends.

"I almost forgot! But then everyone ought to know Dicks, here. Herman A. Dicks, none other! Once ablest of Pinkertonians—and now just his own incomparable self. Gentlemen all, Detective Dicks!"

More than one eyebrow shot up; be sure that those keen blue eyes of Detective Dicks marked which one. Mainwaring Parks too marked and laughed.

"We're off to our rooms to freshen up a bit," ran on Parks. "Lord, what a night I've brought you into! You'll be starved, I fancy? Well, I've got a prince of cooks, high artist of Orientals. And I trust you've not languished of thirst? Say half an hour and we meet at table?—By the by Amos, where's that man of yours?"

Still another man? And already there were more here, many more, than most of the company had expected.

Amos Laufer-Hirth laughed his big genial laugh.

"Oh, Will Little? Likely you'll find him in the hallway, fainted away. This night of yours, Parks, has got his nerves."

But Will Little repudiated the accusation from somewhere in the hall.

"I'm just segregating the bags and traps in general, Mr. Laufer-Hirth. I thought—"

"It's no time for thinking and segregating, man!" boomed his employer. "We're just going to have drinks all round. Come ahead."

They had their drinks and, aided by the two Filipino houseboys, separated to their rooms. Once again the living room was occupied solely by Savoy, the captain and Sergeant Tom Blount. The sergeant promptly did his vanishing trick.

"Will you tell me," muttered Savoy "why the devil Parks wanted to bring that fellow Dicks along?"

Captain Temple, obviously of no mood to talk, snorted contemptuously and reached out for glass and bottle, conveniently left on the refectory table. At that moment the lights flickered and went out. Save for what light was afforded by the fires in certain of the fireplaces, the House of the Opal was plunged into darkness.



IT WAS a gay dining room, no matter how the thunder and wind boomed and screamed outside, and a gay company after their round of cocktails, with bottles on the massive sideboard winking at them from deep cool beds of snow in bright silver buckets. Gay, at least, on the surface, for a sober interest underlay the casual outer semblance.

"With all my heart I want you boys to understand that I appreciate the honor you are doing me. What man ever gathered under his roof at a single time such rare individuals? On the wide green earth there is just one Laufer-Hirth; I've got him here! There's just one Paul Savoy; I could put out my hand and touch him. The world knows but the one Captain Temple; he is ours tonight."

"And, my dear Parks," cried out Laufer-Hirth, "if it be true that you have actually under your roof a certain Mr. Nemo—"

"Shall I speak my own words or shall I not?" expostulated Mainwaring Parks, with an expectant glance over his shoulder toward the open door. "He is indeed under my roof, this gentleman whom at his request and in our earnest desire to meet even his unspoken wishes in all things we call tonight Mr. Nemo. We all know who he is and what he is and what he represents. And so in my log house in the woods, is a brilliant company crowned by the illustrious. We make history, gentlemen; not mere sordid, vulgar, popular history, but such, intimate, sparkling regal history as that which is enacted behind curtains in the courts of kings."

He had been the first to hear the step in the hall. And now as the step, soft and quick, came on to the door, he lifted his voice and, with glass held high, cried in a note between hearty welcome and high respect:

"Gentlemen—Mr. Nemo!"

The man who entered, outlandishly garbed, stopped just within the door and regarding them all with a pair of brilliant black eyes. His meagre form swathed in a scarlet robe, his dark head turbanded, a jewelled curved knife, blue unsheathed steel gleaming wickedly, swinging by a slight silken cord at his side, he struck an impressive Eastern note in this ultra-Western setting. He was neither young nor old, neither stern nor affable. Scrutinizing all others, he himself remained inscrutable. His race? From India, from Persia? From China? There was more, much more than a mere hint in him of old Mother Egypt. Strains had commingled, long ago, and from them had sprung this—Mr. Nemo.

Behind him came Mr. Nemo's man; secretary and valet and servant; one almost said slave. Shorter than his master this man was three times his breadth and girth and looked, in his darker, plainer robe, a squat, ugly giant.

Mr. Nemo kept his hands folded, out of sight in his ample sleeves, while Mr. Parks presented his several guests, merely inclining his head gravely. This ceremony ended, Mainwaring Parks unhesitatingly introduced everyone to Mr. Nemo's stalwart shadow, who was to be known as Mr. Mohun and was to be treated as an equal, and they sat down.

OVER the nuts, raisins and wine, Captain Temple gave a deft twist to conversation which resulted in turning it toward a certain general field which, though so far unplowed by any spoken word, was at every moment just out of sight around the next corner—namely the subject of precious stones. Captain Temple's remark was:

"By the by, Parks, we've all of us heard more or less of your place here. Garbled stuff, of course. You won't refuse us the true tale, will you?"

Parks grinned impishly.

"The Tale of the Opal?" he chuckled. You're welcome to it. That is, provided Amos here doesn't object. There's nothing I know of unluckier than opals."



They caught up what weapons they could snatch in their headlong rush, and raced with wind-blown candles down the stairs.

the wind howl! It or the lightning has put our electric lights out of commission, but defiant as any Laufer-Hirth ensconced behind a talismanic carbuncle, we'll defy it to bring our log walls down. And I am to tell my little tale of horror."

He sat silent a moment, twisting his glass-stem, and gathering his thoughts.

"Here it is then; short and to the point. Let it be known as The Tale of the Opal of Nonius. Now, some forty years ago this house of mine was no house at all, but constituted a noble part of the forest; these log walls were big ripe pines reflecting themselves placidly in our queen-gem of mountain lakes. There came a man with a queer name and a queer nature, one Thraff Willcyzinski, mad as a hatter, and caused the slaughter among the big pines, to create this house of mine.

"WITH all this room (and I have added but little to it), this Thraff Willcyzinski lived here a great part of the time in absolute solitude. And at times filled up the whole place; had a dark fat woman for a wife, a couple of sons and several daughters, and friends, if that's what they were, by the dozen. They whooped it up pretty disgracefully, I'm afraid. At any rate they got themselves a devilish nasty reputation. Now enters the Opal of Nonius. Among the guests of Mr. Willcyzinski upon the historic occasion in question, was one of your own trade, by which I mean a very jewel of jewelers!! But this man was, I am afraid, rather more—or less—than just that. There is every reason to believe him an out-and-out rascal, a thief and far, very far worse."

"The rest," admitted Parks regretfully, "is as vague cobwebs by moonlight. Bearing the Great Opal of Roman Nonius came the rascal of a jewel merchant. As to that particular stone, there's a Pliny in my library; you may have his "Naturalis Historia" either in the original or in translation, as you prefer; and you will learn how the Senator Nonius, incurring the wrath of none other than the great Antony himself, all because of a certain wonderful opal 'as large as a hazel nut,' fled into exile, taking with him that stone alone. And how the stone was valued at nothing less than two million sesterces—a good eighty thousand of our dollars. And you may trace, here and there in legend, the adventures of this fateful gem until at last—it vanishes."

"And that is the opal in question?" demanded Dicks, with a look in his eye which warned that he was never the man to swallow the first fairy tale told him.

"I wish that I knew!" admitted Mainwaring Parks.

"You bought this place," ran on the detective's insistent

Laufer-Hirth blinked at him like a fat old owl.

"Not unlucky for me," he retaliated unctuously. "Maybe for you, Parks, but I'm protected."

"You are a superstitious devil—"

"Speaking of superstitions," began Paul Savoy.

"Later, if you like," cut in Parks with a smile. "For there is no doubt that the night was made for such discussion. Hear

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Whole Complexion of Fighting By RADIO IN THE

Famous Headline Hunter and Veteran From Diplomacy to Battles Will Hinge

By Floyd

HELLO, everybody! When I bumped into my old friend Hal Brown just the other day and found out that this old headline hunter and old pal of mine from the war days down on the Mexican border, had left his customary pursuits of newspaper work and had gone over to the Radio field, I began wondering whether American journalism was not getting more and more up in the air.

Hal told me he had deserted the columns of the Fourth Estate to edit Radio Digest. He asked me if I still did any writing for publication, and I told him that I had been talking so much in the last eight months without writing a single newspaper dispatch that I feared I had lost the touch.

"Well, if you can't write it, then I would like you to talk an article for the readers of Radio Digest," Hal said.

"What subject?" I asked.

"You ought not to be at a loss for a subject," he replied. "The way I figure it out you have in the last eight months talked about two hundred thousand words through that poor abused National Broadcasting company's microphone without repeating yourself, and it seems to me that anyone who can do that and avoid getting tangled up for facts or dates ought not to be at a loss for a subject."

"Maybe that's the very reason," I replied. "Maybe I'm talked out. If you'll just suggest something new to talk on, I'll be very glad to give it a whirl."

"All right," he replied. "You are a headline hunter, a war correspondent and a broadcaster. Combine your experiences in those three fields of achievements and project yourself into the future. Broadcast an article for Radio Digest on the subject, "Radio in the Next War."



Floyd Gibbons readily adapts himself to his environment anywhere in the world. This is how he appeared when on the African desert.

THE request frightened me. No trinity of words in all the languages spoken in the world carries greater foreboding of ill or produces more unpleasant reaction than those meaning "The Next War." Women always have dreaded it—modern men fear it; everybody hates it.

As a war correspondent, it has been my job for a number of years to participate in wars in the capacity of an observer whose duty and function it was to report information to millions of newspaper readers in many different languages.

Human dead on battle fields are just as ghastly a sight to me as they are to any professional pacifist, and no one has greater abhorrence of such a spectacle of human waste than I have. No one has greater hope than I have that there will be no next war. But in the event there is one, I will undoubtedly be somewhere in it, although I do know from actual experience that wars can be personally painful. I am for peace.

I firmly believe that Radio offers the newest, the latest and the greatest instrument that man has yet perfected in the direction of World Peace. The air is international, better still, it is neighborly.

Green, red and pink splotches on maps are hemmed in by frontiers and boundaries usually bristling with forts. The standards of living and working among these separated peoples differ greatly behind their border barriers. The things they eat and drink, the clothes they wear—all these may be different, but the air they all breathe is common to all of them.

AND this same common, neighborly, fluid element provides, with the assistance of the Radio, the new medium by which the separated peoples of the world will come to know one another better, and every step in that direction is one closer to peace.

Interposed, however, between the realization of that much desired ideal, is the lesson ever before us in the history of man's rise from the primitive days when he fought with fang and claw.

Every advancement of his knowledge since those days, every new instrument or utensil fashioned from his ever enlarging intelligence, man has always employed as a weapon against his fellow man. It will be no different with Radio.

This great boon to civilization and international amity will be one of the first and most important weapons that will be brought into use in the event of war. When the world is next afflicted with its spasm of violence, man will avail himself of every facility at hand to defend his life, and at the same time he will employ that same facility offensively to destroy the enemy that attacks him.

The first rumble of modern war emanates from the channels of diplomacy. When that sound is next heard, it will come first to our ears by way of the air. The veracity and underlying purpose of the minds of origin will be more easily determined.

Radio listeners around the world will be able to hear and to know and to judge the sincerity and value and the honesty of purpose of the international exchanges of opinion launched diplomatically by Radio for the purpose of preventing the catastrophe.

Centuries ago these pourparlers were conducted by personal couriers, who carried the signet ring of their monarch and made personal overtures of peace before the enemy court. Later the negotiations were speeded up by the exchange of written notes, and later still, as in the World War, it was the telegraph wire, or the wireless Morse code by which the foreign offices of the war-threatened countries communicated frantically with one another to avoid the holocaust.

Will All Be Materially Changed

NEXT WAR

Correspondent Predicts Future Conflict on the Control of Electric Ether Wave

Gibbons

IN THE next war the personally responsible individual heads of all of the governments over which the war cloud hangs, will speak to one another directly from lip to ear across thousands of miles by Radio.

Kings and presidents, emperors and dictators, potentates and princes will plead their cause directly to one another by word of mouth—not by word symbols or code symbols on messages that would have to be translated and read from cold type, but by all the force and influence of that greatest medium for the expression of personality, the human voice.

And I believe that the representations made by the head of each government will have to be true to the wishes of the people of that government because by reason of the very lack of privacy in Radio communication, which has been so bitterly criticized heretofore, the ears of the governed will be tuned in to the words of the governing. There will be less opportunity and temptation for personal ambition or a greed for power to dominate the desires and policies of governmental heads.

There will be less possibility for disastrous delays in the dispatching or decoding of vital communications—delays which were responsible in the past for the outbreak of many wars that could have been avoided.

Before the materialization of that next war, there will take place by way of the air, the greatest international debate in the history of the world. It will be a debate in which the interests of humanity will be superior to those of nationalism; it will deal with national aspirations and necessities; it will include peace aims and promises, sacrifices and concessions to common good; it will plead honesty and high moral intentions, and it will expose and excoriate war guilt.

That debate continuing night and day will be held before the greatest forum that ever existed in history, and the reward and the prize that will be sought by the debaters will be the esteem of the public opinion of the world and peace.

It just occurs to me that one possible, although deplorable, outcome of such an extended debate might be that the listeners all around the world would finally get so bored with the unending flow of oratorical argument, that there would be a popular rush to arms just to stop the talking. This might produce the curious paradox of people going to war just to have a little peace.

BUT in spite of its great possibilities for maintenance of the peace as a speedy adjunct for diplomacy, it would be unwise to look upon Radio as a cure-all for war, or as a sure-fire preventative. We know that two men, between whom there is a bitter dispute, can meet face to face, and in spite of voice, facial expression and gestures, it is sometimes impossible for them to understand one another to the extent of a mutual agreement, and in many of these instances we know that the conversational preliminaries suddenly result in an exchange of blows and the fight is on.

And it is quite possible that this might just as well happen in Radio diplomacy. The exasperated foreign ruler might reach the point in the air-wave discussion where he would invite the then occupant of the White House to take a jump in the Potomac, and the gentleman receiving this insinuation might come back with the suggestion that his Royal Whoop-de-Whoop would please the world at large if he took a royal jump in the Arctic ocean and forgot to come up. All of the

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Gibbons dressed this Mexican's wounds. The hat was pierced by two bullets.

He Saw and Loved Her as

The GIRL IN GREY

Hungry for Companionship He Stepped into a Garden of Romance and Discovered a Maid of Mystery

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

IN THE days before the fire San Francisco was the garden of romance. Venice in the heyday of the Crusades saw no bolder adventurers than those who use to pass along the sidewalks of Kearny Street. The imaginations of old Bagdad's turbanned raconteurs conjured no stories stranger than the things which took place in the picturesque neighborhoods where the hills reach down to the most beautiful of bays.

In this city of bold spirits and gay hearts, where laughter ruled and everyone knew how to play, love throve and the tide of events often ran swifty, sweeping men into bizarre situations. The cafes, where the pleasure loving people used to gather, saw the sudden beginning of impromptu acquaintanceship which sometimes blossomed into heart stirring entanglements.

These restaurants were themselves as picturesque as the neighborhoods where they were to be found. French and Italian, Spanish and Basque; some of them occupied four floors; with the atmosphere losing more of its sedateness with every story; and in some the diners gathered round a single long table, to dip their soup from one tureen. Of all there was none where the spirit of boisterous and clean hearted merriment, characteristic to old San Francisco, was as much in evidence as at Sanguinetti's. Here the crowd laughed and sang over their thin red wine every night, and changed places at the tables as the fancy seized them.

IT WAS on an evening when he was feeling particularly lonely that Culver happened into Sanguinetti's for the first time and saw the Girl in Grey.

The splendid eagerness of youth belonged to him and he was ready for youth's rightful heritage, which is romance. One of that tall, wide shouldered breed with clear eyes and tawny hair which grows among the golden hills and generous valleys of northern California, he had been but recently transplanted into a San Francisco office. But the buoyant city which had given him good opportunity in his profession had offered him none of its famous hospitality as yet. And, when his work was done, he often wandered through its streets, thinking of the little town up in the Mother Lode country, where everyone knew him by his first name, and of the crooked dusty street where the neighbors would be calling greetings across the rose covered paling fences while they awaited the arrival of the evening stage.

So it was with him tonight and he was walking for the sake of walking, aimless as a lost dog, when he found himself in the silent cobblestoned thoroughfares north of the old red brick customs house, where the odors of Italian cheeses and spices and red wine hung among the weather-stained buildings like ghosts of the departed day's activities. Iron shutters masked many of the tall windows, patterned in squares of green and black, relics of the years when the city was in its infancy. The fog had crept down the hillsides, blurring the gas lamps at the corners. Culver's footfall was the only sound for blocks at a time.

The hunger for companionship was heavy within him when he passed under an old fashioned wooden awning which spanned the sidewalk, and looked through a wide window into Sanguinetti's shabby dining room where the faces of the men and women at the tables were all alive with warm merriment.

It was a strange discovery among the solitudes of these dim streets, an oasis of light and laughter surrounded by silent neighborhoods where the rats scuttled across the sidewalks undisturbed. Culver stepped to the narrow door; he opened it and, as he stood upon the threshold, the noise of many voices swept over him like a warm gale. He looked through a blue haze of tobacco smoke down the long room, with its sawdust covered floor and the colored pictures of Italy's royal family on its dingy walls, and he drank in the spirit of the place as a thirsty wanderer drinks from a desert spring.



IT WAS the spirit of gayety as native to San Francisco as the tang in the west wind which rushed through the city every afternoon; the indomitable love of a good time which was forever cropping out—in the cafes, among the crowds of Sunday picnickers who jammed the decks of ferry boats, on the sidewalks near Lotta's Fountain on New Year's eve; the boisterous spirit of a people who instinctively knew how to play, without self consciousness and without offense.

Near the door, at this end of a bar which spanned the room, Steve, the proprietor, was standing, bull necked and thick of body, with one eye missing; his shirtsleeves rolled up to the elbows. There was that in his appearance as he surveyed the diners which suggested a benignant spider. He raised a hairy arm in an abrupt and imperious gesture and waddled on before his new guest to an unoccupied table.

A pair of darkies were banging out a popular air on resonant banjos; their heads were flung back and their teeth were agleam; it was as if they were playing for fun and not for hire.

Several groups nearby were singing the refrain. Across the room a blond, high collared youth with nose glasses and neatly parted hair, was drinking with ostentation to one of the girls in this impromptu chorus. Without stopping her singing she raised her tumbler of red wine to her lips in a responsive flourish.

Culver had drunk his first glass of the thin claret which Steve served with the fifty-cent dinner, and his heart was beginning to warm to the careless crowd about him, when he happened to glance toward the door. The Girl in Grey was standing on the threshold. Of a sudden as he looked on her, a wistfulness for the romance to which his youth entitled him, awoke within him.

A SLIP of a girl. Her tailored suit and rakish little hat were of the same dove color; and the hat was trimmed on one side with a gay cockade of bright hued feathers. The coat collar was edged with fur, rising high about her chin; so that her face was as a dainty heart shaped flower, set off by the fur beneath it and the mass of blue black hair sweeping low above. Her eyes seemed to be black when he first saw her standing there in the doorway; but as she came forward, with an impersonal smile and a bit of a nod to old Steve, to take her seat at a table near the end of the bar, Culver found that they were grey with a green light playing in their depths like sunshine in sea water.

The laughter and the talking and the twanging of the banjos were growing louder. A fat man was standing on his chair making an impassioned speech to which none listened. The youth with the nose glasses was now sitting beside the girl to whom he had been drinking. Men and women were leaving their places to join groups whom they had never seen before and might never see again. But Culver had ceased to heed these others whose free and easy joy had warmed his heart like wine.

Since she had come into the door his whole regard had been centered upon The Girl in Grey. While she was passing across the room his eyes had remained upon her until he realized that his eager gaze was growing obvious, and he had turned them elsewhere. Where she was sitting, with a small husk covered flask of red Chianti beside her plate, he had her little face in profile and now he was able to steal many a look without her knowledge, drinking in her beauty, with no offense to her.

Long after he had left Sanguinetti's that night, the vision of this slip of a girl with the flower-like face and green lights playing in the depths of her grey eyes, remained with him. It came between him and his work the next day and the day after. And on the second evening it drew him back to the noisy old restaurant. He walked with an eager stride through the deserted streets and his head was high in the hope that he was going to look upon her again.

SHE was sitting at the place where he had seen her before watching the other diners, seeming to partake of their enjoyment, yet remaining apart from them. And on other evenings he saw her always at this same table near the bar, always alone. Save for the little nod and smile which she bestowed on Steve when she entered, she never spoke to anyone. Sometimes she would be late and he would hold his eyes upon her empty chair, growing more and more out of tune with the rollicking crowd around him as the moments dragged on by, until she appeared in the narrow doorway. Then his heart would beat more swiftly and he would find himself laughing with the others again. Occasionally she would not come at all, and when he had departed, disconsolate, wondering with whom she was dining this night, he would shake off his disappointment by



She smiled and the little flecks of light danced in her eyes while she seemed to hesitate.

turning his hopes to the next evening, telling himself that he would surely see her then.

Often in that free and easy dining room, he saw another following some whim of sudden fancy, pick up his bottle of red wine and join the group of strangers at a neighboring table. But the good natured advances of those who sought acquaintance with The Girl in Grey always remained unanswered; she raised her glass to none nor responded to any smile. During the office hours when his mind should have been on his work, Culver liked to think of that. Yet he did wish, with all his heart, that he might dare to leave his place some night and take the empty chair across the table from her.

So the weeks went on and his loneliness was gone; San Francisco had become to him the city of romance. And there arrived a memorable evening when he entered Sanguinetti's to find all the places occupied save one. His eye fell on the empty chair across the small table from The Girl in Grey. He took a step toward it, then paused; but in that moment of his hesitation she glanced up and, when she saw him standing there, she bestowed upon him the same impersonal nod and smile which he had seen her give old Steve so many times. He hastened forward and, as he was taking his seat,

"I was afraid some stranger was going to get that place," she told him. With which they fell to talking as naturally as if the two of them had dined together many times. That evening, on his way to his lodgings, Culver discovered it was true that a young man can walk on air.

This discovery he confirmed on another evening two weeks later. An evening when the usual complexion of the crowd in the restaurant was freshened by a sprinkling of younger faces, and the swinging choruses of the University of California had replaced the music of the darky entertainers. He was talking to The Girl in Grey and some remark of his had made her look into his eyes; so he was quite unconscious of all else. And he did not realize that a hush had fallen upon the room until she placed her fingers on her lips.

"THE boys from Berkeley" she whispered across the table, "they're going to sing The Holy City."

Then the four leaders of the college glee club began the sublime old song which they used to sing sometimes at Sanguinetti's and the rich young voices filled the hearts of all the pleasure loving crowd. The careless mirth was gone, the boisterous fun forgotten; a tide of solemnity engulfed the room. When the last clear note had died away in a silence where one could have heard a pin drop, Culver saw the lips of The Girl in Grey trembling; her eyes had softened with emotion. Involuntarily his hands went out across the narrow table and covered hers. For a moment she allowed them to rest there. Long afterward he used to get a reverential joy in living over those fleeting seconds when he had felt her little fingers lying warm beneath his palms.

From the beginning he was importunate to know more of her, but whenever he led their conversation toward an opening which would give him a vista into her life, she deftly turned it to some new direction.

At last, grown bold by longing, he put the issue straight to her.

"I wish you would tell me your name."

She smiled and the little flecks of light danced in her eyes while she seemed to hesitate.

"I only know you as 'The Girl in Grey,'" he went on eagerly.

"The Girl in Grey," she repeated softly and her eyes darkened; tenderness came over them which made his heart give a sudden bound. "I like that name." Then, nodding as if the matter were settled, "Let me be just 'The Girl in Grey' to you."

"But there are," he persisted, "so many things about you which I want to know. Won't you tell me where you live and—" She had raised her glass of Chianti while he was speaking.

"Let's drink to our companionship here," she bade him and, when they had set their glasses down, "It is pleasant for us both, just as it is. Don't you find it so?" To which he had to agree, stifling his desire for the time being.

Another night when they had reached the corner a few yards from Sanguinetti's door, where they had always parted heretofore he would have remained by her side, but she halted and shook her head at him.

"Is this all that our friendship is ever going to come to?" he asked her disconsolately. She laid her hand upon his and it seemed to him that the touch of her slender fingers was the sweetest thing he had ever felt.

"It is so good just as it is," she told him quietly and then as his troubled eyes met hers, her voice dropped to a half whisper. "Some day, maybe. But not just yet." With that she left him.

SO SHE remained The Girl in Grey, who came at times from somewhere in the carefree city, to dine with him at Sanguinetti's and departed after their hour together leaving new fragrance in his memory.

Perhaps the longing to know more of her hastened his love. But he had discovered enough in their talks across the table—her taste for beauty and her quick imagination, the charm of her vivacity, and above all a multitude of small provocative appeals by voice and look—to make him count the days as mere periods of waiting for the hour when he would see her sitting opposite him, in her grey coat with the fur trimmed collar framing her face and the mass of blue black hair sweeping low beneath the rakish little hat. The desire to tell that love in one hot rush of words was only held in check by the fear that he would frighten her away from him.

Then on an evening in September she announced that he was not to see her for a week.

"I'm going over to Marin county to visit friends," she said. It was the first allusion she had ever made to her life away from him.

"A week is a long time," he told her when they parted at the corner an hour afterward. "It will be hard to wait." He thought—it might have been his imagination—that there was a wistfulness in her smile when he said that.

"Next Thursday evening I'll be back." Her hand was resting on his as she made her promise. "I will come straight to Sanguinetti's from the ferry. We will see each other then."

His week of waiting had still one day to go, when Culver was walking up Montgomery street through the early twilight. Walking for the sake of walking, aimless as a lost dog and as lonely; for San Francisco seemed to have grown cold again since she had left it. The banks and office buildings were silent, old buildings many of them, landmarks of the days when the Vigilantes tamed the turbulent young city. Ahead of him on the other side of the street the Montgomery Block stood among the newer structures like a grey old man who meditates upon his past, heedless of those about him.

Culver halted to look upon the stone walls which, in their own time, had looked upon some of the wildest scenes of San Francisco's history. His eyes went to the deep old fashioned entrance at the corner of the two streets and he was thinking of the men who had trodden that threshold: bearded leaders of the Vigilantes, bold hearted visionaries of the fifties on fire with projects of the overland mail and the pony express, newly moulted millionaires from the Mother Lode with callouses still on their fingers and the brogue untarnished on their tongues, and giants of unborn industry planning the first transcontinental railroad.

AS HE was lingering there across the street he became conscious of a man where the rays of the corner gas lamp parted the deep shade in the recess of the old doorway. Then he forgot the vanished forms of other years, for in this lean figure, clad in a hue so dark that it had seemed to be a portion of the surrounding shadows, there was a suggestion of the sinister. It came in part from the black slouch hat pulled low over the forehead, and there was something in the lurking attitude which made Culver think of a cat waiting for a bird. So he remained where he was, and a moment later the head was thrust around the corner of the entrance. The rays of the gas lamp fell upon the face, revealing the dark eyes, the swarthy skin, the thin shred of moustache with a foreign twist at the waxed ends. The head shot back and the body glided into the shadows. And Culver saw a girl on the sidewalk almost opposite the spot where he was standing.

She had emerged from the narrow side entrance which led to the upper floors of the old building, the doorway through which men had carried James King of William upstairs to die from the gambler Cora's bullet many years before, and by his death to kindle the flame of San Francisco's first reform; now painters and art students trod those stairs. A slender girl and, although she had already turned her back to Culver going up the street, he felt a fierce tug at his heart, for she was dressed all in grey.

He was telling himself that he must be mistaken, remembering how his Girl in Grey had been explicit in saying she would be absent from the city until the next evening, when he recognized the cockade of bright feathers on the rakish hat—and—she was drawing nearer to the corner gas lamp now— he saw the sweep of blue black hair beneath that little hat which he had come to know so well. It passed through his mind that she had often betrayed a knowledge of paintings and a love of pictures in their talks at Sanguinetti's. That would account for her presence at this place. But to see her in San Francisco when she was supposed, by her own statement, to be elsewhere, disturbed him. It was, however, he reminded himself, no right of his to question her comings and goings. She had her own reasons for changing her plans.

SHE had reached the opposite corner by this time leaving the cross street between her and the old grey building and he forgot this small disquietude. For the lean foreigner in the slouch hat had left his hiding place in the deep doorway. There was something evil in his walk, a flexing of the knees and a litheness in the slim body, which needed only a naked knife in his hand to set it off, as he started up the cross street after the girl, keeping always to the wall where the shade was thickest.

For a moment Culver was on the point of overtaking him, but an encounter would probably bring bystanders, in which event he would have to make explanations. These would in-



The hand which held the knife was turning slowly....it gleamed against the sky like a streak of silver .... The man in the slouch hat was lying in a huddle, sobbing bitterly.

evitably involve The Girl in Grey. And he was reluctant, even through accident, to violate her incognito. So he made up his mind, if it were possible, to be her cavalier tonight, without disclosing his presence to her. As long as she appeared to need him, he would keep her in sight.

He followed the man in the slouch hat, a half a block behind. Now and again he saw the slight grey figure of the girl far ahead of him; and once he got a glimpse of the bright cockade of feathers in her hat under the rays of a gas lamp as she turned northward in Kearny Street.

"We'll see now whether he's following her or not," Culver assured himself. A moment later the man slunk round the corner after her.

A group of rat faced race track touts and pallid exquisites of the half world blocked the sidewalk before the entrance of a saloon. When Culver picked up the trail again at the corner the girl was almost out of sight; the man in the slouch hat was almost a block away.

A trio of well groomed, wide shouldered detectives swaggered slowly by Culver as he hurried northward; a pallid dope fiend whined for alms at the mouth of an alley. Pawnbrokers' shops were growing numerous. Two negro dance hall women on their way to work, in gaudy silks with huge golden hoops in their ears, flashed their white teeth at him when he went by. It seemed strange that The Girl in Grey should walk through such a neighborhood.

He crossed Pacific Street with the glare of the Barbary Coast in his eyes and the roar of the dance halls all around him. And he would have turned back here, certain that she would not have passed through the crowd of sailors and soft handed night birds who jammed the sidewalk, if he had not caught the flash of the little feathered cockade far ahead of him on the steep slope of Telegraph Hill. The man in the slouch hat was climbing the cleated sidewalk half a block behind her.

THEN Culver toiled upward past doorways filled with olive skinned children who might have posed for Raphael or Titian, past basement flights which reeked with the smell of sour red wine, and tiny grocery stores redolent of cheese and garlic, with colored prints of Garibaldi in the windows. On up around a corner into a street where grass was growing between the cobblestones, and dilapidated little shanties took the place of the dirty wooden flat houses. Until he reached the summit of the tallest hill in San Francisco.

Off to his left a deserted old wooden beer hall, built in imitation of a Rhine castle, looked down through shattered windows at the beacons of Alcatraz and Angel Island flashing over the hidden waters of the bay, and the remote lights of the three cities on the eastern shore. A nocturnal goat was prowling among the rubbish heaps between two ramshackle cottages near by. The man in the slouch hat was vanishing among the shadows which obscured the depths beyond the brow of the slope. Culver plunged on after him, down narrow runways of cleated planks in zigzag paths, past the last board shanty; into the clumps of ragged brush at the brink of the sheer cliff which fell away more than one hundred feet. Here, in the shadow of a cluster of tall bushes, he paused with a strange catch at his heart.

The murmur of a woman's voice sounded close by. Two figures passed before his eyes, near the edge of the cliff, outlined against the sky, bathed in the reflection of the city's myriad

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HEARING IS BELIEVING IF

To Deceive the Ear With Or Burble Vocally Like Is New Kind

By Doty



WILD horses stampeded through the fifteenth floor of a building on Fifth Avenue in New York City!

"The man who bit the dog" has nothing on the above statement as a news item. But like the story of the man and the dog the report of that stampede never reached the desk of any city editor, even though the stampede did take place.

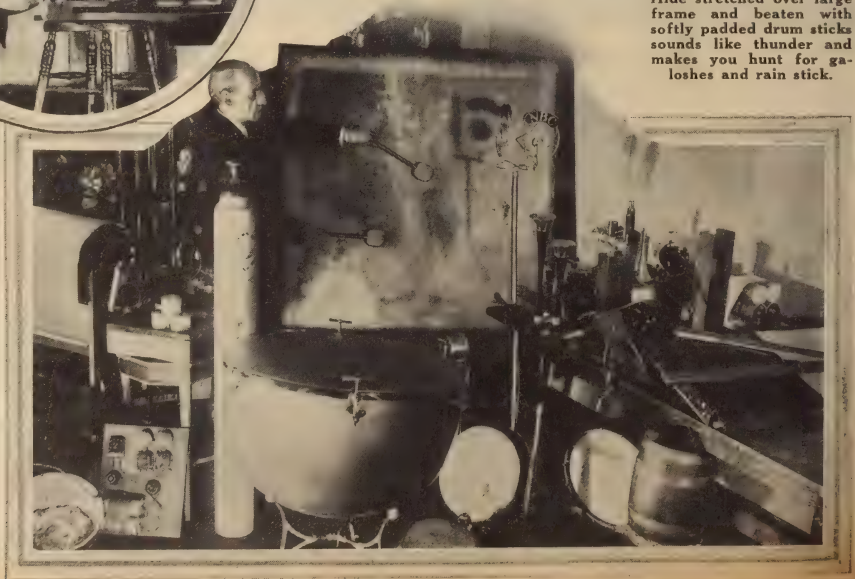
Of course, no one actually saw those horses, but the fact that millions of wide awake witnesses heard them trot, gallop, canter (or whatever it is wild horses do), should be sufficient proof that the unprecedented occurrence happened. Oddly enough the event was not unexpected. Perhaps I should qualify that. The stampede was no more unexpected than was the sight of innumerable rabbits, doves, bouquets and flags being hauled out of a magician's hat. Thrilling but anticipated! Great days, those, when seeing was believing.

Now we have a new way of getting a thrill. Instead of going to the theatre to get an eyefull of mystifying magic we sit around the Radio and take it on the ear. And when we hear a pistol shot carom off the loudspeaker we are quite content to believe that, for all intents and purposes, another Indian has bit the dust. If the hand can fool the eye the sound effects produced in a broadcasting studio certainly can play tricks on the ear. All of which is as it should be. If the microphone recorded actualities only then the drama of the air would be a pitiable thing; as uninteresting as an armless magician. (Maybe I'm wrong about that particular chap being uninteresting, but if his hand is quicker than the eye, sue me!)



"Siss-choo! Siss-choo - choo!" Arthur R. Fasig, NBC Sound Engineer, is starting Radio locomotive with kettle drum and compressed air. Left shows airplane sounds.

But to get back to those wild horses. The reason for their microphone appearance started in the productive brain of a writer of sketches in the editorial department of the National Broadcasting company. The location of the story this author was preparing was on the Western plains. The development of the big moment in this drama, for an Empire Builders' program, hinged on the realism of a stampede. So,



Hide stretched over large frame and beaten with softly padded drum sticks sounds like thunder and makes you hunt for galoshes and rain stick.

Sound Effects are Right

Imitation of Lion's Roar
Sizzle of a Frying Egg
of Radio Art

Hobart

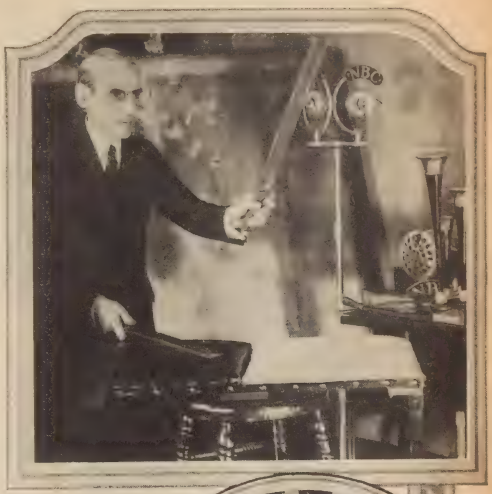
without a moment's hesitation, into the script went a description of the stampede. A copy of the script was sent to the engineer of sound effects.

ON THE top floor of the National Broadcasting company's home on Fifth Avenue is a little room, tucked away off in one corner. This hideaway, to my way of thinking, is the most interesting place in the building. It has all the resemblance in the world to our conception of Saint Nick's workshop so filled it is with strange toys. The spritely gentleman in charge wears no whiskers. He denies any relationship to the old toymaker. His name is Arthur R. Fasig and he carries rather well the official title of Engineer of Sound Effects. This room of his could be mistaken for a nursery but you are quite correct in assuming that these toys cannot possibly be the playthings of anyone blessed (or damned, as the case may be) with such an important sounding title. The toys are the tools of his craft. For "Sound Effect Fasig," as he has been dubbed by one studio wit, is a master craftsman.

Mr. Fasig received a copy of the script which called for the stampede. The program was scheduled to take the air a few nights later. It was up to him to get busy. He scratched his head and looked about the little workshop. Nowhere in sight was anything that bore the slightest resemblance to the hoof beats of that many horses. His stable was limited to a pair of cocoanut shells. These were used to imitate shod hoofs clattering over paved streets. The combination of wild horses and the turf of Western plains was something else again. But the ingenuity of Sound Effect Fasig saved the day.

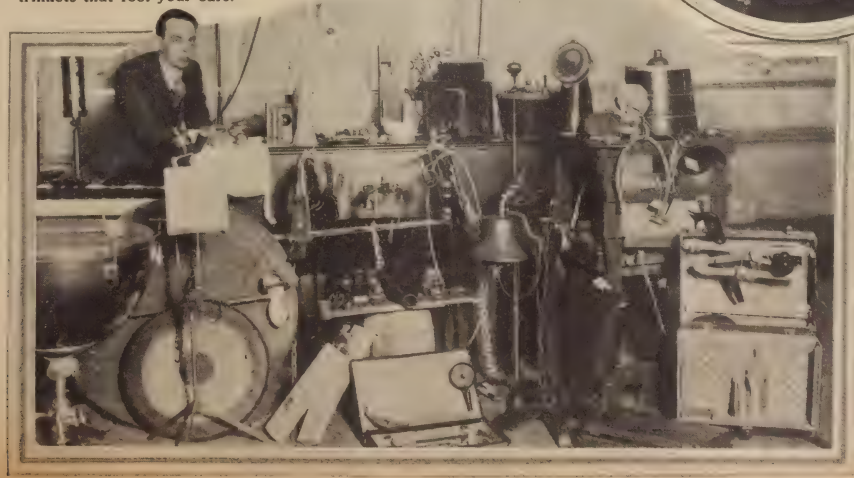
On the night of the broadcast ten men were on their knees before the microphone. Twenty hands held twenty objects never before seen in a studio. At a given signal these twenty objects started beating a galloping tattoo on the thick carpet. The microphone, aided and abetted by the colorful dialog preceding this event, picked up and recorded a faithful reproduction of a stampede of wild horses.

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"Pop! Bang! Bang!" When there's shooting to be done Mr. Fasig takes a couple of paddles and lays into a couple of specially stuffed pads. That "Yerp-yerp" of the Cliquot Eskimo dogs comes by pulling their "tails" as at right.



Harry Swan, sound expert in CBS laboratories, dopes out his new thingamajigs for sound effects on paper—a few of his trinkets that fool your ears.



LYDIA DOZIER, coloratura soprano with the Cincinnati civic opera, is also frequently heard over WLW. To hear her is to be charmed; to both see and hear her is to be captured and carried away a willing slave. We wonder, Lydia, how you escaped these poges so long!



MAURINE McCULLEY is one of the mysteries in the eight episode serial just drawing to a close at KFWB, Hollywood. "Oh, look what I got!" exclaimed the photog, sneaking up behind. And, womanlike, Maurine looked. Another mystery solved!



VIRGINIA GARDINER, who became a Radio dramatic headliner over the NBC circuit within six weeks after her debut. You hear her of a Monday night with the Empire Builders, another Fair of the Air.



JEANNE DUNN has decided to take off her coat and go to work. She'll croon a little at KFI, Los Angeles; a lot of distant fans will perk up and be happy; then she'll put on that California coat again and call it a day. Arduous is the day of a blues singer!



VAUGHN DE LEATH, known everywhere as the Original Radio Girl. There is plenty of evidence to prove that she was the first professional singer to be heard over the air. She is today one of the most popular soloists of the National Broadcasting company.



ELEANOR MASQUELET has a habit of snuggling up to a microphone and pouring soft sweet blue notes on the air in a way to make the Voice of Labor sound like a hymn of joy. You hear her frequently from the Chicago Federation of Labor station, WCFL.

Cugat Depicts

Sketches Nation's Great Starting Classroom Chain Hookup of



Errant pupils who don't attend to their lessons seem already to have left the mark of worry on the brow of W. John Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

With the School of the Air added to his troubles, Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur's long face appears preternaturally grave to Cugat.

School Chiefs

Leaders as They Join in of the Air Over Vast U. S. Broadcasters



Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and one of the advisers of the school, looks up from his calculator long enough for a quick picture of his keen face.

Dean of the faculty of the Air School, Dr. William C. Bagley's big brown eyes are bigger than ever when he thinks of his problems and opportunities.

DID BARRIE FIND

AMERICAN Editor Lets Friends Wait While He Sips Tea and Hears Sir James Tell Story of Rescue of The Twelve Pound Look—Obtains Glimpse of Private Treasure Drawer Where Author of Peter Pan Keeps His Brain Children Until He Decides to Give Them to the World

By William C. Lengel
Associate Editor Cosmopolitan Magazine



IT WAS a late winter's day in London. The rain seemed colder than sleet seems in Chicago and came beating down with a driving insistence.

Yet as I walked the two blocks from the Strand to Adelphi Terrace I was conscious of neither rain nor wind nor fog. For I was on my way to see James M. Barrie. To see and talk with the man who shared his dreams with the world when he wrote Peter Pan, Sentimental Tommy, Mary Rose, The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.

There were so many stories about him, stories that had become legends, myths, almost. He was shy and retiring, resented intrusion, visitors were far from welcome. Even American editors.

And I was an intruding, intrusive American. An American editor come to annoy him, no doubt. My first letter asking to see him was either unanswered or answered with polite evasiveness by his titled lady secretary. After a reasonable delay, I wrote again saying that surely he would not permit a pilgrim from America to go his way without seeing the British writer best-loved in America.

Now I was to see him. At three o'clock. It lacked a few minutes of that hour. Here was the Savage Club in front of me, a club that for its good fellowship is unequaled. I would stop here for a moment, have a whisky and soda to bolster my courage.

I stood at the tiny bar, without removing my overcoat. Not only was my engagement with Sir James only a few moments away, but at three o'clock the bar would close, close for two hours.

"What's your hurry?" asked a brother Savage.

"I'm due at Barrie's at three o'clock," I answered.

Whereupon there was much hearty British laughter.

"He's going to see Barrie," said one fine fellow.

"Well, we'll just order him a drink before the bar closes and keep it waiting for him," said another equally fine fellow.

I suppose I looked somewhat puzzled.

"You'll be back here in ten minutes," I was told. "Sir James will ask you how you are and you will ask after his health. Then the two of you will sit—or stand—looking at each other, he being a shy Scotsman and you being a shy sort of egg for an American, neither of you having anything to say, you will do the only thing left for a gentleman to do, you will bid Sir James adieu, and we will be here waiting to welcome your return, with a good sound drink to revive you."

Well, I consoled myself, I will at least have seen Barrie. That will be a memory to carry back to America.

THE lower portion of the building in which Sir James has his flat is occupied by a warehouse. Across the street, in an equally unpretentious structure, lived George Bernard Shaw. Shaw with his quizzical, jesting air, getting as much kick from pulling a British wise-crack as he would from a royalty statement. I had had that experience; however, that's another visit and another story. But at that time, those two seemingly dissimilar men, yet so similar because they express the same ideas in vastly different ways, could have looked from their respective windows and passed the time of day.

Through a doorway that looked almost disreputable, up a staircase built in a cold dismal well; into the warmth and comfort of living quarters that seemed all windows.

"Sir James will be in in just a moment," said the maid. I went over to the front windows. There was the misty magnificence of the Thames; the solemn dignity and beauty of Waterloo bridge. In the distance, across the river, the new London County Hall, on this side the rear of Whitehouse Court in which lived H. G. Wells, Countess Russell, better known as "Elizabeth," and beyond that the noble Parliament buildings themselves. All through that gray, sometimes golden haze, a view and a vision that only a myopic Turner could paint for you and which no mere descriptive words could make you see or feel.

I saw it—that picture—and I felt it, that breath-taking spell of London, so keenly that when I heard myself greeted by a soft, rather high-pitched voice, I could only find tongue to murmur something about the "wonderful view."

Barrie shook hands, cordially enough, but as if he were just as glad to have it over with. Many writing men dislike shaking hands. Theodore Dreiser avoids it when he can and neither Wells nor Arnold Bennett makes it a ceremony.

an ESCAPE from LIFE?



And this little man sitting there looking like a bird, at ease yet alert; at ease yet poised as if for flight.

Now I said something about my enjoyment of his work, of all America's enjoyment of it and how happy I was to meet the author of Peter Pan.

He appreciated that, he said. And then there was a pause. A long awkward pause. Were the fellows at the club right? Would this be the end? Suddenly I longed for that waiting whisky and soda.

Then Barrie said, "Would you like tea?" And do you prefer India or China?"

WE SAT down before a calm fire in the grate. (Why is it, I wondered, that English grate fires burn so calmly, so evenly?) This spacious, gracious room, so unobtrusively furnished, you were unconscious of furnishing, only of a sense of comfort. And through a wide doorway another spacious room, and at the far end of that room a grand piano, a vase of yellow jonquils. . . .

And this little man, sitting there utterly relaxed, yet looking like a bird, at ease, yet alert! at rest, yet poised as if for flight. Something in the set of that head, sunk a bit between the shoulders—yes, like a bird. The eyes, tired, yet ready to snap with fire. Self-possessed, yet defensive. So thoroughly assured of his place in the scheme of things and of his importance in the world of letters. And yet so modest, so self-depreciating.

What did I have to say that would be of interest to him? This wise little owl-like Scot who had turned the cruelty that tore his soul, into phantasy for your delectation—and mine.

Then, suddenly, it seemed we were talking. We were both talking. About books, about people, about plays, about the movies. I had lost the fear that what I might say could be of no importance or interest to him. I talked excitedly I know, as is my wont, or my fault, when I become intense.

Why, this man was not shy. Or had I by chance come upon him at a time when he felt the need of human companionship; when he simply had to talk to someone?

He liked the movies, and went often—the Tivoli Theatre in the Strand was just around the corner. I seldom go to the movies. I was impatient with their shortcomings; he saw the vision of their possibilities.

Had he ever seen Maude Adams as Peter Pan? No, he never had, but they had carried on a correspondence, and unless my memory is at fault, he said Miss Adams had planned to come to London that summer. And he would see her then.

BUT THE thing that interested me most and which I knew would interest all of America, was what, if anything, Barrie had written or might be working on.

Nothing, he assured me, absolutely nothing. Then he recanted that statement. He had written nothing he felt was any good. The war had done something to him. The war had done

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So Peter Rabbit himself turned the page while Aunt Sally (Mrs. Pasco Powell) read another garden adventure to the children of WBT, Charlotte, N. C.



"Heck, this peanut cap and bow tie make me look like a baby—but it's character, you know," explained old Don Hughes, 12, now doing drama parts at WABC over the CBS. "Now, back in 1925, when I was with Channing Pollock's, The Enemy, or even when I was with Leonore Ulric in Mima—"

"All set for Arabesque!" called the director, and old Don shuffled out with a hop-skip.



"Smile as you plunk," advised lovely Anita Page, as she borrowed a guitar from one of the Biltmore Trio during the Voices from Filmland program over CBS.



Having a studio a mile high above sea level isn't enough for KOA, Denver. They must have their flying studios and here's one about to sail aloft for a program.



Queen Joy and her court of Imperial Joycasters appear about to do something important here as we see the director maintaining that solemn hush which precedes the nod from the operator's window that "you're on."



What makes the Indian wild? What makes anybody wild? Lookit what he's got! Sometimes Phillip Arkansas (above), full blooded Ute, comes down from the Cherokee mountain reservation to give the paleface brothers blue medicine from his sax at WWNC.



Kay Austin can well afford to rest on her laurels as crooning xylophonist at KMOX —and she looks cute while doing it.



Frank Black, director and accompanist of the Sieberling Singers, is still wondering why Elliot Shaw, Lewis James and Wilfred Glenn (seated) are smiling at James Melton, tenor.



Now comes the Big Moment in the Farm Fiddlers' hour at WCFL, Chicago, when Mary Lynch whirls around from her song at the mike and launches into her sole music—tippity-tap-tap!



Wonder who gets the spanking at WFBL, Syracuse? But why bring that up when everybody seems so happy and anxious for a slice of that birthday cake dainty Miss Piazza baked with her own hands!



Every Tuesday night if you happen to be listening in at 10:30, EST, over the CBS, you will get a bit of old Russia from this quartet. They began singing together in Moscow before the Red regime.



Dirty work at the cross roads and you can depend on Josh and Si to ferret out all the skullduggery goin's-on. Listen to 'em over WTIC, Hartford. (Ed Dunham as Josh and Bennett Kilpack, Si.)



Ah! Ha! None other than the Mysterious Doctor Q. of KSTP!



Believe it or not Bill Cope was a serious long-faced Englishman until he discovered an old broken-down banjo one day. Now see him! He's at WSM, Nashville.





Hark! Hark! Everything seems to indicate that Jesse Stafford's Jungle Symphony is about to burst forth into gladsome sound. It happens now and then over KPO.

Maybe you think this isn't broadcasting but Leo O'Neil sure knows how to make his shoes click during the WLW Billikin Trouper program.



Ups and downs in the WEEI, Boston, studio when Announcer Carlton Dickerman takes a hard bottom chair to introduce Gordon Graham and other long leggers.



When Don Warner's orchestra plays Weary River at KFWB, Hollywood, the gentleman with the oversized horn plays the Weary part in the above fashion.



Jack Soanes, English actor, as Scrooge over WABC.



"Howdy folks. We jest got in from WIBW, Topeka. Most ever'body knows us there as Hiram and Henry. We're goin' to sing and josh awhile now at WLS before we mosey on."



"Sh-h-hh, dear reader, betcha can't guess who we are! Yep! We're Polly and Anna of the WLW Glad Club—and—and—did you know—Sh-hhh—?"



"Tut! Tut! Il n'y a pas de quoi!" says Mme. Suzanne Classon when one of these hard working NBC announcers pulls a boner while studying French for the correct pronunciation.

THEY WANTED TO MARRY

So He Made

NEW LAWS for OLD

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

WHEN RUPERT HUGHES delves into history he invariably brings up something to make us all gasp. He cleaves away mossy traditions and shows us visible human beings. And here is a tale of "The Great Migration" the insane rush for gold across the American continent in '49. It is a close-up of the moral musings of a lonely woman in a covered wagon that followed a grisly trail, and the behavior of a chivalrous doctor who dared to love when the Old Laws said he shouldn't.



SHE was so far from being the seventh son of a seventh son that she was the tenth daughter of a twentieth child. So Alice Gammell had no right to expect good luck exclusively. She used to think that she was the victim of bad luck exclusively.

She thought so especially when she had to sit on her shabby porch in Pike County, Illinois, and hear Mother Sarah Cheevers tell for the hundredth time of her birthplace on a thirty-thousand acre farm in the blue grass of Kentucky, and of the famous family reunion there on a balmy Christmas day in 1817.

As if she had never met her daughter before, Sarah would repeat the same old tune with ever-fresh enthusiasm.

"Lordy, Lordy, how time does fly! Here it is 1848 and me settin' here in Illinoise when I had ought to 'a' stayed in Kentucky with my folks. Here I am a widder for the second time and only ten children to show for my life, and my paw at my age was the father of twenty.

"Folks had right smart families in the good old days. You'd ought to been with me that Christmas when we all got together in paw's home. A hundred and twenty-four of us set down at once in the dinin' room—eighty foot long it was. And ever' last one of us came from paw.

"Me—I was the youngest of his own children, the twentieth, but they was only ten of his children that could get there that day: some was dead and some had moved off into the wilderness or went East. Anyways, there at the head of the table set paw, and at the foot of it set maw—she was his second wife, but she give him ten children just like his first wife done. And—well, between paw and maw on both sides the table they was three great, great grandchildren, and ninety grandchildren, and ten own children. And that makes a hundred twenty-four or I miss my count.

"LORDY, Lordy, the vittles we et and the cider and B'urbon we drank! We had so many slaves waitin' on us it looked like it was going to rain. Thirty-thousand acres there was in paw's farm.

"And I could have lived there in peace and comfort, but I had to go and marry a restless man and he drug me off to Illinoise. And he didn't do so good as he allowed he would, and our children turned out such a shiftless lot that when he died I had to marry your paw, and he was worse yet. And now you had to go and marry a steamboat pilot. And the best I can say about him is that he ain't home much."

Alice sighed. After all it was a poor and shabby lot she had drawn. Her ancestors had been lords of a great domain and here she was stranded on a sandbar of fate, with a husband whose chief virtue lay in his long absences.

The porch faced west and she could look across the Mississippi into Missouri. Her soul had a westward urge. There were vast free lands beyond and she longed for elbow-room, for any escape from the torpor of her existence.

What was her life but an unmerited sentence to an indefinite term in jail? The very picket fence in front of her village cottage stood for the bars that pent her up. Yet all she had to do was arise and leave, but whither and for what?

And then the gleaming word Gold! came floating back from beyond the mountains. There was gold in California! It rang like a bugle of reveille. It set the whole nation in motion, waking thousands on thousands of sleepers from stupor to the frenzy of a crusade.

Gold! Gold in California! Tantara ta ta! Tantara ta ta! Gold! Get up and go! Go get your gold! There's gold in California! In California! There's Gold! Go—go—go—Gold!

When Tom Gammell came home now from his work on the freight boat, he found no longer the listless woman who had yawned as he told of snags encountered, and cargoes delivered, and of races with rival steamers. He found a woman who teased him with the dream of gold, a siren who sang to him of wealth and palaces and freedom.

"You're stuck in the backwash here, Tom," she pleaded. "We're in an eddy: we just go round and round and round and round. You stand up in a little cabin all day, and turn a wheel and ring a bell for the engineer, and I sit here and rock back and forth in a rockin'-chair. All we've got to do is to walk over and pick up the gold that's waitin' for us."

"Right smart of a walk," said Tom. "A couple o' thousand miles is all."

"Well, we can ride, can't we? We can buy a prairie schooner and you can pilot that."

HE ALWAYS mocked her to her face but her words haunted him; and while he studied the swirling, dimpling currents of the Mississippi he dreamed of the California rivers where one had only to dip in a pan and rock it gently and gather the golden sediment; a land where one stumbled over ledges of yellow wealth, and threw nuggets at jack rabbits.

Other pilots were deserting the packets and dashing West.



He shouted back as he drove his wagon across the gang plank: "So long, Nat; when I come back home I'll bring ye a solid gold hat."

It was hard to find a first or second mate to curse the roustabouts. Everybody was on the run to California.

At last, with the worst possible grace, Tom growled to Alice:

"Oh, all right. I'll take a look at Californy just to get shut of your everlastin' gabble."

By the time he was ready, everybody in the village seemed to be ready. Tom's two brothers, Jim and Jake, and Alice's half brothers, Esek and Eleazar, and her second cousin Sarah Cheevers, and her husband who was blind and had never seen half of his four children, and Mrs. Cheevers' crippled mother, and her stepson Bill Broshears and his epileptic daughter Molly—all made up one train.

They crossed the river in the boat that Tom had lately piloted and Tom, from below looked down on his successor in the deck house above:

"Poor Nat," he laughed. "He ain't got enough git-up-and-git in him to brush the smoke out of his eyes. I bet when we come back rich we'll find him up there just spinnin' the old wheel round and round and jinglin' the old bell to the injine room."

He shouted back as he drove his wagon across the gangplank:

"So long, Nat. When I come home I'll bring ye a solid gold hat."

But he did not keep his promise. Tom rarely kept his promises.

Across the first miles in Missouri they flew as briskly as the March wind. But there were so many miles. They had expected to be rich and at ease in less time than it seemed to take them to traverse this one state. And they were then only at the jump-off.

At St. Jo they crossed the shallow brown Missouri river and took up the drudgery of the Kansan and Nebraskan plains. The trail was already so populous with wagons that they were trapped in an endless funeral procession. They might not have complained so harshly of the monotony of dreary reality if they had foreseen the grisly horrors preparing for them.

THEY were making history, making nations, and earning immortal if anonymous honor as pioneers in the epic of the Great Migration. They were riding the crest of that human tidal wave, but they could not watch themselves from the heights of the sky or from the all-softening, all-enchanting distance of posterity. They knew only the churning, the turmoil, the dirt, the confusion. What historians marvel at as the astounding speed of their conquest was to them the despondent trudge of starving snails.

The name then for the ocean of prairie between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains was "the Great American Desert." Ridiculous as it sounds to their descendants it was no misnomer to those footsore, heartsore pilgrims. Distance was to them a treadmill that fell away back of them only to appear again before them forever and ever. The grasshoppers and the buffaloes were swarms of equal peril. The quicksands and the rattlesnakes, the bogs and the sun-scorched fields, the interminable levels and the recurrent streams that must be crossed again and again seemed to be placed there for their annoyance.

Ahead was uncertainty; about them cark and care; behind them only was there anything comfortable. And many of them had not even that solace of homesickness, for they were fleeing from the law or from poverty, from discontent or from unhappy love.

For women like Alice it was especial wretchedness. They



. . . She hailed him and asked if he were a doctor. He swept off his hat and said: "A poor one, madam, but such as I am I'm at your service."

were still tormented by old-fashioned customs of delicacy, of modesty, of cleanliness and coquetry. But on the long, thronged road there was no privacy, no ceremony, nothing that would once have been considered the absolute minimum of decency.

Ladies formerly accounted dainty and exquisite, now floundered, limped and sweated in the same dirty tattered clothes week after week, without change, without bath, without perfume. They slept in the stable yard of innumerable buffalo or in a filthy wagonbed. When they were racked with the jouncing of the springless wheels on the abominable roads, they could climb down and hobble in the dust among the weeds, the stifling gnats and locusts, the gliding snakes and the scattered garbage of the host that had preceded them.

There are no pages in the books of the saints and the martyrs to tell of the torments endured from sore feet, tight or broken shoes, corns, bunions, blisters and chilblains. But the pangs of disprized love are no harder to accept and Alice would have given her right arm for the bliss of sitting on her despised front porch in the lost paradise of her rocking-chair. In this fenceless welter of space even the old pickets that she had called her prison bars would have looked beautiful. When she caught cold, she could cough till her cough stopped of exhaustion. When she and her companions were bruised, or suffered broken bones or strained tendons, or the various disgusts of indigestion, and the derangements of all the functions that society so cunningly provides for with so many polite disguises —then these ladies and gentlemen could make the best of it. They could no longer draw down the bedroom curtains and send for the doctor and his prescriptions. There were no bedrooms, no curtains, no doctors and no drug stores.

BLIND Mr. Cheevers could never become familiar with his environment, since it changed incessantly. He had to be cared for like a child. Mrs. Cheevers' crippled mother, Mrs. Broshears, brought along her sciatica like a rat caged in her hip. Even in her sleep she moaned about its gnawing, and in the daytime her whimpers of pain were as regular as the unending creaking of the ungreased wheels. To vary this music came occasionally the uncanny noises of Molly Broshears having one of her fits.

Whatever happened they must go on and on and on. The alternative was to keel over by the wayside and die there of starvation or dysentery or of chill, and let the coyotes, the wolves and the buzzards serve as the undertakers.

The crusade was for gold. The first one over the mountains with the most supplies would soonest know the ease they denied to their companions as they denied it to themselves.

So they fled with the look and the mood of refugees from plague rather than of seekers after hidden treasure. And then came a plague, and it followed them, overtook them, walked among them.

A new word drove out the bugleword that had mustered this vast host. They forgot to talk of Gold ahead. They talked of Cholera alongside. They thought no more of wealth. Just to live would be enough—just to escape! Better any hardships from without, than that sudden uneasiness within, that turning to water and blood and poison; that filthy death in which one was more loathsome to oneself than to the recoiling witnesses.

And now a change came over the aspect of the endless roadside. Hitherto it had been decorated like a garden walk with an endless burlesque border of rubbish from thousands of wagons; splintered wheels, rusty tires, snapped wagon



tongues, yokes, broken stoves, kettles, pans, skillets, flour-barrels, hats, shoes, boots, corsets, bonnets, carcasses of horses, oxen, mules, bison, or their bones. It had been a familiar sight to see families or groups turned aside to mend a fractured axle, to sweat on a loose tire, to revive a sick beast of burden, to unharness a dead ox and put a cow or a horse in its place; to cook a meal or dress a wound, or for any other reason.

But soon after they passed Fort Kearney the roadside was edged with scenes that tried the hardened hearts of the harshest wayfarers. Cold slashing rains whipped their faces as they drove, yet it was not easy to drive on while some miserable woman, or man, or child staggered drunkenly into the dripping weeds and fell writhing. It was dangerous, however, to go to the rescue. It imperilled not only one's own life but the life of one's family. Samaritanism here took on the look of a supreme selfishness.

Alice had a gentle soul. When she saw a young mother toppling out into the prairie with a besotted doggedness, drunk with pain, Alice cried out:

"Stop the horses, Tom, and let me down. I can't let her die like that."

"What do you want to do, you fool? Go out and fetch the cholery back, so's all of us ketch it? Well, not so's you could notice, you won't!"

WHEN Tom Gammell was afraid he tried, as the rest of us do, to hide his fear under a pretense of wrath. Alice knew him as only wives know men, and she laughed:

"What are you afraid of, Tom? You're white as a clean sheet."

This filled him with a rage of shame and when she made ready to drop off anyway, he seized her wrist in a grip that left it black and blue. And he raised his fist above her to strike. But he had the lines in that hand, and the gesture frightened the horses. They bolted from the muddy road and before he could bring them down to a trot and turn them again to the highway, the sick woman was far behind.

But Alice had not forgotten the threat of the blow and she said:

"Who do you think you're shaking your fist at, Tom Gammell? You're not on a packet boat and I'm no darky deck hand. You lay your fist to me just once, and you'll wish it was only the cholera that struck you."

He scowled and held his wrist. But when camp was made that night, he told the rest of the circle what Alice had tried to do. All of them rounded on her as if she were a traitor and a criminal, and cowering in drenched misery about the sputtering fire warned her that if she ever went near a cholera victim, she should never come near any of them again.

After that when they saw anybody in the ghastly wrestle with the invisible fiends, they whipped up their horses, prodded their cattle on and held their breaths in dread of the very air.

Alice was helpless. She felt herself unworthy of the name of woman for passing by such unbearable grief as lined the highway more and more thickly, but she was chained to the cowardice of her company. They broke camp early of mornings now in their haste to outrun the cholera. She grew afraid with a new fear and she pleaded with her husband:

"We started out for gold and we've left the golden rule behind! It's all very nice to run away from poor sick folks, but what if you got sick yourself? You may find yourself doubled up with the cholera and holding out your hands to the crowd, and then how will you feel when you see the crowd go by you without paying you any attention?"

"I'll take my chance on that," he muttered.

"I guess if I got sick, you'd dump me off the wagon and drive on, wouldn't you?"

"Let's not talk about us gettin' sick. I don't feel none too good as it is."

"Maybe, I'd better throw you overboard now and whip up the horses," she persisted.

"You prob'ly would, at that," he growled. "Second husbands seem to run in your fambly."

He laughed at his raw joke and made it worse:

"But don't git your hopes up. If the cholery nabs me, it will nab you, too, and you won't last long enough to look round for a handsomer feller—haw, haw, haw—oh, Gawd, look at Bud Ellery! And him and I was together only this mornin' ketchin' a runaway hoss."

HIS guffaw of laughter had ended in a sob of fright, for he had seen his crony struck as with the black lightning and sent skirling out into the open prairie, clutching and tearing at his body as if his clothes were on fire.

Alice watched him closely and said:

"I'll hold the hosses while you go help him."

"Hold nothin'!" said Tom, and drove on, cursing the slow cattle that he must not leave behind and shrieking to the Cheevers children to bring them up on the run.

He kept a murky silence save for yelling at the horses and the children. After a time he ceased even that noise and sat hunched up in his own shoulders. Then suddenly he started, grunted, "Huh?" and turned sharply round. He saw nothing but the inside of the wagon. His eyes were red with panic as he caught the searching stare of Alice, and he mumbled as he shot a stream of tobacco juice across the road.

"I kind o' thought I heard somebody call my name."

"Maybe you did," said Alice, studying him. "Maybe your own name was called."

(Continued on page 114)

Weak End Satires

By **Natalie Giddings**

FULL-FLEDGED from the brain of a ukulele player has sprung the Irrational Broadcasting Company and its "irreproachable, irresponsible, unbreakable, one-piece Lavender Network."

An obvious satire on broadcasting practices, the Irrational Broadcasting Company has been on the air for more than a year with the strangest collection of commercial sponsors, "jest announcers" and entertainers ever conceived. It's a WLW feature, known by the generic title of "Weak-End Satires," and presented every other Sunday night during the Musicale Novelesque hour.

How appropriate that a ukulele player, most satirized character in Radio broadcasting, should be the originator of a continued burlesque of every Radio undertaking. Accustomed to being the brunt of every joke, Don Becker, ukulele virtuoso of the Crosley Stations, had the nerve to do what less callous performers never would have had the temerity to attempt. He dared to make fun at the expense of the "angel" of broadcasting: the commercial program.

Like all ukulele players, Becker had a yen to "get ahead." Two years ago, he was only a ukulele player on the staff of WSAI (soon after its control had been taken over by the Crosley Radio Corporation for operation with WLW). It was his burning desire to prance up to a microphone and say, "There Will Now Be a Brief Pause for Station Announcements," that gave the radio audience its big laugh at broadcast programs.

With something resembling occult powers, he deduced the fact that it would be a long time in the life of a ukulele player before he would be an announcer. So he fooled them. He started a broadcasting network of his own of which he could be announcer, entertainer, staff.

HIS first satire was written to liven up the 15 minutes of ukulele playing he did each day for WSAI. He hit upon the idea of representing his appearances as "offered through the courtesy of the Dolly Dimple Steam Roller Corporation of Podunk, makers of the Flatenemflat '8' whose motto is, 'A Steam Roller in Every Home.'"

That gave him a chance to be his own announcer, for between ukulele strummings, he inserted such modest commercial announcements as this:

"Just supposing mother is washing: her wringer breaks. Easy. Just drive your dainty Dolly Dimple Steam Roller into the basement, place the clothes on the floor, and let little Georgie or Anthony ride around the basement. Suppose your tooth paste apparently is all used up, and you haven't time for to get more. Roll over it with your Dolly Dimple Steam Roller and you will be surprised. Is it any wonder that our motto is 'A Steam Roller in Every Home.'"

Then Becker found in his mail box a summons from Ford Billings, director of the Crosley Stations. The youth had visions of a blue slip in his pay envelope.

"What's the idea of being funny about radio programs?" Billings demanded when Becker tiptoed into his presence.

"Why I . . . I. Why I was just trying to have a little fun," Becker stammered.

"Well, make them funnier and make them longer," Billings shocked the youthful satirist.

It was Billings' idea that commercial broadcasting was so well established that the "Weak-End Satires" would be a compliment.

"WHEN commercial programs were not firmly established, recognized, or respected, any fun at their expense would have fallen flat," he explained. "People do not understand nor appreciate a caricature of an unfamiliar idea."

"To travesty a program known but not accepted, would be to draw ridicule upon it. But to fabricate a fantasy as an exaggeration of something known and admired, is to draw favorable attention to the original."

Those directions by Billings to make the Weak-End Satires "longer and funnier," were music to Becker's ears. He needed no further urging.

Immediately the Dolly Dimple Steam Roller Corporation burst forth with this "theme song:"

"If you find it hard to smile,
If your eyes refuse to twinkle,
Use our roller for a while:
Banish every frown and wrinkle

If your face is rendered plain
By an unattractive pimple:
Simply roll it out again,
With the latest Dolly Dimple."

The Weak-End Satires were given a place first on WSAI's Night programs, and then they were boisterously received by that station's audience, they were shifted to WLW to give them more listeners.

As the Lavender Network added such commercial contracts as the Blah-Hooey Importing Company, the Pansy School for Discontented Cows, and the Amalgamated Associa-



Don Becker Works Up from Poor Uke Player to Command of Dolly Dimple Steam Roller and Dictator of Lavender Network

tion of Weiner-Wurst Manufacturers, Becker had to enlarge his staff. At first the Blah-Hooey Importing Company's Fool-Harmonica Orchestra consisted of drums, ukulele, and kazoo. But that wasn't enough. He worked a piccolo player and a bass horn soloist into helping him out.

Imagine "Scars and Gripes Forever" (Stars and Stripes Forever) played on the Piccolo and Bass Horn with assorted dissonances to add variety. In the studio the combination is so funny, that piccolo and bass horn must sit back to back to keep from exploding with interrupting laughter.

NOW on the Musicale Novelesque, the entire Novelesque orchestra riotously plays slightly out of key as incidental music for Lavender Network programs. It's harder work than playing a Beethoven Symphony, they say, but they love it. Staid symphony men beg to play their most hated solos so that they can vent their spleen in "Blue" notes. One 'cello player swoons with joy whenever he is permitted to play "The Swan" a la Blah-Hooey Hour.

As the Satires began to be noticed, Becker emerged from a mere ukulele player into a personality. He began to haunt the publicity office with stories of approaching broadcasts. Days before the next satire was written, Becker could recite it verbatim to anyone who would listen, and to others who would not. Convulsed with laughter at his own originality, Becker even now has a way of getting staff members, and even Radio listeners, to suggest more comical ideas for his programs. His recitation of cherished plans, invariably inspire his auditors to humor. These spontaneous outbursts of: "Why don't you say this . . ." and "You ought to call him. . . " Don gracefully accepts and incorporates in his continuities with gratifying results.

Somewhere along the way in his creation of a complete imaginary "national mixup of assorted gasoline stations," Becker envisioned a president for the Irrational Broadcasting Company: one J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, Jr. J. Cornelius gives talks on the Lavender Network on such subjects as "Commercial Programs and Why they should be Paid For." But more than that, he sends inter-office memos to WLW engineers, entertainers, and publicity staff informing them of approaching paroxysms.

Days on end, Becker quotes no one but J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder until he has become so real to the staff of WLW, that they would be not the least surprised to see J. Cornelius walk into the office any day. In fact, many are there who believe that Becker and Fishbearder are one and the same, but which is which or who is who, no one will venture to say.

MOST recently according to Becker, Fishbearder discovered he could buy "phoneygraft prescriptions" at the ten cent store. IBC's first recorded program was in behalf of the International Mosquito Farms. Their slogan: "Because You Love Nice Stongs." Their offer: International Mosquitos all the year round with voices in different pitches to suit the occasion. Only unfortunate part of the recorded experiment: the "Phoneygraft" stuck on such lines as "every mosquito is not an International . . . not an International . . . not an International . . . not an International;" and "remember, you can get bit anytime . . . get bit anytime . . . get bit anytime . . . get bit anytime."

So entranced was J. Cornelius reported to be with his records that he intends to fire his whole staff of announcers and entertainers and turn the records himself.

What a shock that would be to the Radio world to be deprived of these Irrational Broadcasting Announcers who have been so long associated with the Lavender Network: Alarge Gorilla, Kinda Kross, Fullof Carbon, Graham Smackatmee (the famous sports announcer) Woolworth Announcing, Fence Pickett, and other names reported to have made various nationally known radio personages writhe with agony at the idea of being satirized. If J. Cornelius goes through with his determination to be rid of all his staff to make way for "phonygraft electrical prescriptions" (as various alarmists feel that all Radio stations will do) what a wealth of musical talent will be silenced: Daniel Hillfret and his Foolharmonica Orchestra; the world's greatest violinish, Yassir Hi-Kits: Jessy Go-drag-em-Out, and Callon Some-More, the celebrated 'cellist' Outa-Tunna; the Silver Flask Tinner; Dolly Dimple's own Fi-Fi Horn Artist; Mr. Treatserruffsky, Piano Virtuoso, and many more.

(Continued on page 123)



Don Becker, master mind of the Irrational Broadcasting Company.

HUMOR *in the* NBC STUDIOS

Quips and Bits From the Funny Folks Who Bring You Smiles

ALINE: Did you get up at 5 a. m. in time to hear King George broadcast?

Cub Reporter: How silly! Not me! I can get better talent at a better time. Who cares about these stretch-and-yawn periods? And where did King George ever do his stuff on the air? Let him make a reputation first. What can he do, yodle, play the mouthharp, do a croon or play a ukulele? And I should get up at 5 o'clock in the morning!

* * *

Aline: So you have a real set now?

Cub: Yes, indeedy! And I hear you sold your old battery set to John, the boy?

Aline: Yes, I was lucky to sell it.

Cub: You were. John is sore, he says you stung him with a "B" battery.

Aline: But it's alright now. I've honeyed him up and he isn't sore any more.

* * *

Paul: What do you think you could do in a broadcast station?

Al: I's a railroad man.

Paul: Why'n you go to a railroad station den?

Al: I wants to fire de enjine I hear's makin' de grade on de air.

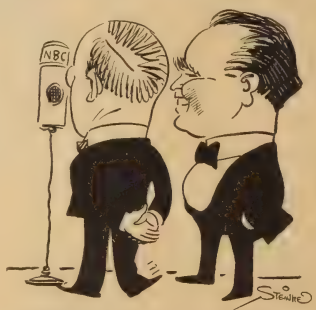
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A lady wrote to Curt Peterson, NBC announcer, saying her canary always sang when it heard his voice over the air. Curt thought this was nice until the lady added at the end that the canary also responded to the hum of the vacuum cleaner and the sound of a Ford steaming up to pull away from the curb.

* * *

She: "I suppose you're going to the Harvard-Yale Boat race?"

He: "Of course not! That's a shell game."



Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Interwoven Pair, National Broadcasting company comedians and entertainers.

Jerry: "That endurance flight story I went out on yesterday ended early."

Doris: "What happened?"

Jerry: "The flier was a Scotchman and he remembered at 5,000 feet that he'd left the pilot light on his gas stove burning."

* * *

Jerry: "You know, sweetheart, I could just die dancing with you."

Doris: "Not here, big boy—this is a living room."

* * *

Paul: "Just what kind of job is your father looking for?"

Al: "I think he'd like a job calling the stations on an ocean liner."

* * *

Paul: "Why is English called the 'mother tongue' in your family, Al?"

Al: "Because father don't get a chance to use it."

* * *

Al: "Why did your wife hit you for calling her maple sugar?"

Paul: "Somebody told her maple sugar is refined sap."

* * *

Ray: "How'd you get that grease on your face?"

Bestos: "O, I had trouble with my brakes and tried to fix 'em."

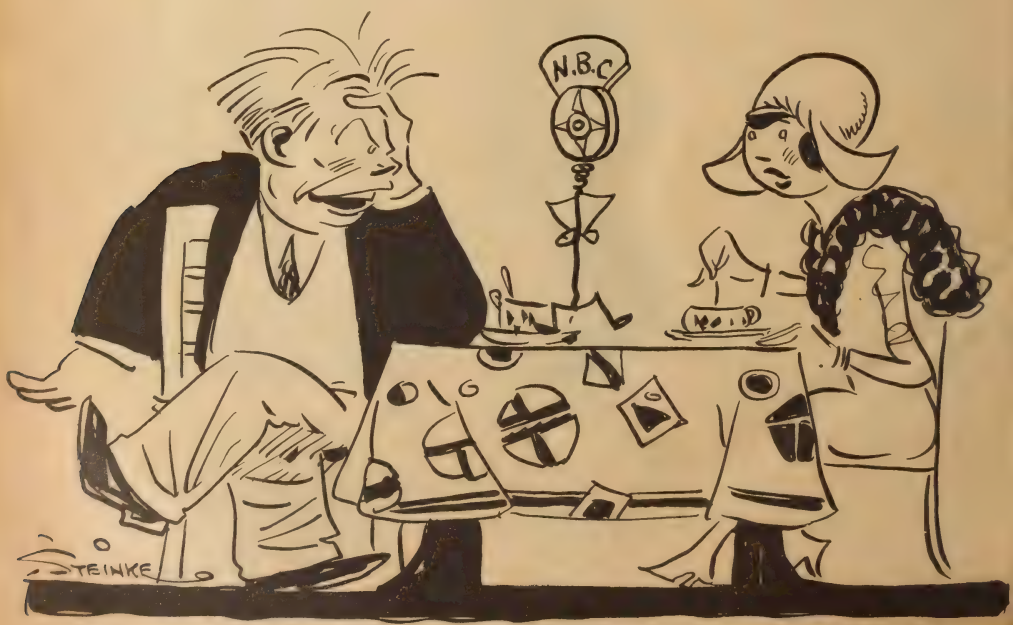
Ray: "I didn't know they used red grease on automobiles."

* * *

Bestos: "You should eat fruit."

Ray: "I know—bananas—they're so much safer than fish, because there's no bones in them."

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The Cub Reporter and Aline in "The Cub Reporter," weekly NBC program, as they appear to Jolly Bill Steinke, of the team of Jolly Bill and Jane.

Tck! Tck! SHOCKING EXPOSE!

MARY *and* BOB *are* NOT MARRIED

TRUE STORY of True Story Couple Revealed Here with Real Names for First Time

By Jean Campbell

MARY AND BOB—Mental mates—but NOT, as yet, MARRIED MATES! However, dear reader, be warned! This, told-for-the-first-time, *true* story of Mary and Bob, must in all honesty remain, yet a while, a sort of unfinished life-symphony. Because, it is quite evident, that the "finale," to the harmonies-of-temperament that exist between these two, known as Radioland's most loving and lovable young couple, cannot yet be written!

Now that the truth is out—it should be explained on behalf of both Mary and Bob, that neither of them ever fostered the illusion in the minds of millions to the effect that they are, indeed, married in all reality. Nor has anyone else, except their Radio and personal appearance audience, been responsible for this idea. *(Tut! Tut! Jean—Somebody at CBS told Radio Digest that Mary and Bob were married and the article was published in good faith!*—Editor.)

It was born, purely and simply, out of the realism of their dramatic ability to simulate married-mates while "in character," and about the business of traveling, for the purpose of making personal appearances, or, about the business of journeying, before the microphone, in their unique dramatization of a weekly search for real life stories for the True Story Hour.

And yet, it is pleasant to know, that this "illusion" about Mary and Bob, has actually a true basis in that they are, most assuredly, mental affinities in the truest sense of that term. They are agreeably aware of this fact—and the best of pals during recreational hours, as well as the best of dramatic partners during working hours, because of this mental affinity. And so, after a bit of adroit questioning, and a bit of strenuous and cautious coaxing, we have cornered each of them, in turn, and brought to light at last the true story of Mary and Bob.

Mary comes by her "character name" quite honestly. Her own name is Mary Nora Stirling. She is proud of a thoroughly Scotch ancestry and parentage. Her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Stirling, came with Mary's eldest sister Janet to America from Edinburgh, Scotland, long before Mary was born.

The Stirlings settled their new home at Atlanta, Georgia, and there their next child, Alexa Stirling, was born and reared and attained fame as the holder of the National Women's Golf champion title which she held for five years. Mary, the Stirlings' youngest, had small interest in out-of-doors sports, excepting her love for horse-back riding. She was a dreamy, stay-at-home child, who began at the age of three to dramatize and imitate her elders and the characters of the visiting natives who exchanged calls with her mother at her Atlanta homestead.

Her father, is a noted Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist.

No one in Mary's family had ever been on the stage. The idea of her becoming an actress was thought of with some misgivings but her very genuine talent for that and for nothing else, unless it be for writing, won parental permission to forego college in favor of several terms in a school of dramatic expression, the Alberti School at Carnegie Hall. This she followed with several seasons of experience in a dramatic stock company, as a member of Mrs. Fisk's repertoire company, and as a member of the New York Theatre Guild.

Mary's childhood schooling was accomplished at a private girls' school at Atlanta. Her high-school period was spent at the fashionable Washington Seminary of the National Capital city, and during a return to their old home Mary enhanced her educational advantages by a term or two in an Edinburgh academy.

Being still very young when she assailed Radio as a medium for her dramatic expression, she hardly knew just what part she would aim at, until by accident she heard of the True Story Hour when it was being planned.

And so it happened that a petite, red-haired, girl in a shy but thoroughly dramatic manner approached the

(Continued on page 118)



Best of pals, at work and at play, Mary and Bob.

Radio in the Next War

(Continued from page 19)

talking following such an exchange of compliments would be done by the respective armies, navies, marine corps and air forces.

The next ultimatum of war will come to the people of the world by Radio. After every effort in the direction of peace has failed, the nations involved will broadcast their causes to the world, and with diplomatic expressions of regret will be forced to admit that no other medium of settlement exists except force. As I see it any war that breaks loose in the next score of years will commence as I have just outlined. But the outbreak of hostilities on land and sea will bring peace in the air by no means.

The Radio verbage of the diplomatic preliminaries will be doubled, if not tripled, by the cloudburst of imprecations, charges, threats, defenses, alibis and the Niagaras of propaganda that will fill the ether immediately.

It is quite easy to understand this because whereas during the preliminaries only one nation spoke at a time, and the rest listened, during the conflict all of the belligerent forces will be speaking at the same time. The only difference in the implied metaphor is that each nation will be listening as well as speaking, and both at the same time. In that difference lies just one more kernel of hopefulness and usefulness for Radio in the direction of peace.

RIGHT at this point rises a question of vital concern to America. There are more Radio sets in operation in America than in any other country in the world. And there is no control of those sets or their owners by the United States government. The Radio propaganda bureau of the enemy country could address itself night and day with thousands of words of subtle argument calculated to lower the popular morale, to cultivate the obstructiveness of opposition political groups and to arouse the active antagonism of dissatisfied minorities.

Just as Germany in the last war spread the seeds of revolt in Ireland, Egypt and Tripoli, and even proposed an alliance with America's next door neighbor, Mexico, so in the event of another war, it may be expected logically, that the enemy country, whatever it be, will appeal by Radio to any diverging or dissenting groups among the one hundred and twenty million people of the United States. Any and all manner of political rewards would be offered to these groups by the enemy in return for any efforts made by the groups to disrupt the national unity of their own country and to retard or delay the vitally essential mobilization of man-power and industries for the defense of the country.

Washington would then face a problem of dealing with this dangerous situation. The government would either attempt to call in all the Radio sets, or would endeavor to answer the enemy propaganda word for word over the air, or would develop some counteracting electrical device by which the ether would be charged with destructive waves that would have the effect of jamming the air, and making it impossible for the enemy's broadcast propaganda to reach the ears of American listeners.

But the enemy country would not be handicapped with such a problem. In almost every other country in the world, every Radio receiving set in use is licensed by the government, and its exact location and ownership is a matter of government record. The foreign owners of Radio receiving sets must have special legal permits for them, just as in America it is supposedly required that every possessor of a firearm must have a special permit for the privilege.

THUS if America attempted to counterbalance the enemy propaganda by broadcasting American propaganda to the



A brief rest in the home of an African potentate.

enemy people, the enemy government could block this attempt completely by calling upon all of their licensed holders to turn their sets in to the authorities. This would have the effect of plugging the ears of the people to any presentation of its case that America might make over the air.

But in spite of this handicap the country would turn to the duty and task of defending itself. There would be the inevitable spy scares resulting from the widespread possibility of enemy agents in our midst receiving instructions via the air.

At the actual front, as soon as the attacking and defending forces came in contact with one another, new and surprising uses for Radio, both in offensive and defensive action, would be revealed. Let's begin with the infantry, for example.

A platoon of doughboys is advancing to the attack of an enemy position. The line stretches right and left across a field. The men are hugging the ground closely to escape a hail of machine gun fire. Slightly in the rear of the center of the line, a young lieutenant commanding the platoon lies on the ground, his eyes studying the contours of the field across which his men must advance.

The minute of the charge approaches. He unhooks a small metal device the size of an oyster from his Sam Brown belt and holds it to his mouth. It is the microphone of the small portable, shortwave transmitting set. He switches on the current from the batteries carried in small tubes connected up like cartridges in his belt.

Now he is talking in an ordinary conversational tone into the microphone. He is giving commands and instructions to the corporals of his squads, each one of whom has a receiver strapped to one ear under his metal helmet. Here is the command·

"TWO minutes to go men, hold steady and lie close. Olson, you on the left detail a rifle grenade man to that irrigation ditch on the edge of the field. Have him start dropping a few eggs on that machine gun nest on the edge of the trees.



"Corporal Murphy, on the right advance your men ten or fifteen feet and you will get the better protection of that slight rise in the center of the field.

"Corporal Smith, you in the center, tell that damn fool in your squad, who keeps poking his head up, that he won't have one in a few minutes if he keeps doing that.

"Hold steady everybody now, thirty seconds and you will hear the guns, and then up and at 'em. Tell the men to keep spread out—keep the measured steady pace, you know, not too fast and—here are the guns, let's go everybody."

A downpour of shells crash on the enemy line on the edge of the forest. The doughboys rise to their feet, bayonets fixed and rifles extended, advance across the field, joined by the lieutenant who advances with them. Some fall, but the survivors continue. They reach the machine nests and man to man the advance revolves into a hand to hand combat, with bayonet, rifle butt and pistol and hand grenades, until the resistance is beaten down and the position occupied.

And there the platoon commander, crouching down in one of the former enemy nests, unhooks the microphone at his belt again, issues the necessary instructions to his men for consolidating the line, and then addresses his report through the microphone to his company commander several hundreds of yards in the rear. He reports the number of the casualties, the remaining strength of his platoon, the exact position it occupies on the edge of the forest, and the new position to which the enemy has fallen back, all valuable information which the officers and the men of the old A. E. F. had to deliver by individual runners and messagi: carriers, who in order to cover the distances were forced to expose themselves to enemy fire, with consequent great loss of life.

AS OFTEN happened in the World War, positions taken at great costs in casualties had to be immediately abandoned for strategic reasons unknown to the little commanders in the actual front-line trenches, so with the lieutenant of our patrol, he might well receive back from his company commander by way of the air, instructions somewhat as follows:

"Lieutenant Jones, withdraw your platoon immediately from the position you have just taken and resume the position you formerly held. This is necessary to straighten our line. Your platoon is exposed on both flanks, and your men will soon be subject to an enfilade fire. Before retiring, you will locate the enemy commanders front line dug-out and plant in it one of the G.2.D. microphones.

"Be sure and hide it well so that its presence will not be discovered when the enemy reoccupies the position. Attach all of the batteries you have to it, so that it will operate as long as possible. We want to hear what those birds are talking about."

And so Lieutenant Jones retires with the survivors of his group. But he leaves behind an active and operating portable transmitter and batteries hidden deep in the dugout wall, and attached to a microphone equally well secreted. For the next several days, depending upon the strength of the series of batteries attached, the hidden mike will be reporting back to the Amer

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Craig Kennedy Springs the Trap

The GIGOLO MYSTERY

CAPTAIN RYDER SMITH Meets His Accusers Face to Face and Tells How Rum Row Killers Destroyed Pretty Lola Langhorne by Green Death

Illustrations by Charles Ropp

By Arthur B. Reeve

Chapter XVI
THE LAST LINK

THERE was a tenseness in the atmosphere in the big living room of the Hancock bungalow as if it were charged with the very electricity that was on the air. What would Kennedy ask? There was the man he had been seeking—somewhere, some twelve or twenty miles, out on the ocean—the missing link in his chain of evidence.

"I have the 'Geronimo'—they're standing by!" announced Craig with the wireless apparatus over his ears. He turned to us. "Walter—McNaught—cover every door and window—no one must get out of his room—no one. Now, Don—come across—make good! Where is he?"

Donato smirked around at the rest of them in the room. He was not in any hurry to surrender the center of the stage.

"Cut the dramatics, Don," urged Kennedy sharply. "Everyone in this room is covered by McNaught's men outside, and McNaught and Jameson are at the doors. You are perfectly safe. Only you've got to be on the level, yourself, with me. I've got enough on you—and the Rum Castle is the least of it. I'm holding you only long enough to see that what you tell is the real goods. Where's Ryder Smith?"

"Out there—in the new Rum Row."

Kennedy shot something off on the air, then turned to Don impatiently. "Yes; but where? What boat? You know!"

Donato knew he could hold it back no longer. "On the Owlet," he said grudgingly as if unwilling to give up what was both making him the center of the picture and was at once also his trump card of protection for himself.

Kennedy turned again from the wireless apparatus. "Is that an American boat?"

Donato smiled. "British registry. Sailed from Halifax and has just come up with a cargo from Nassau."

Kennedy studied his face a moment. "That's not a frank answer, Don, although it sounds like one. Where is the real ownership of the 'Owlet'—in New York?"

Don the Dude studied Kennedy's face. It might have been a poker face. But it was also the face of a player who might hold the cards. Kennedy had surprised him before with the extent of his information. He was not to be trifled with.

"Yes; Broadway and Forty-second street."

Kennedy nodded. "Deitz's syndicate."

Don agreed. "I don't need to remind you, Mr. Kennedy, you have a certain moral obligation yourself in this."

Kennedy smiled. "No; you don't. And you need not worry. I am merely trying to keep this matter straight in case anything ever involves the United States Department of State. If it's British soil honestly that is one thing. If it's as it is, that's another. As for Deitz and you and the Syndicate, they're not interested, except;" he added, "they might be better off without having this man on one of their boats, of course, in case anything should happen. Nothing will happen as far as I am concerned. I'm interested only in Captain Ryder Smith—and you."

JAKE MERCK was looking at Maisie, then he shot a look at Trixie. There was nothing by which I could get an inkling of what was passing in their minds.

"That's right," broke in Jake, "he's on the 'Owlet' and that's how the 'Owlet' sizes up, too."

"I see." Kennedy nodded. I knew that Craig was not betraying any of the satisfaction he felt. These people were cracking up under the strain, and ready to run to cover, tell all they knew, each to save himself.

He turned to the sending apparatus and there was an interchange of messages between himself and the revenue boat.

"The 'Geronimo' knows just where the 'Owlet' is located. They'll get Ryder Smith off it—and have him ashore tonight. In the meantime they will let me know." Kennedy was discarding the apparatus. "Now, McNaught, all we need to do is to take care of these people I have gathered here, until Ryder Smith supplies the missing cut-outs in this cut-out puzzle. I suppose this is just as good a place as any in which to entertain them."

"But, Mr. Kennedy," interposed Judy, a bit alarmed. "Suppose father should come in? What will he say?"

"He'll be pleased to see you getting out of such company," replied Craig quickly.

She shot a quick sidewise look at Eversley Barr.

"Do you think that's quite fair, Kennedy?" he asked.

"It's something you'll have to settle with Mr. Hancock, not



with me. I know what I'd do if Judy was my daughter or sister or anything to me. I'd see that she exercised better judgment in picking her intimates so that they wouldn't get her involved with people who took possession of my house and planted Scotch in her car and—"

"Score one! You got me on that, Kennedy. But I'm sorry. I just didn't think. Besides, it's my loss as far as money is concerned."

"Huh?" This was Donato interrupting.

"How about me?" cut in Merck. "Didn't I put more in it than you did? It was all I had!"

"Me, too," chimed in Trixie.

"There's no one payin' me for the time I'm losing at the hotel," asserted Maisie.

"And you got me in bad with the enforcement; how about that?" sullenly observed Warner Davis, turning to Jean Bartow, "to say nothing of her, too."

Jean nodded her head vigorously. "We might have known what would happen with a lot of amateurs! I'd say we're the heavy losers. We stand to lose a good living."

"I THINK Lola's the one we ought to be thinking about most," put in Judy. "At least we're all alive. But Lola lost her life. Whatever any of us lost we can get back. But Lola—"

There were tears in Judy's voice as she broke off. There was a silence; nothing much to say to that.

"It's an extra hazardous occupation," growled McNaught from the porch doors. "I don't mind a guy going into it if he can afford to lose what he's got—his money, or his life or his reputation, or whatever it is. But you've got to be a sport about it—or stay out. It's just put up and shut up. Anyone who wants to go into it from your end is welcome, as far as I'm concerned. Only I don't see it. Maybe, if you're a racketeer you might as well get bumped off or do a stretch in the stir this way as well as any other. But it's my personal experience that the same amount of brains and money and work put into something legitimate would make a fortune for those that are putting it in. I'm not saying what I may think of the law and the general idea back of it. That's not for me to say. I'm just a prohibition cop. And yet," he shook his head, "every day there are more going into it in one way or another. It you feel that way about it, why not get into the distilling of commercial industrial alcohol—and let someone else take the risks of getting the denaturing out of it, and so on? There are others I could name right in Barr's own class who are doing it decently and without risk. Or maybe you'd like to become a grape grower and ship the juice from your presses by refrigerator cars all over the country, with high pressure salesmen who can tell you how to use your two kinds of patent corks, and even carbonate the stuff and make it champagne. Anything's better than the gag you're playing!"

McNaught shook himself as he finished the delivery of his long indictment of conditions as they were.



"I agree with McNaught," remarked Kennedy, quickly. "You are a fine bunch of oil cans! You wanted a thrill and you've got it. I'm supposed to unscramble the eggs—only there's a rotten egg in the omelet, somewhere. I'm supposed to get that, too. But it won't any of it bring back Lola."

"No," nodded Barr sadly. "I could stand the money loss and the loss of the Gigolo—all but getting little Judy here in bad—if it hadn't been for the—the tragedy. Lola was so sure of herself and her ability; you couldn't keep her out of things. But little Judy—that's different. I could kick myself that I ever let her come in. That was my fault, just my fault, pure and simple. Yes, Kennedy, you said something. If you had a daughter or a sister—or a—a little girl you thought the world and all of, you ought to cut off your right hand before you'd drag her into a mess like

(Continued on page 110)

"Alla sudden I hears her say, 'And you look yellow to me,' and she stops sudden like."

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By JEAN CAMPBELL

O'ER the air waves and across mile upon mile of land wires the voices of world-famous entertainers come to you from the main studios of the great chain broadcasters. Jean Campbell tells you little intimate stories about these people each month. Watch for her stories, and if you have a favorite you would like to read about write to Miss Campbell.

LOIS BENNETT—until recently they called her "The Quaker Girl," but by the time this is read you'll all be referring to her as "Sally," of the Philco hour. And lest you be wondering just who she really is, and just what her proper title, I'll tell you that both of the above are quite correct, for in her Radioland life she leads not only a dual but sometimes a triplex and thoroughly successful existence.

Such is her success that her dramatic impersonations and her mezzo-soprano voice are in constant demand and sometimes consecutively gracing half a dozen programs, besides her regular weekly performances with the Armstrong Quakers, at National, and with the Philco group now at Columbia broadcasting station headquarters.

But of course you are acquainted with Lois, both as the Quaker Girl and as "Sally," and, perhaps, as well, in many of her other myriad Radio characters. And so it is Lois Bennett, as just herself, that you now meet.

When she was a little girl her teasing playmates used to run her 'round the block singing after her, "Red-head, red-head, ginger-bread head," and it made her thoroughly mad. But with a bit of added age the "carrot top" has taken on the subdued hues of a very admirable light-auburn. Her eyes are laughing at you or, perhaps with you most of the time. They have a changeable quality, governed apparently by her moods—sometimes they seem grayish-blue, sometimes hazel.

Lois confesses that she has no hobbies, has no time for any. If she ever has time to assume a hobby she will collect rare books and rare etchings.

Another hobby that Lois would succumb to, if she only had the time, would be an all but unending tour of the world, made as thoroughly and as slowly as complete leisure and a love for getting acquainted with all sorts of strange peoples and places would inspire.

Her one recreational love is music—all sorts of it, but especially playing the piano and singing—and dancing, too, for good measure. She loves the show business—and is a thorough trouper, although she quit a successful musical-comedy and vaudeville career for Radio. She does not regret that move. One might ask, knowing her complete success and the amount of her engagements, how could she?

But a yearning for success was a secondary thought with Lois when she went into Radio about three years ago. She had already quit the stage after enjoying success, and had retired to a quiet home in one of Chicago's nearby suburbs.

She was intent on just one thing, thinking up some other thing she could do that would permit a measure of success, a lucrative career, and a chance to have a permanent home, the sort not vouchsafed show folk. For Lois wanted the admiration and the constant companionship of her baby daughter, left as her only solace in young widowhood, more than she wanted any of the things that Broadway or the bright lights of theatrical life elsewhere could give her.

Thanks to Radio, she got what she wanted. Hers is a busy but quiet, successful and lucrative career. Her work



Lois Bennett

is within almost a stone's throw of her beautiful studio-type apartment on West Fifty-seventh street. It's just a five-minute walk to either National or Columbia studios and if her beautiful six-year-old baby Joan should want or need mother Lois, it's just as easy to get right back home.

Little Joan is a beautiful study in dark brown, and she is a quiet mite when at home and seriously studious over her books from the fashionable Horace Mann private day school.

Lois warns you, however, that baby Joan has her lively moments. These she spends in the happily adjacent great Central Park playground accompanied by a watchful governess maid. The latter has a hard time keeping up with her young charge, who sometimes disappears on her beloved bicycle or roller skates, when the more fleet vehicle has been forbidden.

Baby Joan is a pet subject with Lois. All good mothers are like that, however, and so it was with pleasure that we heard that baby Joan is a born actress, even at this early age showing inherent dramatic ability. She has, too, a surprisingly good voice, not at all weak or wabbly, as we can truthfully attest. As a matter of fact she has learned most of her mother's favorite Radio numbers and sings them with great gusto and many dramatic gestures.

There's a theatrical career in store for Joan if she wants to follow one when she grows up.

"Why, of course, I want my daughter to be an actress, and I'll see to it that she's a good one, if she wants to be one. I was one and I got much joy and much experience out of it, good experience. But, of course, I was well prepared—well educated, in the right sort of home before I started out in the world bent on a theatrical career. And that's the thing that counts, the background. Joan will have that before she begins on any career, that's why I'm in Radio now!"

Thus speaks wise little mother, Lois Bennett.

Lois Bennett was born at Houston, Texas, moving with her parents at the age of five to settle in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. There she finished grade and high school and thereafter took up a very thorough study of music, specializing finally in vocal work.

She began to study the piano at the age of five, and she sang at the same age at the commencement exercises of the State college. Later, she sang every year at Christmas parties given to the convicts at the State penitentiary. These inmates were the first public audience that she remembers. She is indebted to them for their encouragement since they requested her presence on every Christmas program for many years.

Neither of her parents was a professional. Her father was chiefly interested in ranching and in oil wells, and did not encourage her stage career until after her mother's endorsement and actual "urge" toward it had sent Lois on toward her present path.

Lois confesses that as a child she had an easy-going, quiet, luxury-loving disposition, not disposed to exerting great energy toward anything in particular. Had it not been for the energizing influence of a mother who believed in developing talents to the nth degree, she might never have been prepared to earn the living that she and baby Joan now enjoy through her great achievements.

When Lois, with a social background that stood her in good stead, first came to New York, about ten years ago, she studied for concert work and then got side-tracked when the illustrious Carrie Jacobs Bond heard her sing and insisted that Lois was the girl to interpret her vocal compositions in a vaudeville tour on the Keith and Orpheum circuits.

After this Ziegfeld took her up. At the suggestion of Jean Buck, famous composer of musical comedy numbers. Lois found herself in the enviable role of prima-donna of the Follies. Other seasons of success followed; then marriage; then motherhood; then widowhood—and then Radio and the renewed success of today!

I am indebted to Mr. Milan O. Welch for the following:

RUDY VALLEE is still a favorite with the listeners, the talkies notwithstanding.

Night clubs, vaudeville and the talkies may claim him, but Radio made him and it is a debt that this blond crooner of the Croon that Conquers, is only too happy to acknowledge. He said as much the other night to the thousand and first interviewer who had lured him to a table in the Villa Vallee, that ultra-ultra supper club on New York's aristocratic East Side where this remarkable young man from Westbrook, Maine, holds forth nightly. More than that, he will include that same acknowledgment in the book he is now preparing for early publication.

"We are first, last and always a Radio band," Vallee told this interviewer. "Radio gave us our start, Radio must be held responsible for all of the success that has been and is ours and, in the final analysis, I think that I can safely say that it is on the air that we are at our best."

This statement, perhaps, is characteristic of the commonsense attitude with which this 28-year-old Yankee from Maine is accepting a success that might pardonably turn the head of a less balanced man. Hubert Prior Vallee may be an egotist, as successful men are apt to be. But he is not conceited. Let the Vallee bank roll mount as it will, you may be very sure that the Vallee feet will remain firmly planted on the ground.

Rudy Vallee, at first meeting, impresses one as a young man who knows what he wants and intends to get just that thing out of life. Ten years ago he was a schoolboy in Westbrook, Maine, the oldest son of a prosperous and contented small-town druggist. Even then young Hubert was quite persistent at getting what he wanted, even when it meant running opposition to parental desires. There was the time when the youngster, rather than wed himself to the drug business, ran away from home. A stern parent relented, then unconditionally surrendered, and the youthful Hubert from then on, was free to toot a saxophone unmolested.

THE WORLD WAR came along while the youngster was a freshman in high school and led the rebellious future master crooner into another runaway from home—an adventure that ultimately found him an enlisted gob in Uncle Sam's navy, where he served some six months before the naval authorities, discovering he was still under sixteen, sent him back to Maine with an honorable discharge.

By the time Vallee graduated from high school he had already made an enviable name for himself in Maine dance circles as a saxophonist of exceptional ability. Attending the University of Maine for a single year he was a positive campus sensation. Transferring to Yale he continued his education, his trusty sax always paying the bills. A year at the Hotel Savoy, in London, was interspersed with his collegiate career at New Haven, after which he returned to graduate from Yale.

Collegians are generally pictured as invading New York with a sheepskin tucked under their arm. Rudy Vallee, however, came to New York with a saxophone tucked under his arm and Broadway is still trying to figure out just where and why he got the "break" that made him into showdom's greatest drawing card.

Vallee says, and after all he should know, that it was his broadcasting from the old "Heigh-Ho" club that brought him the first recruit in the present great army of Rudy Vallee fans.

RIGHT now, riding the crest of the wave, Vallee is the subject of praise that is almost idolatrous and of criticism that, too often, is nearsighted and stigmatic. In their frantic effort to analyze and understand him countless interviewers have endowed him with a hundred and one personalities that, clashing and conflicting, obscure and hide the real Vallee.

Up and down Broadway you can hear a hundred Vallee stories in as many minutes. He is high-hat. He isn't high-hat. His real name is Vallee. His real name is O'Brien. He's just a lucky accident that happened. He is a hard worker who deserves his success. He's a punk. He's an artist. He can sing. He can't sing.

As a matter of fact a great deal of the confusion that attends reportorial psycho-analyzing of this remarkable young man is probably due to the fact that he is working sixteen and twenty hours a day and, as a consequence, must be seen and talked to by inquiring reporters, more or less "on the jump." The full and complete story of Rudy Vallee will probably not be written until this hardest of hard workers can take a three-months' vacation and, at his leisure, live, play and talk with a biographer. Only in that way can a true portrait be sketched.

Here, however, are a few facts that are facts. They are vouched for by the boys in his band and by members of his personal staff who have known him since he was a youngster "up in Maine." At the outset, Rudy Vallee is not high-hat. To be sure, he is totally devoid of that jazzy, slangy sort of personality that is generally practiced by the loud-talking back-slappers of Broadway. He is conservative. He is quiet and well-mannered. He is a believer in that old adage that "auld friends are the best friends." He does not give friendship lightly. He does not take it back easily.

Himself no respecter of time and hours, he is an exacting young man to work for. With him anger can come quickly and go as quickly. He has all the temperament of the artist. Yet he is generous and impulsive; he can be criticized as fearlessly as he himself criticizes. He is no stickler for form or ceremony and it is a significant fact that the personnel of his band has remained unchanged and intact since he started his first engagement at the Heigh-Ho Club a little over a year ago.

DISGRUNTLED critics who have often reminded him of the transitory quality of the popular fame he now enjoys aren't telling him a thing. "I don't think that I will ever completely lose my following," he says, "and yet I realize that nothing endures forever. Up home in Maine they have a homely saying about 'making hay while the sun shines.' That's just what I'm doing right now. I want to make a million and then I'll be more than satisfied to take a vacation that I think I've already earned."

Future plans, however, include a summer in France and England and a tentative plan contemplates a world tour with his Connecticut Yankees.

"For that matter," says Rudy, meditatively, "you want to remember that when I was in college I had no idea of a career such as I have enjoyed. At Yale, you know, I majored in Spanish and fully intended to seek my future in the business world of South America."

So who can tell? The Maestro of Saxophonia, the Crooner of the Croon that Conquers, may yet enjoy his noonday siesta as a tired business man of Latin-America.



Whosis? Why, of course! It's Rudy—Rudy Vallee and his bandmen gathered around an NBC microphone. The gentleman at Rudy's left is none other than Graham McNamee. This is the same band that has been with Vallee since the first days of wonderful success at the Heigh-Ho club.

Says "Beauty Wisdom" Is BIG SECRET *FOR HAPPINESS*

TIMES Change and Women's Interests Change and Expand but Ruling Passion of All Ages and Conditions Is Still Beauty, Says Authority

MISS ELSIE PIERCE—distinguished Beauty authority who has brought Beauty to thousands of women via the Radio—recounts some of her experiences here. She feels that Beauty is one of woman's chief interests and Radio the quickest medium for bringing Beauty within every woman's reach. Miss Pierce's voice is well known to women the country over—her sound advice is already being carried out by thousands.

By Elsie Pierce

"TIME changes—and we with it." Once women's interests were classified as: Cooking, children and church—

But—now! In this mechanical age, this age of adventure and progress—what are women's chief interests? They still steer the little ship called "home" but they also determine big business deals, they pilot aeroplanes, they achieve a new rank through the Radio. Yet—we wonder—whether there is not one thing—one chief interest that dominates their lives.

What is it, you ask? A difficult question, indeed, to answer. Perhaps this picture will do it.

Hundreds of Radio dials have turned. In answer to Radio announcements, yes. But, in answer to a more urgent, more impelling force, first. A woman's voice is brought over the air—a single voice—and there are hundreds and hundreds of listeners eager to catch every word of the vital message. What proof—you say? The next day's mail. A hundred—two hundred—a thousand letters in a single mail. Several thousand in one day—representing as many delightfully feminine creatures—women!

Tall women, short women, "oh, so stout" women, "painfully thin" women, women naive, and sophisticated, women rich and poor (we learn all this from the letters, of course) all motivated by a single force, all dominated by a single interest, a peculiarly-involved interest, at once selfish and unselfish, at once "ever-old, yet ever-new." All—seeking Beauty. All realizing that the Radio will summon Beauty more quickly than any other medium.

And so, when we find the masculine mechanic tampering with tubes and muttering "what do women care about the Radio"—we are, rightfully, "up-in-arms."

FOR, have we not these letters? Let us glance through them. What do they indicate? Don't they tell us that woman is no longer the backward creature waiting for news only from her lord and master? Don't they paint a crystal-clear picture of woman keeping step with man and his mind and his inventions? And as for Radio, isn't that indeed the quickest way for the modern, alert woman to get the latest news—feminine news—beauty news—whatever it is that she is interested in? For—whether she is in the grand whirlpool of New York or tucked away on a little farm in Oshkosh—won't a turn of the dial put her in quick, close touch with the world—her world?



"Radio will summon Beauty more quickly than any other medium," says Elsie Pierce, New York authority, who receives thousands of letters and inquiries daily as a result of her broadcasts from WOR.

We take up one letter:

"I am a grandmother—almost sixty—have always been tied down to my home and children. Have never given enough time to myself. Now I have a little more leisure. My skin is dry and lined and heavy looking. I listened-in on your talk this morning—and I was thrilled. I am wondering whether it is too late to begin now. If not, won't you please tell me just what I need to care for my skin. My hair still looks thirty—my skin, seventy. And—how I would love to look ten years younger."

A grandmother, almost sixty. She probably remembers the days of knitting needles and bicycles and buggies. But now she can quickly take up the tempo of modern life.

Another letter:

"I am seventeen years old—and feel so self-conscious. Blackheads and acne are the bane of my existence. I hate to go to parties—I hate to meet people. So many, many things I have tried—but I am not yet satisfied with my face. Your Radio talk gave me a new lease on life. Please, please tell me what to do.

Dear, discouraged Miss Seventeen. Life isn't as dark as it seems. In another year she will learn that. In another few months, in fact. But here again it took the Radio to bring the cheery message to her.

More letters—more human interests, feminine interests revealed—even visits

(Continued on page 120)

SIMPLY SUSAN GOES SHOPPING WITH MILLIONS

"WHILE walking along Main street yesterday afternoon I was attracted by an unusual window display," and so Susan takes countless thousands of women on a shopping tour from WTIC each day, accompanied by her Early Birds.

Susan of WTIC is one of the leaders of women's hours on the air. From Hartford, Connecticut, she talks to eager listeners, not only throughout New England, but all over the country. Here is a typical broadcast of "Shopping with Susan" just as you would hear it in your own home.



From Hartford, Connecticut, through the voice of WTIC, Susan talks to thousands of women in New England and all over America with tips on shopping

ANNOUNCER PAUL LUCAS—"Jack, where the deuce is Susan? Hasn't she come in yet? Here it is 9:15—time for her to be on the air."

Announcer Jack Brinkley—"You know Susan, Paul. Just at this moment she's probably in some lingerie shop or jewelry store getting all the dope on 'le dernier Cri' in the line of lovely things for lovely ladies."

Announcer Lucas—"Dash into the small studio and tell Norm Cloutier and his Early Birds to strike up a lively number to fill in the breach."

DANCE SELECTION—THE EARLY BIRDS

Announcer Lucas—"Here she is, Radio friends. Susan has just entered the studio—so excited and bubbling over with enthusiasm about the things she has to tell you, that we really ought to give her a chance to get her breath. But we shan't. We shall connect you with her microphone right away and let her explain everything herself."

Susan—"Good morning, friends. I understand I'm in disgrace for being late this morning. I have been told that immediately after our little chat, I must stand in the corner of the reception room for 15 minutes with eyes to the wall. But really, the fun I've had is compensation for the penalty.

"You know, I got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning, feeling at odds with the world. Not that this experience was anything unusual with me. It wasn't. But what was unusual about it this morning was that I found a cure. You'll laugh when I give you my little prescription—but, believe me, it works.

"If you are feeling down-in-the-mouth I suggest that you take yourself downtown and buy that new hat you've wanted so long. There are beautiful models on display now. I won't have time to tell you about all of them—there are so many—but I can describe three of those I saw this morning.

"A hat they tell me is being featured all over the country just now is called 'La Danseuse.' The title suggests its place in your wardrobe. The model I saw was all silver-metallic, designed in the close-fitting, popular skull-cap effect, with little ripples in front and a large silver bow hanging low in the back.

"Another striking model was in softly folded black velvet, with its long side accented by a white flower, highly glazed and peeking out from underneath. The third was in red fox soleil, with a high rippled cuff brim folded into a long side, where it was finished with fur tails dyed to match the hat. A most unusual creation!

I WAS struck with the predominance of felts and soleils. It seems that we American women will never give them up—and for comfort and snappiness of style, there are really very few models that can take their place.

"I don't think there is anything that can give a woman more real enjoyment or a greater feeling of good-will toward the world in general than to stroll down the street in a new hat which she knows becomes her perfectly. Haven't you often felt that satisfaction? If you haven't, it must be because you haven't found *the* hat. Of course, there is everything in that. It must be a hat that brings out all the good features of your face—one that makes your eyes bluer, if they are blue, or sparkling if they are brown or black. It must be one that makes you the acme of sophistication if you are of the dark-eyed type, or one that gives you the appeal of an ingenue if you are one of the blue-eyed unsophisticated sisters.

"A smart new hat has an almost incredible effect on your general outlook—just try it once and see if you do not agree with me. Remember, though, I said it must be THE hat—I am sure you can find *yours* among the many varied models on display in the shops now.

". . . And now while I get that breath Mr. Lucas wouldn't allow me I'll ask The Early Birds to play a lively fox-trot for us."

DANCE SELECTION—THE EARLY BIRDS

"While walking along Main Street yesterday afternoon, I was attracted to an unusual window display. Forming a background for a number of pretty jewels and trinkets, any one of which would make an ideal gift, was a marble reproduction of the Taj Mahal, located in Agra, India—the most faultless edifice ever constructed.

"Fascinated by this miniature, I entered the store for the purpose of learning more about it. The owner, who had visited the famous structure many times, told me that its builder was the Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan. So much did the Emperor idolize his wife that after she died he built this beautiful tomb in her memory. It took twenty thousand men almost twenty years to complete it. All India contributed something to its construction. Ceylon, Thibet, Persia and Arabia furnished sapphires, agate, onyx, turquoise and carnelian. The entire building was inlaid with costly, rare gems and in the very center of the mausoleum a circular screen of alabaster was installed—six feet high and sixty feet in circumference—carved with such skill that it suggested lace rather than stone. Sometimes over one hundred stones were inlaid to represent a single flower.

"Upon leaving the store, I stood gazing for several minutes at the peerless monument of love which Shah Jehan had reared to the memory of his wife, and I wondered why it is that so few men pay tribute to their dear ones while they live. As I walked up the street, I thought of the many really beautiful gold, silver, and diamond gifts displayed in that shop, and I determined to tell my Radio audience about them. I sincerely recommend your visiting this shop. You'll recognize it when you see the exquisite miniature of the Taj Mahal.

"Before we go on to the next phase of our shopping tour let's ask The Early Birds to play an appropriate number, 'The Song of India.'"

"Did you ever stop to think that there is scarcely any occasion where an 'opera' pump is not in good taste—always excepting cross-country hikes, of course. There is something

(Continued on page 116)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

PAUL McCLUER, sunshine hour announcer of WENR, Chicago, whose feminine fan mail has always been unusually large, has gone and done it. He's married. Last Summer, Mr. McCluer made a trip East for the station. While in New York, he was introduced to Marjorie Marlowe Ryan, New York society girl. After he returned there was a constant stream of wires, telephone messages and letters between Chicago and New York. Just before Christmas Paul slipped away to New York, where the ceremony was performed. Mrs. McCluer is petite in size and has captivated the rest of the staff with her charms.

Mr. McCluer is a graduate of the University of Illinois and for a time was employed by the Commonwealth Edison company, later coming to WENR in his present capacity. He is a nephew of William B. McCluer, who is well known in Chicago society.

Following the announcement of his marriage over the air, the young couple received thousands of congratulatory messages.

* * *

The Maple City Four are a riot, individually and collectively, not only professionally, but privately. You know, don't you, that they are Al Rice, Pat Patterson, Art Janes and Fritz Meissner, four very personable young men? And their ages, by and large, come to a nice average of about twenty-five. And more good news—they're all still unmarried. So girls, for the present at least, you can imagine them free from any marital entanglements, playing around over at WLS, keeping the gang over there in one long continuous uproar.

* * *

Help! Help! WHERE are the Ercelle Sisters who used to sing over WSOA at Deerfield, Illinois? One of our readers is frantic to locate these sweet singers and I, unfortunately, haven't been able to find them for him. So won't you all help, please.

* * *

Hope you're not too sad these days, Mathiede and "Radio Fan," since you don't hear Norman White sing as often as you used to. But you see now that he has entered the executive field in Radio he is so busy with contracts, program arrangements and such like that he doesn't have much time for the mike. 'Spect you know, tho', that just before he goes to lunch every day, for half an hour, he gathers together his old gang of singers, and they present WJR's luncheon song revue at Motor City studio. And I guess you'll agree that Norman sings popular love songs with all the tenderness that set the girls' hearts fluttering in the old days when his only role in Radio was that of star entertainer. Since Norman has embarked on such a sedate business career, perhaps you'll be very surprised to know that he's still not married.



* * *

Here is a li'l' story for you—Madge, Ruth, Stephania and all the others who have been asking about Everett Mitchell, chief announcer of WENR. I'll try to dig up a picture for another time. Chicago can claim him for her very own, for he was born there and has lived there all his life, a life which has been a varied one, too. Professional entertainer, insurance adjuster, bank employee—these are some of the things which have gone to make up his past. Singing became one of his special joys and it was in this way that he drifted into broadcasting. His first microphone appearance was over WGJ, Chicago. He has also been heard over WIBO, and has been known to the public for his concert work and because of his connection with the Billy Sunday organization. He's five feet ten inches tall, and his eyes and hair are brown. And, yes, he is married. He likes golf and motoring and his favorite actor is the movie star, Dick Barthelmes. I have a little story for you, too, that may be a bit out of date by the time you read this, but in case you wondered why he was off the air for three days shortly after Christmas you'll want to know. On Christmas Eve Mr. Mitchell was delivering a basket of food to a poor family when his car was partially wrecked by another automobile. It was about a week later when he discovered that two of his ribs were broken and that was when you missed him.

* * *

Sorry, Mrs. R., but we can't seem to keep track of Jerry Johnson and his orchestra, heard over WBAP last spring. Perhaps some of our readers can help you out.



Knowing that thousands of my readers and friends would be simply crazy to see Paul McCluer's new wife, I had this specially made up. Like it? I know you're going to like Mrs. Paul, or Marjorie, I should say.

Three years of experience on the vaudeville stage lie back of the pleasant manner in which Gene Hamilton, WAIU announcer, introduces that station to its Ohio listeners.

Gifted with a fine baritone voice and a personality that can only be described as Gene-ial, he supplements his duties as announcer by broadcasting several programs of popular songs each week, accompanying himself on the guitar, and further proves his versatility by taking the male lead in the weekly dramalogues featured by WAIU.



Another Rudy Vallee—but it's no use, girls. He plans to take the fatal step 'ere long, and who's to blame him? Rumor has it that her name is Jane, and she's a Minneapolis miss.

* * *

Thanks, Thelma, and all the rest of the kind people who wrote me about Paul McCluer. Hope all like the picture of him in this issue.

* * *

And now, Rosie, if you will look in the front of the book you will find the loveliest surprise for you—yes, about Don Becker! There's more, too. Of course it's probably not news to you that he's handsome, in a different, interesting way, tall and dark with coal black eyes and black-brown straight ssiny hair. He dresses beautifully, most of the time, and tho' I hate to dazzle you with tales of splendor, those who are in a position to keep accurate count say that he's had

No less than seven new suits in the last four months. But sometimes, just sometimes, he goes off on an aesthetic spree and buys a black and white suit with checks eight inches square and knickers reaching almost to his shoe tops. And would you think, to hear his clever Weak-End Satires over WLW, that he was only a youngester of 21? Forgot to say that this talented child got his start at the Club Alabam in Chicago, playing the ukulele and singing.

* * *

Here is your "Wee Willie" of KPO, Southern California. Listeners-In. He's otherwise known as William H. Hancock and is really not "wee" at all. You'll be surprised, I guess, to know that he stands six feet and is of rather stocky build. His eyes are blue—and I don't need to tell you about that dimple which makes his nice smile all the more smiley. He was born in Cowbridge, Wales, in 1890, a little hamlet near Swansea. At the age of four years he was brought to America by his parents, who settled in Michigan. There he received his schooling and a thorough musical education under the tutelage of his parents, both of whom were musicians of some ability. His mother taught him organ and piano and he became famous as a boy soprano, and yet today he is one of the West's finest baritones. When he was twenty his family moved to Duluth, Minn., where he continued his study of music. And then a few years later the World War found him in service of the YMCA, doing his part in cheering the nation's soldiers. He saw service at Camp Donovan and Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and was then transferred to Camp Fremont, Menlo Park, Calif. After the signing of the Armistice he came to San Francisco, where he met the famous "Dobbsie." Dobbs recognized his musical ability and they formed the team which is well known today. Wee Willie still plays the little Kimball-Reed organ on which he received his first lesson years ago and can't be persuaded to get another more up-to-date instrument. "Not on your life," he says, "they don't make 'em any better."



* * *

No, Jerry, so far as I know Elise Cohen, middle name Lee, was never born in Chicago. She's a Baltimore girl, even though she has spent a good deal of her time abroad, having lived in London. As afternoon program director for WBAL she has charge of securing and arranging features for day time broadcasting, and in addition is herself a talented recitalist. You probably have heard her in short story dramatizations and other special programs. She studied this work in Baltimore, New York and London, and while abroad often appeared as a guest artist.



* * *

Several Hoosier girls have inquired concerning Howard Ackley, chief announcer of WOWO and WGL, the popular Fort Wayne stations. As Little Jack Little says, "Here 'Tis." Two years ago a good-looking young man started to work as bookkeeper for the Main Auto Supply company, owners of WOWO and WGL. After about a year of promising experience the young man, in an emergency, made an announcement about a lost dog over WOWO. The directors of the Radio station did not notice the "lost announcement" but did notice a very pleasing voice. The young man was none other than Howard Ackley, blonde and blue-eyed, who is now the chief announcer of the Fort Wayne stations.

* * *

Gather round all ye admirers of Marsha Wheeler, for I'm simply bursting with things to tell you about her. In the first place, of course, if I had the whole magazine to do it in I couldn't possibly tell you everything, for she is interested in such an infinite number of things that we couldn't ever keep up with her. And in her appearance she is as vivid and energetic as all we know of her. Only five feet two; slight; dark hair and complexion; and the darkest eyes in the world. "Marsha Wheeler" is her Radio name, but few of us remember that she is really Mrs. Marjorie Moellering. And here she is with her five year old son, Billy Marshall Moellering.

She and Billy live in a most attractive seven room house which is filled with a



Marsha Wheeler Moellering and Billy.

quantity of lovely antiques—and it's always "open house" for numbers of interesting people. At present she's terribly interested in horseback riding. She wears a tailored blouse and skirt to the studio so that she can slip into her natty riding habit at a moment's notice. Her tie pin is a miniature riding crop and her leather crop is apt to be used on her desk as a paper weight or book mark.

There's a story, a true one, about how she was once thrown so hard that her hip was dislocated and she suffered for two weeks. But, and this is characteristic of her, she went back and learned to "jump" that same horse. And the nicest thing is, my dears, that when she's always looking out for new experiences, new friends, new ideas—she's at the same time thinking of her Radio friends and planning on how she can hand it all on to them.

* * *

In the first place, Bea and Friends, DON'T you mean **George** Osborne? If so, you heard him over KSTP. George is assistant conductor of the National Battery Orchestra and was formerly leader of the Casino orchestra at New York and has played with Ben Bernie and his orchestra over WEAF and WCZ. And you DO think he is a second Rudy Vallee!

* * *

Help! Help! Where are Ed and Mom, who used to be at WJAX? Help!

* * *

How do you like this nice picture of Thora Martens, contralto, who is heard in solos, duets and sextettes over WLS?



Miss Martens started out like many another girl by doing secretarial and sales work. But as an ardent Radio fan she became interested in broadcasting, and perhaps you'll remember that she was first heard over KYW in duets with Dorothy Wilkins. Since that time she has appeared on the stage in "The Student Prince," and has sung before the microphones of KYW, WQJ, WHT, WMAQ, WBBM, WLS, WEBH, WIBO, Chicago, and WCCO, Minneapolis: KMOX, St. Louis, and WOW, Omaha—whew! that was a big order! She's a lady of rather majestic bearing, with five feet nine inches to her credit, and has eyes that you can't call either gray or blue but which make a lovely combination with her soft light brown hair. She likes swimming, motoring, golf and ice skating, but claims that her two real hobbies are good cooking and shopping. And she'll tell you, all in one breath, that her favorites are Jane Cowl, the late Frank Bacon, Louise Homer, Friml, Victor Herbert, Romberg, strawberry shortcake and Emil Ludwig. And she is, by the way, one of the finalists in a contest to pick out a girl who will play a principal part in a Chicago sound movie.

* * *

The "Little Boy Blue" that you heard over KMBC and WLS some time ago, Mildred, is just a little boy singer who is flitting around from place to place with no regular station tie-up. Sorry to have to disappoint about the picture, but can't get one till the little boy stops his wandering.

* * *

Here's James Burroughs, the heart breaker of Los Angeles. You'd think Jim would have a pretty tough time of it with all the competition afforded by Hollywood's screen idols: if he does I haven't heard of it. You see, Jim is something of an idol himself. 'Course, you may not admire his type. I must admit that I'm not exactly crazy about it myself, but as to the man—that's a different story. That trick mustache of his is real, 'though it looks trick enough to be painted on. Brown eyes, smooth, rather dark complexion, the slickest hair ever, and there's his picture. At last reports there was no frau. What's he do? I 'most forgot. He's the comic opera and concert tenor of KFI. Wouldn't you know it?



* * *

I'm sorry, Marguerite, to say that I can't tell you where your friends Tag and Leen are. Certainly will agree with you that it's hard to keep track of them.

* * *

Yes, Millie, the "Gene" you saw on page 11 of the December issue is the very Gene of the old "Jack and Gene" team at WLS. But Gene Arnold of WENR is an entirely different proposition. All clear?

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Get it off your chest.

Gossipy Items About Friends

"I'm Glad to Know You!"

WHEN you turn on your Radio in the comfort of your own home old friends that you hear from day to day, week in and week out, come to help pass away a leisure hour, pep you up when you feel blue and entertain you when in a happier mood.

These Radio entertainers are human, just as you and I. While at work they have their fun, as well as when at play. They would like to know you, and surely you would like to know them.

In this section of Radio Digest each month you will find short, gossipy stories of what they are doing. If your favorite station, or favorite star isn't mentioned, won't you write to them, and to us, and we will do the best we can to make you acquainted.—D. B.

Air School Under Way

INAUGURATED February 4 with seventy-five of the leading educational authorities of the country advising and participating in its work, the American School of the Air series of the Columbia Broadcasting system is well under way. A faculty of sixteen of the most distinguished American educational leaders is passing upon the broadcasts before they are put on the air.

A complete bibliography of the subjects presented has been prepared and issued to every library in the United States. This enables teachers to assign parallel readings to students who listen in. At the special insistence of Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur the entire series is to be subjected to an exhaustive scientific evaluation and criticisms by educators close to the schools of the nation.

Each Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 there is presented a dramatization based on the important historical episodes surrounding the lives of persons who loom large in America's history. These are written by Henry Fiske Carleton and William Ford Manley, famed for their "Great Moments in History" broadcast series. The series ends on May 15 with an international goodwill program.

Naegele Called a "Find"

CHARLES NAEGELE, an American pianist who has been heard on the Baldwin programs over the NBC, is the child of artistic parents. His father was a painter and the mother a descendant of an old New England family.

Something of a child prodigy, he started his piano studies at the age of nine, and was pronounced a "find" by Paderewski at the age of sixteen. A year later he won a competition which entitled him to an appearance in Aeolian hall with the Young Men's Symphony orchestra. So favorably was he received that Arnold Volpe, conductor, invited him to tour with the orchestra.

After the war he resumed his studies with Isidor Phillips in Paris and Arthur Schnabel in Berlin. His debut as a concert artist was made abroad.

He played in Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Christiana, London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Bournemouth. Returning to America he made his New York debut in November, 1924, in Aeolian Hall. Since then he has appeared extensively in the United States and Canada and has been engaged as soloist with the following symphony orchestras: the New York, Chicago, Detroit, and Newark and Boston.

Meet Entertainers of the Air

Away an Hour or Two a Day as Scenes at Your Favorite

Diplomats Are on the Air

DIPLOMATS, ambassadors and foreign ministers stationed in Washington are giving a series of goodwill programs designed to last over a period of fifty-four weeks over the Columbia Broadcasting system. During this time it is planned to have listeners in the United States and Canada hear all of the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the United States.

"This series of fifty-five weekly broadcasts by ambassadors and ministers should touch the racial heartstrings of nearly every person in America," says William S. Paley, president of the CBS. "I regard this series as offering a splendid opportunity to the Columbia system, as a public institution, to promote international understanding. I believe Radio can serve no higher purpose than to help eliminate misunderstandings which cause international difficulties and sometimes war."

In addition to going out over Columbia's nation-wide network, these programs will be carried to ears across the oceans by means of Columbia short wave transmitter, W2XE, New York City.

"Life Not Very Exciting"

MODEST, unassuming, almost shy, Genevieve Irene Rowe, winner of the National Radio Audition of the Atwater Kent Foundation, says that her life "hasn't been exciting or intensely interesting."

Miss Rowe was born in Fremont, Ohio, August 28, 1908. "In high school I sang second soprano in the girl's glee club for the special training. I have had but one singing teacher, under whom I began studying when a freshman in high school," says Miss Rowe. "I have studied the piano since I was six years old. However, I have always wanted to sing, and my highest ambition is to be an opera singer.

"I have never sung much in public, except as soloist of the girls' glee club. I have been a member of Westminster choir for the past four years. I belong to an oratorio society, which has produced works such as 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah,' 'Faust' and 'Aida.' To obtain a degree of bachelor of music one must give a junior and senior recital. I have given the former, and next spring I hope to give the latter."

Miss Rowe's song in the finals with which she won the first prize of $5,000 and a two-year music scholarship, was the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah."

Werrenrath Now at NBC

WITH the appointment of Reinald Werrenrath, noted American baritone, as vocal supervisor of the National Broadcasting company that organization has added another great musical name to its ensemble. Walter Damrosch is musical counsel, supervising symphonic and other instrumental presentations.

Arrangements completed with Werrenrath provide that he be heard on the air only through the NBC networks, and that his advice and counsel will be applied to the company's programs as a



Another famous quartet of Radio. They are the National Cavaliers, featured with the Cities Service orchestra over the National Broadcasting company chains on Friday evenings.

in Studios Both Near and Far

Who Come to You to Help Pass

They Work and Play Behind the Stations from Coast to Coast

whole. His activities at NBC will not interfere with his concert appearances.

"We are negotiating with several other nationally known persons and expect to obtain their services for the development and direction of our many programs," says George Engles, vice-president of the NBC.

"No sensible person will deny that Radio is playing a greater part each year in the musical education and the cultural development of America," says Mr. Werenrath. "It is a great privilege to be in a position to help a little in that development."

Mr. Fate to the Rescue

FATE played a prominent part in organization of the Maxwell House Dixie trio, popular feature of the Maxwell House Melodies program. Had the long arm of coincidence not stretched out as it did, Radio fans would probably not now have the opportunity of hearing the interpretations of these young singers every Thursday night in the Maxwell program.

Victor Hall, "daddy" of the trio, is one of Radio's first stars, having sung over the air when Radio-owners were few. He recognized the future of Radio, and started to organize a group of male voices which would be flexible enough to handle every sort of music from opera to jazz. He tried out a number of singers, but none fitted his conception of what a trio should be.

Meanwhile Kenneth Christie was working in the WOR studio as announcer and studio accompanist, a job for which his all-round musical education fitted him. One night he did the announcing and accompanying for a young singer named Victor Hall. Hall was impressed with Christie's ability, and vice versa. The nucleus of the organization was promptly formed. Coincidence number one!

Randolph Weyant, now first tenor of the trio, was at that time phlegmatically carrying on his duties as assistant superintendent of property at New York university in the daytime, and doing some concert work in the evenings. At a fraternity convention he was introduced to a fraternity brother who was in Radio work and liked the songs Weyant had sung informally at the piano. The fraternity brother was Kenneth Christie. Coincidence number two!

Since Christie, in addition to arranging and accompanying, had a perfect baritone voice, the trio was now complete, but it was felt that Christie should center his attention on the arranging. So when Weyant, walking along 57th Street, ran across a chap named Leonard Stokes who had studied with him under the great voice instructor, Oscar Segal, a new baritone was added and the search for singers was over. Coincidence number three!



A very recent but nevertheless charming addition to the stage, Helen Charleston was starred in the RKO hour over the NBC system one Tuesday night no so long ago.

Uncle Sam Takes Time

UNCLE SAM is on the air with the various departments of his government more than any organization or individual in this country, according to figures compiled by M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting company. In the first ten months of 1929 245 government officials, including the President, were on the air over the NBC. More than 300 hours of broadcasting time were utilized by every branch of the government except the judicial.

This information was compiled following the suggestion of Radio Commissioner H. A. Lafount that special broadcasts by government officials be attempted to determine the interest of the Radio audience in governmental activities.

President Hoover, during the ten month period, made ten addresses which were broadcast; the vice-president spoke twice, every member of the cabinet was heard, except Secretary of State Stimson and Secretary of Treasury Mellon; 28 Senators made addresses; twelve members of the House spoke, and more than 150 chiefs and sub-chiefs of the various governmental bureaus appeared before the microphone.

* * *

An old favorite is now being heard in a new program, for her. Jessica Dragonette is now on the Cities Service Hour every Friday night over the NBC, and it is said that her contract places her among the highest paid Radio artists in the world.



Isobel Fancher, soprano soloist, has been featured on many special programs from KGU, Hawaii, for the past two and one-half years. Voice and beauty beautifully combined, don't you think so?

Tiny Tots Wee Theater

AN INNOVATION was heralded at WABC when the Tiny Tots Theatre of the Air—a modern theatre in miniature—was opened in the main studio of the Columbia Broadcasting system. The Tiny Tots Theatre of the Air comprises a stage twenty feet in width and amply large enough to accommodate any Radio cast; a pit in which the orchestra sits, and chairs for audiences up to and including 200 people. Spot-lights are used in the rear of the studio during broadcasting to give the effect of a real theatre. Microphones are placed at strategic points along the stage but do not interfere with the audience's view of the production.

The idea was conceived by Morris Littmann, sponsor of the Mountainville True Life Sketches. The theatre was designed especially for these Mountainville skits so that listeners could be invited to the studio each Monday night and actually see the players who have become so familiar to them over the air.

Each week the Tiny Tot's theatre is assembled in studio 1 for the presentation of the Mountainville sketches. Radio listeners are invited to write to WABC for free tickets to the "Tiny Tots Air Theatre." These are furnished to a limited number (200) of listeners each week.

To give greater effect to the broadcast, speaking from a visual standpoint, the main studio lights are put out and only the "spot" lights were employed. The cast learns its script so there is no need for lighting other than regular "spots."

About 150 Radio listeners attended the premiere performance. The orchestra, Milt Shaw's "Detroiters," played in the newly created pit, on the studio floor level several feet below stage. Both juvenile and adult players performed before the microphone in full costume.

* * *

Out of the twenty-two announcers on the NBC staff, nine are baritone soloists.



Alfredo Oswald, Brazilian pianist and son of the famous composer, is a featured artist on the "At the Baldwin," NBC Sunday program.

Up From Medicine Show

DAVE ELMAN, producer of "Show Folks," contends that he is the first Radio artist who has come from the old time Medicine Show. Elman has the credentials in writing. Among these are what he calls some of the earliest hieroglyphics which, when examined, prove to be fan mail. They are tributes to his impressive acting from the people of Main street, in little towns of five hundred souls which were visited by the patent medicine man and his troupe.

"Dave" emphatically says, "those were the days! They were really the days, when the canvas chair creaked under the weight of spontaneous laughter; when the 'lead' wore his plug hat to dress rehearsal as well as to bed and where the label 'Take before and after meals' was born.

"But don't misunderstand me," he went on. "The audiences of those days were just as critical and equally as enthusiastic as those of today. They were willing to be 'taken' as long as they were amused. Among New Yorkers over on Broadway tonight you have the same group of folks transported from Iowa and the Dakotas. They pour out of the theatres muttering 'rotten.' They have been infected by the sting of disappointment and due to the press and swift moving life of the metropolis, their thoughts are distracted by other matters.

"But back there it was different. The medicine show was an affair anticipated and dwelt upon for a long time after its passing. When a year passed and it was to come back, records were researched and without the stamp of approval on past performances (and that also went for the medicine) there would be no show."

These troupers were versatile and could present as many as fifteen different dramas in a week.

"And the thing that impressed me most with these country people was their sincerity. So rarely did they stray from their fireside that the acting of a Barrymore made no difference to them. In fact Jeffersons, Forrests and Booths were non-existant—never even heard of. Laughs, sobs, melodrama and comedy were what they wanted."

"Pinch Hitter" Is Protege of Star

INCLUDED among the great army of Radio performers who broadcast not only daily, but many times each day, is Marie Opfinger of station WABC, a student at the Juilliard Graduate School of Music and a protege of Mme. Sembrich.

Still very young, yet a veteran in length of service to Radio, Miss Opfinger's unusual lyric soprano voice was heard over the air as far back as 1924, when she broadcast from the now dismantled studios of a station which gave many Radio performers their start.

Bed-ridden and paralyzed, as a child, Miss Opfinger found much of her entertainment in the rising young medium of amusement, Radio. With a child's insatiable curiosity to know "what made the wheels go 'round" the little listener read everything she could lay her hands on which related to Radio, and had an enviable stock of information on the subject while an unkind decree of nature obliged her to be merely a "fan" and not an active participant in the field which so attracted her.

With improvement in her health, Miss Opfinger studied music with a tutor, and found her naturally fine voice developing so rapidly that she had no trouble securing an engagement in a Broadway motion picture theatre.

"I'm only a pinch hitter, I know," laughs Miss Opfinger, but I'm glad to be even so small a part of the business of Radio until such time as I have trained my voice sufficiently to warrant my being featured." And if the letters which come to Miss Opfinger from her fans through the country are any indication, there are many listeners who are glad to hear the voice its owner slightingly refers to.

* * *

Just twenty-eight years after Guglielmo Marconi sent the first wireless message across the Atlantic ocean he spoke into a microphone in London and his voice was heard all over the United States via NBC wires and hookup.



Dramatic actress and writer as well, Georgia Backus has played in numerous stage productions. She is now a member of the CBS continuity staff, and appears before the mike three times a week.



Harvey Hays has the part of the "Old Pioneer" in the Empire Builders, NBC feature. This pose is one of the few "polite" pictures ever taken of Harvey.

Sports Hold "Spotlight"

SPORTS broadcasts have proved so popular that national chains and individual stations have laid plans for more extensive programs devoted to baseball, boxing, football and other events this year. All of the Radio interests, including broadcasting, manufacturing and distributing branches of the industry, have co-operated in connection with putting on the major sport features at all seasons of the year.

Through the arrangements of the great national chains and the co-operation of the local stations the public is assured that every national sporting event of 1930 will be put on the air. Although some promoters are disposed to limit or prevent broadcasting, this is largely a local problem, and on the whole these men are glad to co-operate in putting their events on the air as has been evidenced this last Winter.

There is no reason for concern on the part of the listening public that sports events will not continue to be a major feature of Radio entertainment, as arrangements made by broadcasting interests insure broadcasting of splendid future athletic entertainments, says B. G. Erskine, chairman of the broadcasting committee of the Radio Manufacturers association.

* * *

Following in the footsteps of his author-playwright father, Julian Street, Jr., is author of a series of dramatizations presented by the NBC. The younger Street is the author of some of the sketches of New York life heard in the Rapid Transit programs, and of the dramatizations, Golden Legends, presented by the NBC on the Pacific Coast. His father collaborated with Booth Tarkington in "The Country Cousin."

* * *

WHEN Germany sent Christmas greetings to the United States it was the first time a German program had been heard on an American network. The rebroadcast had not been planned and was put on the air through the NBC system without preliminary announcements.

Fans Turn to "Good Old Days"

Program Chiefs Find Most People Are Sentimental; "Around the Melodeon" Typical Case

By Gene V. Brown



Just a few little things to do for Mrs. Morton Harvey. She's Aunt Betty, contralto of the Children's Hour, and of the Shopping Basket, pianist, and director of the Ladies' Quartet, all at WBBZ.

MOST people are sentimental, Radio has discovered. Program supervisors, feeling their way around the dial to find the most popular features, have found that the majority of listeners respond as one person to the program that takes them back to the "good old days" when they were young, though "Maggie" may now be far, far away from her girlhood home and, perchance, be living in some remote corner of the country or in some big city, caught up in the whirl of every-day life.

Programs that have heart appeal, such as those including the old songs, the quaint old-fashioned sort of philosophy, the simple methods of living, these are the ones that touch the Radio listener most deeply, a statement that is proved by the influx of mail that follows such homely, simple broadcasts.

At WBAL, not so very long ago, there came on the air a new studio feature which Frederick R. Huber, director, and Gustav Klemm, program supervisor, decided to call "Around the Melodeon." The very name typified the feature—that of depicting musically and with the aid of a clever continuity script, the days of yesteryear.

And so each Saturday night from 9 to 9:30 o'clock, (EST) listeners to this station gather "Around the Melodeon" and once again find themselves in the old lamp-lit parlor "back home" with the horsehair furniture placed "just so" on the brussels rug; you see yourself and a group of other young people from down the road or the village who have "dropped in" for a taffy-pull and incidentally, some music, gather "around the melodeon," and leaning over the shoulders of the one sufficiently talented to play the instrument, you once again hear yourself and the others singing the old songs—"Annie Laurie," "Seeing Nellie Home," "Coming Through the Rye," "Darling Nellie Gray," "O, Susanna," "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs" and others which were at that time the popular hits of the day.

The songs are sung by the WBAL mixed quartet which includes Jane Kirby, soprano; Maud Albert, contralto; John Wilbourn, tenor, and Walter N. Linthicum, baritone. In addition to the quartet numbers there are also various solos—just as frequently happened in the old days when you all got together; you remember how Charlie Thorp, who sang tenor in the church choir, always used to sing something all by himself, and then not to be outdone by Charlie, Grace, who could reach the highest note in town, and Mazie, who sang alto in the choir, would follow with something of their own while Howard, the bass, never failed to sing "Asleep in the Deep" or something.

When WBAL broadcasts these "Melodeon" programs John H. Eltermann, staff organist, presides at the "Melodeon." The continuity script is done by Broughton Tall, Supervisor of Literary Research at the big Baltimore station, and a writer of considerable reputation, having several plays, one-act sketches, and dramatic articles to his credit.



Savigny Atkinson

A VOGUE in song presentations has been created by Savigny Warren Atkinson, four-year-old Buffalonian who dramatizes lyrics so they remain dramatized the rest of their natural life.

Every Wednesday night in the middle of the Atkinson-Leff program, which is broadcast over Station WKBW of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation at 6:30 o'clock, a box is placed before the tall microphone and Savigny mounts it with all the dignity and poise of a true artist and gives the listening world another bit of his a la Atkinson entertainment.

Now, don't think Savigny is doing this just because it is the wish of his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Atkinson of Kenmore, N. Y. He's entirely serious about the business of broadcasting, and he spends all his idle time in vocal runs, for if there must be a Davy Lee of movie fame there also is going to be a Savigny Atkinson of Radio fame.

Quality Is Slogan at Station WHAM

"THIS is Rochester where Quality Dominates," is the daily greeting sent out by WHAM to its thousands of listeners. This slogan is sponsored by the Rochester Chamber of Commerce to advertise Rochester products. However, it might well apply, with equal appropriateness, to the Radio entertainment provided by WHAM. Quality is the prime requisite in any program, daytime or evening, which is presented by WHAM.

It might be stated here, not in an apologetic way, but with a certain amount of justifiable pride, that WHAM in the past has not been a money making station. With pride, because artistic endeavor has never been sacrificed to monetary gain. Many programs and contracts have been refused by WHAM, without regard to the cost in lost revenue, because they would not measure up to the station's standard of entertainment.

One reason why WHAM is able to present programs of the same high artistic standard maintained by the best stations in the Metropolitan centers is that it is located in Rochester, New York, recognized throughout the country as a musical center. Here is talent of the finest kind for nearly every kind of program desired. Here are located the Eastman School of Music, and such outstanding musical organizations as the Rochester Civic orchestra and the Rochester Philharmonic orchestra with their internationally known conductor, Eugene Goosens, and his able assistant, Guy Fraser Harrison.

Worcester Now Boasting

WHEN WORC of Worcester, Massachusetts opened its new studios late last Summer, Radio listeners sat a little closer to the loud speakers and sat a little straighter in their chairs. The reason for this awakening was that the new studios of this station, formerly operated as WKBE at Webster, Mass., are conceded to be the second most beautiful in New England, and the quality and reception of programs were greatly enhanced.

The Worcester station is on the air fifty-five hours every week with an excellent variety of programs, and has over 75 excellent commercial accounts.

Among the popular features heard from WORC are: Seth Parker's Old Fashioned Singing School, the Frost Office Boys, and the Black Face team of Mose and Henry.



None other than Eugene Goosens, world-renowned conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic, and who has been guest conductor of most of the noted orchestras in America and Europe. Heard over WHAM.

"EFA" Is a True Pioneer of Radio

ARTHUR F. EDES, WEEI program director known as "EFA," can rightfully be termed a pioneer. It was in February of 1924 that Edes was first introduced to the Radio audience. Since opening the Boston studio of WBZ at that time Edes' career in Radio has been outstanding and extensive.



After remaining with WBZ for nearly two years "EFA" joined the staff of WEEI as chief announcer and very shortly after became program director and studio manager.

In addition to announcing and arranging programs, "EFA" made a trip around the world in 1926 and called at all the important Radio stations of the different countries visited. Shortly after returning from this trip in 1927, another trip was taken and that time to Africa, Italy, France and Spain.

Many members of the Radio audience hear this announcer most every evening but are unaware of it. The discovery was made that "EFA" was able to compete with most anyone as a "protean voice actor" and now in many skits and plays the WEEI program director is heard but it is not known, for "EFA" refrains from using his name. In fact it has always been "EFA" and never "This is Arthur Edes speaking." Weekly, on Monday evenings, Edes does the part of the pompous stern judge in The Night Court. To avoid conflict with another announcer's initials in the early days of Radio Edes reversed his own and has been backing up to the microphone ever since when announcing his air signature.

* * *

In eight appearances before NBC microphones in recent months Buck O'Neil, sports writer, made one hundred predictions regarding major sporting events, ninety-seven of which proved correct.

New York Italian Station Stresses Education

***By* A. J. Palange**

DESPITE the fact that Station WCDA operates on a wavelength of 222.1 meters it is one of the most popular stations in Greater New York.

Known among Radio fans as the "Italian Station" it is owned and controlled by the Italian Educational Broadcasting company and devotes much of its time to giving educational talks as well as musical features.

For instance, on Sunday evenings, WCDA presents its weekly "big feature" of Grand Opera. Since the Fall season got under way it has presented four Grand Operas, featuring prominent operatic artists.

Alba Novella, seventeen-year-old soprano, who, in her debut at the Starlight Stadium, New York, in "Pagliacci" was heralded by critics of the New York press as a promising star, is the featured artist on all operatic presentations over this wave length and has built up a tremendous following. She has a pleasant Radio voice and holds her audience. Her personality is conceded by everyone.

The Italian station, which, by the way, is the only station in the United States which makes announcements regularly both in English and Italian, is popular with those who love Italian music.

All operatic presentations are under the capable direction of Maestro Carlo Peroni, formerly Conductor for the San Carlo Opera company. Fortune Gallo, nationally known as the general director of the San Carlo Opera company, is President of the Italian Educational Broadcasting company. Through his knowledge of music his station has forged ahead considerably. John Bellucci, who was formerly with the Metropolitan Opera house is program director. He knows every artist personally and is at all times in close sympathy with everyone at the station. He has been with the station since its inception in 1927.

Another feature which has enjoyed much popularity over WCDA is "Neapolitan Moments." This period is made up of typical Neapolitan folk songs with an orchestra of mandolins and violins. Nicola Mercorelli, tenor and Ester Liquori, soprano, supply the vocal entertainment in this feature. A presentation, which appeals solely to those of Italian extraction, is a commercial period sponsored by the White Star line. It is a half-hour of Italian comedy—a trip on one of the Line's steamers to Italy, of an Italian who returns to his fatherland.

The regular English lessons and citizenship talks to those of Italian extraction have been going on since the station's first day on the air and WCDA boasts of helping many Italians to become good Americans. Very little time is devoted to jazz, not that the directors do not approve of it, but because they feel they are in a position to give classical and operatic presentations superior to that of any of the other stations.

The studios of WCDA are comparable with those of any station in the United States. The main studio is 25 feet wide and 32 feet in length. When the famous Vatican Choir came to this country recently they made their Radio debut in New York over WCDA. Studio, No. 2, is somewhat smaller and is ordinarily used for piano recitals and lectures. Three reception rooms furnished with loud speakers are maintained for the convenience of visitors. A staff of three announcers who speak both English and Italian is always prepared to introduce programs.

Some of the artists who are listed among the stations stars are: Evelyn MacGregor, mezzo soprano, Lillian Stout, soprano, Unique Cello quintet; Louis Calbi, versatile musician, banjoist and cellist; and many others including Dan Poleman and his dance orchestra.

Kriens Calls Ricci, Prodigy, a Master

AN APPRAISAL of the genius of Ruggiero Ricci, boy violinist whose sensational performances have brought him fame, has been made by Christiaan Kriens, Radio maestro who amazed Europe in the 'nineties by his precocity. Mr. Kriens made some interesting comments on child prodigies.

Nine-year-old Ruggiero Ricci startled music critics when he performed with the Manhattan Symphony orchestra and more recently in a recital alone in Carnegie hall. Christiaan Kriens, who is now musical director of WTIC, became world-famous at the age of 14 when he conducted the Amsterdam Symphony orchestra and toured Europe giving recitals in Beethoven's works on the piano and violin.

"There can be no doubt of the genius of Ruggiero Ricci," said Mr. Kriens. "He is probably a greater master of technique than many famous violinists of mature age. His is a case of what we might call 'accelerated absorption.' One person learns more quickly than another person in any line of endeavor, and genius, which has been defined as the infinite capacity for work, may be present in the same degree in some persons at age nine as in others at ages 19 or 29. What a prodigy may absorb in two years might take others six or ten years."

Mr. Kriens asserted that the majority of child prodigies are not heard of after their twenties. He mentioned a few exceptions, such as Hoffman, who made a Continental tour at the age of nine, and Mozart, who began composing for chorus and orchestra at the age of ten. He pointed out, however, that Hoffman was forced to retire for six years after his strenuous childhood because his health failed. His retirement may have saved him and his art from oblivion.

* * *

Said a letter received by the NBC: "I have a beautiful collie dog named Rudy Vallee who has puppies which I call the Connecticut Yankees."



A classic soprano singer on the staff of the "Italian Station," WCDA, Alba Novella is always popular with her audiences.

Schools Use Radio in Class Concerts

WEEKLY Radio concerts by the musical organizations of the public schools of Baltimore were recently inaugurated by station WCAO, and are bringing an enthusiastic response from its many listeners.

These programs were made possible through the co-operation of John Denues, director of music in the Baltimore public schools. Mr. Denues had under consideration for sometime the broadcasting of school concerts. On several occasions the high school orchestras and glee clubs had broadcast from Baltimore stations. The public, as well as the school officials, evinced considerable interest in the concerts and Mr. Denues decided to make them a regular weekly feature, feeling that the microphone experience obtained through the regular broadcasting of their musical organizations would be excellent training in developing talent and self-assurance among children in the schools.

In order that the broadcasts would not conflict with school work, Friday afternoon, between 4 and 5, was the time selected.

Each week the pupils from a different school make their Radio bow. The programs are of a classic nature, and are presented by glee clubs as well as the school orchestras and bands.

Uses Wood Exclusively

FROM the wooden oil derricks which are such a familiar sight throughout Northwestern Pennsylvania was conceived the idea of using wooden towers and wooden "guys" in the construction of the antennae towers of WLBW. So far as is known this is the only station in the world using wooden construction throughout in its towers. This construction as well as the founding of the station was the work of William S. Paca, one of the country's pioneer telephone engineers, and now general manager of the Petroleum Telephone company, as well as general manager of WLBW.



There are no other stations within approximately 100 miles of this station of over 50 watts power. Located as it is right in the heart of Oildom and rich Northwestern Pennsylvania serving forty-two towns and communities, WLBW is truly an unusual station in an unusual location.

New studios, offices and control room have been built into the Keith-Drake Theatre building.

Here Is Original "Ham"

THERE are still a great many amateurs in the country, and they are still referred to as hams. That term, far from being as uncomplimentary as it sounds, is really quite an honorable title. At least so thinks the owner of WNBH, at New Bedford, Mass. Irving Vermilya, the gentleman in question, is the proud holder of the title "The Original Ham." And well, he might be proud, for he holds the first operators' license ever issued by the Department of Commerce. Back in those dim dark ages, it was not called a license, but a "Certificate of Skill" and this man holds "Certificate of Skill, No. 1."



The photographer caught this group of announcers as they agonized through the tender strains of "Sweet Adeline" in the studio of WCAO. Left to right you see: Bill O'Toole, Bert Hanauer, Bob Thompson, Don M. Hix, and Ham Whaley, staff pianist.

Radio Wins in the Battle With Sea for Glenn

A SEA captain or a great singer—which would he rather be? Commander of a great sailing vessel, who could visit strange ports and experience the thrill that comes of guiding hundreds of souls to safety through stormy seas, or a celebrated concert artist, who could hold vast audiences spellbound with the magic of his voice? That was the problem that confronted Wilfred Glenn, famous basso of the Seiberling Singers, some twenty-five years ago.



Today, thirty million Radio listeners are richer in musical experience because "Bill" decided in favor of a vocal career. For "Bill" is the owner of what masterful bass voice—the singer of real "he-man" songs who thrills the Radio world on Thursday evenings when the Seiberling Singers go on the air. Every other week the Seiberling programs, broadcast over the NBC, feature a bass solo by Mr. Glenn, or an arrangement for four voices in which the deep, rich tones of the basso predominate.

Glenn is by no means a newcomer on the air. He was a member of the first organization to sing in person over the Radio. This was 'way back in 1923, over station WOR in Newark, New Jersey. Besides recording and Radio work, "Bill" has made many appearances on the concert stage, in oratorio work, dramatic stock, light opera and grand opera.

"Bill" was born on his father's ranch in California. He showed an early interest in music, and spent much of his time in singing and studying, by himself, the rudiments of voice culture. He was also fascinated by the sea and sailing vessels. When he was about eighteen, his interest in the sea proved a bit the stronger of his two "ruling passions" and he ran away from home and shipped for Alaska.

After an exciting voyage and several months of hard work at an Alaskan fishery, the old desire to sing came back. Bill delighted his shipmates with his deep bass voice, and found himself dreaming of the time when he would face a metropolitan concert audience. The ambition to be a sea captain began to lag.

So "Bill" returned to America with his mind made up to become a great singer. A few months of study and many long hours of practice, and he was ready to set out for New York to make his mark in the music world. Like most successful artists, he has an amusing story to tell about his first audition.

It was before the great Gatti-Casazza, in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. As Glen appeared on the stage, he noticed that several other bassos and baritones of the great opera organization were present. His heart began to sink. Then, as the accompanist modulated into the "Aria" from "Gioconda," Glenn's eyes fell upon a smiling face in the handful of people gathered for the occasion—the very artist who sang the role that Bill was trying for was present. "I knew then," Bill admits, "that I didn't have a chance. I was so nervous that it was an ordeal to go through with the tryout." But he finished, receiving the usual brief "Thank you," following the hearing. After the tryout Glenn met a friend from the West who had been present at the opera house. "Bill," said the friend, "that was absolutely the loudest noise I ever heard in any theater!"

Although he never heard from that particular tryout, it was not long before Glenn secured an engagement. His first important public appearance was at the Worcester, Mass., festival, where he was accorded great recogniton. Other similar engagements and concert appearances followed. It was with the Shannon Four, well-known phonograph record quartet, that Glenn first sang over the Radio. Since he has been appearing with the Seiberling Singers, he has gained a host of new admirers through his rendition of such compositions as "The Flea," "In Tiefen Keller," "The Big Bass Viol," "When Big Profundo Sang Low C," and various other numbers of classical as well as lighter vein.

* * *

A NOVEL piano program by "Major Minor" given over WAAM every Friday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock, has become a very popular feature of the station.

"Major Minor" took his first position at an early age; for about five years he played in a Brooklyn moving picture house, using all his spare time to form an orchestra. Later, he left the theatre and with an orchestra appeared on the stage. The unit he brought together became very popular, and, after playing at theatres from Canada to Texas, they received callings for private engagements. Finally, the orchestra disbanded and "Major Minor" returned to motion picture playing. He is now situated in Metuchen, N. J., where he presides over the console at the Forum Theatre.

CAROLINAS Demand CLASS

For Air Programs WNRC Typical

BE Regular Fellow and Give Them Style, Says Greensboro Director to Followers of This Popular Southern Station

TAKE the population per capita, North Carolina seems to have more first-class broadcasting stations than any other state in the Union. In town, out of town, up and down the highways and by mountain trails Radio means something more than a plaything of the moment. It is a serious proposition.

As a typical example of North Carolina broadcasting let us step over to Greensboro for a visit at WNRC. Let's say "Howdy" to Wayne M. Nelson, director. Nelson knows his station and he knows his people and he is a man of unusual importance because of the position that he holds.

Nelson probably takes seriously the old saying of the evangelist who contended that it was his policy to lay down his oratorical barrages close to the ground so that all classes of society could take advantage of them.

WNRC is on the air from 12:30 until 3 o'clock every day except Saturday. The evening program starts at 7 o'clock, Saturdays excepted, it being a silent day. The station maintains a church service, broadcasting two each Sunday.

WNRC has gone into the broadcasting game with the idea of giving the fans a variegated program, free from frills and any attempt at high-hatting. The fans of Greensboro, away over on the Atlantic coast, have a keen sense of appreciation, and the mail received at the station would indicate they are unhesitating in their desire to pass words of praise.

Wayne Nelson has been more or less—probably more—identified with Radio since he was a youngster. When Radio was young and consisted of something with possibilities rather than with any qualities that could be considered as realities, Nelson began to work with wireless.



Above, Miss Madelyn Hall, organist.



Right, Wayne Nelson, director and announcer, WNRC. Below, Kitty and Bobby O'Connor, Ukulele Ladies.



In 1912 he began building amateur sets, and by degrees he became more and more interested in Radio until he took up the direction and announcing assignment at Greensboro.

WNRC has a well-balanced staff of artists, one of the snappiest teams in its studio being the O'Connor Sisters, Kitty and Bobby. They have been aptly named the Ukulele Ladies. In the accompanying picture they are shown in costumes they used to feature the famous clown song, Laugh, Clown, Laugh. Bobby is a tall blonde and Kitty is a brunette. Are they married? Not yet.

Another star in the studio of WNRC is Madelyn Hall, organist at the National theater. Madelyn has been featured in a series of recitals and she is another valuable member of the staff.

Other features of the programs at WNRC include late news flashes, sports reports, stock quotations, furnished by the Greensboro Daily Record, with Harold Essex announcing.

Following the regular evening program WNRC usually indulges in a series of presentations for the night owls and these continue beyond the midnight hour. Letters from this band of followers prove beyond a doubt the appeal of the owl programs, and have revealed the interest of many nocturnal fans who make it part of their routine to tune in on WNRC for these features.

As a director and announcer, Wayne Nelson has built up a select clientele along the Atlantic coast, and the name WNRC is being carried further westward with each succeeding day. Nelson has not striven for big things so much as to excel in the ordinary things which appeal to the masses of people.

A visit to the station of WNRC is an inspiration, and a casual study of its studio operation discloses the fact that the details for the day's work have been worked out to the 'nth degree. The man behind the station, whose personality fairly radiates throughout the studio, is Wayne Nelson, who is young in years but old and rich in experience.

On Getting Acquainted With Bill Mundy of Gawja Voice

By **Doris Campbell**

THE soft, likable drawl of the southern voices seems to hold a peculiar fascination for most of us northerners, and if he is to be heard often—and it seems likely that he is—on chain broadcasts, which we all admit reach to every farthest corner of this land of the more or less free, you'll want to be getting acquainted, won't you, with that particular Southern Voice we heard assisting Mr. McNamee with that Miami thing, sometime back, from WSB?

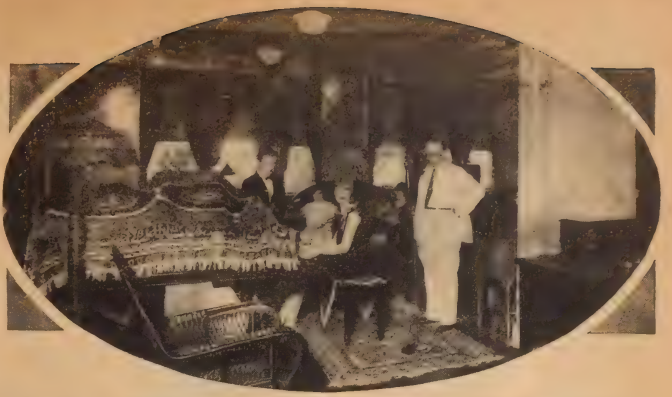
It belongs, as you doubtless know, to Billy Mundy, sports writer on the Atlanta Journal, the daily, Sunday, triweekly publication that "covers Dixie like the dew"—or so it claims—and whose voice WSB is.

The Sharkey-Stribling broadcast was his first big one, of a major boxing affair, and he told me that he very much enjoyed working with the gentleman whom Phillips Carlin calls Graham. "McNamee is a wonderful chap personally," the southern scribe declared, "and is without a peer anywhere in announcing any event, I sincerely believe." He's not alone in his belief, either, I'm sure. Tho' I did think Mr. McNamee wasn't quite up to his usual mark that night, but perhaps it was the fight—or the lack of one; it's never a really BIG time, you know, unless this McNamee person is on the verge of passing out at least twice during the event. But . . . . this is Mr. Mundy's story.

W. C. Munday, Jr., is his formal signature. His association with the Atlanta Journal dates back to 1919. In 1924 he was graduated in law from the U. of Georgia, and was admitted to the bar, but instead of practicing he preferred to resume his work in the newspaper profession. "I knew that a young lawyer did not practice law but merely read it, the while he practiced economy," he explained. Imagine a kid of twenty-one being that wise! In fact, imagine a kid of twenty-one being admitted to the bar! Oh, I suppose there have been—and will be—others, but it seems rather unusual to me."



Bill Nye, Jr., may or may not take after his famous namesake. Douglas, for that's his right name, sings over WWNC at Asheville, home of Bill the First, his father.



Seated in the studios of WGCM you see Frank J. Kroulik, manager and announcer, Miss Gwen Friedrich, staff pianist, Pat Sheehan, tenor, and Mrs. Grace Calhoun, pianist, and an unnamed friend.

Blue Yodel Creator Visits "First Love"

JIMMY RODGERS, the "one and only" creator of the "Blue Yodel," visited Asheville, North Carolina, last December, and spent some time entertaining the audiences of Station WWNC, the place where he got his start.

The success enjoyed by Jimmy Rodgers deserves a prominent place in the chronicles of those to whom Radio has brought recognition of particular individual talent. Three years ago the Asheville Chamber of Commerce decided that the city should have a Radio station. Steps were taken to bring about a realization of that need, and, after a spirited campaign, funds were secured, the equipment purchased, and on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1927, WWNC embarked upon its career. Among the first to broadcast, was a long, lanky individual whose crooning, simple melodies brought an avalanche of requests every time he stepped before the microphone. Jimmy Rodgers at that time was an unknown. To hear him tell it one realizes that he was decidedly up against it. Taxi driver for a season, member of the police force, member of the fire department, and there you have the Jimmy Rodgers of three years ago.

Jimmy would come to the studio with one of the many "fiddle bands," and with them, would play mountain tunes. His singing of "Sleep Baby Sleep" brought calls for more. Then he organized a little company of entertainers and started out on a barnstorming trip through the mountains and up to Bristol, which is that town located astraddle the Tennessee-Virginia state line. It so happened that there was a representative of the Victor Talking Machine company doing some scouting around Bristol, and there Jimmy got his big chance. His work over the Radio had been heard by the head of that company and they gave him a test. He sang "Sleep, Baby Sleep" and one of his own compositions, and that first record achieved the greatest sale of any first record ever made by a Victor artist.

From that day to now—well, Jimmy Rodgers has traveled a "fur piece." His record sales have established records and have already reached the staggering total of over twelve million. Needless to say, Jimmy does not have to worry about the wolf outside HIS door—yet he has not forgotten, and his first thought upon getting back to Asheville, up in the "Land of the Sky," was for the folks who gave him a start along the highway to success. He gave several programs from Station WWNC, informal little affairs in which the desires of the listeners were the guiding hand. Requests were given the same impromptu reception that they used to receive back yonder when Jim was not famous—and when the station, itself, was not so well known.

Today—well, Jimmy Rodgers is known wherever there is a phonograph. And WWNC is a prominent member of the Columbia Broadcasting system with a schedule that begins at eight in the morning and that continues through each day until midnight. Quite a contrast to the time three years ago when programs were more or less occasional—when there was practically no daytime broadcasting, and when there was no such thing as a chain program available.

It would be quite interesting to know how many artists who today are amongst those who have "arrived," got their start as did Jimmy Rodgers, through the magic medium of a broadcasting station.

He Uses His Irish Wit

ONCE there was an Irishman—how many stories start out like that? Right the first time. But there is an Irishman, and his name is Tom Mooney, and he lives in Nashville, Tennessee, U. S. A. And the pride of his life and the joy of everyone who tunes in to WSM on Saturday nights at seven o'clock is the Tom and Joe Minstrel Show.

From the pen of Tom Mooney flows the fast stepping line of jokes and quips on a wide variety of subjects, including everything from Broadway to the local barber shop.

Joe Combs is an old time minstrel man who appeared with Al Fields, and several other topliners. He has a tenor voice of remarkable quality, and while the old black-face business has given away to more staid enterprise in Nashville, Joe still likes to keep his hands in the minstrel work. And so it's Tom and Joe and their Minstrel Show.

* * *

Station WJDX in Jackson, Miss., has been added to the National Broadcasting company system. The addition of the southern station brings the total served by the NBC to 73 stations.



A couple of charming girls featured in piano duos twice weekly from WREC, Marguerite Bass and Mildred Waddey are a part of "The Voice of Memphis."

Whoopee on Tap at WAPI Birthday

NEW YEAR'S EVE found WAPI at Birmingham celebrating its first anniversary as a super-power station. The old year expired and 1930 was five hours old before the transmitter was given a well earned rest. With George D. Hay of WSM, Nashville, and H. A. Hutchinson of KVOO, as guest announcers, the Radio audience was bombarded with a twenty-two hour broadcast which ran the gamut of microphone entertainment. That there was an audience was attested to by the thousand telegrams and the many long distance calls which poured into the studios. Drawing in the announcers from WAPI's two remote control studios, Auburn and Montgomery, the entire staff was on hand to celebrate the event.

Beginning with a banquet at the Tutwiler Hotel at six o'clock, which was featured by brief addresses by the Governor and the heads of the three institutions of higher learning owning WAPI, the Alabama Polytechnic institute, University of Alabama, and Alabama college; and Hon. J. M. Jones, president of the City Commission of Birmingham, the celebration went on through the evening and ended at five o'clock New Year's morning.

WAPI began operation December 31, 1928, as part of the extension service of the Alabama Polytechnic institute and operated in cooperation with the city of Birmingham, but on February 27, 1929, two other state owned institutions of higher learning, the University of Alabama and Alabama college, were admitted to ownership and the station was committed to an educational policy in which it has met with remarkable success.

In March of 1929 WAPI joined the ever growing list of stations associated with the National Broadcasting company, using at first only special programs offered by that network but gradually enlarging this department of broadcasting until at the close of the year the station was presenting thirty-six hours weekly.

The year just ended, though WAPI's first as a high power station, was a year filled with innumerable services to the people of Alabama. Outstanding in the year's activities was the handling of the relief work of the great flood disaster during the month of March, which swept the entire state of Alabama and especially the southern part. The station was on almost continuously during the greater part of a week. The appeal was responsible for the raising of approximately $200,000.00 in food, clothing and cash funds.

The year saw the addition of Henry and Percy, an exclusive comedy team, whose popularity has been increasingly evident. In the Autumn an unusually interesting feature was added when a group of studio players presented "The Valiant", judged as the best one-act play ever written and which has taken more than seventy-five first prizes.

WAPI was unusually active in the world of sports broadcasting during the year, presenting to the Radio audience all of the road games played by the Birmingham Barons, the World Series, the outstanding Southern football games, and a number of boxing matches.

Late in the Autumn the board of control of the station authorized application to the Federal Radio commission for permission to broadcast on a power assignment of 50,000 watts.

Big Cart Loads of Mail

PROBABLY no attempt to reduce a station's power or take away its wave length ever aroused more general interest than the effort of W. G. Skelly and Republican National committeemen from Oklahoma, to obtain the frequency long used by KWKH of Shreveport, the mouthpiece of the far-famed W. K. Henderson.

Skelly complained to the Federal Radio commission at Washington that Henderson was so uncouth as to be unfit to be on the air, and it was admitted that 85 per cent of the KWKH programs consisted of phonograph recordings.

But Henderson swamped Mr. Skelly and his cohorts under an incredibly large pile of affidavits from listening admirers. He brought 167,000 supporting affidavits to Washington, and the Radio commissioners told Skelly to forget it.

Skelly carried his case to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals. Henderson's affidavits went along, too. In three large cart loads they went. It took half a dozen men nearly a week to string them together, for the court rules require that each segment of evidence be in one piece. Skelly lost the appeal.

Carillon Descends From Middle Age

FROM early medieval times in the Netherlands, Belgium, and the north of France, watch towers were erected from which sentinels could see the flooding of the dykes or the coming of invaders. In such a crisis the blowing of a horn by the watcher would summon the people to meet the threatened danger.

Gradually a bell replaced the horn, and as the years passed more bells were added, a clock joined the group, and from the lowly beginning of the primitive watch tower grew the carillon or "singing tower."

Through the centuries man's control of the elements grew until at last he could transmit and receive sound through the air. A little over a year ago, February 1, 1929, to be exact, perhaps the finest carillon ever constructed, that at Edward W. Bok's Mountain Lake Sanctuary, near Lake Wales, Florida, was dedicated. Now the ethereal beauty of the voice of this singing tower is heard through Radio station WFLA.

The carillon is played every evening at sunset, from 4 o'clock to 4:30, from December 1 until May 1, and also at 12:30 noon on Sundays during this period. Recitals are given on special occasions, as Christmas, the birthdays of Washington, Lincoln, and General Robert E. Lee.

The carillonneur is the famous Anton Brees of Antwerp, Belgium. He has played most of the great carillons of the world, and was recently carillonneur for John D. Rockefeller at the Park Avenue Baptist church, New York.

There are 71 bells in the Mountain Lake singing tower, comprising 53 notes, or four and one-half octaves. The total weight of the bells is 123,264 pounds. The tenor bell alone weighs eleven tons, and the smallest twelve pounds.



Orin Gaston left his home sweet home in Indiana a quarter of a century ago to seek fame and fortune in Nashville, Tennessee. There he has found popularity at least, and a host of friends. As director of the concert orchestra, he has been with WSM for the past year, and throughout his life in Nashville has been an outstanding figure in musical circles.



Marie DeVille, petite WTAM songster who was the National Air Race Girl for 1928 at Cleveland, has been asked to function in the same capacity for the 1930 Races at St. Louis

Ohioans Discover Columbus A. D. '25

COLUMBUS discovered America in 1492, but it wasn't until station WAIU was established, on November 2, 1925, that the people of Ohio really discovered Columbus.

Located in the heart of the Buckeye state, this station, owned and operated by the American Insurance Union, dispenses information regarding the current activities of the various state departments, in connection with its other programs, and keeps Ohioans in close touch with their capital city.

In addition to a daily noon hour program covering the markets, the world's news, and the weather, and throughout the year other programs of value to all classes of listeners, from the literary, musical, and educational standpoint, WAIU reviews sessions of the Ohio Legislative body each week; presents farm talks by a representative of the Ohio Farm Bureau, the State Grange, the Ohio State Department of Agriculture, and the National Farm Radio Council; and places its microphones at the convenience of the Governor.

The city government of Columbus and the Chamber of Commerce are afforded the facilities of this station at will, and each Sunday a religious program is broadcast under the auspices of the Franklin County council of churches, without regard to denomination. A daily program from the Ohio State Penitentiary is one of the most popular features from WAIU.

These periods, together with a daily morning devotional hour, a recipe exchange, book reviews, health talks, children's hours, and frequent Columbia chain programs, justify WAIU's title, "the Service Station in the Heart of Ohio."

Much of the popularity of station WAIU is due to the people behind its microphones. Fred A. Palmer, studio director, has a vivid personality and a "voice with a smile in it," which have made him the idol of countless listeners.

Gene Hamilton, WAIU announcer, daily wins new friends for the station with his beautiful speaking voice.

Obstreperousness Leads TO RADIO FAME

IF GEORGE HALL Had Minded His Own Business He Might Never Have Joined the Maids of Melody, and Made the Third Member of the WLW Team of Donhallrose

By Dianne Dix

IF HE hadn't been obstreperous, George Hall probably never would have developed into a Radio vocalist. He minded someone else's business rather than his own, and the Donhallrose vocal trio was the result.

Making the reader wait a while for the thrilling story of how George poked his finger in the right pie, let's go back and find George in the class with those great Russian violinists whose fathers gave them miniature violins while still in their cradles.

George got his first violin when he was four. A half sized violin, it was, and he learned to play it all by himself. He had that kind of an ear for music. He played whatever came into his mind, or anything he heard anyone else play.

When he was big enough his parents gave him a real violin and sent him to music school. What a disappointment he was to his father and mother and to his teachers. He studied the violin for only three years and then refused to take any more lessons. He wanted to play "jazz" and he went along picking up ideas from everyone he heard.

He went through high school absolutely absorbed in his music. Rehearsals and performances of the high school orchestra, of which he, in time, was director, were his favorite amusements. When he graduated from high school at the age of 16, he went to North Carolina and played in a theatre, but he was homesick in a year and came back to Norwood, Ohio, where he was added to the staff of WSAI (before it became a Crosley station).

At the same station were Hortense Rose and Grace Donaldson, broadcasting as the Maids of Melody. The girls picked him out as an assistant and had him playing violin solos on their programs, for his music was of the same type as their crooning voices. George then was announced as the Phantom Fiddler.

One afternoon George sat in at the rehearsal of the Maids of Melody. The piece was new then—"My Blue Heaven."

"I tried to interest myself in a book while the girls were learning the tune but they got into an argument over the harmony," George tells it. "They were so disturbing about their fuss that I couldn't read. And then big hearted George tried to settle the difficulty by remarking snootily that there were at least two different sets of harmony notes all through the number."

According to George, Grace challenged him in no sweet tone to sing a third harmony if he were "so smart" and to keep off her notes.

Having decided to "let George do it," the three plunged into the number that was to settle the discussion of harmony. They went through the tune so smoothly and their voices blended so well that they called off all two-part harmony arguments and decided to have all future altercations in triplicate. Three days of hard work followed and then they went on the air together.

Not content as the third voice in a trio, George went singing about the studio alone until Grace Raine, then musical director of WSAI, and now vocal director of WLW and WSAI, put him on the program for solos. Up to that time he had been playing the piano for his own enjoyment. Then he found that if Hortense Rose exerted 90 per cent of the effort at the piano, he could contribute another 10 per cent with startling effect.

Perhaps to assure themselves of two-part harmony the rest of their lives, George and Hortense were married not long ago. They spend all of their time either in the studio practicing, or with Grace Donaldson planning new arrangements of vocal music.

The three sometimes sing as the Rhythm Rangers, and George and Hortense have a program on which they perform as the Two Keys—Black and White.

The major portion of their effort is now devoted to station WLW, which they joined when WSAI became a Crosley station. They are heard on many of the station's largest commercial programs.

* * *

Jerry Cammack has left WIL. This popular entertainer got itchin' feet, but it is hoped he will be back before too long.



Five Billikens, all of St. Louis University, help make the world a jolly old place. If you want to hear them, tune in to WEW about five o'clock some Friday evening.



This interested looking couple, the cows, walked from Vermont to St. Louis to broadcast over KMOX. With them are Katheryne McIntire of KMOX, and William Phillipsen and Robert Chapman, who accompanied their bovine friends.

Announcer Helps Build Up Hoosier Station

***By* M. Lee Forgy**

MARTIN W. HANSEN, personable young chief announcer of WGBF, has been an important factor in placing Evansville, Indiana, on the Radio map, aiding materially in the steady growth and development of the station.

And, being a versatile young person, not only does he announce but adds his power of song on various programs, all of which has made him most popular among listeners at home and abroad.

One of his outstanding accomplishments in ether entertainment is the Hoosier club, which he organized to the delight of the silent audience. With "meetings" staged every Saturday night, it has proven an interesting way to acknowledge telegrams and telephone calls to the studio, which, by the way, are increasing weekly, coming from all parts of the country. Nor is the mail for the most part from DX hunters, or the hands of novices not yet calloused from twirling the dials. Mexico, Saskatchewan, Novia Scotia and San Diego listeners, Hoosiers or no, attest the popularity of the programs.

Announcer Hansen, an Iowan by birth, for several years was an editor on the leading Evansville newspaper, which talent or training lends itself to preparation of effective continuities for all programs.

Six years ago WGBF, then an insipid infant, was marked by a bit of haywire and some temperamental generators installed on the third floor of a furniture company.

Today, from a pasteboard booth studio with a tin-roof antenna, the station has developed into a civic and statewide institution and an ultra-modern transmitter has been built on a national highway about 10½ miles from the city, a powerful flood light topping each 150-foot steel antenna tower. The studio today, with broadcasting rooms and smart office suite, occupies eleven office spaces on the floor of a downtown office building. And the Radio Commission has granted the station double power and a wave length and frequency well up on the dial.

Mr. Hansen became chief announcer of WGBF after the station was purchased from the furniture company more than a year ago, and immediately made it a point to aid in changing the unreliable source of potluck entertainment with its hit or miss arrangement to programs of such quality as to prove emblematic of all Hoosierdom.

The great influx of responses from Radio listeners proves his success.

Director Is a Composer

FAMOUS not only in broadcasting circles but in the greatest musical organizations in the world, Henry Francis Parks, program director of WCFL, is truly a great man.

A well known composer, Mr. Parks has many published numbers to his credit. His "Fantasticus" was played by the Peoples Symphony orchestra last season, and a new number for ballet, "The Love Dance of a Doll," is scheduled for this season by the same organization. Mr. Parks has appeared with the Chicago Symphony orchestra, and at Ravinia park, the world-famous home of outdoor opera, where he will appear again next summer.

He is also a music critic and special writer for several national music magazines. For over a year he was a member of the staff of the Chicago Daily News, conducting the column "The World of Theatre Music."

Mr. Parks is not without a versatile experience over the air, for he has given major organ programs at WLW, and has been music director at WWAE.

* * *

A BIG TIME! That's all in capital letters, and even that can't begin to express the gala programs and hilarity that went out on the air and went on behind the scenes at WOWO when the new studios and offices were dedicated.

Starting early in the morning and continuing until late at night leading celebrities, men of nation-wide repute and artists of high calibre appeared before the mikes.

Uncle Ed Looks at Michigan Pond

OBSERVATIONS of a backwoodsman on his first visit to a big city like Chicago proved interesting broadcast material on WLS' annual Harvest Home Festival. "Uncle Ed" Shackleford, old time singer and fiddler from KTHS, Hot Springs, was a guest on the three days of frolic at WLS, and kept the studio people constantly in an uproar over his homely observations on Chicagoans and their ways.

"Waal, I wuz only out of Arkansas oncet before, and that wuz jest across the line into Texas. Sez I to myself, sez I, if ever I git back I'll come to this conclusion: if this world be as big on the other side as it wuz on the Texas side—it'll shore be a whopper," said Uncle Ed.

When asked what he thought about the bustle and hurry of Chicago's loop, he replied that "Arkansawyers like me cain't run as fast as these Chicago people kin walk." Lake Michigan appeared to the old singer as "the doggonest biggest pond I ever see."

The personality of Uncle Ed as an old time singer who is "different" was brought to the attention of Steve Cisler, chief announcer of WLS and himself a former Arkansawyer, by Campbell Arnoux, director of KTHS. Arnoux has used Uncle Ed for several years on his old time music frolics with a great reception from listeners. When Cisler visited Arkansas last summer in search of fiddlers, Arnoux sent him on a hunt for Uncle Ed. Two days of driving up narrow wood roads, visiting road and lumber camps, finally turned out the old singer at his cabin home.

Shackleford has been out of the state only twice, and the Chicago trip counts for one. He was born in one of the southeastern counties of Arkansas, and later moved to his present home in Garland county.



Lucile Snoor has recently become a member of the staff of WJJD (The Loyal Order of Moose Station), as announcer and program director. She has charge of the Mooseheart studio, from where we hear the "Voice of the Child," from kindergarten age to high school graduates.



One of the most popular acts on the air, the Weener Minstrel Show from WENR is going "great guns" with the Radio audience. Here they are, with Gene Arnold, four of his End Men, band, singers and everybody.

Wild and Wooly West to Radio His Advance

By **Ada Lyon**

FROM the wild days of the true Wild West to civilization's newest achievement, the Radio, is the leap which Clarence Koch, announcer for KFEQ, has taken. When he's not announcing, he's manager for KFEQ, so he comes as near to eating and sleeping Radio as anyone can. But he has jumped further than fellow devotees, for he looks forward to the day when the Radio will be developed to a degree considered almost impossible now. He thinks it will not hit its real stride for fifty years and sees its future in a rosy light.

As for leaps, he says a manager must always think two jumps ahead, in order to keep up with the public's changing preferences. Jazz he considers on the wane, and looks forward to more and more educational features in the Radio of tomorrow.

It was as telegraph operator that he was in the Wild West. He was eye witness to a killing that would do credit to any Western movie. It wasn't a casual Chicago shooting, but the result of an ancient feud. Koch's testimony is a matter of court record, however.

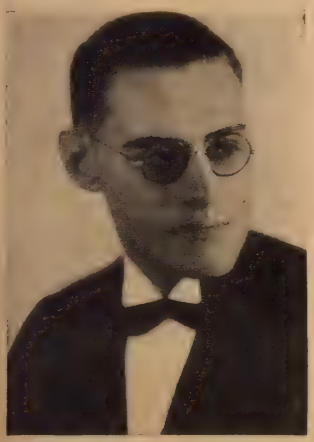
For a while he was operator at Wallace, Kan. The town consisted of two families. Its chief attraction was a big store, closed in 1880, with its stock intact. Wallace had been a thriving town, but when the Union Pacific changed its division point, moving its division offices elsewhere and the government, almost simultaneously, removed its fort from there, Robidoux, the store's owner, was disgusted. He did not sell his stock, but turned the key in the lock, saying he would open his store again when the government brought back the soldiers and the U. P. brought back its offices. They never did, so there the store remained, a monument to other times, until purchased, untouched, by a curio dealer, just a year or so ago. The town was lonely for Koch as telegraph operator. The only excitement at several of his posts in Western Kansas consisted of dust storms. Sometimes they were so heavy that snowplows were necessary to clear the railroad tracks.

At Kit Carson, Colo., one of Koch's predecessors had been killed by the Indians and was buried at the station, his grave being the only spot of bluegrass for many miles around, when Koch was there, a grim reminder of the need of devotion to duty.

Clarence Koch was born in Fairbury, Neb., and it was at Oak, Neb., that he helped make one of the first broadcasting sets in that part of the country. A 100 watt set, it was the plaything of J. L. Scroggin of Oak, but grew, like other play sets, by leaps and bounds. It is still Mr. Koch's hobby, but it is his vocation as well. That spells success.

* * *

Henry Burr is the new director of the artists bureau of the CBS. Leroy C. Mountcastle is assistant director, and Claude E. McArthur another assistant.



Henry Parks, composer and music director of WCFL, is to be one of the featured artists at Ravinia Park, world-famous home of out-of-door Summer grand opera, next season. Under his direction many new features are being added to the Federation of Labor station in Chicago.

Students Crowd Studios

MOOSEHEART, ILLINOIS, studios of WJJD, are always busy, as groups of students are trained for their daily appearances before the microphone.

One is likely to burst in upon a rehearsal of the glee clubs of eighty members, or watch the senior band or junior band of fifty members each, preparing for a concert, or find the members of the Philharmonic orchestra perspiring as they prepare for a program—not mentioning meeting the smaller group rehearsals such as string quartettes, clarinet solos, pipe organ numbers and vocal combinations.

Indeed, Lucile Snoor, announcer and program director, keeps busy. She came from South Bend Indiana, where she was well known as a soloist.



Peggy Slieper, charming singer of "Blues What Am," joined the staff of KMOX about six months ago. Peggy has had considerable experience in public entertaining and in musical comedy as well. She asserts, declares and otherwise that Radio is her favorite of them all.

HUNDRED Thousand Boosters in Yankton Studios and Hello Girl Is Lost When Programs Go On Air Full Time

POPULARITY SWAMPS STAFF at WNAX

By Charles H. Garvey



Earl C. Reineke, manager and chief announcer of WDAY at Fargo, North Dakota (left), and C. H. Reineke, manager of KLPM at Minot, N. D., who early last summer followed in his son's footsteps in Radio broadcasting work.

Dad Reineke Treads In His Son's Footsteps

MUCH has been said of sons who follow in their father's footsteps. Out in North Dakota there is a real story—a father following in the footsteps of his son.

In 1907 Earl C. Reineke became interested in Radio—wireless it was then called. He fooled around until in January, 1922, he established a Radio transmitting outfit in Fargo, North Dakota. In May of the same year he received a license for WDAY. He has been connected with the station since then and now is manager and chief announcer.

Last July he received a construction permit for a new station to be erected in Minot, N. D. The station, known as KLPM, was built and put into operation on October 28, 1929, with C. H. Reineke, father of Earl, as manager.

Although C. H. Reineke is interested, financially, in WDAY, he has never been active in its management and when he assumed charge of KLPM he was making his actual debut in Radio.

Folk Music True Index

FOLK music, springing from the heart of a people is one true index of a nation's character, and expresses better than anything else the economic, social and emotional trends of the country. The gaily naive melodies of France reflect the enjoyment of a nation that knows liberty. Russian folk-music, wrought to the strumming of the balalaika sings the nostalgia of an oppressed race. Scandinavian music is austere and cold, the snow-bound surroundings imparting a restraint to expression. English folk songs are rollicking and breezy, reminiscent of the ale and roast beef of Elizabethan days.

American folk music, according to Chandler Goldthwaite, internationally known concert organist and musical director of the new Davey Tree hour, is a medley of all these elements, with a predominating tone of gaiety that reflects the wholesome happiness found in the finest of living conditions. America's gaiety, said Mr. Goldthwaite, is seen in such old-time tunes as "Turkey in the Straw," now synonymous for pep and dash. A certain repression dominates in the rhythmic Negro spirituals such as "Deep River," while simple melody sparkles in bright tunes like "Dixie." And the entire world has paid tribute to songs as moving as "Swanee River."

"When all other music fails to charm, these songs never lose their power, for they bring up memories of the past and our childhood," Mr. Goldthwaite explained. "It is for this reason that we have decided to feature these songs and others of that ilk on the Davey Tree programs. There is an increasing demand from listeners all over the country for the music of love, of the home or pastoral scenes. The public is getting tired of 'jazz' and is hungrily turning to those more wholesome melodies of another day."

"I LISTEN to WNAX most as they give valuable service along several lines, and good entertainment." Yes siree, Bob. We found that in the Radio columns of a recent issue of a big farm paper—and, by George—here is another from another party and printed in a farm publication: "I am not saying exactly which station is best, but I do admit the program part that WNAX, Yankton, gives, is in this community the most appreciated."

Thanks for them kind words, but for heavens sake, what is this: A request that WNAX supply 500 words for a story in Radio Digest. "Story requested by readers." Quick George, a glass of water. What can this mean? Do they actually mean that such is the popularity of WNAX throughout the northwest?

Since receiving full time on the air WNAX has become a busier place. Entertainers come and go from six o'clock in the morning until midnight, possibly thirty to forty combinations, ranging from the stag orchestra to a single man trying to make a string band all by himself.

It was a Saturday when WNAX went on for full time. The telegraph operator tried to handle both phone and wire messages but gave up when he could not decide which way to run — he thought of roller skates to carry the request messages to the announcers' booth. Kemp didn't have skates so he drafted one man for the phone and another to run with the messages — and what fun they had. Sunday it all happened again and Monday the boys went into a huddle.

That night the "hello" girl stayed at the switchboard till the strains of the closing selection faded in the distance. Tuesday morning she yawned and tried to cover a gaping mouth behind her little hand. Came night, and with it the return of the same little girl to shout into the phone in answer to calls from other cities. "Hello. Yes. What is your name, please? What number do you want?" Gosh, that sounds like Cohen on the telephone. Again, she stayed on the job till midnight and, despite the many calls, how the time did drag — sleepy, oh boy.

Yep, this is Wednesday. Who is the new doll at the switchboard? An angel from heaven, silly. She works the night shift from now and henceforth. You can't expect two girls to do it all, not the way calls come in. And will you look at the mob in that auditorium! Big men, little men, fat men, lean men, and women—ever so many. Where they all come from heaven knows.

At the front of the studio is a table with a crowd around. Surely, they are dedicating numbers to their friends at home and distant points. What a popular place; that was a slip of the tongue, we spoke our thoughts. We meant to say, "Is this really such a popular place?"

Recently during a special occasion in the institution of WNAX, the public was invited to come in for the festivities; everyone was threatened with a free feed during the festival. There was no way of checking to learn how many



Here once more are the Seven Aces, All Eleven of 'Em. Yes, sir, and yes, mam, they're the very same original Seven Aces who won the Radio Digest Popular Orchestra award when playing at Fort Worth. Now you can hear them whenever you will by just tuning in to KOA at Denver.

people heard the invitation that was extended over the air, but during the seven days of the festival men were stationed at the doors. They were counted, one thousand, five thousand, fifty thousand, one hundred thousand; yes, one hundred and seven thousand strong were guests in the studio and seventy-six thousand sat at the tables and enjoyed the feed of their host, station WNAX.

In the big improvised dining room, bands that were off duty in the studio played, as waitresses rushed about looking after the wants of friends from many states. No, the visitors were not local people for there are hardly seven thousand souls in Yankton, the home town of that station.

Can it be possible? Is WNAX actually filling a big place in the lives of the people of the northwest? That has been the aim, but it is not for us to say, but for the public to decide.



A student at Yankton college, Hazel Olsen, also acts as accompanist at WNAX, besides singing with the girls' harmony team of Esther and Hazel.

Days in Ol' Kaintuck Lead Way to Big Time

DOWN in old Kentucky some years ago a little boy listened to the crooning of his old negro mammy and planned to be a great minstrel comedian some day. There in the old Southland, Honeyboy (George) Fields, creator of the characters Honeyboy and Sassafras in a blackface skit presented daily over Radio Station KSAT, "soaked up" the local color that makes his Black Panther Detective Agency series convincingly real.

"I always planned to be a showman," Honeyboy said. "I used to listen to the negroes talk and try to figure out how they thought. I used to imitate them. I used to go to every one of the Friday night 'literaries' and I liked to speak negro dialect pieces best."

That Honeyboy did master the psychology of the negro mind is evident in his skits, which he writes himself and which he and Sassafrass (Johnnie Welsh) present nightly. "You see, Sassafras is the levee type of negro—lean, lanky, active. I am the Alabama 'blue gum' negro—slow, sloppy, lazy," Honeyboy will explain. "Humor in negro skits depends upon three situations. A negro to be funny must be either broke, hungry or scared and the problem for the creator of blackface comedy is to stick to these situations and still furnish sufficient variety."

Honeyboy declares that minstrel parts, after his eighteen years in the show business with experience in every type of show except a carnival, are still his "favorite kind of opera." The minstrel was his goal when he ran away from home when he was seventeen with a one-night stand show to carol "Sold out, doctah!" for the medicine vendor. During the eighteen years on the stage, Honeyboy has been featured in several prominent minstrel shows such as Al G. Fields Minstrels.

Sassafras is a native of Dallas, Texas. He has been in the show business for about six years, playing during that time many minstrel parts. He was for some time with the Leroy Lasses White Minstrel Company.

Honeyboy and Sassafras have other accomplishments than blackface comedy. They have composed several well-known songs: "Honey Gal," "She's my Honey Bee," the Cocoa Cola song, which will be used in national advertising, and the famous Krawdad song. Recently in an interval of 56 minutes 126 telephone calls and telegrams were received requesting the Krawdad song. These and other songs are frequently presented on the all-night "Flying the Sunrise Trail" programs of the station from 12 to 6 A. M. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights. They're quite a treat—try them out some time if you don't believe it.

* * *

OPERATING two short wave stations, officials of the Columbia system are carrying on exhaustive tests and experiments to determine the possibilities in two way broadcasts in communication service between America and Europe.

The second short wave rebroadcast station of the CBS, W3XAU, was opened early in January at Philadelphia, with transmitter at Byberry, a suburb. This station uses two wave lengths, 9590 kilocycles, and 6060 kilocycles.

All Columbia programs routed to WCAU at Philadelphia are being broadcast simultaneously from W3XAU.



Here's Tommy Tucker, Uke artist of WAAW, who plays 2,000 tunes from memory. Try him out. And Jimmy's boss, Franklin Whipperman, by the way, is one of our very best friends. He says every broadcaster should consider Radio Digest his own publication and further it with as much sales promotion and supporting material as possible. Get a load of that!



"Here's the lowdown, boys," says Boyd Shreffler, as his Merrymakers gather 'round the old bass drum to get an eye full of the latest hit they are to broadcast over WIBW.

Historic Western Days Heard Over WBAP

HISTORIC dramas in the winning of the West, such as the discovery of Pike's Peak, are now heard from WBAP and NBC stations. This program, sponsored by the Continental Oil company of Denver, is the first national network which has been conceived and written in Texas.

Each Tuesday night the Conoco Players enact a different dramatic sketch, giving the historical background of some section of the West. The series is expected to quicken the interest of motorists in visiting the historic spots of that section of the country.

Unusual effort has been made by the producers to obtain exact detailed historic facts, and much historical research has been carried on.

Singing and Snobbery Not Pals, She Learns

YOU can't be a singer and be a snob—especially in Radio!

This is a truism with Mildred Kyffin, a Daughter of the American Revolution, descendant of a First Family of Virginia, relative of the great Chief Justice Marshall and contralto soloist with the KOA Light Opera Company.

But she had to learn it—and who wouldn't with such an ancestry—and its acquisition has made her one of the West's most demanded Radio artists.

She discovered that painting a picture for her listeners, which she considers to be the function of her singing, could not be done from a pedestal. If this were true, then hearts must beat alike in immigrant and patrician!

The discovery—made in Radio where the microphone detects much more than sounds alone—made a democrat out of an aristocrat and an artist out of a singer.

* * *

AN ARTIST who probably has been heard in more countries than any other Radio performer, Mlle. Lucienne Radisse, has returned to America and is appearing before NBC microphones in a number of programs.

The "flying 'cellist" has played before microphones in France, England, Spain, Germany, Belgium and Holland, while on an extended tour of Europe. On her return to Europe after filling engagements in this country she plans a trip to northern Africa and Egypt.

In her native land, France, she has long been associated with Radiophonie Francais, the leading French broadcasting organization and has organized and directed Radio programs as well as played in them.

* * *

Each week more than 175 aspirants for solo jobs are heard by the auditions department of the National Broadcasting company, according to the latest count. This figure does not include actors, of whom nearly 100 more a week are given microphone tests.

Special Program for Canada WDAY Bill

A SPECIAL program, "The Maple Leaf Hour," consisting entirely of request numbers received from listeners in Canada, has been inaugurated by WDAY at Fargo, N. D.

On November 30, 1929, WDAY received a frequency change which gave it a preferred position on the dials. It enables the North Dakota station to "bat" into Canada with such volume that thousands of letters from Winnipeg and other Canadian listeners have been received. These letters led to establishment of the "Maple Leaf Hour." The hour opens weekly with "The Maple Leaf Forever," Canadian song, and then consists of Scotch, English, Irish and Welsh offerings.

* * *

Eric Bark, world traveler, writer and announcer who was born in Stockholm, Sweden, and left there for America only seven years ago, has been added to the staff of WDAY. Mr. Bark has inaugurated a weekly feature, "Your Scandinavia," which has proved highly successful. In this period Mr. Bark discusses news of interest to the Scandinavian members of WDAY's audience in Minnesota and North Dakota.

* * *

Reading of a serial story, a full length novel by Dr. D. T. Robertson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Fargo, a chapter at a time, is to be attempted soon by WDAY. Whether the feature will be continued depends on listener response. Dr. Robertson's story deals with the early West and has been especially adapted for broadcast purposes. It will be presented in three weekly periods, a chapter to be read at each sitting. The author will act as announcer during this period of program broadcasts.

* * *

Robert E. "Uncle Bob" Sherwood, last of Barnum's clowns and principal in Dixies Circus, weekly NBC program, believes he originated the hatless fad. For twenty years "Uncle Bob," now more than 75, has never worn a hat. Last summer he startled fellow artists around the studios by appearing attired in knickers and minus hosiery.



Honeyboy and Sassafras, famous blackface team of KSAT, caught in a normal mood and in white man's clothes for a change. Even here their natural good spirits are bubbling over, to judge from the grins.



One of the Hollywood crew of KFWB, Lucille Scott is a talented pianist appearing exclusively at the Warner Brothers' Station.

KDYL Presents a Talkie

WHEN the talking picture "Condemned" had its world premiere in Hollywood, it was simultaneously opened at the Capitol theatre in Salt Lake City.

The Columbia chain broadcast from the premiere at the Chinese theatre in Hollywood was released by KDYL, and at the same time was sent to the Capitol by private wire and put through the giant vitaphone horns so that the audience could witness the Hollywood affair, after which they premiered the picture.

This is the first time that this stunt has been accomplished. KDYL was the first to broadcast a complete talking picture when it presented "Show Boat" directly from the vitaphone.

* * *

Sentiment and beauty is transformed into music during the KDYL Sunset Hour on Wednesday evenings, which is heralded by the sound of the old grandfather's clock striking nine, and opening with the bugle sounding Tattoo.

* * *

The history of furniture is beautifully dramatized over KDYL on Sunday nights. Stories of different periods in furniture and the interesting developments surrounding them are given by a talented cast and assisting musicians.

* * *

NOVEL holiday greetings were extended by KOIN, its affiliated advertisers and entertainers. A full page spread in the Portland News reproduced photographs of each of the artists at the station, together with several studio scenes, and listed in a box in the center of the page all of the local advertisers on KOIN.

* * *

Listeners in the Far West are getting an added thrill out of their loud speakers these days. With the development of communication work between airplanes and ground stations much vital as well as interesting work is carried on.

* * *

Another station in the Far West has been added to the coast-to-coast networks of the National Broadcasting company, KEGA, the latest addition to the chain, is number 73 on the NBC books. KEGA, which is a 1,000-watt station, is the seventh National Broadcasting system station in the Fare West.

Story of KPO Coloratura SPELLS ROMANCE

MARRIAGE Brings True Love, Opportunity and Success to Mrs. Frank Wellington Avery, or as She Is Known to Pacific Coast Radio Fans, Eva De Vol.

By C. Thomas Nunan

OVER in Baltimore Park, Marin County, California, she is known as Mrs. Frank Wellington Avery—to Radio fans of KPO as Eva De Vol. We refer to KPO's leading staff coloration soprano, an artist whose exquisite voice has thrilled thousands with its charm.

The story of Eva De Vol is as intriguing as it is romantic. It reveals a determined struggle to overcome great odds—with success as the climax.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, this shining light of Radio was one of five talented and gifted children of musical parents. Her father was a bandmaster, her mother a singer and both gained considerable recognition in their respective fields. At five years of age little Eva was making public appearances in New York, doing the proverbial singing and dancing act with which parents are wont to associate their children. Then she was taught the tricks of string and bow, but Miss Eva preferred to sing and although she mastered the violin and played it for many years, she now devotes her entire time to singing. At the tender age of 15 years Eva ran away from her home and when her parents heard from her, which was a week later, she was in New Mexico, married and happy. There was no parental interference—the family was a large one and furthermore, they had met Frank Avery and recognized in him a man of sterling qualities. They knew that the young Scotchman would make a splendid husband. Through the years he has more than proven their faith in him.



Fortune wasn't as generous to him in those days as it is now, but with a wily Scotch ability he managed to set aside enough of his earnings to assure his wife a real and thorough training in vocal art. His faith, encouragement and inspiration have been well rewarded, for few voices in the nation today can match Eva De Vol's in quality, expression or musical worth.

Their home in New Mexico was very lonely when he sent Eva to Duluth, where she was to study with George Tyler, then to Chicago where she graduated from the Chicago Musical college under Herman Devries and then to New York to study under the great Oscar Sanger.

When she made her debut in opera with the National Opera company of New York in 1919, none rejoiced more or was happier than the man who had made it possible, even though he again faced a long term of loneliness while Eva was to gain a world reputation behind the footlights of the operatic stage. Among the many operas in which she starred were "Faust," "Rigoletto," "La Boheme," "Carmen," "Andrea Chenier," "La Amico Fritz." At the conclusion of several seasons of successful opera, Miss De Vol was induced to enter into a vaudeville contract and was billed as "The Girl With the Voice of Liquid Silver." She was a sensation and the world applauded her.



Refa Miller is presenting the First Radio Golf Tourney trophy to Dobbise (Hugh Barrett Dobbs), personality man of KPO.

The wonder of it all is that in the busy life she was leading Eva De Vol had time to care for and raise her two daughters, a fact made possible only by that remarkable husband of hers. He insisted she carry on with her career while he looked after the family. Her eldest daughter, Eloise, now 16 years of age, is a student at Marin Junior College, where she is studying writing and dramatics. She recently wrote and produced the school pageant. Her other daughter, Avis, 11 years old, is a pianist of brilliant ability and has been heard in several recitals.

A few years ago, while visiting the West, the Averys made a trip through Marin County's scenic wonderland and there found a home that suited them, with the result that they moved here and have settled permanently at Baltimore Park, which nestles at the base of majestic Tamalpais.

Miss De Vol has not only one hobby, she has lots of them—swimming, boating, horseback riding, motoring, fishing, tennis and entertaining her many friends at her beautiful Baltimore Park home. And flowers! They run riot in a melee of gorgeous colors on the spacious grounds that surround the Avery home.

If you would listen to Miss De Vol, or Mrs. Frank Avery, whichever you wish, you can hear her Sunday night during the KPO evening musicale, 7:00 to 7:45 o'clock, when she will appear as soloist in a group of beautiful classics, or as a member of the North American Mixed quartet, 8:00 to 8:30 Sunday evening, or on Thursday nights, 8:00 to 8:30.

* * *

KFVD in Culver City, Calif., has a novel daylight feature that has attracted considerable listener interest. G. Allison Phelps, well known through California as a Radio philosopher, conducts a daily feature from his own home, a line, panel and microphone being right in his own living room. Informal homelike evening programs can also be broadcast from the G. Allison Radio home, adding the atmosphere so necessary to successful broadcasts.



Tap, tap, tapping away the excess poundage. The fears of fat-and-forty years are disappearing under the direction of Sylvano Dale and Wilda Kimble tap-dance instructors from KGO and the Pacific NBC.

Fat-and-Forty Years Trimmed by "Tapping"

PACIFIC Coast Radio fans—especially the feminine—are dancing away the fears of the fat-and-forty years.

Sylvano Dale, vaudeville performer, and Radio tap dancer, has opened an aerial dancing class broadcasting instructions every morning at 8:00 o'clock through the NBC System station, KGO, Oakland.

"Tap dancing provides the greatest of all means to reduce," Dale contends. "It brings into play nearly all of our 600 body muscles."

And so dancing is replacing the famous Hollywood Diet and smart society watches young and old learning the clogs which formerly belonged to the song and dance men of the vaudeville and minstrels.

Dale has been tap dancing a year for the audience of the NBC Pacific Division stations. Recently he decided to teach the art aerially. Already a substantial number of audience letters has convinced studio executives that his idea clicks.

Wilda Kimble, debutante pupil of the Radio instructor, demonstrates the intricate taps while he lectures each day before the microphone. An especially fashioned mat of maple and canvas is employed to carry the sound of her dancing feet to the invisible audience.

"Well, there must be a first time for everything," Dale grins. "Not long ago, folk scoffed at the idea of teaching music appreciation via the Radio. Now it is accepted universally as a logical regime. Then why not dancing? It's a great thing."

* * *

The Russian-American Art Club of Hollywood lends a truly Bohemian atmosphere each Saturday night for the program boadcast over KNX, Hollywood station of Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express. Candle lights stuck in bottles beam faintly. Attendants are dressed in Cossack uniforms or those of Russian peasants. And Michael Vavitch, famous Russian basso, president of the club, looms fiercely in the dim light as his sonorous voice rings through the microphone.

* * *

KMO has extended remote control wires to the beautiful club house of the Elks Lodge here, wiring in to the lodge room, for the purpose of broadcasting the band concerts each week.

Artist, Organist in "Brother Act"

***By* Dick Creedon**

COOPERATION and inspiration are household words and the foundation stones of success. Perhaps one of the most interesting occasions of when these two talents joined is the occasion when an organist helped a world-famed artist paint a canvas from a photograph, and that canvas helped one of the Pacific Coast's most prominent Radio organists compose an original organ selection.

An organ's soft melodies poured out of a loudspeaker in a Hollywood apartment. A few minutes before an announcer's voice had said: "This is KHJ. You will now hear an informal organ recital by Wesley B. Tourtellotte of the Don Lee staff."

The man in the apartment was Charles Emerson Conway, international artist and illustrator. In his hands were two unusual photographs—one of the break of dawn, with flares of sunrise colors shooting into the eastern skies. The scene was taken across the tops of the White mountains in the famous Owens' Valley in California. The other photograph, taken a few seconds after the other, but shooting into the west, showed the first rays of the morning sun striking the top of Mt. Whitney, 14,501 feet high, the highest peak in the United States, and its sister peaks in the great Sierra range. Both photos had been made from the same spot—one shooting into the east, the other shooting into the west.

As Conway studied the photographs, the organ music swept his artist soul into far-off places of the world where he had painted—Africa with its silver-golden moonlight nights at Johannesburg, Durban and Nairobi, the jumping off places for big game hunting parties; Australia, Hawaii, the Phillipines, the Dutch Indies, the tropics and other far-off spots where color rules the universe.

Model Delivery System

MODERN department store methods of collection and delivery were demonstrated when KLX put on a party for the poor children of Oakland last Christmas. The problem of handling 120 children from widely scattered homes where English was often spoken imperfectly, if at all, was a stiff one.

Girls of the classified department of the Oakland Tribune, which sponsored the party, volunteered their cars. Each child wore a shipping tag bearing the number of his car, the letter of his house in that car's territory, and his own number in the family (in one case 10). By careful checking of route lists the precious freight was all returned in good order and a receipt therefore duly collected.

Sounds like so much rigamarole that all the fun would be spoiled, doesn't it? But every one of the children reported the time of his life, and judging from the expression on their faces, they had it. The station contributed the entertainment, and the listeners of KLX gave the presents, of which there was a host.

* * *

O. D. Fisher, president of the Totem broadcasters at KOMO, was elected one of the two vice-presidents of the National Association of Broadcasters at their last annual convention. This organization comprises 125 stations throughout the United States.



Don Warner's tantalizing tune ticklers of KFWB, at Hollywood. Standing you see Don Warner, himself, and seated on the piano at his left is Ann Grey, singer of popular songs. Next to Ann is Buster Dees, ballad tenor on FWB programs.

School to Discover Trouble with Movies

WHAT'S wrong and what's right with the movies — that's an old question and one that comes up in every home, social circle and corner grocery cracker barrel gang discussion. But here's a new angle on it. The Radio school of the University of Southern California, through station KEJK is carrying on a course of lectures on the general topic of "Motion Pictures and Their Influence on the daily life of the entire World."

This series, which started last January and continues until March 26, is a sociological study, and is the first time such a study has been carried on via the microphone. Work is carried on under the Southern California triangular system consisting of twelve Radio lectures of one half hour each, twelve written lessons, two conferences with the instructor, and a supervised final examination. As a special feature the course is supplemented by two inspection tours of Hollywood studios.

Units of credit are given for the course which can be applied toward certificates and degrees awarded by U. S. C.

Band Leader Seeks Golf Scalps of Musicians

JESSE STAFFORD, popular leader of the Palace hotel dance orchestra, which broadcasts regularly over KPO every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evening, 10 to 11 o'clock, has come forward and issued a challenge to any musician in San Francisco who believes he can defeat him in the ancient game of golf. Before coming to San Francisco, Stafford was recognized as the champion musical golfer of the southland. Now he has determined to add the scalps of local musicians to his "tee" victories.

Golf is a hobby with Jesse the same as music is second nature to him. It is claimed by his friends that if he were not so wrapped up in his music he would be golfer in the class with Hagen, Jones, Smith, Diegel and other world famous champions. When not taking Chinese, Burmese and Egyptian music with its few varied notes and minor structures and weaving them into rhythmetic melodies that are startling and irresistible in their musical beauty, Jesse will be found haunting the links together with his pianist, Gene Rose, and "Dubby" Kirkpatrick, banjo and guitar player of the orchestra. Both are easy pickin' for Stafford, although they are capable golfers and swing a neat niblick.

Now its up to San Francisco musicians, whether or not Jesse Stafford's claim of the musicians' golf championship is to go unheeded, or if some local melody pusher is to rise up and ask "how come?"

* * *

Dan Gridley, formerly a tenor on the staff of KNX, is now a soloist with the New York Symphony.



This good-looking lad is Tom Breneman, originator and owner of "Tom and His Mule Hercules," the rib-tickler heard from KNX.

Gift of Toys Gives Al Pearce New Idea

***By* Monroe R. Upton**

JUST as a joke a facetious listener sent some toys to the artists on KFRC's afternoon Happy Go Lucky Hour. The toys not only provided amusement but they released an idea from the fertile brain of Al Pearce, the program's master of ceremonies. Supposing they asked for toys, and then when Christmas rolled around a month later, they distributed them to the children in hospitals, orphanages and needy families! Supposing hundreds of toys were collected and hundreds of children made happy! Whereupon Norman Nielsen sang "'Sposin," "Mac" did a cowboy number, Pedro said Merry Christmas in Mexican, Edna O'Keefe sang like a baby doll, Jean Wakefield sang "The Animal Fair," "Simply Fitts" rode thru the studio on a dog sled and the undertaking was launched, the first of its kind on the Pacific Coast.

It didn't work out as expected. Not hundreds of toys, but **thousands** of toys were received. The day before Christmas a truck was kept busy all day visiting hospitals, orphanages and needy families.

The toys were almost without exception new and many were expensive. Although no actual count was made the estimate was between five and six thousand.

KFRC is owned and operated by Don Lee, and is part of Don Lee's Pacific Coast chain which in turn is a unit of the Columbia Broadcasting company's nation-wide network.

* * *

When Chief Yowlache, full-blood Indian, who has two braids hanging straight down his back, went on the air over KNX, Hollywood station of Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express, he had listening in a mountain fastness of Washington one of the most interested persons possible. It was his mother, who hadn't heard the chief's voice since he left the wigwam several years ago to make his way in the world of the white man. And her radio was one sent to her by the chief.

EVEN CHML Transmitter and Studios Overlook Countryside as They Send Out a Variety of Programs

High Spots Vogue at ONTARIO STATION

By Donald Burchard



A fiddle or more, a horn or two or three, and a few other instruments and you have an orchestra, but THESE are the IMPERIAL JOYCASTERS. Under the direction of Simeon Joyce they are heard from the King Edward hotel through Station CKGW.

HIGH spots, in the way of excellent programs put on the air, location of transmitter, and building in which the studio is located, are the vogue for CHML, Hamilton, Ontario.

The Piggott building, in which the recently occupied new studios are located, is a landmark for the entire countryside. It is visible for miles, not only in the day time but also at night, for the great tower is brilliantly illuminated, and a giant searchlight revolves all through the night from the top, sending powerful beams of light for many miles.

The aerial and transmitter are situated on the peak of Hamilton mountain, reaching a height of approximately 550 feet above the level of Lake Ontario.

Operated by the Maple Leaf Radio company, CHML is also associated with the Trans-Canada Broadcasting company. Several of the chain programs of the latter organization are put on from Hamilton, including the Imperial Joy-Casters, and the Canadian National railway's symphony hour.

One of the most popular artists at CHML is Harry J. Allen, whose organ recitals are heard and enjoyed in many parts of Canada and the United States. Other entertainers who are favorites of the Canadian audiences are Madeline Pedler, whose sweet soprano voice is heard regularly from this Hamilton station, Morgan Thomas' dance orchestra, the Waddington Venetian ensemble, the Leonard Old-Time orchestra, and the CHML Instrumental Trio.

Hamilton itself is the center of an old and thickly populated section of Ontario, with a population of 135,000, and another seven or eight hundred thousand within a radius of fifty to sixty miles.

John Moncrieff, Star of Opera, Canadian Son

JOHN MONCRIEFF, heard in CNR chain programs, was born in Winnipeg, the son of John Moncrieff of the editorial staff of the Winnipeg Tribune. His early boyhood was spent around the town of Selkirk, Manitoba. The Moncrieff family originally came from the Shetland Islands, and Moncrieff Senior was for many years conductor of the Winnipeg Oratorio society. He was also a well-known singer and his daughter is a very fine pianist. The entire family has played a prominent part in all of the musical activities of Winnipeg for several decades, and great credit for the development of music there is due them.

John Moncrieff, when only a boy, did survey work in the northern areas of his native province. Only seven years ago he took up singing. After many discouragements he finally achieved some degree of success, touring the country, appearing in many moving picture theatres.

For some years then he gave up singing, until he met Rosing in Vancouver. Rosing was so impressed with his voice that he granted him a scholarship at Rochester conservatory, where he studied for three years.

His first engagement on leaving the conservatory was to understudy Chaliapin. When the American Opera company was formed in New York, Mr. Rosing chose Moncrieff for the principal bass roles. Now as a leading figure in the American Opera company, he is a great credit to his native country.



Here you see Gordon W. McClain, chief announcer of the Toronto Daily Star station, CFCA, which has been on the air continuously since March, 1922.

Noted English Singer Is Heard Over CNR

DURING January the CNR Radio department brought to Canada the celebrated English contralto, Muriel Brunskill. This leading contralto of Great Britain has sung for every musical society in the old country, including the London Symphony, the Royal Choral, the Royal Philharmonic, the Halle Choir in Manchester and the Royal Choral Society in Edinburgh.

Miss Brunskill broadcasts frequently and regularly for the British Broadcasting corporation. On Elgar's 70th birthday she broadcast from 2LO, London, when the music was conducted by Elgar himself. She was also the feature artist on the 1300th anniversary of the founding of York Minster.

The rapidity of Miss Brunskill's rise to fame has been remarkable. She is in great demand not only in Great Britain but on the continent. At a recent appearance in Amsterdam and at The Hague she was presented to the Queen Mother and Princess Juliana after her appearance in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius."

Miss Brunskill made her debut in 1920 at the Aeolian hall, London. In 1922 she joined the British National Opera company, and for five years sang the leading contralto roles. She has a voice of commanding power and has achieved her greatest successes as "Delilah," "Amneris" in "Aida" and as "Carmen." Her first operatic success was made as "Alcastic."

During her tour of Canada in January Miss Brunskill appeared with the Toronto Symphony orchestra.



This winsome miss is Madeleine Pedler, very, very popular soprano of CHML.



Led by Gladys Foster, one of Alberta's most talented violinists, the Sunshine Orchestra of CFAC regularly puts on dance programs. From left to right: Bert Fisher, an unnamed pianist, Miss Foster, Jack Rushton, and Art Kneeshaw.

Appeal to Scattered Populace Brings Aid

By **Hal Miller**

OUT in the more or less open spaces of the sunny province of Alberta, Canada, the matter of collecting a huge sum of money for charity in a limited time presents a big problem. But that problem was simplified somewhat when the Calgary Herald broadcasting station, CFAC, under the direction of Fred Carleton, took a hand.

The charity project was the annual Sunshine fund of the newspaper. Money had been coming in rather slowly, in response to the campaign for funds. So Mr. Carleton decided that something must be done.

Banding together local entertainers, he arranged a series of three benefit Radio programs. Utilizing the certainly not unknown "Radio sleigh ride" he and the musicians went to work one evening. The event had been well publicized in advance of the concert so that the public was generally expecting it.

So soon as Radio fans telephoned or wired requests for a seat on the imaginary sleigh that was destined to tour a large part of the province, their names and the amounts they had agreed to contribute to the Sunshine fund were broadcast. Meantime Cecil Brown, secretary of the Calgary Y. M. C. A., who was assisting on the broadcast, kept the mike hot with suitable entertaining patter, and the 8-piece Sunshine orchestra, with Cecil Kappey and Jim Holden, each at a piano, provided music when necessary.

Telephone calls and telegrams literally deluged the studio. Special telephone accommodation was afforded by ten operators busy on the Herald switchboard telephones, but at the busiest times they were unable to cope with the flow of requests and contributions that came in.

"It was difficult to imagine where all the money was coming from," said Mr. Carleton. "Contributions ranged from 50 cents to $115, and when one broadcast ended, after 2 o'clock the next morning, a total of $1,015 had been collected for the Sunshine fund. Altogether we obtained $1,425. That amount in comparatively sparsely settled Alberta is a splendid total to be raised by individual contributions in such a Radio programme."

The Radio sleigh must have been miles in length, he said. And it must have traveled far, for request calls were received from every section.

When the broadcasts were finished special prizes were awarded to contributors to the charity fund. A special draw was held and more than 20 articles, contributed by local merchants and business houses, were awarded.

Station CFAC, of the Calgary Daily Herald, was one of the pioneers in providing Western Canada with the great boon of radio entertainment. Since inauguration in May, 1922, CFAC has adopted new innovations as they have been produced and today is one of the most up-to-date stations in Western Canada.

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Armistice Day services at Whitehall, London, were broadcast throughout Canada by seven stations of the CNR.

Orator Is Radio Speaker

SHORTLY after winning the Fourth Annual International Oratorical contest at Washington, D. C., Roch Pinard went on the air as the guest of the Canadian National railways. Pinard, who is only eighteen years old, was featured during the French-Canadian hour of music by the CNR.

He repeated over the air the address which brought him fame and earned the praise of President Hoover and M. Paul Claudel, French ambassador to the United States. The young orator was victorious over the champions of the United States, England, France, Germany, Denmark, Mexico, Cuba and Peru.

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In response to an overwhelming demand on the part of Canadian Radio listeners as expressed in petitions, telegrams and letters, CKGW at Toronto, has been added to the National Broadcasting company network. Using 5,000 watts, CKGW is owned and operated by Gooderham and Worts, and serves an estimated Canadian audience of 2,000,000 persons, who in turn own 100,000 receiving sets.



The LaPresse Little Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Edmund Trudel, is heard Sunday afternoons at two o'clock over a network including CKAC, CKNC, CFRB, and CJGC.

Anna Peterson IS a Character

WENR Cooking authority called one of the busiest women in America. She commutes daily from Elgin to Chicago and is constantly on the go.

ALMOST invariably whenever any comment is made around the WENR studios regarding Anna J. Peterson, someone speaks up and says, "Well, she certainly IS a character"; and although she regards life with a kindly, tolerant eye, it probably irks her from time to time that each day is not more than twenty-four hours long.

It has been said of her that she is one of the busiest women in the United States and although she has long since passed the flapper stage, her energy and pep would put to shame most younger women.

It would seem that Mrs. Peterson is never still. From the time she gets up in the morning on her little farm near Elgin until she finally retires late at night her day is made up of a series of activities, any one of which would exhaust the average woman. She has her regular morning talks on cooking and home service over WENR. She is head of the home service department of the People's Gas Light and Coke company, and there are few days when she does not appear before women's clubs, societies, or other organizations to give lectures.

In broadcasting, Mrs. Peterson is one of the best known of the home economics experts, having been before the microphone for a number of years. She started giving recipes and advice for the home over KYW, Chicago, when that station's programs were given by the present owners of WENR. Invariably her morning greeting to her audience is "Good morning, boys and girls, isn't his a glorious morning?" with the accent on the "glorious." It may be snowing, raining or foggy outside, yet to her each day is a "glorious day."



Not a "come to me" gesture, but a close up of the backs of the hands of a real cook. Capable hands they are, gnarled and wrinkled, but beautiful in their capability.

Thousands of women from Chicago, Peoria, New Jersey, New Mexico; in fact, from all over the country, tune in to hear Mrs. Peterson's broadcasts. They do more than that, they swear by her recipes, and her advice on any household problem is accepted as gospel, much to the ultimate satisfaction of the rest of the household and all ultimate consumers of the products whose preparation she has directed.



Mrs. Anna J. Peterson herself, head of the home service department of the Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co., Chicago, who broadcasts advice on the home over WENR.

Mrs. Peterson has worked hard all her life and she never gives out recipes that she has not tested herself. She is a practical as well as theoretical cook and those who have been invited to her home come away with fantastic reports of meals that are beyond compare. She practices what she preaches.

Mrs. Peterson was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, and for a time lived in the East in Haverhill, Brockton and Boston, Massachusetts. She has been a teacher of home economics and studied domestic science at Fannie Farmer's school and Columbia university, New York. She is the author of an important book on cooking and has lectured at most of the leading universities in the United States. She has a common sense, almost brusque, manner of speaking and is very much disinclined to use five words if two will suffice. On her farm at Elgin, Illinois, she raises vegetables, flowers and garden truck.



The palms of Mrs. Peterson's hands are even more revealing than the other view. Here the deeply engraved lines and callouses are more in evidence. Don't they look capable, though?

She is the soul of generosity and many of the members of the staff of WENR have eaten plum puddings, cakes and pies prepared by her skillful hands. She loves a good argument and members of the staff always welcome her appearance at the studio because they know that she will generally start some kind of an argument before she leaves.

"The old-fashioned cookie jar is coming back, in fact it is about to be elevated to a position of honor in the world of aviation," says Mrs. Peterson, which statement certainly does not detract from her popularity with Mr. Average Man.

Her conclusion was reached after an intensive survey covering a period of two months into the question of what kind of food is best adapted for aviators and air passengers. She also made diligent search for foods that will offset air sickness.

This is her answer: "Try a glass of tomato juice, strained or unstrained; a glass of orange juice or a glass of water with the juice of half a lemon added, but no sugar. These will neutralize the excessive acid, which is one of the great causes of air sickness."

THE Old-fashioned cooky jar is coming back into general use and the popularity of old, due to modern air travel, avers the busy Mrs. Peterson.

Says Women Realizing Budget Importance

THAT women today are realizing the importance of financial budgeting has been proved by the nation-wide requests Miss Marjorie Oelrichs has received for the clothes budget she has planned for her Radio audience. Miss Oelrichs, Fashion Director for the Columbia Broadcasting System, tells her feminine audience what is being worn by the best dressed women in her intimate fashion talks every Monday and Friday afternoon.

Miss Oelrichs has found out that by budgeting she has been able to reduce her yearly wardrobe expenditure considerably. The budget which Miss Oelrichs has planned for her Radio audience includes many helpful hints regarding the actual planning and purchasing of a complete wardrobe as well as the cut-and-dried figures of all financial budgets.

"Of course it was necessary when planning the budget for my Radio audience to start from 'scratch'," Miss Oelrichs explained. "However, every woman has some clothes on hand which can be worn for at least another season. Therefore, I have recommended in the budget that the sums allowed for duplicated items should be used for luxuries such as furs, accessories not accounted for, or the very special dress for the important occasion which always bobs up to upset the best-planned budget.

"However, rather than allow these extra sums to dribble away in unwise purchases, every woman should have a

(Continued on page 120)

Voice of the Listener

Pick Short Go Winner

CONTEST editor, judges and staff were all entirely snowed under when the first Short Go contest came to a close and prizes were awarded. It might be though that a short breathing spell was in order, but not so, for a fresh flood of entries made the first month's contest seem picayune. The number of letters and the high standard of practically all of the suggestions received has been maintained.

After due consideration of each of the thousands of entries in the Short Go contest, the judges finally unanimously awarded the first prize of $25 to James A. Farquharson, Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, Capreol, Ontario. The second prize of $15 goes to Mrs. J. E. Lamping, 1782 East 100th street, Cleveland, Ohio, while the third prize is given to Miss Lillian Kleinbrodt, State Hospital No. 2, St. Joseph, Mo.

So highly meritorious were many of the entries, and so keen the contest for first, second and third prizes, the judges unanimously voted to award honorable mention to the following contestants: Mrs. Agnes Morgan, Box 135, Pewee Valley, Ky.; E. M. Driscoll, Kirkland, Ill.; Edward Crotty, 4203 Sibley avenue, Silverton, Ohio; Mrs. H. G. Davis, Box 174, Elgin, Texas; Florence Pry, 921 East Warren street, Bucyrus, Ohio; Louis R. Jacobs, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Walter Haege, 953 Rice avenue, Lima, Ohio; Ruth E. Cederberg, Firth, Idaho; Wilbert Dunmire, Latrobe, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Goggins, Lincoln, Neb.; Sarah M. Shields, Topeka, Kans.; Albert E. Bader, Hachita, N. M.; William Strathern, Oskawa, Ontario, and Edna Shepard, Cordova, Alaska.

* * *

Back Issues Are Available

I wish you knew how happy I was when I got my first copy (the December issue) of Radio Digest. It was by mere chance that I learned of your wonderful magazine. I heard it advertised over the Radio and I knew that it was just the magazine I had dreamt of but didn't believe could exist. It's just too wonderful for words.

This fall I started a scrap book of Radio artists, announcers, etc. That is one of the reasons why I treasure the Radio Digest so. In every number there are so many wonderful articles and pictures —pictures of the artists we hear every day, or every week, and whom we come to know almost personally. The pictures help us to become better acquainted with artists we already know and to inform us about those we do not know so well.

But my one regret is that I haven't the October and December issues. I certainly would have them now if I had known about the "Digest." The same announcement that I heard about your magazine should be broadcast from every station in the country so that the many hundreds of persons who have not become acquainted with it could know what they are missing. I suppose it is a rather insane idea to write to a publisher for copies of last year's magazines, but I am willing to try anything. Anything worth having is worth trying hard for. So if you have copies of the October and November, particularly the October, issue, I would certainly like to know. If you have I will send the money or postage stamps, or what you will. I promise faithfully I'll never miss another issue, either.—LUCILE BURNHAM, Minneapolis, Minn.

A Friend from Cuba

I am enclosing herewith postal stamps for which I would appreciate your sending, to the address down below, your November number. I profit by this opportunity to state how much I enjoy my Radio by using your useful magazine, with which I was acquainted recently; it certainly is very, very convenient for any Radio fan. Wishing you a prosperous year, I am.—ROY E. OLAGUIBEL ZAPOTES, 99, Stos. Suarez, Havana, Cuba.

* * *

Likes Us as We Are

Well, I must say Mr. Freeman is some "booster." If he wants all that technical stuff, he can certainly find it in plenty of other Radio magazines besides the Digest. For my part, that's the reason I'm so crazy about your magazine. I don't know a thing about the technicalities of Radio, so I want a magazine that isn't devoted to that. Yours seems to be the only one that isn't. I read your magazine when it was—let's see, twice weekly, wasn't it, and in sort of newspaper form —and liked it awfully well even then, but of course skipped the articles about building a set, for, although I wish I knew enough about Radio to build one, I don't; so that's that. I always enjoyed Indi-gest and Condensed. Maybe this paper was a weekly. I don't know. But I know it was a lucky day for me when I discovered there was such a thing as Radio Digest.

G. B. Hanson's letters brought back memories to me, too. I remember when my brother and I used to stay up to listen to Coon-Sanders and their Nighthawks. I always liked WTAS—Willie, Tommy, Annie and Sammie—and the dance orchestra they used to have there. Oh, whose was it? The name has vanished. But the music was good. And I too recall hearing "the King of the Ivories" from WOS, and wasn't it WOS who broadcast the chimes from the clock near the studio?

Well, aren't the chain programs good? If they're not, they don't live very long. Look at Philco Hour and Collier's Hour and lots of others. I know I'm just one of the multitude who wait for Friday night and Jessica Dragonette, but that doesn't make me like her any the less. Just as you say, it's nice to have the old-timers stick by you (the Digest) when they don't know why they do. Bet Mr. Freeman wouldn't miss an issue of the magazine if he could help it, despite all his ravings.

Please don't change your magazine—I mean, of course, don't change it to make it like so many of the other Radio magazines. They're all right in their own field, but I don't like that field.—MARIAN CANNIFF, 2112 S. Cedar st., Lansing, Mich.

* * *

Welcome to the V. O. L.

I wonder how many "old timers" remember when it was "Jack and Paul, Little and Small" barnstorming Radio stations over the country. Now it is the incomparable Little Jack Little, and Paul Small is heard over important New York chain broadcasts.

And if "Real Folks" and "Seth Parker" are not the same, who is guilty of voice plagiarism?

Do you remember when Neal Tornev held his "Little Red Apple Club" w-a-a-a-ay up on the thirtieth floor of the Boak-Cadillac, and was interrupted by Station KOP sonorously inviting D. S. R. trucks to "call dispatcher at once?"

And isn't the "Voice of the Listener" a lot of fun? And may I join the club? —ELIZABETH STURGEON, Wichita. Kans.

* * *

Help for Mr. Ustick

In the January number in V. O. L. there is a DX query by C. T. Ustick, of Clarinda, Iowa, who asks about a station operating on 410 meters. We think that the station he has heard would in all likelihood be that of one of our Canadian stations in the Province of Quebec. Station CKAC, La Presse, at Montreal, operates on this channel and of course the announcements are made in French and also in English. . . . We offer this suggestion to Mr. Ustick and hope we are right in our assumption that it was CKAC that he heard. We have been subscribers to Radio Digest for about five years. We are indeed glad that you have seen fit to return to the monthly publishing of your magazine and wish you every success in the coming year.—HADLEY SIMMONDS, Hamilton, Ontario.

* * *

Wave Lengths Forever!

Reading "Voice of the Listener" of January Radio Digest has made me desire to become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

I believe it was in November, 1924, that I bought my first Radio Digest, when it was a weekly. Then I was a subscriber for two years, and after that bought my copy at newsstands.

I don't remember having missed a single number, whether it was weekly, semi-annually or quarterly, and since it has become a monthly publication.

Although not perfect, I believe it is by far the best publication for Radio fans that is being published.

Radio Digest has grown with the Radio industry and the requirements of Radio listeners as no other publication of the kind has done.

Articles on our favorite artists, such as Jessica Dragonette (I'incomparable), Little Jack Little, Norman Brokenshire, with Milton Cross and the late J. B. Daniel, the best announcers ever heard over the air—does certainly please your readers; fiction, provided not overdone, adds to the interest of its perusal; Marcella's descriptions of artists and people worth while at different broadcasting stations is cleverly done and is the spice that should make the finest flavored dish for a Radio fan.

But there is something missing in Radio Digest now, as it was missing when you were a weekly: You do not publish a complete list of official wave lengths as you were doing up to October.—JOS. POULIOT, Chateau St. Louis, Quebec.

* * *

The Good Old Days?

I happen to read some of those "Away Back When" letters in the last issue of the Digest and it sort o' made me think back, too.

I have before me a Digest dated January 6, 1923, Volume 3, No. 13, with a head line, "Flewelling Makes Hit."

Among the news items listed was WJZ's new transmitter using one thousand watts, also KYW performed the unusual by picking up Isham Jones' orchestra at the College Inn and broadcasting it from the Sherman. In these days of remote control and short wave rebroadcast it appears a minor detail, but then (seven years ago) a news item of importance.

Herbert Hoover was called the "Czar of Radio," and he recommends the White Bill be passed in Congress as the situation was terrible and, as he expressed it, "perfect pandemonium in the ether," and "we undoubtedly need new legislation as soon as possible."

The call list in this number gave the meters, which were 350, 360, 380, 400, 485 and 525, with an occasional 600. In place of power, the mileage was given, evidently the distance at which the station might be heard. I was never sure whether this was a boast on the part of the station or a guess by the editor, as good or bad as it might be.

The stations on the air were plentiful. I have checked a list of some 70 stations made years ago, which include WSY, Birmingham; KFFQ, Colorado Springs; WDAP, Chicago; WTAS, Elgin; WGV, New Orleans; WMAK, Lockport; WHAM, Rochester; DMZ, San Antonio; WRAL, St. Croix Falls, Wis.; WQAQ, Abilene, Texas, and KGW, Portland, with its Hoot Owl Club.

What a kick we used to get—some wisecracker informed the world the fisherman would have to look to his laurels. as the Radio fan was going to be the biggest liar.—G. P. GAGE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

Service from V. O. L. Friend

This is my first contribution to your valued column maintained for the Radio listeners, who can voice their sentiments. I have read your magazine since I first knew of it, which was during last summer, and since that time I have carefully perused the column known as the "Voice of the Listener."

C. T. Ustick wishes to know what foreign stations are located at about 410 meters. I have been receiving that station quite clearly when conditions are good, and I have a verification from them. It is station CMK, Hotel Plaza, Havana, Cuba, and they broadcast at 411 meters and 730 kilocycles with 2,000 watts.—CHARLES RESIGNA, New Haven, Conn.

* * *

Try Official Wave Table, Page 100

Radio Digest beats all Radio magazines in every way. I would like to see some pictures of Alois Havrilla, Marcella, L. J. Barnes at WGY, Quinn Ryan at WGN, L. T. Pitman of WCSH, Alwyn Bach, Phil Rommano's and Herb Gordon's orchestras from Albany, N. Y., via WGY. Could you tell me what station comes between WOR and WLW at 3 a. m.?—ROBERT B. WARD, Jamestown, N. Y.

* * *

Strong for Little Fellows

Can it be that Arthur Moulton, of Kittanning, Pa., is one of the new Radio fans and fails to realize that "mighty oaks from little acrons grow?" We always will have a warm spot in our hearts for the 50 and 100 watt stations. Some of the most interesting things heard over Radio, about far off sections of the U. S. and Canada, have been brought to our home by the small stations. . . . The old log book is chock full of interesting things that have come to us over the air. We still get the same kick out of picking up new stations, whether they be large or small, and through all of our days with Radio since the beginning, Radio Digest has been our side kick.—DIAL TWISTER.

* * *

Watch for Bob and Don

I am writing in to tell you how much I like the book. I saw the November issue in the window, so I bought it. Now I have just bought the December one, and I think it is wonderful. I wonder if you could get pictures of Bob Pierce and Don Carney. I am very interested in your book. I will be waiting for the January and all other issues. —CALVIN HYDE, Unionville, Ore.

* * *

We'll Try to Please You

I think we all hear the chain programs and would like to see more pictures of the stars on these programs. I like the new idea of pictures with the printed programs, but we want more of them. Also I would like to see more pictures of the announcers of both the N. B. C. and Columbia chain. We hear them so much and they are heard over such a wide range of stations that I am sure many would be interested in them. Expressing again my appreciation of the magazine that has helped me find many interesting programs.— MRS. L. R. WILLIAMS, New Providence, Iowa.

* * *

This Issue Has It

I have been a reader of the Radio Digest since several years back, when it was a weekly, and have always enjoyed it. Now a suggestion. I notice the new Digest does not have the complete log now. Will this be discontinued? I always depended on it so much at the office. I always recommend it to the Radio "bugs" there as being the best for a reliable log.—C. A. TROUTMAN, Hannibal, Mo.

* * *

A Short Wave Fan

I get every copy of the Radio Digest from the newsstands and think it is the best Radio publication going. I am another fan who agrees with A. J. Catto of Quebec, Canada, who says he would like to see you publish a list of "short-wave" stations, giving location, wave length and call letters. I, too, think the Radio public is becoming more and more interested in short wave receivers. Possibly, though, your space in the Radio Digest is more valuable, and can be used to interest more people in another way. —ALVIN OLIVER, Houston, Texas.

* * *

Can Anyone Help Find WBI

While listening to the Radio between the hours of 1 and 2 a. m. this morning (December 30) I heard a station put on a test program and use the call letters of WBI and the town of Lavana. The station broadcast on a wave between 550 and 650 kc. I could not find this station or town on any of three Radio logs and I would like to know if you can help me. —CHARLES L. WALKER, Moline, Illinois.

* * *

The Smiths Are Coming

I have only recently been getting the Digest and perhaps you have written up the "Smith Family" of WENR. If not, I wish you would do so. They are a very interesting family, and we think we have the identities of all exceptiing "Joe Fitzgerald," but know nothing concerning them. The nationalities are understandingly written and well portrayed. To my way of thinking, the "Smith Family" comes next to "Amos and Andy" in popularity in this locality. We would also like to know who plays the violin for "Morris Rosenberg." I am a semi-shut-in and a Radio addict and enjoy the Digest very much.—MRS. DORA D. BREECH, Sterling, Ill.

* * *

Where's Coon Sanders' Club?

You have had articles about Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Guy Lombardo —so why not one about Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders and their Nighthawks? If you could but realize how wonderful the Nighthawks are, what perfect music, and how much good Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders have done, you would have a real long article about them. They are right in Chicago where you can reach them easily. So PLEASE, let's have an article about the only Perfect Orchestra in the World—Coon-Sanders' Original Nighthawks. PLEASE!

Do you, by any chance, know of a Coon-Sanders' club? If there is one please let me know. Please ask your readers if they know of a Coon-Sanders' club. I would like to belong to it, if there is one.

Saying adios for this time. Remember, I'll always be a listener to Radio and a reader of the Radio Digest.—VIRGINIA "JINNY" PETERS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Have You Logged This One?

Can anyone help me on this? I received a station on New Year's morning about 5:15 o'clock. The announcer spoke a foreign language, signing off about 5:30 without announcing his call letters. It comes on my log at 440 meters—JOE SHUSARZYK, 221 Elm st., Meriden, Conn.

* * *

13-Year-Old Enthusiast

I certainly do like the Radio Digest and never fail to get a copy each month. I am thirteen years of age and quite a Radio fan. My favorite entertainers are Jack and Gene, but since Jack lost his voice I listen to Gene, Ford and Glenn. I still remember Jack and Gene when they first sang over WLS. They both had very beautiful voices. I still remember "way back when" Ford and Glenn had such big times at WLS, especially on Saturday nights, and with their "Lullabye Time" and "Hello kiddies; how's everybody tonight?"—"Alright." "That's good." Of course, I like "Amos and Andy," but most of the Radio Digest fans know about them. I like the Weener Minstrel Show at WENR each Wednesday night very much. . . .—L. L. W., Wilmot, S. D.

* * *

Listen to Listeners

It is a real pleasure to me, and I believe a duty also, to thank you for the satisfaction I get from the reading of your periodical; it is now my only log book, which has been of a great help to me in the "pick up" of 64 different stations. I also appreciated very much the pages reserved to the Voice of the Listener, and I let you hear from me a petition that you will pass on, I hope, if you judge it sound and worthy of your interesting publication:

I believe 75 per cent of the Radio fans are also DX hounds, and that the greatest pride for such an amateur is to show to relatives and friends a written proof from the distant station he has heard. Few stations are really helpful.

Of course I understand that a big 50,000 watt broadcasting station cannot answer daily some 1,500 letters; but there a choice should be made, and when a radio fan sends his comments from 1,000 miles or more, if he speaks the truth, I believe that he deserves a short answer—D. GADOURY, Montreal.

* * *

Distance Was Wanted

Why not ask also for ideas of what the "Digest" should contain, more than it does regularly? I think you have a wonderful magazine, but fans may want something that is not included. For instance, a good map of America so arranged as to show distances of all of North America and the U. S. possessions. An airline chart of distances between cities of North America and the U. S. possessions. Tonight I was listening to San Juan, Porto Rico. I have no way of finding out the distance. I mention this as only one example.—C. O. TYDINGS, M. D., Louisville, Ky.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features



Jose Iturbi, noted Spanish pianist on the Sunday evening At the Baldwin NBC program, regards himself as the most Spanish of all Spaniards.

Sunday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 a.m.	8	7	6

The Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
454.3	660	WEAF			

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30

The Nomads.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

221.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

1 p. m.	12 n.	11 a. m.	10 a. m.

National Light Opera.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

282.8	1060	WBAL	315.6	950	WRC
399.8	750	WJR	312.5	960	CKGW
428.3	700	WLW	205.4	1460	KSTP
234.2	1280	WEBC	222.1	1350	KWK
265.3	1130	KSL			

2	1	12 n.	11

Troika Bells.

265.3	1130	KSL	344.6	870	WLS
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
535.9	560	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

2	1	12 n.	11

Roxy Symphony Concert.

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WFTF
302 8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW			

3	2	1	12 n.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
Key Station—Chicago Studios.

205.4	1460	KSTP	483.6	620	WTMJ
234.2	1280	WEBC	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
399.8	750	WJR	545.1	550	KSD
416.4	720	WGN			

3 p.m.	2	1	12 n.

Symphonic Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WFI	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	234.2	1280	WDOD
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	KDYL	394.5	760	KVI
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	486.5	640	KFRC
243.9	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.5	1160	WOWO	535.4	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

4	3	2	1

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5 p.m.	4	3	2

McKesson News Reel of the Air.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
201.2	1490	WLAC	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	KFJF	267.7	1120	WISN
208.2	440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.6	950	WRC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	KFH
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
230.6	1300	KFH	394.5	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WJAS	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAL
232.4	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WRFC
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
239.9	1250	WDSU	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC			

Old Company's Songalogue.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	
370.5	790	WGY	535.4	560	WFI
454.3	660	WEAF	545.1	550	WGR

7	6	5	4

Durant Heroes of the World.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAIU	440.9	680	WFTF
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX			

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30

Major Bowes' Family.

206.8	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
280.2	1070	WTAM	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

At the Baldwin.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ

8	7	6	5

Enna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m—760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZA
221.2	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	325.9	920	KOMO
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	428.3	700	WLW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	KPO
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1020	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ			

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

8:15 p.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	680	KPO
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Sonatron Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	KGA	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	309.1	970	KJR
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
232.6	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	389.4	770	WBBM
243 8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	KMJR
254.1	1180	KFX	535.4	560	KLZ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
206.8	1450	WFIC	368.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
234.2	1280	WEBC	379 5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	KFH	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS			

8	7	6

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.8	740	WSB
265.6	820	WHAS	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WFAA	545.1	550	WGR

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFIF	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KGA	309.1	970	KJR
215.7	1390	WHK	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WEAN
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	410.7	730	CKAC
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WRFC
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	KMTR
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

9:15 p m.	8:15	7:15	6:15

Atwater Kent Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
245.6	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KPRC
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
265.3	1130	KSL	325.9	920	KOMO
280.2	1070	WTAM	333.1	900	WKY
288.3	1040	WFAA	361.2	830	KOA
299.8	1000	WHO	374.8	800	WSAI

10	9	8	7

Royal's Poet of the Organ. Jesse Crawford.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XF	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	KFH
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	399.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	KFRC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	500	WKRC



Charming Paula Heminghaus is one of the featured stars of the Davey Hour on the NBC at 5 P. M. (EST) on Sunday.



Master of Ceremonies for the Purity Bakers, Columbia program scheduled at 7:30 (EST) Monday nights. It was a special treat when Benny Rubin met Mike.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15

Studebaker Champions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	416.4	720	WGN
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	KPO
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Arabesque.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
245.6	1220	WCAE	333.1	900	WJAX
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longines Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:45	10:45	9:45	8:45

Armchair Quartet.
Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA			

Monday

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen,
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	389.4	770	WBBM
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
265.3	1130	KSL	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KHQ	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WSAI			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.2	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.8	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
315.6	950	KMBC			

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KPRC
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260.7	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
See "10:30 C. S. T." Listing
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

238	1260	WJAX	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:30	6.30	5:30	4:30

Roxy and His Gang.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	309.1	970	WCFL
227.1	1320	WSMB	315.6	960	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.9	990	WBZA	461.3	650	WSM
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

8	7	6	5

The Voice of Firestone.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
206.8	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
283.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
288.3	1040	WTRS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Alternate Weeks
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	325.5	920	KPRC
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	389.4	770	WFAA
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
288.3	1040	KTRS	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ceco Couriers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

A and P Gypsies.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

8	7	6

Edison Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.1	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ
302.8	990	WBZA			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
226.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	422.3	710	WOR
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WGL	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	554.1	550	WKRC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

General Motors Family Party.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
333.1	900	WJAX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	KPO
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOC
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Chesebrough Real Folks.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

"An Evening in Paris."
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	312.3	960	CFRB
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

10	9	8	7

Robert Burns Panatela Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Empire Builders.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
249.9	1200	KPRC	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	428.3	700	WLW
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO

11 a.m.	10	9	8

Voice of Columbia.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	230.6	1300	KFH
215.7	1390	WHK	232.4	1290	WJAS
223.7	1340	WSPD	232.6	1290	KDYL
227.1	1320	WADC	234.2	1280	WDOD



One of the featured stars on the NBC Edison program heard every Monday night at 9 o'clock (EST). Frank Luther claims the world's record for Radio programs.

Eastern 11 a.m. / Central 10 / Mountain 9 / Pacific 8
Voice of Columbia.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	394.5	760	KVI
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WREC
275.1	1090	KMOX	526	570	WWNC
302.4	990	WDBJ	535.4	560	KLZ
322.4	930	WBRC	545.1	550	WKRC
333.1	900	WMAK			

11:30 / 10:30 / 9:30 / 8:30
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago

202.6	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WKY
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WCY
249.8	1200	WBT	384.4	780	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
288.3	1040	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

10 / 9 / 8 / 7
Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—WZXE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WBBM
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO

11:15 / 10:15 / 9:15
Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
333.1	900	WJAX	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

12 n. / 11 / 10 / 9
Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	WZXE	333.1	900	WMAK
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
315.6	950	KMBC			



Elsie Baker is the featured artist of Golden Gems, which comes to you on the NBC network each Tuesday night at 10:30 (EST).

Tuesday

8:30 a.m. / 7:30 / 6:30 / 5:30
Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2	740	WSB
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	WPTF
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
288.3	1040	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

10 / 9 / 8 / 7
Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—WZXE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WBBM
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO

11:15 / 10:15 / 9:15
Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
333.1	900	WJAX	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

12 n. / 11 / 10 / 9
Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	WZXE	333.1	900	WMAK
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
315.6	950	KMBC			

Eastern 12:45 p.m. / Central 11:45 a.m. / Mountain 10:45 / Pacific 9:45
National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
227.1	1320	WSMB	325.9	920	KPRC
288.3	1040	KTHS	333.1	900	WKY
293.9	1020	KYW	384.4	780	WMC
299.8	1000	WOC	394.5	760	WJZ
315.6	950	WRC	399.8	750	WJR

2:30 / 1:30 / 12:30 / 11:30
American School of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
209.7	1430	WHP	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KVI	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WFAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
227.1	1320	WSMB	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
230.6	1300	WBAL	499.7	600	WMIT
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC
232.4	1290	WJAS	526	570	WKBN
234.2	1280	WMAQ	526	570	WWNC
238	1260	KOIL	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	599.6	500	WRRC

4:30 / 3:30 / 2:30 / 1:30
Auction Bridge Game—Milton C. Work.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	379.5	790	WGY
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
280.2	1070	WTAM	416.4	720	WGN
282.8	1060	WRAL	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

7:00 / 6 / 5 / 4
Voters Service.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WHO
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

7:00 / 6 / 5 / 4
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)
See "10:30 C. S. T." Listing

238	1260	WJAX	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WJAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WJZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

8:00 / 7 / 6 / 5
Pure Oil Band.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
222.1	1350	KWK	384.4	780	WMC
234.2	1280	WEBC	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
268.1	1120	WJAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

8:30 / 7:30 / 6:30 / 5:30
True Romances.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	WZXE	238	1260	KOIL
204	1470	WKBW	238	1260	WLBW
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	468.5	640	WAIU
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
333.1	900	WFBL	499.7	600	WCAO

8:30 / 7:30 / 6:30 / 5:30
"Around the World With Libby."
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WRAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
299.8	1000	KECA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WJZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KTO
325.9	920	KOMO			

9 / 8 / 7 / 6
Eveready Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	299.8	1000	WHO
234.2	1280	WEBC	315.6	950	WRC
245.6	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KOMO
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
263	1140	KVOO	336.9	890	WJAR
280.2	1070	WTAM	365.6	820	WHAS



Lucille Husting, who came to Radio from the dramatic stage, making her debut in Show Folks

Eastern 9 / Central 8 / Mountain 7 / Pacific 6
Eveready Program.
Key Station—WEAF (453.3-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
379.5	790	WGY	491.5	610	WDAF
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	WEEI
405.2	740	WSB	535.4	560	WFI
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF	545.1	550	WGR
461.3	650	WSM			

Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	238	1260	KOIL
204	1470	KFJF	241.8	1240	WGHP
204	1470	WKBW	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	KGA	243.8	1230	WNAC
215.7	1390	WHK	243.8	1230	KYA
215.7	1390	KLRA	254.1	1180	KEX
223.7	1340	WSPD	256.3	1170	WCAU
227.1	1320	WADC	258.5	1160	WOWO
230.6	1300	KFH	267.7	1120	WISN
232.4	1290	KTSA	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	KDYL	288.3	1040	KRLD
232.4	1290	WJAS	309.1	970	KJR
234.2	1280	WDOD	315.6	950	KMEC
236.1	1270	WDSU	322.4	930	WDBJ
238	1260	WLBW	322.4	930	WBRC

10:00 / 9 / 8 / 7
Harbor Lights.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
384.4	780	WMC	545.1	550	WGR

10:30 p.m. / 9:30 / 8:30 / 7:30
Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIL	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

10:30 / 9:30 / 8:30 / 7:30
In a Russian Village.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	WZXE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
209.7	1430	WHP	275.1	1090	KMOX
213.6	1410	WBCM	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	389.4	770	WBBM
223.7	1340	WSPD	394.5	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WMI
234.2	1280	WMAQ	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WFBM	599.6	500	WRRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

11 / 9 / 8
Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WCAE	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO



Rae Samuels with "Mac and Lennie" as they appeared on the Wednesday night Kolster Hour program via the Columbia system.

Eastern 11:30	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station Chicago Studio

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.6	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WKY
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ

Wednesday

Eastern 10 a.m.	Central 9	Mountain 8	Pacific 7

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WJR	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
10		9	8		7

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	258.5	1160	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
239.9	1250	WRBM	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
245.6	1220	WCAD	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WJAR	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:15		10:15	9:15		8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	WWJ	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
288.2	1040	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	468.5	640	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
12 n.		11	10		9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.6	6120	W2XE	238	1260	WLBW
209.7	1430	WHP	241.8	1240	WCHP
227.1	1320	WADC	258.5	1160	WOWO
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL

Eastern 12 n.	Central 11	Mountain 10	Pacific 9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
333.1	900	WMAK	491.5	610	WFAN
370.2	810	WCCO	499.7	600	WCAO
384.4	780	WEAN	526	570	WKBN
475.9	630	WMAL			
12:45		11:45	10:45		9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

227.1	1320	WSMB	325.9	920	KPRC
288.3	1040	KTHS	333.1	900	WKY
293.9	1020	KYW	384.4	780	WMC
299.8	1000	WOC	394.5	760	WJZ
315.6	950	WRC	399.8	750	WJR
7		6	5		4

See "10:30 CST" Listing

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

238	1260	WJAX	305.9	980	KDKA
269.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
7:30		6:30	5:30		4:30

Westinghouse Salute.

202.1	1480	WCKY	263	1140	KVOO
205.4	1460	KSTP	265.3	1130	KSL
222.1	1350	KWK	270.1	1110	WRVA
227.1	1320	WSMB	277.6	1080	WBT
234.2	1280	WEBC	293.9	1020	KYW
333.1	900	WJAX	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
252	1190	WOAI	305.9	980	DKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	325.9	920	KOMO
325.9	920	KPRC	399.8	750	WJR
333.1	900	WKY	405.2	740	WSB
361.2	830	KOA	440.9	680	WPTF
365.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
374.8	800	WFAA	468.5	640	KFI
379.5	790	KGO	483.6	620	KGW
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	WHQ
394.5	760	WJZ	516.9	580	WTAG
8		7	6		5

The Yeast Foamers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
252.0	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
8:30 p.m.		7:30	6:30		5:30

Happy Wonder Bakers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	344.6	870	WLS
206.8	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WFAA
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR			

Eastern 8:30	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30

Sylvania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW			

Forty Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHBC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			
9:00		8:00	7:00		6:00

Halsey, Stuart Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
233.1	900	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
			545.1	550	WGR

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	331.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			
10		9	8		7

Kolster Radio Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204.7	1470	KGA	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	309.1	970	KJR
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KVA	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WEAN			
10:30		9:30	8:30		7:30

Floyd Gibbons.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

282.8	1060	WTIC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.8	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
299.8	1000	WOC	416.4	720	WGN
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	KSD

Grand Opera Concert.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	491.5	610	WFAN
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WCAO
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550	WKRC
11		10	9		8

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WFBM	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
11		10	9		8

Lonesine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

202.6	1480	WCKY	283.9	1020	KYW
205.4	1460	KSTP	299.8	1000	KECA
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	325.5	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
265.2	1130	KSL	379.5	790	KGO



A master of dansapation is Ben Selvin, who directs the orchestra heard in the Kolster Radio hour, Wednesday evenings, over the Columbia system.

Eastern 11:30	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30

Key Station—Chicago Studios

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
384.4	780	WMC	483.6	620	WTMJ
405.2	740	WSB	483.6	620	WTMJ
447.5	670	WMAQ	491.5	610	WDAF
461.3	650	WSM	508.2	590	KHQ

Thursday

Eastern 8:30 a.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	526.0	570	WIBO
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.

Key Station—WABC (348 6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	226.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Busy Fingers.

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	WLBW
201.2	1490	WLAC	238	1260	KOIL
204.0	1470	WKBW	245.6	1220	WCAO
209.7	1430	WHP	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	KLRA	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	KPPY	315.6	950	KMBC
		WBBM	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	526	570	WWNC

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

11:45	10:45	9:45	8:45

Columbia Review—Tropical Tramps.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

204	1470	WKBW	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KPPY	370.2	810	WCAO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	535.4	560	KLZ

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

227.1	1320	WSMB	325.9	920	KPRC
288.3	1040	KTHS	333.1	900	WFAA
293.9	1020	KYW	384.4	780	WMC
299.8	1000	WOC	394.5	760	WJZ
315.6	950	WRC	399.8	750	WJR

Eastern 2:30	Central 1:30	Mountain 12:30	Pacific 11:30

American School of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
209.7	1430	WHP	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WI	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
230.6	1300	KFH	475.9	630	WMAL
232.6	1290	WDAY	491.5	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WBKN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	KLZ
					WKRC

5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.

206.8	1450	WEIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
292.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	980	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7	6	5	4

See "10:30 CST" Listing

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

238	1260	WJAX	405.2	740	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB
270	1110	WRVA	416.4	720	WRC
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ			WIOD

8	7	6	5

Fleischmann Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WEIC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WRAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Champion Sparkers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	344.6	870	WLS
260.7	1150	WHAM	389.4	770	KFAB
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW

9	8	7	6

True Detective Mysteries.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

Seiberling Singers' Concert.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WEIC	454.3	660	WEAF
225.4	1330	WSAI	468.5	640	
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	KHQ
379.5	790	KGO			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WRAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WTAM
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
309.1	970	WCFL	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD

10	9	8	7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

RCA Victor Hour.

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	333.1	900	WMAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHA
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WRAP
263	1140	KYOO	379.5	790	WGY
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	KGO
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
280.2	1070	WTAM	440.9	680	WPTF
282.8	1060	WTIC	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF



Mme. Luda Bennett, Russian soprano who was a guest soloist one Thursday night with the Columbia Ernest Naftzger's "Something for Everyone."

Eastern 10:00	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00

RCA Victor Hour.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
508.2	590	WEEI	535.4	560	WFI
508.2	590	WOW	535.4	560	WIOD
508.2	590	KHQ	545.1	550	KSD
516.9	580	WTAG	545.1	550	WGR

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longine's Correct Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	303.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	526.0	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

202.6	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WKY
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5	920	KPIC	508.2	590	KHQ

Friday

Eastern 10 a.m.	Central 9	Mountain 8	Pacific 7

Ida Bailey Allen—National Home Makers' Club.

Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120) WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU	243.8	1230	WNAC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

National Home Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ			

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Music Appreciation Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	312.8	960	CKGW
206.8	1450	WFIC	312.6	960	CKGW
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WSAI
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	WWJ
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252	1190	WOAI	333.1	900	WKY
260.7	1150	WHAM	336.9	890	WJAR
263	1140	WAPI	361.2	830	KOA
263	1140	KYOO	365.6	820	WHAS
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	WGY
270.1	1110	WRVA	379.5	790	KGO
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
280.2	1070	WTAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WTIC	399.8	750	WJR
288.3	1040	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1020	WFAA	416.4	720	WGN
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
308.9	990	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF



Captain Norton and Captain Wilson in a tense scene from one of the "Harbor Lights" broadcasts which are heard over the NBC chain at 10:00 P. M. (EST) every Tuesday.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Music Appreciation Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-66kc) WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
508.2	590	WEEI	535.4	560	WLIT
508.2	590	WOW	545.1	550	KSD
516.9	580	WTAG	545.1	550	WGR
535.4	560	WIOD			

12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.	9 a.m.

Evening Stars.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WCAE	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFIC	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
236.1	1270	WIDX	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	491.5	610	WDAF
265.3	1130	KSL	516.9	580	WTAG
312.6	960	CKGW	545.1	550	KSD

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

227.1	1320	WSMB	325.9	920	KPRC
288.3	1040	KTHS	333.1	900	WKY
299.8	1000	WOC	384.4	780	WMC
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
315.6	950	WRC	399.8	750	WJR

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

238	1260	WJAX	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WJZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

8	7	6	5

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

8	7	6	5

Brown-Bilt Footlights.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	232.4	1290	WJAS
204	1470	KFJF	234.2	1280	WDOD
208.2	1440	WHEC	238	1260	WLBW
209.7	1430	WHP	238	1260	KOIL
215.7	1390	WHK	239.9	1250	WDSU
223.7	1340	KFPY	241.8	1240	WGHP
227.1	1320	WADC	243.8	1230	WNAC
230.6	1300	KFH	243.8	1230	WFBM
232.4	1290	KDYL	245.6	1220	WCAO

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8	7	6	5

Brown-Bilt Footlights.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
256.3	1170	WCAU	370.2	810	WCCO
258.5	1160	WOWO	384.4	780	WEAN
275.1	1090	KMOX	384.4	780	WTAR
288.3	1040	KRLD	394.5	760	KVI
315.6	950	KMBC	468.5	640	WAIU
319	940	KOIN	475.9	630	WMAL
322.4	930	WDRJ	491.5	610	KFRC
322.4	930	WBRC	499.7	600	WREC
333.1	900	WFBL	526	570	WWNC
333.1	900	KHJ	535.4	560	KLZ
333.1	900	WMAK	545.1	550	WKRC

9	8	7	6

Interwoven Pair.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
227.1	1320	WSMB	325.9	920	KOMO
233.1	900	WJAX	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260.7	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	WAPI	379.5	790	KGO
265.3	1130	KSL	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	630	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
312.6	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WIOD

9 p.m.	8	7	6

True Story Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	232.4	1290	KDYL
204	1470	KFJF	234.2	1280	WDOD
208.2	1440	WHEC	236	1260	KOIL
215.7	1390	KLRA	238	1260	WLBW
215.7	1390	WHK	239.9	1250	WDSU
223.7	1340	WSPD	241.8	1240	WGHP
223.7	1340	KFPY	243.8	1230	WNAC
227.1	1320	WADC	256.3	1170	WCAU
230.6	1300	WIBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
232.4	1290	KTSA	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	288.3	1040	KRLD

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Cliquot Club Eskimos.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	508.2	590	WEEI
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
282.8	1060	WTIC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Armour Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZA
222.1	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KOMO
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252	1190	WOAI	333.1	900	WKY
263.3	1130	KSL	361.2	830	KOA
270.1	1110	WRVA	365.6	820	WHAS
277.6	1080	WBT	379.5	790	KGO
293.9	1020	KYW	384.4	780	WMC
302.8	990	WJZ	399.8	750	WJR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Armour Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
405.2	740	WSB	483.6	620	KGW
440.9	680	WPTF	483.6	620	WTMJ
461.3	650	WSM	508.2	590	KHQL
468.5	640	KFI	535.4	560	WIOD

Armstrong Quakers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.8	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Mystery House.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ			

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	750	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZ			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

202.6	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WKY
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1060	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.5	920	KPIC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ

Saturday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

Tower Health Exercises.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15

Morning Devotions.

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KPRC
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	440.9	680	WTIC
333.1	900	WJAX	454.3	660	WEAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ
263	1140	WAPI	491.5	610	WDAF
263	1140	KVOO	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WBAP	545.1	550	WGR

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

227.1	1320	WSNB	325.9	920	KPRC
288.3	1040	KTHS	333.1	900	WKY
293.9	1020	KYW	384.4	780	WMC
299.8	1000	WOC	394.5	760	WJZ
315.6	950	WRC	399.8	750	WJR

2:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	11:30 a.m.

Patterns in Prints.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WBRC
215.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.7	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	389.4	770	WBBM
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
230.6	1300	KFB	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WGHP	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

See "10:30 CST" listing.

205.4	1460	KSTP	305.9	980	KDKA
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
238	1260	WJAX	394.5	760	WJZ
245.8	1220	WREN	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	428.3	700	WLW
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WTTF
270	1110	WRVA	447.5	670	WMAQ
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Launderland Lyrics.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
333.1	900	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIBO
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY			

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Nit-Wit Hour

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	394.5	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.8	750	WJR
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
333.1	900	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
254.1	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	468.5	640	KFI
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WHO
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Around the Samovar.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	241.8	1240	WGHP
215.7	1390	WHK	243.8	1230	WNAC
223.7	1340	WSPD	256.3	1170	WCAU
232.4	1290	WJAS	275.1	1090	WMOX
238	1260	KOIL	258.5	1160	WOWO
238	1260	WLBW	267.7	1120	WISN



Dr. Henry Hadley and his nine-year-old protege, Mara Ajemian, who made her debut under the noted conductor's auspices during a recent program over the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
315.6	950	KMBC	475.9	630	WMAL
333.1	900	WFBL	399.7	600	WCAO
348.6	860	WABC	545.1	550	WEAN
370.2	810	WCCO	545.1	500	WKRC
447.5	670	WMAQ			

10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFIC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
333.1	900	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	KGW
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

10 p.m.	9	8	7

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6130); WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	236.1	1270	WDSU
204	1470	WKBW	238	1260	WLBW
204	1470	KFBF	238	1260	KOIL
208.2	1440	WHEC	241.8	1240	WGHP
215.7	1390	WHK	243.8	1230	WFBM
215.7	1390	KLRA	243.8	1230	WNAC
223.7	1340	WSPD	249.9	1200	KMJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	256.3	1170	WCAU
227.1	1320	WADC	258.5	1160	WOWO
228.9	1310	KFBK	267.7	1120	WISN
230.6	1300	KFH	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	KTSA	288.3	1040	KRLD
232.6	1290	KDYL	312.3	960	CFRB
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
234.2	1280	WDOD	319	940	KOIN

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10 p.m.	9	8	7

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
322.4	930	WBRC	447.5	670	WMAQ
322.4	930	WDBJ	475.9	630	WMAL
333.1	900	KHJ	491.5	610	KFRC
333.1	900	WFBL	499.7	600	WREC
370.2	810	WCCO	499.7	600	WCAO
384.4	780	WEAN	526	570	WWNC
384.4	780	WTAR	535.4	560	KLZ
394.5	760	KVI	545.1	550	WKRC

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longines Correct Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	252.1	1190	KMOX
204	1470	KSBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1340	KFPY	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	WFAA
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFBC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studies

202.6	1480	WCKY	344.6	900	WKY
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WTMJ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
263.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency, Wave Length and Operation Hours Will Be Found in Evening Schedules, Official Wave Lengths and State and City Index Tables on Pages 96 to 103

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
KDB...Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW..... Burbank, Calif.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB...Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK.... Sacramento, Calif.
KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIO..... Spokane, Wash.
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI..... Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR..... Portland, Ore.
KFJY..... Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ..... Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
KFKB..... Milford, Kans.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX..... Chicago, Ill.
KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.
KFLX..... Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF..... Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR..... Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC...San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU..... Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM.Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
KFVD....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI...San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM.....Oakland, Calif.
KFXF..... Denver, Colo.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY..... Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO..... Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
KGAR..... Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ..... York, Neb.
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGDR....San Antonio, Tex.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ..... Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF..... Shawnee, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFX..... Pierre, S. D.
KGGF..... Coffeyville, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHF..... Pueblo, Colo.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
KGIO.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR..... Butte, Mont.
KGIW..... Trinidad, Colo.
KGJF..... Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
KGRC.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.
KGU..... Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW..... Portland, Ore.
KHJ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ..... Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID..... Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO..... Boise, Idaho
KIT..... Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR..... Seattle, Wash.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX..... Oakland, Calif.
KLZ..... Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC....Kansas City, Mo.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR.....Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA..... Denver, Colo.
KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.
KOB....State College, N. M.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
KOH..... Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
KOL..... Seattle, Wash.
KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.
KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
KPQ..... Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF..Westminster, Calif.
KQV..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD.....Dallas, Tex.
KSAC....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD..... St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
KSL....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.
KTAP....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR..... Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR..... Portland, Ore.
KTBS..... Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT..... Muscatine, Ia.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL..... Shreveport, La.
KTW..... Seattle, Wash.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT..... Austin, Tex.
KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.
KVL..... Seattle, Wash.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG..... Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ..... Portland, Ore.
KWK..... St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
KWWG....Brownsville, Tex.
KXA..... Seattle, Wash.
KXL..... Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW..... Chicago, Ill.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.

W

WAAF..... Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI..... Bangor, Me.
WABO....Rochester, N. Y.
WABZ....New Orleans, La.
WADC..... Akron, Ohio
WAIU..... Columbus, Ohio.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
WASH..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAK..... Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX...Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL..... Richmond, Va.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS....Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC....Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
WBT..... Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ..... Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
WCAP...Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
WCCO....Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
WCGU...Coney Island, N. Y.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridan, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
WDAF....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD..Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ..... Decatur, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
WEAO.....Columbus, O.
WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
WEBE.....Cambridge, O.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
WELK....Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA.....Dallas, Tex.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
WFBJ....Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM....Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW....Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC..... Akron, O.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
WGBB....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
WGH...Newport News, Va.
WGHP..... Detroit, Mich.
WGL..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGN..... Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGST..... Atlanta, Ga.
WGY....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
WHAD....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBD....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
WHBY...West DePere, Wis.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
WHDH....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
WHEC....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC..... Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK..... Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL..... St. Louis, Mo.
WILL..... Urbana, Ill.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
WINR.....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
WJAS....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY.....Cleveland, O.
WJAZ..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBI..... Red Bank, N. J.
WJBL..... Decatur, Ill.
WJBO....New Orleans, La.
WJBT..... Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburgh, Pa.
WJJD..... Chicago, Ill.
WJKS..... Gary, Ind.
WJR..... Detroit, Mich.
WJSV....Washington, D. C.
WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio
WJZ.....New York City
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB..... Joliet, Ill.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBG.....Crosse, Wis.
WKBN.....Youngstown, O.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
WKBW....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, O.
WKY...Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBF...Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL....Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ..... Bangor, Me.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF.S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL....Washington, D. C.
WMAQ..... Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC..... Detroit, Mich.
WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMMN....Fairmont, W. Va.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBH...New Bedford, Mass.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN..Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI..... Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT....Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
WOWO....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPG....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC..... Utica, Miss.
WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC.....Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY.....New York City
WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....So. Bend, Ind.
WSGH....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB....New Orleans, La.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN..St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
WTAW..College Station, Tex.
WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNH.....Nashville, Tenn.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Radio in the Next War

(Continued from page 49)

ican company commander on the other side of No Man's Land every word of conversation taking place in the enemy dugout.

This form of electrical espionage was practised in the last war when the dictaphone was put to the same use, but then it was necessary to connect the instrument up with the receiving station by many hundred yards of wiring, always subject to discovery by the enemy or destruction by shell fire.

These same portable transmitting sets will be used by the artillery liaison officers occupying forward observation points. These keen-eyed observers will report through their microphones the firing data necessary for their batteries located two or three miles, or even more, to the rear.

THEY will be able to direct the fire of our guns on vital points or trench intersections, cross-roads, etc., behind the enemy's line. They will also be able to keep the rolling barrage of our guns well ahead of the advancing lines of infantry in an attack, and the all essential line of communication between the observer and the battery will be indestructible, and not subject to disruption by an enemy shell at any time, as was the case with the ground wires which the front line observer had to depend upon in the World War.

The occupants of tanks employed to protect infantry lines advancing across zones of fire will be in constant Radio communication with the infantry commanders. But there will be other tanks, not the big fellows, but little ones, not big enough to contain a single man, but sufficiently large to carry tremendous charges of explosive.

These tanks with their own automotive power and employing caterpillar treads, the same as their old time predecessors, will be in reality nothing more than land torpedoes. *Under remote control by Radio impulse,* their motors will be started, their gears put in operation and their steering devices controlled, as they lurch forward across the shell torn uneven ground toward the enemy line.

Armored against machine gun bullets, and possibly against all shell fire with the exception of direct hits, the tanks will be directed by Radio control to the desired target, at which point the directing observer, several thousand yards away, or possibly in an aeroplane overhead, will press the Radio trigger that will explode the entire mechanism with terrific effect.

In this respect the effectiveness of the Radio-controlled land torpedo as an offensive weapon will exceed that of the old torpedo used in the Navy, which was detonated by contact only.

WAR correspondents of the future might well report the curious spectacle of a charging line of these metallic robots waddling across No Man's Land, crashing through barbed-wire entanglements, climbing over trenches and driving all human resistance before them. It will be a bitter combat between men and machines.

As on land, so on the sea, and under the sea, Radio will play a new and most vitally important role in the naval operations of another war. Although the subject did not assume as prominent a position in the deliberations of the delegates to the Arms Limitation Conference in London as the item of battleships and cruisers, it is safe to say that no single item in the naval armament of any of the five conferring nations occupied the interest and close scrutiny of the experts more than the employment of Radio in sea power.

Constantly before them was the ever present lesson of the Battle of Jutland, the last great naval engagement. Naval experts of all nations, after digesting the millions of words of reports and opinions published from all sources during the last twelve years, are almost unanimous now in the belief that the superior British fleet at Jutland lost the chance for victory by its failure to realize and to take full advantage of the greater facilities for communication offered by wireless.

The organization of modern fleets, by reason of their many different categories of war vessels, offers tremendous complications, particularly in maneuvering at high speed. Only the facilities of equally speedy inter-ship communications by radiophone will make it possible for the commander in the sea battle of the next war to handle all of the diversified moving units of his fleet under his centralized control.

It will seem almost like a return to those historic days of sea fighting when the ship's commander, with sword in one hand and megaphone in the other, shouted his orders directly to his men engaged in the melee on the bloodstained decks of the vessels lashed side by side.

IN THE conning tower of his flagship the fleet commander in the next sea battle will be able to speak directly to the officers in command of his battle cruisers, his airplane carriers, his light cruiser squadrons, his destroyer flotillas, his submarines and airplanes, although at the time of the conversation they might well be so far away as to be completely out of visual observation.

Into that nerve center and brain center of that modern fleet will come word-of-mouth reports and observations on the progress of the battle, and from this wealth of first-hand and fully detailed information, the admiral and his staff will be able to pick out the weak spots in the enemy's defense and issue the orders necessary for the delivery of the blow calculated to bring victory.

With the increased development and use of Radio, the submarine fleets of belligerent nations will operate along the sea lanes of the world with greater and more fearful destructiveness in the event of another war. The frightful weapon of blockade by undersea forces will be invoked once more, and some better system than convoys of ships will have to evolve before nations, dependent for food supplies from abroad, will be able to surmount the menace of the deep.

Submarines lying submerged miles off to the side of the convoys will be able to direct torpedoes against the food ships, and by Radio control, guide and propel these weapons of destruction to the target they seek.

Undersea spies submerged off the coast will report the passage in and out of all war vessels as well as freight carriers, and by the modern improvements of Radio they will be able to transmit this information more expeditiously than they did in the World War.

At the same time Radio listening posts located along the coasts will be tuned in night and day waiting for these reports, and direction finders of marvelous precision will enable the defending forces to chart the exact locations of the communicating submarines and send destroyers to the spot.

THE development of Radio communications in conjunction with commercial aviation during the tremendous development of this new mode of transportation in the last twelve years, means that military and naval air forces in the next war will have increased their defensive and offensive value many times that which they demonstrated in the last war.

The direction of artillery fire by Radio signals from airplanes in 1917 and 1918 will appear as out of date and archaic as the savage signal fires, when the modern perfections of the radiophone are applied to all military planes.

But in addition to this improved facility of communications, all estimates concerning a war of the future must seriously consider the transmission of electrical energy by Radio. It is quite within reason to expect that planes will be perfected (if they are not perfected already) which will receive their power out of the air. With receiving sets tuned in night and day to a central distributing station, they will receive over the air waves the energy necessary to keep their propellers whirling and keep them afloat aloft for unlimited periods.

Unhandicapped by the additional weight of heavy loads of fuel, or the necessity of frequent refuelings in the air, these planes will be able to hover continually at enormous altitudes, high above positions which they desire to keep under observation. I believe that these planes will be completely closed in and as airtight as submarines, and the occupants of the planes will manufacture a continual supply of life-giving oxygen on board.

Just as the submarine extends its periscope above the surface of the water to make observations, so these aerial scouts of the high altitude, will lower periscopes thousands of feet below them to penetrate the veil of clouds and reproduce the continual picture of what is transpiring below.

And for the coordination of all of these new developments of Radio as applied to the land, the sea and the air branches of national defense, I can see the general staff of a nation seated in a darkened room, hundreds of miles away from the front, but seeing, illuminated and animated on a large screen before them, the moving reproduction of everything occurring in the battle at the front. Television and Radio transmission bring this possibility within the borders of immediate realization.

If there is to be another war, and unfortunately the world today lacks sufficient reassurance that there will not be, I, as a lover of peace, hope that Radio by its speeding up of all the forces of violence, will shorten the period of carnage and bring to the embattled nations all the quicker that day of armistice when, instead of a white flag appearing between the blazing lines of the front, the Radio will carry the conversations and negotiations necessary for the cessation of hostilities and the restoration of peace.

I feel certain, however, that one of the clauses of that armistice will be the occupation of the broadcasting stations of the vanquished nation, either by the armed forces of the victor, or the representatives of benevolent neutrals, who could guarantee their silence until the signing of the peace treaty.

It's all possible, but I certainly hope it doesn't happen, and Hal, old kid, I can think of no better wish with which to close this, my first broadcast, on Radio in the Next War.

* * *

Have you read Thirteen and One? Don't miss this thrilling master of mystery stories by Jackson Gregory, on page 14.

Expect Program Director to Have Traits of Solomon and Napoleon

By **A. H. Eskin**

Director Radio Programs, New York City, Y. M. C. A.

IF YOU want to put some exploitation on the air, or have your director's board meeting broadcast from the banquet hall, you will come up against an individual at the Radio station who is the "thumbs down" man of the broadcasting personnel. He is the program director. This personage is a mixture of brass tacks, artistic temperament and Mussolinic tendencies. He is supposed to be a Solomon, a Napoleon and a John Barrymore, all in one. He must have a silver tongue, a hard head, and under no circumstances cold feet. It is he who is responsible for keeping the busy little microphone filled up every minute of every day, year in and year out. He must satisfy advertisers, placate artists, and keep his finger on the eccentric pulse of the public at the same time that he is overseeing the mechanics of the station, the office details, the announcing staff, the accompanists, and anything else that requires attention.

Only 150 to 165 Radio stations of 500 watts and upwards can operate simultaneously in the United States with success. Each of these stations has two or more program directors, so the members of this very new and select profession are not numerous. This job of Radio program direction has sprung full grown into being almost over night. Pioneers in the field are recruited from all lines. For example, Leonard Cox, program director at WOR in New York City, has been everything from hobo to aviator, and is doubling on his job even now by being author and producer of the popular "Main Street" skits given weekly over WOR. Louis Tappé, director of WRNY, where television flourishes, used to be a school teacher, then the job of bank clerk didn't like him, so he became an actor. Now he feels perfectly at home in program directing.

The things Radio program directors have to know almost by instinct are many. First, it is generally recognized that Radio stations have individuality, just as magazines and newspapers do. Radio fans in New York City tune in on WEAF, WABC or WNYC just as they prefer to subscribe to the Century Magazine, Saturday Evening Post, or the Morning World. Each station has its own following. Program directors realize and use this primary fact. One New York station is known for its "smarty" tone. It is the naughty American Mercury of the air, with a healthy sting in the quips and bouquets it furnishes. Another station is the Time of the Radio lineup. It keeps the public abreast of modern happenings and digests news hot from life for avid ears. Another is the fashionable high brow's station, and so on down the line. The Radio fans' preference plays all around the dial. One happy feature is that there is always an audience for every station.

SOMETIMES a station program director forgets to exploit this fact of the individuality of his organization. Stations have lost their personality by trying to please everybody at the same time. No one station can do this, any more than one newspaper or one magazine can satisfy the whole American public. The sooner station directors learn this, the happier for them. They must decide which slice of the public they want to appeal to, and begin to stress the side of life that section is most interested in. Individuality of a station grows in this way. If a syncopated jazz number follows an address by the president of Columbia University, and a Training the Children course is followed by a saxophone band, in a mad effort to please everybody, your station director will (theoretically) hear the dials clicking all down the line as disgruntled people tune off his station. Consistency is the dough from which the bread of success can be made.

Having decided which class of humans he will appeal to, whether the intellectuals, the low-brows, the rural element or the Broadway beaux, the Radio station director has to survey the various hours of his particular listeners' days. Mother is listening in the morning. If he is broadcasting to the Jewish mothers on the East Side, his recipe hour must not be for dainty tea biscuits and caviar truffles. Speakers of the afternoon must be of the popular type with a homely vocabulary and many jokes. His music and entertainment features of the evening must be "hot stuff," not classics; they must be brass bands, not chamber music.

The Radio program director is in close touch with newspapers. It is hardly possible that the Radio could duplicate the newspaper. Radio has well-recognized limitations. There is no need for jealousy between Radio and newspapers concerning the invasion of each other's territories. Even in advertising this is true. The fact is that they can act excellently as complements to each other. Indirect advertising over the Radio makes a fertile ground where the seeds of direct advertising in the newspapers can fall. Flashes of news from the broadcasters send listeners scurrying for newspapers to get all the details. Although the Radio has made the old-fashioned newspaper scoop look slightly sick, the first enterprising publisher who can get out a special on the terrible Maiden Lane scandal, news of which the gasping Radio has broadcast almost while the deed was smoking, will swell to a prodigious shout the prior squeal of the announcing Radio's voice.

KEYED ads in newspapers go out like bloodhounds on the scent and bring in the quarry, or come limping back with failure written all over their dejection. Program directors know that Radio talks or entertainments at not-too-often intervals, approximately in the same manner, can be "keyed" to find out the public's response. The reaction to an offer of a free booklet or some small prize offered in the talk will show to a certain percent, all factors such as hour, position on the station's sequence, time of year, and public psychologic attitude considered, the extent of the listening public on that particular feature.

Money spent on Radio advertising, program directors point out, can learn much from the hard lessons taught to newspaper and magazine advertisers, older brothers in the field. Just as a third page spread, or a back cover ad gets the highest bidding, so time on the air after a speech by Coolidge, or a great symphony number, is at a premium. The poor little no-use hours, such as the last periods in the day, very early morning hours, or programs at the same time as national interest programs, are often charitably disposed of to the welfare organizations and others requesting free time for public service. A program director must exercise diplomacy. When an advertiser in whom he has little confidence takes an hour, it is up to your director to follow it by something which will win back any audience lost, in order that the next hour may be commercially valuable to the next advertiser who will pay for it.

The Radio program director's job is no bed of roses. It is more in the nature of an exciting gamble with forces and factors still shadowy and changing.

* * *

Mary Hale Martin, Household Economics expert of the National Broadcasting company, will have an article in the April Radio Digest and a picture of the ideal kitchen she has been describing over the air.

Barrie's Treasure Drawer

(Continued from page 35)

something to almost every writing man of his generation in England. It had killed something within him. It had killed something in his heart. No, he had done nothing.

It was sad; terrifying in a way, to hear him. I called his attention to an address he had made at Dumfries Academy and which had been published in England and America. And how fine it was.

"Oh, but that was for my school," he said. Then he admitted that he had written a piece for the school magazine but had thought so poorly of it that he had never had it published.

Of course he must have known from my letterhead that I was no literary lion hunter; that I was quite likely to ask him to write something for the magazine I represented. I felt sure he would not be unprepared for a request from me for an article.

And I had come with a specific idea in mind, a definite request to make. But it was a suggestion that would require courage—or nerve—to make. It was on a topic that might offend his sensibilities and hurt him greatly.

Here was a man to whom material happiness—or at least what we regard as happiness—had been denied. He had been denied the children his heart longed for; he had been denied the happiness of love and of a family, and of the sort of home that only family life can give.

And to compensate for this loss he had found an escape from the cruelty of life by creating a world for himself—a world of illusion, a world of fancy and of phantasy.

How many could wish for the power to do the same for us? So I asked him if he would not write and tell how he had found such an escape, how he had begotten the children he longed for. Wasn't he himself the Old Lady in the Old Lady Shows Her Medals? Wasn't he really Wendy?

HE SAT there silent. How long he was silent! Had I offended him so deeply?

Presently he spoke. "That," he said, "is the first sensible suggestion I have had made to me in fifteen years. It is the only topic suggested to me in the last ten years I should like to write."

How my spirits rose! How excited I was! And how my excitement increased when he added:

"Yes, that interests me. I shall probably write that . . ." There was another long pause. Then he smiled, "But

you will never see it. No, you will never see it."

"But why?" I asked.

The 'var again. It had done something to him. He could not write anything that seemed satisfactory to himself. Then he got up from his chair, and went to a desk in the middle of the room. He opened a lower drawer, a deep drawer it was. It was almost completely filled with manuscrips, some folded, some rolled, some loose.

"Here is where your story will go—if I write it," he told me. "In this drawer . . . Do you recall a little play called The Twelve Pound Look?"

I told him I did recall it. That I had seen Ethel Barrymore in it.

"Well, one day Granville Barker came to see me as you have come to see me today. He was looking for a play. I opened this drawer. He came to the desk and plunged his hand into the drawer. The manuscript he drew out was The Twelve Pound Look. He would not give it back to me. He took it with him and that is how it came to be produced. I did not think well of it myself after I had finished it . . . Yes, I may write your piece, but it will go into this drawer."

NEVER have I been so tempted to commit larceny. Why should I not emulate Granville Barker and plunge my hand into that chest of literary treasures? A good newspaper reporter of the type who "never comes back without his story," no doubt, would have done some such thing. But Granville Barker was a privileged friend. It had been easy for him to take a liberty of this kind. No, I could not do it.

I spoke these thoughts aloud. Told Barrie how sorely tempted I was. He smiled again, gently, closed that drawer and resumed his seat before the fire.

We talked some more. But what our talk was about, I do not now recall; it was such an anti-climax. I looked at my watch. It was five-thirty. I had been there two hours and a half. And my visit with him was to last ten minutes! He went to the door with me. Followed me from the warmth and comfort of his flat into the cold hallway. Yes, he must have been a lonely man that day. I had been lucky to find him in a mood that called for companionship. There in the cold we stood talking until, fearful of his health, I urged him to go inside. And beyond him, as he closed the door, the last thing I saw was that desk. It haunts me to this day. And I wonder if the drawer now has added to it the manuscript of how James M. Barrie found an escape from life?

The Girl in Gray

(Continued from page 23)

lights which reached away beneath their feet into the south. The figures of two lovers with their arms entwined and as they stood there in the faint pulsations of the glow which rose to enwrap them, the girl turned her head. Culver saw the bright little cockade of colored feathers which he had come to know so well. It seemed as if the pang which gripped his heart had stopped its beating.

THEN the man in the slouch hat arose as if from out of the earth before him. His dark face was twisted with passion. A knife glimmered in his hand. He darted toward the pair at the cliff's edge. The girl's scream smote Culver like a blow as her lover leaped from her side.

The two men closed. Their forms became a single dark blur, outlined against the starry sky, a grotesque black sillhouette, which moved with bewildering swiftness, taking on new shapes which in their turn dissolved into fresh postures as suddenly as they had come. The scrape of feet on the hard earth and the whistle of their breathing were the only sounds. The knife blade flashed upward with their two outflung arms beneath it, and Culver could see the figures of one twined about the other's wrist. There followed a moment when they leaned far out until it seemed as if they must fall over the cliff's edge.

The hand which held the knife was turning slowly; the arm began to twist in the grip of those fingers on the wrist, like a green stick strained to the breaking point. A groan came through the twilight; and the knife blade gleamed against the sky like a streak of silver as it fell into the darkness beyond the brink. Then the clipping thud of knuckles on bare flesh, and the black blur resolved itself into two forms.

The man in the slouch hat was lying in a huddle, sobbing bitterly. The other was standing over him.

"Can't you see she doesn't want you any more? She belongs to me now," he said. Then he stepped back into the shadows and Culver saw the girl's arms go out to him.

The man in the slouch hat rose to his feet; his face was distorted with weeping. Culver remembered moving silently into the shadow of the bushes to let him pass and that was all. When he found himself walking into the blaze of light where Kearny Street ends at Lotta's Fountain, he did not know how he had come there.

AS ONE who struggles in the thrall of a bad dream, unable to awaken, Culver came to Sanguinetti's the next evening. Why he came he could not tell. He only knew that he could not believe what he had seen and heard; that some longing, born of the the love which would not die within him, was pulling him to this place where they had met so often.

There was the usual Thursday evening crowd with its sprinkling of youthful faces in the dingy dining room. Light and laughter, and many young voices ringing in a college song. He was walking as a man walks in his sleep when he passed among them to take his place at the small table by the end of the bar. The hour had come when she was due; it was some minutes past. The door opened and he saw her on the threshold.

It seemed to him that she had never been so beautiful as she was now; the flower-like face had never held so delicate a bloom; the light in her eyes had never been so soft and so illusive. He watched her coming across the room, with her bit of a nod and her impersonal smile for old Steve, and then, as her eyes met his, the smile became bewitching in its tenderness.

But he was only vaguely conscious of these things. He was staring at her suit and hat; they were of grey, but a full shade darker than those in which he had always seen her before. The hat had a wide drooping rim and, instead of the cockade of bright feathers, there was a cluster of green, the same tint as the lights which played in the depths of her eyes.

"Tell me," he asked with strange abruptness as she was taking her seat, "the grey suit you used to wear, and the little hat; what has become of them?"

It was the trouble in his eyes, more than all else, which made her draw aside the veil, revealing in her answer some of the life which it had been her whim to withhold from his knowledge. For she could see that for some reason he was suffering.

"Why I gave them to a model in the life class where I am studying. A little Italian girl." Then as she saw the change that came over him, "Why do you ask me that?"

During the dinner he told her and, as she listened to the story, she read, between his words, some measure of his blind young faith which had held through all that he had seen and heard. And because, during these days of her outing, she too had shared the loneliness which he had felt, she reached both hands impulsively across the table as he ended.

The four young fellows from the glee club were singing the Holy City. The solemn hush, which had come over the crowd, remained for some moments after their clear voices had died away. In that silence, as he had once before, he took her hands in his now. And this time she did not withdraw them. So, the noise of the laughter and the boisterous fun found him, when it swept back across the room, looking with the joy of his new hope into the eyes of The Girl in Grey.

Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 13)

but they get along all right, I'm sure of that. I'll never forget one day when they had been having a terrible time over one page of their script, and they came to me with it. They were both mad. They simply could not get together with their idea on a certain situation. They had spent three hours working over that page. I took the page and tore it up. They started over again from a different viewpoint and had it in a few minutes.

"Correll is the pianist and perhaps because he is used to fingering a piano keyboard, it falls to him to tap the typewriter. But they start to work from a point where they left off the day before, and carry themselves along in character acting as though the situations were actual and real. In that way the wording of the script comes natural. They may polish it up after it is typed, with a few high points but they give each script the best that is in them. That is why it seems real to the listener and convincingly true.

"Their plan for making records for broadcasting worked out splendidly, and in many of the cities where the use of records was rather a new idea, the broadcasters, after a fair trial put the question to a vote on the part of the listeners whether they wanted to continue with the Amos 'n' Andy records. In every instance, the response was immediate and overwhelmingly in favor of Amos 'n' Andy whether they were on records or in person."

IT WAS an advertising representative of Radio Digest who first broached the subject of Amos 'n' Andy as a vehicle for the Pepsodent program. When the deal was closed for the broadcast over the coast to coast network of the National Broadcasting company, it was found that previous bookings of sponsored programs interfered with the old established broadcast time of Amos 'n' Andy, at 10 o'clock C.S.T.

The period was set forward for the early evening. Such a roar went up from all sections that within a week the Pepsodent company had received 75,000 letters asking that the schedule be restored to the later hour.

That's a pretty big heap of letters if you stop to think about it, and the request could not be ignored. Amos 'n' Andy themselves were too distressed for words. At last they found a solution to the problem by arranging two broadcasts of the same program each day. The eastern network gets the program at 6 o'clock, C.S.T., or 7 o'clock in the

East, and Chicago gets it over the home station, WMAQ (which otherwise, is a CBS station) and KYW, the NBC Herald and Examiner — Westinghouse station, at 10:30 C.S.T.

When the plan was first conceived it was thought by the Eastern headquarters of the National Broadcasting company that New York and Atlantic coast cities would not be interested in a Radio program originating in the Middle West. So the locale of the Amos 'n' Andy episodes was pictured in Harlem, the New York black belt.

It is doubtful if this arrangement had any appreciable effect in the interest taken in the East in the Amos 'n' Andy programs. They have been accepted in every section because they strike a responsive chord to the native American sense of humor. In using the word "American" it is taken in the continental sense, for Amos 'n' Andy are nowhere more appreciated than by our Canadian neighbors across the border.

At first NBC put the program through twenty-six stations. But soon the demand became so great that their program was extended over thirteen more stations, taking in practically every station of the network.

"It is hard for me to single out anything in particular to tell you about Correll and Gosden." said Bill after we had wandered on and off from the subject for nearly an hour. "They are just part of my life. They are two of the finest friends I ever had. I don't know of anything I could suggest in which I could wish that they were any different than they are. They are much better behind the scenes—or back stage, as you say, than they are before the mike. That's because they are themselves. Correll is not domineering like Andy and Gosden is not cowering and subservient like Amos. They are both upstanding men, self respecting and respected by others."

When Bill scraped out the ashes from his pipe and looked at the clock he had already missed making his scheduled opening announcements for the evening program. But there was an able assistant on the job. I was not sorry I had dragged him away from his routine.

And I hope by all that's holy, that this episode is ending to Marcella's complete satisfaction. Moreover, there will be other Amos 'n' Andy facts of interest in the April Radio Digest, and I will give you hint as to its nature by the question:

WHY DID AMOS LAUGH IN THE BROADCAST OF NEW YEAR'S EVE?

See the answer Amos has promised for publication in the April Radio Digest.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 17)

voice, "hoping that it was? And that it had been left behind."

Parks shrugged.

Here's all I know of the end: That night, an hour after the arrival of the Opal, if it ever did arrive, there was double murder committed right here. The jewel merchant and a foreigner whose nationality was never identified so far as I know, were stabbed to death. The Opal in a little wine-red silk-covered case, vanished. And our friend, Mr. Thraff Willcyzinski, was a raving mad man.

"What became of him?" asked Dicks, as sharp and insistent as ever.

"Why, as to that, no one knows!"

"Followed the Opal?" jeered Dicks. "Just—vanished?"

"SPEAKING of superstition—" observed Paul Savoy, "I've been thinking. Superstition implies a credence in the so-called supernatural. The supernatural is but a silly term fastened at random. There was, for instance, a 'superstition' that certain light-rays were beneficial; modern medical science explains, utilizes—and lo and behold! that superstition steps, unchanged, into its newer and more reputable position."

"And so," queried Laufer-Hirth, plainly at a loss to know how serious Savoy was and being quite sober in the matter himself, "if, say in the matter of the opal, one holds certain superstitions—"

"There is something in those superstitions. Or perhaps I should say under or behind them. Some would attach importance to the fact that there are just thirteen of us beneath this roof!"

"Well, gentlemen," said Mainwaring Parks briskly, "let's forget that; we all know why we are here. I should like to hear your wishes. Shall it be now?"

Mr. Nemo was the first to answer. "I suggest that what we have to do await another day. It grows late; some of us have traveled far and in the storm. Also, I should like a word or two with you first, and altogether at your convenience; a word, also, with another gentleman here."

He did not specify which other gentleman, though the air bristled with unspoken enquiry. Parks, with a swift glance up and down the long table, nodded his entire accord with Mr. Nemo's "suggestion."

"By all means," he said heartily. "I am sure that that is the sensible thing and that we, all of us, agree. And now as Mr. Nemo also reminds us it grows late and it's been a hard day. For those who want to chat, perhaps to speculate upon madmen, murder and opals," he added with that impish grin of his, "there is the living room and a good fire. For those who would prefer repose there are beds which I trust may be conducive to sound sleep. First, however, if you will bear with me, there is just one thing. Almost in the nature of a confession!"

HE DREW from his pocket a small parcel with a bit of yellow manilla paper and a slight rubber band about it, opening the thing up as he concluded bluntly:

"Bad taste, maybe; but this is straightforward anyway. There is to be among us tomorrow morning certain business; it is entirely tenable by you that I should play only the role of host, remaining on the side lines when the battle begins. Frankly, I can't do it. There are in this room certain valuables which we'll not specify just now. For my part, there is this. I've strained myself to do what I've done." He flipped open the packet revealing the yellow bank notes. "A cool million dollars there, gentlemen."

He dropped the bank notes to the table and picked up a cigarette while they stared at him in sheer wonderment. With his cigarette lighted he sprang to his feet and gathered up his treasure which all had seen plainly.

"I'll add just one more thing," he said and they saw now that his mouth was set and grim. "I am going straight now to my safe; it's in the little room off the library and whatever goes into it tonight will be there tomorrow morning, and the safe won't open until the time lock on it says it can open. If any of you gentlemen care to put anything in there along with my stack of chips, why then, come along."

No one offered to accept the invitation while all regarded him curiously.

"I'll add this," he blurted out, "though I had meant to keep my mouth shut. I don't know; I have the maddest reason for even suspecting such a thing; it's an intolerable thing for a host to speak before his guests, such honored guests as mine are. But, gentlemen, there is such an enormous risk—I am afraid that there is in the house right now a very dangerous man who would stop at nothing—**nothing!**—to achieve what he is here to do."

THEY stared at him variously, more than one with an expression hinting that he hoped it would turn out that this was some foolish jest. Parks, silent now and grown tense, thrust his money into his pocket and stepped back from the table. Chairs were shoved back; singly or in pairs the startled guests deserted the room.

"Look here, my boy," muttered Laufer-Hirth, catching up with Parks and throwing an arm over his shoulder. "What on earth—"

"Later, Amos; tomorrow, if need be."

They and Detective Dicks went down the long hallway, and into the little room where the safe was. Parks opened it and tossed into it the manilla-papered packet which he was determined not to keep on him tonight and, when Laufer-Hirth and Detective Dicks shook their heads, set the lock and closed the safe. He sighed then and ran a hand over his forehead. Then smiled, saying only:

"Maybe I'm a fool. Time tells. And maybe, friend Amos, I'm not altogether free from superstition myself as I've thought. Good night; good night. Come ahead, Dicks. I want a word with you. And your room adjoins mine anyway."

There was to be no prolonged session in the living room, cheerily invitational as it was. Man after man of them went to his room, silent and perplexed—and locked his door after him. And it was not a full half hour after Mainwaring Parks said good night that a terrible cry burst out to go echoing through the old

(Continued on page 104)

Cash for Songs

A LITTLE extra money comes in handy almost any time. Here is a chance to pick up a few extra dollars each month.

RADIO DIGEST

will give three cash prizes for three best lists of ten songs that are the most popular today. These may include the latest popular hits, or old-time favorites, anything from "Old Black Joe" to "Sweet Georgia Brown" or "Hollywood."

$5 First Prize
$3 Second Prize
$2 Third Prize

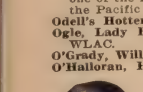
You don't have to be a musician. Just sit down and write a list of your favorite ten songs, the ones you think are the most popular today. Send them to the Popular Song Editor, Radio Digest, before April 20.

All entries will be submitted to a jury of competent judges, whose decision will be final.

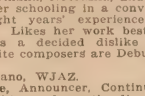
Who's Who In Broadcasting

NOLL, Lou, Tenor, Bonnie Laddies, NBC.
Nordlund, Rudolph, KSTP, Second Violin and Banjo, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
Northcutt, J. R., Actor, NBC San Francisco studios.
Nourse, William Ziegler. Combines architectural genius with a strong fancy for poetry and drama. Mr. Nourse broadcasts poetry for WMAQ and in past seasons directed the WMAQ Players in Radio drama.
Novak, Frank, Tenor, WCCO.
Novis, Donald, Tenor, KMTR.
Nye, Harry G., Announcer of Setting-Up Exercises of Early Risers' Club, KSTP, is Physical Director of the St. Paul Y. M. C. A.

OAKLEY, Iris Martinson, Contralto, KOIN.
Oakley, John, Bass, National Broadcasting Company.
Oakley, Victor Dale, Announcer, WFAA.
Oaks, Daisy, Soprano, WFLA.
Obermann, Frank, Violin, Viola and Piano, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.
Oberndorfer, Marx and Anne, Musicians, Composers, Students, Teachers and quite a lot of other things, too. The Oberndorfers give WMAQ fans entertaining and edifying accounts of the romances in the lives of great composers and the music these masters wrote under the inspiration of the romances At present they are studying in the MacDowell artist colony at Petersboro, N. H. They return to the air Sept. 16.
O'Brien George, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.
O'Brien, Howard Vincent, Literary editor of the Chicago Daily News and conductor of the book broadcasts over WMAQ.
O'Brien, Johnny, Harmonica player, NBC San Francisco studios.
Ochi-Albi, Nicholas, Cellist, KNX.
O'Connar, (Billy) William, Tenor. Mr. O'Connar has been a staff artist of WLAC for the past ten months, and has won for himself great popularity as a soloist. He is a member of the team, "Billy and Bob, the B. B. Boys." WLAC.
O'Connor, Stanley, Baritone, KOIN.
O'Connor, William, the "Irish Tenor" of WLS. Sings everywhere. Used to be lawyer in Kansas, even ran for county attorney. Loves the ballads.
O'Dea, Margaret, NBC contralto, devoted especially to operatic roles. Margaret was one of the first singers signed by NBC when the Pacific Division was inaugurated.
Odell's Hottentots, Orchestra, WLAC.
Ogle, Lady Ruth, Ballad and Blues Singer, WLAC.
O'Grady, William, Tenor, KTSP.
O'Halloran, Harold, Chief Announcer of the Voice of Labor Station. He was chosen for this position because not only has he a very pleasant voice over the air but he has a very good bass voice which is heard regularly. He can sing any sort of music from the popular to the most classical. Tune in and hear him at WCFL.

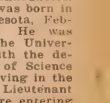


O'Kane, Dick, Popular Singer, WHB.
Old Hickory, KSTP, Iowa minstrel, plays guitar and sings old-time favorites, "Decker's Iowans."
Oldre, Ferd, Banjoist, WCCO.
Olds, Dorothy, Pianist, KVOO.
Olds, E. L., Technical Director, KTHS.
Old Town Duo, Dinner music each night from WLS. Rose Vitto Sherman, violinist, and Marie Ludwig, harpist. Play from Old Town Coffee Room, Hotel Sherman.
O'Leary, Joseph, Leader of O'Leary's Irish Minstrels, WEEI.
Oliver, Altheda, Mezza-Soprano, KNX.
Oliver, Julian, Tenor, NBC, New York.
Oliver, Simeon, Eskimo Pianist, KMOX.
Olivotti, Eva, Light Opera Prima Donna, KMTR.
Olsen, Al, and his Whispering Guitar, WBAP.
Olsen, Hazel, student at the Yankton College Conservatory for the past three years. Accompanist for Herbert Lemke, singer of German songs from Radio Station WNAX at Yankton, South Dakota, also Happy Jack, Nancy and Glenn, John Sloan, Eddie Dean and other artists from this station. Miss Olsen also sings with the girls' harmony team Esther and Hazel.
Olsen, Robert, Tenor, Victor recording artist, has won a unique place for himself in the hearts of Radio fans with his beautiful voice. His entire career has been on KFRC.
Olson, Mrs. Clara, Soprano, WCCO.
Olson, Clarence, Orchestra Leader, Violinist, WCCO.
Olson, Mrs. H. O., Cellist, WLAC.
O'Malley, Happy Jack, Old time fiddler, WNAX. Started Radio work after winning 13 old time fiddling contests. With WNAX since 1927. Manager Happy Jack's Old and New Time orchestra.
O'More, Colin, Tenor, NBC, New York.
O'Neil, Helen Margaret, Program Director for KFRC. This unusually active, ambitious and talented young lady is responsible for much of the progress KFRC has made in the good graces of Pacific Coast Radio fans. She was born in Omaha, Nebraska, and received much of her schooling in a convent. She has had eight years' experience in musical comedies. Likes her work best of anything and has a decided dislike for "tens." Her favorite composers are Debussy and Chopin.
O'Neil, Lucille, Soprano, WJAZ.
Opie, Everett George, Announcer, Continuity writer, dramatic director WJJD, has celebrated his seventh year in Radio work. He began with KYW, then worked with WMAQ, WQJ, WIBO in Chicago and then went to WJZ, then to KSTP. Mr. Opie has announced everything from market reports to grand opera. He is one of the originators of continuity programs and, with his keen sense of musical appreciations, has brought the right relation between the spoken and musical portion of Radio production in WJJD programs.



Optimistic Do-Nuts, KNX.
O'Reilly, Ed., KSTP, Harmonica player, former river boat captain on Mississippi.
Oriental Male Quartet, WLS.
Orlofski, Clare, Contralto, WFLA.
O'Rourke, Leo, Tenor, NBC, New York.
Orowitz, Eli M., Weekly Movie Broadcasts, WFG.
Orr, Mrs. Jones, Violinist, WLAC.
Osborn, George, KSTP, Assistant conductor and cellist, ational Battery Symphony orchestra. Leader Casino orchestra, recently returned from New York, where they played with Ben Bernie, WEAF and WJZ.
O'Shea, Sylvia, Reader and pianist.
Osina, Sophia, Pianist, KVOO.
Oswitz, Bertha, Lyric Soprano, KWK.
Otey, Florence Walden, Member of Trio, WBAL.
Otto, Walter, Baritone, WFLA.
Owen Brothers, Freddie and Harold, Duets.
Owen, Delos, Theatrical man of long experience with many musical shows and a host of popular tunes to his credit. In charge of WGN's popular programs. Came in WGN January 1, 1928. This is his first Radio work.
Owen, Robert, Chief Engineer, KOA.

PACE, Dorothy Jean, KSTP, Member cast, Krank's Varieties and KSTP Players.
Page, Billy, NBC juvenile star at San Francisco. The 10-year-old prodigy has been starred in "Memory Lane," a comedy-logue of mid-western life and is heard every Thursday night. He also is on other programs requiring a juvenile lead.
Pagliara, Nicholas, Music Didector, WHEC.
Paige, Ellsworth, Basso, WGY.
Paige, Raymond, Conductor, KHJ, KFRC. Had charge for two years of musical activities at Fairmont Theatre, Los Angeles. Born in Wisconsin, active in musical work all his life. Graduate of American Conservatory, Chicago.
Palacios, Senor, Director of Spanish Orchestra, KEX.
Palmer, Fred, Studio Director, WAIU.
Palmer, Harold, Announcer, WOW.
Palmer, Lester, Announcer, WOW.
Palmer, W. G., "Bill," WCOA.
Pardue, Mrs. E. L., Soprano, WLAC.
Parmasus Trio, Strings, NBC, New York.
Parsons, Chauncey, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.
Parsons, Mrs. Poliard, Accompanist, WLAC.
Pascocelle, Robert, Piano, NBC, New York.
Patrick, Frances, Pianist, WSM.
Patrick, Thomas, President and Manager, KWK, St. Louis.
Patt, James, Secretary, WDAF.
Patt, John F., Program Director WJR.
Paulis Choristers, WLW.
Pavey, Richard, WLW announcer, also is a baritone of such excellence that he also sings on WLW programs, particularly with the Antelus Trio and also with Henry Fillmore's concert band. Pavey started out to be an opera singer, but found his eyes too bad to enable him to appear on the stage without glasses. The microphone conceals the glasses and the Radio audience is permitted to enjoy the voice.
Payne, George, Tenor, WHAM.
Pearson, John A., Announcer, KEX.
Pearson, Ted, Announcer, NBC, Chicago.
Peary, Harold, NBC tenor at San Francisco.
Pease, Charlie, Debonair and Red Headed Operator at WMAQ.
Peck, Curtis, Chief Announcer, KPO.
Pecorara, Joseph, Piano, NBC, New York.
Pedigo, Speek, Program Director, KFJF.
Pedroza, Alfonso and Sophia P., Spanish Bass, Soprano, WGN.
Peery, Harold G., Technical Director, KFRC.
Peet Trio, John Holder, Violinist; William Warner, Guitarist; Mrs. Helen Shea, Pianist, KOIL.
Pellettieri, Vito, and His Orchestra, WSM.
Pencke, William, Baritone, WFLA.
Pennington, "Pen," Book Reviews, WFLA.
Pepper Maids, NBC feminine harmony trio heard in blues songs, at San Francisco studios.
Perfetto, John J., Trombone, Baritone, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Perkins, Rev. J. R., Station Chaplain, KOIL.
Perkins, Mrs., KMA Poultry Lady.
Perkins, Omar, Director Playmate, Popular Orchestra, WHB.
Pernin, Father Claude J., S. J., "Twenty Minutes of Good Reading," KYW.
Perry, Bess, Contralto, WHAM.
Perry, Henry L., Director Vocal Ensemble, KPO. Former newspaper man. Developed rich bass voice in Berlin. Choirmaster for 3 years at St. Pauls, Oakland. Active in other work.
Perry, Mrs. Robert, Pianist, WFLA.
Perry, Jr., William, Tenor, WSM.
Perry, William S., Tenor, WLAC.
Peterson, Alma, Soprano, NBC, New York.
Peterson, Curt, Supervisor of Announcers, NBC, New York, was born in Albert Lea, Minnesota, February 12, 1898. He was graduated from the University of Oregon with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1920, after serving in the World War as a Lieutenant of Infantry. Before entering the field of Radio Mr. Peterson, a baritone, was a singer and a teacher of voice at Miss Mason's Castle School for Girls. He is married and has two children, Stephanie French Peterson, six years old, and Janeth French Peterson, three years old. Mr. Peterson is six feet in height, weighs 160 pounds, and has light hair and fair complexion. His hobby is golf.



Peterson, Lewis W., KSTP, Concert tenor. Organizer Brahms quartet, Chicago, which received favorable commendation from Dr. Frederick Stock, conductor Chicago Symphony orchestra, and other critics. Experiences abroad cover field of concert-oratorio and church selections of the best song in literature.
Peterson, Walter, "Kentucky Wonderbean," Harmonica, Guitar, WLS.
Petway, Mrs. Jake, Pianist and Member of the Crystal Quartet, WLAC.
Peyer, Joe, Orchestra Leader, WCCO.
Pfahler, Fred, Announcer, WTAR.
Pfau, Franz, the Pianist whose [illegible] and special arrangements [illegible] popularity of the concert [illegible] is also heard in solo recitals [illegible] from time to time over WMAQ.
Pheatt, Dick, Junior Announcer, WSPD.
Pheatt, Merrill, Manager, Commercial Department, Senior Announcer, WSPD.
Phelan, Charles W., Director Cooperative Broadcasts, WEAF, WJAR.
Phelps, G. Allison, Announcer, KMTR.
Phi Delta Chi Music Masters, KSTP, College entertainers.
Philips, Phil, Director of Springtime Serenaders, WFLA.
Phillips, H. O., leader of Bessemer Hawaiian Orchestra, WAPI.
Phillips, Pete, Tenor, KTHS.
Phillips, Ronald, Clarinetist, KOMO.
Phillipson, Christine, Violinist,, NBC, New York.
Phipps, Jack, Actor, NBC San Francisco studios.
Piano Twins, Place, Lester and Pascocello, Robert, NBC, New York.
Pickard Family, Southern Folk Songs, NBC, Chicago.
Pie Plant Pete, WLS; plays a harmonica-guitar combination, known on the air as the "Two-Cylinder Cob-Crusher"; sings old-time songs, too. Claude Moye is his name.
Pierce, Bob, Specialties, NBC, New York.
Pierce, Mrs. C. B., Classic Pianist, KFEQ.
Pierce, Jennings, Chief Announcer at the NBC San Francisco studios. "JP" was the first Westerner (and he's a native son of California) to talk during a transcontinental broadcast from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast. "JP" announced the Hoover ceremonies when the chief executive accepted nomination of the Republican Party and has handled all other important coast-to-coast hook-ups from the West, including the broadcast of the arrival at Los Angeles of the Graf Zeppelin.
Pierce, Rachel, Soprano, WFLA.
Piggot, Eileen, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company, Pacific Coast Network.
Pine, Joseph, Clarinetist, Saxophonist, KOMO.
Pinke, William, Operatic Tenor, WFLA.
Pinney, Katherine, Accompanist, KOMO.

Pironi, Ruth, Soprano, KOIN.
Pitcher, J. Leslie, Tenor, KJR.
Pitman, Linwood T., Announcer and Commercial Representative, WCSH.
Pittenger, Theodore, Violinist, KVOO.
Place, Lester, Piano, NBC, New York.
Plank, John, KSTP, Whistler and college entertainer.
Platt, Dick, Pianist, NBC, Chicago.
Plumb, Myrtle, Soprano, WFLA.
Points, Freddie, Pianist, Player of Mouth Harp, KOIL.
Polk, Marshall, Tenor, WSM.
Pollack, Ben and His Park Central Orchestra, NBC, Chicago.
Pollack, Muriel, Pianist, NBC, New York.
Polokoff, Eva, Violinist, WIBO.
Pontius, Ernest, Announcer, WREN.
Poole, Jim, Chicago Livestock Exchange announcer of markets, WLS. Knows his livestock and how to tell the folks about the markets. Is on several times each day and has been since WLS opened.
Pool, R. S., Director, WFAA.
Pop Twins, Dorothy Brakeley, Soprano; Rose Quigley, Contralto; WHAM.
Porch, J. W., Harmonica and Guitar Artist, WLAC.
Porta, Josephine, Soprano, WFLA.
Portal Players, WCCO.
Posselt, Marjorie, Leader of the Friendly Maids, Instrumental Quintet, WEEI.
Possum Hunters, Dr. Humphrey Bate, Director, WSM.
Post, Myra, Pianist, WFLA.
Powell, Loren, Conductor Loren Powell's Little Symphony, KMTR.
Powell, Tom, WDBW, is one of the most noted Scotch dialect singers and impersonators in the amateur ranks of entertainers. He has the ability to put across to his Radio listeners all the quaint humor and homely philosophy of the Scotch folk-songs, in a manner which makes one wonder if he is not listening to Harry Lauder.
Powell, Verne, Saxophonist, KFAB.
Powers, Alice, Pianist, WFLA.
Powers, William, Colored tenor at the NBC San Francisco studios. Heard on Southland programs.
Pratt, Russell. Humor, hoakum and harmony are pleasingly intermingled when Russell Pratt together with Ransom Sherman and Joe Rudolph, clown over The Daily News program. The three "phee dees," specialists in amusements of any kind and pure bunk of every kind, stage the Musical Potpourri. In addition, Russell is the organizer of the Top Turvy Time



Radio Club for boys and girls. The club, opening almost 300,000 members to date, is [illegible] last over WMAQ.
program. [illegible]erbert, Orchestra Leader, Violin, on the job.
ged him away, Baritone, NBC, New York.
[illegible] hopper J., Director, WBBM.
Price, [illegible]en Elizabeth, Teacher of Piano, WLAC.
Price, Georgia, Harpist, NBC, New York.
Price, Priscilla, KSTP, Violinist.
Priestley, Harold W., Announcer, WWJ.
Prince, Lurinda, Contralto, WLAC.
Pritchett, Coe, Farm Talks, KFEQ.
Progressive Music School, KSTP, broadcasting variety programs, vocal and instrumental.
Provensen, Marthin, Assistant Announcer, WENR.
Pulis, Lois Zu, Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System.
Pulley, Katherine, Ukulele, Banjo, Guitar, WIL.
Pullis, Gordon, Trombone, WFLA.

Quinn, Inez, Soprano, WHAM.

RADER, C. B., Market Announcer, KFH.
Radley, Verne, Orchestra, KTHS.
Rafferty, William J., Fan mail director of WCAU.
Railite Y. M. C. A. Band, under the direction of John G. Miller, WLAC.
Raine, Grace, director of vocal music for WLW-WSAI. Mrs. Raine was the musical director of WSAI before it was taken over by the Crosley Radio Corporation. The vocal destinies of both WLW and WSAI now are in her charge. Her arrangements of quartette and vocal ensemble literature have helped to make WSAI famous for its vocal offerings.
Ramond, Ray, KTAB's famous "Brother Bob," boasts a program that features a staff of artists all under 20 years of age. Of course, this is with the exception of Barney Lewis, who hovers around the age of 26.
Randall, Art, Director of Royal Fontenelle Orchestra, WOW.
Rand, George, NBC actor, Pacific Coast Division.
Rapp, J. C., Announcer, Operator, KMA.
Ratcliffe, Clarence, Tenor, NBC, New York.
Raul, Helen, Pianist, WIBO.
Ray, Bill, Chief Announcer, KFWB.
Ray, Joan, KTAB staff contralto, has the rare distinction of having been featured at the famous Covent Garden in London, and has starred at the old San Francisco Tivoli. Miss Ray's Australian successes have included her status as one of the leading recording artists of that country and concert engagements here and abroad have brought a wealth of experience to this popular singer.
Raybestos Twins, Al Bernard and Billy Beard, both sons of the Sunny South, are the originators of the Raybestos program, which is a weekly feature on the NBC network from WEAF.
Raymond, Joseph, Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Reckow, Cliff, KSTP, Concert Master National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
Red Cross, Announcer and Staff Pianist, WWNC.
Reddy, Laurence, Baritone, WCCO.
Redfern, Gene, Tenor, KVOO. Also director of A. B. C. Safety Club and guitar and violin soloist.
Redlund, Alice, KSTP, Organist.
Redmond, Aidan, Chief Announcer, WBZ.
Red Peppers, Frank Silsby, Director, KVOO.
Reed, Crawford, Violinist, WAFI.
Reed, Norman, Chief Announcer, WPG.
Reedy, Dorothy Heywood, Pianist, KVOO.
Reep, Philip, Tenor, WHAM.
Reeves, Wenona, Contralto, KWK.
Rehberg, Lillian, Violin-Cellist, KYW.
Rehberg Sisters, Irma and Esther, soprano and contralto, WLS, Chicago products. Favorites with WLS listeners on day programs. Sing old ballads in solo or duet.
Reichenbach, Paul, KSTP, 12-year-old violinist. "Children's Hour."
Reid, Lewis, Announcer of WOR. He came to the broadcasting world from the silent drama and is, perhaps, the handsomest man in Radio. In spite of the fact that he gets a heavy mail from his invisible audience and in spite of the fact that he was a favorite on the screen Lewis Reid remains a very modest man. That is probably the reason he is so popular. His most exciting adventure was getting lost in Central Park, and he was driving the car, too. After driving through the park he came out where he went in and had to drive around it.



Reid, Marguerite, Pianist, KMOX.
Reineke, Earl C., Manager, Chief Announcer of WDAY. In Radio since 1907, when he built first wireless outfit in Northwest. Founded WDAY in January, 1922, first station in Northwest.
Reinmuth Trio, Vocalists, WCCO.
Reinsch, Leonard, Announcer, WLS. "Slow and Smiling." Been writing and playing sports. On the football mike and on the sidelines of track meet broadcasts in the spring.
Reisinger, Hazel and Elleen, Harmony Team, KVOO.
Renard, Jacques, Director of Cocoanut Grove Orchestra, WEEI.
Rendina, S. F., Pianist, Director of K. C. Artist Trio, Director of Concert Orchestra, WHB.
Renier, Tiny, Soloist, WDAF.
Rennick, Henry L., Advertising Manager, KVOO. Educated University of Illinois. 18 years' newspaper experience, including eight years in foreign service of Associated Press. Immediately preceding connection with KVOO was managing editor of Tulsa World. Also well known as a writer of short mystery stories. Directs publicity for KVOO and handles continuity.
Reseburg, Walter, Baritone, KOMO.
Reser, Harry, Director Clicquot Club Eskimos, National Broadcasting Company.
Ress, George F., Musical Director, Announcer, WRC.
Resta, Francis, Director of the 17th U. S. Infantry Band, WOW.
Retting, Buryl, Pianist, NBC, Chicago.
Rettner, Kathleen, KSTP, 9-year-old Scotch singer, "Children's Hour."
Revellers, Popular Songs, NBC New York.
Revere, Everett, Basso, WSUN Quintet, WSUN.
Reymer's R. V. B. Trio, Jack Thompson, Comedian; Ed Ricks, Bass; Edgar Sprague, Tenor; KDKA.
Reynolds, Al, Comedian, Dialect Stories, KTHS.
Reynolds, F. W., Announcer, WHAM.
Rhies, Frank, Pianist, KVOO.
Rhodes, Dusty, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.
Rhys-Herbert Male Quartet, WCCO.
Rhythm Kings, Charles Fitz-Gerald, Director, WJR.
Rice, Effie, Pianist, WADC.
Rice, George, KSTP, Clarinet and Saxaphone, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
Rice, Gladys, Character Singer, Roxy's Gang, National Broadcasting Company.
Rice, Glen, Assistant Manager, KNX.
Rice, Grantland, NBC, New York.
Rice, Lew, Operator at WMAQ, who pinch hits as Sports Announcer when Hal Totten runs out of words at the big league baseball games and in the fall at the football affairs.
Richardson, Betty Joe, "Sweetheart of WBBZ." Only four years old and has been broadcasting for one year.
Richardson, Harry K., Announcer, KVOO. Has been connected with radio and newspaper work for eight years. Formerly Radio Editor the Daily Oklahoman. Schooled in Vanderbilt and Oklahoma Universities. Also assistant director of continuity and publicity for KVOO.
Richardson, Mrs. Henry E., Contralto, WSM.
Richie, George T., Announcer, Station Accompanist, KOA.
Richison and Sons, Old Time Fiddlin' Music, KVOO.
Richley, Tom, Staff Xylophonist of WLW-WSAI. He plays xylophone solos, is drummer on the concert programs, and takes care of the popular programs for Mr. Stoess. Mr. Richley is a graduate of Ohio State, where he started playing the xylophone with the Glee Club. After college, he organized his own dance band. However, annoyed by the unprofessional attitude of his men, he fired them all and devoted himself to a season of intensive musical training. Since then, wherever he has traveled with orchestra, he has "stopped the show."
Richter, Mr. Francis, KSTP, Blind organist. Played organ since boyhood. Pupil of music masters of Europe. Received degree of doctor of music in Vienna. Organ vespers.
Richter, Michael, Flutist of Ensemble, WBAL.
Riddell, Jimmie, Director of Ensembles, KOMO.
Rideout, E. B., Meteorologist, WEEI.
Ridley and Adkins, Guitars, KVOO.
Ridley, Bob, Steel Guitarist, KVOO.
Riemer, Leroy, Assistant Manager and Announcer, KFEQ.
Riesinger, Hazel, "The Sooner Girl," Staff Singer, Assistant Director, KFJF.
Riley, J. V., KSTP, Assistant librarian.
Riley, Julian C., Announcer, KOA. Taught romance languages in high school after graduating from University of Denver. Plays violin in KOA Concert orchestra and Elitch Gardens Symphony orchestra. Married, has two year old daughter.
Rines, Joe, and his Elks Hotel Orchestra, WEEI.
Rippon, Willard, Junior Announcer, WSPD.
Riseman, Jules, Concert Master, WNAC.
Rishworth, Thomas, KSTP, One of America's youngest announcers. Senior in dramatics, University of Minnesota, earning college expenses as announcer. Director "Early Risers Club."
Risinger, J. L., Announcer, KFDM.
Ritchie, Albany, Violinist, KFOA.
Rivers, V. C., Violinist, KJR.
Rives, Winona, Contralto, KWK.
Rix, Ione Pastori, Soprano, KFO.
Rizzo, Vincent, director of one of the most popular dance orchestras in Philadelphia and exclusive WCAU artist.
Roberts, Albert, Baritone, WSM.
Roberts, "Bill," Fiddler, WLAC.
Roberts, Helen Buster, Organist, WBAP.
Roberts, M. E., Manager, KTAB.
Roberts, Rae Potter, Contralto, WHAM.
Robertson, Lonnie's Greenback Old Time Fiddlers, KFEQ.
Robinson, Bob, Is an old vaudeville trooper though young in years, being just past 30. He served overseas during the World War, in the 86th division of the 129th field artillery, and after the Armistice was signed, his gift for entertaining brought him an engagement to entertain for wounded soldiers in the hospitals overseas. Upon his return to the United States he was on the Keith-Orpheum circuit for eight seasons. He was in the theatrical work playing grand opera, such as Robin Hood, Chocolate Soldier, Naughty Marietta, and Bohemian Girl, afterwards spending two seasons in musical comedy in Chicago and New York; fifteen weeks with the Swarthmore Chautauqua. Bob has a lovely baritone voice, is a talented tap-dancer, entertainer, and an outstanding personality, which designates him as a "good mixer." He makes all visitors feel at home in WIBW's studio.
Robinson, C. C., Old-Time Fiddler, WOC.
Robinson, Irving B., Technical Director, WNAC.
Robinson, Jesse, Announcer, Director, WEHS.
Robinson, Lloyd, Bass, KFAB.
Rocco Grella's Saxophone Octet, WFLA.
Rochester String Quartet, Allison MacKown, Cellist; Carl Van Hosen, 1st Violinist; Abram Boone, 2nd Violinist; Arthur Stillman, Violinist; WHAM.
Rock, Vincent, Soloist, WDAF.
Rodda, John, Tenor, WDBO.
Rodgers, Mrs. R. L., Coloratura Soprano, WFLA.
Roe, Thelma, Violinist, KVOO.
Roelofsma, E., Clarinetist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Roentgen, Engelbert, Cellist, WCCO.
Roesch, Anna, Pianist, WLAC.
Roesler, George, Announcer, Commercial Manager, KOIL.
Roger Williams' Club Quartet, KVOO.
Rogers, Betty, KSTP, Continuity Writer, Children's Hour, member KSTP Players and Northwest Limited Program.
Rogers, Ellen, Jazz Pianist, Blues Singer, KGW.
Rogers, Naylor, Manager, KNX.

Rogers, Ralph, Universal Radio Features, Director of "Mr. and Mrs. Skits," WEEI.

Rolfes, Larry, Publicity Director, WHK.

Rolling, Bobbie. Known to listeners of the south as the "Million Dollar Personality Girl of Radioland," whose Radio career began four years ago when she began singing over KFUL at Galveston, Texas. She has been featured over many stations throughout the south, including WDSU, WSMB, KPRC and has been on the staff of KMOX for the past several months, where she is fast gaining popularity. Miss Rolling is a native of New Orleans and has done considerable night club work in St. Louis and New Orleans prior to joining the KMOX staff. She is heard at different intervals daily.

Romano, Pasquale E., KSTP, Baritone Soloist.

Romayne, Kay, Blues Singer de luxe at KYW. It's hard to dub Kay a singer merely because she also accompanies her songs with plenty of piano. Like famous "Hard Boiled Mame" of popular song fame—"when she robs a bank, the bank stays robbed," so it is with Romayne; "when she sings a song, the song stays sung." "Acquitted," says the Radio-audience-jury.

Ronayne, Mary C., Assistant Program Director, WEEI.

Ronning, Russell, Saxophonist, KSTP.

Rose, Fred, Staff KYW songwriter, pianist, recording and Radio tenor of long standing. Fred is responsible for "Red Hot Mamma," "Honest and Truly," "Don't Bring Me Posies," "Deep Henderson" and many other hits, new and old, that he sings either alone, or as a member in the famous team "The Tune Peddlers." When Fred isn't singing over the radio, he's home eating steaks that are two inches thick. Yes'm, he's married.

Rose, Hazel Coate, Pianist, WSM.

Rose, Hortense, Soprano, Pianist, WSAI "Maids of Melody."

Rosell, Johnny, Director KDYL dance and concert orchestra.

Rosenthal, Francis, KSTP, Bass soloist.

Rosenwald, Margaret, KSTP, Soprano soloist.

Rosine, Beulah, Conductor of WBBM Concert Ensemble, WBBM.

Ross, Lanny, Tenor, NBC, New York.

Ross, Mrs. R., Coloratura Soprano, WFLA.

Rothermel, Charles, Banjoist, WGN.

Rounders, Myron Neisley, 1st Tenor; Dick Hartt, Baritone; Armond Girard, Bass; Dudley Chambers, 1st Tenor; Bill Cowles, Pianist; Ben McLaughlin, 2nd Tenor; Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.

Rouse, Gene, Chief Announcer, KYW-KFKX. Born Boulder, Colorado. Educated in Denver, Colorado. grade and high school. One of first seven on the air. Engaged in amateur and professional boxing while in school. Took up scene painting 1913, later became actor in stock and road productions in Denver, Kansas City, Des Moines and Omaha. Toured south and middle west as member of road shows. Deserted stage for newspaper work in 1918, Kansas City Star, reporter. The Associated Press, editor, Denver, 1919, Dramatic Editor Rocky Mountain News, 1920. Publicity and Advertising Manager Fox Theaters, Denver, 1921. To Omaha Daily News to cover First International Aero Congress, 1922. At close of air meet, became director Omaha's pioneer Radio station, WAL. Moved to WOAW when station opened 1923. Left WOAW February, 1926, and joined the Chicago Herald and Examiner staff; designated director-announcer WJJD, operated by the Herald and Examiner, 1927. Made Chief Announcer for KYW-KFKX when Herald and Examiner took direction of the stations September 15, 1928, specializing in sports and feature broadcasts. Gene has broadcast all important boxing bouts staged in Chicago the past three years, earning the soubriquet of "World's Champion Fight Announcer." He is also heard in the Herald and Examiner presentation of the Kentucky and American Classic and Derby horse races, all Big Ten and intersectional football games in Chicago, besides all other sport broadcasts. He is equally at home with the programs of classic or jazz. Also writer of playlets and short stories which sold. Married? An' how! Hobby: Broadcasting.



Rowe, Thomas L., Chief studio engineer, WLS. An ocean-going "sparks" before broadcasting nabbed him. Been with the station five years. Keeps the eight WLS studios going in tip-top shape.

Rowell, Glenn, of Ford and Glenn.

Royle, Capt. "Bill," World War flyer, entertainer and master of ceremonies at NBC, San Francisco.

Rubes of the Robidoux, Old Time Music, Bernard Marnell and Clyde Mackay, KFEQ.

Ruby, Bernard, Member of Ruby Trio, KMA.

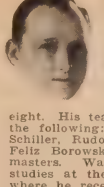
Ruby, Floyd, Member of Ruby Trio, KMA.

Ruby Trio, KMA.

Rucker, Stanley, One of the Cornhusker Trio, KMA.

Rudolph, Joe, WMAQ fans know Joe for many reasons. He plays the piano and sings popular numbers. He is a member of the Three Doctors who stage the Musical Potpourri. He announces, and now his own dance orchestra is bringing the Chicago Daily News fans dinner time syncopation.

Rudolph, Walter J., KTAB's program director, is the possessor of three diamond medals awarded him by the Chicago Musical College. Mr. Rudolph bears the distinction of being the only person to ever receive this medal, the highest award given by the college, for three consecutive years. Mr. Rudolph was born in Chicago and started his music studies at the age of eight. His teachers were such masters as the following: Oscar Schmoll, Hans Von Schiller, Rudolph Reuter, Bernard Ziehn, Felix Borowski, Adolph Brune and other masters. Mr. Rudolph completed his studies at the Chicago College of Music, where he received the degrees of Master, Artist and Bachelor of Music. He has appeared with such artists as Schumann Heink, Sebald, Mischa Elman and others of equal note in public concerts. Having won international recognition through his concert appearances, Walter Rudolph was the first one to introduce the American type of orchestral music in Australia. A half hour piano recital is rendered by Mr. Rudolph on Thursday and Saturday evenings between 7:30 and 8 over station KTAB.



Ruff, Olga, Soprano, KOIN.

Ruffner, Edmund, Announcer, National Broadcasting Company.

Ruhoff, Fred, KSTP, Viola, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Ruhoff, Herman, KSTP, Violin and Banjo, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Rupple, Vera, Soprano, WMAK.

Rush, Ford, of Ford and Glenn.

Russ, Matilda Bigelow, Soprano WGY.

Russell, Elain, Blues Singer, KWK.

Russell, Jack, WMBB-WOK.

Russian Native Orchestra and Art Troupe, WCCO.

Russo's String Quintet, WDAF.

Ruth, Estelle, Pianist, WADC.

Ruysdael, Basil, Announcer, WOR.

Ruziak, Ann, Lyric Soprano, WFLA.

Ryan, Al, KTAB's daytime announcer, is the possessor of a rich baritone voice, and his fan mail is one of the heaviest on the station, although he only makes one appearance a week in the role of singer.

Ryan, Frank, Sports Announcer, WEEI.

Ryan, Kathleen, Contralto, at WGN since early in 1925. A fixture in the WGN Mixed Quartet WGN.

Ryan, Quin, Director of Feature Broadcasts, Feature Announcer. "Been at it" in Radio since 1923. One of orignal directors of WLS and heard before that in special broadcasts over WMAQ. Came to WGN in middle of 1924. Known to thousands as one of the most vividly graphic and entertaining of the country's sports announcers. Has broadcast everything from a senatorial debate and an evolution trial to a high school football game. His stories of Army vs. Navy (1926), the Dayton Evolution Trial, Chicago vs. Illinois (Red Grange), 1925, are regarded as classics in Radio reporting. WGN.



Ryan, Russell, Assistant Announcer, WDAF.

Ryberg, Else, KSTP, Secretary to general manager.

SACHSE, Alice Warren, Program Director, WPG.

Safford, Harold A., Assistant Director and Announcer of WLS. Into Radio a year ago from the newspaper field where he was for the last eight years managing editor of the Sioux Falls, S. D., Daily Argus-Leader. A violinist for many years and did much professional playing in theatrical and concert orchestras. Graduate South Dakota State College, Brookings, S. D. In U. S. forces during World War. Master of ceremonies at National Barn Dance at WLS and "Captain" of the WLS Showboat. Finds time in addition to program duties to keep his hand in the newspaper game by directing publicity work for the station.

Sagamore Hotel Orchestra, Hughie Barrett, Leader; Mort Adams, Johnnie Wade, Freddie Menzer, Saxophones; Charles Jacobs, 1st Trumpet; Fred Wagner, 2nd Trumpet; Norman Booth, Trombone; Frank Smith, Banjo; Fred Kay, Bass; "Prep" Ward, Percussion; Frank Hetty, Piano; Bob Heming, Piano; WHAM.

Sager, Elizabeth Davis, Pianist, WLAC.

Sainsbury, Rev. Dr., Democrat of the Dinner Table, KSTP.

Salathiel, Leon, Basso, NBC, New York.

Salerno, Lawrence, Italian Baritone, WGN.

Saltsman, Marguerite, Lyric Soprano, WSUN Quintet.

Samanisky, Cello Soloist, Russian Arts Troupe of Danvers, Musicians and Vocalists, KSTP.

Sam and Petunia, KFOX.

Samelle, Andy, Saxophonist of the Ipana Troubadours, National Broadcasting Company.

Sampson, H. P., Announcer, WABC.

Samson, Dewey J., Tenor, WCCO.

Sample, Ruth, Program Manager, WIBW.

Sanders, Mrs. De Page, Pianist, WLAC.

Sanders, Rubye Taylor, Violinist, WLAC.

Sandman Song-Bird, WBAL.

Sandrock, Helen, Violinist, KWK.

Sands, Jane Sargeant, KTAB.

Sands, Robert A., KSTP, Member KSTP Players.

Sanford, Harold, Music Director, National Broadcasting Company.

Sarber, John (The Ghost Walker). The man "behind the checks." He is the cashier of WIBW and the most enthusiastically welcomed visitor at WIBW. No one has ever seen him gloomy or grouchy, and his cheery smile makes one know at once "He's real folks."

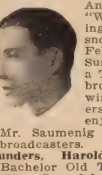
Sargent, Jean, Director, Women's Club, WNAC.

Sarli, Al, Ballad Pianist, KWK.

Sartain, Daisy, Pianist, WLAC.

Satley, Mac, Impresario of Popular Shows, Singer, An Occasional Announcer, WGN.

Saumenig, J. Dudley, Studio Director and Announcer of WSUN. His "Why Stay Up North?" coming to you, probably during a snowstorm, in the middle of February, from "The Land of Sunshine and Oranges—With a Temperature of 72 Degrees," brought wails of "protest, last winter, from Northern listeners not fortunate enough to enjoy the Florida sunshine." Mr. Saumenig is of the newer school of broadcasters.



Saunders, Harold, Violinist in Saunders' Bachelor Old Time Trio, KSTP.

Sautter, Gwendolyn V., Xylophone and Piano, WAIU. Has appeared on many vaudeville and concert stages.

Savage, Mrs. Henry, Soprano, WLAC.

Sawyer Saxophone Group, WJR.

Sax, Sol, Audition Supervisor, WBAL, came to Baltimore from his home in Pennsylvania several years ago to continue his musical career, being a widely known pianist. Prior to coming to Baltimore, he had done a great deal of concert and Chautauqua work. In addition to having charge of all the auditions at this station, he is also staff pianist and accompanist and is frequently heard on the air as a soloist and in special programs. One of the few pianists on the air who has a real flair for showmanship, a number of his programs having attracted special attention for their unusualness; for instance, he recently played a "continued musical story" and in another program he presented a musical dramatization of a Chinese love story. Mr. Sax has created much attention not long ago by the statement that but approximately ten per cent of the talent seeking radio auditions is worth listening to.

Scenck, Lois, Home Maker's Hour announcer at WLS. Edits women's page for Prairie Farmer.

Schaeffer, Bill, Leader of Country Club Arcadians, Orchestra, WAPI.

Schaetgen Trio, Instrumental, WCCO.

Schellner, Max, Violinist, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

Schenck, Charles A., Producer, National Broadcasting Company.

Schenck, Richard, Operator, WLW.

Schenk, Doris, Staff accompanist at KYW, though one of the youngest members of the studio staff, is an "old timer" in Radio. An organist of exceptional ability, she made her first Radio appearance in that capacity, and later became staff organist at WBBM. For more than a year her organ work was one of the most popular features of WCFL. Suddenly developing a unique piano technique, she was engaged as pianist for the Herald and Examiner station. Brunette and attractive, possessed of a sunny disposition, she is known as "The Sweetheart of No. 10."

Scheurer, Karl, Violinist, WCCO.

Schilling, John T., Announcer, Director, has been with WHB since it went on the air in 1922. Kansas City fans have never tired of his voice which is a compliment in itself. This is no doubt due to the fact that he is thinking of his invisible audience rather than himself. Mr. Schilling has always stood high in any announcers' contest. He maintains the same high standard of programs.



Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the April Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.

Evening Schedules of Favorite Stations

CENTRAL TIME

Add one hour for Eastern time, subtract one hour for Mountain time and two hours for Pacific time.

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Akron	WADC	227 1	1320	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Akron	WFJC	206 8	1450	500	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Albuquerque	KGGM	243 8	1230	500	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Albuquerque
Amarillo	KGRS	212 6	1410	1000	5:00- 6:30	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Amarillo
Ames	WOI	468 5	640	5000	5:15- 6:15	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Ames
Asbury Park	WCAP	234 2	1280	500	7:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Asbury Park
Asheville	WWNC	526	570	1000	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Asheville
Atlanta	WGST	336 9	890	500	Silent	9:30-10:30	Silent	Silent	7:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Atlanta
Atlanta	WSB	405 2	740	1000	5:00- 9:15	5:00- 9:45	5:30-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	Atlanta
Atlantic City	WPG	272 6	1100	5000	5:00-12:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Atlantic City
Austin	KUT	267 7	1120	500	7:00-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Silent	Austin
Baltimore	WBAL	282 8	1060	10000	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	Baltimore
Bangor	WLBZ	483 6	620	250	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Bangor
Bay City	WBCM	212 6	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 1:00	Bay City
Beaumont	KFDM	535 4	560	500	7:00- 9:00	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-12:00	Beaumont
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508 2	590	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Berrien Springs
Beverly Hills	KEJK	422 3	710	500	11:00- 1:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	11:00- 3:00	Beverly Hills
Billings	KGHL	315.6	950	500	8:30-11:00	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:30	7:00- 9:00	
											12:30- 3:00	Billings
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1140	5000	5:00- 8:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 6:00	
											7:00-10:00	Birmingham
Birmingham	WBRC	322.4	930	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Birmingham
Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550	500	Silent	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	
									9:00-11:00			Bismarck
Boise	KIDO	239.9	1250	1000	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Boise
Boston	WBIS	243 8	1230	1000	Silent	5:00-11:10	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:10	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Boston
Boston	WBZA	302 8	990	1000	5:00-10:45	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:55-10:23	5:00-10:22	Boston
Boston	WEEI	508.2	590	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:05	5:00-10:05	5:00- 9:35	5:00-10:15	Boston
Boston	WNAC	243 8	1230	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Boston
Brookings	KFDY	545 1	550	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Brookings
						5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	6:30- 9:00	6:30- 9:30	9:00-11:00	6:30- 8:00	
Brooklyn	WBBC	214 2	1400	500	6:00- 9:30	9:30-11:00	8:00- 9:30				9:30-11:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WLTH	214 2	1400	500								Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WSGH-WSDA	214 2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Brooklyn
Brownsville	KWWG	238	1260	500								Brownsville
Buffalo	WGR	545 1	550	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKBW	204	1470	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKEN	288.3	1040	1000	Silent							Buffalo
Buffalo	WMAK	333.1	900	750	7:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-10:30	Silent	Buffalo
Burbank	KELW	384 4	780	500	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Burbank
Calgary	CFAC	434.5	690	500	8:00	10:00-11:30	11:00-12:30	9:30-10:00	7:00- 1:00	Silent	Silent	
					8:30-10:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	Calgary
Calgary	CFCN	434.5	690	1000	10:15-11:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-12:00		9:30- 2:00		Calgary
Calgary	CHCA	434.5	690	500	6:00- 7:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Calgary
Calgary	CJCJ	434.5	690	500	7:00- 8:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	12:00- 1:00	Silent	8:00- 9:30	9:00- 1:00	
					11:30-12:30	11:30-12:30						Calgary
Calgary	CNRC	434.8	690	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Camden	WCAM	234 2	1280	500	Silent	6:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00-11:00	Silent	Camden
Canton	WCAD	245.6	1220	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Canton
Charlotte	WBT	277 6	1080	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Charlotte
Chattanooga	WDOD	234 2	1280	2500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Chattanooga
Chicago	KYW-KFKX	293 9	1020	50000	5:00-12:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 3:00	Chicago
Chicago	KYW	293.9	1020	10000	Same as KY	W-KFKX						Chicago
Chicago	WAAF	325 9	920	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WBBM	389.4	770	25000	5:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	
				1500D		12:00- 1:00		12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	Chicago
Chicago	WCFL	234.2	1280	1000N	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	
					5:00- 6:00	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	5:00- 7:15	Chicago
Chicago	WENR	344.6	870	50000	8:00- 1:00	11:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	11:00- 2:00	11:30- 2:00	12:00- 2:00	
					5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
					9:00-10:30				9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30		Chicago
Chicago	WGES	220.4	1360	500	12:00- 2:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	12:00- 2:00	12:00- 2:00	9:00-10:30	Chicago
Chicago	WGN	416.4	720	25000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WIBO	535.4	560	1000	Silent	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-11:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	Chicago
Chicago	WJBT	389 4	770	25000	9:30-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:30- 2:30	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WJJD	265.3	1130	20000	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:30	Chicago
Chicago	WLS	344 6	870	5000	6:00- 8:00	5:30-11:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:30	5:30-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMAQ	447.5	670	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMBI	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	10:15-11:15	12:00- 1:00	Silent	Chicago
Chicago (Tran. Deerf'd)	WORD	202.6	1480	5000	5:00- 7:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Chicago
Chicago	WPCC	535.4	560	500	5:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chickasha	KOCW	214 2	1400	500	6:00- 8:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	Chickasha
Cincinnati	WKRC	545.1	550	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WLW	428.3	700	50000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WSAI	225.4	1330	500	5:30- 9:45	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-10:00	5:30- 9:30	5:30-10:00	Cincinnati
Clarinda	KSO	217.3	1380	500	Silent	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Clarinda
Clay Center	KMMJ	405 2	740	1000	Silent	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	Clay Center
Clearwater	WFLA	483.6	620	1000	Silent	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	Silent	Clearwater
Cleveland	WEAR	280 2	1070	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:30	Cleveland
Cleveland	WHK	215.7	1390	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Cleveland
Cleveland	WJAY	483.6	620	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Cleveland
Cleveland	WTAM	399 8	750	3500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00-12:00	Cleveland
College Station	WTAW	267.7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	College Station
Colorado Springs	KFUM	236 1	1270	1000	Silent	6:00-11:30	6:00- 2:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 2:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-11:30	Colorado Springs
Columbia, Mo	KFRU	475 9	630	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Columbia, Mo.
Columbus, Ohio	WAIU	468.5	640	5000	5:00- 7:45	5:00- 7:45	5:00- 7:45	5:00- 7:45	5:00- 7:45	5:00- 7:45	5:00- 7:45	Columbus, Ohio
					5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 8:00	
Columbus, Ohio	WCAH	209.7	1430	500	8:00-10:30	9:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	8:00-10:30		8:00-11:00		Columbus, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio	WEAO	526	570	750	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 8:30	Silent	Columbus, Ohio
Coney Island	WCGU	214.2	1400	500	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30				6:30- 8:00	Coney Island
					6:00- 9:30	9:30-11:00	8:00- 9:30	6:30- 9:00	6:30- 9:30	9:00-11:00	9:30-11:00	
Corvallis	KOAC	599.6	550	1000	Silent	8:30-10:00	8:30-10:00	8:30-10:00	8:30-10:00	8:30-10:00	8:30- 9:30	Corvallis
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1260	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Council Bluffs
							7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	
Covington	WCKY	202.6	1480	5000	8:00-12:00	7:00-10:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Covington
Culver	WCMA	214.2	1400	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Culver
Dallas	KRLD	288.3	1040	10000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					7:00- 8:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	
					10:00-11:00						12:00- 3:00	
							5:30- 6:00		5:30- 6:00		5:30- 6:00	Dallas
Dallas	WFAA	374.8	800	500	6:00- 9:00	5:30- 9:00	9:00-12:00	5:30- 9:00	9:00-12:00	5:30- 9:00	9:00-12:00	Dallas
Dallas	WRR	224.2	1280	500	7:30-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-11:00	Dallas
Davenport	WOC	299.8	1000	5000	5:00-10:45	5:00-11:30	Silent	5:00-11:30	Silent	5:00-11:30	Silent	Davenport
Denver	KFEL	319	940	500								Denver
Denver	KLZ	535.4	560	1000	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Denver
Denver	KOA	361.2	830	12500	6:00-11:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00-11:30	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Denver
											6:00-11:45	
Denver	KPOF	340 7	880	500	8:30-10:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Denver
Des Moines	WHO	299 8	1000	5000	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	Des Moines
Detroit	WGHP	241.8	1240	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Detroit
Detroit	WJR	399 8	750	5000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Detroit
Detroit	WWJ	325 9	920	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Detroit
East Lansing	WKAR	288.3	1040	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	East Lansing
Easton	WICC	252	1190	500	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	5 to 1½ hrs. after sunset	Easton
Eau Claire	WTAQ	225 4	1330	1000	Silent	5:00- 7:55	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	Eau Claire
Edmonton	CJCA	516 9	580	500	8:25-10:30	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:00	7:00- 9:30	6:30-11:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 1:00	
						6:30- 8:00				6:30- 8:00		Edmonton
Edmonton	CKUA	516 9	580	860	5:00- 6:30	5:30- 6:00	10:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	6:30-12:00	Silent	Edmonton

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Edmonton	CNRE	517.2	580	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Edmonton
Evansville	WGBF	475.9	630	500	5:00-10:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00-10:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 1:00	
								11:00- 1:00	8:00-10:00			Evansville
Fairmont	WMMN	336.9	890	250				5:00-11:00				Fairmont
Fargo	WDAY	319	940	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Fargo
Fayetteville	KUAO	215.7	1390	1000	Silent	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 5:55	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 5:55	Silent	Fayetteville
Fleming	CJRW	499.7	600	1000	5:00- 7:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:30		8:00- 9:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00-11:30	Fleming
Ft. Wayne	WOWO	258.5	1160	10000	5:00- 6:30							Ft. Wayne
					8:00-11:00	8:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:15-10:00	
Ft. Worth	KTAT	241.8	1240	1000	7:30-12:00	5 p.m.-7 a.m.	5:00-12:00	5 p.m.-7 a.m.	5:00-12:00	5 p.m.-7 a.m.	5:00-12:00	Ft. Worth
					5:00- 6:00	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	
Ft. Worth	WBAP	374.8	800	50000	9:30-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	Ft. Worth
											5:00-10:00	
Gainesville	WRUF	361.2	830	5000	5:00- 7:03	5:00- 7:03	5:00- 7:03	5:00- 7:03	5:00- 7:03	5:00- 7:03	5:00- 7:03	Gainesville
Galveston	KFUL	232.4	1290	1000	7:30- 9:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	6:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	Galveston
Gary	WJKS	220.4	1360	500	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	
					10:30-12:00	10:30- 1:00	10:30- 1:00	10:30- 1:00	10:30-12:00	10:30-12:00	10:30- 1:00	Gary
Gloucester	WHDH	361.2	830	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Gloucester
Grand Rapids	WASH	236.1	1270	500		5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	
					6:45-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	Grand Rapids
Great Falls	KFBB	220.6	1360	500	6:30- 7:30	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	6:00- 7:00	
					10:00-11:00	9:00-12:00		9:00-12:00		9:00-12:00		Great Falls
Greeley	KFKA	340.7	880	500		7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Greeley
Greensboro	WNRC	208.2	1440	500	7:00	5:30- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:00- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	5:30- 8:30	Silent	Greensboro
Harlingen	KRGV	238	1260	500	5:00- 7:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	Harlingen
Harrisburg	WBAK	209.7	1430	500	Silent	6:30- 8:00	Silent	6:30- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Harrisburg
Harrisburg	WHP	209.7	1430	500	5:00- 7:59	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00	Harrisburg
Hartford	WTIC	282.8	1060	50000	6:00-11:00	Silent	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Hartford
Hoboken	WPCH	370.2	810	500	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	Hoboken
Hollywood	KNX	315.6	950	1000	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 1:30	7:00- 1:30	7:00- 1:30	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Hollywood
Hollywood	KMTR	526	570	500	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	1:00- 3:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	
					1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	Hollywood
Hollywood	KNX	285.5	1050	50000	8:30-12:30	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:30- 2:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 3:00	9:00- 4:00	Hollywood
Honolulu	KGU	319	940	1000	9:30- 2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30 -2:00		9:30- 2:00	9:30- 2:00	9:30-12:00	
											2 to 5 a.m.	Honolulu
Hopkinsville	WFIW	319	940	1000	9:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Hopkinsville
Hot Springs	KTHS	288.3	1040	10000	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 9:30	6:00- 8:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:30-10:30	5:30- 6:30	
					9:00-11:00		9:30-11:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	11:00-12:00	7:00- 9:00	Hot Springs
Houston	KPRC	325.9	920	1000	5:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	5:30-12:00	6:00-12:00	5:30-12:00	Houston
Indianapolis	WKBF	214.2	1400	500	5:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Indianapolis
Indianapolis	WFBM	243.8	1230	1000			5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00			
					5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	10:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00	Indianapolis
Inglewood	KMIC	267.7	1120	500					7:00-10:00		7:00-10:00	
					Silent	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	12:30- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	12:30- 2:00	Inglewood
Iowa City	WSUI	499.7	600	500	6:00- 7:00	5:30- 7:00	5:30- 7:00	5:30- 7:00	5:30- 7:00	5:30- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	
					9:15-12:00	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30		Iowa City
Ithaca	WEAI	236.1	1270	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Ithaca
Jacksonville	WJAX	333.1	900	1000	5:30-10:45	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	Jacksonville
Jefferson City	WOS	475.9	630	500	Silent	6:45- 7:00	6:45- 7:00	6:45-12:00	6:45- 7:00	6:45-12:00	Silent	Jefferson City
Kansas City	KMBC	315.6	950	1000		8:00- 1:00			5:55- 9:30		5:55-10:00	
					5:00-11:00	5:00- 9:30	5:55-12:00	5:55- 9:30	11:00-12:00	5:55- 9:30	11:00-12:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WDAF	491.5	610	1000	6:00-10:15	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	5:30- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WHB	315.6	950	500		5:30- 5:55		5:00- 5:55	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 5:55	5:00- 7:30	
					11:00-12:30	9:30- 1:00	5:00- 5:55	9:30- 1:00	9:30-11:00	9:30- 1:00	10:00-11:00	Kansas City
Kansas City	WOQ	230.6	1300	1000	8:00- 9:15				6:00- 7:00			
					10:00- 1:00	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:15	10:15-11:45	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Kansas City
Kingston	CFRC	267.7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	6:00- 9:00	Silent	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	Kingston
Knoxville	WNOX	535.4	560	1000	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-10:30	Knoxville
La Crosse	WKBH	217.8	1380	1000	5:00- 6:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	La Crosse
Lawrence	KFKU	245.6	1220	1000	Silent	6:00- 7:00	Silent	Silent	5:30- 7:30	Silent	Silent	Lawrence
						5:00- 6:00						
Lawrence	WREN	245.8	1220	1000	6:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Lawrence
Lawrenceburg	WOAN	499.7	600	500	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	
							11:00-12:00		11:00-12:00			Lawrenceburg
Lexington	WLEX	220.4	1360	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Lexington
Lincoln	KFAB	389.4	770	5000		5:00- 8:00		5:00- 8:00		5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	
					5:00- 6:00	10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	5:00- 8:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	Lincoln
Lincoln	WCAJ	508.2	590	500	5:30- 7:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00-10:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Lincoln
Little Rock	KLRA	215.7	1390	1000	6:00-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55- 6:55	5:55-10:00	5:55-10:00	5:55-11:00	Little Rock
London	CJGC	329.7	910	500								
					6:00-11:00	5:45-10:00	5:45- 9:00	5:45- 9:00	5:45- 9:30	5:45-10:00	Silent	London
London	CNRL	329.7	910	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	London
Long Beach	KFOX	239.9	1250	1000	7:00- 5:00	7:00- 5:00	7:00- 5:00	7:00- 5:00	7:00- 5:00	7:00- 5:00	7:00- 5:00	Long Beach
Los Angeles	KFI	468.5	640	5000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 1:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KFSG	276.7	1120	500								
					8:30- 1:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:30-12:30	Silent	9:30-12:30	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KGEF	230.6	1300	1000	5:00-10:00	Silent	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	8:00- 1:00	Silent	5:00- 1:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KHJ	333.1	900	1000	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KECA	209.7	1430	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Los Angeles
Los Angeles	KTBI	230.6	1300	750	8:00-12:00							
						9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Los Angeles
Louisville	WHAS	365.6	820	10000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00 12:00	5:00-12:30	Louisville
Macon	WMAZ	336.9	890	500	7:00- 8:30	Silent	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	Silent	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Macon
Madison	WHA	319	940	750	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Madison
Manhattan, Kan.	KSAC	516.9	580	500	Silent	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	Manhattan, Kan.
Memphis	WCBC	209.7	1430	500	7:00- 9:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Memphis
Memphis	WMC	384.4	780	500	6:00-11:45	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:30	6:30-12:00	6:30-12:00	6:15-12:00	6:30-12:00	Memphis
Memphis	WNBR	209.7	1430	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Memphis
Memphis	WREC	499.7	600	500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Memphis
Meridian	WCOC	340.7	880	1000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	Meridian
Miami	WQAM	535.4	560	1000	6:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Miami
Miami Beach	WIOD	230.6	1300	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Miami Beach
Milford	MFKB	285.5	1050	5000	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 7:30	Milford
Milwaukee	WTMJ	483.6	620	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Milwaukee
Minneapolis	WCCO	416.4	810	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Minneapolis
Minneapolis	WDGY	254.1	1180	1000	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	5:00- 8:00	Minneapolis
Minneapolis	WHDI	254.1	1180	500	Silent	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Minneapolis
Minneapolis	WLB	239.9	1250	1000	Silent	Silent	7:30- 8:30	7:00- 9:00	Silent	6:30- 7:30	Silent)	Minneapolis
Minneapolis	WRHM	239.9	1250	1000								Minneapolis
Missoula	KUOM	422	878	500	10:30-11:45	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Missoula
Moncton	CNRA	475.9	630	500	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Moncton
Montreal	CFCF	291.1	1030	1650			5:00- 7:00		5:00- 7:00			
					Silent	5:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	10:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	Montreal
Montreal	CKAC	410.7	730	1200	Silent	Silent	6:15-10:30	Silent	6:15-10:30	Silent	6:15-10:30	Montreal
Montreal	CNRM	410.7	730	1200	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Montreal
Moose Jaw	CJRM	499.7	600	500	Silent	8:30-12:30	Silent	8:30-12:30	Silent	8:30-12:30	12:00- 2:00	Moose Jaw
Mount Beacon	WOKO	208.2	1440	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Mount Beacon
Mt. Prospect	WJAZ	202.6	1480	5000	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Mt. Prospect
Mt. Vernon Hills	WJSV	205.4	1460	10000	6:30- 9:10	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:30	5:30- 9:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	Mt. Vernon Hills
Muscatine	KTNT	256.3	1170	5000		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					Silent	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	Muscatine
Nashville	WLAC	201.2	1490	5000	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	Nashville
Nashville	WSM	461.3	650	5000	6:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-10:30	6:00-12:00	Nashville
Nashville	WTNT	201.2	1490	5000		5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					Silent	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	10:00-12:00	Nashville
Newark	WAAM	239.9	1250	2000	Silent	9:00-12:30	5:00- 7:30	8:00-12:00	5:00- 7:30	8:00-11:00	5:00- 8:00	Newark
Newark	WOR	422.3	710	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Newark
New Haven	WDRC	225.4	1330	1000	Silent	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	Silent	New Haven
New Orleans	WDSU	239.9	1250	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	New Orleans
New Orleans	WJBO	218.8	1370	100	5:00-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	New Orleans
New Orleans	WSMB	227.1	1320	500			6:00- 8:00			6:00- 7:00		
							9:30-10:30			8:00-10:30	6:00-10:00	New Orleans
New Orleans	WWL	352.7	850	5000	6:00- 9:15	6:00-10:30	9:00-12:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	New Orleans
New York City	WABC	348.6	860	50000	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	5:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	New York City
New York City	WEAF	454.3	660	50000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	New York City
New York City	WEVD	230.6	1300	500	5:30-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	New York City

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
New York City	WGBS	254 1	1180	500	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	Limited Time	New York City
New York City	WHAP	230 8	1300	1000	8:00-10:00	5:00- 7:00	Silent	5:30- 8:00	Silent	7:00-10:30	7:30-10:00	New York City
New York City	WJZ	394 5	760	30000	5:30-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	New York City
New York City	WLWL	272 6	1100	5000	7:00- 8:15	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	New York City
New York City	WMCA	526	570	500	5:00- 7:00							
					8:15-10:30	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	New York City
New York City	WNYC	526	570	500	Silent	5:00- 7:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 8:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 7:30	New York City
New York City	WOV	265 3	1130	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	New York City
New York City	WRNY	296 9	1010	250	5:00- 9:30	5:00- 8:00	5:00-10:00	8:30-12:00	Silent	5:00- 8:00	7:00-12:00	New York City
Norfolk, Nebr	WJAG	282 8	1060	1000	Silent	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Norfolk, Neb.
Norfolk, Va	WTAR-WPOR	384 4	780	500	5:00-12:00	Silent	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Norfolk, Va.
Norman	WNAD	296 9	1010	500	Silent	Silent	7:00- 8:00	7:15- 9:15	8:00- 8:40	Silent	7:20- 9:00	Norman
Northfield	KFMX	239 9	1250	1000								Northfield
Northfield	WCAL	239 9	1250	1000	7:00- 8:00	8:30-10:00	Silent	9:30-10:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Northfield
Oakland	KFWM	322.4	930	1000	8:00- 9:45	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	7:00- 8:00	
					11:15-12:15	9:00-10:30	9:00- 1:00	9:00-10:30	9:00-12:00	9:00-10:30	9:00- 1:00	Oakland
Oakland	KGO	379 5	790	7500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Oakland
Oakland	KLX	340 7	880	500	6:00- 8:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Oakland
Oakland	KTAB	535 4	560	1000	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Oakland
Oil City	WLBW	238	1260	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Oil City
Oklahoma City	KFJF	204	1470	5000	6:30- 9:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-11:00	6:30-11:30	6:30- 1:00	Oklahoma City
Oklahoma City	WKY	333 1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	5:00-11:45	Oklahoma City
Omaha	WAAW	454 3	660	500	Silent	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Silent	Omaha
Omaha	WOW	508 2	590	1000	5:00- 5:30		5:00- 8:00	5:00- 9:30			5:00-11:30	
					7:00-11:00	5:00-11:15	9:00-11:15	10:30-11:30	5:00-11:15	5:00-11:15	or 12:00	Omaha
Orlando	WDBO	267 7	1120	1000	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Orlando
Ottawa	CNRO	500	600	500								
					9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	7:45-10:00	Silent	5:30- 6:00	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Ottawa
Pasadena	KPSN	220 4	1360	1000	2nd & 4th Sun. 10:00-11:00	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	7:00-11:00 8:00- 8:30	8:00- 8:30	8:00-8:30	Pasadena
Paterson	WODA	239 9	1250	1000								Paterson
Pensacola	WCOA	223 7	1340	500	Silent	8:00-11:00	Silent	7:30-11:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	Pensacola
Peoria	WMBD	208 2	1440	1000D	Silent	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
				500N		9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Peoria
Philadelphia	WCAU	256 3	1170	10000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WFAN	491 5	610	500			5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 5:30		5:00- 5:30	
					5:00- 8:00	5:00- 5:30	6:30-11:00	6:30-11:00	6:30-11:00	5:00- 5:30	6:30-11:00	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WFI	535 4	560	500	5:00-10:15	5:00- 6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:30	5:00-10:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00-10:30	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WIP	491 5	610	500		5:30- 6:30						
					8:00-11:00	6:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	5:30-11:00	5:30- 6:30	Philadelphia
Philadelphia	WLIT	535 4	560	500								Philadelphia
Phoenix	KFAD	483 6	620	1000	7:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00- 1:00	Silent	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 1:00	Phoenix
Phoenix	KOY	215 7	1390	500	8:00- 9:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	Phoenix
Picher	KGGF	296 9	1010	500	8:00-10:00	6:00-10:30	6:00- 7:00	6:00- 7:00	6:00 -8:00	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:30	Picher
Pittsburgh	KDKA	305 9	980	50000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	KQV	217 3	1380	500	6:00- 9:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	WCAE	345 8	1220	500	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	WJAS	232 4	1290	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Pittsburgh
Portland, Me	WCSH	319	940	500	5:00-10:15	5:00- 9:31	5:00-10:31	5:00- 9:34	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:01	Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore	KEX	254.1	1180	5000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KFJR	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00- 9:00	9:00- 2:00	9:00- 2:00	7:00- 9:00	9:00- 2:00	7:00- 9:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KGW	620	1000	5000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 1:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 1:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KOIN	319	940	1000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 4:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KTBR	230.6	1300	500		5:00- 7:00			5:00- 7:00		5:00- 7:00	
						8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	8:00- 9:00	
					5:00- 1:00	10:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 9:00	10:00- 2:00	8:00- 9:00	10:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KWJJ	282.8	1060	500	11:00- 1:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Silent	11:00- 2:00	Portland, Ore.
Portland, Ore	KXL	239.9	1250	500	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	7:00- 3:00	Portland, Ore.
Poughkeepsie	WOKO	215 7	1390	500	Silent	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:30-10:00	Poughkeepsie
Pullman	KWSC	214 2	1400	1000	Silent	5:00- 1:30	Silent	7:00- 1:30	9:00-11:30	Silent	9:00-11:30	Pullman
Quincy	WTAD	208 2	1440	500	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	7:00- 9:00	Quincy
Raleigh	WPTF	440 9	680	1000	5:00- 7:48	5:00- 7:48	5:00- 7:48	5:00- 7:48	5:00- 7:48	5:00- 7:48	5:00- 7:48	Raleigh
Red Deer	CHCT	356 8	840	1000								Red Deer
Red Deer	CJCR	356 9	840	1000								Red Deer
Red Deer	CKLC	356 9	840	1000	6:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	8:00-11:00	7:30-11:00	7:00-11:00	Silent	Red Deer
Red Deer	CNRD	356 9	840	1000	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Red Deer
Regina	CHWC	312 3	960	500	5:00-10:00	6:00-11:00	6:00- 6:30	6:00-11:00	6:00- 6:30	6:00- 6:30	6:00-11:00	Regina
Regina	CJBR	312.3	960	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CKCK	312 3	960	500	10:01- 1:00	Silent	6:30- 1:00	Silent	6:30- 1:00	6:30- 1:00	Silent	Regina
Regina	CNRE	312 5	960	500	Silent	5:00- 7:30	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Regina
Richmond, Va	WRVA	270 1	1110	5000	7:00- 9:15	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Richmond, Va.
Richmond Hill	WBOQ	348 6	860	5000								Richmond Hill
Roanoke	WDBJ	322.4	930	500	6:30-10:30	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	5:00-10:45	Roanoke
Rochester	WHAM	260 7	1150	5000	5:00-10:00	5:30-10:45	5:30-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:00-11:00	Rochester
Rochester	WHEC	208 2	1440	500	Silent	5:00- 7:30	5:00-10:00	5:00- 9:30	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00-10:00	Rochester
Rockford	KFLC	212 6	1410	500	7:30-10:00	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	Rockford
Rossville	WBBR	230.6	1300	1000	5:00- 8:00	Silent	5:00- 7:00	8:00-11:00	7:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00	Silent	Rossville
St. Joseph	KFEQ	440.9	680	2500	Silent	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	5:00- 6:20	St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis	KFUO	545.1	550	1000				6:00- 6:30				
				500		9:30-10:30	6:00- 7:00	11:00-12:00	6:00- 7:00	9:30-10:30	6:00- 6:30	St. Louis
St. Louis	KMOX	275 1	1090	5000	9:15-10:15	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KSD	545.1	550	500	5:00- 1:00	7:00- 9:30	7:00-11:00	6:30-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00- 9:30	6:30-11:00	St. Louis
St. Louis	KWK	222.1	1350	1000	5:00- 9:15	5:00- 1:30	5:00- 1:30	5:00- 1:30	5:00- 1:30	5:00- 1:30	5:00- 1:30	St. Louis
St. Louis	WEW	394 5	760	1000	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	8:00- 5:45	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 5:45	5:00- 6:00	St. Louis
St. Paul	KSTP	205 4	1460	10000	5:00-12:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	St. Paul
St. Petersburg	WSUN-WFLA	333 1	900	1000	Silent	Silent	6:00-12:00	Silent	6:00-12:00	Silent	6:00-12:00	St. Petersburg
Salt Lake City	KDYL	232 6	1290	1000	6:00- 1:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	6:00- 2:00	Salt Lake City
Salt Lake City	KSL	265 3	1130	5000	10:30-12:30	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 1:00	Salt Lake City
						5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	5:00- 6:30	
San Antonio	KTSA	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	San Antonio
San Antonio	WOAI	252	1190	5000	6:00- 9:15	5:45-12:00	5:45-10:30	5:45-12:00	5:45-11:00	5:45-10:30	5:45-10:00	San Antonio
San Diego	KFSD	499 7	600	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-4 a.m.	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	San Diego
San Francisco	KFRC	491 5	610	1000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	5:00- 3:00	San Francisco
									8:00- 9:00			
						8:00- 9:30	8:00- 9:30	8:00- 9:30	8:00- 9:30	8:00- 9:30	8:00- 9:30	
San Francisco	KFWI	322.4	930	500	9:45-11:15	10:30- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	10:30- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	10:30- 3:00	1:00- 3:00	San Francisco
San Francisco	KPO	440 9	680	5000	5:00-12:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	San Francisco
San Jose	KQW	296 9	1010	500	9:30-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	San Jose
Santa Monica	KTM	384 4	780	500	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	8:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	5:00- 7:00	
					10:00- 2:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	10:00- 3:00	Santa Monica
Saskatoon	CFQC	329.7	910	500								Saskatoon
Saskatoon	CNRS	329.5	910	500								Saskatoon
Savannah	WTOC	238	1260	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Savannah
Scarboro Station	CKOW	291 1	1030	500								Scarboro Station
Schenectady	WGY	379 5	790	50000	5:00- 9:45	5:00- 9:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Schenectady
Seattle	KJR	309 1	970	5000	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOL	236 1	1270	1000	11:30- 1:30	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Seattle
Seattle	KOMO	325 9	920	1000	5:00- 1:00	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	5:00- 2:30	Seattle
Seattle	KTW	236.1	1270	1000	On Air at 5:00- 9:30	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies	Time Varies 6:00- 8:00	Time Varies	Seattle
Sheboygan	WHBL	212 6	1410	500	Silent	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	6:00- 8:00	12:00- 1:00	6:00- 8:00	Sheboygan
Shenandoah	KFNF	336 9	890	500	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	6:00- 7:30	Shenandoah
						9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	8:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	8:00-12:00	
Shenandoah	KMA	322.4	930	500				6:30- 8:30		6:30- 8:30		
					8:30-11:00	6:30-11:00	6:30- 8:30	10:00-11:00	6:30- 7:00	10:00-11:00	6:30- 8:30	Shenandoah
Shreveport	KTBS	206 8	1450	1000	7:30-11:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Shreveport
Shreveport	KWKH	352.7	850	10000	7:45-12:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Shreveport
Sioux City	KSCJ	225.4	1330	1000	On Air at 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00-10:30	5:00- 7:00 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00-10:30	8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00- 9:00	5:00- 7:00 8:00-10:30	Sioux City
Sioux Falls	KSOO	270.1	1110	2000	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	Sioux Falls
South Bend	WSBT	243.8	1230	500					8:30-10:00		7:30- 8:00	
					Silent	Silent	6:00- 8:00	10:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	10:00- 1:00	South Bend
So. Dartmouth	WMAF	220.4	1360	500								So. Dartmouth
Spokane	KFPY	223.7	1340	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Spokane

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Spokane	KGA	204	1470	5000	7:00- 1:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	7:00- 2:00	Spokane
Spokane	KHQ	508.2	590	1000	5:00-12:30	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 5:00	5:00- 5:00	5:00- 2:00	Spokane
Springfield, Mass.	WBZ	302 8	990	15000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio	WCSO	206.8	1450	500	Silent	7:30- 9:30	6:00- 8:00	8:30-10:30	5:30- 7:30	6:00- 8:00	7:30- 9:00	Springfield, Ohio
State College	WPSC	243.8	1230	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	State College
State College, N. M.	KOB	254.1	1180	10000	6:00-10:00	6:00- 8:30	6:00- 8:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 8:30	6:00- 9:00	6:00-10:00	State College, N. M.
Stevens Point	WLBL	333 1	900	2000	Silent	9:30-11:00	9:00-10:00	9:30-11:00	Silent	10:00-11:00	Silent	Stevens Point
Superior	WEBC	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-11:15	Silent	Silent	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-10:30	Superior
Syracuse	WFBL	333 1	900	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Syracuse
Tacoma	KMO	348.6	860	500	Silent	11:00-1:00	11:00- 2:00	11:00-1:00	11:00- 2:00	11:00-1:00	11:00- 2:00	Tacoma
Tacoma	KVI	394.5	760	...	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	5:00- 2:00	Tacoma
Tampa	WDAE	241.8	1240	1000	5:00- 9:00	5:00 12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Tampa
Tilton	WBRL	209.7	1430	500	6:00- 8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Tilton
Toledo	WSPD	223.7	1340	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	Toledo
Topeka	WIBW	230.6	1300	1000	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	Topeka
Toronto	CFCA	356.9	840	500			5:00- 9:00					
Toronto	CFRB	312.3	960	4000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	12:00- 1:00	5:00-11:30	5:00- 8:30	5:00-11:30	5:00- 9:00	Toronto
Toronto	CHNC	356 9	840	500	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:15	5:00-12:15	Toronto
Toronto	CKCL	517 2	580	500	Operating	on Phantom	License only					Toronto
Toronto	CKGW	434.8	690	5000	6:00- 7:30	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Toronto
					5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	
Toronto	CKNC	517 2	580	500	8:00- 9:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-10:00	Toronto
Toronto	CNRT	357 1	840	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Toronto
Trenton	WOAX	234 2	1280	500	6:45- 8:15	7:00-11:00	Silent	6:45-10:30	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Trenton
Troy	WHAZ	230.6	1300	500	Silent		11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Troy
Tulsa	KVOO	263	1140	5000	5:00- 8:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	6:00- 9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Tulsa
Urbana	WILL	336.9	890	500	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 6:00	
					7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	7:30- 8:00	Urbana
Vancouver	CNRV	291.1	1030	500	11:00-12:30	12:00- 1:00	11:00- 2:00	12:00- 1:00	12:00- 1:00	9:30- 2:00	Silent	Vancouver
Vermilion	KUSD	336.9	890	500	Silent	8:00- 9:00	8:00- 8:30	8:00- 9:00	Silent	8:00- 9:00	Silent	Vermilion
Victoria, B. C.	CFCT	329.5	630	500		8:00- 9:30						
						1st Mon.		8:00- 9:30		7:30- 9:30		
						each Month	8:00- 9:30	10:00-11:15	8:00- 9:30	10:00-11:30	8:00- 9:30	
					9:28-11:00	10:00-12:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	1:00- 2:00	Victoria, B. C.
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1240	1000	Silent	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	8:30- 9:30	Waco
Washington, D.C.	NAA	434.5	690	1000	On Air	On Air	On Air	On Air	On Air	6:45- 7:00	On Air	
					at 9:00	at 9:00	at 9:00	at 9:00	at 9:00	at 9:00	at 9:00	Washington, D.C.
Washington, D.C.	WMAL	475 9	630	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D.C.
Washington, D.C.	WRC	315.6	950	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	Washington, D.C.
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1490	5000 to 10000								Westminster
Wheeling	WWVA	258.5	1160	5000	6:30- 7:45	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 5:15	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 5:15	5:00- 6:15	10:00- 2:00	
Wichita	KFH	230.6	1300	1000	5:00- 5:30	5:00- 6:00	5:00- 9:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00- 6:00	5:00-12:00	
						7:00- 8:00		7:00- 9:00		7:00- 9:00		
					7:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00		10:00-11:00		Wichita
Winnipeg	CJRX	25.6	10000	2000	Silent	7:30-11:30	On Air at 9:15	7:30-11:30	Silent	7:30-11:30	7:00 and 10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CKY	384.4	780	5000								Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CNRW	384.4	780	5000	Silent	7:00- 8:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	6:30- 7:30	10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Yankton
York, Neb.	KGBZ	322.4	930	500		On Air at 5:00	On Air at 5:00	On Air at 5:00	On Air at 5:00	On Air at 5:00	On Air at 5:00	
					5:00- 6:00	and 8:30	and 8:30	and 8:30	and 8:30	and 8:30	and 8:30	York, Neb.
Yorkton	CJGX	475.9	630	500		7:15- 8:00	7:15- 8:00			7:15-8:00		
					7:00- 8:30	9:00-10:00	11:00-12:00	7:15- 8:00	7:15-10:00	8:30-10:00	7:15- 8:00	Yorkton
Youngstown, O.	WKBN	526	570	500		5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00		5:00- 6:00		
					5:00-11:00	9:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	9:00-11:00	5:00- 9:00	Youngstown, O.
Zion	WCBD	27; 6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Zion

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest starts with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Official Wave Lengths

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KREG	Santa Anna, Calif.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	KWTC	Santa Ana, Calif.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.1	1,480	5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
202.6	1,480	5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WSOA	Morrfield, Ill.
204	1,470	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WMBB	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		50	KGCM	Concordia, Kan.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		50	KGHD	Missoula, Mont.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		50	KGTT	San Francisco, Calif.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAT	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		10	WHDL	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill.
		10	WHPP	New York, N. Y.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		50	WLBH	Farmingdale, N. Y.
		100-250	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo.
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		2,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (day)
		1,000	KWSC	Pullman, Wash. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCAP	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUAO	Fayetteville, Ark.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio.
		500	WOKO	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		50	KFEC	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		50	KFUR	Ogden, Utah
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz.
		100	KGCB	Enid, Okla.
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KGRC	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		500	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Erie, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo. N. Y.
220.4	1,360	1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		250	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		100	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		300	WQBC	Utica, Miss.
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa
		250	KGB	San Diega, Calif.
		500	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
		500	WBRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla.
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WACM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Frankford, Pa.
		15	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		10	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		150	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		100	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		20	WRBI	Tilton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
		500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Caristedt. N. J.
230.6	1,300	500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIAM	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		1,000	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (day)
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas (night)
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton. N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WTDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		500	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WJCP	Newark, O.
		500	WLB	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WTOD	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
243.8	1,230	100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
		100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WBIS	Boston, Mass. (day)
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WNAC	Boston, Mass. (day)
		500	WNAC	Boston, Mass. (night)
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		500	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb.
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernadino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WWF-WLSI	Providence. R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		100	WLSI	Cranston, R. I.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	100	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KBTM	Paragould, Ark. (day)
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		100	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		100	WBBW	Norfolk, Va.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAI	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y.
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBC	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa (day)
		100	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		5	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WPRC	Harrisburg, Pa.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOIA	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		500	WGBS	New York City
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
		10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla. (day)
		500	WDBO	Orlando, Fla. (night)
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
270.1	1,110	2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
		5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	10,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		3,500	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		1,000	WKAR	East Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WKEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
293.9	1,020	50,000	KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	KYW	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		50,000	KYW	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	KYWA	Chicago
		250	WRAX	Philadelphia
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
		5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
308.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	250	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif.
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala.
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va.
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas
		250	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.

Murder!

FROM whose voice, from which room of the queer old house did that terrible cry come? Men rushed about, finally bursting into a dimly lighted room.

There, half in the bedroom, half in the bathroom lay a man's body, a great stain across his chest, dyeing his pajamas scarlet. In a chair close by was a second body.

A few moments later both had disappeared.

Don't miss this greatest of all mystery stories by *Jackson Gregory*. Watch for the April issue of Radio Digest—**THIRTEEN AND ONE** unfolds new developments that will keep you tense.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D.
		500	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga.
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo.
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss.
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		50,000	WABC	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	10,000	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		5,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBI	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
		1,000	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa (day unlimited)
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Cleaawater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me. (day)
		250	WLBZ	Bangor, Me. (night)
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif.
		250	WGBS	Storrs, Conn.
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Iowa
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KUOM	Missoula, Mont.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		5,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill.
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		500	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

State and City Index With New Waves

Alabama

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1,140	5,000
	WBRC	322.4	930	1,000
	WKBC	228.9	1,310	10
Gadsden	WJBY	247.8	1,210	50

Arizona

Flagstaff	KFXY	211.1	1,420	100
Phoenix	KGAR	483.6	620	500
	KOY	215.7	1,390	500
Prescott	KPJM	199.9	1,500	100
Tucson	KGAR	215.8	1,370	100

Arkansas

Blytheville	KLCN	232.4	1,290	50
Fayetteville	KUAO	215.7	1,390	1,000
Hot Springs	KTHS	288.3	1,040	10,000
Little Rock	KGHI	249.9	1,200	100
	KGJF	336.9	890	250
	KLRA	215.7	1,390	1,000
McGehee	KGHG	228.9	1,310	50
Paragould	KBTM	249.9	1,200	100
Siloam Springs	KFPW	223.7	1,340	50

California

Berkeley	KRE	218.8	1,370	100
Beverly Hills	KEJK	422.3	710	500
Burbank	KELW	384.4	780	500
Culver City	KFVD	299.8	1,000	250
El Centro	KXO	249.9	1,200	100
Fresno	KMJ	249.9	1,200	100
Hayward	KZM	218.8	1,370	100
Hollywood	KFOZ	348.6	860	250
	KFWB	315.6	950	1,000
	KMTR	526	570	500
	KNX	285.5	1,050	5,000
	KGER	220.4	1,360	100
Holy City	KFQU	211.1	1,420	100
Inglewood	KMIC	267.7	1,120	500
Long Beach	KFOX	239.9	1,250	1,000
Los Angeles	KFI	468.5	640	5,000
	KECA	211.1	1,420	1,000
	KFSG	267.7	1,120	500
	KGEF	230.6	1,300	1,000
	KGFJ	249.9	1,200	100
	KHJ	333.1	900	1,000
	KPLA	299.8	1,000	1,000
	KTBI	230.6	1,300	750
Oakland	KFWM	384.4	930	500
	KGO	379.5	790	7,500
	KLS	208.2	1,440	250
	KLX	540.7	880	500
	KTAB	545.1	550	500
Ontario	KFWC	249.9	1,200	100
Pasadena	KPPC	247.8	1,210	50
	KPSN	220.4	1,360	1,000
Sacramento	KFBK	228.9	1,310	100
San Diego	KFSD	499.7	600	500
San Francisco	KFRC	441.5	610	1,000
	KFWI	322.4	930	500
	KGB	225.4	1,330	250
	KGTI	211.1	1,420	50
	KJBS	280.2	1,070	100
	KPO	440.4	680	5,000
	KYA	315.6	1,230	1,000
San Jose	KQW	296.9	1,010	500
Santa Ana	KWTC	199.9	1,500	100
	KREG	239.9	1,500	100
Santa Barbara	KDB	199.9	1,500	100
San Bernardino	KFXM	247.8	1,210	100
Santa Maria	KSMR	249.9	1,200	100
Santa Monica	KTM	384.4	780	1,000d 500n
Stockton	KGDM	272.6	1,200	50 Day
	KWG	249.9	1,200	100
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1,490	10,000

Colorado

Colorado Springs	KFUM	236.1	1,270	1,000
Denver	KFEL	325.9	920	500
	KFUP	228.9	1,310	100
	KFXF	325.9	920	250
	KLZ	535.4	560	1,000
	KOA	361.2	830	12,500
	KPOF	340.7	880	500
Edgewater	KFXJ	228.9	1,310	50
Fort Morgan	KGEW	249.9	1,200	100
Greeley	KFXM	340.7	880	500
Gunnison	KFHA	249.9	1,200	50
Pueblo	KGHF	227.1	1,320	500d 250n
Trinidad	KGIW	211.1	1,420	100
Yuma	KGEK	249.9	1,200	50

Connecticut

Easton	WICC	252	1,190	500
Hartford	WTIC	282.8	1,060	50,000
Storrs	WCAC	299.7	600	250
New Haven	WDRC	225.4	1,330	500

Delaware

Wilmington	WDEL	267.7	1,120	350d 250n
	WILM	211.1	1,420	100

District of Columbia

Washington	NAA	434.5	690	1,000
	WMAL	475.9	630	500d 250n
	WJSV	205.4	1,460	10,000
	WRC	315.6	950	500
	WOL	228	1,310	100

Florida

Clearwater	WFLA	483.6	620	2,500d 1,000n
Gainesville	WRUF	204	1,470	5,000
Jacksonville	WJAX	238	1,260	1,000
Lakeland	WMBL	228.9	1,310	100
Miami	WQAM	211.8	1,240	1,000
Miami Beach	WIOD	535.4	560	1,000
	WMBF	535.4	560	500
Orlando	WDBO	267.7	1,120	1,000d 500n
Pensacola	WCOA	223.7	1,340	500
Sarasota	WSIS	296.9	1,010	250
St. Petersburg	WSUN	333.1	900	2,500d 1,000n
Tampa	WDAE	245.8	1,220	1,000
	WMBR	247.8	1,210	100

Georgia

Atlanta	WGST	336.9	890	500d 250n
	WSB	405.2	740	1,000
Columbus	WRBL	249.9	1,200	50
Macon	WMAZ	336.9	890	500
Toccoa	WTFI	206.8	1,450	250

Idaho

Boise	KIDO	239.9	1,250	1,000
Jerome	KFXD	211.1	1,420	50
Idaho Falls	KID	227.1	1,320	250
Pocatello	KSEI	333.1	900	250
Twin Falls	KGIQ	227.1	1,320	250

Illinois

Batavia	WORD	202.6	1,480	5,000
Carthage	WCAZ	280.2	1,070	50
Chicago	KFKX	288.3	1,020	50,000
	KYW	293.9	1,020	50,000
	KYWA	239.9	1,020	500
	WAAF	535.4	560	500
	WBBM	389.4	770	25,000
	WCFL	309.1	970	1,500
	WCRW	247.8	1,210	100
	WEDC	247.8	1,210	100
	WENR	344.6	870	50,000
	WGES	220.4	1,360	500
	WGN	412.6	720	15,000
	WHFC	228.9	1,310	100
	WIBO	526	570	5,000
	WJAZ	202.6	1,480	5,000
	WJJD	265.3	1,130	20,000
	WKBI	228.9	1,310	50
	WLS	344.6	870	5,000
	WMAQ	447.5	670	5,000
	WMBI	277.6	1,080	5,000
	WORD	202.6	1,480	5,000
	WPCC	526	570	500
	WSBC	247.8	1,210	100
Decatur	WJBL	249.9	1,200	100
Deerfield	WSOA	202.6	1,480	5,000
Evanston	WEHS	211.1	1,420	100
Galesburg	WKBS	249.9	1,310	100
	WLBO	228.9	1,310	100
Harrisburg	WEBO	247.8	1,210	100
Joliet	WCLS	228.9	1,310	100
	WKBB	228.9	1,310	50
La Salle	WJBC	249.9	1,200	100
Peoria Heights	WMBD	208.2	1,440	1,000d 500n
Prospect	WJAS	202.6	1,480	5,000
Quincy	WTAD	208.2	1,440	500
Rockford	KFLV	212.6	1,410	500
Rock Island	WHBF	247.8	1,210	100
Springfield	WCBS	247.8	1,210	100
Streator	WTAX	247.8	1,210	50
Tuscola	WDZ	280.2	1,070	100
Urbana	WILL	336.9	890	500d 250n
Zion	WCBD	277.6	1,080	5,000

Indiana

Anderson	WHBU	247.8	1,210	100
Culver	WCMA	214.2	1,400	500
Evansville	WGBF	475.9	630	500
Ft. Wayne	WGL	218.8	1,370	100
	WOWO	258.5	1,160	10,000
Gary	WJKS	220.4	1,360	500
Hammond	WWAE	249.9	1,200	100
Indianapolis	WFMB	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WKBF	214.2	1,400	500
La Porte	WRAF	249.9	1,200	100
Marion	WJAK	229.9	1,310	50
Muncie	WLBC	228.9	1,310	50
So. Bend	WSBT	243.8	1,230	500
Terre Haute	WBOW	228.5	1,310	100

Iowa

Ames	WOI	535.4	560	5,000
Boone	KFGQ	248.3	1,310	100
Cedar Rapids	KWCR	228.9	1,310	100
Clarinda	KSO	217.3	1,380	500
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1,260	1,000
Davenport	WOC	299.8	1,000	5,000
Decorah	KGCA	236.1	1,270	50
	KWLC	236.1	1,270	100
Des Moines	WHO	299.8	1,000	5,000
Fort Dodge	KFJY	228.9	1,310	100
Iowa City	WSUI	340.7	880	500
Marshalltown	KFJB	249.9	1,200	100
Muscatine	KTNT	256.3	1,170	5,000
Ottumwa	WIAS	211.1	1,420	100
Red Oak	KICK	211.1	1,420	100
Shenandoah	KFNF	336.9	890	500
	KMA	336.9	890	500
Sioux City	KSCJ	245.4	1,330	1,000
Waterloo	WMT	249.9	1,200	250d 100n

Kansas

Concordia	KGCN	211.1	1,420	50
Lawrence	KFKU	245.6	1,220	1,000
	WREN	245.6	1,220	1,000
Manhattan	KSAC	516.9	580	500
Milford	KFKB	285.5	1,050	5,000
Topeka	WIBW	230.6	1,300	2,500d 1,000n
Wichita	KFH	230.6	1,300	500

Kentucky

Covington	WCKY	202.1	1,480	5,000
Hopkinsville	WFIW	319	940	1,000
Louisville	WHAS	365.6	820	10,000
	WLAP	249.9	1,200	30

Louisiana

New Orleans	WABZ	249.9	1,200	100
	WDSU	239.9	1,250	1,000
	WJBO	211.1	1,420	100
	WJBW	249.9	1,200	30
	WSMB	227.1	1,320	500
	WWL	352.7	850	500
Shreveport	KTSL	228.9	1,310	100
	KRMD	228.9	1,310	50
	KTBS	206.8	1,450	1,000
	KWEA	247.8	1,210	100
	KWKH	352.7	850	10,000

Maine

Bangor	WABI	249.9	1,200	100
	WLBZ	483.6	620	500d 250n
Portland	WCSH	319	940	500

Maryland

Baltimore	WBAL	282.8	1,060	10,000
	WCAO	499.7	600	250
	WCBM	218.8	1,370	250d 100n
	WFBR	236.2	1,270	250
Cumberland	WTBO	211.1	1,420	50
Salisbury	WSMD	228.9	1,310	100

Massachusetts

Boston	WBIS	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WBZA	302.8	990	500
	WEEI	208.2	1,440	1,000
	WLOE	199.9	1,500	100
	WMES	199.9	1,500	50
	WNAC	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WSSH	220.4	1,360	500
Fall River	WSAR	206.8	1,450	250
Gloucester	WESX	249.9	1,200	100
	WHDH	361.2	830	1,000
Lexington	WLEX	220.4	1,360	500
New Bedford	WNBH	228.9	1,310	100
South Dartmouth	WMAF	220.4	1,360	500
Springfield	WBZ	302.8	990	15,000
Wellesley Hills	WBSO	284.4	780	250
Worcester	WTAG	516.9	580	250
	WORC	249.9	1,200	100

Michigan

Battle Creek	WKBP	211.1	1,420	50
Bay City	WBCM	212.6	1,410	500
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508.2	590	1,000
Calumet	WHDF	218.8	1,370	1,000
Detroit	WJR	399.8	750	5,000
	WGHP	223.7	1,340	1,000
	WMBC	211.1	1,420	100
	WWJ	325.9	920	1,000
East Lansing	WKAR	288.3	1,040	1,000
Flint	WFDF	228.9	1,310	100
Grand Rapids	WASH	236.1	1,270	500
	WOOD	236.1	1,270	500
Jackson	WIBM	218.8	1,370	100
Lapeer	WMPC	199.9	1,500	100
Ludington	WKBZ	199.9	1,500	50
Royal Oak	WAGM	228.9	1,310	50
Ypsilanti	WJBK	218.8	1,370	50

Minnesota

Collegeville	WFBJ	218.8	1,370	100
Fergus Falls	KGDE	249.9	1,200	50
Hallock	KGFK	249.9	1,200	50
Minneapolis	WCCO	370.2	810	10,000
	WGDY	215.7	1,390	1,000
	WHDI	254.1	1,180	500
	WLB	239.9	1,250	500
	WRHM	239.9	1,250	1,000
Northfield	KFMX	239.9	1,250	1,000
	WCAL	239.9	1,250	1,000
St. Paul	KSTP	205.4	1,460	10,000

Mississippi

Columbus	WCOC	340.7	880	1,000
Greenville	WRBQ	247.8	1,210	100
Gulfport	WGCM	247.8	1,210	100
Hattiesburg	WRBJ	218.8	1,370	10
Jackson	WJDX	236.1	1,270	1,000
Utica	WQBC	220.4	1,360	300

Missouri

Cape Girardeau	KFVS	247.8	1,210	100
Columbia	KFRU	475.9	630	500
Jefferson City	WOS	475.9	630	1,000d 500n
Joplin	WMBH	211.1	1,420	100
Kansas City	KMBC	315.6	950	2,500d 1,000n
	KWKC	218.8	1,370	100
	WDAF	491.5	610	1,000
	WHB	348.6	860	500
	WLBF	211.1	1,420	100
	WOQ	491.5	610	1,000
Kirksville	KFKZ	249.9	1,200	15
St. Joseph	KFEQ	440.9	680	2,500
	KGBU	228.9	1,310	100
St. Louis	KFUO	545.1	550	1,000d 500n
	KFWF	249.9	1,200	100
	KMOX	275.1	1,090	5,000
	KSD	545.1	550	500
	KWK	244.5	1,350	1,000
	WEW	394.5	760	1,000
	WIL	249.9	1,200	250d 100n

Montana

Billings	KGHL	315.6	950	250
Butte	KGIR	220.4	1,360	250
Great Falls	KFBB	220.4	1,360	1,000d 500n
Havre	KFBB	220.4	1,360	500
Kalispell	KGEZ	228.9	1,310	100
Missoula	KGHD	211.1	1,420	50
	KUOM	526	570	500
Vida	KGCX	211.1	1,420	10

Nebraska

Clay Center	KMMJ	405.2	740	1,000
Lincoln	KFAB	389.4	770	5,000
	KFOR	247.8	1,210	250
Lincoln	WCAJ	508.2	590	500
Norfolk	WJAG	282.8	1,060	1,000
Omaha	WAAW	454.3	660	500
	WOW	508.2	590	1,000
Ravenna	KGFW	288.9	1,310	50
York	KGBZ	322.4	930	1,000d 500n

New Hampshire

Laconia	WKAV	228.9	1,310	100
Tilton	WBRL	209.7	1,430	500

Nevada

Reno	KOH	218.8	1,370	100

New Jersey

Asbury Park	WCAP	234.2	1,280	500
Atlantic City	WPG	272.6	1,100	5,000
Camden	WCAM	234.2	1,280	500
Elizabeth	WIBS	206.8	1,450	250
Hackensack	WBMS	206.8	1,450	250
Hoboken	WPCH	370.2	810	500
Jersey City	WAAT	280.2	1,070	300
	WKBO	206.8	1,450	250
Newark	WAAM	239.9	1,250	2,000d 1,000n
	WGCP	239.9	1,250	250
	WNJ	206.8	1,450	250
	WOR	422.3	710	5,000
Palisade	WPAP	296.9	1,010	250
	WODA	296.9	1,010	250
Paterson	WODA	239.9	1,250	1,000
Red Bank	WJBI	247.8	1,210	100
Trenton	WOAX	234.2	1,280	500

New Mexico

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Albuquerque	KGGM	243.8	1,230	500
Raton	KGFL	218.8	1,370	50
State College	KOB	254.1	1,180	10,000

New York

Amherst	WKBW	204	1,470	5,000
Auburn	WMBO	218.8	1,370	100
Bay Shore	WINR	247.8	1,210	100
Binghamton	WNBF	199.9	1,500	50
Brooklyn	WBBC	214.2	1,400	500
	WLTH	214.2	1,400	500
	WMBQ	199.9	1,500	100
	WSDA	214.2	1,400	500
	WSGH	214.2	1,400	500
Buffalo	WEBR	228.9	1,310	200
	WGR	345.1	870	750
	WKBW	204	1,470	5,000
	WKEN	288.3	1,040	1,000
	WMAK	333.1	900	750
	WSVS	218.8	1,370	50
Canton	WCAD	245.6	1,220	500
Cazenovia	WMAC	526	570	250
Coney Island	WCGU	214.2	1,400	500
Freeport	WGBB	247.8	1,210	100
Ithaca	WEAI	236.1	1,270	500
	WLCI	247.8	1,210	50
Jamaica	WMRJ	211.1	1,420	10
Jamestown	WOCL	247.8	1,210	25
Long Beach	WCLB	199.9	1,500	100
Long Island	WLBX	199.9	1,500	100
New York City	WABC	348.6	860	5,000
	WBNX	222.1	1,350	250
	WCDA	222.1	1,350	250
	WEAF	454.3	660	50,000
	WCAC	254.1	1,180	500
	WHAP	230.1	1,300	1,000
	WHN	296.9	1,010	250
	WHPI	211.1	1,420	10
	WJZ	394.5	760	30,000
	WKBQ	222.1	1,350	250
	WLWL	272.6	1,100	5,000
	WMCA	526	570	500
	WMSG	222.1	1,350	250
	WNYC	526	570	500
	WOV	265.3	1,130	1,000
	WRNY	296.9	1,010	500
Patchogue	WPOE	211.1	1,420	30
Peekskill	WKOP	208.2	1,440	500
Richmond Hill	WBOQ	348.6	860	5,000
Rochester	WHAM	260.7	1,150	5,000
	WHEC	208.2	1,440	500
	WNBQ	199.9	1,500	15
Rossville	WBBR	230.6	1,300	1,000
Saranac Lake	WNBZ	232.4	1,290	50
Schenectady	WGY	379.5	790	50,000
So. Yonkers	WCOH	247.8	1,210	100
Syracuse	WFBL	293.6	1,020	1,000
	WSYR	526	570	250
Troy	WHAZ	230.6	1,300	500
Tupper Lake	WIRY	211.1	1,420	10
Utica	WIBX	249.9	1,200	100
Woodhaven	WEVD	230.6	1,300	500
Woodside	WWRL	199.9	1,500	100

North Carolina

Asheville	WWNC	526	570	1,000
Charlotte	WBT	322.6	1,080	10,000
Gastonia	WRBU	247.8	1,210	100
Greensboro	WNRC	206.2	1,440	500
Raleigh	WTPF	440.9	680	1,000
Wilmington	WRBT	218.8	1,370	100

North Dakota

Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550	500
Devils Lake	KDLR	247.8	1,210	100
Fargo	WDAY	319	940	1,000
Grand Forks	KFJM	218.8	1,370	100
Mandan	KGCU	249.9	1,200	100

Ohio

Akron	WADC	227.1	1,320	1,000
	WJW	394.5	1,450	500
Bellefontaine	WHBD	218.8	1,370	100
Cambridge	WEBE	247.8	1,210	100
Canton	WHBC	248.3	1,209	10
Cincinnati	WFBE	249.9	1,200	100
	WKRC	545.1	550	500
	WLW	428.3	700	50,000
	WSAI	225.4	1,330	500
Cleveland	WEAR	280.2	1,070	1,000
	WHK	215.7	1,390	1,000
	WJAY	491.5	610	500
	WTAM	280.2	1,070	3,500
Columbus	WAIU	468.5	640	5,000
	WCAH	299.7	1,430	500
	WEAO	526	570	750
	WMAN	247.8	1,210	50
Dayton	WSMK	217.3	1380	250
Hamilton	WRK	228.9	1,310	100
Mansfield	WJW	247.8	1,210	100
Middletown	WSRO	211.1	1,420	100
Springfield	WCSO	206.8	1,450	500
Steubenville	WIBR	211.1	1,420	50
Toledo	WSPD	241.8	1,240	1,000 / 500n
Youngstown	WKBN	526	570	500

Oklahoma

Alva	KGFF	211.1	1,420	100
Chickasha	KOCW	214.2	1,400	500 / 250n
Enid	KCRC	218.8	1,370	250 / 100n
Norman	WNAD	296.9	1,010	500
Oklahoma City	KFJF	204	1,470	5,000
	KFXR	296.9	1,310	100
	KGFG	218.8	1370	100
	WKY	333.1	900	1,000
Picher	KGGF	296.9	1,010	500
Ponca City	WBBZ	249.9	1,200	100
Tulsa	KVOO	263	1,140	5,000

Oregon

Astoria	KFJI	218.8	1,370	100
Corvallis	KOAC	545.1	550	1,000
Eugene	KORE	211.1	1420	100
Marshfield	KOOS	218.8	1,370	50
Medford	KMED	228.9	1,310	50
Portland	KEX	254.1	1,180	5,000
	KFEC	218.8	1,370	50
	KFIF	211.1	1,420	100
	KFJR	230.6	1,300	500
	KGW	483.6	620	1,000
	KOIN	319	940	1,000
	KTBR	230.6	1,300	500
	KVEP	189.9	1,500	15
	KWJJ	282.8	1,060	500
	KXL	239.9	1,250	500

Pennsylvania

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Allentown	WCBA	208.2	1,440	250
	WSAN	208.2	1,440	250
Altoona	WFBG	228.9	1,310	100
Carbondale	WNBW	249.9	1,200	5
Elkin's Park	WIBG	322.4	930	50
Erie	WEDH	211.1	1,420	30
	WRAK	218.8	1,370	50
Frankford	WFKD	228.9	1,310	50
Grove City	WSAJ	228.9	1,310	100
Harrisburg	WBAK	209.7	1,430	500
	WCOD	249.9	1,200	100
	WHP	209.7	1,430	500
	WPRC	249.9	1,200	100
Johnstown	WJAC	228.9	1,310	100
Lancaster	WGAL	228.9	1,310	15
	WKJC	249.9	1,200	100
Lewisburg	WJBU	247.8	1,210	100
Oil City	WLBW	238	1,260	1,000
Philadelphia	WCAU	256.3	1,170	10,000
	WELK	218.9	1,370	100
	WFAN	491.5	610	500
	WFI	535.4	560	500
	WHBW	199.9	1,500	100
	WIP	491.5	610	500
	WLIT	535.4	560	500
	WNAT	228.9	1,310	100
	WPEN	199.9	1,500	250n / 100d
	WRAX	293.9	1,020	250
Pittsburgh	KDKA	305.9	980	50,000
	KQV	217.3	1,380	500
	WCAE	245.8	1,220	500
	WJAS	232.4	1,290	1,000
	WMBJ	199.9	1,500	100
Reading	WRAW	228.9	1,310	100
Scranton	WGBI	340.7	880	250
	WQAN	340.7	880	250
State College	WPSC	243.8	1,230	500
Washington	WNBO	249.9	1,200	100
	WBRE	228.9	1,310	100
Willow Grove	WALK	199.9	1,500	50

For April

RADIO DIGEST will bring you a galaxy of fiction and special writers that will be a sensation in themselves. Rupert Hughes, Jackson Gregory, Will Payne, and others. The same dependable regular services and station news, with new features that will delight you. Be sure to get the April issue.

Rhode Island

Cranston	WDWF	247.8	1,210	100
	WLSI	247.8	1,210	100
Newport	WMBA	199.9	1,500	100
Pawtucket	WPAW	247.8	1,210	100
Providence	WEAN	384.4	780	250
	WJAR	336.9	890	250

South Carolina

Charleston	WBBY	240.9	1,200	75

South Dakota

Brookings	KFDY	545.5	550	1,000
	KGCR	247.8	1,210	100
Dell Rapids	KGDA	218.8	1,370	50
Oldham	KGDY	249.9	1,200	15
Pierre	KGFX	516.9	580	200
Rapid City	WCAT	249.9	1,200	100
Sioux Falls	KSOO	270.1	1,110	2,000
Vermilion	KUSD	336.9	890	500
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1,000

Tennessee

Bristol	WOPI	199.9	1,500	100
Chattanooga	WDOD	234.2	1,280	2,500d / 1,000n
Knoxville	WFBC	249.9	1,200	50
	WNBJ	228.9	1,310	50
	WNOX	535.4	560	2,000d / 1,000n
Lawrenceburg	WOAN	499.7	600	500
Memphis	WGBC	209.7	1,430	500
	WHBQ	218.8	1,370	100
	WMC	384.4	780	1,000d / 500n
	WNBR	209.7	1,430	500
	WREC	499.7	600	1,000d / 500n
Nashville	WTNT	201.6	1,490	5,000
	WLAC	201.2	1,490	5,000
	WSM	461.3	650	5,000
Springfield	WSIX	247.8	1,210	100
Union City	WOBT	228.9	1,310	15

Texas

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Abilene	KFYO	211.1	1,420	250d / 100n
Amarillo	KGRS	212.6	1,410	1,000
	WDAG	212.6	1,410	250
Beaumont	KFDM	535.4	560	1,000d / 500n
Brownsville	KWWG	238	1,260	500
Brownwood	KGKB	199.9	1,500	100
College Station	KTRH	267.7	1,120	500
Corpus Christi	KGFI	199.9	1,500	100
Dallas	KRLD	288.3	1,040	10,000
	WFAA	374.8	800	5,000
	WRR	234.2	1,280	500
Dublin	KFJM	224.5	1,340	100
El Paso	WDAH	228.9	1,310	100
Fort Worth	KFJZ	218.8	1,370	100
	KTAT	241.8	1,240	1,000
	WBAP	374.8	800	50,000
Galveston	KFLX	247.8	1,210	100
	KFUL	232.4	1,290	1,000d / 500n
Greenville	KFPM	228.9	1,310	15
Harlingen	KGKY	238	1,260	100
Houston	KPRC	325.9	920	1,000
	KTUE	211.1	1,420	100
Richmond	KGHX	199.9	1,500	50
	KGKL	218.8	1,370	100
	KTLC	199.9	1,500	50
San Antonio	KGCI	218.8	1,370	100
	KGRC	218.8	1,370	100
	KTAP	211.1	1,420	100
	KTSA	224.4	1,290	1,000
	WOAI	252	1,190	5,000
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1,240	1,000
Wichita Falls	KGKO	526	570	500d / 250n

Utah

Ogden	KFUR	218.8	1,370	50
Salt Lake City	KDYL	232.4	1,290	1,000
	KSL	265.3	1,130	5,000

Vermont

Burlington	WCAX	249.9	1,200	100
Springfield	WNBX	249.9	1,200	10

Virginia

Mt. Vernon Hills	WJSV	205.4	1,460	10.000
Newport News	WGH	228.9	1,310	100
Norfolk	WBBW	249.9	1,220	100
	WPOR	384.4	780	500
	WTAR	384.4	780	500
Petersburg	WLBG	249.9	1,200	250d / 100n
Richmond	WBBL	218.8	1,370	100
	WMBG	247.8	1,210	100
	WRVA	270.1	1,110	5,000
	WTAZ	247.8	1,210	150
Roanoke	WDBJ	322.4	930	500
	WRBX	322.4	930	250

Washington

Aberdeen	KXRO	211.1	1,420	75
Bellingham	KVOS	249.9	1,200	100
Everett	KFBL	218.8	1,370	50
Lacey	KGY	249.9	1,200	50d / 10n
Longview	KUJ	199.9	1,500	100
Pullman	KWSC	245.8	1,220	500
Seattle	KFQW	211.1	1,420	100
	KJR	309.1	970	5,000
	KKP	211.1	1,420	15
	KOL	236.1	1,270	1,000
	KOMO	325.9	920	1,000
	KPCB	247.8	1,210	100
	KRSC	267.7	1,120	50
	KTW	236.1	1,260	1,000
	KVL	218.8	1,370	100
	KXA	526	570	500
Spokane	KFIO	243.8	1,230	100
	KFPY	223.7	1,340	500
	KGA	204	1,470	5,000
	KHQ	508.2	590	1,000
Tacoma	KMO	348.6	860	1,000d / 500n
	KVI	394.5	760	1,000
Wenatchee	KPQ	247.8	1,210	50
Yakima	KIT	228.9	1,310	50

West Virginia

Charleston	WOBU	516.9	580	250
Fairmont	WMMN	336.9	890	500d / 250n
Huntington	WSAZ	516.9	580	250
Weirton	WOBZ	211.1	1,420	60
Wheeling	WWVA	258.5	1,160	5,000

Wisconsin

Beloit	WEBW	535.4	560	500
Eau Claire	WTAQ	285.4	1,330	1,000
Fond du Lac	KFIZ	211.1	1,420	100
Kenosha	WCLO	249.9	1,200	100
La Crosse	WKBH	217.3	1,380	1,000
Madison	WHA	319	940	750
	WIBA	247.8	1,210	100
Manitowoc	WOMT	247.8	1,210	100
Milwaukee	WHAD	267.7	1,120	250
	WISN	267.7	1,120	250
	WTMJ	483.6	620	2,500d / 1,000n
Poynette	WIBU	228.9	1,310	100
Racine	WRJN	218.8	1,370	100
Sisiht	WBAR	270.1	1,110	500
Sheboygan	WHBL	212.6	1,410	500
Stevens Point	WLBL	333.1	900	2,000
Superior	WEBC	232.4	1,290	1,000
West De Pere	WHBY	249.9	1,200	100

Alaska

Anchorage	KFQD	243.8	1,230	100
Juneau	KFIU	228.9	1,310	10
Ketchikan	KGBU	333.1	900	500

Hawaii

Honolulu	KGHB	227.1	1,320	250
	KGU	319	940	500

Philippines

Manila	KZIB	260	1,153	20

Porto Rico

San Juan	WKAQ	336.9	890	500

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 92)

house, a cry weird and strange with a bubbling, strangling sort of note that was almost unearthly and whose one intelligible word was:

"Murder!"

THERE were some moments of the wildest confusion. That cry, electric and fearful, whence did it come? From what room, from whose throat? Men rushing out of their rooms into dark and devious hallways did not know which way to turn. Everything was strange here; a single scream like that one was enough to convert the crazy old house into a perfect labyrinth.

Matches scratched; candles were lighted. Someone ran out of his room carrying a lamp. There were sharp questions, no answers. Figures huddled at the bottom step of the stairway leading to the second floor.

At the time no man was quite sure of his neighbor jostling at his elbow. They saw a dim light above and like great dark moths rushed upon it. A door was open; the uncertain light streamed out of a bedroom, gleaming wanly upon the newel posts.

They burst into that room, some two or three of them together. The light, murky and ghostly, streamed out from a single lamp here. The wick had been turned too high, smoking the chimney; then had been turned low and was now like a pale star in a thin wrack of mist. Yet it sufficed horribly.

Here was a big, strangely gloomy bedchamber with dark panelled walls and with monster hewn beams across a lofty ceiling. A bath adjoined this room; its door, too, was wide open and its white tiles and gleaming hardware had the effect of drawing to themselves what little light there was. And there, half in the bedroom, half in the bathroom, clothed in white pajamas, gruesomely still, horridly inert, lay stretched a man's body. Some four or five figures hastened to him. One man was down on his knees.

"It's Parks! My God, it's Parks!"

They stooped to see and shuddered at what they saw. He lay on his back, white and still, all white save for the great red stain across his half exposed chest, dying the cloth of his pajamas scarlet. One arm was flung out from his side to the floor; the other, with sleeve ripped away, was across his chest, the lax hand close to the wound as though it had striven to fend off the death he saw coming. That wound was directly above the heart and from it projected the handle of the knife which had not been plucked away; the horn handle of a big hunting knife.

IT WAS Andregg down on his knees. He peered close, he put his own shaking hand upon the still white hand which lay with such dread eloquence across Mainwaring Parks' chest.

"Dead!" he whispered. "Cold as ice already! It must be—

There was an interrupting gasp from further back.

"Here's another! Here's murder again—it's Dicks!"

"Andregg! Andregg! Come here. See if he's dead."

Andregg sprang to his feet. About to turn, something caught his eye. On the floor, close to the outstretched hand extended from the body of Mainwaring Parks, lay a small, bright object. Andregg was not alone in seeing it, but he saw it first and snatched it up.

They turned, all together, to where Detective Dicks half sat, half lay in a big arm chair. He had evidently been sitting, facing the open bathroom door, perhaps chatting with Parks when the thing happened. Now he lurched to one side, a hand trailing the thick-carpeted floor. Across his right temple was a wound such as must have come from a crushing blow; the skin was torn, blood had streamed down his cheek and was still trickling slowly.

They called to Andregg in anxious voices. And Andregg, visibly trembling, made a second hurried examination. He sought a pulse, he put his ear to the detective's chest, he laid quivering fingers against the wound itself.

"Not dead yet, but dying, I think. The skull seems crushed—it must have been a terrible blow. There's a faint flutter of life but—"

He straightened up, shaking his head and looking about him like a man in a nightmare.

"Whoever did this thing," came a sudden sharp voice, a cool voice at last, "is still here. There's been no time to get away."

They turned toward him. It was Captain Temple, half dressed. From him they looked wildly at one another. Those words of Mainwaring Parks', spoken so short a time ago, leaped back into their minds. There was someone, someone in the house, who would stop at nothing—

"LOOK around," commanded Temple curtly. "The assasin may still be here. In the bathroom, in the next room."

There was no one in the bathroom, but a second door gave from it to still another bedroom, a duplicate essentially of the first. It, too, was unoccupied, and its door to the upper hallway stood wide open.

"No man can get away tonight." It was Paul Savoy speaking for the first time, and very thoughtfully.

"You're crazy," snapped Laufer-Hirth. "What's to stop him?"

"The snow. He'd leave a trail that would lead straight on to him. Even if it snows all night it would never fill such a furrow as he'd have to plow. We'd get him in the morning."

"But why should he leave the house?" demanded Captain Temple in a sneering, contemptuous way. "It's one of us. We all know that. But which one? Who's ever to know?"

"Let's get poor Dicks to a bed. Maybe the doctor can do something for him. And Parks—"

The suggestion, coming from Savoy, broke off sharply there, interrupted by a sudden dull boom of sound which startled them afresh. It broke upon their ears from some far part of the house, a muffled roar as of a shotgun in a confined space; a heavy detonation exploding with a shock which they seemed to feel, as well as hear. With one accord they rushed into the upper hall.

"It's downstairs! Our man's down there!"

They caught up what weapons they could snatch in their headlong rush, a poker by the dead fire in Dicks' room, a golf club in a corner, and raced with wind-blown candles down the stairs.

"It's the safe! The safe's been dynamited."

"By whom, gentlemen?" mused Mr. Nemo.

"By one of us," said Temple stubbornly. "One of us eleven. I'm counting the servants in, for full measure. One of us eight, I might hazard."

"That may be true," admitted Paul Savoy thoughtfully. "It has the ring of truth as you speak it." He lighted a cigarette before adding: "But we'd best remember we're not sure of anything yet."

"WHAT'S to be done?" demanded Laufer-Hirth nervously. "Poor old Parks!"

"Two things, I think," returned Savoy. "One is to see if we can get through to the proper authorities by telephone. The other is to find out if there is anything we can do upstairs. Andregg, will you—Where's Andregg?"

No one knew. They hadn't missed him until just now. And, with speculation just beginning, Andregg came into the room.

"Here I am," he said quietly. "I'm just going upstairs. I'll need a couple of you to help me. Will you come, Captain Temple? And you, Mr. Savoy?"

There was something about the man that was forever whipping up surmise. Here, to be sure, was the same Andregg, and yet again there was some subtle difference. Did the man change with every passing hour? He was always tense, like a man under a strain, yet now when they looked to see that tenseness at its zenith they found it at ebb. With nervousness growing upon others, markedly upon Will Little, it seemed dimishing in him.

"Coming?" snapped Andregg, conscious of the eyes upon him.

"I'll phone," said Laufer-Hirth. "You boys go with the doctor."

At the door of the bedroom, Andregg put his hand to the knob.

"Well?" snapped Temple. "What are you waiting for? Why don't you go ahead?"

Andregg turned a curiously white face toward the two who had joined him.

"I can't!" he whispered. "It's—the dammed thing's locked!"

"Nonsense. You're as frightened as that sissy Will Little. Full of fancies as a kid fed up on witch tales. Stand out of the—By Gad, Savoy, it is locked!"

"Just caught, no doubt," said Savoy, but a quick flash of fire in his eyes belied the words.

"Try the other door; the one into the other room, beyond the bath."

It, too, was locked. They began shouting. "Our man's up here! Bring an ax!" Again there was a rush of feet up the stairway; an ax handed forward by a trembling Filipino boy was wielded in great flashing strokes by Captain Temple, showering splinters about them. The door fell and they entered, every man on guard and watchful. Once in the room, hushed and fearful they stood in a close-packed group, drawn close together as affrightened children huddle. Where the body of Mainwaring Parks had lain there was now **nothing except a darkly glinting pool of blood** and a broad-bladed hunting knife, red to the hilt. Where Detective Dicks had sagged in his chair, **there was nothing!**

A blood-curdling scream burst from one of their number. There followed a strange moan, and the man who had screamed out seemed to wilt under their perplexed eyes and fell to the floor, face down. It was Will Little; he had fainted.

WHO had committed this double murder, and then in the few minutes the room was empty, done away with the bodies? Which one of the guests in this House of Ghosts was a mad killer? Be sure to follow this enthralling murder mystery in the April number of Radio Digest.

Humor in the NBC Studios

(Continued from page 46)

Bestos: "A scientist has discovered a way to make plants intoxicated."
Ray: "That's nothing, the plants at our house have always been potted."

* * *

Bestos: "There goes one lucky man."
Ray: "How's that?"
Bestos: "He has a wife and a cigarette lighter, and they both work."

* * *

Billy: "I think your friend took a long walk."
Ernie: "What makes you think so?"
Billy: "He's smoking a certain brand of cigarette."

* * *

Ernie: "Why have you got your socks on wrong?"
Billy: "I danced so much last night my feet got hot, so this morning I turned the hose on 'em."

* * *

Billy: "A friend of mine fell down and broke his jaw the other day."
Ernie: "And I suppose he's been talking broken English ever since."

* * *

Ernie: "Don't you find living over a bowling alley rather noisy?"
Billy: "On the contrary, it's so quiet at times you can hear a pin drop.

Humorous Incidents

LISTENING to broadcasts from your favorite stations, or perhaps chain programs that come to you from distant points, you many times have chuckled over humorous incidents, intentional or accidental.

It's going to pay you to remember these amusing moments.

RADIO DIGEST will pay $5.00 for the first selected incident heard on a Radio program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident, and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed. The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as the part of some program put on the air from some broadcasting station.

It may be something planned as part of the entertainment, a situation pre-arranged by the director, or it may be one of those many little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

Keep your ears open—it will pay you. Send your contributions to the Humor Editor, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. Remember, the time is short, your letter must be received not later than February 15.

Mechanics of Sound Effects

(Continued from page 25)

The strange objects in the hands of Mr. Fasig's assistants were rubber suction cups, you know the kind I mean, such as are used in your home when the sink trap becomes clogged!

NEARLY every orchestra has a musical theme as its air signature. The Cliquot Club Esquimos were the first to add novelty to the signature by introducing the barking of a dog and the ringing of sleighbells. The sleighbells you hear are sleighbells, but the barking dog is (if you will pardon the metaphor), a horse of another color. Did you, in childhood's happy hours, ever make a devil's fiddle out of an old tin can, a button and a piece of string? Rover or Prince, or whatever the Esquimos call their dog, is a devil's fiddle with a hide bottom. From the center of this hide extends a heavy cord tail. When the trap drummer rubs a rosined piece of leather along the tightly pulled tail this dog woof-woof's in high glee! A strange way to pet the beast—but a Radio dog is a most unusual animal.

For several years all sound effects were worked out by the program directors and the trap drummers in the orchestras. About a year ago dramatic presentations began to take the ether in quantities. Sound effects became a necessary part of these programs. The two big chain systems were not long in recognizing the importance of microphonic realism. Both National and Columbia created a department devoting its time and labor to the inventing, developing and handling of sound effects exclusively. Harry Swan is the magician in charge of this department at WABC, the key station for the Columbia system.

Many and varied are the noises requested by dramatic writers and the sensitive microphone is put to severe tests before the desired vibratory response on the audition speaker in the control room brings the welcome nod of approval from the program director.

Several of the effects used in the theatre have lent themselves readily to electric transmission on the air waves. The wind machine, a revolving slatted cylinder over which is draped a piece of heavy canvas, is probably the most important backstage property to find a home in the broadcasting studio. The wailing of the wind, in all its various moods, is produced by turning the cylinder at different speeds. The uncanny whistle, which is caused by the slats rubbing against the canvas, will cause you to grab your hat and decide to take the winter flannels out of the moth balls.

Another stage effect welcomed by the microphone is that of the surf breaking against either sand or rocks. Peas or shot are rolled across a drum head or, if the waves are supposed to lap the shore gently, across a wire window screen.

MANY of you will remember those delightful "Buccaneer" programs put on by Harry C. Brown for Columbia. Just as important as the characters of the pirates who gathered weekly in their rockbound hideout was the sound of the breakers at the entrance of the treasure cave. Speaking of the "Buccaneers" reminds me of the talkative "Polly" in that presentation. This parrot, which so frequently got the captain's goat, was portrayed by no less a celebrity than Redfern Hollinshead, the Radio tenor.

While on the subject of the sea let's take a studio trip aboard a ship.

As we watch the four gentlemen in tuxedos standing at the microphone in the beautifully appointed studio to sing a chantey it is difficult to picture ourselves a guest on a fishing vessel.

The song ends. The effect man brings forward a ship's bell and strikes it twice.

"Two bells, and all is well!" speaks a character near the microphone.

"Two bells, and all is well!" repeats a gentleman twenty feet away—and you have the effect of a man on duty at the far end of the ship.

Dialog which paints a descriptive picture for you now takes place between hardened seamen. Such phrases as "Lazy lubber," "Rouse out, Matey, I smell salt pork frying in the galley," or "Hit the deck, all you swabs" coming from the lips of the white collared thespians seems incongruous to us. But if we close our eyes the sea, the fishermen become real and studio actualities become unreal. The ears have it. But let us open our eyes and see what is going on at the mike.

We are invited to accompany some of the fishermen in a dory. The oarlocks squeal—a violin string is looped tightly over a hollow, well rosined fiber cone which is rotated slowly.

Now we are on the fishing grounds and the net is being put out, this action being described in dialog.

ONE of the men, a greenhorn, falls from the dory into the sea—a small piece of wood is splashed in a basin of water.

There is a confusion of excited voices. The man who went overboard gives a gurgling cry for help—by ducking his lips below the surface of the water in the basin, much to the amusement of the gentlemen in the orchestra.

"There he is—there! Where those bubbles are rising!" The effect man, near the mike, blows gently through a rubber tube the end of which is submerged in a tumbler of water.

One of the fishermen dives into the sea—two pieces of sandpaper caress! It was a perfect dive, for we heard him cut the water without a splash.

The man is rescued—by dialog.

After a musical interlude we find ourselves back on the fishing smack. The net, with its precious load of fish, is being hauled aboard and we hear the ratchet of the winch—the effect man holds a cheap watch near the mike and turns the winding stem backwards!

The hausers and pulley-blocks squeak under the strain—the fiber cone is again rotated, this time with a bass violin string looped over its rosined surface.

Homeward bound. A transoceanic steamship passes. Her deep toned whistle is heard—over in the corner of the studio the effect man blows into a hollow, oblong wooden box! This odd-looking box is about two feet long, with sides four inches by two inches. This piece of property comes from the theatre stage. Its technical name is "the steamboat whistle," and I might add that it comes in all sizes—from tugboats on up to Leviathans.

THE PROGRAM directors and the effect men are working hard to give the Radio listeners realism that cannot be questioned. Sound effects must sound authentic. The other day I saw two men in conference. One was Jimmy Whipple, who writes and directs the "Forty Fathom" programs for Columbia. The other was Harry Swan, the effect man. I listened in on the conversation. It seems that Jimmy is anxious to pull a storm at sea but he refuses to do a half-hearted job. He wants to make it a real honest-to-goodness storm with all the trimmings. He must have the sound of heavy seas pounding and crashing on the deck of his ship. This two man conference was the result of Jimmy's desire for realism. Just where it will lead I do not know. But I'm willing to wager it won't be long now until you are an ear witness to the drama of a storm at sea so faithfully presented it will make you reach for that bottle of seasick remedy.

The "choo-choo" of the railroad locomotive starting a heavy load is another adopted child of the theatre. Wire brushes in the hands of an expert trap drummer are scientifically applied to a kettle-drum. No engineer ever opened a throttle with more telling results to the ear. Train whistles look very much like the property steamboat whistles. Escaping steam or air is an easy sound to pro-

duce. A tank of compressed air is set up in the studio and a valve opening makes it possible to regulate the intensity of the hiss. Freight cars bumping together as a train starts or stops is duplicated in sound by rolling two small solidly built boxes, fitted with metal casters, along a board—bumping the boxes together occasionally.

Any sound with a musical tone in its makeup is produced, whenever possible, from the natural causes. For instance, the clink of a spoon in a glass is just that. Automobile horns and sirens (I can't vouch for the live variety), play their own parts. Animal cries register perfectly but animals are not reliable actors. With few exceptions they are taboo in a studio. The canaries which sing as the spirit moves during a Levatow musical program are always welcomed. But these songsters do not work on cue. Arthur Fasig told me that one of his present assignments was to capture the trumpeting of an elephant. But, believe me, that's all he wants to capture. He doesn't want the elephant.

THERE is a man in New York who is so proficient with larynx, or what have you?—that he sells his voice imitations to broadcasting companies, recording companies and producers of sound pictures. His name is Bradley Barker. If you are a talkie fan you are, without knowing it, familiar with one of Mr. Barker's imitations. Whenever the Metro lion, the screen trademark of the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer organization, opens his mouth the resultant sound which vibrates through the theatre came originally from the throat of this man. He can imitate nearly every animal sound. And, at one time or another, these imitations have been microphoned either for the air or for records.

When the change from movies to talkies took place producers were caught napping. Many silent films, ready for release, were on their shelves. These pictures were sent to the laboratories of recording companies where music and sound effects were synchronized with the action portrayed on the film. Mr. Barker's long experience at the mike in broadcasting studios made his services of real value to the film producer who desired to make his silent film noisy. Mr. Barker, therefore, was sent to the sound laboratories to imitate, microphonically, nearly every conceivable noise. Many of his experiences were decidedly unique.

At one time a film staring Jack Holt was in the process of being synchronized with music and effects. In one sequence Holt was shown cooking over an open fire. The effect man for the recording company tried to imitate the sound of frying eggs by inserting a plumber's soldering iron, when red-hot, in a pail of water. A playback of film and record disclosed the eggs spluttering away merrily in the hot fat. And for a few seconds you could hear them frying, too. But not for long. The iron had refused to hold its heat throughout the length of the scene.

Barker was appealed to. "On that next take you'll have to give us those fried eggs, Brad!"

"That's a quick order," Barker replied and went outside to practice being a fried egg. When the film was released in the theatres throughout the country Jack Holt played the lead but Bradley Barker played the eggs in the frying pan.

JUST the other day a recording company sent for Barker to make the air signature for the manufacturers of Tom Cat Peanuts, whose products will be advertised on the ether by the time this article is published. The air signature, played from a record every time this program is broadcast, is a corking good cat fight—both cats played by the same man! So remember, when you hear the felines in battle, it's not the cats' meow—it's Bradley Barker.

Among some of the odd imitations he has done before the recording mike are the pump in the picture "Submarine," the quarrel of the South Sea Islanders in "White Shadows" and the voice of Emil Jannings in "The Patriot."

Jim Corbett, the ex-heavyweight champion and stage favorite, has been on several Radio programs under my direction. One night the dialog in our studio presentation described the location in which the party was being held as a gymnasium. It was natural to have one of the characters ask Gentleman Jim to try his hand at the punching-bag. We tried out several methods of sound duplication. The best results were obtained in a novel way. One of the actors, his coat drawn tightly across his back, stood close to the mike while the trap drummer, using his fingers only, patted the man's shoulder! For an hour after the broadcast Corbett's friends were calling the studio to tell Jim how much they enjoyed hearing him punch the bag. And Jim never disillusioned them!

Another time I had to create the sound of dice being rolled between the palms of the hand. This effect was used during a program featuring The Two Black Crows. Two pencils with hexagon sides were rolled between the hands. No colored gentleman could have mistaken the invitation!

The jail routine of Moran & Mack called for a prisoner working with a hammer on the rockpile. I tried out the genuine articles and the result on the audition mike was pretty sour. It sounded as much like a hammer on a rock as my singing of an Irish ballad would sound like a rendition of the same ballad by John McCormack. And that's not very close, believe me. But when we substituted a cold chisel for the hammer and (get this) the hammer for the rock the loudspeaker delivered the goods.

THE REAL fun starts when a mystery drama is given the air. The effect man and his assistants are in their glory. The long table, covered with sound "props," gives a studio the appearance of a bargain basement in a department store.

When a window shade suddenly flies up or is drawn down a genuine roller shade attached to a board is manipulated in like manner near the mike. When you hear someone tapping on the window pane someone actually does tap a piece of glass. A telephone bell is a telephone bell. A doorbell is a doorbell. A telegraph instrument is a telegraph instrument. A voice coming from the receiver of a telephone is not a synthetic reproduction. It actually takes place. The speaker stands about twenty-five feet from the microphone and reads his lines into the mouthpiece of a telephone instrument. The person receiving the message at the other end of this short distance connection holds the receiver near the mike. In this way a perfect two way telephone conversation is broadcast. A crash of falling beams or walls is duplicated by standing half a dozen wooden music racks in a row and pushing the first one against the second in line, which causes the others to go down in turn. An elevator door opens—a piece of wire is drawn across the mouthpiece of a harmonica. Paper is crushed in imitation of a small fire. A crackling fire—six or eight drumsticks rolled about in the hands.

Let us assume that our hero and his friend, the detective, have trailed the heavy to an old deserted house. In semi-whispers the dialog of these two actors carries us down the dark hall. We know from this dialog that the man they are after is in a room at the end of the hall, that the door to this room is locked and that our two adventurers are going to break down the door in a surprise attack. When the door is wrecked a hatchet, previously driven into a piece of wood, pries off a good sized splinter; this is followed by the crash of two folding wooden chairs as they are dropped, one on top of the other. The tearing of the wood by the hatchet gives a perfect illusion of a door being ripped apart by the impact of the bodies hurled against it.

"STICK 'em up, Scar Face. We've got you this time!" says the detective. "Come around from behind that table and don't reach for no rod. Come on, show a little life."

"Look out! The lamp!" Shouts our hero. "He's upset the table!"

The table is overturned and the lamp breaks—two heavy pieces of wood and a glass dish (from the five and ten!) are dropped into a box, with disastrous results to the dish.

Shots are fired as revolvers come into play. And here we take leave of the actors to tell you of one of the cleverest of Radio illusions. It is clever because of its simplicity, because of its naturalness and because it protects the delicate

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answers to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. *Who was the "Quaker Girl" and where is she now?*
2. *With what great Radio artist is the song "Memories" especially associated?*
3. *Where was Walter Damrosch born?*
4. *Who was awarded the crown of the World's Most Beautiful Radio Artist at the Radio World's Fair last Fall?*
5. *Has Rudy Vallee ever been married?*
6. *What coloratura soprano whose voice is heard from coast to coast claims a direct descent from Edgar Allan Poe?*
7. *Of what collection, very feminine in character, is Vaughn DeLeath the proud possessor?*
8. *What famous announcer also sings Scottish tunes, recites Scottish poetry, and is Scotch and proud of it?*
9. *What is the name of the girl whom Roxy calls "Radio's Sweetheart?"*
10. *What woman holds the unique distinction of being the only prominent musical comedy and movie star to own her own broadcasting station?*
11. *Who won second place in the contest to pick the World's Most Beautiful Radio Artist at the Radio World's Fair?*
12. *Who is the famous announcer that St. Paul can call her son?*

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transmission equipment. A genuine shot or explosion cannot be recorded with any degree of accuracy. The rush of air causes what is known as a "blasting of the microphone" to take place. Without becoming too technical it might be explained as an overloading of the mechanism which transfers sound vibrations to electric vibrations. A charge of powder, small enough to preserve the equilibrium of the controls, would when exploded make no more noise than a gently spoken "Phut!" And it would sound just as much like a shot as that "Phut" you tried to say just now.

A property cushion, known as a shot pad, when struck with a flat stick becomes Radio's revolver. This cushion is made of a piece of leather, some horsehair padding and a piece of board. The board acts as a backing and holds the padding in place. When the ruler-like stick is applied to the cushion, after the manner of father and son in the woodshed, each sharp blow registers a microphonic revolver shot. For a heavier sounding explosion, say that of a shotgun, a canvas covered shot pad is used.

The snare, the bass and the kettle drums are used in reproducing various explosions. The thunder drum is a specially made instrument. It is a massive affair with a hide covering stretched taut across a heavy frame four feet square. Two soft, fuzzy woolly balls on the end of drumsticks are the implements used in producing the rolls and blasts of thunder from this drum. The thunder and bass drums serve also as the studio cannon.

Listen to that airplane motor! Get that drone? Now, take a look inside a studio where an air-minded program is in progress. An electric motor rests on a high stool. A square block of wood, from the corners of which extend pieces of rawhide four inches long, has taken the place of the fan on this motor. Now watch. The effect man has picked up an oriental drum. He switches on the current and the motor starts. Now he brings the drumhead in contact with the flying ends of the rawhide strips. Wow! What a roar. It's a takeoff. He moves the drumhead away, oh, so very slowly —and the plane disappears in the distant sky. There's a reason for using an oriental drum. This instrument is not only headed with hide but its circular sidewall is also made of hide. When struck it gives off a certain tone vibration which makes it possible to add the drone of the airplane motor to the tattoo of its exhaust.

THE TIME has come when a sound detail, no matter how trivial, receives sincere consideration. One of the dramatic scenes in a Westinghouse program called for the crunching of a pocket compass beneath the heel of a shoe. While the action could have been, and was, reported in dialog the program director wanted his unseen audience to hear it. Mr. Fasig experimented for two days in order to perfect the illusion. In the center of a box of earth he placed a small flat stone, slightly below the level of the dirt. On this stone he placed an empty penny matchbox. The matchbox was crushed beneath a block of wood padded with corduroy. This padded block was then twisted about against the earth. All very simple you may say. But so is any riddle when you know the answer.

Another and more elaborate request handed Mr. Fasig, who seems to be credited with more ingenuity than Mohamet, was that he bring a waterfall to the microphone. And he very nearly filled that order literally. With several tubs of water surrounding the mike and watering pots in action the actors in the dramatic sketch found themselves working in a very natural atmosphere. At least they had to watch their steps as well as their lines lest any one of them suddenly do a water fall on his own account!

Ever try holding a conversation beneath an elevated structure on Sixth Avenue in New York while a train passes overhead? Try and do it. You would hardly think anyone would care to buy that racket. But the Columbia Broadcasting system paid for the capturing of a good, full-grown, healthy elevated train roar. They didn't pay much, it's true. Roller skates are not expensive. Nor did the box platform on which the skates are rotated by hand cost very much. When a Columbia program director decides to make his listeners hear an elevated train he makes them hear it—and how!

And now that the microphone has gone to Hollywood the producers of talkies have adopted the slogan, "Hearing is believing." Here's the inside story of a mike stunt which comes from the West Coast. In The College Coquette one scene shows Jobyna Ralston falling into the opening of an elevator shaft. You do not see the actual fall of the lady but as she disappears you hear her screams die away in the distance. In recording the scream Miss Ralston did not move. She stood on a platform twenty or thirty feet above the studio floor. A microphone, suspended by a long rope from the ceiling some distance away, was held near the actress. When she started her scream the captive mike was released. Like a pendulum is swung down and away from the stationary Miss Ralston. Her scream was recorded during the down swing of the mike. When the scene is thrown on the screen the effect is thrilling for we have audible proof that Miss Ralston did fall down the elevator shaft.

SPEAKING of screams, I am reminded of the night Edith Thayer was playing a part in one of my Radio sketches. The script called for a sudden scream from a character she was portraying as she sees a ladder falling on a man. There was nothing in the dialog to forecast the action and Miss Thayer was afraid she would not be able to make the scream sound natural. But I want to tell you it was about the most genuine scream ever broadcast. Just at the right moment and in just the correct spot Frank Moulan, also taking part in the sketch, kicked the lady!

In that particular instance the scream was sincere to both the actress and her audience—but the cause in each case was quite different. Mike is a trickster who makes the listener live, temporarily, in a world of "let's pretend" where hearing is believing.

Sound effects are not the only things a Radio audience hears and believes. Sometimes an etherized statement, while absolutely true, is accepted so literally that a humorous aftermath results.

When Graham McNamee was in Pittsburgh broadcasting "blow-by-blow" (check me if I'm wrong) description of a world series game he happened to remark that the smoky city came by its nickname honestly enough. "I am wearing the last clean collar I have with me. If this game lasts much longer I'll never be able to buy a new one to wear this evening. The stores will all be closed." When he returned to his hotel he found several packages of collars—all shapes —and all sizes!

During a Soconyland Sketch Arthur Allen, one of the actors, was introduced to the air audience by the announcer who remarked, "Mr. Allen's hobby is collecting antique clocks." The statement was true. Clock owners, in all parts of the country, wrote Mr. Allen about their possessions. He was swamped with letters. Most of the writers offered to forward their ancient timepieces on approval! Needless to say Mr. Allen did a lot of hurried correspondence in an effort to ward off the influx of clocks.

OCCASIONALLY the shoe is on the other foot. Realism is all right in its place but when it slips out over the air at an inopportune time it can be much more startling to the artist in the studio than it is to the listeners outside. The other morning Mrs. Julian Heath, the pure food expert, was at the microphone just ready to broadcast. She had been introduced and was about to speak when a terrific blast from a cornet filled the studio. Mrs. Heath turned in startled amazement to discover a musician, who had entered quietly from an adjoining studio, deftly running the scales on his instrument. The man had not seen Mrs. Heath and had taken it for granted that the studio was empty. Believing it a good place in which to test out his lip before joining his orchestra for a morning rehearsal he tooted a toot or two. Shooing the much perturbed gentleman away Mrs. Heath returned to the microphone and explained the situation to her air audience. At the time I am sure the listeners enjoyed the joke much more than did the surprised lady. It was all too real to have been mistaken for a musical signature—and too, Mrs. Heath does not double in brass.

Frank Moulan, acting as toastmaster one night, told the Radio listeners that he had broken his gavel. Several of these little wooden hammers came to him in the mail. In one of the "Main Street Sketches" produced at WOR the little imaginary pig belonging to one of the imaginary characters was credited with having died an imaginary death. A little live squealer came by express two days later—addressed to the imaginary character!

It's a great game—this disbursing of air entertainment. The rabbits and the doves and the flowers and the flags really didn't come from the hat of the stage magician but "seeing was believing." And now that Radio has brought its bag of tricks into the amusement field we find, even though we no longer believe in Santa Claus, that "hearing is believing."

It's a marvelous game—this game of "let's pretend."

New Laws for Old

RUPERT HUGHES has dipped into his vast store of historic background and given readers of Radio Digest a great classic in this story of "The Great Migration." When the Prairie Schooners carried that great army westward, new conditions were met and new laws made to meet these conditions. In April, Rupert Hughes tells how one man made happiness for himself and his beloved.



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PABST BLUE RIBBON

WENR Still Leads Popular Station Race

(Continued from page 4)

FRIENDS of Station WENR have been the most persistent to date in the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station contest. Week after week they have consistently sent in their ballots and kept their favorite station in the lead by a slight margin. Now and again another station will sweep into prominence, only to have its total vote cast into oblivion by still another contender.

Judging from the number of ballots received in every mail, this Gold Cup award is going to be the most hotly contested race ever sponsored by Radio Digest.

Among the outstanding contenders for the Most Popular Station award, besides WENR, are WDAF, WCOA, WAPI, KGA, KFNF, KWKH, KFOX, WSM, WLS, WLW, WJAS, WBBZ, WWNC, KFI and WNAX, with KMOX, KHJ, WTAM and KDKA, together with a number of others, close behind.

If you haven't voted or your favorite broadcasting station yet turn to page 4, clip and fill in the coupon and send it to the Popular Station Editor today. Remember, this contest closes at midnight March 20.

Standing of the stations to date:

East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	2987
WBZA	Boston	1864
WPG	Atlantic City	2714
WABC	New York City	2680
WCAU	Philadelphia	2006
WEAF	New York City	2514
WGR	Buffalo	2134
WHAM	Rochester	2469
WOR	Newark	1937
WRC	Washington, D. C.	1539
WTIC	Hartford	2080
WJSV	Washington, D. C.	1638
WBAL	Baltimore	1543
WEEI	Boston	928
WBRL	Tilton, N. H.	843
WGY	Schenectady	2814
WJAS	Pittsburgh	6076
WJZ	New York City	2318
WFBL	Syracuse	1520
WMAK	Buffalo	1584
WNAC	Boston	1485

South	City	Votes
WCOA	Pensacola	5048
WFLA	Clearwater	1960
WHAS	Louisville	1438
WSMB	New Orleans	2016
WWNC	Asheville	6024
WSM	Nashville	4865
KWKH	Shreveport	6410
WSB	Atlanta	4090
WJBO	New Orleans	1394
WDOD	Chattanooga	1410
WMC	Memphis	2102
WREC	Memphis	2740
WCOC	Columbus	1474
WRVA	Richmond	1739
WDBJ	Roanoke	1320
WLAC	Nashville	1544
WLAP	Louisville	1425
WBT	Charlotte	1180
WTAR	Norfolk	1817
WAPI	Birmingham	6708
WPTF	Raleigh	1260
WJAX	Jacksonville	2364
WBRC	Birmingham	3425

Middle West	City	Votes
WTAM	Cleveland	3624
KMA	Shenandoah	1411
WCCO	Minneapolis	2104
WCBD	Zion	1140
WAIU	Columbus	1772
WCAH	Columbus	1586
WJAY	Cleveland	1379
KMOX	St. Louis	3021
KSTP	St. Paul	2947
KYW	Chicago	2675
WBBM	Chicago	2238
WFBM	Indianapolis	1642
WGN	Chicago	1784
WJJD	Chicago	1980
WJR	Detroit	1644
WHK	Cleveland	1936
WLS	Chicago	7280
WMAQ	Chicago	2897
WTMJ	Milwaukee	1902
WOWO	Fort Wayne	1524
WHO	Des Moines	1489
KOIL	Council Bluffs	2745
KFKB	Milford	2234
WOS	Jefferson City	1683
KFEQ	St. Joseph	1760
WENR	Chicago	7540
WWJ	Detroit	2324

Middle West	City	Votes
KFNF	Shenandoah	5289
WOC	Davenport	1775
KWK	St. Louis	1325
KSO	Clarinda	1011
WDAF	Kansas City	6470
WCAZ	Carthage	990
WLW	Cincinnati	5405

West	City	Votes
KOA	Denver	2039
WBAP	Fort Worth	2240
KVOO	Tulsa	1858
KSOO	Sioux Falls	1402
KGCU	Mandan	1606
WOAI	San Antonio	1378
WFAA	Dallas	1762
KFAB	Lincoln	694
WOW	Omaha	2174
KOB	State College, N. M.	1120
WNAX	Yankton	4210
WIBW	Topeka	1576
KMMJ	Clay Center	1040
KPRC	Houston	1804
KFYR	Bismarck	995
KFKB	Milford	2345
KGIR	Butte	1789
WBBZ	Ponca City	4941
KRLD	Dallas	1368
KTHS	Hot Springs	1360
KTSM	El Paso	1214
KFH	Wichita	1525

Far West	City	Votes
KDYL	Salt Lake City	1798
KSL	Salt Lake City	1611
KFI	Los Angeles	5888
KJR	Seattle	2260
KOMO	Seattle	2164
KGA	Spokane	5901
KIDO	Boisie	1521
KGW	Portland	2302
KOIN	Portland	2620
KFWB	Hollywood	2412
KGO	Oakland	2346
KPO	San Francisco	2921
KFOX	Long Beach	6144
KFRC	San Francisco	1424
KFJI	Astoria	1298
KHJ	Los Angeles	4068
KFWM	Oakland	1380

Canada	City	Votes
CFAC	Calgary	1509
CFCA	Toronto	1680
CFQC	Saskatoon	2210
CHCS	Hamilton	1346
CKGW	Toronto	1417
CHWC	Regina	1125
CJCA	Edmonton	1216
CJCJ	Calgary	1776
CJRM	Moose Jaw	1018
CKAC	Montreal	1602
CKUA	Edmonton	1064
CNRM	Montreal	1471
CNRV	Vancouver	1286
CKCK	Regina	923
CKCL	Toronto	960
CJGC	London	1272
CFRB	Lawrence	765
WREN	Toronto	1080

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 51)

this—just because we all thought it was smart and a thrill and all that bunk. I—I—"

"Well, that's mighty handsome of you to say it, Ev," interrupted Judy Hancock, her eyes sparkling and her fine young face animated. "But it seems to me I went into this when I ought to have known better. I haven't anyone else but myself to blame. No one made me do it, as I told Mr. Kennedy. I don't blame you, no matter what anyone else may say or think. It was strictly up to me and I could have—"

I was watching the faces of both Judy and Barr with a great deal of interest and did not see Kennedy raise his hand for silence as he grabbed the receiving paraphernalia of the Radio.

We waited breathlessly, as Kennedy consulted his watch several times in the interchange over the air.

Finally he turned to us.

"They got Ryder Smith off. They were glad to give him up. One less to divide with, I suppose. They're bringing him ashore and I'll have him by six o'clock. Meanwhile he has made a part of his statement—and it will enable me to tie up the one loose end there is left in my case!"

Chapter XVII.

TIEING LOOSE ENDS

"TIE a loose end?" repeated McNaught. "And that is—?" He paused in the question.

"Possession," answered Kennedy. "Most cases fall down on that. Possession of the poison. It's all very well to prove that a person has been poisoned, to prove that there was a motive and an opportunity and all that for another person to poison them. But prove that that person actually had the poison in question with which to do it. Many an otherwise perfect case has broken down on that."

"Well, seeing that I don't know what the poison was nor who the person was, I must say I am as much in the dark, Kennedy, now as I was when I looked through the port of the Gigolo and saw that beautiful girl in the cabin, alone, dead." McNaught looked around at me reproachfully as if I had been holding back something from him.

"I can assure you, McNaught," I hastened to alibi myself, "I am in pretty much the same position myself."

Kennedy smiled. "In fact I think Dr. Gibson, the coroner, knew no more about it than either of you." He paused, looking around keenly at them all. "Of course," he resumed, "I am going to leave you all in the custody of McNaught and his men until six o'clock when they assure me they will have landed Captain Ryder Smith and turned him over to me. That being the case, I can see no harm that will come of revealing at least some part of what this missing link of possession of the poison may be. . . . Who is 'the Turk?' Donato—no, perhaps you, Merck, can answer best. Taxi drivers know everyone. Who is 'the Turk'?"

"The Turk?" repeated Jake, then hesitated.

"Go on, Jake, you tell 'em," urged Don with a sort of fiendish glee. "I had to tell about Ryder Smith. Now you tell!"

"Come across, Merck. Who is the Turk? I will find out—but you might save me a half hour or perhaps an hour."

It was not so much that Jake did not want to tell as it was that he revolted against having to tell. It was the instinct of the gunman and racketeer who would rather die than reveal even who it was who shot him.

I could well imagine what was going on in Merck's mind. He would never have breathed a syllable any more than Don the Dude would have done about Ryder Smith had the Turk been a member of his gang.

"Come across," repeated Kennedy. "There's nothing you can gain by shielding him—much you can lose."

Merck scowled. "O' course you're

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THE ROAD OF TRAVEL LUXURY

right. He ain't even in the city—much less in the gang. You know the little fruit store on East Main Street?"

"What—Greco's?"

"Yes. We all call him the Turk. He's swarthy and looks like one, anyhow. That's the fellow."

KENNEDY nodded. "I gathered as much from what Ryder Smith just told me. Runs a speakeasy back of the fruit store, eh?"

Merck nodded.

Kennedy was considering something. "I suppose he has to know you pretty well if you are going to get in."

"Oh, yes. No strangers get in there. He just grins and doesn't know a thing when you talk about wine."

"But you know him."

"Certainly."

"I thought as much. The surest way to find a drink is always to get in the good graces of a taxi driver. Naturally, they know them all. Well, McNaught, Merck, is one you will have to release to me for a little while, after I have committed him to your care. I will be responsible. Come on, Jake. Walter and I haven't become so well known here yet that we mightn't be a couple of good thirsty fares for whom you can vouch."

"Yeah," pulled back Merck. "But what am I gettin't out o' this? Maybe a knife in my back some dark night, later?"

Kennedy shook his head reassuringly. "No; there's nothing the Turk has done that incriminates him. He was an innocent tool in the affair." Merck was at last bestirring himself. Kennedy leaned over and whispered something to McNaught. "It just means you'll have to be doubly careful with them all, Mac. Keep your eye on them, every one. There's enough authority for holding them—material witnesses, and all that."

"Oke!" agreed McNaught. "I don't know what you expect to get but I hope you get it."

Outside we departed in one of the cars and as we came into the town Kennedy signed to Jake to stop and park the car around the corner on Main Street. "We'll walk there. Then he won't see you're not driving a taxi. Pin your taxi badge on your coat. There. Now, Walter, just a little bit exhilarated—as if we had to have more!"

"Hello, you big Turkey!" greeted Merck as we came to the fruit stall around the corner. "I got a couple of good spenders—all the way out from the city. The sky's the limit. O. K., Turk. I know 'em for years." He turned and introduced us.

The fruit vender sized us up carefully. We certainly did not look like cellar smellers or even secret agents. His scrutiny seemed to satisfy him. He paused in the back of the shop for a couple of muttered remarks to pass between him and Merck, then unlocked what looked like a closet door but was really a cellar door. We followed him down, not into a cellar exactly but into a basement, almost on the level with a yard in back of the store, due to the slope of the land.

HERE was as complete a bar as I had ever seen, brass rail and everything, even to the mirror back of the bar with a landscape painted on it with soap and Epsom salts.

We had a drink, and another. The Turk proved to be not a bad sort of boniface. He bought and treated on the house. We began to get chummy, so much so that Kennedy was emboldened to rally him on his nickname and his looks.

"My mother, she was a Turk," he confided. "You know my father was in the army." He was off to a proud recital of the family's military prowess.

A nudge from Kennedy once when the Turk was away back of his bar and I gathered that Merck and I were on any pretext to become so chummy that we left Craig and the Turk to themselves.

There was nothing to do but to overcome my curiosity and give Kennedy his chance, for he was getting along famously apparently with the fruit vender.

Merck and I started to roll the bones, much to my discomfort, for I found he shot them very much too well for me and I was fighting off the danger of being cleaned by him into the bargain.

"White grapes—and you were to put them in a basket," I caught wafted over from Kennedy once in a lull in the game.

I knew he was getting somewhere. These must be the grapes we had discovered on the table before Lola in the cabin of the "Gigolo," half eaten, seeds and all.

We resumed our rolling the bones. But that made it twice as difficult as before for me. For not only was I feeling the potency of the Turk's liquid refreshment, but I was consumed with curiosity to catch some next fleeting remark from Kennedy.

"Now, tell me about the Turks—you've been in the Levant of course?"

"Oh, yes. Now I tella you. . . ."

THE next interchange was lost to me. Kennedy and the Turk were becoming more and more confidential.

"I'll make you a little side bet, Jameson, that I——"

"Shut up!" I ground out between my teeth. "You're taking my money fast enough without any side bets—while I'm trying to get an earful of this. Now, shut up—and shoot!"

". . . sure, Mister, and everything looks yellow to them . . . sure . . . turn green. . . . I have seen them with my own eyes. . . ."

"Don't snap your fingers, so, Jake. You can buy baby a new pair of shoes without making all that noise over it. Come to papa! There, now match that! Only don't wag that infernal tongue of yours so loud when you do it!"

". . . over there last year. I brought some back . . . just curiosity . . . all of it yet except that little bit I told you about. . . . I don't care if I do . . . if you pay me. . . ."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Turk go back of the bar and bend down. I rose to light a cigarette. He was on his knees twirling the combination of a country safe. I did not dare look longer, but as I resumed the crap game I saw him return to Kennedy with a little paper of something, hand it to Kennedy who in turn passed over a crisp Treasury note, regarded the white paper in his hand as he unfolded it, looked in at something, then folded it again.

". . . three of them . . . that one . . . the one you have . . . and I have the other in the safe. . . . Oh, I collect strange things wherever I go abroad. In Syria . . . a little silken cord . . . you know that was an idea they brought back during the Crusades and in Spain they made what they call yet the Garrote Chair. . . . I could go on all day about the strange customs of the East. . . . Have another, gentlemans?"

Kennedy agreed. But I understood now why he was watching us all so closely but covertly. A good part of what was supposed to have slipped down his throat had slipped surreptitiously into the spittoon under the table. It is one very successful way of keeping your head when the drinks are coming fast. And Craig was only at the beginning of a big job.

He glanced at his watch. "Oh, by Godfrey, Merck! Look at the time! And I had an appointment at six. If I'm paying you to drive me I'm paying you to think for me, too! So long, Tony! I'm coming out to see you again. I like to talk to you. I learn so much!"

Chapter XVIII.

THE GREEN DEATH

"THEM double-crossin' devils!" Bitterly and distinctly, even if he was muttering, Captain Ryder Smith ground out the words, the first he uttered as he saw us driving up the steamboat dock to which the "Geronimo" had tied up only a few minutes before we appeared driven with taxicab recklessness by Merck.

"What double-crossing devils?" I demanded.

"Just a moment, Walter. Now, Captain, not a word until we get over to the Hancock bungalow. I have them all there, with McNaught, all but Merck, of course."

"And did you get what I told 'em to send yer over the air?"

"I did. That's what made me a little late. Having too good a time with the Turk." Kennedy took the little white paper packet from his breast pocket, then replaced it carefully, patting his pocket. "I could have proved it by my own autopsy, of course. I knew what to look for. You knew where. This makes it perfectly open and shut."

Merck was burning up the road. Now and then his lips moved. I could not catch a word. But I knew that he, too, had a hate in his heart and was perfectly willing to pay off an old score.

"This road would break a snake's back!" I gritted as I clung to the seat as Jake took the curves between the Port and St. James.

It seemed merely a matter of seconds before we were let into the big living room of the Hancock bungalow.

"There, Mr. Kennedy, it happened just as I told you it was going to happen! Dad did come in!" Reproachfully Judy greeted us, and behind her Mr. Hancock, while over in the corner a very crestfallen Eversley Barr was slumped in a big chair and a much subdued group of amateur and professional rum-smugglers were draped nervously about the room.

"Them double-crossin'——"

Kennedy swung about and forcibly interposed his weight between Ryder Smith and those in the room.

"Now, not a word, Smith, until I ask you to speak, not a word! You know, you are a partner in the crime, in one sense. The rum-running case against you is perfect. And here's McNaught. Please, just a minute."

Ryder Smith subsided, muttering under his breath.

"What was it killed her, Kennedy?" insisted Hancock. "Coke?"

"Hardly," replied Craig. "Cocaine would hardly account for the strange effect that the drug had on her."

No one betrayed even by a look knowledge of what Kennedy was driving at, although I knew that someone must know. All were looking keenly at him now.

"IT WAS a queer poison from the Levant," he said suddenly. "It was a poison that a speakeasy proprietor brought over on his last vacation abroad. It was santonin, which has the strange effect of making the victim literally see yellow and green—and finally turning the victim himself yellow, then green!"

"But I was talking to Dr. Gibson," put in Hancock. "He told me he could find no trace of any poison in the stomach contents!"

"Perhaps not. Nor in any scratch or wound. But Dr. Gibson failed to remem-

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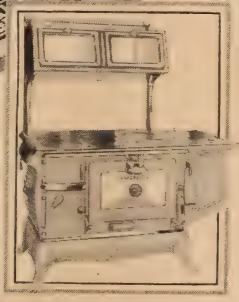
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ber something that should have been obvious to him as a physician. If he were treating intestinal disease there is one kind of capsule he would use, a coating that is not dissolved by the acids of the stomach juices but which is dissolved only by the digestive fluids of the intestine. He fell into an obvious trap!"

His little audience seemed literally to gasp as Kennedy proceeded with the elucidation so simply of what had been insoluble. He drew the little white paper packet from his pocket and balanced it carefully between his finger and thumb.

"There I have one of three packets of this strange poison, santonin, brought back by a certain person from the Near East. One packet he still has in his safe. The third he sold to the murderers of Lola Langhorne! Carefully, that poison was placed in the seeds of a bunch of white grapes, purchased from this same person by these same murderers. I am prepared to show the poison in some of the seeds that were eaten and found in her intestines with the coating over the seeds still undissolved by the intestinal juices. I am prepared to show the poison in the seeds that had been carefully extracted from some of the still uneaten grapes and replaced, coated with the same intestinal capsule coating. It is a perfect case—all but the possession of the poison with which to perpetrate the murder. And within the last hour I have been with the one person in the world who unwittingly sold both the poison and the grapes to parties on whom now I am able absolutely to prove possession—the one rock upon which so many poisoning cases have been wrecked. This case will not be wrecked on that rock!"

"Them double-crossin'——"

Kennedy swung about again quickly and Ryder Smith cut the words short.

"Beg yer pardon, sir, I wasn't meanin' any offense!"

"It's all right, Cap'n," smiled Kennedy. "I know that, I know also that you are eager to clear yourself of the murder, whatever else may be hung on you. Go ahead! Now is your time. Tell it!"

"THEM double-crossin' devils!" The old sea-dog drew himself up to his full height. The withering scorn of his voice was as nothing to the withering scorn of his eyes. Whatever he might have done in his life he had the scorn of the sea for a traitor.

"Mis' Lola—she found 'em out!"

It was like a burst of a searchlight through the darkness as one sails a boat or of the headlights of a car as one rounds a curve in the blackness. Here was the hidden motive for the murder of the beautiful girl as plain and simple as daylight.

"What double-crossing devils?" demanded McNaught leaning forward eagerly as if he had suddenly half outguessed the old seaman.

Captain Ryder Smith drew back, uncertain whether not to include McNaught himself in the contempt he felt.

"Them revenooers!" he boomed viciously. "That there Warner David and the gal, Jean Bartow! You ought to know who I mean! They was goin' to get the lion's share of that cargo for theirselves before it was over. They took me and Jake Merck and his gal, Maisie, in, they did. But I switched and I switched quick when I seen they done that murder on that Lola Langhorne, I did,—just because she got on to them and they knowed their game of double-crossin' was up if she lived to get to shore. They double crossed Ev Barr, they double-crossed all the rest of us, they double-crossed the Government that was payin' 'em—and I just beat it out to Rum Row where it was safe, I did, until I heard how things really was from Mr. Kennedy. Then I was perfectly willin' to come back an' tell what I knew."

"Tell them how it was done, Captain," prompted Craig.

"How it was done?" he repeated. "Easy enough! You've told 'em more'n I could tell about the poison. I didn't know nothin' 'bout that, 'cept that there was a poison of some kind and it was given in some way and I knowed they hung out with the Turk and you might get a line on it that way."

"Yes; but I mean what you saw. Your direct evidence."

"WELL, it was like this. You know Mr. Barr places me in charge of the Gigolo with Mis' Lola, bringing in as much stuff as we could carry each trip from the All Alone. This Davis and the Bartow woman was in the dory doin' the same thing. They was comin' back from shore empty and passed me with Mis' Lola comin' in with a load. They musta been lookin' for us in the Sound, for they signaled and I slowed up and they got aboard.

"Now, Mis' Lola was always eatin' grapes, white grapes mostly. She loved 'em. We all knowed that. And she was in the cabin havin' her lunch, which was mostly grapes, as usual. They has a little basket of grapes. I don't know what they done. Maybe they switched the grapes. Maybe they just give 'em to her. I wasn't there.

"But, by and by, I hears loud voices in the cabin. So I slows down again and goes aft to it. I couldn't help hearin'. She was accusin' them of bein' what they was—double-crossers. Some friend o' hers had put her wise and she was just waitin' to face 'em out when she saw 'em. They musta knowed it. She was nervous and eatin' grapes kinda rapid and they was all talkin' at once.

"Alla sudden I hears her say, 'And you *look* yellow to me——' and she stops, kinda startled like. Then she catches sight of me. 'Cap'n,' she says and her voice was funny, 'there's somethin' wrong with me—get me to shore—and to a doctor—things are turnin' green!' I looked and her face was green. Before I knowed what to say, this Davis had a gun poked at me. I ducked just as he fired and, bulieve me, I didn't waste no time goin' overboard, I can tell ye! Some gal, that Mis' Lola. None o' the rest of yer knowed it. But she's wise.

"They fired at me a couple of times in the water, but they didn't get me. When I dropped overboard I was swimmin' around and I cut a tender loose. But I didn't dare get in it. They was still lookin' and firin'. Then they seen somethin' and they got off in the dory right smart. I was swimmin' toward the little tender when I see what it was they seen. It was the revenoo boat. I don't know why the revenoo boat don't see me, but they don't. They was lookin' for the Gigolo so hard, I guess. I made the little skiff and there I was tossin' about until a huckster goin' out to the Rum Fleet seen me, and picked me up. They musta set the Gigolo headed for shore when they got back in the dory and started out to the All Alone for an alibi. Anyhow, I didn't want to go ashore and this huckster took me out to the boat where he was goin', the Owlet, and I stayed there. I figured it was safer till this blowed over, or somethin'. I lets Don and Jake know where I was and to tell Deitz the fake revenooers ain't in it no more if they tries to shake him down."

Slowly, as Captain Ryder Smith told it, with some show of pride and virtuosity at what he wouldn't stand for, I saw it, the double-crossing planned by Warner Davis and Jean Bartow and discovered by Lola. They had removed her, as they thought, with no suspicion on themselves. It was they that had done the informing on Ev Barr, to appear on the job while plotting to get the stuff for themselves. It was they on their last trip that planted the case in Judy's car and tipped off the officers to get her.

The relief of Judy and Ev Barr was overwhelming as the two thoroughly frightened young people now stood beside Kennedy, begging him to intercede with old Mr. Hancock for them.

"And, Dad, I promise, we'll settle down after the honeymoon——"

McNaught was a tableau to watch. He stood, arms akimbo, one clenched fist on each hip, legs wide apart, as he faced the cowering Davis and Jean Bartow.

"I'll—be—damned!" he bellowed at the top of his voice. "Who's going to reform the reformers!"

New Laws for Old

(Continued from 43)

"Shut up, damn you! what are you gittin' at?"

He shivered and a pain went through his loins. He hoped it was fear, but he was afraid it was something worse.

In a dumb longing either for companionship in terror or in the grave, he took Alice's hand in his and would not let it go.

She felt that she was doomed as well as he, and that their fate was ghastily prefigured in the wriggling of the repulsive victims they passed. She wanted to do something kind for somebody before she died, but she was ignorant of what to do. She longed to go among the perishing as a sister of charity but she did not know how to help them.

In the earlier stages of their journey she had tried to comfort the blind Mr. Cheevers, by describing the comedy and the beauty they passed. She had wept with sympathy for him for what he could not see. And now she envied him his blindness.

Alice had left Illinois with the thought only of wealth and travel. Her book of love, she supposed, had closed with her marriage. It had been a dull book and promised to be monotonous to the end, but she was prepared to plod to the finish with dogged fidelity.

The flare of gold in the West had opened a new promise, but the way of it had been so long and doleful that it could never repay its cost. She had heard it said that humanity always puts into its mines more than it takes out; and she had proved it, for no splendor could efface the memory of this squalor.

Fag and fright counselled her that she would never even find a nugget of gold. She was sure that her weary body would end its pilgrimage in a roadside pit for scavenger animals to mine with their paws. She was so weary that she sighed:

"The wolves are welcome to my poor body. I'm tired of it."

She was persuaded that Tom would leave her there in a muddy ditch and go on to riches to be spent on other women. She was not jealous of them.

Or perhaps they would both perish and passersby would look at their twin headboards and think sweetly of their devotion. This made her smile with acridity.

Or Tom might die and leave her a widow; and this would be no better. She had no heart for freedom; her heart was too tired to crave any more of the weary disappointments of love. Yet single blessedness in this rough world offered no rewards, either.

AS THE sun was nearing the peak of the cloud-webbed sky, Tom Gammell began to cry aloud in pain. His brothers peered round the hoods of their wagons and made ready to take their last look of him. But they were also

"Unaccustomed as I am—



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

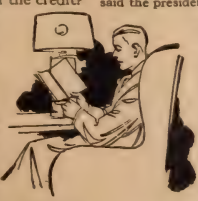
"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"



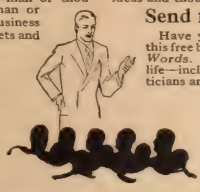
"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this.-Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words,* which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"



He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.



Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words.*

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smitten with mortal pangs. Children and women began to scream and twist.

Alice caught the lines from Tom's twitching hands and turned the wagon off into a swale. It was damp but sheltered with dripping branches. The other wagons of their train withdrew from the staring multitude and came to a mournful halt. Those who drove the cattle beat them away from the road and checked them in a huddle.

From the wagons men and women and children tumbled or were helped. Some were in throes of hateful anguish and their bodies were broken vessels of wretchedness seeking relief in blundering shameless haste.

They bobbed and doubled up and made a Punch and Judy show of puppets jerked about on unseen strings by a ruthless hand.

Tom Gammell was the most afraid. He was a giant in a schoolgirl frenzy of terror. He started at Alice with glazing eyes imploring help that she could not imagine how to render. Blind Mr. Cheevers kept clutching and whimpering. "What's the matter? What ails everybody? Where are we at? Why're we stoppin' here?"

The epileptic Molly tried to answer him and began to bark like a dog and flop like a chicken with its neck wrung off.

As if a fulfillment of prophecy, Tom Gammell began putting out his hands to the dusty wagon trains, huskily calling for help—a doctor—water—help—in Gawd's name.

And the drivers slashed their horses or prodded their oxen. One young matron on a wagon's front seat started to get down, but her husband yanked her back with an oath.

Few of the throng paused for a word, and they only called to the survivors, "Hurry on!" "Leave the dying to the dead or you'll go next." "Save yourselves." "Don't stop to bury the dead; for nobody will bury you!"

Alice stood in a coma of ignorance wishing she could think of something to do.

One old one-legged man hobbling by on a mended crutch and urging on a sick cow, paused to shout:

"They was a man in our camp last night that folks said was a doctor. I seen him ride on ahead. He's a big feller on a tall mule—name o' Birney or suthin' like that."

Alice stared down at Tom where he wound and unwound himself in the torment of a snake with a smashed head. Suddenly she unhitched one of the horses from the wagon, and climbing aboard him with difficulty, set off to find that doctor. She was no horsewoman. She had no riding skirts. The horse was no saddle-horse and had no saddle.

And the ground outside the highway was no bridle path. But she stuck to the rough-gaited nag somehow in pain and in shame for her unwomanly appearance a-straddle a big horse harnessed for a wagon.

FOR an hour the horse alternated from trot to gallop to rack with an occasional effort to buck and bolt. But its spirit was cowed with long servitude, and it could not shake off even so unschooled a parasite.

After two hours of search, Alice came upon a group of men drawn aside for a noon snack. One of them was mounting a mule when she hailed him and asked if he were a doctor.

He swept off his hat and said:

"A poor one, madam, but such as I am I'm at your service."

She explained the massacre of her little community, and he turned back. He offered her his mule or his saddle but she declined. She sat sidewise on the way back, and told Dr. Birney many things about her husband and herself. But he told her nothing about himself except his reason for being here.

"It wasn't the gold fever that got me so much as a mania to get away from where I was. I studied medicine and built up consid'able of practice back East in Ohio, but a doctor has a mis'able life. All day and all night you're called to see ailing women with imaginary troubles or troubles you can't cure; sick babies that hadn't ought to 'a' been born, but it hurts to lose; broken and misfit folks. You don't know what's the matter with 'em, or you do. And it don't make much difference. Most of 'em would get well anyway if you let 'em alone and lots of 'em are bound to die no matter what you do. And nearly ever'body hates to die—leastways up to the last moment. And then they're too weak to care.

"Well, I felt so humiliated all the time and so useless, I vowed I'd light out and never let on I was a doctor. I brought along my surgical instruments and a medicine case just from force of habit, I guess. And Gawdamighty but it was grand not to be wakened out of sleep



with a call to go and watch a baby die. You can't imagine how nice it was to be called 'Mister' instead of 'Doctor' or better yet, plain Dave or Birney.

"I was just sayin' to myself that I didn't care if I never saw a streak of gold. My freedom was worth the trip. And then me and my mule rode into the cholera, and I haven't had much rest since. I had a touch of it myself but I took it in time and nobody suspicioned it.

"Now, though—well, it's a good thing I bought a mule instead of a hoss, for I'd 'a' rode a dozen hosses to death. I started out to keep a diary, but at night I'm usually too beat out to write in it more'n a line or two."

She had an idea that he was chattering away to keep her mind from her own woes, and she was grateful to him. She felt that under his self-depreciating homeliness of manner there was great wisdom, great strength.

But neither strength nor wisdom availed him much when he reached the little pest-house by the roadside and joined battle with the unseen squad that had selected this group for its malices.

Tom's brother Jake was already dead and Tom was insane with fright. He outbabbled the sick women and children and besought the doctor to give his whole skill to him. Alice despised him for a while, then pitied him, and when he died, wept for him with a double sorrow for his fate and the poverty of courage for which he was not to blame.

He made a poor contrast to Mrs. Cheevers' old mother, Mrs. Broshears, who let go her feeble clutch on life with a simple plea to the doctor:

"Never mind me. I'm gone a'ready. But look after my daughter with the blind husband and my stepson and the pore little uns. Don't waste no time on me, I tell ye. But don't desert the young uns. And good-bye, all!"

FROM morn to sunset and on through moonrise to midnight and on till the sun came up with the slow stupidity of an ox, Doctor Birney toiled without rest or sleep.

He made the others take what rest they could and while they drowsed or died, he drove a spade into the earth, stretched out in their last beds those who had finished their wanderings, and spread over them their final coverlets of earth.

Seven graves he finished and rolled heavy stones over them for a hillside against the wolves.

At half past four Alice heard some one gallop up and call for the doctor. She looked out from her wagon and saw him mopping the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand as he laid down the shovel.

She slipped to the ground and caught him before he flung his long leg across the back of his mule.

"They're all restin' easy now," he whispered. "Some of 'em easier than others. You'd best get some sleep and don't try to start too early tomorrow. Easy is what does it."

She hated to ask him his fee for his priceless labor, but she hated more to take it as a charity. She stammered a timid "How much do I owe you that I can pay you?"

"Oh, that's all right. I'm not doctorin' now as a business."

"But please!"

He understood that, unlike some of his patients, she would feel the obligation less than the payment and he said:

"Well, I guess about eight dollars and six bits would be about right—if you don't think it's too much. It ain't every doctor that would bury as many patients for the price."

She counted him out the money and he rode away, with his new customer. Later, he began to wonder how Alice would manage. He had learned the family history pretty thoroughly in the course of his prolonged visit, and it came over him that she would have no one to care for her or even to drive her wagon.

He was too busy riding back and forth along the line to give her more than intermittent thought, but she kept recapturing his heart. And at last he went far back to where her shattered camp still lingered.

WILL the doctor come back? Will they find gold, or will they find another kind of happiness? What was the doctor's story? The concluding episode of this typical Rupert Hughes life drama will be found in the APRIL number of Radio Digest.

Susan Goes Shopping

(Continued from page 55)

about its simplicity that fits in with any sort of costume at any time or in any place. I went into a shop yesterday intending to see some of the 'operas,' but I had no idea there could be so many variations of this graceful shoe.

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I had always thought of an opera pump as being shorn of adornment or with the addition of cut-steel buckles for occasions demanding less severity.

"The first deviation from my idea of an 'opera' was a combination of brown kid and fox-skin—a new type of leather that is altogether charming. The Louis heel of this step-in pump is of brown kid, as is the vamp and it carries a little buckle of its own, made up of the two leathers. This same model comes in a combination of patent leather and gray snakeskin that is equally smart for evening wear in black crepe with the little buckle arrangement in black crepe and silver kid.

"Three models which have the modernistic trend are the very last word in opera pumps. Can you picture a velvety brown or black suede with a little dash of lizard on one side of the vamp leading up to a cross-piece that comes from nowhere and just stops there? It is so dashing! Then there was another with a patent leather vamp, a heel of gunmetal kid and black suede quarter that had a brief motif on the outside of lizard and kid which swung around gracefully to pipe the instep of the shoe. An unusual version had a quarter and heel of gunmetal kid with a vamp that combined gray lizard and black kidskin in a sort of chain-lightning effect which seemed to have been stopped in its course only by a tiny loop at the instep in which it wound itself quite daintily.

"You will be enchanted with a black crepe model carrying a tiny bow of black kid and silver at the end of a delicate silver kid piping that starts at the tip of the toe and continues to the instep —just below the bow effect nestle four little dashes of cut steel beads.

"For wear with your evening gowns you will undoubtedly want an opera pump in a matching shade. A white crepe opera adapts itself perfectly to dyeing—just take in a sample of your gown, into any smart shoe store and you will be shown a pair of pumps to match your gown in very short order.

"The operas that I have spoken of all carry the high Louis heel. There are three models in the plain pump that carry either the high Louis heel or the well-liked junior Louis heel for those who prefer this type—they come in black calf-skin, black patent-leather and black satin. Any one of these three shoes would lend themselves very well to buckles.

"Every wardrobe should contain at the very least one pair of opera pumps.

". . . My goodness! When I talk about footwear, I hardly know when to stop. Slippers and pumps are my weakness. I'll give you a little relief from my chatter by asking The Early Birds to provide a musical interlude."

"THE observation has been made by an Englishman that American women spend five million dollars annually to keep themselves beautiful. He added that they get results.

"It is very true that American women have taken good-grooming seriously. The Result is that they are more universally beautiful than the women of any other nation—not because they are naturally more beautiful, but because they enlist the service of science to enhance and maintain their natural beauty.

"There are over a thousand beauty parlors in New England—all doing their part to fill the demands of American womanhood. There are located in Hartford some of the largest and most advanced institutions for beauty culture in the East. The outstanding shops have a permanent-waving division, which contains almost every type of machine that has proved commercially practical. These machines are thoroughly tested as they are received and put into use for particular purposes. One machine is especially practical for a particular texture of hair and a particular type of wave. Another may be taken to the customer's home and the waving performed in her own boudoir. Special operators are taught the treatment of certain types of hair. You see, some of these salons feature a group of specialists using specialized equipment. This is not true in permanent waving alone. You've heard me tell of the contouration facial, the most advanced scientific process of facial rejuvenation—and then the cosmetics bar which features the compounding of cosmetics for the individual, giving every woman her own personal prescription for cosmetics to match her complexion."

DANCE SELECTION—THE EARLY BIRDS

Announcer Lucas—". . . And so we say goodbye to 'Susan' until Thursday morning, when she will return at 9:15 o'clock to give another of her shopping talks. 'Susan' is happy to answer any questions on shopping problems that the Radio audience sends in to her. Just write to her in care of Station WTIC in Hartford, Connecticut, and she will answer as quickly as she can.

"This is Paul Lucas announcing, and we shall turn the microphone over to Jack Brinkley, who announces a short program of popular selections by The Early Birds."

Mary and Bob Not Married

(Continued from page 47)

director of the True Story Hour asking for an audition and a chance to be considered for the part of the "wife," in the dramatization of the true story search.

When she had proven her dramatic ability as the successful contestant for this role, of course she met her "husband." And after being "married-in-character," these two in the natural course of events became fast friends and found themselves truly akin as mental affinities.

"Why, it seemed, at first, absolutely uncanny, how many things we actually had in common . . . . things pertaining to our personal histories, as well as to our tastes.

"We were reared in much the same environment. For instance, Bob's father is a Doctor of Divinity, (he is rector of a fashionable New York Church of Episcopal denomination) while my father was a Doctor of Medicine. Bob was reared in a quiet, New England country-home environment. Bob was born at Hartford, Connecticut. He gave early signs of being different in talents from the rest of his family, showing as I did, at a very early age, a distinct taste and talent for dramatics.

"He went to private school and then to Princeton, graduating from college, during the time that I was studying at the Alberti Dramatic School. However, this seeming divergence in career history is only slight, because Bob readily admits that his greatest interest, even while in college, was in dramatic work. He always appeared in leading roles in the university productions. His vacations were spent, as were mine, in gaining dramatic stock-company experience. And his secondary tastes, the things he reads—philosophy, histories of comparative religion, Huxley, Biographies, Conrad—are the things that I chose to read. And, my goodness, what lively, sometimes heated, discussions we get embroiled in concerning these subjects." But let Bob tell you all the rest! "We're . . . . sorry, about the 'illusion', that we were actually married . . . . but not too sorry. Now that the truth is out, you might say that we are very fond of each other and enjoy our work together."

Thus ended, in complete embarrassment, and with becoming blushes that made the few little freckles on her nose stand out, as much of the story of Mary and Bob . . . . as Mary would tell, or rather, admit . . . . since her telling was merely a matter of confirmation of facts that were already known before this interviewer invaded her charming bachelor-girl apartment.

BOB, manlike, was a bit more chagrined at the unseeming expose of his private life and affairs, than was Mary. But he stood it with good grace and finally, reluctantly, admitted to the truth of all that Mary had confirmed about them, as a Radio-couple, and to the following few facts about himself individually.

"Bob" is not his true name. His business name is William Burton, but he was christened William Brenton. He makes his home with his father, the Rev. Brenton, and spends much of his recreational hours in reading, playing the piano, in which he shows great talent for music. Recently, he added the diversion of "tap-dancing," which he now is daily practicing. Whenever he can find the time he "does a disappearance act" . . . and hies himself to Curtis Flying Field where he has secretly become proficient in "solo-flying-purely-for-pleasure."

A likeable, well-set-up lad just past 23, is this "Bob," or William—as you like. He is a six-footer or thereabouts in height, has a deep resonant voice, a sure-of-himself attitude and an engaging smile in his deep blue eyes. His hair is light brown. In dress and manner he is the well-reared, well-read, son of refined, conservative, American stock . . . at a glance.

"Bob" adds to Mary's statement . . . an assurance that they both like to get the Radio-fan letters that pour upon them in thousands. That they both, now, prefer Radio performance to the hardships of stage performance. But, he also adds that, they both have a sort of hankering to see their audiences . . . and also . . . someday soon perhaps to turn their talents towards the talking-moving pictures in their same True Story vehicle if possible!

P. S.—As an afterthought, let me remind you that Mary and Bob are indeed not married to each other or to anybody else. They're both young and make a charming appearance together and they are undeniably mental complements of each other.

Mental Affinities is the proper term for them. And possibly you recall that in a certain good book it says something about: "The Twain Shall Be Made One."

And also a certain inspirational poet has it that marriage according to the Divine plan is only perfect when there are met— "Two Souls With But a Single Thought . . . . Two Hearts That Beat as One." Meaning spiritual-mental as well as physical affinities, of course.

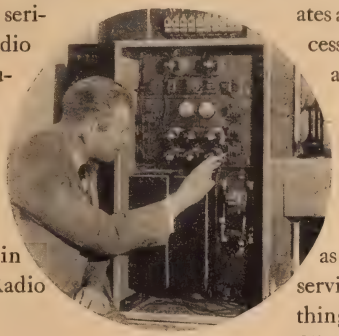
"No," say Mary and Bob, in unison, "we're not engaged to each other nor, either of us, to anybody else." And that, is all that they do say!

But, may an honest interviewer add, at the end, as at the beginning, what may only be a good guess on her part? "the FINALE, is not yet . . . . cannot yet be written to the life-symphony that is the true story of Mary and Bob."

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Budget Is Important

(Continued from page 78)

special 'clothes savings account' at her bank. Into this should go every cent which can be saved from the yearly budget. If you are honest with yourself and your budget has been wisely planned, you will never spend more than you have allowed for each item, though often less. The money that goes into the bank can be added to the allowance for a winter coat, for instance, and a fur coat bought in its stead. This is certainly much more satisfactory than investing a few dollars here and there in cheap costumes, jewelry, an extra pair of stockings or gloves, or anything else that is really not necessary.

"My fan mail has proved conclusively that women are at least inquisitive about budgeting. I know from personal experience that they will find they can dress better and without the worry and indecision of former days if they will only give budgeting a fair trial. I certainly advocate it for every woman, whether she spends $200 or $2,000 a year for her clothes."

Beautify for Happiness

(Continued from page 54)

from women, bringing their confidences personally—little personal problems—family quarrels — unappreciative husbands—ungrateful children—or, happily —conquests — self-confidence — pride—friendships.

I remember the visit of a mother—unhappy because her daughter considered herself 'homely', would not mingle with young folks, was melancholy. We took her in hand, her intelligent mother and I. A visit to a very good hair specialist, an individual hair cut, a few new clothes, not expensive, but colorful and most becoming, and a few treatments. These were supplemented by regular home care. And, how this little "ugly duckling" was transformed! Her skin had been stimulated to new life and beauty, her eyes took on a brilliant sparkle, all her latent loveliness seemed to beam forth—and the poise with which she mingled with the young folks of her set—truly a new being!

How many more discontented young girls are there, I wonder, how many more beauty-wise debutantes and their charming mothers. Thousands and thousands of letters come to me—I wish there were more.

And, my special part to answer their inquiries, to solve their problems, to tell the debutante how she can preserve her delightful, delicate charm and the society matron how she can correct little difficulties and keep looking lovely in spite of busy, active days.

TAKE those dear, young things, for instance. Seventeen or eighteen—proverbial peaches and cream complexions, flawless, fair, smooth—in a word, lovely! How quickly that youthful charm can be marred by lines and wrinkles, sallowness or eruptions—if neglect is allowed to play its bit of havoc. How endlessly that beauty can be retained if proper, personal care is continually called upon. Just a few minutes every night—and again in the morning—just three preparations, three scientifically-compounded essentials to conform with the three fundamental health and beauty rules. First — quick cleansing with cleansing cream. It liquefies, seeps down, down into every little pore, cleanses it thoroughly of every bit of dust and make-up. Second—brisk patting with the skin tonic, upward, outward, around on the neck, up on face, chin, cheeks, forehead. Is your skin tingling? That indicates that your circulation is being stimulated, your skin is being exercised. Now the skin is ready for nourishment and the preserving cream that is the perfect nourishing cream. Leave a little of it on over night, if you wish. In the morning just a little of the cleansing cream and skin tonic again, and you have a perfect "wake-up" treatment. Your skin glows, your eyes sparkle, you feel confident and fit because you look your loveliest.

Now let us turn our attention to the business woman, for a few minutes. Often, all too often, the busy executive is prone to believe that her quick, keen brain is all that is necessary to success. But, genius alone is not enough in this day of progress, and what, I wonder, makes for success more quickly and surely than that happy and rare combination of brains plus beauty. My firm belief is that "no woman can be lovelier than her skin"—and that no matter what her features, every woman can look truly lovely if her complexion is clear and young.

And, even the social leader, does she not need charm and poise in addition to her knowledge and gracious manner to continue as leader in her circle? Indeed, I am more and more convinced that birth or money alone is not sufficient to command the position of prominence for all time. Think of the woman who leads your own little smart set. Is she not a fascinating creature? Is she not lovely? Continually, we find ourselves repeating that word "lovely"—but, truly, isn't that the sum-total, the very superlative of all feminine charms?

One of my aunts is a mother of four grown-ups—a happy mother, a charming woman. All who know her love her, and as for her children, mingled with that warmth and love that we all have for our mothers, there is a definite sense of pride. And I am sure that one good reason for this is the fact that their mother has always tried to be companion to them, has kept step by step with them, has tried to understand the new generation, and, above all, has kept physically and mentally "young." One envies the invincible combination of youthful charm mingled with the experience and dignity that comes with maturity. And—one wonders—.

BUT the answer is simple. Fortunately, this mother has realized that time and worry must take their toll. But she has prepared against them. She knows that every emotion will write lines into our faces, but, there is an astringent oil that will ward off these lines and erase them before they become deep wrinkles. With age, our facial muscles will droop, the facial contour sag unbecomingly. But corrective treatment and tie-up with balsam astringent will lift these muscles to normal firmness. All this she knows, and she gives diligent, careful, regular attention to her daily regime. No frantic, overburdening treatment "now and then," she has set aside a definite, daily fifteen minutes a day as a duty to beauty. And what a reward! Not only her outward beauty and charm, but think how much that inward feeling of self-confidence is worth; and can anything buy the reverence and pride of her children?

One of life's little ironies—the mother who gives her every minute to the comfort of her children, without saving a thought or a half-hour a day for herself! Unselfish, yes, but drab and dowdy, too. And as the children grow up, does she retain their full measure of devotion? If we could get a very frank answer from them, they would surely tell us that they envy Mrs. Lovelymother—so young —so beautiful—so altogether radiant and charming.

And so, as I write this, the thought occurs to me: Beauty is not only the all-absorbing interest of woman. Men, too, and children, instinctively turn their attention to Beauty. Small wonder, then, that woman, that delightfully sensitive creature whose lot it is to dress and disguise even the most prosaic little commonplace into a thing of beauty, who is ever striving for lovely effects around her, should be profoundly interested in retaining her own loveliness.

Woman's interest may vary. Miss Modern may be selling stocks, while her neighbor sings the baby to sleep, or carefully strains the spinach for her young son. Yet Beauty still strikes a harmonious and familiar chord with every woman, no matter how far from the original limited course she has steered. And, if a twist of the dial will bring Beauty to women, need we wonder that thousands spend every bit of their leisure time "listening in."

Old fashioned and modern women, young girls and their grandmothers, the wealthy social leader and her personal maid, all are eager for the cheery message of beauty, all are bent upon a single purpose, all are listening to a single voice. What a panorama the Radio discloses. Woman plays no small part in it. And, no wonder! For though "Time changes, and we with it," Beauty alone retains its stronghold among feminine interests.

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King of Tin Pan Alley

(Continued from page 9)

But the audience which had been so skeptical before the concert did not laugh at Paul Whiteman's concert. It listened, in fact, very seriously. The early ragtime numbers of 1890 and 1900, the first shadows of jazz, the early and primitive jazz-tunes of 1914 and then the famous jazz-melodies of 1923 passed in rapid procession—and with each number there was a marked and growing interest among those of the audience. By the time the concert had reached intermission, some of the audience were even beginning to wonder if, perhaps, Paul Whiteman might not be right; if, perhaps, there were not something to this jazz after all.

Then came Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," And the rest is history.

THE "Rhapsody in Blue" made its composer a rich and famous man. It became more famous than any other jazz-hit and, all along Broadway, one could hear and still can hear, people whistling that marvelous melody in the slow-section. The royalties came pouring in: from sales of records, from sales of sheet music, from performances all over the world. Some estimate that Gershwin received as much as a million dollars from the "Rhapsody in Blue." At any rate, it made Gershwin the most famous jazz-composer in America; it made him America's great musical hope; it made him the king of Tin-Pan Alley. He could now demand higher royalties from his musical comedies and



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You have many Jobs to choose from

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers and pay $1,800 to $5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers for jobs paying up to $15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators, give them world-wide travel with practically no expense and $85 to $200 a month besides. Dealers and jobbers (there are over 35,000) are always on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers and pay $30 to $100 a week for good men. Talking Movies pay as much as $75 to $200 a week to men with Radio training. There are openings almost everywhere to have a spare time or full time Radio business of your own—to be your own boss. Radio offers many other opportunities. My book tells you about them. Be sure to get it at once.

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from the sales of his sheet music. He could now move all his belongings and his family to a sumptuous home on Riverside Drive and 103rd Street and he could now purchase a beautiful Mercedes car.

Gershwin's reputation penetrated beyond the confines of the jazz-realms into the select musical circles. Walter Damrosch, the gifted leader of the now-defunct New York Symphony Society was so pleased with the "Rhapsody" that he commissioned Gershwin to compose a Piano Concerto to be performed the following season. Gershwin, exhilarated by success and by the clamors of approval which were echoing in his ears, applied himself with an added gusto to the composition of the Concerto and, during the three months of summer, it was planned, sketched and completed. On December 3rd of the same year, 1925, it received its first performance at the New York Symphony concert under Walter Damrosch and with Gershwin himself at the piano.

Even concerning the outcome of this work, so satisfyingly mature, Gershwin was doubtful. Immediately before the concert, he paced the length and width of the rest-room of Carnegie Hall nervously, slipping his fingers through his long, black hair or else stopping in front of the piano to bang out a few aimless chords. Those who were with him in that rest-room tried to reassure him. "If only you'll play the Concerto half so well as it deserves," whispered Ernest Hutcheson, now dean of the Juillard Foundation, "then you'll come away with flying colors." And Walter Damrosch, as he slipped his right hand around Gershwin's back, added: "Today, my boy, you'll show them all a thing or two."

George did. That afternoon everyone learned a thing or two—from a composer of supposedly trivial jazz-melodies.

AFTER that concert, Gershwin's name, naturally enough, was heralded round the world. Elaborate eulogies appeared, lauding this young man and his jazz music to the skies. He was called a genius, a great genius, America's great musical hope. It was inevitable, then, for many to search with avid interest for the details of Gershwin's life. The discoveries they made, however, were undoubtedly disappointing. He was born in Brooklyn in 1898 and, at a tender age, moved to the lower East Side. Here he spent his early childhood and boyhood—playing on the busy, dirty streets of New York. As a boy, his favorite pastime was punch-ball and he would spend feverish days on the gutters pounding out base-hits with his trained fist. And his ambition was not more exalted: Gershwin's great life-ideal, at that time, was to become a pitcher for the New York Giants.

When he reached his tenth birthday, it was decided that he should take piano lessons. An old, decrepit piano was his instrument; and an old, decrepit human-being was his teacher, charging the munificent sum of fifty cents a lesson. Nor did George deserve better musical conditions. Time and time again did his mother run down the streets to stop a heated punch-ball game in order to drag the captain of the team by the ear to the piano. Angrily, George would bang out his lessons with his two forefingers waiting for his mother to busy herself with cooking in the kitchen. Then, when he felt the coast was clear, he would slip down stairs and the punch-ball game would be resumed.

Soon enough, his mother was disgusted with his lack of interest for the

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Songwriters

SONGWRITERS: Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on publisher's acceptance. New booklet, "Song Requirements of Talking Picture," sent free. Newcomer Associates, 778 Earl Bldg., New York.

Patents

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Manufacturing Company, 555 Enright St., St. Louis, Missouri.

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Station Stamps

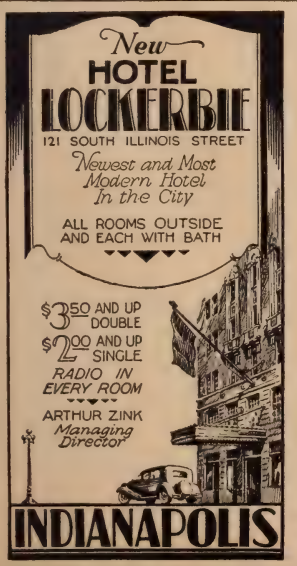
Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chas. A. Phildius, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

Songs, Poems, Writers

COMPOSERS—VERSE OR MUSIC. Brilliant opportunity. Write VanBuren, 1966 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

Maps

New Radio Map and Log. We are now able to supply our readers with a new radio map and log, showing location of stations, list of all stations by call letters. Send 25 cents, stamps or coin, to Shopping Service, Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



SUBSCRIBE to Radio Digest NOW. Don't miss the great station features, the excellent fiction and the interesting special articles appearing every month.

piano and threatened to stop instructions. To her surprise and to the surprise of the entire family, George, instead of rejoicing, began to scowl and rage and fume. The threat, therefore, was never carried out and, from that time on, he applied himself with diligence to his piano. His progress, now, was rapid and a better teacher was secured. In two years he was already a skillful pianist; in four years, he began to compose.

Added instruction became necessary and Rubin Goldmark was secured to teach the boy elements of harmony. George devoted hiself so eagerly to his harmony that his work evoked doubtful praise from the master. One day, George was tempted to show Goldmark a movement of a quartet which he had composed long before he had begun studying under the great teacher. Goldmark studied the work carefully and then proclaimed the verdict: "Very good, very good, indeed. Already I see that you are learning much from my instruction!"

At the age of fourteen, George composed his first jazz song. It was a little, undeveloped jazz fragment which, strangely enough, embodied all the rhythmic energy of jazz-dances and the sonorous lyricism of classical music. At sixteen, he became allied with Remick's where he received his thorough instruction and apprenticeship in jazz and where he definitely became associated with Tin-Pan Alley. At nineteen he composed his first musical-comedy, "La La Lucille."

And then his musical career was launched.

But despite George Gershwin's frequent excursions to the land of the classics, he remains, primarily, and will always remain Broadway's minstrel—the composer of Broadway's most tuneful dance numbers. There is that in his blood which will force him to compose those delicious tunes that are whistled and that are danced to upon that famous avenue. He is a son of Broadway and being a true son he has pledged his gifted pen towards interpreting it in some imperishable bars of music.

Weak End Satires

(Continued from page 45)

Becker was not content to limit his Lavender Network to commercial programs for companies like the Blah-Hooey Importing Company, "distributors of the Portable Pontoola, the portable parking space for motorists; the Collapsible Colletta, the collapsible sidewalks for small towns, portable golf courses, portable landing fields for airplanes, and the new Portable Hooney-Ooney Tea Garden, complete with Chinese Lanterns and Chinese Waitresses."

He must work up some colossal sporting events for his patrons.

AND what sporting events they are! A puff-by-puff description of the underweight boxing contest between Muscle-Feet Gilbert and Turnip-Head Sullivan direct from the Haigen-Haig Punch Bowl, and paid for by the Breath of Africa Tarlett Water Company (this when sponsored prize fights were giving generous credit to their paying "angels").

The first Snort-by-Snort description of a Bull-Fight was also Irrational's scoop on the rest of the broadcasting systems. Sponsored by the Pansy School for Discontented Cows, the broadcast was direct from Heifers-on-the-bench Arena at Hoot-Nanny-Ga-Boob-La Spain. It was a "Pay-off" especially when the Toreador grabbed the



AGENTS: $14 a Day

Our wonderful new plan will put you in the $5,000 class. 350 High quality products at low prices. Every one a household necessity. All fast sellers. Big orders in every home. Repeat business. Steady income.

New Plan—Big Profits

We show you new way to build permanent business. Big profits from the start. Work spare time or full time. No capital or experience required. Free outfit. Free automobile. Write now.



American Products Co.
764 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

CULTURED SPEECH

AT LAST! Something New!



Learn Cultured Speech and Correct Pronunciation quickly from phonograph records. Also increase your vocabulary this new easy way. Be a fluent talker—cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. This new "learn by listening" method highly recommended by leading educators. Records sent on free trial. Write for information and free Self Test. No obligation.

THE PRONUNCIPHONE INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2861, Chicago



WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. Sunken letters guide your hand. Correct your penmanship in one week. Big improvement in one hour. Positive proof sent free. Write, C. J. Ozment, 17, St. Louis, Mo.

Learn ADVERTISING at Home

Greater opportunities now in advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Constant demand for our graduates. Old established school. Low tuition. Easy terms. *Send for free booklet of interesting information.*

Page-Davis School of Advertising
Dept. 2862 3601 Mich. Ave., Chicago

LIFE-TIME DX AERIAL



Guaranteed Double Volume and Sharper Tuning

No. 30—LENGTH 30 FEET: Assembled ready to string up. Brings in volume of 150-ft. aerial but retains the selectivity of a 30-ft. aerial. Rings are heavy gauge solid zinc. Duplicates in design and non-corrosive materials the aerials used by most of largest Broadcasting Stations. Design permits using this powerful aerial in 30-ft. space, (preferably outside). Sharpens tuning of any receiving set because of short length but has enormous pick-up because 150-ft. of No. 14 enamelled wire is used. Made for owners of fine radio sets who want great volume on distance without destroying sharp tuning. (Also used by many owners of short-wave outfits.) "Makes a good radio set better."

PRICE $10.00

No. 60—LENGTH 60 FEET: Assembled—ready to string up. "BIG BOY" Size, (same description as above except that 300-ft. of wire is used making this the most efficient and powerful aerial possible to manufacture.)

PRICE $12.50

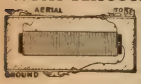
Manufactured by

THOROLA RADIO PRODUCTS

1014 So. Michigan Blv'd., Chicago, Illinois

"Kill" That Static

With Kilostat or NO COST



Guaranteed to improve reception—local or distant—by 50% or it doesn't cost you a cent. Better Volume, Selectivity, Distance, Tone and more Stations. Sharpens tuning. Every set needs one. Easily attached. Send no money—just your name to 20th Century Co., 9587 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and you will be sent this $3.00 Kilostat Unit, postpaid, for only half price—or two for $2.00, on 15 Days' Trial. If you would part with it the price paid the postman would be refunded. So write today.

450 Miles on a Gallon of Gas!

According to a recent article by the president of the world's largest motor research corporation, there is enough energy in a gallon of gasoline if converted 100% in mechanical energy to run a four cylinder car 450 miles.



NEW GAS SAVING INVENTION ASTONISHES CAR OWNERS

A marvelous device, already installed on thousands of cars, has accomplished wonders in utilizing a portion of this waste energy and is producing mileage tests that seem unbelievable. Not only does it save gasoline, but it also creates more power, gives instant starting, quick pick-up, and eliminates carbon.

FREE SAMPLE and $100 a Week

To obtain national distribution quickly, men are being appointed everywhere to help supply the tremendous demand. Free samples furnished to workers. Write today to E. Oliver, Pres., for this free sample and big money making offer.

WHIRLWIND MFG. CO.
999-148-A. Third St., Milwaukee, Wisc.



AN OPPORTUNITY TO EASILY

Earn $100 a Week Profits in Advance



Sell Gibson extra fine men's made-to-order all-wool suits at $23.50 and $31.50 direct to wearer. Biggest values—Most liberal commissions, with bonus, to producers. Frequent opportunities to get own clothes at no cost. Wedeliver and collect. 6 x 9 cloth samples—over 100 styles — complete outfit in handsome carrying case furnished FREE to ambitious men who are willing to hustle. Write today.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc.
500 S. Throop St. Dept. Q-488, Chicago

RUPTURES

Need firm but comfortable support

The patented Brooks Appliance retains securely without annoying springs or hard pads, and promotes healing as it holds. Worn and praised by active men and women in every walk of life. Over 3 million sold. Sent on 10 days' trial. Not obtainable through any store or agent in U. S., but made to individual measurements and sent direct from Marshall. Full information and free 28-page Rupture booklet sent in plain sealed envelope.



C. E. Brooks, Inventor

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 90C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Win $3,500.00!



To advertise we are going to give over $7160.00 in prizes. Charles Hoeling, between 60 and 70 years old, won $4245.00 in last offer; Joe Hanslick, 15 years old, won $900.00; Mrs. D. H. Zller won $1800.00. You can win $3500.00 now.

CAN YOU FIND THE TWINS?

Be careful! Don't make a mistake! It's not as easy as it looks because two, and only two, of the seven pictures are exactly alike. Find them—mark them—or send numbers on post card or letter. Over 25 prizes this time, and duplicate prizes in case of ties! Send no money. Anyone who answers correctly may receive prizes or cash. You can have cash or Waco airplane, or automobile, or new home. If correct you will be qualified for this opportunity.

$625.00 Extra For Promptness

—making total prize you can win $3500.00. Find twin flyers and send answer today. First prize winner gets $625.00 cash just for promptness. Rush.

J. D. SNYDER, Publicity Director
54 West Illinois St. Dept. 452 Chicago, Illinois

bull by the tail and swung him over into the next county and made his victor's speech in German, concluding with the words "Cigarette manufacturers are hereby notified that I shall review their offers for testimonials tomorrow."

Endurance flying gave Becker a wonderful chance for a "Weak-End Satire." In the height of the Endurance Flying fever, he hooked up the Lavender Network for a celebration at John Barleycorn field for the Greek Flyers, Gusto and Enthusiasm, who had been in the air a total of four years three months, two weeks, six days, 72 hours, 64 minutes and two and three quarters. Reason given by Gusto: he couldn't come down on account of bill collectors waiting on the field for installments on the furniture. Reason given by Enthusiasm for coming down in four years: "we burned everything we could burn on de crate including the wings after we runned outta coal . . . aintchu? I was just about ready to toss Gusto into de boiler when we got word that Gusto's frau took out de Pankruptsee law and en we wuz set . . . donit?"

In any of these sporting events a la IBC, almost anything in the sporting line is apt to be heard . . . chuckers . . . holes in one . . . rumps or what have you? For instance, this excerpt from the Bull Fight:

"The bell for the last half. Toreador's seconds are pleading with him to be merciful. He's carrying a gas pipe. The bull is dancing merrily around the ring catching cantaloupes on his horns thrown by over-enthusiastic spectators. The bull grabs Toreador by the leg . . . he's chewing his arm off . . . no he isn't . . . he's shaking him (pop). Toreador gets a 250 yard drive straight down the dairway, giving him a birdie on the beezer. Toreador comes back with a vicious boot to the hoofs (sock). Oh, Toreador is on top of the bull. He's beating him with his fists. He's riding him! Round and round and round they go. Toreador has caught three brass rings and slipped them on the bull's snoot. The bull is frantic. He has forgotten what to do next. Oh, oh oh, what a party. By the way, this is Graham Smackatmee at the microphone."

Surely Don Becker's Weak-End Satires represent the first authentic humor that is purely Radio-inspired. Where various writing humorists have poked exaggerated fun at Radio announcers, have experimented with fake call letters like station WBUGG, Station NUTS, or Station PUNK, or have written elaborate travesties of bed-time stories, they have been outdistanced by Don Becker because he knows how funny Radio broadcasting might really be. His satires all have been actual broadcasting situations reduced to the ridiculous. His burlesques have included the foibles of announcers: their sometime inordinate desire to get their names before the Radio audience, their propensity for reading every word in a continuity including directions and punctuation marks; their proclivities toward misreading words and then correcting themselves in confusion.

Becker has caricatured such necessary accompaniements of broadcasting as time announcements, stock reports, weather announcements, the brief pause for station announcements that finally become so annoying that networks themselves did away with them for a musical chime cue, and this gave Becker a chance to use five notes that are an insult familiar to every musician.

In his Satires, Becker also has picked out the amusing weaknesses in advertising in general . . . advertising that elaborately promotes any product



WHAT CONSTITUTES A TRULY MODERN MOTOR CAR?

PICTURE A $20,000 MADE-TO-ORDER AUTOMOBILE

COMPARE THAT CAR WITH STUTZ OR BLACKHAWK

CHECK YOUR OWN ANSWERS TO THESE FOURTEEN QUESTIONS

Suppose you were willing to pay $20,000 for an automobile made to your order, the last word in style, beauty and performance-with-safety. In writing your specifications, you would want to answer all the questions listed below:

1. Would you subject yourself and your family to the dangers of flying glass? Or would you equip your $20,000 automobile with safety glass all around?

I would have ☐ Ordinary glass
☐ **Safety glass**

Safety glass all around was pioneered by Stutz four years ago.

2. Would you be content with the ordinary three-speed transmission? Or would you prefer the more modern four-speed transmission?

I would have ☐ Ordinary three-speed transmission
☐ **Transmission with four speeds forward**

The Stutz transmission, with four speeds forward, provides superior performance and longer car life. The trend is toward four speeds.

3. Would you be satisfied with the conventional car which rolls backward on inclines when brakes are released? Or would you prefer Stutz Noback, which automatically prevents undesired backrolling on inclines?

I would have ☐ Ordinary car without Noback
☐ **The added protection of Noback**

4. Would you select the conventional L-head type of engine? Or would you insist upon having the increased efficiency of the valve-in-head engine?

I would have ☐ Conventional type, L-head engine
☐ **Advanced type, valve-in-head engine**

The Stutz valve-in-head line-eight engine is not only more powerful, it is also quiet, smooth and economical.

5. Would you accept valves actuated by rocker arms, with their greater noise and greater area of wearing surfaces? Or would you insist upon having the overhead camshaft with its direct-acting, simple and quiet valve operation?

I would have ☐ Conventional push-rods and rocker arms
☐ **Stutz silent overhead camshaft**

As compared with rocker-arm valve mechanism, the Stutz overhead camshaft eliminates 192 wearing surfaces.

6. Would you be content with the single ignition found in ordinary cars? Or would you prefer dual ignition with two spark plugs for each cylinder, insuring greater power and economy?

I would have ☐ Single ignition
☐ **Dual ignition**

Dual ignition is one of the many features of advanced engineering found on Stutz and Blackhawk.

7. Would you want your engine to have the less efficient single carburetion as originally designed for four-cylinder cars? Or would you prefer the greater engine efficiency made possible by dual carburetion?

I would have ☐ A single carburetor
☐ **Dual carburetion**

Dual carburetion and dual intake contribute to the outstanding performance of Stutz and Blackhawk cars.

8. Would you be willing to have an automobile equipped with ordinary oil and grease cups? Or would you like the latest, Stutz one-thrust chassis lubrication system which feeds oil to all moving parts of the chassis in one operation?

I would have ☐ Ordinary oil and grease cups
☐ **One-thrust lubrication system**

One-thrust chassis lubrication is among the many convenience features of the Stutz and Blackhawk.

9. Would you expect your $20,000 automobile to be equipped with ordinary headlights? Or would you prefer Ryan-Lites, which give long range without dangerous glare and which give side-illumination with added protection for night driving?

I would have ☐ Ordinary headlights
☐ **New and improved Ryan-Lites**

Ryan-Lites, standard equipment on Stutz and Blackhawk, are the only automobile lights that meet all legal requirements everywhere.

10. Would you be content with the conventional bevel gear drive? Or would you have the improved worm drive rear axle which permits the floorboards to be lowered 20 per cent and lowers the center of weight of the entire car?

I would have ☐ Conventional rear axle
☐ **Worm drive rear axle**

Worm drive is one of the fundamentals of Stutz-Blackhawk advanced engineering.

11. Would your made-to-order car be of the conventional type, with a relatively high center of weight? Or would you build safety into your car by lowering the center of weight?

I would have ☐ Conventional car, relatively unsafe
☐ **Safety Stutz with low center of weight**

Stutz low center of weight, made possible by worm drive, means better roadability, greater ease of control, improved riding, greater performance and greater safety.

12. Would you be content with the ordinary type of chassis frame, which yields to torsional strains? Or would you insist upon having a massive double-drop frame providing utmost safety?

I would have ☐ Ordinary chassis frame
☐ **Massive double-drop frame**

The Stutz double-drop frame has seven cross members, five of them tubular.

13. Would you have ordinary running boards suspended on brackets and hence easily collapsible in case of side collision? Or would you feel safer with Stutz side-bumper steel running boards built integral with frame?

I would have ☐ Running boards suspended on brackets
☐ **Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame**

Stutz side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame protect the occupants of the car in case of side-collision.

14. Would you specify conventional brakes with just ordinary braking power? Or would you feel safer with Stutz Feathertouch Booster Brakes?

I would have ☐ Ordinary conventional brakes
☐ **Feathertouch Booster Brakes**

Stutz is safest because it can stop in three fifths the distance required by conventional cars.

Of course you would want all the advantages listed above if you purchased a $20,000 made-to-order car. But think how much easier it is to get them in a Stutz or Blackhawk.

Stutz has them all and instead of paying $20,000, you pay $2,995 to $8,500 for a Stutz or $1,995 to $2,735 for a Blackhawk.

In no other American car will you find this combination of features, this advanced engineering which has made Stutz the embodiment of performance-with-safety.

NEW SERIES SAFETY STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

NO OTHER CAR MAKER COULD TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Use a REESONATOR for

Trade Mark

Sharp Tuning

Distance Power

Over 30,000 Satisfied Users



$4.75 Complete

Bring your set up to date! For all sets using an untuned floating or antenna tube, such as Atwater Kent Models 30-32-35-37-38, Victor, Silver, Knight, Temple, Crosley Bandbox, Radiola Models 16-17-18-51-33-333, Dayfan, Apex 28 Models, and many others. Attaches across aerial and ground leads without tools in less than a minute.

It will enable you to tune sharper and plays with dance volume stations which are barely audible or sometimes entirely inaudible without it. Requires tuning only when additional selectivity or power is required. Attractively constructed from hard rubber and bakelite in a highly polished rich mahogany color. Guaranteed against defects in material and workmanship for a period of six months. Get a Reesonator from your dealer today, or order direct, giving dealer's name.

Dealers! Over sixty leading jobbers carry this item. We guarantee satisfaction. Try one for three days at our risk. If not thoroughly satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Ref., Fargo Nat'l Bank, Dun's or Bradstreet's.

SEND COUPON NOW

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES

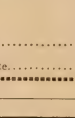
Dept. 107 Fargo, North Dakota

☐ I enclose check or money order for $4.75 for which send me a Reesonator postpaid.
☐ Send Reesonator C. O. D.
☐ Send Dealers' Proposition.
☐ Please send Literature.

Name .....

Address ..... State .....

QUIT TOBACCO



Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of investigate tobacco users have with the aid of the Keeley Treatment, found it easy to quit.

KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT Quickly banishes craving for tobacco. Successful for over 50 years. Write today for FREE BOOK and particulars of our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Dept. B-410, Dwight, Ill.

Home of the famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs. Booklet Sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.

BORN WITH Club Foot



How Harry McGuire's deformity was corrected at McLain Sanitarium is shown by photos and father's letter:

Our boy was born with a Club Foot. Plaster Paris was used and the foot operated on without satisfactory results. Finally we took him to your Institution. His foot is now straight and he walks, runs and plays as though he never had a crippled foot. We will gladly answer letters.

LENARD McGUIRE, R. R. No. 8, Mt. Vernon, Illinois

McLain Sanitarium (established 1898) is a private institution devoted to the treatment of crippled, deformed and paralyzed conditions generally. No surgical operation requiring chloroform or general anaesthetics. Plaster Paris not used. Patients received without delay. Parents retain full charge of children if desired.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKS

"Deformities and Paralysis," and "References," which show and tell of McLain Sanitarium's facilities for treating Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip and Knee Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Also illustrated magazine, "Sanitarium News," mailed free every 60 days.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM

867 Aubert Av., St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

N305

Learn at home to fill a

BIG PAY JOB *in* ELECTRICITY



ELECTRICITY needs you, wants you, and will pay you well. Hundreds of "Cooke Trained" Electrical Men are making $60 to $100 a week—some even more. Why slave along on small pay when you can learn Electricity the L. L. COOKE Way in your spare time at home?

Leo Woelkers of Scranton, Pa., makes $110 a wk.

QUICK AND EASY TO LEARN

No experience—no higher education necessary. The famous L. L. COOKE "Work Sheets" and "Job Tickets" make this Training simple as A, B, C. You learn under a Money Back Agreement and you get practical experience like shop training with the Big Outfit of Apparatus given you without extra cost.



J. E. Ritch, R. 8, High Point, N. C. makes $675 in a month.

GET READY FOR BIG PAY

Many fellows no smarter than you are making $10 to $16 a day and up in Electricity. Why don't you get ready for a Big Pay Job in this great field? Act today. Send for Big FREE Illustrated Book of Facts. Write today sure.

L. L. COOKE SCHOOL OF ELECTRICITY
Dept. 283, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hundreds of Cooke TRAINED MEN ARE MAKING $3000 to $5000 A YEAR

HOTEL MANGER

Seventh Avenue
50th-51st Streets

NEW YORK CITY

"The Wonder Hotel of New York"
"A Modern Marble Palace"

This hotel represents the most modern construction, and features every convenience including Servidors and circulating ice-water in all rooms. The hotel contains 2,000 outside rooms, and is the largest in the Times Square section. In the immediate vicinity are all leading theatres and cinemas. The New Madison Square Garden is within one block and the famous shopping thoroughfare—Fifth Avenue—is within two blocks. Subway and surface lines at door bring Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations within easy access.

Send for Descriptive Pamphlet and Interesting Map of New York

DAILY RATES—NONE HIGHER

Rooms with running water	for one	$2.50	for two $3.50
Rooms with private shower	for one	3.00 - 3.50	for two 4.00 - 4.50
Rooms with bath and shower	for one	3.00 - 3.50 - 4.00 - 5.00	
	for two	4.00 - 4.50 - 5.00 - 6.00	
Suites of parlor, bedroom and bath		10.00 - 12.00	

IN THE MOORISH GRILL
Famous Hotel Manger Broadcasting Orchestra

whatever. Witness this list of "clients" of the Irrational Broadcasting Company, and its "irreproachable cook-up of assorted gasoline stations."

The Pansy School for Discontented Cows, which for years and years has been catering to every high-class cow in America and points west, making their diary lives brighter, teaching them to fall in love with milking machines, tuning their horns to play "Annie Laurie" making them produce eggs, watermelons and other things outside of their regular line of milk, and milk that is so rich it retires at the age of 30. Its theme song obviously had to be "You're the Cream in My Coffee," played by the Pansy Holstein Discontented Synthetic Orchestra.

A Halfanhour and Co., distributors of the world famous Tellastory Wonder Watches . . . each time you look at one of these famous watches, you just wonder what time it is.

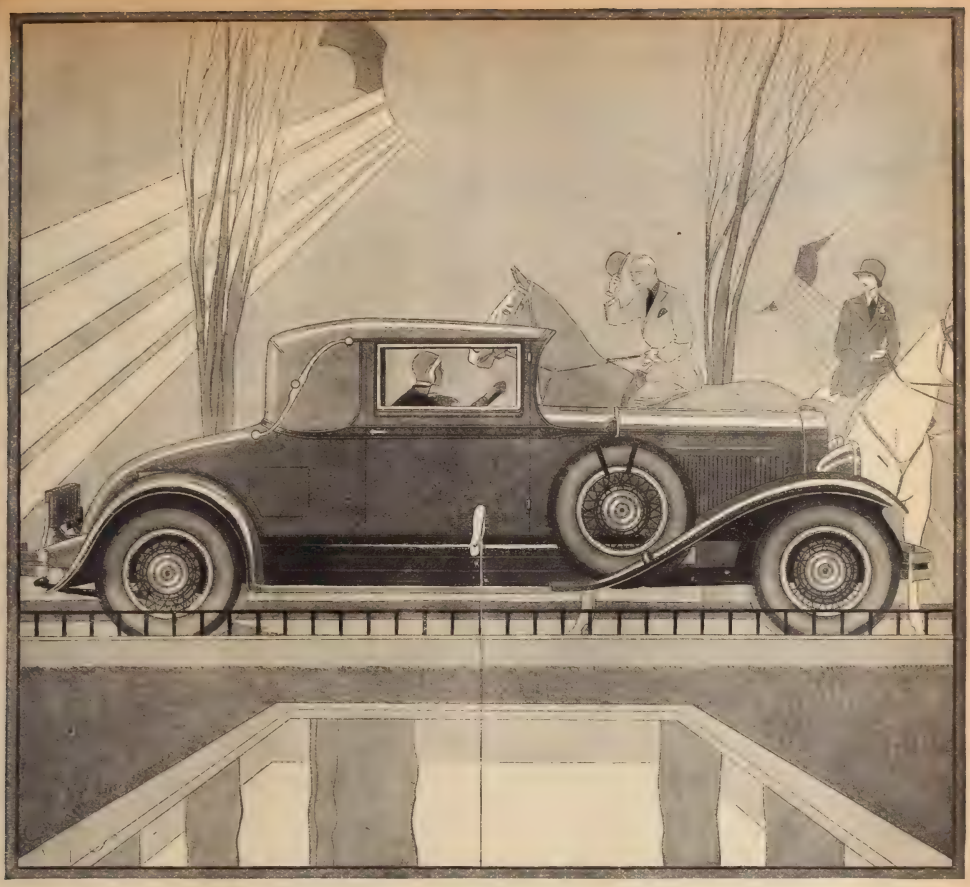
The Razzle-Dazzle Doughnut Hole Converting Corporation, converters of high-class doughnut holes for the past 46 years. One of the greatest achievements in the Doughnut Hole World, as announced by the IBC, is the "Razzle-Dazzle Hole-in-One for Golfers." Instead of practicing for years and years to make a hole-in-one, golfers now mail $1.50 and a stamped envelope to Razzle-Dazzle and their Hole-in-One for Golfers comes to them complete with six score cards attested, together with a complete list of articles given away by different sporting goods houses for the feat.

And what of this Don Becker who confuses himself with the president of an imaginary Lavender Network. In age, 22; in action, an incorrigible child. In appearance, tall, dark, romantically sloe-eyed. He lives, eats, sleeps Weak-End Satires. Quotations from J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, Jr., and the Irrational Broadcasting Company plans continually are on his lips.

He gives promise too, of developing into a real satirist, one who will be known some time with the greatest of wits. At the moment he burlesques anything that comes to his attention. For the Nation's All-Night Parties that last from midnight of Friday until Saturday's dawn, Becker has originated a new network . . . the Kah-Lumsy Broadcasting System with Darnin Brokentires and Dead Boozing as "cheese announcers." Proof that it has met with the approval of the original is the record of a telephone call from New York from Norman Brokenshire congratulating Darnin Brokentires on his Kah-Lumsy Broadcasting System announcing. Also for the All-Night Party, Becker writes satires on WLW programs of which he is Tires. Chime Reveries has become Crime Revelries, and others are to feel the application of his slap-stick.

Nothing is sacred to the rapier-thrust of his perverting humor. In his desk is a brochure called "Behind the Screams at WLW," a palpable exaggeration of WLW's commercial brochure and its fan book which is titled "Behind the Scenes at WLW." In his brochure, Don had impaled every staff member and every program in ludicrous photographs gleaned from no-one-knows what sources.

Aside for his talent at Buffoonery, Becker is really a remarkable musician, if ukulele playing and vo-do-de-o singing can be called musicianship. Paul Whiteman called him "the Paderewski of the ukulele." More than that, his fellow staff members deign to listen to him; proof enough that as a ukulele player and a humorist he is the proverbial "wow."



President Eight Convertible Cabriolet, for four . . . 125-inch wheelbase . . . six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment

Let your new Eight be smart . . . seasoned . . . a Champion! Studebaker's smart, *seasoned* Champion Eights ride the high tide of public preference. The three Studebaker Eights hold the greatest world and international records, and more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. Choose one and you get not only the very newest in engineering and comfort requirements, but *proved* economy, speed and endurance plus the honor-mark of Studebaker manufacture, famous for 78 years.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown, Editor

National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
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April, 1930



PAULINE LOGSDON is a true daughter of the Lone Star state, qualified to tame bucking broncos or ride wild steers. But it took the music director of KHJ, Los Angeles, to discover her pure lyric voice and dedicate her to American Radio.

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ORDINARILY it takes Margaret Schilling many months to complete a coast to coast vaudeville tour; but she sang in every city in the country and half way 'round the world in a fraction of a second recently as guest artist of Radio Keith on NBC.



MUSICALE Interpretations at 3:30 on Friday afternoons have won a large host of friends for WGHP, Detroit. Helene Wyhan, studio pianist, is the artist responsible for their success. She can make a concert grand stand on its hind legs or roll over.



GRACE HYDE, famous in New York and London society, has become so enthusiastic over Radio she has joined the Columbia staff and has her own half-hour program every Wednesday afternoon at 2. She will play a leading part in Ziegfeld's Ming Toy.

Editorial Office: Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Phone Superior 7323.

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Forty-one Nominations Received for

DIAMOND AWARD

Long Shots and Favorites Entered as America's Most Popular Program Race Starts With a Bang

THEY'RE OFF! How that cry rings in your ears when the barrier rises and the thoroughbreds are away on the first stretch. The field is bunched—the favorites and the long shots are making a real race of it.

With less than one week elapsed since the Diamond Award Contest for America's Most Popular Program was announced, more than forty-one entries have already been received. Friends and backers of favorite Radio artists from every corner of the United States are already rallying to the support of their friends of the air.

Every indication points to the liveliest and most spirited contest ever sponsored by Radio Digest. It is, of course, too early to hazard even a wild guess as to who will be leading when the contestants enter the home stretch, but the letters accompanying nomination ballots carry such a spirit of loyal enthusiasm that the race is bound to be close.

Speaking of long shots, many a dark horse has already shown up in this Diamond Award Contest and the Big Shots generally thought of as national favorites are going to have to look to their laurels.

Radio listeners and readers of Radio Digest are going to decide just what program is the most popular in this country. By means of their ballots they will confer on some one program, organization or artist the title of AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM. To this program, chosen by popular vote, will be presented the RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD, emblazoned with the name of the winner, a truly enviable recognition and honor.

Five GOLD AWARDS of similar design will be presented to each of the runners-up in the various sections of the country in recognition of being voted the East's Most Popular Program; the South's Most Popular Program; the Middle West's Most Popular Program; the West's Most Popular Program; and, finally, the Far West's Most Popular Program.

IT IS by no means the program, organization or artist of the biggest and most powerful station that may claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Although carried to every corner of the continent by a powerful transmitter, or by miles of land wires, and generally conceded to be widely popular, a program may not have the genuine appeal and whole-hearted friendly support that another program from a smaller station boasts. Radio Digest is interested in finding the program that has the staunchest friends, friends who are enough interested in their favorite entertainer to stand up and fight for his honor and success.

Every broadcasting station has an individuality built up by the characteristics of the personalities heard through its channel. It may be a large station or a small station. There is always that SOMETHING that gives that station popularity, and it is invariably some one program, or group of programs. No individual in the world can tell with any degree of accuracy how any particular program rates with its listeners. Only in a comparison as indicated in a contest such as Radio Digest sponsors in the Diamond Meritum Award Contest do the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice, and thereby prove its popularity over others in America.

Do YOU have a favorite program? One that you prefer to listen to above all others?

Is there some one program, organization or artist that always holds you—a certain place on your dials that is notched for particular hours of enjoyment? Here is a chance for you to show your appreciation for all the pleasure this artist or group has given you.

All that is necessary for you to do to place your favorite Radio program, organization or artist in nomination in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest is to clip the nomination and coupon ballot at the bottom of this page and mail it to Radio Digest. This places your favorite in nomination and adds the first rung in the ladder of success that will lead to the world-wide recognition accorded by the Diamond Meritum Award.

"I SURE hope that I may be the first to nominate Joe O'Toole of WJAY," writes Stuart Grant, of Columbus, Ohio. "I may be as Scotch as they make 'em, but this Irishman gives me a kick. And all the girls I know, from fourteen to forty, swear by him. He certainly deserves the Diamond Award, and here is my vote, but again my Scotch instinct comes to the front, and I am saving the coupons so they will count for more in the end."

From Rockford, Illinois, Carl Brolin enthuses: "The Mellotone Quartet of KFLV always catches my dials when I am searching for the best. Here's my nomination and you can look for the rest of the coupons when the contest closes. Believe me, I'm going to do my best to round up a lot of votes for this program."

"Enclosed find my nomination for Amos 'n' Andy, the best of them all. I may be just one of the 'Hundred Thousand' but at least I am doing my bit, as I know thousands all over the nation will," writes Mrs. Louis Waltz, of Los Angeles.

"I think W. K. Henderson should be acclaimed the most popular in your contest. He is not only sending out plenty of entertainment over the air but he is doing our country a world of good in his spirited fight against monopolies," acclaims Floyd Werntz, South Bend, Indiana.

"Henry Field, of Shenandoah, is the man who gives the greatest service, the best entertainment and the finest of everything. Here's my boost for KFNF, and may Henry win the Diamond Award," says Fred Huebsch, of McGregor, Iowa.

And so the letters come. This is going to be one HOT race. Anyone who thinks the days are past when Radio fans write letters is due for the surprise of his life. A glance at the day's mail in this contest will open his eyes. This is a wonderful opportunity for you to speak a good word for your favorite and help place him in a commanding position in this contest.

If you don't find your favorite in the nomination list on page 118 of this issue, clip out the coupon at the bottom of this page, then enclose it with the corresponding coupon which counts as one ballot. If you are a real fan you will speak about the contest to some of your listening friends.

(Rules and regulations on page 99)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

*I Nominate*_____

*Station*_____
(Call Letters),
in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

*Signed*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Number 2

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program) (Call Letters)

(City) (State)

*Signed*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



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Wherever men of accomplishment gather, you'll find a strong preference for "The Smart Set" by PARIS. One of the many is shown here — "The PARIS Smart Set" consists of a pair of fine elastic PARIS Garters and PARIS Suspenders perfectly matched in smart designs and colors. The Super Quality PARIS Garter shown is $1 and the fine fabric Suspender by PARIS is $1.50—the set $2.50. Of course you may buy these separately—other sets at prices from $5 to $1.50. Swing into line with other men of affairs . . and "fellows on the way up". . acquire a range of these "Smart Sets" in colors to harmonize either with all your suits or dress accessories. See the new PARIS offerings at your dealer's. Always pause long enough to ask distinctly for PARIS. It will mean many months of satisfaction for you.



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Do You Follow Amos and Andy?

Can You Write Dialogue?

$200 In Prizes

for Best Ten Minute Dialogues Utilizing Characters of Amos and Andy

AMOS AND ANDY have to write a ten-minute go every day for six days a week. They have scored tremendously. But if you should take down their dialogue you probably would be surprised to see that after all it is the way they say their lines more than what they say that makes them so interesting.

Radio Digest believes that there are many readers of this magazine who could write good Amos and Andy dialogue. It is willing to pay money to prove this theory.

Therefore, the following prizes will be offered for the best ten-minute dialogue utilizing the characters of Amos and Andy, or any of the other characters identified with their daily entertainment.

FIRST PRIZE

$100 for the best dialogue of 1,000 words or not more than 1,500 words.

SECOND PRIZE

$50 for the second best dialogue of 1,000 words and not more than 1,500 words.

THIRD PRIZE

$25 for the third best dialogue of 1,000 words and not more than 1,500 words.

FOURTH PRIZE

$15 for the fourth best dialogue of 1,000 words and not more than 1,500 words.

FIFTH PRIZE

$10 for the fifth best dialogue of 1,000 words and not more than 1,500 words.

Where manuscripts are considered of equal merit for the same prize, duplicate awards of the prize will be made.

The judges will consist of an impartial committee selected by the publisher of Radio Digest and the decision of the award committee will be final.

This contest will end May 5, 1930. All dialogues must be in the mail and postmarked not later than midnight of May 5, 1930.

Send in your manuscript early. Write on one side of the paper. You may use typewriter or longhand.

Radio Digest reserves the right to use any or all manuscripts submitted for publication, with suitable compensation.

Listen to Amos and Andy tonight. Note the words they use. Think of the situation they have described and use your imagination. Your dialogue must present an original situation. Try it tonight. You'll be surprised how easy the ideas will come.

Make Sure of YOUR MAY RADIO DIGEST

Thousands were disappointed last month in finding their newsstands completely SOLD OUT of Radio Digest

The Great May Number

will be packed from cover to cover with the New Stories and New Pictures of Your Favorite Radio Artists.

AMOS 'N' ANDY

Rise to New Heights. New Pictures. New Stories. New Facts about them.

GUY LOMBARDO

Intimate story of this famous maestro who captured America with a small band of Royal Canadians.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Brilliant short story, "The Turning Wheel," with threads that reach from Old England to New England and back again.

PARADE OF THE STATIONS

Closeup flashes of interesting bits from broadcast studios across the American continent.

FAIR OF THE AIR

Portraits of the feminine celebrities pleasing to see as well as to hear.

RADIOGRAPHS

Jean Campbell will continue her visits into the homes of national stars and tell you about their private lives.

MARCELLA

With her answers to the questions of the fans is always of special interest to the feminine listeners.

BROADCAST DRAMA

Fictionized features of some of the leading productions from the key stations.

RADIO HUMOR

Four pages of picked wit and comedy gleaned from the studios of the nation. Comic pictures.

GALAXY OF RADIO ARTICLES BY WELL KNOWN WRITERS

This is just a smattering of the many interesting features coming in that SUPER-UNABRIDGED

MAY RADIO DIGEST

At All Newsstands

Advance Tips

HOW opulent is the air with May-time treasure. The eyes float in billows of flowers, the nostrils ache with sweet scented apple blossoms, and the ears tingle with glorious music that seems to tumble from the bursting clouds. Your daily routine may not permit you to physically participate in the unfolding of spring but you can take your Radio Digest, turn on the set and enjoy the richest part of the treasure that is on the air. The pictures and the stories make human and lovable that which you hear from the sky.

* * *

You will find here in May a delightful story by E. Phillips Oppenheim that starts out with the thoughts and aspirations of a boy and a girl who have climbed a little hill to rest. "Her back was against the trunk of an ancient oak. Her companion was stretched upon the ground by her side with his head in her lap." And you'll be very keen to learn whether, after all that happens, they finally marry. It will give you something serious to think about, too.

* * *

Do you believe that an opal can actually bring bad luck? Probably not. But there are many respectable and apparently sane people who have their misgivings about these beautiful stones. And the opal that once belonged to Nonius of the old Roman Senate carried a bloody record. Read what happened in the lonely storm-bound house at Lake Tahoe in Jackson Gregory's Thirteen and One, and the discovery of the Nonius Opal there, as related in this issue of Radio Digest.

* * *

REMEMBER Doty Hobart telling you how Cliquot Eskimos pull the rosin string tied to a tin can to make their dogs bark for you? Mr. Hobart is an old time Radio production manager. He has been taking a little vacation on the farm up in Westchester on the Hudson but he came back a couple of days ago and has been dusting off his typewriter. We hope whatever comes forth will be ready for that May issue. He said not a word of what it will be, but it will be good.

* * *

We think some of Floyd Gibbons' broadcasts would make good reading for the millions of fans who tune him in on every occasion. We have been after him for them but he is holding out for putting them in book form. Maybe if we could show him a bunch of letters asking for them in Radio Digest it would help. Now, would you? Thanks.

* * *

Don Becker, the brains of the Lavender knitwork of the Irrational Broadcasting company, is getting funnier and funnier. We have one of his very funniest skits for the May Radio Digest, which will have other exceptional humorous contributions to make it, all in all, the best grin twister of the month.

* * *

AND, of course, you will get another closeup squint at the great Radio favorites—Amos 'n' Andy! Folks just pester the life out of us for more about Amos 'n' Andy. Well, that's what we're here for.

Across the Desk

SINCE it has become the fashion to equip many of the more luxurious motor cars with high powered Radio receivers, one newspaper columnist has propounded a serious question. He wants to know what would happen in a traffic jam on Fifth avenue if all the cars had Radios and all the Radios were going full volume at the same time.

* * *

Gene Arnold, one of the greatest Radio showmen in the business, was particularly interested in the recent Radio Digest Short Go program contest. He believes the great mass of the listeners insist on variety. Eventually the big part of the day's schedule will be made up of fifteen-minute programs. There will be considerably more Short Go features put on by the same sponsors daily instead of half-hour and full hour programs put on once a week. One of the current outstanding examples of variety arrangement is the Henry George program on Monday night. It presents a series of "One Minute Dramas" and the flashy diversion is delightful. The Collier Hour on Sunday nights also presents a great variety of snappy diversions. But these are all stepping-stones to the ultimate idea.

* * *

THERE are other and more deadly rackets and racketeers than those discussed by Harry Mack of WNJ in this issue of Radio Digest. He might have mentioned the leech who has been the bane of Chicago broadcasters. This little Napoleon of the orchestras put his thumb down on the Old Fiddlers' contests, so long a feature of one of the big agricultural stations. He kicked the Old Fiddlers out. And while he was at it he ordered that this same station could not broadcast a band concert which it had proposed to bring in from a school in a neighboring city unless the station hired another band, man for boy, to sit idle in the studio while the school band put on its concert. There's a racket as is a racket. This same racketeer was one of those arrested last summer after a pipe organ had been set on fire apparently because the owner could no longer afford to hire an organist and had defied orders from the racketeer not to run an electric piano. Radio Digest is for union labor, is printed by union printers, believes in the cause, but has no use for racketeers who ride both the unions and the employers, the self respecting musician and the hard working broadcaster.

* * *

It is interesting to note that the greatest of motion picture classics furnished the theme song for the now outstanding favorite Radio program, Amos 'n' Andy. The Perfect Song, from the Birth of a Nation—a title that few could remember—is scarcely recognized anywhere today, although it was on every tongue shortly before our entry into the World War. Such is fame in Shadowland! And such is Radio!

* * *

Eventually there must come some distinctive technique to get humor through to the listener. Much of it falls terribly flat the way it is now presented. When Radio finds its funny bone there will be a big boom in general interest. Will it be a new kind of comedy or will it be a new way of presenting the old tried reliable repertoire? One evening we listened to a pick-up from a picture theatre. It was an eccentric Oriental selection with tom-tom and gong effects. They were in such a ludicrous juxtaposition as to be indescribably funny. Not a word was spoken, but the sound effect was a scream! Why? Who can say? Perhaps the answer might lead to the unknown technique of getting comedy into the Radio program with a way of its own.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

WHEN YOU WANT

Radio Digest

YOU WANT IT!

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Chicago, Illinois.

Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest, Illustrated.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Soap and Hope

By Meredith Nicholson

MAN CAN never be displaced as the most wonderful machine ever fashioned.

No programme of conservation or increased industrial production is complete that fails to take into the reckoning the physical and nervous power of man. All other economic factors are subordinate to him. He is entitled not only to just reward for his labor, but to opportunity and means for rest and recuperation.

A nation wastes itself that does not conserve its man power. The sound political and spiritual health of America depends upon the physical well-being of all the people. Healthy minds in sound bodies are essential to the nation's prosperity and happiness. The morbid and defective are a burden and a menace.

No testimony is more convincing as to a community's enlightenment and progress than its care for the public health, combined with generous provision for recreation.

Romance and adventure offer no nobler pages than the records of the scientists who have battled against filth and pestilence and taught men how to live. Fitting was the burial of the late Major-General Gorgas to the grieving of the bugles. He was a saviour and helper of mankind. His memory will be perpetuated in the health and well-being of generations that may never know their debt to the great sanitarian.

The American Red Cross turns with characteristic energy from its heroic service to humanity in the black trial of war to the needs of thousands of American homes that cry for sunlight and the scrubbing brush and instruction in the preparation of nourishing and harmonious foods.

Soap and hope! With this slogan doctors and nurses are already searching out the dark places, teaching the primary laws of sanitation and demonstrating methods of wholesome living. The Red Cross appeals to young women who would truly serve America in time of peace to enlist under its banner in this new field of social service.

The plight of the lonely cabin in the hills is as poignant in its appeal as that of the city slum. Wherever there is misery and helplessness and hopelessness there is work to be done.

The labors of the Red Cross to raise the standard of living in the homes of the lowly have an important place in the movement for the more thorough Americanization of America.



VINCENT LOPEZ, outwardly sophisticated leader of famous orchestras and idol of the nation, is, in fact, almost naive at times. Lopez is in search of a workable philosophy of life, and believes he has found it in stars. P. H. Dixon reveals that and many other intimate little sidelights about this inimitable musician.

It's Hard Work to Play Well

VINCENT LOPEZ Puts His Men Through Difficult Rehearsals to Obtain Desired Results—a Pen Picture of First Radio Idol

By P. H. Dixon

VINCENT LOPEZ looks sophisticated. He dresses immaculately, has a patent-leather finish on his hair and, on occasions, can look very, very bored with it all. He conducts his band every night in one of the most exclusive hotels in New York City and his associates include the leaders of Manhattan's ultra-smart group.

But Lopez isn't sophisticated, not in the ordinary sense, that is. In fact, he is almost naive at times, especially when he hears in a casual conversation some reference to an unusual philosophy or to a different school of thought. His curiosity along certain lines is almost scholarly and his mental reactions at times are startlingly original. An interesting person is Lopez, and not an easy one to understand.

The orchestra leader, ranked among the greatest in the country and known to Radio listeners everywhere through his programs broadcast by the National Broadcasting company, makes good copy for the conventional interviewer. He has opinions that are quotable on every subject under the sun. His life story is colorful, including as it does his early struggles with music, his first steps in the direction of the priesthood and his rise from an obscure piano player to the front rank of the jazz maestros. But this story has to do with another side of Lopez. The story, perhaps, will reflect a part of his soul.

"LOPEZ! It is really Lopez!" And there followed a patter of clapping hands. It was such a little while ago. Somebody had conceived the idea of a Radio ball at one of the fashionable hotels in Chicago. Chain broadcasting was unknown. They were to dance to Lopez through WEAF, New York. Nonsense! . . . A hush over the happy, swaying, gliding throng. Crackling, roaring, then a faint swish of music. Swept by invisible eddies of force, the sound grew! "Lopez!" shouted a voice in the balcony. "Lopez speaking!" echoed a voice from the Radio. Such a thrill! It tingled to the tip of every restless toe. How many, many feet have danced to Lopez by Radio since that night! Vincent Lopez was one of the first Idols of the Air. He is still enthroned.

BUT before we look underneath the highly polished exterior of the man to find out what he thinks about and what his philosophies are, we had best watch the man in action.

His actual contacts with the public take up a relatively small percentage of his working hours. He conducts his orchestra at the St. Regis hotel during the dinner hour and then again for several hours around midnight. Once a week he directs the Pure Oil program in the NBC studios just across the street from the hotel. His other broadcasts are in conjunction with his regular evening program of dance music.

He is seen by his public as a suave, smiling young man who gracefully waves a slender baton. Dancers and diners see more of his face than do the men in his orchestra, for Lopez, to the casual observer, doesn't work very hard at the job of conducting. He sways slightly from the hips when he conducts and he is never awkward in his movements.

The casual observer is badly fooled, however, if he thinks Lopez isn't on the job. Let him change from a casual observer to an attentive listener and he will discover why Lopez is one of the best dance band leaders in the country. Let him begin his listening early in the evening before Lopez arrives to take the baton. He hears a good jazz orchestra, but it is just another orchestra. If he listens with his eyes closed he will note a sudden and subtle change in the music. Each division of the orchestra, heretofore scarcely noticeable in the general effect, makes its own personality felt. The listener is conscious of the wood-winds and of the brasses. The piano takes on a new meaning. The strings work wonders with the melody while the percussion—and Lopez uses the double bass for percussion effects—reminds one that after all the music is for dancing. This change means that Lopez is conducting.

What has happened? Lopez himself doesn't know. It is, perhaps, a certain "lift" that his presence gives the musicians. It might be explained by the fact that his men are anxious to please him, but that explanation fails when it is noticed that the change does not take place until he actually starts to conduct. He can sit at a table and watch his men and yet they fail to put the added "something" into the music that makes it a little bit different from anything else.

IT ALL seems to indicate that a good band leader must have something more than a keen sense of rhythm and a good musical education.

So much for the Lopez seen by the public.

Hide behind a curtain in a Radio studio during a rehearsal and you get a different picture. The leader works with his coat off and he wears suspenders. He no longer is suave and smiling. Instead he is curt and very much concerned with his players.

There is no doubt as to who is running the rehearsal. The heated arguments between the musician and the conductor, so often a feature of rehearsals behind closed doors, just don't happen. The musicians pay Lopez the tribute of admitting he knows his job.

He takes his men through a number, part of the time conducting from his stand and part of the time walking about the orchestra making a suggestion here and a correction there. If he wants a certain effect and can't explain it in words, he sits down at the piano and explains it musically.

He works his men hard, for he demands the nearest they can give to perfection. It is not unusual to rehearse a five-minute selection for more than an hour. If the men do a good job, he tells them so. If they don't, he tells them so, and in no uncertain terms.

His day sometimes begins at eight o'clock in the morning, especially if he is making phonograph records. His day never ends before three o'clock in the morning.

He is not athletic, although he apparently has abundant vitality. He plays golf occasionally, but only when he has time to spare. He likes the country, but doesn't see much of it. He does like to work.

His life history, which has been written time and time again, can be summarized here. He was born in Brooklyn. His father was Portuguese and his mother Spanish. Both were musicians, and good ones. He learned to play the piano when he was four years old and made his first public appearance when he was six, playing "Chopsticks." The priesthood was selected as a career. It took three years to prove that music and not theology interested him. Even then his parents refused to surrender him to what they considered a hard and exacting life. So he took a business course. He became secretary to the head of a large firm, but he wanted music.

He got it by playing in a cheap cabaret at night. His father found out where he was spending his evenings and protested. Lopez ran away from home. He took any musical job he could find and waited on tables if it was necessary to hold a job as a pianist. Tom Rooney, actor, takes credit for discovering Lopez when the young man was directing a small orchestra in a night club. The result was four years of musical comedy work.

HE STARTED broadcasting in 1921 at the old WJZ studio in Newark. He has been on the air continually since that time. He has made concert and vaudeville tours. He has had his own night clubs. In his brief career he has made and lost several small fortunes. He is making another now. An out-

(Continued on page 112)

AMOS and ANDY

Interrogator Visits Fresh Air Taxi Cab Office in Harlem —Finds President Busy Directing Labors of Chief Chauffeur—Madame Queen Passes By

By Mark Quest

Illustrations by Edward Ryan

"NOW THAT you have interviewed Amos and Andy, *in person*, told about their private lives, and even the little Baby Amos," sighed Marcella as she opened up a fresh batch of letters, "I do hope you will have a moment or two to help me answer some of these innumerable questions from the fans. And, by the way, what was it that made Amos laugh on New Year's night? You know you promised to explain that."

"'Why did Amos laugh on New Year's night?' Let's face the cruel facts together, Marcella; why did he laugh?" I asked. "He laughed because something struck him as funny."

"Well, what was it?"

"That is one of the particulars we may as well forget."

"But you can't do that. You promised to explain—a promise is a promise."

"Marcella, you don't know how you embarrass me. I am trying to be patient. I confess I don't know why he laughed. He just did, I'm sorry; I cannot tell you why."

"How are you going to explain that to the readers?"

"That is just another of life's inexplicable mysteries. It is doomed to remain so, unless Amos changes his mind and decides to give us the true answer. The world must go on and on and we may never, never know. Anyhow, I have many other things to worry about."

"But I'd like to know—"

"Please, Marcella, imagine my difficulties. I have to interview the Kingfish yet."

"The Kingfish!" she exclaimed, "why you have already told us the Kingfish is just another voice spoken by Amos."

"You are entirely wrong, Marcella, the Kingfish and Amos are entirely distinct and separate identities. What I did say was that the voice of Amos and the voice of the Kingfish both come from the vocal organs of Freeman F. Gosden. And that the voice of Andy comes from the mouth of Charles J. Correll. These two gentlemen live in Chicago and make their studio appearances at WMAQ of the Chicago Daily News, where they have an agreement to present a program twice a day, six days a week for fifty-two weeks for the Pepsodent tooth paste company. And this program goes from coast-to-coast through forty stations over the National Broadcasting company network. The Pepsodent company pays them $100,000 a year, so you can see they are not exactly as indigent as they appear in their sketches. Besides that, they have other incomes from threatre bookings and miscellaneous sources. Please keep these facts in mind, Marcella."



Sad was the day when Ruby Taylor kissed Amos good-bye.

"BUT WHAT do you mean, Mark, by saying you are going to interview the Kingfish?" Marcella persisted.

"Ah! Now we are getting down to brass rivets. We know that Mr. Correll and Mr. Gosden write the material for their skits themselves and that they live in Chicago. But the Radio listeners are anxious to know more about these persons, Amos and Andy, whom they hear on the air, and who live in New York. They only hear the dialogue and the very brief introduction by Bill Hay. What they want is to get the dope right from some person who goes to see where Amos and Andy hang out on 134th street in Harlem, the New York Negro district. They want to get a direct view of the scene. So that's why I am going to go and look up the Amos and Andy we hear on the air."

"But, don't be silly, there is no real Amos and Andy—"

"My task is hard enough," I replied with some exasperation, "without your imposing any suppositious obstacles in my way. Who told you there was no real Amos and Andy on 134th street in Harlem, New York? As a matter of fact, I happen to know there are several. And I am going to see a couple of them."

"And I suppose you will see the dog, too?"

"Check, and double check, Marcella."

SO HERE we are on 134th street on the Dark side of New York on a balmy afternoon of the early spring. All Etheopia is abroad. Dusky citizens of various ages and shades of complexions are strolling over the sun warmed pavements just for the joy of being out of doors. I think we are now getting into the neighborhood where we may find—what's that?

Clink! Clinkity-clink! There it is now. Old Man Trouble on Wheels—the Neanderthal of automobiles, a survival of the Tin Age. You couldn't mistake it. Nor could you mistake the dusky, kinky-haired, young industrialist lamming away at the battered rim flattened out on the pavement. Fresh air taxicab—heavens, yes; fresh air everywhere but in the tires! What a wreck! Splintered windshield, cross-eyed lensless lamps, fenders tied on with hay wire, a dragging running board, one rear axle jacked up on a carpenter's saw horse, and a rubber patchwork of tire and casing on the sidewalk near the belabored rim.

"Woof! Woo-oo-OOF!" Discovered! A bedraggled young pup has spotted me, announced himself, and is now sniffing curiously at my knees.

"Heah, doggie. Don't be afeared, Mistah. He won't bite."

"Are you sure?" I asked, pretending to be a bit frightened.

"No, no, no—he wouldn't hurt a flea."

"No personal allusions, I'm sure," Mark rejoined politely.

"He might if he could catch one, tho'," This was from the

inevitable partner. It was Andy himself who appeared in the doorway of the little paint-peeled office building which I now observed for the first time. The front had once been a canary yellow. There was a black signboard with red letters announcing The Fresh Air Taxicab Co., Inc., over the door. The window was dusty and a rag had been stuffed into a broken pane. Andy himself leaned against the jamb, his intended derby aslant over one brow and the frayed remains of a half burned cigar protruding from one corner of his mouth. He looked at me reflectively.

"Is you-all lookin' for a taxicab?" he asked.

"That depends," I answered, "on the ventilation of the vehicle."

"De what?" Andy shoved his hat back.

"THE CURSE of the modern taxicab," I explained, "is that it lacks a sufficient cubical content of wholesome atmosphere. It is a germ trap contrived to contaminate any normal human being compelled to breathe through its bacilli infested interior. I have heard on the Radio of two bright young colored taxicabbers who specialize in Fresh Air Taxicabs—"

"You means de Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorpolated; of which, I, Andrew Brown, is de president and Amos Jones de chief chauffeur?" asked Andy.

"Let me see, where have I heard those names before?" I asked with a finger to my brow.

"Brown and Jones?" asked Amos.

"Both names sound familiar, but I was wondering particularly about Amos and Andy."

"Das what we is on de Radio," Andy explained.

"On the Radio, exactly," I was jubilant. "The Radio must have been a great thing for your business. Why millions of people are listening to you every night. I suppose you will soon be establishing branches in the other cities?"

"Mistah, heah is de branch, de trunk, de root an' de bark of our business," said Amos pointing to the relic I well knew was their main stock in trade—and the dog.

"Do you mean to tell me that all this broadcasting has not helped to build up your business?" I asked.

"It maybe help like de Kingfish say," said Amos, "but we ain't nevah got nuthin' to show how much—jes' a lot of letters but nobody evah say they is comin' to ride in de Fresh Air Taxicab because of de Radio, less 'an it be you."

"That seems incredible!" I expostulated.



"Reckon we bettah ask de new brudder to join de Home Bank," said the Kingfish.

"IT'S JES' like I say to Amos," observed Andy, slowly ambling himself out to the curb and bracing himself against a pole. "De main trouble is dat we ain't never tol' folks where we is. I spects if they knowed where we is dey would run us to death."

"It must cost you a lot of money putting on two programs every day."

"Well, it don't zactly cost us no money," said Amos.

"Oh, do you mean to tell me they advertise your taxicab business all over the country for nothing?"

"De Pepsodent people pays de bills," said Amos.

You don't have to pay anything—the Pepsodent people pay everything?"

"Yeah, das it," Andy agreed. "Why dey even pays us mo' dan we makes outta de taxicab business."

"Then your broadcasting isn't a total loss?"

"No, sah, we ain't losin' nothin' by it," Amos admitted. He was now busy stretching the tire over the rim. An old white haired darky and several urchins had begun to gather around. Andy was annoyed.

"Uncle Jimmy," he turned to the white haired old man who leaned on a cane, "is all dese kids youahs?"

"No, no, Andy, all my chilluns has growed up and got dey own chilluns now."

"Den I want's all you kids not kin to Uncle Jimmy to beat it," said Andy, scowling and bugging out his eyes toward one little tot in kinky braids. "Dis ain't no free show. Go on befoah I calls de cop. You is blockin' de sidewalk."

"Why must you worry de pore little kids," Amos sympathized. "What's dey goin' to do? Don't you reckon dey has to play some place?"

"Woof! Woof!" Even the dog turned on Andy, who grunted and sauntered back to the doorway of the little office, where he resumed his rest against the door jamb.

"One of these days you may find a little gal climbin' up on yo' knee, Andy, an' callin' you pappy, den you'll feel different," hinted Uncle Jimmy.

But Andy didn't hear that. His eye had wandered to a small group of women talking in front of the shop next door. Amos gave me a respectful wink.

"Das right," he said. "Look at 'im! He gone clean up to hebben cause he see Madame Queen gabbin' wid de preacher's wife. Tha's she, de plump one wid de green hat and de red shawl, turnin' dis way. She lookin' faw Andy cause she go by heah ever' day dis time and Andy stan' dere in de door or by de pole waitin' faw to see her. You mus' see. He salutes her like a sojer 'stead a liftin' his hat clean off his haid."

IT WAS a sight. Andy seemed completely hypnotized as the lady called Madame Queen swished toward us. She beamed at him. Andy smiled. Two great fingers touched the rim of his rusty old derby and shoved it back on his head about a quarter of an inch. The lady dropped a momentary glance on Amos and the briefest possible nod, then floated on Amos put his foot inside the rim and gave the tire a tug with a flat piece of steel.

"Andy sho' am crazy 'bout dat woman." He was chuckling. "He talk about her in his sleep."

"Amos, will you quit messin' in my private affairs? Dis ain't none o' yo' business, an' I ask you now to keep yo' mouf shut." Andy shoved his hat down to where it had been before Madame Queen had passed, bit off the end of his cigar stub and blew it from his lips vehemently.

"We hear so much about Madame Queen on the Radio," I ventured, "may I presume to ask if she has said the little word yet?"

"Well, I reckon dat is about as pussonel a question as you could ask, Mistah, but I's heah to say I ain't zactly asked her yit." Andy was still glowering at Amos for bringing the subject up. But Amos gave the tire a final heave into the rim and grinned toward me.

"Don't you git mad with me, Andy, cause I ain't told how you all is waitin' faw de Kingfish to declare dividends on yo' delayed payments to de bank. An' maybe Madame Queen might be thinkin' de same thing 'bout her money you got her to invest wid de Kingfish."

This was powder to the flame. Although he remained glued to the doorjamb, Andy pulled his hat still lower on his brow and bit more off the end of the unlighted cigar butt to be shot from his teeth. Words almost failed him, but he said:



"Amos, I has asked you like a gen'leman to min' yo' own business. Has I got to come ovah thah an' bust yo' in de nose to splain what I means?"

"Reckon yo' ain't goin' to bust me in de nose, Andy. Ef yo' busted me in de nose ever' time you say yo' was goin' to I wouldn't have no nose left—an'—an'—yo' wouldn't have nothin' left but you mouf. I reckon dat would keep right on goin' aftah all de rest of yo' is gone."

"Woof!" The little dog bristled at Amos' side. Andy grunted and walked into the office, slamming the door behind him.

"I likes to tease Andy 'bout de Madame Queen cause he got so much to say 'bout gettin' mixed up wid women and lettin' 'em mess up yo' life faw yo'. He's goin' to fall sumpin awful, an' I reckon Madame Queen goin' make a little lamb outta him." Amos was now sweating over a bicycle pump. I would soon discover whether this outlaw from the junk yard would really go.

"How is the Kingfish making out with his bank?" I asked.

"I don't hear much about it any mo' since I done tell 'em to leave me alone."

"I would like to see the Kingfish—and talk to him," I remarked.

"Better not let him see yo' first and begin de talkin' hisself less yo' got yo' watch an' chain padlocked an' all yo' spare change sewed up in yo' pocket. Cause when he gets through talkin' he'll have all yo' has in his own pockets."

"Oh, really, I don't believe the Kingfish can be as bad or as



When Madame Queen greeted Andy she gave Amos a passing glance. But Amos was sadly dreaming of Ruby far away in Chicago.

GOOD as all that, Amos."

By this time the young man was putting the rim on the wheel. He paused from a final kick to straighten it into place. His eyes opened wide, then he bent to the business of screwing on the nuts with redoubled energy. Under his breath I could hear him muttering, "Awa—awa!" He refrained from further speech until I asked him if he still had his money in the big bank.

"Mistah," he asked, all his gathering suspicions culminating into this one thought, "did de Kingfish send yo' to talk to me 'bout gettin' my money into any new mess he thinks up?"

"Certainly not, Amos, I have never seen the Kingfish, but I should like to. And I'll take my chance on what he can talk me out of."

"What is it yo' want with us?"

"Oh, I simply go around talking to the different people we hear on the Radio. Then I write up what they say, and how they look, for the listeners to read in my magazine. A lot of people want to know about you boys, so I came here to find out—to get the general background, you know."

"De background? We ain't got no backyard. It's all built up clean to de alley. Das why I must fix de car heah, less we take it to de Millers garage."

"Oh, that's alright, Amos. I don't mean your backyard. I simply mean your surroundings—the circumstances to fill in the picture you create by what you say on the air. It must be an awful nuisance to get ready and go down to the National

(Continued on page 94)

Additional Facts in the Private Life of AMOS *and* ANDY

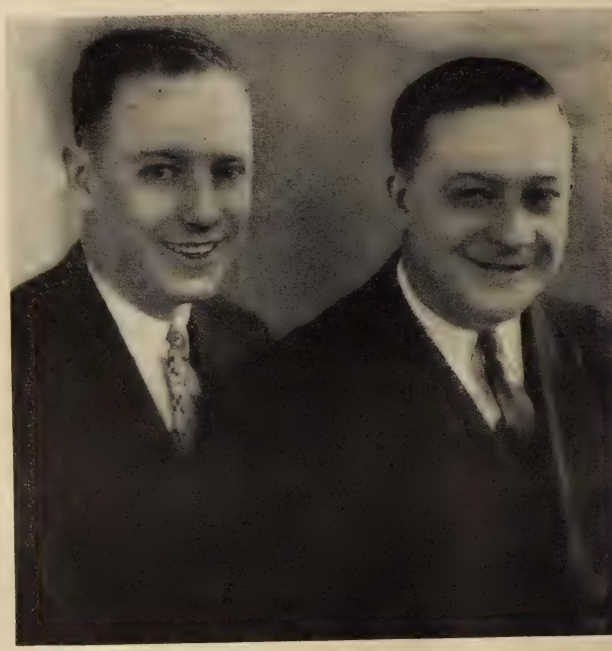
LILLIAN, Mrs. Freeman F. Gosden's housemaid, is the queen bee among the colored citizenry of the near South Side in Chicago. She is typical of all southern domestics. Doubtless, the famous head of the house finds new words and inspiration for his darky dialect from hearing her talk. Ruby Taylor's Aunt Lillian in New York is named for the Lillian in the Gosden household.

"She likes to listen to the Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts," said Mrs. Gosden, "and when Amos feels bad about having to part with Ruby, it all affects Lillian true to life."

Although Mrs. Gosden did not say so, it probably gives Amos a vivid picture of the situation to imagine Lillian listening and sympathizing in reality. It helps make the situation ideal for him to imagine her before the microphone or sitting back in the shadows of the Gosden living room with tears rolling down her cheeks at the thought of the thwarted ambitions of the two young colored folks so anxious to marry.

When Lillian goes to visit her friends on the South Side it means a party for all the neighbors to gather 'round and hear just what Amos is like when he is somebody else than the Amos they hear on the air.

Mr. Gosden enjoys a good meal—and he likes nothing better than chicken when it is prepared Southern style. Lillian knows how to prepare a chicken to perfection, according to Mrs. Gosden, "but there was a time or two when the Amos 'n' Andy program came into the house just at dinner time, and Lillian forgot about her chicken until a scorching smoke wafted in from the kitchen and we discovered that the chicken had come to a crisp brown that was just a little too brown to be palatable."



When Amos 'n' Andy take off their black masks and become Freeman F. Gosden (left) and Charles J. Correll, then you see two smiling young gentlemen without care or worry.

MRS. GOSDEN is very practical and little Freeman, Jr., who is just about two years old, as you read these lines, absorbs her most devoted motherly attention. Lillian is not asked to give much of her time to this curly headed mite. She prepares the food—and it must be just so—then Mrs. Gosden feeds it to the little fellow herself. She puts a row of dishes in front of him on his high chair.

"This?" He shakes his head.

"Try some of this," a little more firmly.

"Ahh—" he points a chubby little finger at a dish which heretofore has been despised. It's spinach. He gets a mouthful and surprise of surprises—he likes it!

He is just beginning to talk. A great many people have asked whether he starts talking the famous Amos dialect. Not yet—he doesn't. But give him time.

There are so many listeners who accept Amos and Andy as living personalities that even the slightest appeal for any little human necessity brings the most astonishing mail. Once when Amos regretted the loss of some buttons from his shirt he received thousands of buttons from the fans—enough to start a small button store. And when it was announced he was engaged to Ruby Taylor and he figured on getting an engagement ring, there were approximately 200 rings sent to him—mostly of the ten cent store variety.

Every mail brings offers of assistance to help Andy figure out his income tax. (To figure out the actual income tax of Correll and Gosden probably is no small task for anybody, considering the money from their various enterprises.) They have been provided with everything from buttons, typewriters, cakes, rubber shoe laces, up to genuine "Fresh Air" taxicabs.

"Don't the boys get bored with the idea of having to prepare a new skit every day?" Mrs. Gosden was asked.

"I don't think so," she answered. "The characters have become so real to them they go on with a situation just about as you can imagine two such characters would under the circumstances. They never depend on anyone else writing their dialog. They couldn't. It wouldn't be the real Amos 'n' Andy—and they probably would find themselves just reading the lines instead of living them as they do now."

"It must take a great deal of time to prepare suitable manuscript for a daily broadcast of from 1,500 to 1,800 words?"

"Sometimes it does—but not usually. They keep in close touch with people. They go into the picture shows a great deal, they have gone to as many as four or five shows a day. And again you are just as apt to find them over in some dental emporium on Madison street watching a free extraction for a curious crowd. They don't go and merely watch reactions of the people but try to feel the reactions themselves, enjoying the shocks and thrills and humor the same as the people who may be standing or sitting all around them. They study life from life itself wherever it may be."

PRACTICALLY every broadcast you ever heard has been carefully read and rehearsed no matter how extemporaneous it may sound. But this does not apply to the Amos 'n' Andy episodes. They are written in advance, but never rehearsed. Once the conversation begins it goes through with the spontaneity of natural sequence.

The theme song for the nightly episodes has a great deal to do with creating the atmosphere that surrounds the pair. Ordinarily a blackface character is introduced with jazz, blue tones or negro spirituals. Amos 'n' Andy are introduced by that plaintive refrain from the Birth of the Nation called "The Perfect Song." What a climax for this bit of old lace from that masterpiece of the greatest genius in the history of motion pictures, David Wark Griffith! Joseph Gallicchio, director of the WMAQ orchestra, leads the trio in this beautiful presentation. His exquisitely toned violin was made by Joseph Gagliano over 200 years ago.

Sometimes the question has been asked as to what would happen should either one of the boys be taken ill or suffer from an accident that would prevent them from taking part in one of their scheduled programs.

There is no official answer to this question, although it has been suggested that inasmuch as the two characters have in the past made records of their skits which were put on the air from thirty or forty stations they might have a few unused emergency records available for that purpose. With modern recording facilities brought to the high degree of a



fifteen-minute program on one disc, as developed by the talking pictures, these facilities could very readily be submitted in an emergency.

LAST summer Amos 'n' Andy withdrew all the cash reserve of the Fresh Air Taxicab Co., Incorpolated, and bought themselves some new clothes and tickets for points West. They visited the towns where the broadcast programs had been put on from the record syndicate sent by the Chicago Daily News. In every city they were met by the police and others. Yes, even the mayors came down to see them and make them feel at home with specially lettered and decorated fresh air cabs as may be seen in the above pictures.

In Kansas City the streets were roped off and they were escorted through the city like a couple of trans-Atlantic fliers. They were voted the most popular entertainers on the air in a contest conducted by the Kansas City Star and WDAF.

The two upper pictures were taken in San Francisco, the one to the right shows Mayor Rolfe presenting Andy with a "bouquet."

Correll could earn a good living as a hoofer on the vaudeville stage if he had to. He plays the piano when they are on the air as Correll and Gosden.

M. Q.



Some day the worm will turn—Amos will take that broom away from Andy and give him a good dusting with it.

The SUCKER'S REVENGE

Old Jap Gideon Pops Out of His Bedraggled Cocoon and Flutters Forth With a Fat Roll to Tempt Two Misguided Confidence Men

EVER since he took fifteen thousand dollars out of a slate pocket up on Grasshopper creek, everybody on Humpback Mountain had been wondering what old Jap Gideon would do with it. Nor had this lively curiosity stopped on Humpback; it had traveled across the canyon of the Trinity and stirred up Peppertree.



"Goodby, boys," he called back. "I'll prob'ly write you a letter from Honolulu."

In the summertime Peppertree was a village of three or four dozen old-fashioned houses that sprawled lazily across yellow ridges and torn gulches, for once the place had been a famous mining camp. It was the middle of January now and the mountains were covered by a deep blanket of snow. The air was filled with heavy flakes that came down through a mysterious hush that was more striking than noise. Inside the store a dozen whiskered mountain men sat about the stove listening appreciatively, for old Jap Gideon was swinging on his ancient packbag, meanwhile arguing vehemently with Judge Hopper and Tom Morris, the storekeeper. He was a wizened little old man, his face a forest of short whiskers, grayish, but tobacco-yellowed where they retreated into the sunken cavity where but two teeth remained.

"Ain't no use tryin' to influence me, judge!" said old Jap stubbornly. "All my life I been wantin' to travel—and now I'm goin' to do it! Yes sir, for once in my life I'm goin' to wear a clean collar and white pants—"

"White pants!" guffawed Morris the storekeeper. "Why say, if you start out in white pants you'll freeze your tail off—"

"I'M GOIN' where it's warm enough to travel round in my shirt-tail if I want to!" retorted old Jap with asperity. He took the short stemmed cob pipe from his pocket, rammed it full of tobacco and inserted the yellow stem in the sunken place among the yellow whiskers, regarding the crowd of loafers

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

Illustrations by
Chas. J. McCarthy

belligerently. "Yes sir! A feller with fifteen thousand dollars can do anything he likes! You fellers like to know where I'm goin'? I'm goin' round the world! Clean round the damn' thing and come home from the other side of ole Humpback! First off, I'll stop in Honolulu—"

The storekeeper interrupted with another coarse burst of raucous laughter. "Fine chance!" he said. "You'll never be able to get a bookin' on no Honolulu steamer! Why, it takes months—"

"I got one already!" grinned Uncle Jap triumphantly. "I been correspondin' with them steamer people for three months and they got me all fixed up! All I got to do is get down to San Francisco. Nothin' much to carry but my fifteen thousand dollars—"

"But Uncle Jap," broke in Judge Hopper, dismayed, "you can't possibly mean to carry all that money on you?"

"Why not?" demanded old Jap with fresh obstinacy. "Any law ag'in it? Didn't I get that fifteen thousand dollars legal? You bet! Dug her out of the slate after lookin' for her forty-fifty years—You bet I'm takin' her along. All in thousand dollar bills! Them bills will keep me feelin' rich and noble, knowin' they're there. And when I slap down a thousand dollar bill under some hotel-keeper's nose—"



"NOW listen, Jap!" Judge Hopper was so much in earnest that his fat face began to sweat. "You listen to my advice, Jap. Nobody ever carries that much money on his person! Why, say—somebody is sure to take it away from you—"

"Hey?" said old Jap Gideon with dangerous truculence. He was noted for his short temper and his tobacco-stained whiskers began to quiver with rage. "Who'll do it, you reckon? Hey? And what'll I be doin' while he's ransackin' me for that fifteen thousand dollars? Say, judge, I been takin' care of myself for a good many years and nobody ever saw me layin' down meek and submissive while some feller prowled round through my pants! Besides, I got ole Bloody Mary along with me—" He opened his vest and disclosed a huge revolver nestling beneath his skinny arm. The weapon advertised itself as the identical one that Noah carried off the Ark.

"She ain't a late model," he confessed. "But she makes more noise than a crack of thunder and she throws a chunk of lead bigger'n a squash!" He went outside, stepped into his ski leathers and started away in the falling snow. "Good-by, boys," he called back. "I'll prob'ly write you a letter from Honolulu."

The crowd of men had poured out of the store and stood watching old Jap Gideon starting round the world with fifteen thousand dollars in currency hidden somewhere upon his bony old body. Judge Hopper sighed.

"Well," he said, "the poor old chap will lose that fifteen thousand, sure!"

"Ain't a doubt about that," agreed Tom Morris. "He's so simple-minded. He'll tell everybody he's got it, of course."

"Of course." The fat judge sighed again. "But maybe he'll have fifteen thousand dollars' worth of fun, at that," he said. "I wish I could go round the world too!"

"Listen!" said the storekeeper.

Old Jap had disappeared in the smother of falling snow, but they could hear him singing as he went. Back through the veil of whiteness came his reedy voice, cracked but exultant—

"I had a gal in old Shy-anne,
But she ran away with a travelin' man.
I'll roam this world till I meet with him,
And I'll hang his hide on a juniper limb—"

II

MR. JAMES GOSSOP was agitated. It was apparent by the anxious look in his hard, black eyes and the perspiration that rolled over his blue-black jowls as he hurried along Market street, in San Francisco. Nor did his agitation decrease when he turned down Third street toward Howard. He was a short, stocky man with a close-cropped bullet head, short, bristling black moustache and thick fingers, spatulate and hard. He gnawed savagely upon a black cigar and at the corner of Third and Howard he bumped squarely into Mr. Fletcher Bryson.

"Hello, Jim!" greeted Bryson, and grinned, the grin of a pleased wolf. He was a thin, anemic young man with pale eyes, pale skin and pale hair that fell forward from beneath a cap and lay listlessly upon his inadequate forehead. He had long, white fingers that twitched nervously and a cigarette clung to his thin lower lip. "Just get down from Portland?"

Gossop nodded, gasping for breath. He took the hard derby from his bullet head and mopped his brow. "Say, listen, guy!" he panted, "I been all over town lookin' for you. Say, I got

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GO EAST *with Your* VOICE

Wilfred Glenn Reverses Horace Greeley's Famous Advice to Ambitious Young Men

By JEAN CAMPBELL

WILFRED GLENN, "The old sea dog" . . . who has deserted the fog horn for the Radio microphone, sat squat-fashion upon a great bear rug in the midst of his studio-ala-ship-salon. Surrounded by seafaring treasures is he, binoculars, miniature models of all of the ships that he, himself, has sailed o'er the seven seas (as the guest of a treasure hunting captain). All made by his own hand, and only with the aid of a whittle knife, a bit of cedar wood, a few strips of ship-canvas and some waxed string of lasting strength.

We were in the midst of New York City, and not even a-sail on the Hudson, but no one would have guessed that from the atmosphere, once the sea-dog's studio door was closed upon us.

"And so you want my advice to young men, since mine has been, you flatter me a meritorious, and yet, a quite venturesome career? Very well, madam! (in grave basso).

"Horace Greeley, you know him? Well, he advised all young men, blonds, brunettes, tall, short, pale, ruddy complexioned, strong muscled or weak of spine . . . all and sundry . . . provided only that they were seeking at his hands the way toward fame and fortune. . . .

"Go West Young Man, Go West!"

"And the sad part about it all is that most of them went. I should know? Hundreds of tenderfeet showed up at my father's ranch in California during my eighteen years there . . . only to break down under the strenuous life and become neither broncho busters, cattle-herders, fence-riders, fruit-growers or anything else but, upon occasion, nice little chore boys about the house, whom father half-adopted, if I happened to like them, so that I should have company on the ranch and stop talking about running away to sea.

"Just to admit that the adopting of tendfoot playmates failed to work, after a time, let me remind you that shortly after my eighteenth birthday I did finally run away from the ranch and shipped for Alaska.

"Another confession, that ought to fit right in here, is that I really was right in running away from the ranch, as even father afterward conceded, because, in a measure, so far as ranch work was concerned, I was something of a tenderfoot myself. My sole contribution to the herding of the cattle being a yodel song that I used to sing to Bessie, the bell-cow, when nothing else in the world would enrapture her into the corral to stand pat for the evening milking.

THE ONLY harm that was done by my running away, at just that time, was the great disappointment that came to me after I had set sail and found that the life of a sea-faring fisherman is not one for fancy fingernails. Up to this time I had really been undecided as to whether I wanted to be a Columbus or a Caruso. I decided after a hectic voyage and many months of hand-corning work, in favor of a sea-captain's role in grand opera, instead of its prototype on the wide open and wind blown sea.

"There and then, or that is after I had induced the encouragement of my ship-mates by singing them to sleep every night and drowning out, quite easily, Father Neptunes worst roars, I struck shore and took up the problem of just where to begin my career with the idea that I had found my forte at last and that what I wanted was fame and fortune.

"Here, we come to the time when I first heard of our old friend Horace Greeley. Having been born in the West and experienced, in sympathy, something of the hardships of young men who had earnestly heeded his advice . . . I set out to disparage him by taking a train East as soon as father would loosen up with the fare.

"And now, like unto Horace, I am wont at times to forget that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. But, if you seriously must ask me for advice to young men seeking fame and forture . . . mine is, provided they are singers or otherwise theatrically inclined:

"COME EAST, YOUNG MAN, COME EAST."

"After my ambition to become a sea captain had lagged I set out for New York, dreaming of the great day when I should sing at the Metropolitan opera house. Many long months of study antedated my first trip East. Dad wanted to be sure that I was in earnest this time, and that there was no doubt of my vocal ability. Of course, I set out finally with the idea that I should 'take New York by storm,' almost overnight. All



Many months of hard, grinding work before the mast decided the question of a career for Wilfred Glenn. A sea captain's role in opera appeared far more desirable than its prototype on the briny deep.

youngsters starting out have that notion, no matter what sort of a career they are sailing toward; they always think it easy at the start.

"Well, my debut at the Metropolitan was, perhaps, a bit ill-timed and too hurried, just because of this youthful self-assurance. At any event, as has 'oft been told against me, nothing came of it except that it taught me a great lesson, Metropolitan opera stars are just not made overnight, no matter what the press agents may have to say to the contrary.

"It has been well remembered, that debut. I appeared, cocksure, upon the vast stage, scarcely seeing, in the dimmed auditorium, the director and others who were there to hear me. How many were there? Who were they? I did not know and did not care! Not until, in the midst of my song, I caught the eye of one gentleman, and recognized him as the singer who had made famous that particular song which I had had the nerve to select for my audition. It was a hard song to sing . . . and there sat he who sang it as no one else could or ever did. That, my dear young lady, was too much even for such a courageous youth as myself. I just wilted almost before I had begun to sing, yet I screwed up my courage in a devil-may-care fashion near the last stanza and roared it into the very rafters.

"THANK you, kindly," said the great director. "I passed out onto Broadway, the thoroughfare of bright lights and broken hearts. My friend who had come to be my unpaid 'claque,' or 'applauder' at all of my renditions, because he truly believed in me, waxed funny for the first time in his life when he saw my solemn face in the sunlight and offered the

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"Turbulent Twenties" Develop

RADIO RACKETS

Broadcasters Meet Many Racketeers from Hard Boiled "Business Agents" to Crooked Salesmen

By Harry Mack
Studio Director, WNJ, Newark, N. J.

OUT of the "Turbulent Twenties" has come a whole grist of new words for the English language, and an even larger grist of old words with new meanings. The argot of the underworld has seeped into the language of the street, the home and even regular social parlance. Conspicuous, above the babble, do we hear the word "racketeer." There are racketeers in every line. Radio broadcasting has met its racketeer in one form or another, from the hard boiled self-styled business agent to high pressure salesmen for worthless investments.



Harry Mack

Ultimately John J. Public pays the bills although incidental and unwitting agents of the racketeers must suffer heartache, humiliation and loss of prestige. It is the local broadcasting station that faces the most determined onslaught of the Radio racketeer. The more powerful and better financially entrenched organizations are by no means immune but they are able to pursue their way along an established line. The local station, which is recognized by the Federal Radio commission as highly important in the national Radio scheme, often is faced by the most difficult financial problems in order to survive. It is tempted to accept almost any kind of a proffered hand that looks like help.

A racketeering crew moves into the area of the small station and opens up a proposition for a local beauty contest. Everything looks open and above board. Their method is quite simple, a studiously spread network of salesmen over the territory, with its ballyhoo of streamers announcing the contest, its tons of votes, its announced prizes, ranging from a very grand piano to a Radio, a fur coat or even an automobile.

MERCHANTS are given an allowance of this printed literature according to the amount invested, and no sum is too small, no business too insignificant, even the lowly hot dog road stand being solicited. For which outlay, respective wares, phone numbers, and other information relevant and otherwise is tossed out over the air. Between phonograph records which bear no relation to the commodity, announcements are made in a language which emerges from the studio crucible. Etched along such artistic lines "At this time ladies and gentlemen, we wish to, etc;" "Don't forget the name and address which we repeat for your convenience;" "And may we call your attention to the A. B. C. store," etc., etc., it is little wonder that the return to the advertiser is practically nil.

Though the mill grinds slowly and few repeaters are picked up, still the mill grinds surely, taking in by sheer force of its sales dynamics more and more anxious fodder. A productive percentage of "perfect taps" always appears amongst the haul—thanks to these the game becomes worth while, the racketeers become "dough heavy," as they term it, and, having brought the station in quite a budget in a short time, are able to cement their hold on the broadcaster. They have been able to "cover the nut" in short order. A "perfect tap" by the way is a buyer who has been taken in three times and made to like it (after which he never comes back.) A station thus paying expenses is referred to as "covering the nut."

Such contests as the above are generally conducted by a band of roving arabs, salesmen who, having been through the game and found it an interesting and a fairly remunerative one, are satisfied with the return. Hyenas, turned loose in a verdant arcadia where the pickings are always good.

However, like ships that pass in the night, the contest closes in a shroud of mystery—the piano, the fur coat, the automobile become as mythical as a morning fog before the sun of reality, and the beauty or the popular lady who has worked so assiduously to head the list wonders why the sudden puncture of her little vanity balloon. Hindmost, come the devil and the dealer. The little band of racketeers has gone to new pastures.

SOMETIMES an outsider is able cleverly to put it over on a station. He approaches the powers that be, and says that he wants to put on a foreign hour, a Polish or Russian program—he has lots of fine talent available, knows the local foreign colony and lacks only the time for a couple of test programs to fill the station's coffers with the much sought mazuma.

More often than not the gent succeeds, and after listening to a program of a none too exacting nature, it is learned that the foreign language carried paid propaganda for which the racketeering entrepreneur did actually collect. He had made it his party, bowed suavely and promised something better next week. Even the names of Bible societies have been exploited in this kind of a racket, peddling their wares on a bead of precious time donated for reading the Word in tongues understandable to the stranger within our gates.

Another of the rackets favored, one which has as many Goldberg variations as a theme of Bach, is for the salesman of a broadcasting unit to phone a number of prominent firms of Fifth Avenue calibre. The conversation is to the effect that his station has been designated by an "authorized listening commission" to test the reception, the wants and the reactions of the listening public, and that the "commission" has mentioned the particular firm as the kind which it is thought ought to be on such a program. In nine cases out of ten the firm, susceptible to such signal attention, is interested, and the attitude of the salesman calling on it is one of sycophantic servility if it readily capitulates, of surly overbearing if the firm seeks to delve for details. Programs of major importance, planned especially for the occasion, are promised, but when the thing is launched, Mr. Client hears only an announcement sandwiched in between indifferent shop records of an Eight Avenue quality. He remonstrates, telephones, writes, blusters but attrition and passing the buck wear him down until his contract has expired. Out goes another victim to the racket.

A VARIATION of this indoor sport is to invite a prominent man to speak over the air "at no cost whatsoever for the time." He is, however, presented with a bill to cover all sorts of imaginary expenses, such as license fees, incidentals and whatever comes to the racketeer's mind. Rather than make any fuss, the gentleman digs to the tune of the hold up, which little theme becomes the funeral march of another victim's Radio experience.

Sometimes the trick takes another form. A racketeering station with a subsidiary will deliberately switch transmitters—sending out over the smaller unit the programs paid for on the larger one—this in order to popularize the reception of the smaller and gain for it advantages of federal privileges and the like. Of course this is a deliberate steal, but clients being none the wiser, pay the checks and wonder why John Jacoby and Mary Morton do not write in for a copy or a sample.

Every known manner of tieing up individuals, firms, groups, etc., is tried—the Woman's hour, the Dish a Day Period, the Radio Club, membership $1.00 a year, for which you may have samples and receipts and advice, anything from Little Livers to Corn Cutters. Sometimes the dollars that come in fail of acknowledgment and are followed up by belligerent ladies, more intent on cure than on the return of their coin, but I have never known a case where one of the girls carried the

(Continued on page 110)

THIRTEEN and ONE

Into the House That Twice Has Seen Double Murder Under the Spell of the Great Opal, There Evolves a Discovery and New Dangers

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

MR. PARKS had summoned a most unusual company of guests to his remote and somewhat gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were especially interested in precious stones. Connoisseurs, adventurers, mystics, and there was one renowned jeweler by the name of Amos Laufer-Hirth, of San Francisco. Paul Savoy, traveler and student of *genus homo,* had been the first to arrive at the great lodge. And before the host had come with the jeweler he had made the slight and somewhat unpleasant acquaintance of Captain Art Temple, world traveler, who had come with his military orderly.

Doctor Andregg, a sallow and rather saturnine guest, had permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. He was a skilled physician. Then there was Herman A. Dicks, a famous detective, who had come with Mr. Parks and his jeweler friend. Will Little had come to look after the luggage of Laufer-Hirth, and there seemed to be considerable of it. An East Indian, known as Nemo, entered as the other guests were gathering around the dining table. He had a fellow countryman for an assistant. This individual seemed as mysterious as his master—a condensed giant.

Savoy counted noses and by including the two Filipino servants there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.



Paul Savoy . . . had gone off to his room trailing the blue curtains after him.

"But what of that?" demanded Laufer-Hirth, who had been accused of superstition.

IT WAS known this huge log house had a history. The great opal known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought here long ago by a thievish merchant for the consideration of the builder of the house, a man by the name of Thraff Willcyzinski. The merchant had been accompanied by an unknown foreigner.

"That night," said Mr. Parks in relating the tale to his guests, "double murder was committed right here. The jewel merchant and the foreigner were stabbed to death. The supposed Nonius Opal in a little wine-red silk-covered case, vanished. And our friend Willcyzinski disappeared immediately after, a raving maniac."

Dicks, apparently, considered the story for the most part a fairy yarn.

Savoy again referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. But presently they came to the nub of the matter as to why they had been assembled.

"I suggest that we resume this matter tomorrow," suggested Mr. Nemo. "It grows late; some of us have traveled far in the storm——"

"By all means," agreed Mr. Parks. "But I have a certain confession to make. We are to discuss important business here tomorrow. I cannot remain entirely on the sidelines when the battle begins. There are in this room certain valuables which we'll not specify right now. For my part there is this." He flipped open a packet from which he had just removed a rubber band, and disclosed a stack of yellow bank notes. "A cool million dollars there, gentlemen."

He invited others who had treasure to put it with his in the safe, and said in conclusion: "I am afraid that there is in the house right now a very dangerous man, who would stop at nothing—nothing—to achieve what he is here to do." The jeweler accompanied them to the safe in the living room. From there Parks and the detective retired to their private rooms, which adjoined.

Thirty minutes later there was a high strangling cry, out of which only the one word, "Murder," could be understood. A rush about from door to door by the startled guests ended in the room where Parks and Dicks had retired. They found Parks stretched out on the floor half way between the bedroom and the bathroom, dead, a knife sticking in his breast. And a moment later Dicks was found also stabbed to death in one of the great chairs.

Dr. Andregg started to leave the body of the host to examine Dicks when he spied a small bright object on the floor near the outstretched hands. As he was the first of others who also saw it, he was the first to snatch it up.

Captain Temple stepped into the room and insisted that immediate search should be made for the murderer. But even as they were about to start, there echoed through the house a resounding boom. It had come from the room with the safe. The explosion had blown off the door of the great steel box and a hole through the wall.

After a brief inspection of the damage here and a short consultation as to what should be done the guests trailed back to the room of death. Arriving there they were again shocked to discover that both bodies had disappeared. This startling fact was too much for Will Little. He screamed and fainted.

As the searchers broke into separate groups, Paul Savoy found himself beside Laufer-Hirth, whom he had known for many years.

"DO YOU know," said Paul Savoy in his dreamy, faraway fashion, characteristic of his peculiar mental activity, "I believe that I find myself in the exact, the ideal laboratory for testing a theory, which though widely shared in a superficial and therefore meaningless sort of way, is entirely my own in dead earnest!"

"Ah," said Laufer-Hirth with small interest.

"Exactly," ran on Savoy in the same tone which was at



With lamp and candle Captain Temple, Blount and Nemo . . . prowled by the hour seeking some little neglected sign which might give them a hint.

once sleepy and abstracted. He fell to pulling at his long, slender fingers and finally wound up gazing moodily at the single ring, a glorious star sapphire, which he always wore. "The mind of man, you see, is potentially a machine of unlimited power. To the mind of man, properly attuned, wisely operated, no desideratum is denied. *It* is the lover—of wisdom — who laughs at locksmiths. It need balk at nothing—*nothing!*"

The two men were alone in the living room before a comfortable fire. Hours had passed since that terrible moment when the cry of murder burst upon them. The house for a little while had been like a great witch's cauldron seething with all the constituents of horror.

When they had carried the unconscious Will Little down stairs they were met by Amos Laufer-Hirth with word that the telephone was useless, line dead. No use trying to re-establish any connection with the outside world tonight; they wondered if even when daylight came there would be any chance of a man finding his way out to any point of contact with other men. Instead of abating, the storm raged on to new heights; by now the lake would be a place where it was doubtful if any boat could survive, and the sleigh track back to Truckee obliterated.

They bore Will Little off to bed and left Laufer-Hirth with him. And, with the secretary returning to consciousness, Laufer-Hirth had his hands full.

"Shell shock, that sort of thing," the jeweler explained later when he had rejoined Savoy. "Thought he'd go mad, swear I did. 'Sleep now; drunk as a lord. Poured hot whiskey down him—and he's not used to it—until it was a wonder how much the man could hold."

NOT EVEN then had the house quieted. They trudged back and forth, up and down, hushed men, stony-eyed. They hunted the vanished bodies in all places, possible or impossible, on which they could stumble. They tried to seek outside, under the windows, through the yard. A flashlight was brought into service; it made its narrow pathway across fresh mounds of snow—and then the flashlight failed them. It was an old affair, found in a table drawer in the library, its batteries exhausted.

With lamp and candle certain of their lumber, Captain Temple, Sergeant Tom Blount and Mr. Nemo seeming most insistent, prowled by the hour seeking some little neglected sign which might give them a hint. The two rooms which were to have been slept in by Mainwaring Parks and Detective Dicks were gone over again and again. Blood on the floor in the bathroom, and the blood-stained knife; a blood spot in the chair where Dicks had been found and on the upholstery of the chair back a fresh tear as though the murderous instrument which had struck him down had fallen with such force as to rip into the chair back as well. Beyond that—nothing.

Nor did the small room adjoining the library, the room of the wrecked safe, escape investigation. The place was a vortex of wreckage. One wall was demolished so that a great yawn-

ing hole looked into the library on the adjacent floor where books had been hurled about by the violence of the explosion.

After hours of vain search and vainer asking of questions, the house grew as quiet as the mad elements of the storm-driven night allowed. There was nothing to do but wait until morning, they agreed; and separated to the privacy of their own rooms.

BUT AMOS LAUFER-HIRTH could not abide solitude, and the company of the unconscious but gasping Will Little was even more unbearable; and Paul Savoy elected to lie sunk deep in a chair before the living room fireplace. Besides all this, the two had known each other many years.

"I'd like sometime to plumb the depths of you, my friend," said Savoy thoughtfully. "You with your bald superstitions, your abnormal reaction to the spoken word. I've a yacht idling just now in San Francisco Bay; when we get out of this come away with me for a six months' voyage. The bright places of the Orient—and a truer glimpse into the inner soul of Amos Laufer-Hirth."

"Ah; when we get out of this! A man can't count overmuch on his tomorrows, can he? Think of poor Parks—Dicks, too. A fine, upstanding man, that."

"Any premonitions, Amos?"

"Confound you, Savoy! You're up to something. You mean something by that! What is it, man? Put a name to it. You know something!"

"I know just this, to begin with: There are a lot of questions—major questions, I mean—and who's to answer the first of them!"

"Oh, questions!" Laufer-Hirth settled back in disgust. "My God, I could ask a hundred!"

"I REFERRED to major questions. Here, as elsewhere, one may do a bit of segregating. There are the essential considerations and those others which, though intriguing, may be set to one side as constituting what we may be able to catalogue as contributory factors."

"I can't see what earthly good——"

"Here goes, then: Who killed Parks and the detective? . . . How explain the two vanishing bodies? . . . Why was the safe blown? For the million, or for something else? . . . Whose voice had it been that had called out? . . . Was Parks killed first? . . . What instrument had killed Dicks? . . . Who was it who snatched up the poker? And where is it now? . . . Why were the two bodies, at some considerable risk, removed? . . . Where have the bodies been conveyed? . . . Mr. Nemo had said at the dinner table that he wanted to talk with both Parks and another man; what other man? . . . Who, exactly, is Mr. Nemo? . . . Why had Parks brought a detective here with him? . . . Why was the knife pulled out and left lying on the bathroom floor? . . . What was that broad black band about Parks' body, so clearly to be seen as he lay in blood-soaked night dress? A money belt? . . . Whom did Parks have in mind when he said that 'a dangerous man' was in the house? . . . What had he wanted to talk with Dicks about? . . . Who, and what is Andregg? . . . Why those subtle, yet noticeable changes in the man? . . . What small object was that lying near Parks' body upon which Andregg pounced so eagerly? Why did he seem strangely calmer, instead of more highly nervous, after the double tragedy? . . . Was the double crime the act of one man alone? . . . Who was the first man to rush into the room upstairs? Had any one man been there already when the others came bursting in? . . . Was the murderer a madman?"

"THERE is one question which I can answer," remarked Laufer-Hirth when Savoy paused. "It's about the black band you glimpsed through poor old Parks' pyjamas. About six months ago, Parks and I, returning to San Francisco from the East, shared the same drawing room from Chicago. One night I saw that black band as we were getting ready for bed. He noticed that I saw it and, though he said nothing at the time, he did explain its reason and importance later."

"Some sort of money belt?"

"No. He laughed sort of shamefacedly when he told me. Called it his life protector. Poor devil. Little good it did him."

"I don't understand," said Savoy sharply.

"You wouldn't. Parks, too, had his superstitions, if you like to call them that. It was not the band itself, but certain talismanic stones sewed into it. You know something of the breastplates worn by high-priests in ancient times? They were supposed to be of various but always mighty powers. He had secured certain ecclesiastically historic stones trailing legends back to biblical times, and wore them in his own type of 'breastplate' day and night."

"So," murmured Savoy, "one question is answered."

"Though what earthly good comes from answering it, I fail to observe," Laufer-Hirth snorted.

"Another interesting point," Savoy remarked. "In the little room where the explosion was, papers were littered everywhere. On one sheet on the floor I noticed a little pinch of sand—"

"Ah, a pinch of sand," jeered Laufer-Hirth.

"Why not?" replied Savoy imperturbably. "It may indicate that this was an outside job, the safe-blower just coming up from the sandy beach. Or it might point to the fact that—"

"That the Filipino house boys didn't take the trouble to dust carefully. Significant, that!"

"Did you ever note, Amos, how a man when he's perplexed and trying to think hard, has a way of rubbing that part of his forehead directly above his nose?"

Laufer-Hirth snorted. Savoy resumed gravely.

"THAT'S where, say some, the Pineal Eye is. The location of a sixth sense. It's nothing of the kind. It is, however, the outer wall of an extremely wonderful cabinet. Just inside



here," and his sensitive finger ends indicated the spot, "is what, in the parlance of photography, we may term the dark room of the brain. Now, the servants of the brain, eye, ear, nostril, tactile nerve ends, are the busiest little chaps in the world. They're always at their tasks, clicking away like so many little camera-fiends, taking pictures of anything and everything. The busy brain has always time to receive the bundles of film and stacks of plates which they keep handing in to him. He conveys them into the dark room. There they are developed, printed, sorted and put away. Indexed, too. Instinctively the thinker knows that he has all sorts of odds and ends stuck away there, with just the thin wall of the frontal bone between them and the light of day. That's why, when he ponders, he keeps rapping away at his skull as though knocking for admission at a door."

Laufer-Hirth blinked at him.

"Exactly how and where does your Serene Potency expect to set about this simple little task?"

Savoy's abstracted gaze was drawn back to the star sapphire on his finger.

"I'd like about a hundred yards of violet-blue cloth. Velvet, or some such fabric."

No, he wasn't jesting. Laufer-Hirth acquitted him of so vile a tendency on such a night, in such a house as this.

"VIOLET-BLUE," he scoffed half angrily since his friend baffled him and so irritated him. "To drape, no doubt, over that little secret cabinet where the brain's photographers are hopping about with their films and plates."

"You come close to it, scoffer; closer than you know."

"It strikes me," grunted Laufer-Hirth, staring steadily at him all the while, "that the drapes in this room—"

Savoy, having looked up sharply, came to his feet with a bound.

"Why, you're right! You're an observing old hound, Amos. I'm going to rip them down—poor old Parks wouldn't mind; cart 'em off to my room—"

"You're in earnest then! Well—what clue do you start on first?"

"No, no! You don't understand." He put his face into his hands and stood thus a moment. When he dropped his hands an excited light blazed in his eyes. "That sort of thing, man, is the wrong way to go about getting anywhere. Hunting clues—bah! That's what Temple is harrying himself about."

"But whoever got anywhere without clues?"

"Don't be a fool! That sort of stuff's all poppycock. It will do to talk about, that's all. If a man gets anywhere in such an investigation as I've got ahead of me, it's in spite of so-called 'clues.' I said bah once; I say it again. Bah!"



"The Opal of Nonius, my friends," he explained soberly, and the glorious stone shone up in their astonished eyes. There was a great craning of necks . . ."

"You *are* mad!"

"The details of tonight's horror lie just now all in confusion, higgledy-piggledy, worse than meaningless. They constitute, if you like, a jumble yet, neverthless, a cipher. And it becomes platitudinous to remark, my dear Amos, that no cipher is conceivable which the human brain cannot decide."

Laufer-Hirth relaxed, having heard what impressed him as a ridiculous explanation, and puffed out his cheeks.

"I suppose, with that brain of yours, you can figure all this out?"

Savoy spoke so coolly, with such calm assurance.

"I can and I will."

Laufer-Hirth lifted one eyebrow, his head cocked to the side.

"You're mad!"

"I answered that once for you!" snapped Paul Savoy, becoming as sharp now as the cutting edge of a whetted knife. "Too many clues, I tell you, only thwart and lead astray. Think man! Fully half of them prove to have been dropped by chance; they lead anywhere, nowhere. The other half, if left by your murderer, are left on purpose. Thus, sum up, and you'll find that at least seventy-five per cent of your clues lead you up blind alleys."

"But somebody——"

"Or some *thing!*" jeered Savoy, suddenly seeming to grow irritable. "Opal, madman or evil spirit!"—

SAVOY turned to him with so queer a smile, if smile it was, that the other could make nothing of it.

"You've already shown what an observing brute you are,"

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Cooney and Joe are just like a couple of small boys displaying the wonderful contents of their pockets when they talk about their orchestra. Left in the center is Joe Sanders, with Carleton Coon. The other boys are, starting at the left, F. S. Pope, Russ Stout, Rex Downing, Floyd Estep, Joe Richolson, Elmer Krebbs, John Thiell, and Harold Thiell, all Nighthawks.

Cooney and Joe Hard Workers

Original Nighthawks of Kansas City Fame Headliners on The Air Today—Talkies no Lure, Says Sanders

By Anne Steward

RIPLEY, in his "Believe It Or Not" feature, said that Joe Sanders holds the strike out record of the world in baseball. Believe it or not, Joe Sanders would not part with that little newspaper clipping of Ripley's for any amount of money that might be offered him. It states that Sanders struck out twenty-seven times in nine innings, but I cannot say if he was at bat or pitching. The fact that Mr. Sanders refused a National League Baseball contract to start a long career as brilliant composer of modern music and co-owner of one of the most popular orchestras in America, leads me to believe that he was pitching at the time the record was made.

Cooney and Joe are the Rowdy Boys of Radio, the Bad Boys of Music and the nicest men one would care to meet. They like it to be said of them that they are of the people, by the people and for the people, which dispels the idea that they are high hat. Really they are no more than grown up kids. When I went to interview them, I had a list of questions to ask. Before I could ask even the first, they ran away with my efforts to find something out about them.

I found out more than I can ever remember, but chiefly that I was powerless, as the rest of the nation has proven, to do anything but like them. No wonder they get so many requests for their Radio appearances. Undoubtedly they would be delighted if someone could devise a plan whereby one ten-piece orchestra can answer over three requests a minute.

Perhaps that is an item for Ripley. "Believe it or not, Coon-Sanders recently received five hundred telegrams in two hours and fifteen minutes." Part proof lies in the fact that not long ago the orchestra had a special Western Union ticker put on the stand beside Sanders, so that their telegrams might come in on a direct wire.

"When did you and Mr. Coon first meet?" I asked Mr. Sanders, the Joe of the team.

"Oh, during the war," he answered. "I had a small band at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, and on my Christmas furlough I stopped in a music store to get some new pieces. Cooney was there and we met, that's all."

"So it was in a music store that the Original Nighthawks originated," I remarked.

"Oh, no." And Mr. Sanders laughed. Indeed he laughs all of the time. "You see after the war, Cooney and I got together with a little five-piece band and also with a few more bands under our control. Cooney had played in orchestras before. Well, after we got our start in Kansas City, WDAF signed us up for the first Radio club on the air.

A LOT of people will remember that old Nighthawk Club. We were playing in the Neuhlebach Hotel at the time—and—well, we were known as the Original Nighthawks. Of course we were the only Nighthawks until we left WDAF, but after someone took our place, we were the original ones. You know how it is, that was our name and we just carried it along with us." Mr. Sanders looked around him nervously and began again.

"We came to Chicago about five winters ago under the exclusive management of the Music Corporation of America and played two winters at the Congress hotel. Since then we have been here at the Blackhawk cafe. By the way, so many people want to know why we don't go to New York. I wish you'd tell them that the real reason is that we like Chicago, and Chicagoans have been so good to us that we don't want to go away. The pleasantest part of our career has been made so because of Chicago and the Blackhawk. Of course WGN deserves a large share of the praise."

"Do you really like Chicago?"

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Vell ef It Aindt
H. BURBIG!
AUTHOR of De Willage
Chastnot Rates Big Time as Broadcast Comedian

By Albert Edson Bobo

IT IS a little after 8:30 o'clock and the popular CeCo Couriers' program is on the air over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting system. The quartet has just finished its rendition of a current Broadway song-hit. As the announcer steps up to the microphone and starts to speak, a familiar voice chirps up:

"Hello, Mr Broken-wire. It's a werry werry nice evening, ain't it?"

"Why, it's Henry Burbig," chuckles Announcer Norman Brokenshire, and then the fun is on. And what fun it is for the Radio audience, who applaud to the tune of the largest batch of fan mail received by any one Radio artist before the public today.

To meet Henry Burbig "off the air" one would never recognize the creator of "Levy at the Bat," "Dangerous Jake the Jew," "De Willage Chastnot," and the numerous other parodies which have made CeCo's entertainer one of the outstanding "air" comedians of the day. Of medium stature, well-built, with beaming eyes, wavy black hair and an always smiling countenance, one might mistake him for the leading man, rather than the clown of the show.

But Burbig's aim in life is to make people laugh. His career as an entertainer dates back to the time when he was a mere boy entertaining friends and relatives with his comic recitations and impersonations. So clever were some of his antics that they attracted the attention of a friend who was then playing in vaudeville. He arranged for young Henry to meet his manager, who after hearing the boy at once offered him a booking on one of the small-time variety circuits. The youngster seized the opportunity to go on the stage and for many years he trod the boards doing both Hebrew and blackface comedian roles.

ABOUT eight years ago Burbig left the theatre to take a position as chief physical instructor at the Hotel McAlpin in New York City. He had always been interested in athletics and the job seemed to offer an excellent opportunity for recreation after the many years of knocking about in vaudeville. Though seemingly it marked his exit from the field of entertainment, it was virtually his entrance into a more successful career in that field, for at the hotel he met Snedden Weir, then announcer of Station WMCA, which had its studios atop the McAlpin. Weir soon realized that the new physical instructor had unusual talent and he finally persuaded him to go on the air over the local New York station. And so Henry Burbig made his debut as a Radio entertainer, delighting the comparatively small listening audience with something Radio had lacked up to that time—humor.

Soon after the inception of the Columbia Broadcasting system, the new "air" comedian made his first appearance over a large network of stations. He took part in several, what are known as "sustaining" programs, and when the Warner Brothers inaugurated their famous Vitaphone Jubilee Hours they gave him a chance to take part in two of the broadcasts. It was in these Vitaphone Jubilee Hours that Burbig got his first real break in Radio, for while playing in them he came to the attention of Doty Hobart, a man well-known to readers of Radio Digest for his pen sketches of famous persons before the "mike." Hobart was on the lookout for some real talent, and when he heard Vitaphone's guest artist burlesque "Paul Revere's Ride" and several of his other early successes, he realized at once that here was a "find." It is Doty Hobart to whom Henry Burbig gives full credit for his sensational rise to stardom in Radioland.

WHEN the Radio tube manufacturers of Providence, Rhode Island, decided to use the air as a medium of advertising they wanted to feature someone "different" in their programs. Burbig was brought to their attention and they arranged to give him an opportunity to take part in their initial program. At the completion of the broadcast it was announced that a copy of the burlesqued poem which the guest artist had recited could be obtained by writing to the sponsors or to the station through which the program had been heard. Then Henry



Henry Burbig closes one eye in a ponderous wink as he reads a few ribtickling jingles from his "Leetle Ferry Jeengles" as published in "Leffing Ges."

Burbig came into his own! The letters literally poured in, and it was not long before he was receiving more fan mail than any of his fellow Radio artists. Finally, CeCo decided that their specialty artist was a little too clever to lose to any one else, so they offered him a "big time" contract to appear on their programs exclusively. Thus Henry Burbig became one of the first Radio artists to broadcast under the "exclusive" class, a distinction which he still enjoys today.

The life of a Radio entertainer is not such an easy one, even though he has to be on the air but four minutes a week. It might not be so bad if he did not have to write his own material, but of course Burbig does. In fact, it is his clever original burlesques of great poems, personages and moments in history that have made him so very popular.

IT WAS the desire to possess the words of these comic translations that brought forth and still commands such a heavy fan mail, and many homes throughout the land today boast copies of "Boots, De Old Cluzz Pome" and other recitations which CeCo's exclusive artist has broadcast in the past.

About a year ago Burbig decided to enter the "Literary Hall of Fame" and he had published a small volume which he entitled Leffing Ges. The book contains, to quote the author, "sturries, pomes end ferry tails" and is illustrated with pen and ink sketches by his friend Jeff Sparks, now production man for the Columbia system. The book has had a remarkable sale and is now in its thirteenth printing. In addition to many of the burlesques which have been heard over the air, it contains a number of clever parodies which the Radio audience has never heard. What more fitting climax to the story of a man who has dedicated his life to humor than a brief bit of that humor? The following are excerpts from his "Leetle Ferry Jeengles" as published in "Leffing Ges":

Mary hed ah leetle lemb whose fleas
vas vhite like snow;
End averyvhere dot Mary vent
de fleas vas sure to go.
She took de fleas to school vun day
end gave dam lots of training;
Mary owns ah flea-circus now—
de monee dot she's coining.

Leetle Jakey Rosenbloom set in de leeving room
Eeting some motziss end harring.
He stock in his fork end took out some pork
End ate it end sad: "Vot I'm careing!"



VENIDA JONES takes this smile with her when she sits down at the KWK piano, St. Louis, and then she weaves it into the music as her fingers ripple over the keys. That's why an ordinary piano seems extraordinary at her touch.



JESSICA DRAGONETTE, the incomparable, is rarely seen garbed other than in the conventional; but she still remains the idol of millions of fans whether she appears a la Spanish Fandango or as a Chinese Mandarin—her voice is always Jessica's.



VIRGINIA FLOHRI, who is featured at KFI, Los Angeles, as an operatic soprano, is disclosed here as a happy combination of the intellectual and artistic type. She puts human feeling in some of the hard old classics and listeners like them.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S appreciation for music, her personal charm, as screen star and entertainer, and her normal reactions to all sorts of entertaining features led to her selection for tests as to values of various forms of Radio programs.



RUBY JONES, WJR crooner and band leader at 18, had to make her way in the musical profession on her own. Her father, a musician, did not want her to follow in his steps. But at 12 she was leading an orchestra and is now a WJR headliner.



CELIA BRANZ is the young contralto heard with the Roxy Gang, and who has been the object of much curiosity among Radio listeners. Her voice is another one of those rare finds so peculiarly adapted to the microphone.

ARABESQUE

Letter from a Fan

"Oh Marcella! I would love to meet Yolande Langworthy face to face and tell her how wonderful I think her play Arabesque is. I would not miss it for anything."—Mary Evelyn Kohler, Tonawanda, N. Y.

And here is a story, Mary Evelyn, fictionized from one of Miss Langworthy's Radio plays, with apologies for changing the plot a trifle.



Yolande Langworthy.

FROM THE EPISODE ORCHIDS *by* YOLANDE LANGWORTHY

AND PRESENTED BY

The Columbia Broadcasting System

MIGHTY and mysterious was the blue eyed Abdullah who had come from across the sands with many horsemen and guns of English make. There were certain chieftains who secretly suspected he was an infidel and a traitor. And yet the English had demanded his capture alive at an unbelievable ransom. Now he had come to the village of Akaar, pitched his camp near the edge of the stream that trickled from the ancient well on the edge of the desert. He had paid his respects to Achmed whose father, and whose father's father had ruled this tribe. For a hundred years they had settled down and established a town that now knew no other rule than the will of Achmed. Abdullah had been expected. He was royally entertained and now he paused at the flap of Achmed's tent, his face overcast with some deep, unspoken wish.

If there was fear in Achmed's heart for this roving warrior he did not betray it.

"Let my right hand be stricken from me if I have offended thee," he said, "but trouble hangs round thy neck, mighty chieftain, and I would bring you peace."

"A tent is your home and yet it is far famed as a fortified palace, even as your valor in war is known among the desert tribes."

"Is it of war you have come to speak, Pasha?"

"My tongue may speak of war but, Achmed, my heart is concerned otherwise. When last I had the great honor and the never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of being your guest some months ago there was a dancing girl—"

The benign smile of the courteous host vanished leaving his lips drawn tightly shut and his features coldly immobile. Abdullah continued:

"She was good to look upon, Achmed, of beautiful form, very unusually dark, and lithe but with dignity that bespoke other blood than the Gypsy."

"You speak of Zuweida—she is Gypsy, all Gypsy, I assure you, Abdullah."

"I only saw her eyes. She was very modest. May I ask whence she came?"

NOW Achmed began to show a slight moisture on his forehead. This mysterious Abdullah—how much did he know? One word from him and a savage army could utterly destroy the village. Zuweida, the name he had given her, would some day bring a handsome ransom or a fortune in the slave market.

"The mighty Abdullah is weary from his long travels. The sun has blazed down with devastating heat upon his head. He surely is not interested in my humble slave, this Zuweida." Achmed beamed once more but there was something ominous in the gleam of his white teeth between lips that twitched nervously.

"Tonight we are to be entertained by this English vagabond—"

"English vagabond, what English vagabond? I did not hear—" demanded Abdullah with some exclamation of surprise which he immediately subdued to an expression of casual interest.

"Who or what he is I do not know. He and his equally vile comrade—I believe they are both English—attend the camels of my caravan. Our scouts brought them in famished and half dead from the desert.

"He was crazy when I saw him. He did not know his name unless the sounds he uttered over and over again like 'June—June' and 'Orchids' had to do with his name. They had escaped from some brigands. I am told he has now made himself presentable and will tell his story by pantomime and words of the English tongue in a simple kind of festival in my garden this evening. If you can understand English, you will know all about him and perhaps may be good enough to tell me."

Abdullah pondered in silence. Presently he asked:

"Will the dancing girl Zuweida be there?"

"I had not intended it so but if the great Abdullah desires then so shall it be."

"May I bring some of my head men?"

"If it is the custom—" Achmed considered a sarcastic reply and then thought better of it. "Certainly, mighty chieftain, I shall be more than honored."

"Allah bless thee, Pasha, for it is dull in a pitched camp and they are brave and honorable fellows."

* * *

AS ABDULLAH slipped through the gate of a stone wall he caught the eye of a lounger from his own camp. It was particularly noticeable that he scratched his left elbow with his hand in passing. But scarcely had he entered his tent than the lounger presented himself to the outer guard and was admitted.

The guest accepted a cigarette and a light from Abdullah and stretched himself out on a rug.

"What did you discover?" asked the chief.

"Many things," answered the other. Their tones were low though not so low but they might be heard by prying ears beyond their view.

"The women?"

"Both English. The gossips tell many stories of how they came. None seem true. Only in this do they agree that one day the two women appeared on the streets of the village and were taken to Achmed's household where they have remained for the most part completely hidden. There is talk that they are being held for great ransom and only Achmed knows who they are and who brought them here."

"And those other two—the English vagabonds—who are they?"

"The tramps who are attending the camels?"

"Yes."

"I heard only a little about them. They were . . . visible today. Perhaps tomorrow I will see them for there is no escape through the desert."

"You will see them tonight."

"What do you mean?"

"Get the stalwarts together. We are to be guests of Achmed at a garden theatre before sunset where the Englishmen are to tell their story in English and pantomime. And . . . Zuweida, as this English beauty is called, will dance . . . there may be fighting."

* * *

ACHMED'S garden was the chief pride of his heart. He did not often share its pleasures with his fellow tribesmen. The superstitious believed it to be enchanted for there were foreign shrubs and flowers of most glorious design within its lofty walls. There was a canopied roof over a circular pool. Plump bodied palms of stunted growth formed a natural pergola on either side. A crescent shaped plaza spread like an apron before the pool. Above, at the top of a grassy terrace, Achmed and his few select friends would loll leisurely and watch the dancing maidens, their bodies glistening as they splashed in and out of the pool.

But no maidens were present when Abdullah and his men passed through the portals this early evening. The long shadows of the fronded palms cast fantastic designs over the Oriental stage which was empty. Achmed looked displeased as the moment arrived when the English vagabond and his promised entertainment did not show on the scene. Then he was surprised by voices from the rear. He saw a strange figure dressed as his own gardener talking to a white robed man of reddish beard and long tawny hair. Both men were tall and stood like kings—far different than the disheveled half-raving maniacs who had been caught barely alive on the burning desert a few weeks previously. The gardener was speaking.

"Why do you wander in my flower garden?"

"Oh thou master of this mystic garden behold in me a disillusioned soul. I seek some one thing that is beautiful and true. Perhaps a flower—"

"You did well to come to my garden, Weary Soul of Earth. Behold the sweet glory of these many flowers. They are the goodly thoughts of passing souls who must come this way from earth ere they reach the Gate of Tears. The noble thoughts they have left with me I have blown into these lovely blossoms—true and beautiful as were the thoughts from which they sprung."

Slowly the gardener and the white robed figure strolled from shrub to shrub. Achmed stared agape. Abdullah alone seemed to comprehend.

"Thoughts of mortals turned to flowers?" The gardener smiled in solemn acquiescense.

"When the soul, leaving its mortal clay, comes through the

(Continued on page 123)



Abdullah could not be intrigued by other ravishing beauties of Achmed's household.

WHO KILLED LEON

Body of Radio Violinist Found in His Locked Room. How Would You Solve This Crime?

By
David B. Hampton

Illustration by
Harley Ennis Stivers

$100 REWARD
FOR THE
KILLER



"Glory be to God, he's been murrrr-rdered!" shrieked Mrs. Conway. Sprawled on the floor before them lay the body of a man, his clothing matted with blood.

IT WAS Mrs. Conway herself who called the Hollywood police station and asked for help. You would not have expected it from the ample bodied, fiery eyed woman. When Mrs. Conway was concerned it usually became the other fellow who shouted for help.

"Go see what the woman wants," ordered Sergt. Joe Nelson to Smiling Pat Donovan. "She's in a rage about something. I can't make it out, but it must be a tough one."

Up Hollywood boulevard over the short side street into Garland avenue it took but a minute to go with the flivver. Donovan parked the car in the driveway of an old fashioned, three story house, half hidden behind a small forest of tall pines. He mounted the rickety steps and rang the bell. No answer. He pounded on the rickety door with his heavy fist. It opened.

A woman with a red mop of hair, bloodshot eyes, out thrust chin and arms akimbo glared at him questioningly.

"It's Mrs. Conway, I'm lookin' for," said Pat.

"You're spakin' to her. I should think it was time you was arrivin'. Come with me." She turned to the dim interior and Pat with his customary smile followed her. He ignored the truculence of her manner and held his tongue.

Up two flights of creaking stairs he tramped in her wake, noting the scanty furnishing and threadbare carpets. The air was foul. He wondered why the windows were not open. At the top of the second flight Mrs. Conway paused before the first door.

"IN THERE!" she said between gasps, for the climb had fatigued her. "Something's quare about the man who has that room. Sure, I ain't seen hide nor hair of him since Tuesday night, now come Thursday mornin'. For all the rappin' I've done there's narry a sound. 'What's up?' thinks I. An' the more I thinks about it the more I feel that it's quare, indade. So would you be pushin' open the door yourself an' see if he's there or what in all blazes is the matter?"

Pat's smile broadened into a grin. He took the knob in his hand, turned it, pushed—but the door held. The lock had been turned. He asked Mrs. Conway for her pass key. She gave it to him. He tried that, but the key would not enter the hole because of a key already there from the other side.

"I could have told ye that much," said Mrs. Conway, "but ye might as well be findin' out for yourself."

DUBRONSKY *of* KHOL?

Now Donovan could easily have pushed the door from its hinges with his brawny shoulder but he courted no argument with Mrs. Conway and instead asked her for a hairpin with which he presently manipulated the key so that they heard it fall on the bare boards within the room. In a moment the door was unlocked and he offered Mrs. Conway precedence into the room. She promptly declined the courtesy.

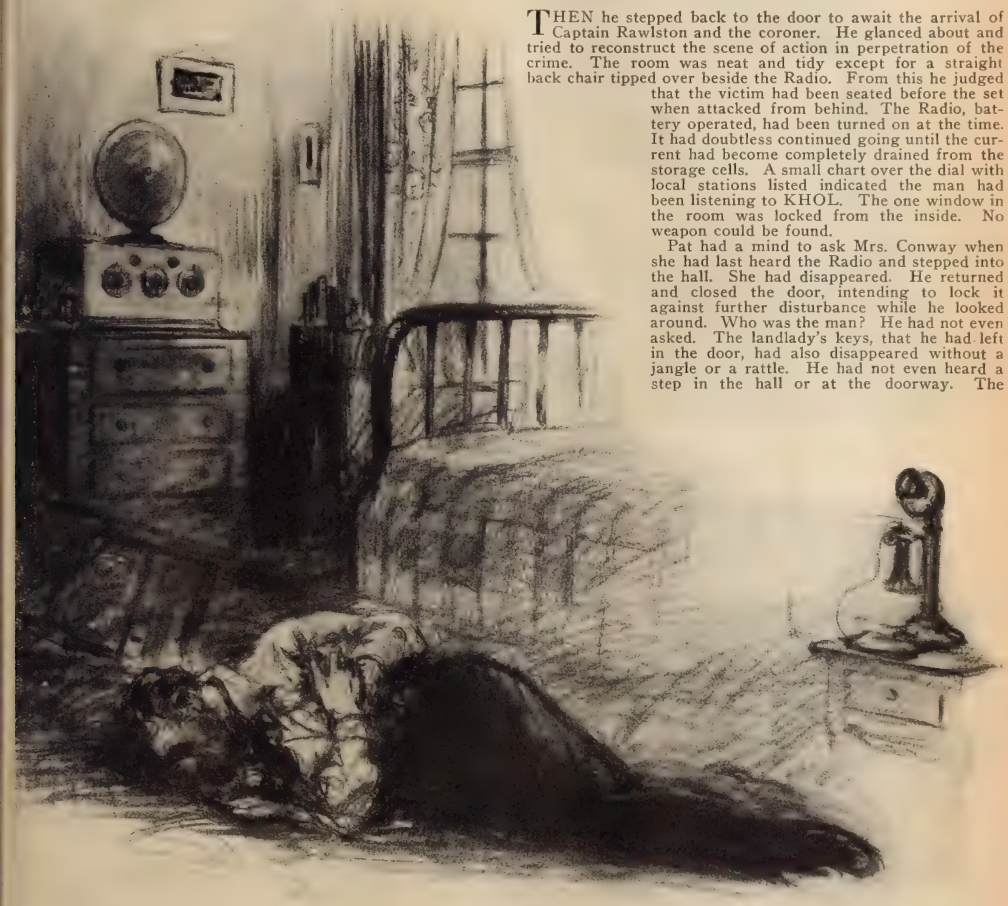
"Very well," he grinned even more broadly. "Get ready for the spooks."

He pushed the door open with a sudden thrust. His eyes popped open suddenly wide, the grin vanished, and from the depths of his broad chest there welled an explosive grunt of astonishment. Behind him Mrs. Conway gasped and whistled in a quick catch of her breath.

"Glory be to God, he's been murrrr-rdered!" she shrieked. She lunged back against the stair rail and gripped the newel between her two fat hands.

Sprawled on the floor before them lay the body of a man. His clothing was matted with dried blood. He had fallen on his right side. Both hands clutched at a great red splotch around his heart.

Mrs. Conway was now demanding attention. Pat swung around and drew her to a chair at the further end of the hall. His first inclination was to call headquarters, but he decided to make a brief preliminary examination of the situation for his report. Apparently the body had lain thus for many hours. The face was buried in a full beard. The hair was long and wavy. Pat jotted into his notebook the fact that the body was clothed in a loose white silk shirt, brown trousers and black flowing tie. These sketchy details attended to, he stepped to the phone at the head of the bed, careful not to disturb anything, and lifted the receiver with his handkerchief over his finger tips to preserve any important impressions that might remain on the instrument. He spoke briefly and hung up.



THEN he stepped back to the door to await the arrival of Captain Rawlston and the coroner. He glanced about and tried to reconstruct the scene of action in perpetration of the crime. The room was neat and tidy except for a straight back chair tipped over beside the Radio. From this he judged that the victim had been seated before the set when attacked from behind. The Radio, battery operated, had been turned on at the time. It had doubtless continued going until the current had become completely drained from the storage cells. A small chart over the dial with local stations listed indicated the man had been listening to KHOL. The one window in the room was locked from the inside. No weapon could be found.

Pat had a mind to ask Mrs. Conway when she had last heard the Radio and stepped into the hall. She had disappeared. He returned and closed the door, intending to lock it against further disturbance while he looked around. Who was the man? He had not even asked. The landlady's keys, that he had left in the door, had also disappeared without a jangle or a rattle. He had not even heard a step in the hall or at the doorway. The stifling atmosphere was giving him the creeps. He picked up the key set that had fallen on the floor from the inside. There were two keys besides the one to the room. One was small enough to fit a mailbox, the other a Yale. He carefully took the house key between thumb and finger and locked the door.

Tramping down the stairs he came to an open door on the first floor and entered. This was Mrs. Conway's room and his presence startled her. She gripped the arms of her chair and turned her head with a sudden jerk.

"Good Lord, you scared me!" she exclaimed. "Now why

(Continued on page 104)



There are even more charming pictures of delectable Mary Nolan than this. You hear her between rhythms during the Paul Whiteman concert on the Old Gold program. She is perhaps better known to you as a screen artist. Remember her in the Shanghai Lady?



Every human being has a story under his skin. Fannie Hurst writes stories, novels, photoplays and talks over WABC.



"Riddle and Grin" and you never will sin—maybe, say Clem Dacey and Harry Hosford, and they present Bennie, Cock of the Keys, at WLS, Chicago to study that age-old riddle, "Why does a chicken cross the road?" But Bennie is more interested in the riddle as to whether there are any bugs in the microphone.



Studio gang pictures are rarely identified when they come to Radio Digest, but KFRC, San Francisco, sends this along with notation: Left to right rear: Marta, Norman Nielson, Cal Pearce, Pedro, Edna Fischer, Gypsy and Al Pearce. Front, center: Harry "Mac" McClintock and Cotton Bond.





Little Helen Morgan has just jumped down from the piano to give you the once over before going on with her Majestic crooning at Columbia.



Skirts will be extreme silhouette and consist mainly of thin grass strands extending below the knees in Honolulu this Spring. Beads will be popular for bodice material and steel guitars will be worn as shown above by Mrs. Roy Peeper at Waiuwaiu, Columbus, O.

Hal Roach and His Gangsters are at it again in Hollywood. Big Mike has been summoned to take them for a ride on the M-G-M hour (CBS).



Our Knickerbocker reporter states that Miss Fannie Brice and Henry Burbig, well known Big-Timers of the Columbia Circuit have taken up Shakespearean roles and are Romeoing and Julietting with great success. Severe disturbances are reported at Stratford-on-Avon cemetery.



Penrod (Howard Miller, NBC), what are you winking for? Ah ha! Firewater!



Clara Cowan Abram, soprano audition winner at WAIU, Columbus.



Sometimes you hear the real thing like this fire truck making a run down Market street in San Francisco and taking the air over the NBC network. Frank Cotier's boys (below) are looking forward for another night like this for real water effects (KSTP).



Majestic Ruth Etting climbed to fame by Radio (CBS).





Mme. Elizabeth Ivanova, formerly of the Imperial Opera Company, Petrograd; now with KNX, Los Angeles.



Out of the realm of fantasy comes Ronet, the singing slave, who helps in Nisely Dream Shop, WLW, in trading songs for worn-out dreams.



Kay, Steve, Teen and Pete, the Krazy Rhythm Klowns of KSTP, St. Paul, who perform musical summersaults and crack the snappy slap stick of the air.

"Oh, Em, ain't nature grand?" "Not so grand as you are, Clem." "Oh, Em, Oh! Oh! I—, I—." And things like that intrigue Em and Clem of KFOX.





Katherine Tift Jones, who is equally at home as entertainer for the social elect or NBC delineator of darky dialect.

NEW LAWS for OLD

OUT OF THE WELTER OF CHOLERA AND ON THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT FLOWERED A ROMANCE IN VIOLATION OF THE CODE

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

ALICE GAMMELL was the tenth daughter of a twentieth child and her lot, cast in a shabby little town in Pike County, Illinois, seemed particularly hard as stories of gold and easy wealth came floating back from California.

Finally Tom Gammell yielded to his wife's importunities, gave up his job as pilot of a steamboat and, accompanied by most of the rest of the village, set out in a fleet of prairie schooners for the "Promised Land."

Across the first miles in Missouri they flew as briskly as the March wind. But there were so many miles. Presently a new word drove out the bugleword that had mustered this vast host. They forgot to talk of gold ahead. They talked of cholera alongside. At last, one dreary day Tom Gammell was laid low by the dread plague.

Tortured to desperate measures, Alice rode miles ahead to bring back a Doctor Birney. But to no avail. Fight as they would, first Tom, and then many others of the small party were lost and placed in shallow graves. Alice herself was touched by the disease, but after a period of rest gathered the remnants of the little band together and started on again. Doctor Birney, returned from helping others, was more than kind, aiding the stricken woman in a thousand ways.

ALICE had inherited five yoke of oxen, two yoke of cows, Tom's wagon and a gold miner's equipment. The other widows and widowers had their own difficulties multiplied by their loss and could give her no aid.

So Doctor Birney asked if he might not ride with her in her wagon. He said that he was tired of muleback and she recognized the chivalry under the crude pretense of selfishness. So a new companion shared the front seat of the wagon with her as they rejoined the unending river of souls flowing along the trail.



"Mother Damnable" soon convinced Edie the East was more to her liking.

The Doctor knew nothing of the complex art of handling oxen, but he overplayed his ignorance a trifle and by sheer gawkiness compelled her dreary heart to helpless laughter.

She was ashamed of her smiles and Tom's living brother scowled at her for her flippancy, and her shallow disloyalty to her husband.

One of her own half brothers suggested that she had better marry the doctor as soon as she could. She flamed up at this and imputed it to Esek's eagerness to be rid of any responsibility for her.

But as they rode on and on and she learned how big was the heart of the big-framed friend at her side, her soul felt its first throb of love. She wondered at the sweet pain of it. She had thought she had fathomed all the meanings of love. She had known courtship and passion and marriage, and widowhood; yet she had evidently known something that was not really love but only its shoddy imitation.

The jostling of the wagon flung her against Doctor Birney and he was courteous but not gallant. They rode through twilights and sometimes by moonlight, but he never hinted at a caress. At night she slept almost as close to him as Ruth to Boaz, but he gave no hint of knowing or caring that she was more than another teamster.

SHE found her heart less angry with futile coquetry than sullen with jealousy of some unknown woman with whom he kept perfect faith. One day she could not keep from twitting him with her theory, that a woman is the mother of everything.

"What's she like, doctor?"

"What's who like, Mrs. Gammell?"

"The girl you left behind. The woman you love so well back there in Ohio—the one you left your heart with."

"My heart is right here in this wagon, ma'am. It don't love any woman back East or on West."

She was afraid to ask more and yet she took both flattery and fear from his dark answer. There must be some woman in the shadow of his past; she herself might be the woman in the sunshine of the future.

She was more tormented than Bluebeard's final wife, for Doctor Birney gave her no key, and the closet of his secrets was not visible.

One night by the campfire she saw him writing in his diary, and she grew audacious enough to say:

"I dare you to let me read your diary."

He seemed confused and reluctant; then he looked into her eyes with a ransacking curiosity; but after a long hesitation, he handed her the leather covered brochure and said:

"I don't write very good I'm a worse author than I am a doctor, but you are welcome to any news you find."

She wished she had not been so grossly inquisitive and wondered whether it would be more insulting to read the book or to return it unread. She ventured to turn to the first page in a desperate hope that it would begin with his broken love affair. But all she found was this:

"April 9, 1850. Left home for California. Passed through Norwalk. Took the cars to Sandusky. Saw a large eagle on the prairie. Passage, 75 cents. Dinner and horsefeed, 75 cents.

"April 20. Left Cincinnati at 4 o'clock on board the Natchez."

"April 21. Arrived at Louisville at 10. Saw James Porter, the Kentucky giant, 7⅔ feet."

"May 16. Crossed the Missouri river at Saint Joseph. Passed the snake's den."

"May 20. No timber. Passed some new grass."

"May 21. Was called to visit three cases of cholera. One died, a man, leaving a wife and child, from Illinois,

poor. He lived seven hours after being taken. No wood or water secured."

"May 22. Rainy. Traveled for miles and came to wood and water in plenty. Fleming and Curtis taken with the cholera. Wake all night. Called upon to see a man with cholera, who died soon after."

"May 23. Curtis and Fleming better, but not able to start in the morning. Heard wolves during the night."

"May 24. Started early. Curtis and Fleming pretty comfortable. Camped at Blue River. One grave, child 11 years old. Forded the stream. Got my medicines wet."

"May 26. Had catfish for breakfast."

"May 27. Saw an antelope."

"May 29. Water scarce and poor. Took sick with the cholera. No one meddled or took any notice of it but George Mason."

"May 30. Feel better."



So he and his legally unattainable bride drove off in shameless pride of love.

SHE let a few pages whir past accounts of "innumerable hosts of immigrants," and heavy rains all night and all day and rainy gales at night. She understood how much labor and anguish he compressed in his ungifted phrases.

"June 4. Camped without a spark of fire or warm supper, with our clothes as wet as water. A man died of the cholera in sight of us. I was called to see him, but too late."

"June 5. It rains yet. Have a bad headache; take a blue pill."

"June 6. One death, a Missourian—from cholera. Go eighten miles. Pass four graves in one place. Two more of the same train are ready to die. Earn $2.20. Left Krill with a dying friend."

"June 7. Start late. Find plenty of doctoring to do. Stop at noon to attend some persons sick with cholera. One was dead before I got there, and six died before the next morning. They paid me $8.75. Some of the deceased were named Thomas Gammell and Jacob Gammell and old Mrs. Broshears, a relative of the bereaved widow of Thomas Gammell. We are 85 or 90 miles west of Fort Kearney."

It startled her eyes to find her own name there and she read the next entry with hunger for a word of tenderness: a little warmth had crept in:

"June 8. Left the camp of distress in the open prairie at half past 4 in the morning. The widow was ill both in body and mind. I gave them slight encouragement by promising to return and assist them along. I overtook our company at noon twenty miles away. Went back and met the others in trouble enough. I traveled with them until night. Again overtook our company three miles ahead. Made my arrangements to be ready to shift my duds to the widow's wagon."

She smiled at the blunt words for the noble service and the romantic beginning of the mysterious companionship. He was a poor hand at dramatic narrative. But then a great novelist would have been of no use at all.

She read on with eagerness to see if there were some hint of love or longing. But it was cold prose written with a dejected pencil.

"June 9. Started off in good season. Went twenty miles.

Encamped on a creek. Wolves very noisy, keeping us awake all night."

He and she were "us." That was all. She remembered that it was not the wolves alone that kept her awake. She found nothing more poetic than such things as these—horrible hours of toil and pain memorialized in a dull word.

"July 2. Feed poor, water a little touched with alkali."

"July 5. Dragged the team through sand eight miles to Devil's Gate."

"July 6. Oxen sick; vomiting like dogs. Old Nig looks bad. Got better towards night. . . . Discovered a party of Indians coming upon us. Prepared for an attack. After viewing us carefully they left us for good. . . . Kept guard for fear of Mormons. . . . Left Sweetwater and traveled over the ragged mountains twenty miles. I was well worn out as well as the team from watching at night. . . . Found ice in the water bucket. . . . Traveled all day and night. Dust from one to twelve inches deep. Went over a tremendous mountain. . . . Left camp after throwing Lion and doctoring his foot, which Mrs. Gammell, Jake and myself did alone."



"What do I do now, honey " queried Doctor Birney, as he faced the intruder. "Break his face!" said Alice.

THIS was her first appearance by name. Yet she knew that he had thought of her, cared for her with the tenderness of a dumb Romeo. She skimmed the pages with a speed the utter opposite of the slow torment of their travel:

"July 28. Was called to see a sick papoose. . . . Traveled eighteen miles. Oh, God! the mosquitoes. Sick all day and under the influence of calomel. . . . Started late on Lion's account. Drove two miles and he gave up the ghost. We then harnessed Nigger in the lead. . . . . Nigger died. . . . Salmon Falls, bought salmon of the Indians. This place is delightful. The wild geese are about as tame as the natives. . . . Plenty of rattlesnakes. . . . Am nearly sick, but no one knows it but myself. . . . Geared the wagon shorter. Threw overboard some of our load. Started with Brandy in Sally's place. . . . Left this morning a distressed family without team or money and nearly sick from trouble . . . Left Brand and Polly to die on the road. . . . Cut off more of the wagon bed and brought the wheels closer together. . . . Mrs. G. drove the cattle and let me take a nap in her bed. . . . . Made a yoke of an old axle."

There was more of the same, but never a word of such yearning as women love to inspire, never a hint of her beauty, his growing need of her, only the chronicle of such matters of fact as filled the days with hardship and robbed the nights of refreshment.

The cholera had been left behind them but the mountains and the jade of toil and the death of faithful animals, the collapse of equipment and of patience made every day a new disease.

Families were quarreling from sheer weariness of the same drawn faces. Friends were parting for no better reason than that they had drained their patiences. Here and there poor frayed souls had gone violently insane or had left from cliffs or shot themselves rather than add more straws of adversity to their galled backs.

Doctor Birney had paid his companion no tribute of literature, but he had given her his toil, his tenderness, his company. Why did he say nothing of love?

Her half brother Esek was pondering the same problem. One day he put it crassly enough to Alice:

"Say, Allus, has the Doc popped the question yet?"

She answered him only with a glare. He retorted:

"Well, if he's honest and you're decent he'd better speak up or git out. Ever'body's talkin' about you two always together."

"Ever'body had better mind their own business. If I choose to have a friend, I'd like to know who's got anything to say about it?"

"Well, I have for one! And I'm goin' to say it, too."

"If you dare!"

He snorted at her menace, and turned aside. Later, he and the Doctor went out together in search of strayed cattle; they came back separately in a mood that she read with alarm.

Esek passed her and tossed her a contemptuous word.

"Just as I thought! He's been makin' a fool of you. He's got a wife back East. I told him to pick up his sticks and vamoose. We don't want him around us no longer."

ALICE was suffocated with anger at Esek and with dismay at his news. The doctor came close on the heels of Esek and asked for a word with her. She dropped to the ground trembling, and he sank cross-legged at her side; talked to her in a low and solemn strain.

"Esek asked me a question he had no right to ask. But you had. I been tryin' weeks to tell you a lot of things but I couldn't somehow; one was how much I love you, and one was why I never told you so and another was why I couldn't ask you to marry me.

"But you see, honey—excuse me, it slipped out, kind of—but

THE gold fever give me the excuse. I told her I was on my way, and she told the neighbors I was goin' to send for her as soon as I made a strike. I see myself!

"Well, I left her the farm and my bank account—money enough to keep her for life. I took along just enough to buy me a mule and keep me from starvin'. I swore I'd never look at her or a patient again.

"I broke the last part of my vow but the first part holds. And then I found you on the road. And I loved you the minute I laid eyes on you. You were scared to death but you hung on to that horse. You couldn't ride but you did. I tried to save your husband for you, but I couldn't. And I couldn't keep from turnin' back to you.



"We disown you" was the only farewell they gave the twain that could neither be united nor parted.

you see—well, when I first set up practice in Ohio, I came along just as an old doctor laid down in his own private graveyard and I come into a lot of patients right off. I made a lot of money—for a doctor—and collected some of it, too.

"Well, I met up with a pretty little armful of a woman, with a scared look in her eyes and a kiss-me-quick look around the mouth.

"Well, some women have a way of pushin' themselves into a man's arms and wringin' a proposal out of him before he knows what's wrong. That's what Edie did to me. She laid her face up against me and had me namin' the day before I could tell her I didn't want to get married for years yet, and then not to her.

"Then she yanked me to church and into the home she'd picked out and rented for me. Well, it comes hard for me to say anything against a woman, particularly my wife. But you got a right to know the truth.

"Well, Edie was one of those skin-deep beauties. A Dead Sea Apple is what she is. Peach-down outside, and inside, gall and wormwood. Pink and silky outside and, inside, miser and a nagger and a blood-suckin' leech. If I went to see a poor patient that couldn't pay, she jumped me for neglectin' her. But she wanted me to bleed the well-to-do patients whether they had anything the matter of 'em or not. She tried to make me operate on folks that were all right, because I could charge 'em more.

"Well, things went on that way till I was all wore out—nothin' but fault-findin' and greed at home; and, outside, nothin' but sick folks talkin' about their aches and pains.

"I was making scads of money and Edie was savin' it all. When an aunt of mine left me a farm, Edie made me put it in her name. By-and-by I begun to feel that I'd either have to run off or commit murder. I told Edie I wished she'd get herself a divorce. It would 'a' been easy enough. In Indiana they give divorces for anything and no delay. But she turned on me like a tiger. She said she was Mrs. Birney and Mrs. Birney she would remain till I died. She thought divorces were a scandal and a disgrace. I tried to bluff her and told her I'd make her divorce me. But she just laughed. She said I couldn't do anything short of killin' her to get my freedom. She don't like men and she would just as soon I up and left her. And finally I did.

"I tried to keep off the subject of love, although my heart was achin' for you till I nearly died. I've never laid hands on you, have I? but I've had to set each hand to holdin' the other back to keep from grabbin' you—but, well, I'd better not talk about that.

"Anyway, I couldn't seem to break away from you though I've tried a million times. And now your low-down brother has dragged the truth out of me, and I don't know what to do. I love you, Alice. You're the only thing I ever loved. But I can't marry you, because I'm not free. And I can't get free. So what am I goin' to do, honey? If you'll say you don't love me, that will settle it, and I'll go my way and leave you. If you don't want me to go, all hell can't drive me off. You tell me what to do. Just say the word."

She said the word, "I love you," and laid her lips on his. He groaned aloud and caught her in his arms and smothered her in his breast until the infuriated Esek came forward and tapped him on the shoulder. Then he turned round to face the glare of outraged virtue from a Mrs. Grundy, six feet tall and in whiskers.

"Say, say!" Esek thundered. "You leave my sister loose, or I'll break your face."

Dr. Birney turned to Alice and said:

"What do I do now, honey?"

"Break his face," said Alice.

The Doctor drove his fist into Esek's beard and teeth and Esek measured off exactly six feet on the ground. He got up and Dr. Birney sent him back to verify the measurement.

Then Mrs. Esek came flying up and she was not so easy to handle. But Alice took her by the shoulders and, with the strength of two arms that had been sawing at the bits of hard-mouthed horses for months, shook her half-sister-in-law till her teeth rattled.

There was such a hubbub that the savage Indians gathered to see the pale-faced squaws in mutual destruction. They were bitterly disappointed when the white men, dreading a civil war, called for peace and held a conference.

IT WAS quiet but bitter. Everybody reviled Dr. Birney and begged Alice to give up the doctor, especially as he announced that he would not even seek for gold in California,

(Continued on page 110)

IT LOOKED LIKE THE FINISH WHEN—
AN AIRPLANE HUMMED

OUT of the BLUE

But Sometimes Sand Burrs
Are Mightier Than Bullets

By Will Payne

Illustrations by Robert Johnston

SHORTLY after one o'clock in the morning train number ninety-six was held up at Apaloosa Junction, thirty-six miles south of Bocaganza, and its mail car robbed of four registered pouches. The two railway mail clerks were struck over the head with a slung shot, one of them dangerously hurt. The other was able to report that one robber was thickset, with heavy shoulders, the index finger of his left hand missing. There was no description of the three other robbers, all four having been masked.

Apaloosa Junction contains only fifteen hundred inhabitants, and this night train would not make it a stopping point except that it is the connection with a line to the east. There were only three persons near the little pine station, besides train crew and robbers, when the hold-up occurred. And naturally there was confusion. A wakeful woman soon reported having seen a black touring car, containing four men, going north on the main trunk highway immediately after the hold-up.

Alarms were sent out over the telephone. Some time was lost in trying to get Sheriff O'Brien at Bocaganza, who was out of town that night. Nearly an hour after the robbery Deputy Sheriff Thomas Mullens was aroused and told what had happened. He pulled a pair of trousers over his nightshirt, got a hat and his revolver and ran out of doors. Deputy Mullens lived in a cottage in the northwest part of town, and he ran east toward the main north and south brick highway, which became Central avenue as it passed through the town. As well as he could calculate from the brief telephone talk, if the robber's car held to the main north road it was most likely that it would already have passed through Bocaganza, for the distance was only thirty-six miles and they would probably drive fast.

So calculating, Deputy Mullens, running, started across a north and south thoroughfare, two blocks west of Central avenue, known as Tangarine street, and fairly ran into a black touring car containing four men, going north at a moderate pace, with only its dimmer lights burning. The car was opposite him almost as soon as he saw it and he had only a vague impression of two men in the front seat.

He shouted, "Hey! Stop!"

INSTANTLY the driver put on power and the machine shot away. The deputy fired at the near rear wheel and hit it, so that the speeding machine swerved sharply as the tire exploded and nearly went into the ditch. The driver kept it on the road, however. The two men on the rear seat turned, rising to their knees. The electric street lamp suspended over the middle of the road at the crossing brought them out clearly. They both shot at once. The range was short, but the car was bumping on a flat tire. Deputy Mullens heard the whistle of the bullets; close, but missing. He himself, standing under the electric light, made as good a target as one could wish—except for the motion of the car. Other shots immediately followed the first—automatics. Deputy Mullens fired again. The man on his side made a convulsive movement and would have fallen off the seat but that the other man caught him. The car was going at top speed then, and getting into the dark beyond the circle of rays shed by the street light. The deputy did not attempt to shoot again but ran for a telephone to give the alarm farther north.

But Apaloosa was trying to use the long distance wires; the night service at the telephone exchanges was poor. There was an exasperating delay in getting the next town north, nine miles distant. The robber car, in fact, got away.

BEN BODET was spending a winter vacation at Bocaganza, which is a county seat, its two story red brick court house with a yellow dome fronting a flowery little park. On the third day following the robbery Bodet dropped into the sheriff's office there for a chat with a new friend. Deputy Sheriff Thomas Mullens. Since the episode in which their acquaintance began, ten days before this, a warm regard had subsisted between the detective and the undersized, wiry peace officer whose red mustache was too large for so meager a face and whose clothes were merely clothes. The robbery was mentioned casually.

"I bet they took the Barlow road four miles north of here," said Sheriff O'Brien. "It's a poor road—some of it just wagon trail through the woods. But there's nobody along the way and after sixteen miles they'd strike good brick again. Leaving the main north and south road put everybody off the trail. They'd get to Barlow, probably, before three o'clock and have three hours and a half before daylight. That'd put 'em a hundred and thirty or forty miles north where they'd have a choice of roads."

Deputy Mullens, looking grave and tugging at his overlarge mustache, remarked:

"Well, sir, I'm afraid they left a man along the way. Been expectin' to hear of his bein' found in the brush somewhere. . . . 'Taint what I believe in—pluggin' a man that way. I never shot a man—bad—but once before in my life. I aimed for his right shoulder, but the car was jouncin' up and down. Guess I hit him too low." He looked earnestly at Bodet as he offered his justification. "Doggone! The two of 'em was pumpin' lead at me with automatics. If their car hadn't been jouncin' that way they'd a made a sieve of me. 'Taint what I believe in but I don't see how I could a helped it."

Bodet and the sheriff reassured him.

A HIGH, humming sound came through the open west windows and Bodet glanced upward at the great man made dragon fly sailing in the blue two thousand feet above the sea. Such a metallic song in the air was common there where three planes did a thriving trade treating guests at the big hotel and occupants of the winter cottages to aerial joyrides at a dollar a minute. Yet the machine in the sky teased the detective's imagination.

"Sort of humiliating," he commented grumpily. "My profession ought to be using every invention. Airplanes are as common as pins now; but I've never yet seen a chance to use one professionally—mind too old-fashioned, maybe; don't think airplanes; thinks sidebar buggies. . . .

"We get into ruts. My profession isn't as bad as most others—lawyers and doctors, for example. They think the old stuff over and over again because they deal with the old stuff over and over again—one case of tonsilitis or of replevin just like another. My trade, anyhow, is never twice alike—never know where or how it's going to hit you. To keep out of ruts. There's nothing whatever that there's not some way out of if only you think fast enough and straight enough."

Deputy Mullens, in loyal and boundless admiration for the speaker, sagely wagged his head and remarked, as though he were delivering an important opinion, "Well, sir, I s'pose that's so—to keep a-thinkin' all the time . . ."

He was interrupted by the swift opening of the door and a

citizen rushed in, bursting with indignation, to demand the protection of the law.

The substance of his statement was that a cottage adjoined his orange grove, its garage abutting on the boundary line. This afternoon he and his wife had been picking oranges. They saw a man come from the cottage and disappear in the garage. As he did not appear again they supposed he was overhauling the car. An hour or so later, from her stepladder beneath a tree, his wife saw another man go from the cottage to the garage. After another half hour or so she went over to the dividing line and peeked into the garage. The second man was standing just inside the garage door taking a drink out of a bottle. Seeing a lady peering at him, he addressed her in outrageous and intolerable language. She retreated a little way and made an indignant reply, strong in the consciousness that she was on her own premises and that drink under almost all circumstances, was contraband. The citizen himself, naturally indignant at this verbal assault upon his wife, ran over there. But the man continued to blackguard both citizen and wife. The citizen ran for his automobile, to come to town for a warrant and the sheriff.

THE COMPLAINANT was of a leathery leanness, with a scant yellowish beard. His speech was tumultuous and sputtering with wrath, his voice high and bleating.

"I told him I'd have him in jail in half an hour, and I will, too!" he cried. "They're blacklegs! They's something queer about that cottage next me, too, Mr. Sheriff. I been going to speak to you about it. Some men got it. They come and go—sneakin' I'd call it. Window shades all pulled down. Sometimes ain't anybody in sight there for a week at a stretch. I bet they're a gang of whisky runners! I bet you'll find liquor there. This first fella that come to the garage—freckled, sandy complexioned fella—he's been there before. I bet he's a whisky runner. But this drunken brute I ain't ever seen there before. I want a warrant for him—for that miserable way he talked to my wife and me. We was on our own premises! I'll show him!"

The patient sheriff led the orange grower across the corridor to the office of the county judge before whom warrants might be sworn out, and Deputy Mullens explained to Bodet:

"Name's Allen. He's got a little orange grove five miles up the coast. He's a prejudiced kind of man—hates booze worse'n rattlesnakes, and his wife hates it worse'n he does. But they're good citizens when they're lettin' their neighbors alone."

This outraged and sputtering citizen amused Bodet, who had a hobby for observing people as other men have hobbies for collecting stamps or butterflies. "Take me along with you," he suggested on an incidental impulse.

THE WARRANTS being duly issued, Mr. Allen, visibly swelling with righteous satisfaction in the impending retribution, led the way in his hard used automobile, Bodet and Mullens following in the deputy's equally battered little machine.

They drove north along a brick road parallel to the beach and some distance from it. Leaving town, between the road and the beach, there were winter cottages with flower gardens—growing more scattered and less pretentious. Then there were some stretches of unbroken land and, at intervals, small orange groves. Off at that side lay the white sand beach and twinkling blue gulf, under a genial sun. On the other side of the road the land was mostly wild, bearing mast-like pines and an undergrowth of palmetto.

Allen's five acre orange grove came out to the road. His house, however, was at the farther end, facing the beach. Adjoining lay the premises of whose inmate he complained—a plain one story brown cottage about half way between road and beach, standing on flat, sandy ground planted with hibiscus, camphor trees and oleanders, both cottage and grounds looking in an unkempt state. The little brown shed of a garage, abutting on Allen's line, was nearer to the road than the cottage itself.

Allen stopped on the road in front of his grove and gave Deputy Mullens final instructions with a relish of coming vengeance:

"This cutthroat you're after is a heavy-set fella and kind of round shouldered. He's got black hair and his jaw sticks out." He thrust his own lower jaw forward to indicate an oversized chin.

Neither Bodet nor Mullens had the least idea that the affair in hand was anything more than one of the commonest of a peace officer's experiences—the arrest of a rowdy who might perhaps be somewhat intoxicated.

THE LITTLE deputy hopped out of the car in front of the cottage and started briskly along the weedy, grassy shell walk that led to the veranda. Bodet got out also, to stretch his legs two minutes and indulge his hobby of looking around an unfamiliar scene. He left the shell path, however, and strolled over to the garage at the left—aimlessly and idly. One leaf of the garage door stood open and he glanced in at a black touring car. His idling glance showed merely that somebody had been adjusting the engine and had left one side of the hood up. He had no interest in it and turned to survey Mr. Allen's carefully cultivated orange grove. As he stepped something pricked his ankle sharply. Looking down he perceived that the grounds were in a neglected state indeed; sandburs were driving out the grass. A big one with needle points had caught in his sock, pricking the skin. He picked it off. A dozen or so of its fellows were sticking to the bottoms of his trouser legs; but he could pick them off when he got back in the car.



Standing under the electric light he made as good a target as one could wish.



He waggled the slung shot slightly and said: "I'll show these birds something." The deep smolder in his one open eye, going back to the ape, promised appeasement to his brother's ghost.

Meanwhile Deputy Mullens crossed the veranda and knocked briskly at the front door. After a moment he knocked more loudly. He had noticed that the shades at the front windows of the cottage were pulled down; but as the car was in the garage there must be somebody about. He rattled the knob and gave the door a kick by way of emphasis.

A LANK and sallow person with high cheek bones, small eyes set wide apart and very faintly marked eyebrows, his hair receding to a brush line midway of his head, opened the door. Mullens promptly put his foot and leg in the open door, saying, "Deputy sheriff, warrant." The lank man then let him come in.

Mullens stepped into a living room, scantily furnished and dim in spite of the brilliant sunshine out doors, for the front window shade was quite down and that at the south window was up only a few inches. He saw another man with freckled face and sandy complexion, but not the man he wanted.

"Got a John Doe warrant here for a man with a big jaw and black hair," he explained.

"He ain't here," said the one who had admitted him. "Started to town fifteen minutes ago to see a lawyer. You must a passed him."

"Gone to town!" Mullens repeated innocently. "Maybe I can pick him up there."

"You'll find him if you look," replied the sallow man, who was also sullen. "He picked up a ride out there on the road fifteen minutes ago."

"All right; I'll go back," said the deputy cheerfully.

All the while he had been taking stock of his surroundings. That open door yonder no doubt gave to the dining room. But this closed door almost at his back ought to open to a bedroom. With hardly a pause he went on, "But first I'll take a look here."

Spry as a weazel, he wheeled, grasped the knob and had the door open before an outreached hand could detain him. He bolted into the bedroom—or rather, figuratively, into a thickset man with heavy shoulders, oversized jaw and black hair, who exhaled an odor of alcohol. The man seized his right arm.

UP TO the instant of bolting into the bedroom, Deputy Mullens had not the least notion that he was facing anything more than the arrest of a rowdy who was charged with the misdemeanor of using profane and obscene language. But the man who held his right arm in a mighty grasp was one of the men who had been shooting at him from the back seat of an automobile three nights before—the one whom he had not hit. The recognition was mutual. For the tick of a clock Mullens gaped, and a smoulder came into the deep-set eyes of the other. Unfortunately the deputy's pistol was in his right hand hip pocket. But besides having the agility of a weazel, Mullens had that animal's uncalculating valor. The man who held him stood six feet to his five feet seven inches, and weighed, perhaps, two hundred pounds to his hundred and thirty-five. All the same he let fly his left fist, which might have earned honors in the lightweight class, catching the man in the eye with a blow that jarred him on his heavy feet but did not loosen his hold on the deputy's arm. Then there was



something in the man's right hand. It came down over Mullens' eye, stunning him and felling him to the floor.

He was aware of being kicked savagely along the floor with a heavy foot. His revolver was taken away. The other two men were interfering, saying, "Cut it out now, Bat! We gotta get the other one."

He heard a voice saying, "He's the man that shot Bull." He thought his ribs caved in from that kick, and all became dim.

A MINUTE or so later the lank and sallow man stepped to the veranda and beckoned to Bodet. Quite unsuspecting, the detective approached the cottage. The man said, "Your partner wants you." Bodet walked through the front door and looked at the muzzle of an automatic pistol in the hand of a freckled man with sandy hair. The sallow man at his back was saying, "Stick up your mitts." A third man was over by the table in the center of the room. There was nothing to be done but obey the command. He was unarmed anyway. His hands went up.

The sallow man at his back was searching him for a weapon. Then he saw his friend, Deputy Mullens, lying on the floor across the sill of the door to the bedroom, face down, blood running freely over his cheek and forehead. Bodet thought he might already be dead. There are sights which whistle discretion down the wind and call up a primal urge to fight at any cost. The detective's usually cool mind turned red; so he smiled and said cheerfully:

"You can't get away with it! Not in a hundred years!"

He turned his smile to the man in the center of the room who was half sitting on the cheap library table there—heavy, big shouldered, swarthy, with an over-developed jaw. His paw held a black and bulbous object which Bodet identified as a slung shot—a ball of lead, lightly padded and covered with a coarse netting, having a pliable rubber handle; an implement used by thugs, one blow being usually sufficient to stun a person.

NO DOUBT the man at the table had been drinking—the alcoholic flame increasing his natural ruthlessness and drugging such few inhibitions to violence as he normally possessed. Yet he seemed, for all practical purposes, in full possession of his faculties. His right eye was half closed, a little trickle of blood running from it and a red discoloration showing. Bodet thought his valiant little friend had at least got in one blow and smiled more broadly. Red-minded, he added:

"You were a fool to hit him. You can't get away with it."

The man at the table regarded the speaker with a deep-set smoldering eye. The speaker was trifling with a situation which he did not understand. By way of sweeping aside all that trifling, the man said:

"He killed my brother."

It sounded cool, and he spoke in such a full bodied voice as one would expect from a full bodied man; but the words were instantly followed by a thin, high, tittering laugh—a sound singularly incongruous and gruesome coming from his deep chest. The detective's hardened nerves prickled and he instantly comprehended the situation.

Undoubtedly the robbers—knowing that alarms would be sent out along the main north and south brick highway which they would be expected to follow—had picked out this retreat quite near at hand, with which at least one of them, the sandy one, was familiar. No doubt they had expected to lie by here for a day or two until the hue and cry in that region died down. But they had met Deputy Mullens and one of them would not go on.

BODET remembered Allen's saying that the sandy man had spent quite a while in the garage that afternoon—tuning up and overhauling the car. Probably then they intended going on that night. This swarthy man's indiscretion in cursing the inquisitive lady next door had brought trouble. Perhaps they hadn't taken Allen's threat to bring an officer with due seriousness. Perhaps it had taken some time to finish up the car and prepare for flight. Perhaps they had counted on bluffing the local officer, if one appeared—naturally preferring to start after dark rather than in broad daylight. Perhaps they had thought it would take Allen considerably longer to get back with an officer. At any rate, Mullens had come in untimely. Recognition had followed.

That much Bodet perceived as a matter of course. Meanwhile the sandy man had gone into the bedroom, stepping over Mullens' prostrate figure. He was returning now with a cord and Bodet understood that they meant to bind him. They were three to one; resistance was useless. He submitted to having his arms pulled behind him and tied at the wrists. Meanwhile he did not hold his tongue.

"You can't get away with it," he repeated cheerfully. "If you've got any sense you'll know that. There'll be a posse out after you before you've gone a mile. I might show you a way out if you're sensible. I'm not in business for my health any more'n you are. Guess nobody'll look out for me if I don't. A deputy sheriff gets two thousand a year"—he threw out the figure at random—"and no thanks from anybody. If the booze runners and bootleggers weren't pretty thick around here—and reasonable—I wouldn't keep this job overnight."

HE WAS merely throwing out bait at random. But he saw that the suggestion of a bribe made an impression. The sallow man and the sandy one looked at each other; and eyed him for a moment, questioning, suspicious. Obviously they were none too well pleased with their situation.

The man at the table spoke up: "We buried Bull out in the bay. There's room for two." Again he gave the high, tittering laugh.

Partly, Bodet thought, he might be bluffing. But partly, no doubt, rage and alcohol had sunk him to a baboon stage, free of all civilized inhibitions; and he wanted Bodet to look at him in his naked, murderous obscenity—a gorilla grinning as it rends a limb. There was a dead pull of anxiety in the detective's mind—wondering if the little deputy were already dead, or how badly he was hurt. He replied cheerfully:

"All right. Go ahead. Kill us both. You don't stand any more show of getting away than a rabbit in a wire cage. The

(Continued on page 114)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By JEAN CAMPBELL

MILES of land wires and ether waves bring you the voices and personalities of Radio entertainers from the key stations of the great chain broadcasting systems. Often you wonder what these people are like, what they do when not in the studio. Jean Campbell knows them intimately—ask her about them.

CAROLINE ANDREWS can remember when, at the age of six, she one day climbed to the top of her actress mother's trunk, and suddenly startled all of the members of the Andrews opera company, owned by her father, by singing, along with the star out front, the jewel song from Faust.

The star, who was her mother, heard this unasked-for accompaniment, quite clearly, and so did the audience. But no harm was done, because, by that time, the town-folk where the Andrews were playing, in traveling repertoire engagements, had become quite as fond of Andrews' little daughter as they long had of her parents, yearly recalled to the same engagements throughout the Middle West and the South.

Caroline's family fostered love and understanding of operatic music, stood for the highest renditions of such music, and themselves played and sang such music to the country-folk who could not come to New York to hear it. They loved their work, and they prospered in it. And yet, strangely, just as soon as Caroline began to show talent for singing and keen interest in a career similar to their own, her parents all but frantically "folded their tents like the Arabs" and silently retired to a fruit ranch in Oregon, never again to tour the country nor to entertain for their daughter in the atmosphere that had created her own longing for an operatic career.

Caroline says, "Father and mother just did not want me to go through the hardships that had been theirs in rising to the pinnacle of their success. Besides, they had made much money, for traveling stage folk, and they wanted to retire and rear me in an environment befitting a young lady daughter who 'did not need to work for a living.'

"A foolish notion, as they now agree, since, being their daughter, I could not be happy unless I were busy all the time. And being busy means engaged in the two things they both loved best, music, operatic study and singing, and for avocation, horticulture, and growing prize-winning fruit—pears preferred!

"And, so, today that's just what I am engaged in—while mother and father are content to watch the pears, and work the restful ranch, while I carry on their former operatic work in a new field.

"Incidentally, this new field, Radio, is devoid of every one of those hardships of professional life that had caused my parents to fear my entrance upon it. And, also, incidentally, when old friends of the Andrews Opera company look askance at my desertion of the operatic stage and all but say to me that I have sold my birthright for a microphone, I promptly answer them, 'but what a wonderful thing is that microphone.'

"Most artists are in Radio to make a living. Of course I, too, make a living from it, but I am in it for more than that—its lure for me is that I cannot yet conceive of its being quite real, and cannot be anything else but awed by its great possibilities for bringing a musical education as thorough as it is unique into the homes of the many in this nation who could not otherwise enjoy music's broad and beneficial influence.



Caroline Andrews

"I could never desert the Radio for the stage because I know what the Radio can and does do for great masses of culture longing people. And to be permitted to perform for them through the medium of Radio is, to me, at once an awe inspiring privilege, as well as the greatest pleasure that I know anything about."

Caroline was born near Minneapolis, Minn., while her father's opera company was singing an engagement there. Her lullabies were the arias of the Italian masters. Her nursery rhymes were converted from operatic scores.

When the Andrews family folded their tents, as it were, and retired to their Oregon pear orchards, to save daughter Caroline from the lure of the operatic stage, it just naturally happened that Madame Andrews, the prima donna mother, could not quite forget to practice her arias as she worked about the ranch home nor her father forget to try his voice in the open air of the orchards. And, so, wee Caroline, just as naturally—although both parents seemed unaware of it—kept right on learning at the orchard home quite as much about the opera, its arias and its music, as she might ever have learned from these same well versed parents had they all remained members of the one-time Andrews Opera company.

It was Caroline's favorite aunt who first awoke the Andrews to the realization that their little daughter had acquired all of the essentials of a promising operatic career, and that she had inherited a voice that should not be denied further study and a chance to express itself.

Said the aunt, who held the authority of one who long had been a vocal teacher of operatic stars yearly graduating to the stage of the grand opera:

"Why, it's a shame not to teach that child the latest and best methods of singing.

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't do any harm, if she would be satisfied with a few lessons so as just to sing for her friends, and for us—" parried her mother.

"All right, but remember, auntie, you're not to encourage her to become a professional musician, an operatic or concert singer. Any notions of that sort and your singing lessons will stop. If you'll just teach her parlor singing, well you can take her for a visit to New York sometime, and teach her along with your other pupils, since she would be under your chaperonage and guardianship."

And so, when school was over for Caroline, a young lady who did not intend to sell her birthright for anything less than a microphone followed an indulgent, yet wise, aunt to New York. With this aunt, one of the leading vocal teachers of America, Caroline has made her home and lived a happy and successful life, only occasionally going home to the pear ranch to see what the orchard holds that may have prize-winning quality. And to be told just how proud of their opera-singing daughter mother and father Andrews now are.

Strangely Caroline's first success came in light opera, not grand opera. And little by little, she evinced a greater interest in lighter roles. She left "Robinhood," for the musical comedy, "Sunshine," and after that came the crowning engagement of her short stage career, in which she was prima donna in "The Student Prince." Roxy, the great showman, heard her sing this role, and instantly nick-named her "the lark." Soon as possible, he appropriated her services, and she sang at the Capitol theatre for him, under the stage title of "The Lark," until the National Broadcasting company talent scouts discovered her and claimed her for Radio . . . then and there—and forever after (says Caroline).

OLIVE PALMER—down in old Kentucky they call her Miss Virginia Rae. There, natives of Louisville, her home town, discreetly point her out as she passes by, and with pardonable pride remind one that, aside from being widely heralded as one of the outstanding stars of the Radio firmament, she is even more widely heralded at home as a youthful direct descendent of Edgar Allan Poe, who has shown undeniable signs of hav-

ing inherited much of his poetic genius.

Having heard all of this long ago about Olive (nee Virginia Rae) ye Radiographer quite recently pleaded, begged and bewitched for a sample of some of her latter day song lyrics. She sent them. And they are beautiful. Some of them, notably a Lullaby, dedicated to her mother; a Romance, dedicated to her long time friend and admiring compatriot Graham McNamee, and a more lively lyric entitled "Hi-ho," —you've all heard her sing on special programs of the Palmolive Radio hours. Doubtless, however, you did not guess that the dainty little star was composer as well as singer of these and many other lyrics that she sings.

In sending these songs to us she penned a self-effacing note, so typical of the shy character that she is, in which she said among other things:

"It must have been a moment of weakness when I promised to send you these songs. However, I'm keeping my word. But don't, please, get the notion that I am particularly proud of them or that I think they have any real poetic value. I just don't think that at all. I simply love to write lyrics of a more or less romantic nature, it's an avocation and a happy hobby with me, and at times it comes in handy when I need a special song number that is exclusively mine to introduce on a special program. That's all it means to me."

That's the right attitude for talent to take. And just because it is Olive's attitude we wish to proclaim with the great gusto and pride of a discoverer that this blushing reticent child has shown in her lyric song compositions startling evidence of having truly shared some of the native poetic ability of her great ancestral prototype, the illustrious Edgar Allan Poe.

Olive began her musical career at a Louisville church concert at which she attracted unending interest in an infanta song debut at the age of five; becoming later a Southern belle, whose family by tradition naturally looked askance at her first overtures toward an operatic career. Needless to say, Olive early overcame these family traditions, for today her performances show every evidence of unusual vocal education. This began, she says, shortly after her graduation from a southern finishing school for young ladies of social register parentage who, as debutantes, must grace drawing rooms, dinner dances, and carry on at pet charity events.

Incongruous as it sounds, none of this strictly social and certainly non-professional preparation for life was wasted upon Olive, who did not elect to live that sort of life. On the contrary, one notices at a glance the value that she has gotten out of this sort of background. There is her graceful carriage; her poise of mind and body; her well selected phraseology in conversing upon the most casual topics of the day; her well modulated, restful speaking voice, and, above all, the fact that this admirable first impression which he invariably makes upon all who meet her is a genuine and unconscious effect of which Olive is totally unaware. In other words, in her undeniable refinement of approach Oliver Palmer is no poser, she is rather just a perfectly polished feminine gem.

Another thing about Olive that calls forth admiration, while watching her rehearse and perform her Radio programs, is her complete lack of that well known "temperament."

Anent temperamental outbursts Olive expresses herself thus: "Such vagaries of high strung artists have neither time nor place for employment in the microphone world.

"Radio program rehearsals and broadcasts are held of necessity with that prompt precision, stop-watch regularity of performance, and routine drill, noted nowhere else except at a military post. There is no indulgent audience awaiting in its seats for the late arrival on the stage of a temperamental star, too sure of her power over her select following. But there is, unseen but not unheard from, a greater and better audience awaiting the best and the most prompt performance of which any given star is capable.

"Although this vast audience, exacting to a degree, is not taxed any admission fee other than the purchase and maintenance of a receiving set, stars of Radioland, temperamentally inclined or otherwise, have learned to respect this audience for regarding the theatre-of-the-air as their very own, and for demanding, when they tune in expecting their favorite star's performance, to get what they want when they want it."

Anyone knowing the serious outlook of Olive Palmer upon her chosen work must realize that that quality of discernment has, perhaps, more than anything else, her talent being granted, put her just where she is, professionally, today. She is an "exclusive" performer, being allied to just one program, that of the Palmolive hour. Her salary naturally mounts to figures that places it among the highest, making it unnecessary for her to seek to earn elsewhere from singing engagements, although she is constantly sought and sometimes loaned for occasional concert work that will not conflict with her weekly Radio program.

Although she holds this enviable exclusive position, none need think that she does not work hard to keep fit, even to the point of sacrificing much pleasurable entertainment to being always at her best when facing the microphone.



Olive Palmer

Olive Palmer is noted for having developed a rare degree of personal technique in mastering the mechanical difficulties faced by every artist who faces the microphone. At the outset of her Radio career, coming, as she did, from the operatic stage, she sensed that in this new medium she had much to conquer, and that without the inspiration formerly gained from the stage with its scenic and lighting effects, its great company of other artists, and its visible, encouragingly applauding audiences.

Divested of all of these appurtenances to art, Olive would not return to the operatic stage today. In Radio, she realizes and will tell you, she has lost no artistic opportunity and has gained much in artistic advancement, not possible to the stage with its limitations of performance and prescribed audience.

When her unseen audience hears her they instinctively must realize that she still continues to "act" her roles, to feel them, in order to get them over —just as she got them over from the stage. This applies, in her case, to her rendition of even the simplest songs. Those privileged to sit in at one of her performances know that she both dresses and acts her part, just as she would were she upon the concert or operatic stage.

All the thought and effort that Olive gives to her work precludes any other serious hobby, other than her insatiable interest in all things musical, and in the avocation of her lyric song writing. Despite this seriousness, she gives the appearance of a dainty, little dark haired, dark eyed, rosy cheeked and sprightly child.

Her daytime and evening clothes are chosen with an eye for refinement and simplicity. She is either smartly attired in tailor-mades, or langorously swathed in soft flowing silken drapery. There is an absence of baubles and trinkets, and a crispness about her manner and movements that betoken an intelligent, keenly alive and alert mind and body.

To keep step with many rehearsals, vocal lessons, which have never stopped, song writing sessions and other things of educational value and professional interest, Olive spends much of her time at her in-town studio, a delightful workshop affair. When leisure is possible to her—which is seldom—she opens the hospitable doors of a colonial country home to her many friends.

If time permits, and a vacation of any great length is promised her, then Olive buys a ticket for Louisville, and delights in renewing girlhood friendships, calling upon girlhood chums, being utterly spoiled and constantly "little girled" by an over-fond mother.

Real Career Is Open to Women

GIRLS Prominent Since the Kept Pace with Developments: Exist in Commercial

By Marie

"THERE is no woman suffrage on the air—men announcers rule the waves," so spake a Radio authority recently. Unfortunately, for excitement seekers, announcing only was being discussed. But so far as the other interesting departments of the industry are concerned — well, that's different. In fact, women have been prominently identified with Radio almost since its inception.

Back in the early days a woman operator would frequently be seen at the transmitter of merchant marine vessels, being there quite often as the result of her father's having command of the vessel, but nevertheless due to merit also.

The World War saw women in a new role. They became sufficiently interested in the rudiments of Radio to make a study of it, consequently, graduates of electrical courses were employed at the Marconi plant, Roselle park, New Jersey, as testers of transmitting as well as receiving apparatus.

The post of gain control operator has been held by women. The first requisite of this post is an understanding of the science of balancing the human voice as well as the tonal collections of musical notes of orchestras and symphonies by man's mechanism. It is not only the reducing of the attributes of tone to their simplest conception but also rectifying the



Madame Frances Alda, above, is prima donna with the Metropolitan company and has been heard often over the air.



Jane Addams, left, has many times taken advantage of Radio opportunities, while Dolores Cassinelli makes broadcasting her career.



in Departments of Radio Field

Early Days and They Have Many Interesting Possibilities and Production Work

K. Neff

weaker ones; the raising or lowering of the voice as the case may require. Little did the Radio fans of a particular Chicago station realize that the perfectly balanced tones they received from their loud speaker were due to the daintly manicured, yet deft fingers of a woman chain control operator.

TO appreciate the part women play in this game one has only to turn the pages of Radio Digest. We find them in many capacities—entertainers, hostesses, continuity writers, announcers, program and station directors, as well as executives and part owners in a number of stations.

The stage of the air offers as varied artistry as the legitimate stage. The theatre of the ether has its tragedians and its queens of the comique; its opera singer as well as its musical comedy peeress.

It is surprising to note how many of the popular Radio stars are products of the theatrical atmosphere, being born in it, and yet, after winning fame on the visible stage have been so fascinated by that of the invisible that many have been known to desert the eye for the ear.

Jessica Dragonnette, lyric soprano of the National Broadcasting company, came to Radio by way of the

(Continued on page 118)



Pattie Field, first woman to hold a vice-consulship in the U. S. Foreign Service, deserted that career for a post with the NBC.



The voice of immortal Schumann-Heink is familiar to every Radio listener. Ruth Hanna McCormick, right, is on the air at frequent intervals.



MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

CORNHUSKINGS and log rollings, mountains and pine covered hills, lazy carefree days in a tiny town on the banks of the Cumberland river, way down in Tennessee . . . . Those were the good old days, and not so old either, that Dad Pickard was telling me about. I was thrilled to hear him talking about these things, for now I knew that the Pickard family was an honest-to-goodness backwoods, Old South, family simply passing on to us those same "hill billy" songs that they used to sing at "socials" where they danced the old square dances.

When you get back into that little hill town of Ashland City, with its five hundred population, where the Pickard family lived for so long, you don't find much in the way of ready-made entertainment —"We always made our own," said Dad Pickard in his slow, soft spoken way. "One of my happiest memories" and here he shook an enthusiastic finger at me, "is going out into the kitchen after a cornhusking and seeing the table loaded down with cold turnips, beaten biscuits, apples and cornbread. There was plenty of cider, too. We had to have that. And when we had socials or gatherings of any sort they always got Obe and Lila Mae (that's Mamma and Dad y'know) to do the entertaining."

Then Dad left the little town and became a traveling salesman, covering most of the towns through the South. Saturday nights found him, those weeks when he couldn't get back to his family, visiting Radio stations, and sometimes, just for fun and nothing else, Dad did a little fiddling before the mike. "That was the way it all started," said Dad. "I sort of got used to the mike, and into the spirit of the thing. But Mamma is the one that's really responsible for all of us going into this thing in real earnest. I gave up my job and we all piled into the car and started out on a "vacation." We called it that, for we weren't too serious about this thing. But I'll never forget how sorry I felt for Mamma when she was urging me to let my good job go. Anyway, it all turned out all right . . . . We made our way East, with broadcasts on the way, but ended up at the New York studios of NBC. We had an audition and were signed up right away. We were all so surprised we didn't know what to make of it, and I guess we were a funny looking bunch, right from the country with the hayseeds in our hair.

"Mamma, with her piano playing, is the one that holds us together and makes our program," Dad assured me. "And little Ann! I'm certainly proud of my baby. That little darling *can* sing. And she's studying dancing too. Ruth is seventeen and Bub twenty-one, and Phaney who's fourteen, is the only one that's not here with us. He's attending Webb's school down near Nashville. We like it here in Chicago but it will never be real home. We have two homes, all furnished just as we left them, one in Nashville and one back in Ashland City, and that will always be home."

* * *

About programs in foreign languages —three of my good friends have rushed to my aid, and here's what they say. WCDA in New York specializes in foreign programs, Italian, Spanish, Polish, etc. They are on the air Tuesday and Thursday from 6 to 9 p. m., Saturday and Sunday, from 9 to 12 m., and Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 12 n. to 4:30 p. m.

German and Scandinavian programs, a voice from Ioway City informs me, can be heard from St. Olaf's College at Northfield, Minn., Radio station WCAL. These are religious programs. I don't know just the hours of broadcasting but probably they could be easily located by a little tuning in.

Other religious programs in foreign languages can be heard from WMBI, Chicago, at 7 a. m. every day, 10:30 a. m. every day except Wednesday, 10 a. m. on Wednesday, 12:30 on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 1 p. m. Tuesday and Thursday, 3 p. m. every day except Sunday when the hour is changed to 4 p. m., 10:30 p. m. Tuesday, and 12 midnight on Saturday.



The man in the mask, still mysterious, WPEN's Mystery Announcer, Hi-Pressure Charley and the horse Charley—they're lots of fun.

Here is the Mystery Announcer at WPEN, B.H.J., but alas, alack, he still is the MYSTERY Announcer. He's terribly shy and though he has a voice that simply makes women his slaves, as indicated by his fan mail, he is terrified and will run miles if a woman so much as comes near him. I was able to squeeze out a little information about him and found that long years ago he was a merchant marine wireless operator. During the war he was chief Radio engineer, and after it had charge of the Radio department at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, then he became operator at WCAU. At this point in his life he felt he'd had enough Radio—but not so. He was installed as instructor in the R. C. A. Institute and from thence to WPEN. As I was saying, the ladies seem to love him and send him cakes, candies, toys and what not. F'r instance, he gets pounds and pounds of sugar for his "Charley Horse" who is one of the principals in the early morning program. And isn't he a darling pony?

* * *

Did you know, Rhea, that Johanna Grosse' name in Hungarian is Nagy Janka, and that she was born in Hungary? She was something of an infant prodigy, beginning the study of music at the age of six and playing in concerts by the time she was nine. When she was eleven she and her mother and brother started for America.



On the way over she and another passenger entertained on the ship with piano duets, an exciting, thrilling experience for Johanna. But there was a big disappointment in store for her. Someone had told the little Johanna that in America people walked upside down, and she tells of how her entire party yelled and carried on at the sight of a cow or a cat, because they had been told these animals had six legs.

After her first year in Cincinnati she left her name and address with a theatre manager. Some time later she was called upon to play the theatre organ and gradually positions and salaries started to improve. The first weekly stipend was $18, but now it is quite a problem in division to discover what part that is of her present weekly income. She dedicated the organ at WLW and was staff organist there for four years, and when WTAM's mighty new organ was installed last October it was Johanna that dedicated it.

She is a glowing, wholesome type, five feet five inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, and is a diver of some skill. And girls, you'll like to know that she dresses true to type and has a wardrobe consisting of more than 100 knitted dresses, the work of her mother. Budapest, she thinks, is the most beautiful city in the world, but she plans to spend her life in her adopted country which has given her so much happiness and prosperity.

* * *

Haven't room for the picture of little Bobby Nickola this month, Mrs. Brown but I know you'll love it and I promise it for next time. He is a remarkable child and can sing just about anything. He is only three years old and out of the hundreds or so youngsters that come to WJAY each week little Bobby is the star. Joe O'Toole tells me that "He's a cold little monkey never smiles, and getting him to talk is like getting fifteen cents from John D. The kid is really the talk of the town."

* * *

GENE and GLENN, everybody listen please, 'specially those 36 people I've had questions from, CAN BE HEARD FROM WTAM EVERY MORNING FROM 6:30 to 8:00. And Gene and Glenn *are* the *team* now. Jack is indefinitely off the air and Ford is taking a prolonged vacation, so I don't

know whether it will ever turn into a quartet or not.

Have a little story for you, Alice, about Glenn. He was born in Pontiac, Illinois. Assisting the fate that was to form the team of Ford and Glenn, the Rowells took little Glenn to St. Louis at the age of eight and started him out in school and in the study of music, for which he displayed exceptional talent. His first public appearance was made as a boy soprano in the Christian Church of Pontiac, where he sang "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam" with "much expression and soulful feeling" according to local critics.

* * *

You were rig..t, Lola. Ed McConnell is the son of the Rev. Lincoln McConnell. He gets lots of fan mail and I guess he deserves it for he's an entirely lovable sort of person. I'm still chuckling about this letter I had from him the other day, and I'd never feel right about it if I didn't share it with you and the others, so here 'tis:



"Where was I born? Why, in Atlanta, Georgia. January 12, 1892. But don't laugh; worse things have befallen the town. Sherman once went through there and they still have a week of Grand Opera each year.

"College? sure; lots of 'em. In fact all of 'em. As quickly as I would matriculate in one college they would decide that probably some other college needed me worse. Got as far as third year. Would have graduated but ran out of colleges before I got to it. Specialized in football, baseball, coeds and poker.

"Politics? Not since 1928. I aint got no party no more.

"Married? Sometimes I have reason to believe so. My wife, at times, is positive of it.

"Children? Not yet. But I find myself becoming very much interested in baby cribs, toothing rattles and sich things lately. (Picture of Ed Jr. for future edition upon request.)

Don't ask me no more questions. I'm tired, and besides that I'm busy. I got to find somebody who will go over to the office and bring me my pay check."

* * *

Franklin Wintker popular announcer for Smile Awhile Time every day from 6 to 9 a. m. at WLS, has left the station to return to KUOA, the University station at Fayetteville, Arkansas. Of course the people at WLS are sorry to see him go, but evidently the lure of the South was too much, so all we can do is extend our very best wishes.

* * *

Everybody at KYW had to buy a new hat on February third. I won't say just *why*, but of course you've heard of that memorable night of February first when KYW's new 50,000 watt station was inaugurated. The room at the Congress hotel which used to be the old KYW studio was the scene of both sober and jolly celebration.

Most of the people who have been important in making KYW history were either at the NBC studios, which were used for the occasion, or at the Congress to gather around the loud speaker to hear the first gala program.

Just before ten o'clock the old voice of KYW ceased. There was a moment of complete silence, then the new voice was heard when Maurie Wetzel announced in solemn tones—"This is the voice of KYW's new 50,000 watt station."

As I was saying, almost all the big shots of KYW, Westinghouse and the Herald-Examiner were present. Barney McCarvel, was a very busy man serving as chief of the reception staff.

Ed Mattson was also kept pretty busy for a good share of the evening acting as shepherd for little flocks who were trying to find their way about the Congress. It seemed that the elevator boys at the Congress had their controls notched for the eleventh and thirteenth floors.

Parker Wheatly acted as master of ceremonies for Ben Bernie. Parker was very anxious for all of his friends to meet him so took them one by one away from the scene of KYW festivity into the Balloon room to be presented to the great King Ben.

Kay Ronayne, an old KYW favorite was back, and of course there were many, many others.

There was loads of good food and everybody seems to sum it up as "a great party."

* * *

You shock me, Ruth, how could you think it! No two people could be more different than Everett Mitchell and Little Joe Warner. I'm just wondering where you got the idea. Incidentally, thanks for your nice long letter and the helpful information.

* * *

Had a long gossipy letter from Bob Martin, that busy young man who conducts the Imperial Hawaiians down at WSM in Nashville. I'll pass a little of it along to you: "Every Tuesday evening at six p. m. our good friend "the Solemn ol' Judge" (Hay) will tell you that we're right on the job and rarin' to go. We *might* add, although we shouldn't tell tales out of school, that when the gang is hittin' on all six on some red-hot scintillating strummin' even the staid and solemn judge *has* been known to desert his favorite arm-chair to cut a few capers —we mean he 'picks 'em up and lays 'em down,' particularly on that grand old classic—Saint Louis Blues. And for the benefit of the fair sex we give the following information—we have some very eligible bachelors in the bunch (names furnished on request) so girls, there's still some time to line up your prospects before leap year!" Jack White, who plays some solos on his steel guitar or uke, is making quite a stir as a composer, Bob tells me, and they have been using quite a few of his songs. Perhaps you've heard and liked his "Love Songs of Hawaii" or "Sleepy Time" and didn't know the composer.

* * *

Help! Help! Where are Ed and Mom, who used to be at WJAX? Help!

* * *

Register—TEETH! I wonder what on earth Edward Jardon was thinking of when the photographer snapped this one. Of course, Ed really has nice teeth, but I for one don't like to see a picture of a man like—well, like this of Eddy Jardon. Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that Mr. Jardon is *really* very nice looking. And he's tremendously popular out in Hollywood, too. His job is to sing tenor exclusively for KFWB, and he is one of the best at it. They do say his fan mail averages more than 200 letters a day. Yes'm, son of THE Dorothy Jardon of Grand Opera and concert fame.



* * *

Heard from our good old friends John and Ned the other day. Remember, they were formerly at KOIL and used to be the Monomotor Twins? Then they traveled all over and we couldn't keep our finger on them *atall*. Now they really have settled down and are broadcasting from the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company. John is spending a lot of his time hunting and fishing, while Ned goes in pretty strong for golf and tennis.

* * *

Here's your Arkansas Woodchopper, Imogene. He's to be heard regularly over WLS now but came from KMBC in Kansas City where he was quite a favorite. He's just a youngster of 21 or 22 and used to call the cows home on a farm down in Johnson County down in Missouri. And you were right about his name. It *is* Luther Ossenbrink. You really ought to drop in to the Barn Dance some Saturday evening and see him in action.



* * *

Sad as it may seem, Mrs. Routh, the "Hired Hand" at WBAP down at Fort Worth is a very reticent fellow. In fact he seems loath to tell us anything about himself. But just the same I do know that his name is Harold Hough and that he is one of the big guns on the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram. Just now he's taking a vacation from mike, "resting his tonsils," as he says. Once in a while he loses to Mr. Temptation and goes back to the studio for a program or two. Hope he comes back to stay, don't you?

* * *

"Et tu, Brute?" or something like that (my Latin seems to have gone the way of other college larnin') used to be one of the familiar phrases to Jack Zaller. Howcum? Well, to make a long story short, you see it's this way. Jack used to "hit the boards" as the initiated say, in stock and Shakespeare repertory. But, like many another good man, friend mike called and he forsook that career for one on the air. Now he's leading juvenile of the Crosley Players, the dramatic group who stage Radio dramas at WLW.



* * *

The California cheer leaders, Ruth L., are off the air. They have gone to Ohio and have settled down to a business career. Ellen Rose Dickey has been in New York but is back at WLS and you can hear her Saturday nights at 6:15, Happy Thought Time. Harold Safford, formerly of WLS, is a department manager now, working for Sears Roebuck. And Ralph W. Emerson, staff organist at WLS—what shall I tell you about him? He is married—married one of his pupils. Elsie Mae Look, who is an accomplished musician and is Mr. Emerson's substitute at WLS. You see Mr. Emerson is also staff organist at the Chicago Stadium, so that takes him away from WLS sometimes, but Elsie Mae always conveniently fills the bill. Pretty good little partnership stunt, don't you think?

* * *

Steve Cisler, chief announcer and master of ceremonies at the National Barn Dance of WLS, has accomplished something. He has just received his A. B. from the School of Journalism at Northwestern university. Steve also attended the University of Arkansas and the University of Minnesota. And all during this period of getting educated Steve has been making a place for himself in Radio. And the good word is that he intends to continue in this field.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

Homes Show Trend To ELEGANCE

HOUSES No Longer Strictly Tailored—Now Reflect New Princess Mode, WBAL Designer Reveals

The following is a typical broadcast from the studios of WBAL by the head of the Department of Interior Decoration at Hutzler Brothers company, Baltimore.

PERHAPS it is the Princess mode in dress, with the long sweeping line, which has given a decided trend toward elegance in decoration this year. For it would seem entirely out of key for a hostess to move around a house as severely tailored as houses have been for the past few years. So the thing to do is to give her a proper and equally lovely background for her more elegant wardrobe.

Georgian architecture, which is so popular, is a perfect setting for these more luxurious materials, furniture and accessories. The arched windows in their perfect proportion could not be more appropriately treated than in a lovely silk damask, with sheer misty-like celanese voile for glass curtains. Or what is nicer for an old Virginia sofa than a piece of rich red brocatelle finished in antique brass tacks. Just a step back to crinoline days are the delightful little Chelsea figures which so quaintly adorned our grandmother's mantelpiece and are just as nice today if rightfully used.

Let's consider windows first and their many and varied treatments. There are so many materials on the market it is often very difficult to decide which would be most pleasing in each particular case. Damask is one of the oldest and yet one of the most interesting, it seems to me, of all drapery fabrics, with its design either in two-tone effect or sometimes several colors which stand out slightly against the background. There are all qualities and kinds of damask, the most inexpensive at present are of rayon and cotton, rayon and linen, silk and linen, and the more expensive ones are all silk. Any of these drape nicely.

Then there is a material called antique satin which has been woven to give the appearance of age, with colorings duly subdued and pleasing. Another material which has come largely into prominence is silk or rayon rep, a material which gives the appearance of a plain ribbed surface and comes in a wide variety of color. The shiki reps have a sort of pebbly surface which gives them a very interesting texture. Taffeta has also come into its own again, both in rayon and in all silk. The moire taffeta, with its water mark design, is particularly smart this season, being used for overhangings and bedspreads as well.

THE embroidered taffetas, with their sprays of pastel flowers scattered over the background, are very luxurious and quite pleasing bedroom materials. For glass curtains, celanese voile seems to have first place, so sheer in its texture that it seems to radiate sunshine and light rather than to keep it out as do so many winter curtains. Marquisette and filet net are as usual quite good, but not quite so soft as the silkier materials. For draw curtains, if you feel you need a little more privacy than the sheer glass curtains afford, a material called tissue gauze is just the thing you want. Of rayon texture, this gauze is with just enough body if properly made and tape weighted in the hems, to work beautifully on a track with pulleys to draw. This type curtain if used under our drapes of damask, satin, or rep, gives quite a finished and luxurious window treatment for a room. But if you want something just a little heavier and a little more opaque for your draw curtains, then the casement cloth is the thing you need. And this no longer comes in the conventional ecru or tan color, but in warm shades of gold, soft green and many other shades which will tone in nicely with your color scheme.

The question of just the style of hangings, valance, and tie backs for each room, is very often a problem. The style of your hangings depend a great deal upon the architectural features of the room itself. If the ceilings are extremely high and the windows large you can stand rather a deep valance, and by deep, I mean between fifteen and eighteen inches, and the style can be either festooned and caught with sways at the side, pinch pleated, or with material stretched perfectly taut on buckram, and perhaps slightly shaped or scalloped at the bottom to soften the line.

But if your ceilings are not unusually high, then I would suggest straight hangings at the side, hung under a four-inch wooden cornice which can be finished to match the woodwork or done in a contrasting shade, or gilded. This cornice covers the headings in your curtains and gives a nice finish to the window. Or if you like a simpler treatment, head and pinch pleat your overhangings which should each be fifty inches in width, fasten them together in the center, and tie them back to the sides with either bands of the same material, silk cord tie backs in self-tone or contrasting color, or yet a very pleasing effect may be gained by using a spray of metal leaves finished in dull gold.

ONE'S hangings should, if possible, come to the floor. They are much more formal this way than just coming to the bottom of the apron, and most windows, unless they are very high from the floor and are deeply recessed, can stand this. But in your window treatment, don't forget that it is very easy to make your hangings too elaborate, and that a feeling of elegance can be gotten through lovely materials rather than overdraping the windows themselves.

Floors also have taken on a more luxurious feeling. One of the smartest things is to use carpet completely covering your floors from baseboard to baseboard. Plain broadlooms, Wiltons, and Chenilles come in soft rich colors which give a note of elegance that you miss in bare floors. On top of this, scattered Orientals give a note of interest and design which is very often needed in a room.

(Continued on page 122)



Walls of warm yellow with hangings of deep green make the living room at the left altogether charming. Curtains are of antique satin, with the glass curtains of celanese, the same shade as the walls. The floor is covered with a broadloom Wilton, with small Orientals scattered over it. The dining room at the right shows the simple elegance which is the keynote of home furnishing this season. The walls are done in l luish-gray tones, the furniture is mahogany, Sheraton type.

Columbia Comics



Eye Is Quicker Than Ear

Spanish Artist's Flash Facial of Air



Here's Harry Green, monologist et al, who probably will never live down the reputation of his Kibitzer role. Perhaps he doesn't want to.

Frederick William Wile has been discoursing from "deah ol' Lunnon" on the Five-Power Naval conference, and his remarks have reached every corner of the U. S. A., via Radio. Money is even on knee breeches and wig as a costume when he returns.

Avers Caricaturist Cugat

Visual Impressions
Characteristics
Notables



Harry Richman, night club entrepreneur and boy friend of Clara Bow, is often heard over the air in his own right, recently with Paul Whiteman.

Jesse Crawford, alias the Poet of the Organ, has a weakness for zippy bow ties and a miniature sage brush mustachio. With the deft touch of an artist, he lightly fingers the keys and brilliant melody pours forth.

Intimate Gossipy News Bits

For You, Mr. Radio Fan

FROM the four corners of the continent news of Radio personalities is gathered and edited for you, Mr. Radio Digest Reader. In these pages is crammed gossipy, intimate little stories of what broadcasting stations and artists are doing, on and off the air. If you don't find your favorites represented, ask them why. We want the cooperation of every Radio listener, and every broadcaster in editing these pages.

Study British Methods

BRITISH methods and Radio-dramatic technique are being studied by officials and staff members of the National Broadcasting company. Radio listeners, too, are sharing in this example of broadcasting work from across the seas, for Cecil Lewis, former manager of programs of the British Broadcasting corporation, is directing and producing a series of Radio plays through the NBC.

Lewis is spending several months in New York, studying American methods and adding his own knowledge gained during eight years in broadcasting to that already acquired by American program makers. "The British and American methods of production differ widely in several respects," says Mr. Lewis.

"In America the time schedule seems to govern broadcasting. Over there it isn't so important. If a play runs an hour and ten minutes it doesn't matter. In America, where you plan and make contracts for programs months in advance, the Radio production seemingly is limited to not more than an hour on the air and must be timed to fit the schedule.

"Another difference I have noted is that in America actors, orchestras, ensembles and sound effects are concentrated in one studio. In the BBC headquarters four and five studios are frequently used. Actors will be in one studio, a mob in another, an orchestra in a third, a choir in a fourth and sound effects in the fifth. The director or producer of the program never sees what is going on in these studios. Instead he sits in a remote cubby-hole, earphones strapped to his head and, working at a complicated control panel, blends the sound output of the various studios into an intelligible pattern that is the program.

"I marvel at the ability of American actors to work with an orchestra playing in the same room and with other noises that would upset the British Radio thespians."

Lewis believes that the day of glory for the Radio producer and the Radio writer of dramatic material is just dawning.

"Radio drama is standing on its own legs as an art," he says. "Its progress in the few short years of its existence has been marvelous and is unequalled by any other field of entertainment."

Chester Frost Has "Bug"

CHESTER FROST, production man for the Columbia Broadcasting system, has at last succumbed to an interviewer. Having been associated with Radio since 1907, and having been everything from a ship's operator to having his own experimental broadcasting station, Frost has a mighty interesting tale to spin.

Four Corners of the Continent Send of What Broadcasting Friends of Do at Work and at Play With

"Before Whiteman was ever heard of," began Frost, "I was experimenting with the boys up there in Beverly, Mass. We had a club and picked code messages with our hand-made instruments from ships at sea and the Pacific coast. When KDKA began in Pittsburgh with their voice transmission broadcasts we small boys were thrilled. This was in 1921.

"At once we saw the future of Radio and I applied to Washington for permission to set up an experimental station of my own. We set up a 200-meter outfit in my home on Bass street in Beverly and from there picked up and communicated with other experimentors as far west as Catalina Islands. With this I decided to broadcast regularly myself.

"Among my many friends I found a sufficient number to organize an orchestra. After weeks of rehearsing we went on the air over my little transmitter. Public esteem increased, Radio leaped forward and before I knew it Frost's Bostonians were known throughout New England.

"This was the impetus which carried us from Canada to the Bahamas. Meanwhile we were broadcasting over WGY, WJZ, WEEI, WBZ and WBZA and I was performing all the offices known to Radio. I was musician, script writer, band leader, engineer, producer and announcer.

"One day," Frost went on, "I was stopping in a downtown New York hotel across from the old 'Picadilly Rendezvous.' Hearing the strains of a beautiful 'sax' drifting through the canyon of Forty-sixth street, I made inquiries regarding its source and soon found myself confronted with one of America's present-day outstanding stars, Rudy Vallee.

"Rudy hadn't been heard from then. He was just a member of a band and when I suggested that he join the 'Bostonians' he jumped at the opportunity.

"I guess I have the Radio 'bug,'" surmised Frost. "When it comes to arranging and producing a broadcast my veins tingle enthusiastically and when the Columbia Broadcasting system beckoned to me I answered."

Frost probably has the widest scope of friends in the entertainment world. His personal publicity books show intimacy with stars of the ether, stage and screen, the names of whom comprise the "Who's Who" of the amusement industry. And the most remarkable thing of all is, he's only thirty-five years of age.

Where East Greets West

RUDYARD KIPLING to the contray, East IS meeting West. Perhaps greeting would be a better word than meeting, for it is in the form of a Radio program over the NBC, and the title of this Wednesday evening broadcast is East of Cairo.

Although generally fictional, these weekly dramas contain considerable



Business gets more democratic every day. Look over this group of page boys of the NBC, and if you can find one who seems to be afraid of M. H. Aylesworth, president, you have unusual eyesight.

from Studios Near and Far

Cheery Stories, Serious and Humorous Big and Small Stations Like to What They Plan for Future

truth, for Raymond Scudder, author, spent four years wandering about the Far East taking life as he found it, working on newspapers in Shanghai, laboring in coastwise steamers and at any other tasks which he chanced to find.

The musical background is directed by Sven Von Hallberg, whose adventures in the Near East are stranger than fiction. Von Hallberg collected a great number of oriental melodies peculiar to the northern fringe of the Sahara and to Arabia. Many of these have been heard in his Sunday afternoon NBC program entitled, "Echoes of the Orient." Others will be presented for the first time during the "East of Cairo" programs.

The story tells of two young Americans suffering from a chronic case of wanderlust. Bruce Lytton and Jack McGregor begin a hit-or-miss journey, intending to see the world, with no preconceived itinerary or plans.

Miss Cohan, Jr., on Air

GEORGETTE COHAN, daughter of the illustrious George M. Cohan, was recently featured in Dave Elman's Show Folks over the Columbia system.

The story of the playlet that day dealt with true events in her life. One of them was the fact that when she was marooned in Europe, during the great war, her dad heard that she was entertaining the wounded soldiers in hospitals and decided to send her a "prop" for the act. The "prop" was a ukulele. Up to that time no ukulele had ever been heard in England.

When he decided to send it to her, he learned there was an embargo on musical instruments. He finally managed to obtain special permission to send her the "uke" as a needed "prop," and it arrived on a dreadnaught. The same "uke" which George M. Cohan sent her—the first uke in England—was the "uke" Georgette played in Show Folks recently.

Mildred Hunt Returns

MILDRED HUNT, one of Radio's earliest contralto crooners, has renewed her acquaintance with the microphone following an absence of six months. Her program, called "Broadcasting Broadway," features hits from Broadway musical comedies and light operas, both past and present, and is heard through a wide network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting company each Friday night.

Co-starring with Miss Hunt in her new Radio vehicle is a galaxy of broadcasting celebrities, including Erva Giles, contralto; Robert Simmons, tenor, and a concert orchestra under the direction of Harold Sanford.

During her absence from the microphone Miss Hunt toured the Radio-Keith-Orpheum circuit from coast-to-coast. During her vaudeville tour the artist was headlined on the bills as "Radio's Sweetheart."



Even their smiles register sunshine, and why shouldn't they? This is the Sunshine Quartet featured by Roxy and His Gang on the Monday evening broadcast over the NBC chain hookup.



Eda Bueller, violinist of KGU, is always a big drawing card at the Hawaiian station. She learned her fiddle at the Vienna conservatory.

CBS Hires Edwin Cohan

EDWIN K. COHAN, one of Radio's best known engineers and a pioneer in his field, is the new technical supervisor of WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system. About a year ago a well known New York Radio critic wrote the following about Mr. Cohan: "During his year and a half on the 'board' from which Columbia system broadcasts have originated at WOR, Cohan has had but forty seconds off the air, a record most remarkable, since he has at times jumped to a studio to fill in on a program. Credit for much of WOR's smoothness in transmission must be given Mr. Cohan."

* * *

The Penrod Hour club has been organized at Harrison, N. Y., according to a letter received by the NBC. The club, composed of boys and girls of the ages of Penrod, Sam Williams and Marjorie, Booth Tarkington's famous characters, meets every Sunday night to listen to the broadcasts of the Penrod stories

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The NBC has received requests from school teachers for printed copies of the broadcasts of Cook's Travelogues. They are wanted to stimulate children in the study of geography.

* * *

Radio listeners sometimes misunderstand things. Said a letter received recently by the NBC: "Was informed that among the different lines of business announced over your station, there are professional marriage or match makers. If this is true would you be kind enough to let me know their addresses, as I am greatly interested." The answer plead not guilty.



"At the Baldwin, Charles Naegele." This young American pianist is always welcome when he appears before the mike.

Will Leaps to Limelight

THE rise to fame of Will Osborne, now heard on a number of Columbia programs, has been rapid. He is the originator of the slow dance tempo and the popular type of crooning for which he is famous.

Osborne is a Canadian by birth and began his musical career at the age of eight. In his early youth he played the piano and drums so well that he won a place in the St. Andrews College orchestra in Toronto. He liked music so well that he decided to make it his life's work and organized his own orchestra while still in his teens. Shortly afterwards, Osborne came to New York and it was not long before he was on the air over a local city station. At that time he introduced the slow rhythm and crooning style, the first singer to present this style over the air. However, in the long run Osborne proved that his was the original style and gradually built up a tremendous following.

Will Osborne has been heard in the Herbert Diamond Entertainers and Vim hours over WABC. Several months ago he was signed up as an exclusive artist by the Columbia Artists' bureau, a division of the Columbia Broadcasting system. He has recently concluded engagements at the new Fox theatre in Brooklyn and the Palace theatre in New York City. Several of his dance programs of late have been routed over a nation-wide network of the Columbia system.

As to fan mail, thousands upon thousands of letters—love letters, letters of simple commendation and highly appreciative letters—flow in from the four corners of the continent week after week without any letup.

Will Osborne has a following that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the Gulf to Hudson bay.

Reds Force Leon to U. S.

LEON TUMARKIN, the pianist who has been heard in the Baldwin hour, was born in Alexandrovsky, Russia, 1904, the son of a prosperous mine owner. At the outbreak of the Revolution, however, the Tumarkins lost all their property and migrated to the United States.

When they reached here young Leon went to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston to study the piano. He was awarded a scholarship with Hans Ebell. Later he came to New York to study with Alexander Siloti, both privately and at the Juilliard Musical foundation to which he had won a scholarship. During the past season Tumarkin has held the position of assistant teacher at the Juilliard Musical foundation.

Madame Fernanda Doria, another Baldwin star, is a mezzo-soprano, and was born in San Francisco, California. Her ancestors have lived in this country for the past three generations and she has six separate racial strains in her blood, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Irish. Her early vocal studies were pursued in San Francisco and her more advanced work in New York City.

Her career was launched when she sang for four months with a society organized in Mexico City to celebrate the centennial of Mexico's independence. Returning to the United States she sang for a season with the Chicago Civic Opera company before leaving for Europe, where she sang concerts in London and Paris and opera in Italy. Mme. Doria returned to the United States this season to fill several concert engagements and sing as guest artist with the Philadelphia Civic Opera company.

Career Starts in Church

TOMMY WEIR, Irish-American tenor, with Major Edward Bowes' Capitol "Family," although a native of Fall River, Mass., received most of his musical education in Rochester, N. Y., where he eventually started his career as a church singer and later on was frequently heard in concert and over the air.

After a course of private study he finally competed in the Rochester Music World competition and won a scholarship which entitled him to an operatic course at the Eastman school of Music in that city, where he studied for two years. Before this he had had the invaluable training of Herbert C. Leach, well-known coach and favorite of Martinelli and other famous opera stars. After becoming noted in church and concert work he joined the then famous "Primrose Minstrels," a group of 115 artists, and was their tenor soloist from 1909 to 1910. At the conclusion of this engagement he became the tenor soloist of the Al G. Fields minstrels, migrating from this engagement into vaudeville where he appeared in a ballad repertory for several years.

Eight years ago he retired from the active musical field, but occasionally sang over the air. His voice reproduced so perfectly that he was soon in great demand and sang over stations from Rochester, Buffalo and Syracuse. His broadcasting led to an offer from New York where he sang over WEAF on the Hoover hour for a period of fourteen weeks. Through his popularity over the air he was requisitioned to record for Columbia, Edison, Brunswick and other reproducing companies. Mr. Weir has composed many ballads, two of the best known being "I Sorter Miss You" and "Sleepy Hollow."

* * *

Nice words for Milton J. Cross, NBC medal winning announcer: "Will you kindly tell Mr. Cross that never having seen him I don't know whether he is a 'thing of beauty' but he is a 'joy forever'."

* * *

Dwight Norris, formerly of the Hanff-Metzger, Inc., advertising agency, is the latest addition to the NBC sales department. Norris, now a resident of Forest Hills, formerly lived in Kansas City.

Have Banquet at Home

A BANQUET every night except Saturday and Sunday. And you don't have to dress for it either. That's the program offered by the American Home Banquet hour, via the NBC.

The first departure from precedent in the new series is that instead of weekly presentations, the Home Banquets will be heard for a half hour every night except Saturday and Sunday. This alone places the sponsor, the American Radiator company, at the head of the list of buyers of evening broadcasting time, for in addition to the two and a half hours a week to be devoted to the new feature, the same organization in association with the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing company, sponsors the Radio adaptations of the Puccini operas, heard once a month.

The program itself, though simple in its appeal, requires more than a sentence of description. It is designed as a "banquet" for Radio listeners everywhere and has been so planned that it may be listened to while members of a group are at the supper or dinner table. The continuity and music are designed to create the illusion that the listener is actually at the banquet. Radio reincarnation of famous personages, brought to the banquet table on their birthdays, will be a feature of the half hour programs. Then through an imaginary device, listeners will apparently be taken into homes where they are not listening through the medium of brief dramatic sketches. Vocal and instrumental offerings by widely known Radio artists will be woven into the program pattern.

Jolly Bill to the Rescue

THIS is a story of a little girl who was ill and of a telephone operator who was helpful and of a mother who remembered.

Several days ago Miss Sue Kilkenny, early morning PBX operator at the National Broadcasting Company, received a call from the mother. "My little girl is very sick. I think it would do her good if Jolly Bill were to mention her name in his morning broadcast. Could you arrange it?" the mother asked.

Time was short, but Miss Kilkenny located the Radio artist and the sick girl was greeted during the Jolly Bill and Jane program.

Two days later the telephone operator received a note from the mother. "My little girl is very much better, and I think the thrill of hearing her name on the air is partly responsible," the letter said.



Wayne King, maestro of the dance, directed the orchestra formerly heard on the Sonatron programs, Columbia Broadcasting feature.

PAUL SPECHT Jumps from Small Hoosier Band to Big Time Leader of 42 Orchestras and Now to Talkie Land

Syncopating Old Masters

Uncovers Big Time

***By* Kenneth W. Stowman**

AMERICA has a music of its own. Syncopated classical music is recognized the world over as being a distinctly American type of music. And now this same American music is heard over WCAU and the Columbia system from the Hotel Clinton, New York.

Five years ago Paul Specht, leader and owner of a large string of orchestras in America and Europe, hit on the idea of syncopating old Masterpieces of Chopin, Rubenstein, and arias of operas.

At that time he was playing with a small orchestra in an Indiana town. One day his cellist showed him how well he could play a banjo; he strummed the melody in F, by Rubenstein. Specht picked up his ears. They incorporated the idea in their dance numbers. The Literati, among whom was George Ade, went wild over the new kind of music; the college boys clamored for more. With this encouragement Specht went to New York, and became a success over night.

Since then he has taken his orchestras across the ocean eighteen times to play in London, Berlin, Paris and all over the continent. He has had as many as forty-two orchestras at one time. His original orchestra or one of his units has played on nearly every Radio station in the United States.

It was he who started the idea of rhythmic symphonic syncopation, soon afterwards copied by Paul Whiteman, Lopez, and all the rest of the orchestra leaders.

Specht was born of Pennsylvania Dutch stock in Sinking Springs, Pa. His father, a musician, too, has been engaged in training the choir and band of the countryside. It was in the band that Specht got his early musical training.

Paul Specht believes that syncopated classical music is a fine education for the young people of America who have little or no training in music.

Through the syncopation of them, the classics are broadcast over WCAU and associated stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System, throughout the entire country which otherwise would know little about them. Through syncopation the masterpieces familiar only to those who have studied music are made more colorful and interesting and popular to the general public.

In 1926 he went before Congress and made a gallant plea in behalf of American musicians who go abroad and run afoul of the iron-bound English laws; every American musician should be everlastingly grateful to him for his stand on that occasion.

His letterheads bear a bar of music and a woodpecker, a somewhat cryptic inscription which is easily translated into "Paul Woodpecker" when you remember that "woodpecker" is "Specht" in German.

"It has been interesting to watch the development of a passion for truly modern but not unworthy music spring to life in that old country overseas, which usually is not credited with being musical at all, as are certain other European countries, for instance, Germany and Italy. But good things musical are coming out of England presently. There is a passion there for music now," said Paul Specht.

"Sir Oswald Stoll, under whose management my orchestra appeared in London for a time, was impressed by the discovery that syncopation is not necessarily jazz. He invited a famous clergyman, expert in music, to come to the theatre and listen.

"I had the thought that this expert would rap me after the performance. But when he came back to see me it was to voice approval of American jazz. 'I came here to get material on which to base a statement to my congregation about the horrors of American jazz,' said he. 'Instead I shall tell them and shall write to the newspapers that those who condemn jazz as inartistic confuse the word classical with the word artistic. Jazz is not classical, one must admit, but all the better for us that we moderns have produced something so artistic.'

"He directed my attention to the fact that the difference between some of the tempos in Bach's music and my own seemed to him to be that the great Bach's was a form employing counterpoint, fugue with a dash of Wagner, while mine might be better compared to a sort of fiery Brahms and Liszt in their more fiery moments with the addition of regular rhythm.

"And this is the new form of dance music that is rapidly displacing typical Tin Pan Alley jazz—cheap and tawdry."

And now Paul S. has joined the colony of movie artists by signing a sound film contract with George Batcheller of the Chesterfield Productions, to appear in the big independent feature picture entitled "Love at First Sight," which will be filmed in New York City. Several of Specht's boys now appearing in his original orchestra at the Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City, whose music is currently heard over the Radio on the Columbia Chain network, will also be featured in singing bits.



The singing of Elsie Craft Hurley, soprano, is one of the reasons so many Baltimoreans keep their sets tuned to WCAO's channel.



William Fay came to Rochester in August of 1928 as program director of WHAM. He is now general manager of the station, succeeding Adolph B. Chamberlain. Fay was formerly associated with WGY.

Don Martin Gassed on Winter Trip to WBBG

ALTHOUGH Don Morton is a comparatively recent addition to the staff of WNBH, he is no stranger to the mike, and is not likely to forget some of his early experiences in "airing his stuff."

Back in the dim days, when Radio was new, Don and his gang of entertainers, made regular trips from Plymouth, Mass. to Mattapoisett where WBBG, (the forerunner of WNBH) was located, and put on a series of Radio dramas. One night, the gang travelled in a hired car, and when arriving at the station, two of the women were found unconscious, it didn't seem like much of a joke. A defective heater and carbon monoxide gas were the principal causes of the difficulty, and all members of the company were more or less "under the weather" which, strange to say, was the title of the Radio drama scheduled to present that night.

The play was broadcast, but under difficulties, one lady being unable to take her part, and another reading her lines from a reclining position on a couch which was hastily moved into the studio. However, the old slogan of the theatre, "The show must go on" was applied to Radio drama as well, and most of the listening audience didn't know anything was wrong.

* * *

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, city of history and witches, is on the air. Through broadcasts of concerts provided by a trust fund established fifty years ago that historic city is being put on the air by WNAC. The concerts are put on from a hall on the site of the house in which Alexander Graham Bell lived from 1873 to 1876, and just around the corner from the place where Henry Batchelder, on Feb. 12, 1877, as a reporter for a Boston newspaper, sent the first news story ever received over the telephone.



The "Big Three" guiding the destinies of WOR. From left to right you see, Alfred J. McCosker, director; Leonard E. L. Cox, the program manager, and George Shackley, musical director of the station.

New Blood Putting on New Stunts Over WNJ

NEW blood at WNJ is doing some real work in imaginative program construction, according to reports from the Eastern district. George Rosenberg, formerly of WMCA and WPCH is the general manager in charge of sales work, Harry Mack, from the same stations, is studio director, with Emmet Gaffney as his assistant. Sam Barnowitz is chief announcer and publicity director.

Barnowitz, who has been associated with WNJ for three years, is presenting a new feature in the WNJ players, a dramatic organization composed of local talent. Under his direction the station's foreign programs are emphasized, a Polish, Lithuanian and Italian hour being booked. "Our programs are designed to run the gamut from highbrow to jazz," says Barnowitz.

* * *

Westell Gordon, lyric tenor 'cellist and composer, a featured artist with Major Edward Bowes Capitol Family, is the son of a London publisher and bookseller who was an intimate friend of William Gladstone, the English statesman. Young Gordon inherited his musical talent from his mother who was both a pianist and singer. He was soloist in the choir of St. Georges, Bloomsbury, London, and also played the pipe organ when he was a boy. He studied organ when he was a boy.

Euripides to the Rescue

ONE morning as the Sunrise Hour at WAAM was progressing in the usual manner, Allen Premselaar, who directs and announces the program, found that a record which was to be played immediately could not be found. The time had to be filled quickly in order to save what would otherwise be an awkward delay. In something of a panic, Al yelled to the operator, "For goodness sake say something!"

Operator Milt Ravich immediately fell into the spirit of the thing and assuming a darky dialect, which he does very well, told several jokes.

To carry it out Al found it necessary to get a name for the operator. Of course, all this took place in a very few seconds, but our announcer having the night before discussed Greek drama, quite mechanically thought of the name and it is still used—Euripides.

Catholic Program from WCAO Sets Mark

A RELIGIOUS program which has created considerable interest among Baltimore Radio listeners is the Catholic Radio hour, broadcast weekly on Sunday evenings from WCAO. These broadcasts mark the first time the Catholic church in the Maryland diocese has used Radio broadcasting to disseminate Catholic doctrine. They are conducted under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. Archbishop Michael J. Curley is honorary president of the committee in charge of Radio broadcasting.

An unusual feature of the program is the answering of questions pertaining to the Catholic faith submitted by listeners. Each Sunday all questions received during the past week are discussed and answered on the air. Questions have been submitted by both Catholics and non-Catholics. This feature has proved of benefit in promoting a wider understanding of the Catholic church and in settling many controversial questions concerned with its teachings.

The list of speakers includes many prominent Catholic scholars and theologians. Among those who have been heard are: Rev. George E. Johnson, D.D., of the Department of Education of the Catholic University; Rev. J. Tracy Langan, S.J.; Rev. Ignatius Smith, O.P.; and Rev. J. Fulton Sheen.

The hour was inaugurated last Fall by the Rt. Rev. John M. McNamara, Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore. Music is furnished by the full regular choirs of the various Catholic churches of the city of Baltimore.

* * *

Formerly of WBT, Charlotte, N. C., "Lonesome Luke," piano rattler and crooner, extraordinary, is now heard regularly from WNBH, New Bedford, Mass., and is creating no small stir in the whaling city. He is a regular Thursday night feature, and is aided and abetted by the jolly station announcer, Don Morton.

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HARRY RESER and his Clicquot Club Eskimos, an organization made nationally famous by Radio, are sewing additional service stripes on their furry garments. The reason is that the Eskimos have signed a new contract and will be heard for another year through the NBC system. The Eskimos, now among the real veterans on the air, made their first appearance in December, 1925. They have never missed a week before the mike.



When the "Old Folks" gather around the melodeon at WBAL, this quartet is prominent. Left to right: Walter N. Linthicum, S. Broughton Fall, John Nilbourn and Maud Albert.

WEDH Manager Looks Back on 2 Years Growth

***By* Morrie King**

WHEN one reaches a reminiscent mood it generally brings many unpleasant occurrences to mind, but as WEDH, the Erie, Pennsylvania, station marks its second anniversary I cannot help but feel that the past two years have been the most pleasant period of my life.

As manager of this station I can frankly state that our existence has not been a bed of roses by any means—on the contrary, we have found many obstacles in our path which have retarded our progress. In fact, had it not been for the splendid loyalty of our listening friends the station would not be where it is today.

Great plans are formulated for the future, and the splendid progress we have made in improving the quality of our programs will be continued and enhanced. In this great credit is due to the staff of the station. Each and every member has put in double time with the single idea of bettering WEDH.

Plans are under way to increase our power, add new equipment and build new and larger studios. With the continued support of our listeners I expect great things in the years to come.

Rev. Churchill Seeks to Christianize World

THERE is one difference, at least, between Billy Sunday and the Rev. Clinton H. Churchill. Billy's mission is to evangelize America, while the Reverend Mr. Churchill seeks to instill a virile Christianity in all English speaking parts of the globe.



For two and one-half years Churchill served his Radio audience with only one station, WKBW, which is now the key station of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation. The Columbia Broadcasting system officials heard the program and decided to make it a regular Sunday night feature over their network. And so, when the Reverend Mr. Churchill steps into his pulpit of a Sunday night he is speaking to a potential audience of eighty millions in this country alone. Canada also hears the program, while the rest of the globe listens through the short wave station W2XE of New York City.

The newspapers have given the "Back Home Pastor" the title of "The World's Evangelist." Besides his evangelical work, Mr. Churchill is executive vice president of the Buffalo Broadcasting company, which operates four stations in Buffalo.

* * *

RADIO eventually may accomplish what linguists have been trying to bring about for years—the use of an international language, George C. Dworshak, advertising director of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation, predicted in a recent luncheon club address.

The world is being besieged by English broadcasts from several quarters of the globe, the speaker pointed out, and through a gradual process of absorption all non-English speaking peoples within the various circles of the broadcasts may soon come to use the language.



Not just sky-gazing. Frances Doherr, (pointing), director and manager of WCAE, and Lora McClelland, studio hostess, are discussing the new location of the WCAE apparatus, recently moved.

'Possum Makes Banquet on Kitchen Supplies

OPOSSUMS are queer little fellows. The other day Don Carney, the "Uncle Don" of the WOR Children's Program, received a baby 'possum as a gift from an admirer. Now, Don lives in one of those newfangled apartments where all the lights hug the ceilings and walls. There being no elaborate Nineteenth century chandelier, Master 'Possum had no swing from which to hang himself by his prehensile tail while sleeping, so it was necessary to find a temporary home for the new addition to Don's family of many pets.

A brave fellow, Arthur Q. Bryan, one of the announcers of WOR, volunteered to mother the young animal at his suburban home at Nutley, N. J., until such time that Don learns how to bring up baby 'possums properly by corresponding with a farmer of the Middle West who raises these North American marsupials.

When Mr. Bryan arrived home with an air-punched cardboard box the women were out winning bridge prizes, which are never as good as those which they give. He was tired and went to bed, leaving a note saying: "See me about package on table—do not open!"

Early, very early, the next morning, he was awakened by piercing screams from the women of the house. He jumped out of bed and dashed downstairs. The dear girls were huddled together in a corner of the dining room pointing to the pantry.

The empty cardboard box lay on the floor mutilated at one end. The opossum had escaped into the pantry.

Ah, the power of the smell of food! And what food! Ketchup! Horse radish! Peanut butter! With his strong, grasping little feet, the opossum was able to manipulate the loose lids of the already used bottles, and had not only eaten his fill, but the red, grey and brown evidence was smeared all over the pantry.

But what was that long stream of white coming from an upset blue bottle? Milk of magnesia! You may laugh, but a mere licking up of some of that is probably what saved the little fellow's life.

Mr. Bryan found him asleep on the top shelf behind a carton of dog biscuits—Master 'Possum did not deign to touch these, they were only dog biscuits. His bed was the symmetrically arched surface of six empty preserve jars and his long hairless tail was tightly wrapped around the end one. He was awakened by Mr. Bryan, who carried him by his rear extremity and installed him temporarily in an empty chicken house.

Sets Song Speed Record

WHAT is claimed as a record in speed production of a song was hung up at Westinghouse station WBZ. It all happened quite casually, too.

Forrest W. Williams, Boston composer, was in the studio discussing with Malcolm L. MacCormack, announcer, the program at 3 o'clock upon which the latter was to appear as a guest soloist. It was then 2 o'clock.

"Why don't you sing something new?" Williams asked.

"What can I sing?" demanded MacCormack.

"Ah, I will write you a new song!" declared the composer.

It happened just like that. And one hour later as MacCormack stepped to the microphone he held the words and music of a brand new song, "The Captain of the Grenadiers."

The song had been composed, scored, rehearsed and was being broadcast—all within the space of 60 fleeting minutes.

* * *

PROGRAMS emanating from stations in Boston and Providence are now being heard from Bangor, Maine. Programs of the Columbia Broadcasting system are also featured by the Maine station. WLBZ is one of two broadcasting stations operated in the state of Maine. The linking of the Bangor broadcaster with WNAC of Boston and WEAN and the CBS grew out of requests from the residents of Maine for better Radio service.



The Pfohl Family Emsemble of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, after winning high honors at Boston Festival of the National Federation of Music clubs, went on the air to broadcast from WBZ-WBZA

Iula Reminisces on His Early Radio Days

SEVEN years ago (that makes this story begin 'way back in 1922) the word "Radio" was just beginning to come into common usage and broadcasting stations were few and far between. So few and far between were they, in fact, that the idea of Radio broadcasting in terms of home entertainment was as yet to become a definite reality in every day lives of the people.



And it's a long, long trail that Radio broadcasting has traveled from Then to Now, according to Felice Iula, Orchestral Arranger and one of the conductors at WBAL, and who is one of the pioneers in broadcasting work.

Baltimore, which has a number of "firsts" to its credit, was among the first cities in this country to visualize Radio and its mightly possibilities; consequently, not long after the first broadcasting station in the United States was established in Pittsburgh, there came on the air in Maryland's metropolis a broadcasting station whose call letters were WEAR, and it was over this old station (no longer in existence) that Felice Iula, at that time conductor of one of the largest theatrical orchestras in this city, did his early broadcasting work. Looking back on those old days of broadcasting and comparing them with the modern methods of today, Mr. Iula finds a very amusing experience.

"It was really very funny," he said, reminiscently. "And when I look back on those days I have to laugh, and I wonder how in the world we ever got over. We used to broadcast a ten-minute program between intermissions at our theater and as the broadcasting was done from a room (no one now would think of calling such a place a 'studio'), that was just a couple of blocks from the theater, we used to rush up to the station, play for ten minutes, then rush back in time for our next appearance in the theater.

"There were twenty-two men in this orchestra and I used to have to conduct the Radio programs from the window sill and hold my music in one hand while I conducted, the studio being too small for music stands and men, too. And instead of a microphone we played into a big horn which was in the center of the room and around which we used to group ourselves as best we could.

"I can see those twenty-two men now huddled around that horn, sitting on boxes or anything that was handy, while they put on the air what was one of the first orchestral programs ever to be broadcast as a regular feature from any station, the majority of programs at that time being canned music. There wasn't room for many music stands, so about five or six musicians managed somehow to read their notes from one stand; and I'm telling you there wasn't much elbow room for playing, either.

"But it was great fun and we did it solely for the fun and glory in it—the glory sometimes being emphasized by fan letters which came from outside the city, something which in those days was considered an achievement in Radio. Radio broadcasting surely has traveled some since those days when horns were used instead of microphones and when other methods were just as crude."

* * *

Station WNAC, Boston, offers one of the few, if not the only program broadcast by an American station entirely in a foreign language. This is the Banca Commerciale Italiana period of Italian Classics Wednesday evenings.



The trio composed of Johnny and Frankie Marvin and Lucian Spriggs is heard at frequent intervals from WNBO at Washington, Pa.

Carl Schroeder Joins WFBL Studio Staff

THE latest addition to the staff of WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y., is Carl G. Schroeder. Mr. Schroeder has rejoined the staff of WFBL after an absence of two years. He returned from WJR, in the Fisher Building, Detroit, recently, to resume duty at the WFBL mike.

Schroeder has been engaged in Radio announcing for over four years. His first experience, however, dates back to 1922 when he faced a microphone for the first time at WFAB, one of the pioneer stations of central New York. Later, at the completion of his schooling he joined the staff of WSYR, Syracuse, where he became familiar with the rudiments of Radio announcing. Mr. Schroeder first became affiliated with WFBL in August, 1927.

He is one of the youngest announcers on the air today, and for his years has had a world of experience. Besides the usual studio programs, Mr. Schroeder has announced many unusual and novel broadcasts both from WFBL and other stations. He announced numerous programs from Crouse College of Fine Arts, Syracuse University. As for a hobby, Carl prefers football announcing as his Radio hobby. His voice is of a mellow bass quality, having been trained in Syracuse. However, it is quite flexible, for he manages to adapt his voice to the occasion, whether it be a symphony, church service, dance program or some special "pick-up."

Artist Once Tool Expert

IT IS hard to believe that Miss Florrie Bishop Bowering, whose delectable cooking talks are a Thursday morning feature of Station WTIC, was once considered an expert on mining machinery, hammer rock drills and other very undomestic implements. Such is the truth, however, according to a recently published interview of her.

"She isn't a rock-drillish sort of person at all, but a very feminine, lovable and gay little lady," the interview says. "It was with considerable relish that she turned her attention toward things domestic, and went to work for a manufacturer of domestic electric equipment. And now, from an ideal home-at-the-factory testing laboratory, she conducts cooking schools and teaches the gospel of cookery by Radio."

FAMOUS Bok Carillon in "Sunshine Land" Put on Air by WFLA

Singing Tower Voice Is HEARD By Nation



Spangler's Trio, of WRVA, are exponents of Old Time dance music. Otherwise known as "Old Virginia Fiddlers," this trio made up of David Pearson, J. W. Spangler and Scott Peck has won wide recognition. Dad Spangler himself is a champion in the Southland.

By W. Walter Tison

A TRIP to the "Land of Sunshine" is not complete to the newcomer until a pilgrimage has been made to the now famous Singing Tower of Mountain Lake at Lake Wales, Florida. However, it was left for Station WFLA to carry the clear tones of the tower to millions who will never see Florida and its everlasting Springtime and Sunshine.

By reference to any Radio map of Florida you will note that Lake Wales is located almost in the center of the state, far removed from broadcasting stations as a whole. In fact, it has been said on good authority that, while the tower was under construction, it was thought that the ringing of the bells would be heard over many miles, which, when the tower was completed, did not materialize. This fact alone seems to have persuaded the late Mr. Bok to allow the stations of the country to make an attempt to relay the "Singing Tower" to the public. First came the combined forces of the National Broadcasting company, who handled the hookup on a national scale over many stations. A few weeks later, when the memory of the first broadcast was beginning to dim, broadcasting was again discussed, and it was decided to allow local stations the privilege of handling the events. It was then that WFLA and WSUN were called upon to become the outlet station for the Singing Tower.

To broadcast the deep rich tones of the tower seems to the average layman a very easy task; however, to the broadcast engineers assigned this duty from WFLA it was plain at the outset that such was not the case, nor did the station have the equipment outlay of the NBC to attempt such a feat. Days were spent in sounding the various bells, while Radio engineers made comparisons and measurements for their own records. It was during these tests that it was discovered that the ringing of the bells produced a strong signal to the heavens which had a tendency to reflect back about a thousand feet from the tower and which carried only part of the original tonal effects.

So it was decided not to attempt to utilize an outside pick-up microphone, but to stick to the tower, placing the microphones in carefully selected spots especially accoustically treated. The first microphone was placed on a high pole some twenty-five feet above the tower. The second microphone was placed below the bells and the third at the console of the chimes in the control room from which point all announcing was made.

Everything was ready and the control operator pronounced the usual "ready," meaning, of course, that the lines to the station were in operation. The first program brought much favorable comment, which led to other programs, and today the Singing Tower is considered a part of the regular offering of the station, coming, of course, at designated periods, but not on a weekly basis, owing to the schedule at the tower itself, which is seasonal in its changes.

When listening in on the broadcast of the Singing Tower it is easier to understand one of the famous inscriptions on the tower: "I come here to find myself. It is so easy to get lost in the world."

Piedmont Station Goes on in Self-Broadcast

By Harvey Aberhold

STATION WTFI broadcasting a bit of news about itself.

I am named for my owner, Toccoa Falls Institute. This school is a Bible school in the foothills of Georgia. It is an interdenominational school whose organizer is Dr. R. A. Forrest.

I am a very unusual station. I send forth each day a program of sacred music which no other station does. On Sunday some person gives the Sunday school lesson which is sent out to gladden the hearts of those confined to their homes.

I have my home in the smallest town known to have a broadcasting station in the United States. My people are very proud of me here and I receive many telephone calls and letters and telegrams about my good programs. Of course, some one occasionally does not like me, but there is not anything that every one agrees on.

Besides my sacred hour each day except Sunday, I send out from one to three hours of popular and classical music.

I am operating on fourteen hundred and fifty kilocycles with only two hundred fifty watts to work on. On test programs I have been heard as far as New York and Chicago. I think this is wonderful for a little fellow. I hope soon to be a big fellow and have one thousand watts.

My announcer has made me famous for miles around with his quaint saying, which he gives a ring no one else can equal. This is it, as best it can be in writing: "You are listening to Radio Station WTFI in the Good Ole Piedmont Section of Dixie."

* * *

THE violin used by Fredric Fradkin, noted violinist, who appeared as guest artist with the Roxy Symphony orchestra, is an historic Stradivarius from the Hill collection of London and estimated to be worth $30,000. The instrument is considered by experts to be the finest yellow specimen in existence and photographs of it are in almost every museum in the world. It dates back to 1701, the beginning of "the Golden Period" for the noted violin maker, during which time Stradivari made his best instruments. Numerous offers have been received by Fradkin to sell his violin, including an offer from Henry Ford, who desired it for his collection of antiques, but the violinist prefers to keep it, realizing that its tone would be impossible to duplicate. Fradkin is the only American violinist to receive a first prize given by the French government.



On the air waves carried by WJAX come tuneful syncopations and melodies furnished by this Hotel Carling orchestra. Clyde Gardner, holding the violin, is the leader.

Blue Grass School Puts on Varied Programs

AN INTERESTING cross-section of general education can be obtained by listening to the Radio programs coming from the University of Kentucky studios of WHAS this spring. Each college of the university is making its contribution, most of the talks being given at the noon period from 12:45 to 1 p. m. (CST). This hour may be changed toward the beginning of the summer, however.

The ordinary business man should be interested in the programs of the College of Commerce. Both farmers and their wives are especially held in mind in the Monday, Wednesday and Friday hours of the College of Agriculture. Students and those scientifically minded will be interested in the talks on botany, bacteriology, astronomy and geology, while those with more aesthetic tendencies will enjoy the modern drama talks by the English department.

The College of Law is responsible for discussions on legal problems that concern laymen. The musical organizations, including the philharmonic orchestra, the bands, glee club, brass quartette and woodwind ensemble are heard each Wednesday night at 10:30.

There are two studios at the University of Kentucky, a small one used for the noon programs, and a larger studio used for big musical groups. Wires carry the programs to the main studios of WHAS at Louisville.



Clearwater, Florida, is a lively broadcasting center and one of the liveliest and most popular of the WFLA entertainers is this Blanche McMullen, soprano.

Salmagundi is Menu at WCOA Festivities

WHEN February third rolled around in Pensacola, Florida, much jollification was in order and loud and tuneful emanations were tuned in all over the country from WCOA. The occasion was the celebration of the fourth birthday of that municipal station.

Starting at five o'clock in the afternoon with an instrumental trio playing dinner music, a widely varied program carried on until the wee sma' hours of the morning—at least three o'clock.

After half an hour of the dinner music Johnnie Frenkel himself, director of WCOA, alias "The Breezy Boy from the Gulf," went on the air with Sybil McNair, "Princess of the Air." Quite by way of contrast the next event on the evening's entertainment was a half hour by the 13th Coast Artillery band, followed in turn by Nip and Tuck, darky delineators.

By midnight practically the entire gamut of entertainment had been run and the real whooperdoo started. "Birthday Frolic—Salmagundi" was its title, and it included just about everybody on the staff. The Rainbow Entertainers, Hawaiian Melody Duo, Varsity Eight and Their Music, Sybil McNair, and Johnnie Frenkel all "just breezed along."

It was quite a party, take it from the thousands who listened and wrote, wired and phoned their congratulations and appreciation.



"Down in the Old Magnolia State" at WCOC this little lady holds forth as accompanist, pianist and soloist. Her name is Inez Mann—brunette and effervescent.

Game Chief is Heard at WBRC Regularly



MORE hunting and fishing and at the same time an increase in wild life form the theme of the discussion presented by I. T. Quinn, former president of the International Association of Game and Fish commissioners, from WBRC twice each month. Since 1922 he has been a state official in Alabama, being at the head of the department of game and fisheries. His keen interest and study of wild life have given him a store of information which is sought after by sportsmen and sportswomen. Commissioner Quinn takes a great interest in explaining the game laws of various sections of the country. It is quite necessary for hunters to be familiar with them due to their strict enforcement. Mr. Quinn's books and stories have been welcomed in America and twenty-four foreign countries. The Alabama Deep Sea and Surf Fishing Rodeo held last year under the supervision of his department over a three day period in August attracted people from more than twenty states.

Columbia Adds No. 73

NUMBER 73 was added to the Columbia Broadcasting system network last February. The new station, WGST, which is operated by the Southern Broadcasting company on 500 watts and a frequency of 890 killocycles for its owners, Georgia Institute of Technology, is located at Atlanta, Ga. A. S. Foster, president, has been associated with Radio in the South for the past ten years. The rest of the personnel has all been active in broadcasting for a number of years.

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No matter how important the broadcast, the doors to the NBC studios from which it goes on the air can never be locked. This is not a superstition but a fire regulation. In order to keep "crashers" out of the studios—and Radio has its crashers—every door is guarded. Signs also advise passers-by that the studio is not open to visitors.



The Singing Tower at Lake Wales, Florida, heard regularly over WFLA. At the base of the tower lies the body of Edward Bok, creator of the sanctuary of which the tower is a part.



No, not a snow scene from the Far North—just a jolly February day down in Birmingham, Alabama, in the Sunny South. Herb Grieb, the intended victim, doesn't seem particularly chagrined at his impending fate at the hands of Walter Campbell and a couple of other WAPI staff members. That's Orville Irwin standing aloofly to one side.

Voice of WDOD Goes Out From Famed Peak

FROM the peak of historic Lookout Mountain the voice of WDOD, 1,000 watts strong, goes out to all the Southland. Over ten miles from the studios in Chattanooga, Tennessee, the transmitter is on Nature's Roof Garden, 2,300 feet above sea level.

With this increased power and a clear wave length, WDOD is adequately prepared to serve a population of over 1,500,000 people within a radius of 150 miles, according to Frank S. Lane, station director. Mr. Lane is also the authority for the statement that his station, because of its central location, is serving the entire South.

Founded in 1905, WDOD has shown a normal, healthy growth over the four year period. It is operated by the Chattanooga Radio company.

* * *

Dolores Cassinelli, NBC soprano, is quite upset. Because she's gorgeous looking, she has been referred to in a number of newspapers as a "Spanish beauty." She's really Italian. According to Miss Cassinelli she has received dozens of letters from Italian friends. "It must be the Dolores that fools them," she said. "The Cassinelli part is Italian."

Police Adopt Service as Motto

ST. JOSEPH Force Treats Woes of All

Broadcasts Weekly Program Over KFEQ

By Ada Lyon

IT IS generally conceded that "Service" should be the keynote of every store and every hotel, but Police Chief Earl Matthews, of St. Joseph, Mo., is convinced that it should be equally the ideal of any police department, and especially of his. So he is the father confessor for all who elect to burden him with their troubles. His aids are instructed to answer every demand, no matter how trivial, made upon the department.

It is part of his rule of service to the public that he and members of his staff give weekly programs over KFEQ, instructing his thousands of hearers how to protect their children, their homes and their property. They sing and play, punctuating the programs with brief passages of sage advice.

Scarcely a day passes but visitors come to tell the chief all their woes. These often prove invaluable clues later when more serious trouble develops. A wife comes to tell her side of a quarrel and then the husband comes to tell his. One woman telephoned that she was going to have a party the next night and was afraid her husband, who had been drunk and had been beating her, would break up the party. The chief told her not to worry and kept the husband safe at the police station during the festivities.

Marital woes are many. One wife came in the day after Christmas to tell Chief Matthews of the outrageous behavior of her husband.

"We have been married twenty years and he's never yet given me a Christmas present, but believe me, he's going to give me one next year," she said, without revealing just how she was going to effect so tardy a reformation.

Another wife complained that "the only thing my husband ever brought home to the family was smallpox."

If a dog barks so loud and so long that an exasperated neighbor is driven to desperation and calls the police, cycle cops arrive speedily and reason with the offending canine's owner. The owner pays more attention to the uniform than he did to the complaint of uncongenial neighbors and so peace is restored to the vicinity. The dog hears, vicariously, the voice of the law and obeys, withholding his howls.



What harmony these boys trick from their guitars! They're the Strolling Guitarists of WLS; Jim Holstein, standing, and Bob Panole.



Police Chief Earl Matthews of St. Joseph, Mo., as he looked when being interviewed for Radio Digest.

"It is very unusual if a criminal over thirty is brought here. Nowadays it's the boys, with seldom an old-timer. The really big criminals are kids," says Chief Earl Matthews. "The men of an age where they used to be high-class burglars are petty larceny thieves and don't amount to much. Ten years ago, the safe blowers used to be 40 to 50 years old, but no longer, they are all young men.

"What has caused the change? I don't think it's prohibition, though many people say so. I think it is due to the automobile more than to anything else. A boy must have a car to take his girl riding, even if he has to steal it. Then he has to rob a filling station to keep it running. Years ago, we had simpler, less expensive pleasures with less speed than the boys today demand, and there was less crime then."

Kids Like St. Louis Cops

BIG blue-coated police of St. Louis have found out that the 100,000 school children no longer fear them.

For several years the city police department has been broadcasting reports and sponsoring the school children's programs over WIL. The direct cause of interest shown in Radio broadcasting by Chief Gerk dates back three years to a time when the fact was impressed upon him that nearly all school children were afraid of policemen.

Since that time a warm friendship has developed between children and the cop, all because of the Radio programs in which both mingled. They are sponsored by the police department and are to be continued indefinitely over Station WIL.



Ukelele Twins, Kenny Ferguson and Bob Long, may well be called old timers, for they made their first apearance on the air via WADC in the Fall of 1925.

Feels 35 as He Marks Sixty-Sixth Birthday

"SIXTY-SIX years of age, but only 35 years old," is the way Dad Haskins styles it. And to see him cut up around the studio of WADC, you would say he was only 25. His recent birthday swamped the station with greeting cards from 14 states from his appreciative listeners.

Dad Haskins and His Hicktown String Band are regular studio features and fixtures at the Akron station. His was the second organization to broadcast over the station when it first went on the air early in 1925 and he has been a regular weekly feature since, specializing in old time numbers and occasionally cutting loose on a popular tune.

In all his playing he has never arranged a program. He opens with "Harmony Rag" and from then on it's up to his loyal listeners, and he has a multitude of them. "Little Brown Jug" always leads the request list, and when you hear him sing it over the air, it's hard to believe that the "Little Brown Jug" is not right handy, while he sings the number. Dad received his musical education tooting whistles for crossings in his younger days as a railroad engineer. He plays guitar with his band, which is composed (strange as it may seem) of a peppy bunch of boys, all in their twenty's. They are heard every Friday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock over WADC.



Two of three masters of song and nonsense, Gene and Glenn, have set up headquarters in Cleveland. At least they are there now. Marcella says that Ford is taking a little vacation from the air. At any rate he's not with his old teammates at WTAM.

Average 10,700 Letters Ask Fans Not to Write

ONE for the book! When have you heard a request NOT to write at the end of a broadcast program? Not once in a Blue Moon does a station or program feel called on to call off a flood of mail from listeners.

Al and Pete on the Martha Washington program of WBBM forced such an announcement when the volume of mail they received mounted to the impressive figure of 86,000 letters for an eight week period.

One week early in February brought 10,928 letters, making a total of over 97,000 in nine weeks, or an average of over 10,700 letters per program one one-half hour per week. It was then that the audience was asked not to write. During the program forty-three states, Canada and Porto Rico were heard from by mail, not including telegrams or 'phone messages.

This program put on by Al and Pete is called "Try to Stump Us." Listeners are invited to write in the title of any popular song that has been popular. If Al and Pete can sing or play any part of the requested number, they receive a vote. If they are stumped the person requesting the song receives a box of candy and the public receives a vote. The score is given at the end of each program.

Raise $16,500 for Relief

FARM Radio listeners, rallying to the aid of the destitute Indiana and Illinois flood districts recently, poured more than $16,500 into WLS, the Prairie Farmer station, Chicago, within less than a week after the first plea for funds had been broadcast.

Thirty-three states, represented by more than 4,000 individual contributors, responded to the WLS drive. Donations ranging from ten cents, sent in by children, to checks of $200 and over, pledged by wealthy listeners and corporations, swelled the total. The average contribution to the drive has been estimated at $3.50. Many contributions were first wired or phoned to the station.

The amount for the Indiana and Illinois flood relief work that WLS raised boosts the total sum of money raised by the station, since it first devoted its facilities to relief work of a regional or national character in 1925, to more than $351,000.

Marathon at WHBY Fete

WHEW! What a job that was—and what a program! When WHBY celebrated the initiation of its new full time license in February the boys up in Green Bay certainly knocked 'em for a row.

Twenty-four hours on the air—that's quite a marathon, but not unprecedented. But here IS one for the book, one announcer worked that entire trick at WHBY. Maybe it's been done before, but the records at hand don't show it. Hats off to that man!

Seems like 'most every talented person in the vicinity of Green Bay must have been on that program, as more than 400 individual artists were scheduled. Even the Wisconsin State Prison did its share, sending its band and quartet, under guard.

Big Mail Swamps WLS

UPSETTING the idea that poeple do not write as frequently to Radio stations nowadays as in the years past is the comparison between the mail totals of 1925, 1927 and 1929 with the receipts for January, 1930, at WLS. During the first month of the new year WLS received more than 117,847 letters.

The year 1929 brought 414,000 individual pieces of mail to the Chicago station; 205,625 letters came in 1927, and in 1925, the first full year of the station's operation, 125,217 letters were received.

The record total of January, 1930, came in at an average of more than 29,400 letters a week, the peak figure coming the week of January 20 when 35,147 pieces were received. Every state in the Union was represented in the report. A curious feature of Radio transmission was illustrated by the larger amount of mail received from such distant states as Pennsylvania and New York than from Illinois' next door neighbor, Iowa.

* * *

SOME of the equipment used in the first broadcast of WIL eight years ago was exhibited in a skit February 9, commemorating what is said to be the first professional broadcast made in St. Louis. When this first program went on the air the station's call letters were WEB, later changed to WIL. More than 200 people took part in the celebration, including entertainers prominent throughout the Middle West, and some of those who were in front of the microphone eight years ago.



A musician with four hobbies, selling, collecting hardware, mechanical work and electrical fixings, Henry C. Woempner, musical director of KSTP and first flutist with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, is a busy man. Here he is surrounded by work shop equipment, at work on a musical score.



On a pleasant day many of the programs at WSUI are moved bodily outdoors to the open air studio on the University of Iowa campus, in one of the quadrangles.

Iowa Broadcasts Sports, Educational Features

"OUT where the tall corn grows," is the battle cry of the University of Iowa. From Station WSUI the ringing echoes of this song are heard when the pigskin is on the gridiron, and when the Hawkeye warriors scramble on the basketball floor. At other times the farthest reaches of cultural education and entertainment are broadcast from the University of Iowa station.

The first Radio program went forth from Iowa City during the year 1919 under the call letters 9YA. Later a larger transmitter was installed and the call letters changed to WHAA. Soon after the present 500-watt station was installed in 1923 the call was again changed to the present WSUI, and plans carried to completion for a big time program of varied services for people of the Middle West.

As the station is owned and operated by the State University its facilities for educational broadcasting are superior to most stations. The programs, therefore, stress this important feature, but also include entertainment provided by outstanding musicians at the University. The broadcasting of all university athletic events is an important part of the schedule, and all hotels and theaters in Iowa City are equipped for broadcasting.

Grandmas Show Flappers

THREE foxy grandmas, whose combined ages total nearly 200 years and who have organized a vocal trio to "show up" the modern flappers, have joined the entertainment staff of KSTP. Their Radio debut was a conspicuous success, as the mailman discovered. They are all past sixty—and then some—and have been singing all their lives.

They find it difficult to sing the modern jazz tunes and prefer selections such as "Love's Old Sweet Song" and other old-time melodies. In their opening program they match the modern blues singer by presenting their own song, "We are Three Foxy Grandmas."

The KSTP Grandma trio is the only one of its kind in the country, so far as the grandmas themselves have been able to ascertain. The trio includes Mrs. Mathea Lund, first soprano; Mrs. Josephene Nash, mezzo-soprano, and Mrs. Blanche J. Schaller, contralto. Mrs. Lund calls on her mother, Mrs. Caroline Hartrick, who is 87 years old and a great-grandmother, to assist in entertainments which they present at various places. Mrs. Hartrick has a fine coloratura soprano voice and is still studying music. Bernice Lund, daughter of Mrs. Lund, is an accomplished pianist and violinist. Mrs. Schaller has eight grandchildren, the youngest of whom is seven months old.

Morning Parade Catche Milwaukee Early Bird

"THE early bird catches the worm. With this time-worn adage i mind WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journa station, inaugurated "The Morning Pa rade," a march program heard from 7 t 7:45 a. m. every week-day except Sun day. Believed by WTMJ to be the onl actual orchestral presentation at such a early hour in the morning by any statio of the Middle West, this is a semi-com mercial program of an essentially mas culine character.

A crack studio band, organized espe cially for the purpose, plays marches ex clusively. A catchy march was writte for the program by WTMJ's musica director and opens and closes the pro gram every day.

The march program appeals to me of the family, who find this an easy wa to "wake up" in the morning. Many o them now do their setting up exercise to the tune of the march opener, showe and shave to "The Stars and Stripe Forever," eat their grapefruit to "Bill board March," and peck at "the littl woman's" cheek in fond farewell as th closing number goes on the air. As convenience, and to assure punctuality time signals sound every five minute during the program.

During the entire Morning Parad the music is continuous. The drums kee rolling during the few seconds require between numbers. Being the drumme for this WTMJ program is a real task for the poor man never gets a let-u during the entire forty-five minutes. A the end of that time he is ready to dro his sticks and slump wearily to the floo to be borne tenderly away by sympa thetic brothers of the band.

Although the hour is designed t please the men of the household it ha its feminine followers, too. Many wome enjoy tuning in on the stirring marche while setting the breakfast table and pre paring the food.

* * *

For many months Agnes Steurma has been featured in piano recitals fro WIL. She is well known as a pianist i St. Louis. Her selections are usuall directed toward the light and popula numbers.

* * *

A new sketch presented by old WI favorites, Bobby Harmes and his partne promises to develop into a real featur according to news from St. Louis. The present the amusing problems of newly weds each evening at 6:30.



This concert band is the cause of a great volume of fan mail being sent to the Mooseheart studios of WJJD after the Thursday evening broadcasts. It is made up entirely of boys at the institution.

Hoosier Floods Find WGBF Right on Job

ALWAYS alert to be of a civic and community service, Radio station WGBF, at Evansville, Ind., in the heart of the Tri-State area of the White, Wabash and Ohio river valleys, fulfilled its position as a public utility when the rivers mentioned went on a flood rampage in January. With the first startling rise of the rivers, two members of the staff of WGBF were dispatched to the danger point and remained on the scene until the crisis had been reached. Hourly reports were furnished the station by wire and telephone and flashed over WGBF as warnings to the residents in the vicinity affected and to give information to anxious relatives and friends.

When several of the levees were threatened, the representatives of the broadcasting station remained on duty to be of service if needed and to flash warnings to those whose homes would be swept by the raging waters. These reports were broadcast regularly before the other mediums of publicity had knowledge of the seriousness of the situation.

The close contact maintained by the station enabled the officials and directors to know every condition. With the arrival of H. B. Williamson, a worker for the National Red Cross and a hurried survey of the territory inundated by the flood waters, it was realized that outside assistance would be needed to afford sufficient relief to those driven from their homes.

WGBF carried this information to the Evansville Chapter of the Red Cross on Saturday, January 18, and on the following Sunday the station went on the air with a relief program to raise funds. Before the close of the day, six truck loads of clothing and staple foodstuffs not only had been pledged but were stored in every available corner of the studios. In addition cash pledges had passed the $3,000 mark.

Another relief program was broadcast on the following Tuesday and soon more than $7,000 had been paid into the Red Cross in response to these programs. This money was promptly put to work.



Big High Chief Moguls of the Voice of the Forest City, Rockford, Illinois, Wesley W. Wilcox (left) and Peter McArthur are both well known in concert and light opera fields.

Letters Show Music at KFLV Well Liked

APPRECIATION of the work KFLV is doing in its specialized musical programs is being expressed daily in letters received from many states, including Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, California, Rhode Island, Michigan, Vermont and points in Canada, including Nova Scotia, according to word from Wesley Wilcox, music director of the Rockford station.

Included in the musical programs are the semi-popular, the classics, and the popular melodies. The vocalists include many prominent concert and recital singers, vocal ensembles, and also soloists and duos in popular ballad numbers.

Light opera, folk songs, and heart songs are woven into delightful continuities that are meeting with hearty approval. Dramatic performances include not only short playlets, but also a weekly feature, "The Romance of Jack and Jerry," concerning the experiences of a young college man and a girl.

"Maggie Murphy's Home," a comedy feature, is presented nightly and is bringing in quite a bit of fan mail, according to Mr. Wilcox.

WHBU Owned by Bank

ONE of the three bank owned Radio stations in America, WHBU, is also in the heart of basketball crazy Indiana, at Anderson. For very excellent reasons the combination of the good old cage sport and banking seems to work quite well and A. L. McKee, manager and chief director of the station, is kept on the jump most of the time, hopping from duties at the bank, to the gym floor.



Starting as a "little fellow" in August of 1921, WHBU was operated by the Rivera Theater-Bing Radio shop until the Citizens Bank took it over in 1927. At that time the transmitter was modernized and the studio placed in the lobby of the bank. In November of 1928 the power was increased to 100 watts. Later the studios were moved to the Anderson Elks club.

WHBU, according to the records of the United States Post Office Department, was the first broadcaster to sponsor a "Mail Early Campaign," under the direction of the postmasters of Madison county.

* * *

CINCINNATI is a dancing town. That's one reason why WLW listeners boast of the good dance music they hear from the Crosley station. Famous leaders whose music has set WLW to tapping in the past few months has been played by Henry Thies, Bernie Cummins, Charlie Davis, Charlie Dornberger, and Paul Specht.

* * *

Raising figs and chickens and blisters on his piano-sensitive hands finally proved too much for Fred Roehr, and he trekked back to Cincinnati from his ranch in the Sacramento valley, California. Home again at WLW he plays with several orchestras and has a solo each Monday and Wednesday with the Matinee players.

* * *

What kind of a hat to wear with a spruce green gown, the latest decrees from fashion headquarters in Paris, selecting costume accessories for countless women, all this is but a part of the work handled by Suzanne, fashion observer for WLW, who answers questions every Sunday night.



One, two, three, four, yep, there're nine of 'em. All Rhythm Kings who entertain nightly from WTAD.

KVOO Friends to Rescue in MINE DISASTER

Voice of Tulsa Fills Entire Red Cross Quota to Aid Families of McAlester Miners—Announcers Work 20-Hour Trick.

By Dianne Dix

THE power of Radio to bring immediate aid in emergencies was recently illustrated when KVOO, the "Voice of Oklahoma," at Tulsa, turned its facilities over to broadcasting the appeal of the American Red Cross for relief for the families of fifty-six miners killed in a disaster at McAlester, Oklahoma, just before Christmas.

Two of KVOO's announcers, Gordon Hittenmark and Tom Noel, worked without relief for twenty hours broadcasting the appeal. The total sum asked by the Red Cross for the McAlester relief was $35,000. Within seventy-two hours after the appeal was first broadcast KVOO had received in actual cash and checks $34,600. Thirty-six states, Honolulu and Canada responded.

An unusual feature of this Radio success was the response of members of KVOO's ABC Safety Club, of which Tom Noel, or "Hippo" is the daily star for the children. KVOO's studios were crowded with small children bringing their pennies to "Hippo" to help the McAlester children. Some brought their banks into the studios and asked "Hippo" to break them.

* * *

Peter Biljo, of Russian music fame, brought his favorite Samovar to the studios of CBS the other night only to have a clumsy visitor kick its top off—and right in front of everybody, too! Peter got mad and then said, "Oh, well, I'll bring another here next week!"

Young and Old Listen to WNAX Aunt Esther

ESTHER SMITH, broadcasting over Station WNAX of the House of Guerney at Yankton, South Dakota, has worked herself into the hearts of thousands of children. She is their "Aunt Esther," and though most of them have never seen her, they have come to know her voice and have pictured her in their minds.

But Aunt Esther is not only popular with the children. A good many grown-ups listen to her programs in the morning and are always glad to hear her voice raised to song during the Reverend Cleveland's service, and in solo at other hours of the day.

Esther was born at Bridgewater, South Dakota, a little town about fifty miles straight west of Sioux Falls, in 1908. That makes your Aunt Esther just out of the teens, and it is no wonder that she strikes such a responsive chord in the hearts of the children.

When she was ten years old, Esther's folks moved to Parker, South Dakota, and of course, she trailed along. Parker proved congenial to the Smith family and here Esther romped through the grades and into high school. High school days matured a voice that is now known so well in the West. High school glee clubs found her clear alto a necessity and her solo work as first alto for the glee club and the First Presbyterian church of Parker was well received by the people of the community.

On December 13, 1926, she, with her two brothers, were invited to perform over station WNAX at Yankton, South Dakota. Esther played the standard guitar and her brothers the steel guitar and banjo. They spent two weeks at Yankton and on her first attempt at solo work, rendering "Rock Me to Sleep in an Old Rocking Chair," she was called back for three encores.

WNAX recognized the possibilities of that voice and on February 23, 1927, she returned as a regular member of the staff.

And there, folks, you have your Aunt Esther, the children's friend and favorite, and one of the popular entertainers from WNAX.

* * *

WHEN Baylor University, the oldest institution of higher education in Texas, observed its eighty-fifth birthday, a special Founders' Day program was put on from WACO, at Waco, Texas.

The program featured the Baylor band and some of the University's best vocalists, as well as messages by President S. P. Brooks and Vice President J. F. Kimball.

Chartered by the Republic of Texas February 1, 1845, Baylor has trained nearly 40,000 young men and women since that time, according to University officials. President Brooks in his Radio message outlined the recent progress made by the institution. He laid particular emphasis on Waco hall, the $400,000 auditorium contributed by the citizens of Waco, to be dedicated at the commencement exercises next month.

* * *

LAST February WJAG and the Norfolk Daily News opened its sixth annual Radio and telegraph school. Instruction is given in the Morse code. It is expected that more than a thousand diplomas will be granted this Spring when the class ends. Graduates are now scattered all over the world.



Harmonica Twins, even if they aren't brothers, Charles and Babe are "the real stuff," according to the Rolling Stone of WBBZ, who first saw their possibilities and put them on the air.



"We ain't takin' much along with us to de Paw Paw Islands. Jest a few clos and a little grub an' ma ol' razor," Honeyboy (left) explained as he and Sassafras, KSAT detectives with the Black Panther Detective agency, took off for the Paw Paws to hunt the lost diamond mine. The pilot is Andy Burke of the S. A. T.

Honeyboy and Pal Off to Lost Diamond Mine

HONEYBOY and Sassafras, detectives well known to Radio listeners the country over through their adventuring over KSAT, are going to live "close to Nature" when they get down to the Paw Paw islands, according to statements given out to the press immediately before their departure in search of the lost diamond mine.

Honeyboy and Sassafras, who have been working on the case of the lost diamond mine for several weeks, to the amusement of thousands of listeners who tune in on their skit at 7:49 each evening, last week hopped off from the airport at Fort Worth, Texas, flying to San Francisco. From 'Frisco they were scheduled to take a boat down through the Panama Hat Canal to the Paw Paw Islands, situated somewhere between the Tee-Hee and the Ho-Ho Islands. They can't be exactly sure where, because the Black Wizard has the map.

They're going to live close to nature down there, all right, they assured newspaper reporters, and are consequently not taking much "grub" along. They're not taking too many clothes either, since it is a tropical country. But Sassafras is taking along his fancy check suit, new gray derby and red striped spats. And Honeyboy doesn't feel that the return to Nature necessitates throwing away his old razor, his "weapon o' wah." He's got that along in his old gunny sack.

Baggage carried by Honeyboy and Sassafras—or more precisely, by Honeyboy, because Sassafras "don' do no baggage totin' "—consisted of two grips, a big canvas bag, a gunny sack, and a big thermos jug, contests unknown. Here's where your guess comes in.

Honeyboy and Sassafras were not certain, when they embarked upon their journey, about what they would find down in the Paw Paw islands. It is rumored though, Honeyboy said, that the people had cannibalistic inclinations and it is certain that down there somewhere are two deadly Flapper-bugs. "Takes some mighty brave men to go down there," they assured their interviewers.

They are going to bring back, they said, loads of diamonds—enough to cover the comely Peaches, the "girl friend," and her whole Black Kitten Cafe with them.

"Let you know by Radio how we're gettin' along," they promised as they stepped into the plane to begin their journey.

* * *

Walter Kingsford, now playing on Broadway in "The Criminal Code," frequently appears in two dramatic performances in an evening. One is in the Broadway theatre and the other is in the NBC studios in one of the Socony-land Sketches.



A jolly lot of air and airs—the Shumate Brothers, masters of syncopation take the air from KMA. Here they are, Don, Paul, Lewis and Raymond, with a stack of instruments potent with possibilities.

Harmonica Twins Toot "Mean" on French Harp

ONE day the Rolling Stone was sitting in the studio of WBBZ down in Ponca City, Okla., wondering what he was going to do to fill the place of Harmonica Joe who had just been called home, when in walked two boys carrying what looked like a "piccolo case."

"Mr. Harvey," says one of them, "I wonder if we could play over this station?" You know sometimes when folks come in and ask to play, the man who runs the station wishes that he could ask them to play—golf or something else nice and healthful and far away. But the Rolling Stone has learned that you can't always tell by the thickness of the skin which way a grapefruit will squirt, so he says to the boys with "piccolo-looking cases," "Well, boys, what are your names?"

And one of the lads spoke up, "I am Charles and this is Babe, we belong to the Westgate Family in Blackwell, Oklahoma, and we play anything that is written for the French Harp." Just then an older man darkened the doorway and the young lad added, "This is father who taught us to play the harmonica." So then they opened the "piccolo cases" and there were four French Harps about a foot long each, and say! Did those boys play! Standard overtures, hymns, jazz, fox trots and anything that was requested.

If there were more boys who could really play the harmonica it wouldn't be long before this instrument would take its own with the other recognized instruments of the better orchestras, opines the Rolling Stone.

"Just to straighten out a few things, the lowdown is that the Harmonica Twins aren't twins at all," says Rolling Stone Harvey. "In fact the relationship of the two boys is rather mixed up in my own mind, but it seems that Charles' father is Babe's brother, which makes the twins nephew and uncle, but the way these boys toot a mean tune makes the father, brother, nephew and uncle all one."

Ex-Gobs Behind KDRL

FROM the geographical center of North America, at Devils Lake, North Dakota, KDRL sends out programs that are a service to the great agricultural community of the Northwest. The station is operated by two ex-Gobs, veterans of the Great War. Harold Serumgard is the owner and Bert Wick the operator and chief announcer.

For the most part KDRL confines its activities to daylight broadcasting. During the Winter months studio programs are put on each Monday evening, and during the Summer evening programs of the popular band concerts are presented.

The morning hours are devoted largely to recorded programs, market reports, and other similar services. Changing weather conditions and forecasts, information vital to a farming community such as that served by KDRL, is featured at noon. Musical entertainment and news flashes are put on the air in the afternoon.

On the air for something over five years, the Devils Lake station presented its first program January 25, 1925. The original power of five watts was soon increased to the present fifteen watts.



Dave and Manny, the acrobatic songsters of WDAY, at Fargo, in North Dakota, have built a tremendous following for themselves. They are the featured artists on WDAY's Maple Leaf Hour.

Radio Saves College Tradition

Illness of Aged Professor Threatens to Halt Ceremony at U. of W., But KOMO Goes to School



No need to tell Hugh Barrett Dobbs to look pleasant, for he's signing a three year contract which will pay him $250,000 for his work in charge of the Shell Oil company's Radio broadcasts from KPO at San Francisco over the NBC system. His yearly salary, greater than that of the President of the United States, is said to be the highest ever paid a Radio personality. With him in the picture, standing, is E. H. Sanders, advertising manager of the Shell company.

By Donald Burchard

WHEN the apple cart of tradition threatened to upset and spill the entire freshman class at the University of Washington, Radio came to the rescue and KOMO went to college. Just what degree is to be conferred on the Seattle station for this educational venture has not been revealed.

For the past fifteen years freshmen of the University of Washington have gathered on the steps of Meany hall at the beginning of the school year to be officially launched into their college careers by that well-known keeper of traditions, Prof. Edmond S. Meany.

But this year an automobile accident prevented Professor Meany from assembling the yearlings as usual. There could be no substitute for the beloved professor, all agreed on that. The personality of this veteran educator who has watched the University of Washington grow from a territorial institution with a handful of students to an enrollment of more than 7,000 was absolutely essential to the carrying out of the tradition, all agreed.

After long consultation it was evident that but one solution was possible. Throngs of University students besieged KOMO to come to the rescue and provide the connecting link between Professor Meany at his bedside in a Seattle hospital and the student body on the steps of the building which bears the professor's name, Meany hall.

So it came to pass that thousands of Northwest listeners went to college with KOMO and listened to the impressive ceremony; the address by the president of the student body, the address by the president of the University, and finally the somewhat husky voice of Professor Meany from his bedside slowly intoning the solemn words of the Ephobic oath, an oath of allegiance to the Alma Mater, then the students of the University repeating it phrase by phrase, with bared heads and right arm raised to the sky—"... as I revere the God of my fathers I call upon him to witness my intent."

Screech of Frisco Fire Truck Helps Whoopee

LIKE the famous shot that echoed 'round the world and the gentlemen who fired it, Jack Smith, red-headed driver of San Francisco Fire-truck No. 1, gave no thought to attendant publicity when he piloted his screeching hook and ladder wagon past an NBC microphone New Year's Eve.

Like the revolutionary farmers, Smith's "shot" was heard around the world—but sooner—for the NBC microphone carried the resounding clang of the fire-truck to the stations of the nationwide network and out into the world simultaneously through a group of short wave stations tied in for the New Year's Eve jamboree.

"It's no little distinction for No. 1, this being the first fire-truck ever to broadcast through a national Radio hook-up," Smith beams, "much less to know that folk in Australia, darkest Africa, the Orient and Europe heard us by short-wave."

The unpremeditated broadcast by the fire department came during the National Broadcasting Company's New Year's Eve program, "Dancing Across the Continent," and occurred at 12:03 o'clock, Pacific Standard Time.

Jack Keough, San Francisco announcer, had just climbed out on a broad marquise overhanging world-famed Market street and set his microphone to record San Francisco's welcome to 1930. Clang came the fire-bells from the station at the U. S. Mint, a half block away, and with siren screeching the great truck rattled past the crowded corner and careened down Market street, completing the carnival picture of merrymaking.

The alarm came from Box 17, Kearney and Pacific streets, the center of San Francisco's Barbary Coast, long since dead but vivid still in memory.

And after all that—what with Neil Beggs, squad man, all dressed up in his new "made for every possible exigency" gas mask—there wasn't any fire. Somebody—probably the youth who was sentenced this week to six months in jail for turning in fourteen false-alarms as a New Year's Eve prank—was just having a little fun.

Staff All Avid Mat Fans

"THERE! He's got a Half-Nelson on him—he's going over—he's going—" but at this point Jack Rutledge, sports announcer for KMO loses his voice in his excitement and has to pause for a moment while he turns the mike over to one of his pals of the studio who is right beside him in the press row.

For, let it be known that the KMO gang is enthusiastic about the wrestling matches put on in Tacoma every Tuesday evening. Besides Jack Rutledge, you are pretty sure to find a large percentage of the studio staff at the ringside.

Among those who like to dodge the husky wrestlers as they tumble over the ropes into the laps of the press row are Jane Morse, blues singer; Helms and Harkins, whose other name is The Tuneful Two, and Carl Haymond, station manager.

* * *

Frank Geiger, Big Baptist basso, Elk, Mason, Kiwanian and Uplifter, is quite a fun maker over KNX. But it's a different story when he's off the air. He's a funeral director in his spare moments.



Modern Melodists, these boys call themselves. Mahlon Merrick is the director and Jean Wakefield the soloist. This band is heard every day over KFRC from the San Francisco studios.

Curiosity Points Way to Fame for Lem & Lafe

"REMEMBER that first time you boys went on the air? Ha! ha!" The question wasn't a funny one for Arnold Maguire and Tommy Monroe, veteran Pacific coast funmakers.

Here is the story, according to Maguire. "One afternoon, seven years ago, when the total number of broadcast stations could be counted on two hands, Tommy and I strolled into the studio of a San Francisco station merely to satisfy our curiosity as to what a broadcaster looked like. We were there at the invitation of a friend of mine who at that time was the station manager, announcer and operator all in one. During the course of the program he asked us if we would like to step up to the "mike" and tell a few jokes or stories. The idea sounded like a lot of fun, so after a hurried rehearsal, up we stepped.

"Then the fun began. We had prepared a short impromptu sketch interspersed with a few sure-fire "gags" which we thought were funny. But when we stepped up to that cold, expressionless microphone which had neither a sense of humor nor a slight reassuring smile, we knew without a doubt that as Radio comedians we were a dismal flop. Mike fright almost made us quit right in the middle of our sketch, but through some act of Providence we were given the power to stick it out. We left the studio that day firmly resolved never to return.

"The following day, however, brought renewed hope and determination. We received a call from the announcer that several listeners had phoned the station requesting our reappearance. What a surprise! Evidently somebody thought we were funny. That was hard to believe. It didn't take long for us to realize that Radio artists can't judge their audiences simply by looking at the microphone.

"A short time later we conceived the characters of 'Lem and Lafe,' and as such have been on the air ever since. We took the names from two colored boys who live in Cochran, Georgia, and were known to my partner, Tommy Monroe. Their proper names are Lemuel and Lafayette, but are known to their friends and the townspeople as Lem and Lafe."

As a regular feature of the KFRC Jamboree they are delighting Radio audiences over the entire Pacific coast. They will soon be heard nightly over the entire country through a series of recorded programs which are now in preparation. They were featured in vaudeville before entering Radio.



Prof. Edmond S. Meany of the University of Washington from his cot in the hospital administered the pledge of loyalty to the freshman class gathered on the University campus.

Whole Family Listens Buttercream "Goes On"

EVERY Monday night at 7 o'clock hundreds of children and grown-ups anxiously await the familiar school bell" which opens the famous Buttercream School at KFOX in Long Beach. At the sound of the bell, the Buttercream Kids come running over the hill and begin the school session singing their version of the immortal School Days.

The teacher of this school is good natured, in fact, that is the only kind they would dare to have with such pupils as Tadpole Washington Jones, the mischievous but lovable kid whose pranks keep the teacher in hot water; Percy Prunes, whose "lovely poems" are always an inspiration; Molly and her riddles, and Izzy, Freckles, Pollywog, Pansy, and Violet.

This program has been on the air every Monday night at 7 o'clock for over three years, and has grown to be one of the best loved programs on the Pacific Coast. Nearly every child and grown up, too, can tell you all about their Pals, the Buttercream Kids from KFOX.

* * *

The lovable character of Seth Parker is familiar to Pacific Coast Radio audiences through the presentation of Seth Parker's Singing School over KFOX in Long Beach every Wednesday night from 8 to 8:30. Seth Parker has become one of Radio's own favorite characters, and thousands of people anxiously look forward to the time on Wednesday evening when KFOX adjusts controls for Jonesport, Maine, to the home of Seth Parker, where the Singing School is held with Seth in personal charge.

* * *

Gus Mack, "The Funny Paper Man," who reads the comics to the youngsters every Sunday morning at 8:30, knows his stuff indeed. "My best qualification," says Gus, "is that I've read the funnies to my own children for a few years."

* * *

Gerald King, manager of KFWB, has issued a **"thumbs down"** ultimatum against fortune-tellers, crystal-gazers and such ilk. "We have no place on KFWB programs for such hokum," says Manager King.

Friend of Lincoln Gives Gettysburg Address

COMMANDER John C. Chapman, 85-year old Civil War veteran, who knew Abraham Lincoln personally, was heard from KPO February 12th in a reading of the famous Emancipator's Gettysburg address.

Chapman, who is Commander of the George H. Thomas Post, No. 2, Grand Army of The Republic and Senior Vice Commander of the G. A. R., Department of California and Nevada, knew Lincoln intimately, as he himself says, "I knew him from the top of his tall narrow plug hat to the soles of his large square toed boots. It was also my privilege to hear him when he made the Gettysburg Address."

And, says this leader of 31 members of the George H. Thomas Post, an organization which once numbered its membership in the thousands, "I have delivered his Gettysburg Address in all parts of the United States and on Lincoln's birthday, I wanted to be able to recite it over KPO so that my Comrades all up and down the Pacific coast will be able to celebrate with us. "Dobbsie" has made it possible for me to read it to his many thousands of listeners."

Chapman was born in Newport, Rhode Island, September 21, 1845. When the Civil War broke out he was attending high school at Cincinnati, Ohio. With three others he ran away and joined the Union forces: all the others were killed in action. After serving several months in the Army, under Generals Burnside and Lew Wallace, Chapman joined the Navy and served with the fleets on the Gulf, and on the Mississippi, Red, Black and Ouchitaw rivers, serving with such famous admirals as Farragut, Porter and Sam P. Lee.

Although he was in many engagements, except for a few flesh wounds Chapman came through practically unscathed. On one occasion he narrowly escaped death when a bullet aimed at his heart imbedded itself in a memorandum book in his pocket.

Chapman, who is 85 years young, boasts of 27 perfect teeth which he says he uses to chew hickory nuts. His marriage to Adellia Bell Walling, a southern belle, was one of the Maryland's social events following the Civil War. Two daughters, Mrs. Maud Stoudt and Mrs. Emma Keating, reside here in San Francisco bay cities. At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Stoudt of 2870 Harrison street, San Francisco, Chapman spends his spare moments—he has very few because he is one of the most active workers of the G. A. R. and leads the fights for veteran welfare—with his two grandsons and four granddaughters.



A personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, Commander John C. Chapman of the G. A. R., was present when the Great Emancipator made the historic Gettysburg Address. Commander Chapman read the Address from KPO on Lincoln's Birthday celebration.



She's always happy, that's what everyone says of Ina Mitchell Butler, soprano soloist on the staff of KFWB at Hollywood.

June Nearly Stranded on Prize Hawaii Trip

***By* Dr. Ralph L. Power**

WHEN KNX opened up in Hollywood some five and a half years ago to do business as a regularly qualified broadcaster, June Pursell wandered into the studio and began to croon a few assorted songs of the day. Welford Beaton (brother of Columnist K. C. B.), who is now editor of a Hollywood magazine, was then announcer.

June has been lots of places these few years—vaudeville and what not, but she always finds the way safely back to her home port, KNX. But never was she happier than when she recently returned from an Hawaiian trip.

It seems as though a Radio magazine now defunct, sent June to the islands as some sort of a contest prize winner. But only the tickets were forthcoming.

Poor unsuspecting June. There she was on the briny deep with a long roll of steamboat script but no ready cash for hotel and meals in Honolulu.

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Rudolfo Salinas and his energetic Serenaders have bumped into Radio work with a vengeance. They are here to stay, and how.

Not so long ago they played at Agua Caliente, pleasure resort on the other side of the border, where thousands of fans heard them in the hotel and gambling casino as the group paraded around in costume and serenaded those whose pins were too wabbly for a speedy getaway.

Airplanes often took them to KGB, San Diego, and KTM, Los Angeles, for Radio concerts. Their work at Agua Caliente had made for them a host of friends and the broadcast augmented that number by the thousands.

At the time this is being written they are making some evening appearances both for KTM and KNX, and also on a Sunday park board program from Westlake park.

The park gag is quite an outdoor idea in southern California. In the pavilion by the lakeside, the entertainers perform Sunday afternoon for the edification of those seated 'round about. A public address system carries the music to a dozen other parks and out into Radioland via KNX's pet wave length which shakes a mean antenna.

Besides the regularly scheduled features, fans can often also hear sundry outside noises—ducks quacking cheerfully, delightful street car gongs, munching of peanuts in increasing crescendo, and even the wailing up and down the scale by babes in arms.

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RADIO broadcasting is growing more rapidly possibly than any other business of public service in America today. Stations starting out five or six years ago have grown until today they are big business interests rendering perhaps the greatest entertainment service of all entertainment enterprises.

One of the San Francisco Bay stations which has kept pace with the times is KFWM. Starting as a 100-watter a little over six years, the station was devoted largely to religious and educational features.

During the ensuing years new equipment was added, and finally last year KFWM progressed more than during all the rest of its existence.

Guitar Looms as Mike Favorite

FRETTED instruments such as used by Waddington Venetian orchestra of CHML at Hamilton, Ontario, give fresh, clear, distinctive coloring to broadcast lacking in some other instruments, says Rutledge.

By Arthur H. Rutledge

BROADCASTING is an elusive and difficult art and many highly placed concert artists, both vocal and instrumental, fail to register over the air. This is usually due to the unsuitability of that particular voice or instrument, and not to the lack of artistry of the performer in question.

This brings up the question of the most suitable vehicle for Radio work. Of all the various families of instruments I would unhesitatingly choose the fretted or plectral family, the clear-cut tone quality of which comes over the air fresh and clear, with a delightful sweetness.

Back through musical history the guitar looms as one of the most favored of all instruments. Not only beloved by the great masters, it has also been cherished as a constant companion to the wandering bard and strolling minstrel. Today the guitar stands at the zenith of its popularity, owing to its incomparable Radio voice. The banjo also, through the same sources, has lifted itself to the head of the class.

Imagine the effect then of a full, complete and perfectly balanced orchestra of fretted instruments with the softer woodwinds for additional coloring, bells and effects to supply atmosphere. Such a one is the Waddington Venetian orchestra of Hamilton, Ontario, favorite artists over CHML. Mandolins form the principal body of the ensemble, tenor-mandolas, mando-cellos and mando-bass complete the plectral quartet, while guitars, banjos, flute and clarinets each add their own individual coloring. The finishing touch to this delightful tone scheme is the small harp, the loveliest of all embellishing instruments.

Here is music with a tang, snap and beauty that is distinctively individual. The Waddington Venetian orchestra has been the subject of complimentary articles in music journals of both America and England. It is said to be the largest such organization in the Dominion. A demonstration recital in Toronto aroused great interest, as did an earlier appearance on the stage at the Niagara District Radio show. In concert performances the orchestra presents a delightful picture in its Gypsy costume.



The Melrose Harmony Girls go out on the air from the Winnipeg studios of CJRW and the short wave station VE9CL. Reading from left to right, you see Clara Leckie, Evelyn Wildgoose and Edith Leckie.



Mandolins form the principal body of this ensemble, known as the Waddington Venetian orchestra. Attired in their colorful Gypsy costumes they make a pretty picture when broadcasting over CHML.

Ask Radio for Crime War

RADIO may be employed as a means of combating crime in Winnipeg, if a plan worked out by Chief Constable Chris H. Newton is adopted by the police commission. The chief has three separate suggestions for the commission's approval.

First, he would employ Radio to supplement the present signal system which is operated from central headquarters; second, additional scout or patrol cars would be put into operation; and, third, bungalow sub-police stations would be located at several different points within the city limits.

Under the proposed suggestions, Chief Newton believes, greatly increased police protection could be afforded the city. It is pointed out that Radio has been used successfully in police work in the United States and in many European cities.

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"Sunday at Seth Parker's," one of the most popular of the NBC features, has been dramatized for amateur use, according to Phillips H. Lord, who is Seth Parker himself.

MRS. REILLY Rebels Against Talk of "Synthetic" Raising of Children—Talks to Mothers From WOR

MOTHER OF 7 GIVES PARENTS Advice

By Mrs. John S. Reilly



The mother of such a family as this certainly should be well qualified to give common-sense advice on raising children. And this is only six-sevenths of the family of Mrs. John S Reilly, who broadcasts from WOR. Number seven was born a little less than a year ago, so he didn't get in on this picture.

WE MOTHERS of today find ourselves in rather an unpleasant situation. All the scientific world seems to be grimly united against us, proclaiming in one voice our unfitness for the job of bringing up our children and suavely suggesting that **they** can do it much better for us and that we should, for the good of our children, quite willingly give them up to so-called experts who can raise them far better than we.

Wouldn't it make **your** blood boil?

Actually, I didn't realize this sinister state of affairs for quite a while. I suppose I was too busy getting my family of seven safely started to worry about what other people thought of my methods. After a bit I began to have occasional breathing spells and a little time to listen to these rumors which were flying about among the mothers of my acquaintance. At first I was inclined to laugh it all off as so much nonsense, but after a bit the seriousness of the whole thing dawned on me, and I was forced willy-nilly to accept the fact that there really was a concerted attack upon parenthood.

We were being told with no mincing of words that mothers as an institution had outgrown their usefulness—that they didn't know what it was all about and that the sooner their children were removed from their baleful influence the better! Every vitamin in my system rose up in rebellion!

In my spare moments around the house I had tried to help mothers a bit by writing a book telling them how and what I had learned about cooking for children. I took all the foods that the best baby doctors prescribe and told how to prepare and cook them in words of one syllable so that even a mother as ignorant as I was with my first baby could understand. I knew quite enough about the miseries an inexperienced mother goes through to sympathize and understand—and so "How to Cook for Children" was written to try to make things easier for Mrs. Average Mother.

You can imagine then how I felt—me with my seven—when this business about nursery schools being better places than homes and mothers being the wrong companions for their offspring began to penetrate into my consciousness. Here I was chock full of experience and working hard to pass it on to other mothers so that they might be helped to bring up their children right at home—and here was Modern Science getting nosy and insinuating itself into our homes to find out what we were doing, only to condemn us whole-heartedly and to try taking our children away from us.

IN JUSTICE to these scientific people, I suppose it must be said that they **are** well-intentioned—it's in their minds that they're doing a great service to the race and they just don't think far enough to realize that while they may be helping individual children tremendously, they're actually going far toward breaking down one of the stoutest pillars of the race—namely, the Family. It makes one think of the certain place that is said to be paved with good intentions!

I never realized how strong my own feelings were about mothers making a home for their children and raising them to the best of their ability themselves until I understood home—and mother in it—to be really challenged and attacked. Then I got so permanently hot under the collar as to sally forth and tell the world my sensations on the subject, and to explain clearly how these modern ideas looked from where I stood.

I'm a pretty busy person—let there be no doubt about that—and it took a very important matter to jar me out of my rut and my routine and send me forth as a crusader for mothers. Time is one of the things I just naturally haven't got. My children have all the time that was meant for me, and it takes a bit of doing to pry me away from home. You can appreciate then the extent of my rebellion and realize how truly stirred I was when I undertook the job of combatting this hydra-headed monster which you might call "Modern Child Psychology"—if you wanted to be polite about the names you were calling it.

Now there are two ways of "Telling the World"—there's writing down what you feel, which helps a lot and reaches loads of people and relieves your own feelings, and there's that method par ex-

(Continued on page 120)

Voice of the Listener

Helped in Early Days

I WISH to congratulate you upon the present fine magazine. I will never forget when, in the first of 1922, I bought one of the first Radio receivers that came to this city, and my experience with it would fill a book if I had a sufficient vocabulary. I wanted some instructions, but was told by the seller there were none. "Just sit down and turn the dials, you can't hurt it," and the most that anyone did was to overload the tubes and call the thing a failure. So I had to make it my duty to learn something about my $250 investment, and bought everything that had Radio printed on it, which did not profit me much until, in Utica, N. Y., one day, I passed a cigar store that had a Radio Digest hanging in the window. I lost no time in getting that, the last one they had. It saved the day for Radio and me. No one here had ever seen the Radio Digest, and I sent to you for more copies, and finally the newsdealer could get them. I will always carry in my mind the page or two of "How to tune your Radio." Then there came several Radio publications, including "The Wireless Age," but they all failed to remain in the field, with the exception of your paper of a few pages, which was in rags before I had loaned it to all that I wanted to see it. Then came the numerous changes, and look what it is now; and may it continue to prosper, as we listeners like to hear of and see the people behind the mike, and I might say, with the exception of a year or two of illness, I have bought the Radio Digest or have been a subscriber, and also sent it to a friend as a Christmas present.—Mrs. Senior Mitchell, 9 Webster St., Little Falls, N. Y.

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Cheers for Smith Family

I am a regular reader of Radio Digest. Buy one as soon as the new copy is issued, and I want to say that everyone that owns a Radio ought to read the magazine, if he or she really wants to enjoy his Radio. I also look forward to every new issue with great anticipation to see whose pictures are in it, and articles on the various artists and stations, and then I usually tune in the stations and then I look up the artists, whose pictures appear in the Radio Digest. I enjoy the Radio much more in this manner. Certainly would appreciate if the artists from station WEAF would appear in the next issue, the Smith Family especially. Well, all in all, they are great. I enjoy the program every Wednesday. The dials of my Radio don't move far from WENR on Wednesday at 9 p. m., and I often have big crowds listening in. Mary and Bob is another feature which is very enjoybale, and I bet at times there are thousands and thousands of women, especially, crying at one time over the sad story while the broadcasting is going on. I enjoy the "Voice of Listeners," and am saving my votes. Best wishes and good luck to the magazine and the Radio fans.—Mrs. F. C. Kallus, 400 E. Waco St., Ennis, Texas.

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Time Lends Enchantment

I, too, agree with our old-timer from Mississippi, that the "good old days" of Radio were the best—but that is because of the enchantment of distance—just like the picture of our mothers before their locks were frosted is the sweetest. I think I read the first issue of the Digest, but I had no desire to preserve the copies and have them bound for permanent library reference, as is the case with the present magazine in its fine, artistic form. Radioland is a wonderful realm, and peopled by a rapidly-growing world of most interesting souls. I am old fashioned enough to feel it to be one of the modern miracles, perhaps the greatest. Its progress cannot be blocked, and no one can foresee its destiny when television becomes a household fact. By the way, I was fortunate enough to be appearing on the program of KFI on that New Year occasion when they brought in the first long distance program, and the elation of the studio staff may be imagined. On the same night Marion Nixon, one of the Wampas baby stars, made her debut on the air.—Thomas Elmore Lucy, Alton, Ill.

* * *

Strong for Local Station

We folks who listen to and enjoy the splendid programs that are now on the air should be more free in our expressions as to likes and dislikes, but we like to follow the law of the least resistance, and, unless it is convenient to write a card or letter, we just don't do it. When we consider the remarkable stride made by Radio, both in the receiving and broadcasting, it is truly wonderful. The programs, as a whole, are very fine, but, unless we watch our step, the chain stations will be the Czars of the Air. I like WLW best, because they still keep enough of their program free from chain programs to give us variety and purely local Cincinnati programs. The stations which are almost entirely chain programs are almost entirely submerged, and listeners do not think of the program as from the local station, but rather as from the New York studio of the chain broadcasting. I do not approve of the language used at times by Mr. Henderson at KWKH, but his language should be censored and not his station closed. We must remember this is SUPPOSED to be a free country. Our press often prints the same language, but it sounds worse when spoken than when read.—Claud W. Garner, Bradenton, Fla.

* * *

From Good Old Days

We think the Radio Digest is sure O. K. We have been taking it from the time we purchased our first Radio. There is sure some difference between those first issues and the February, 1930, issue we just received. We would sure have some battle with our newsdealer if he forgot to save our Radio Digest. Personally, I think the November issue the best ever. I sure liked it with all the stations listed in one book. It is so handy, and the extra log space we used to list our favorite programs. Hope there is another soon. I don't like my Radio piled up with call books. We have our pet kick, also. If the Federal Radio commission would only visit us some evening and just listen for awhile. We get Amos and Andy on KDKA and settle down to enjoy the evening. Then WOC, on one side, and WCFL, on the other, decide to meet in the middle and crowd KDKA off the air. WLS comes in on KWKH. Then the battle between KYW and KTHS for No. 20 on our dial, which is where KTHS has a right to come in. And so on through the night it's the same story. I am sure if Mr. Riley was home during their visit they would all agree that Mr. W. K. Henderson of KWKH has a lot to learn when it comes to strong language. But we have this to be thankful for: While the Radio reception is getting worse and worser, the Radio Digest grows bigger and better. Hoping it keeps growing—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riley, 826 N. Broadway, Havana, Ill.

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Digest Log Helped

Just a few lines to tell you how much I like your Radio Digest magazine. Recently I constructed a five-tube set, and, after many hours of work, I got the set to operate with satisfactory results. I tuned many nearby stations, such as WWJ, WJR of Detroit, WLW, Cincinnati, and WTAM at Cleveland. The station which I was "fishing" for was KWKH at Shreveport, La. I wanted to listen to Mr. Henderson, who is a speaker against chain stores. I had heard a great deal about this station KWKH, but I had never received them over my set. I tried to get them, but could not. I had the dials on every number, but I did not know what wave length they broadcast on. So immediately I got a Radio log recently published in your Radio Digest, and I looked up Station KWKH and found that it broadcasts on a close wavelength with WLS. I tuned WLS and then tried to get KWKH, and after a little tuning I had KWKH, a station I had longed to get. If I had not had a Radio Digest near my Radio work bench I probably would never have got KWKH. From that time till the present date I have always kept a Radio Digest log near my work bench. And I think all people tuning or constructing different sets should keep one of these Radio Logs near by.—F. A. Kerbany, Blissfield, Mich.

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You May Have Heard WCFL

I have been told to write you for the information I desire. I received call letters KUKU, Voice of Inspiration at 970kc, Wed., Jan. 15th, at 8:30 p. m. I would like to know where this program came from.—Edward Safelett, 624 Galen St., S. Milwaukee.

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Wishes Have Been Noted

I do enjoy and have taken for years—old weekly—your Radio Digest, continue to think it the best there is in Radio. But do wish more news related to our West. That you would again add the old "Official Wave Length" in call department, and if possible include in each the easily gotten foreign stations—and we all wish for a map sometime. That you would again add the "Song Hits." That you would include CBS programs. The daily chain is a great help, though not often including KGO or KFI, though I have to get the Chicago Civic Opera direct from KDKA, I would rather have more musical Radio-artist information and pictures (Billy Jones—Ernie Hare) than stories. And on DX hunting we do need the call often—an often half hour wait—anyway these are all my desires, and in meantime am delighted with it as it is. Best of success and good luck; half blind, hence pencil and need of Radio—Mrs. I. C. Healy, 4837 Bermuda Ave., Ocean Beach, Calif.

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Page 50, January Issue

Enclosed ballots in Popular Station contest. I enjoy your magazine, have had the last two copies. Could you give a special article on "Cheerio" from Station WEAF and associated stations every morning at 7:30 Central Standard Time? I assure you it would be a great attraction, for so many wish to know who he is, etc. and so on. If you cannot give a special article right now, let "Marcella" answer in her column. We enjoyed Amos 'n' Andy so much, that is really why I bought the last two issues. They are the most popular entertainers on the air. I only wish my local station, WAPI, could arrange to broadcast their feature. Tell us more about the larger stations and their artists and announcers, as we all love a peep behind the scenes. Wishing you all success.—Mrs. S. P. Wynne, 2914 Ensley Ave., Ensley, Birmingham, Ala.

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Wants Local Performers

First, I am going to tell you that I think the Radio Digest is just what listeners have been wanting, and I do enjoy it, and look forward to it. In the February issue some listener writes, "Who cares for local programs?" Well, I, for one, wish to firmly state that, although I enjoy some of the chain programs, it is the local programs of WMAQ which has made this my favorite station, and there is no chain program on the air (and I have heard them all) which I would not gladly forego for one of the Three Doctors programs, and I do not know of any announcer I like better than Bill Hay. Also Amos and Andy were what she calls local programs at one time. I am certainly not against chain broadcasts, but I do think that it is the personalities of your local performers that make your favorite station. I should be a most unhappy person if WMAQ should become a station to broadcast only chain programs, because those who wish chain programs can get them elsewhere, but I want the voices of the local performers, and may they never be taken away. —Mrs. Carl Anderson, Moline, Ill.

* * *

One by One They Come

In the February Radio Digest I see you have a picture of the announcing staff of WCAP. I would like to see a picture of Columbia staff of WABC—Frank Knight, David Ross, and others—if possible. If you have published one please let me know what month, as I just started to take Radio Digest in January. Thanking you kindly. Yours truly.—Miss M. Doyle, 607 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

Something for Everyone

I am a recent subscriber to your wonderful magazine, and eagerly and impatiently await its arrival each month. I have enjoyed my Radio much more since reading the Digest and becoming better acquainted with the different artists and announcers. How about giving us a write up of that interesting "Something for Every One" program from WABC—Mr. Naftzger, in particular? He makes his announcing very appealing to many of his admirers 'way down here in "Dixie." Also his picture.—Mrs. Walton Lee, Como, Miss.

* * *

Better and Better

Just keep up the good work. Radio Digest seems to improve every month. I wouldn't miss a copy. Please credit my notes to WLW. I'm sure it is the most popular and best station on the air.—Mrs. Lewis Forney, Lucasville, Ohio, Route 1.

* * *

Good Old St. Nick

One of my Xmas gifts was a year's subscription to your magazine, and I consider it the best gift of all. I surely do enjoy it. It fills a long-felt want among Radio fans. I am hoping sometime to find within its pages a good picture of Collier's "sweetheart girl" and her name, and

something about her; also more about "Uncle Henry" and "Mr. Editor." Also would very much like to see a picture of Frank Knight of CBS and the others who take part in "Arabesque." Have enjoyed every article and picture in the last five issues, and go through every number, not once, but many times. I also pass them on to my friends. Here's good luck to you from a sincere Digest fan.—Mrs. H. R. Esselstyn, Boulder, Colo.

* * *

Can You Help Mr. Weiss?

We are just organizing a Radio club in Chinook to eliminate Radio interference. We would greatly appreciate any advice that you would give us as how to go about it and what set would be the most satisfactory in detecting radio interference. Thanking you for this favor, I remain, J. W. Weiss, Chinook, Mont.

* * *

Lost Money for These Boys

Wish you could get the announcers to say "WOWO," etc., right after each piece, same as WJR. I have listened to some "boob" asking for donations and announcing "next piece will be" for over 15 minutes, but no station letters. Lost Money on his part.—W. C. Newton, D. C., 66 Curtis St., St. Thomas.

* * *

Trouble Probably in Your Set

Am having trouble in separating WTAM, Cleveland, from WBT, Charlotte, N. C., and sometimes even a third station "cuts" in. Could you give any suggestions on what could be done about the interference. I am pleased with the Digest, especially the "Private Life of Amos 'n' Andy." Please enter me as a member of the V. O. L. club.—John Michler, Coplay, Pa.

* * *

DX'er Applauds Log

I sure enjoy your Voice of the Listener column, and have enjoyed your Radio magazine since the first issue. I sure like DXing, as I have received 867 stations throughout the world: 176 verified foreign stations, 591 verified in United States—every state in the Union—and 100 stations not verified. Your book is a great help for DX'ers with its up-to-date log book, with latest changes. Cannot wait until I receive the March issue.—Joseph Baskys, Chicago, Ill.

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Personal Auditions Are Granted

I am a reader of the Radio Digest and have often wondered if you could give me a bit of information which would prove valuable to me. I would appreciate it very much. Do you know if unknown artists ever get a chance to perform over the Radio, or, must they have someone to speak for them? I am a singer and have written for auditions to numerous stations, but do not even receive an answer. I presume they are all very busy, which I guess you are, also. I pray I am not taking up too much of your time, for I must say you put out an interesting magazine. In your February issue you suggest the readers writing in to you telling what they think should be written in the columns. I think it would be interesting to relate how some of the artists attained their goal, not just a mere outline of how they passed from one success to another. For instance, Olive Palmer's little sketch—how she sang over the telephone to a director located at the opposite coast, and was engaged. It is easy for someone to climb, once they have attained a few rungs of the ladder. Folks are also interested in how they attained the bottom rung.—Pauline M. Courtney, Trenton, N. J.

* * *

Long Live "Indi-Gest"

Regarding the reopening of our old Indi-Gest column, I am very much in favor of this feature being revived. No doubt the majority, or I believe all, of the old readers who remember it so well, would voice my sentiments also; and it would be something new for those who at that time knew neither Radio nor the Digest.

Those who contributed in the old days knew each other after a fashion. For instance, Miss Rhea Sheldon and I knew each other well enough (via Indi-Gest) to indulge in a little poetic discussion of one another's graces and shortcomings, and others praised or criticized still others. The items and quips supplied by its conductor were interesting and amusing also. I believe that a column of such light reading is an asset to any magazine. Even our newspapers, full of the serious news of the day, believe in this theory, and print the light matter supplied by the various columnists, O. O. McIntyre, Casey and others. As I go about town I note little things, small, unimportant happenings, peculiarly worded or spelled signs, etc., and in writing my folks in Boston I string a lot of this together for my own and their amusement, and they get quick a kick out of that sort of letter.

Just before starting this letter I was listening to KLZ here in Denver, and heard him spreading the gospel of "Radio Digest" over the air. His mention of the Amos 'n' Andy articles alone should interest many new listeners

As one writer to V. O. L. said: "The Digest is all dressed up now," but perhaps when "our column" returns, and they see the names of contributors whose stuff they used to read and enjoy, and many of whom will be heard from again, they will realize that it is the same old R. D. after all; improved in appearance, grown up in the past few years, but still the same, with the same heart, light and carefree—"The Indi-Gest Column"—with a place in it for all who care to come in; a welcome alike to old timers and newcomers all.—Geo. Donaghy, 1143 Larimer St., Denver, Colo.

* * *

Try an Audition

Would like to know how to get into Radio. I'm a violinist, playing 14 years.—John Michler, Coplay, Pa.

It would be a good idea to first find some nearby station or stations and secure an audition test. If you pass that it is up to you.

Doesn't Like Amos 'n' Andy

After seeing so much about Amos 'n' Andy in the January issue of Radio Digest, I was more than surprised to see five more pages devoted to them in the February issue. I was just disgusted.

I have not noticed any other Radio stars being written up quite so much, and there are plenty more worthy of publicity than those two "hick hams." They are not even funny and their poor attempts to talk like darkies are laughable. They evidently have never heard southern negroes talk or they would not have the nerve to broadcast their puny efforts in this direction.

I have been in public places when they have been broadcast and was very much amused to notice the type of people who were listening with enjoyment—all the old fogies in the place and people who wouldn't have the sense to appreciate real humor.

So, Mr. Editor, please don't waste any more good space on such a pair.—Lucy Barrett, Chicago.

A Real Veteran Drummer

Just a line or so to let you know that I purchased one of your Radio Digests from a newsstand and I'm well pleased with it and the information I got from its pages. I'm pretty much interested in the Radio, for a man of my age, but I'm a lover of good music, and the peppy side of life. I was born in the year 1847. I learned to play the snare drum at the age of 12 years and I became a real expert as a snare drummer; it seemed to be a second nature to me. I had no one to instruct or teach me even the rudimental part of the drum. So you see I'm a self-made drummer. I played the drum during the Lincoln and Douglas presidential campaign for the marching clubs of those stirring days of 1860. Two years later, Aug. 26, 1862, I enlisted at Leona, Ill., to serve my country as a drummer for three years or during the war, which ended April, 1865. I still retain the title of being the major or best snare drummer of the army of the Cumberland. I also claim the title of being the best snare drummer in this or in any other land for a man of my age. I'm now in my 83rd year and I can play the '64 roll as easy and smooth as it can be played. I can play with any sort of a musical organization. I have 70 years of experience. I sure would like to prove my skill as snare drummer at some nearby Radio station. —Capt. W. H. H. Baker, 816 62nd St., Valley Junction, Iowa.

Why not try an audition at one of your nearby stations. They will be glad to give you a chance if you appear in person.

* * *

The Ax, Mr. Commissioner!

As a reader of your very fine magazine, I would like to express, through the medium of its pages, what I believe to be, not only my opinion, but also that of the majority of the Radio set owners in the United States, in regard to the overcrowding of wavelengths.

No matter where dials are set, a whistle is caused by stations being too closely allocated.

Does this tend to help the Radio fans to enjoy the programs to the fullest? No.

Half of the fading and so-called "static" is, to my mind, caused by this overcrowding.

Can anything be done about it? I see no reason why there can't. There are somewhere in the neighborhood of 700 stations in the United States and Canada.

On the wavelength of 228.9 meters, or 1310 kilocycles, there are listed 53 stations. Rather crowded, don't you think?

Now, why not "swing the ax" on some of these stations. Instead of 700 stations, cut the number to around 300.

By doing this you will find that radio interest will double, and that fans everywhere will be satisfied.—James J. Quinlan, 12 Spring St., Pease Dale, R. I.

Contest Letters

WLW Pleases Him Best

For some time we had quite a time deciding which station was our favorite. There are several stations we like, when we can get them. Finally we made up our minds that WLW, Cincinnati, was the best all-around station on the air for several reasons. Chief among them is that in the four years we have been tuning them in we have never caught WLW running all over the air, crowding everybody else out. And no other station interferes much with them. So, for those reasons and the following: Clear reception, musical tone, service, all-day broadcast, square dealing, educational and interesting subjects, and variety of good music, and not all chain programs, we rate WLW the world's best. —William Riley and Family, 826 N. Broadway, Havana, Ill.

* * *

Votes for W. K. Henderson

I think W. K. Henderson and his station KWKH should be acclaimed the most popular station on the air today, because he is not only sending out plenty of entertainment over the air but he is doing our country a world of good in his spirited fight against the chain store system. —Floyd Werntz, 1150 Diamond Avenue, South Bend, Indiana.

* * *

Old-Time Music at KFKB

I have not found a station that composes its programs of the old-time pieces of music that are old but not forgotten, and that is why I wish to nominate and vote for Station KFKB of Milford, Kan., and congratulate them on their programs.—Howard L. Cassat, Salida, Colo.

* * *

Enclosed find four coupon ballots numbered 1 to 4, which please credit to station KOIN, Portland, Ore.—Mrs. C. A. Teller, Buxton, Ore.

* * *

A WENR Enthusiast

I just got a February issue of Radio Digest, the first I have ever seen. I saw in it about the contest for your favorite Radio station. I am sending in the nomination slip for WENR, the best station on the air. I think it is wonderful, as it tries to please everybody. It has the minstrel show that people like so well. The Smile club on Sunday afternoons that Everett Mitchell shut-ins love so well.—Jean McKenzie, Elizabeth, Illinois.

* * *

KFI for Local Programs

Enclosed please find ballots which credit to one of the most popular stations on the Pacific Coast, KFI. I have tuned in on KFI for four years every day. Always received the best—all live talent. The announcers are perfect. Their eastern broadcasts are most wonderful. I am a fan of the deepest dye. Have owned six radios and gone all over the world. Distance is what I crave. But, for home talent, give me KFI, when I am not on the air in Japan or some other out of the way place. Was down to JOAR at 2:30 a. m. the other night and 6KW, Cuba. Lots of fun getting in new stations.—Jennie Whitfield, Box 61, Fontana, Calif.

* * *

WLS His "Only One"

As I see it, there is only one station to vote for once you have been listening in on them, so I want to cast my vote in favor of WLS, The Prairie Farmer Station, Chicago. Their programs are always of the best and it seems that the whole studio force is doing their work with a spirit different from any other station; in short, they seem to act human and make you feel you are right there with them. Last, but not least, their drives for funds at Christmas time and during the recent Illinois and Indiana flood disaster certainly is setting a fine example for other stations to follow. More power to WLS, and here is hoping they win.—C. W. Peterson, Yellow Lake, Wis.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features

Sunday

Eastern 9 a.m. · Central 8 · Mountain 7 · Pacific 6

The Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
300	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
484.3	660	WEAF			

12:30 p.m. · 11:30 · 10:30 · 9:30

The Nomads.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

221.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

1 p. m. · 12 n. · 11 a. m. · 10 a. m.

National Light Opera.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	312.5	960	CKGW
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	365	820	WHAS
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW

2 · 1 · 12 n. · 11

Troika Bells
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WLAX	545.1	550	WGR
344.6	870	WLS			

2 · 1 · 12 n. · 11

Roxy Symphony Concert.

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WJZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW			

3 · 2 · 1 · 12 n.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
Key Station—Chicago Studios.

205.4	1460	KSTP	483.6	620	WTMJ
234.2	1280	WEBC	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
399.8	750	WJR	545.1	550	KSD
416.4	720	WCN			

3 p.m. · 2 · 1 · 12 n.

Symphonic Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHF	315.6	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	323.4	930	WJDX
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	KFPY	348.6	860	WABC
215.8	1390	KLRA	370.2	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	394.5	760	KVI
230.6	1300	KFH	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	KDYL	486.5	640	WAIU
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	516.9	580	WIBW
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

4 · 3 · 2 · 1

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WMT
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

5 p.m. · 4 · 3 · 2

McKesson News Reel of the Air.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KFJF	275.1	1090	KMOX
208.2	440	WHEC	288.3	1040	WLD
215.6	950	KMBC	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
239.9	1250	WSAI	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC			

6:30 · 5:30 · 4:30 · 3:30

Old Company's Songalogue.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	536	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

7 · 6 · 5 · 4

Durant Heroes of the World.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	280.2	1070	WTAM
225.4	1330	WSAI	299.8	1000	WHO
227.1	1320	WSMB	299.8	1000	WOC
234.2	1280	WEBC	312.5	960	CKGW
245.8	1220	WCAE	315.6	950	WRC
252	1190	WOAI	319	940	WCSH
263	1140	KVOO	325.9	920	WWJ
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	KPRC
270.1	1110	WRVA	333.1	900	WKY
277.6	1080	WBT	333.1	900	WJAX

Recommended

AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for April:

Sunday

Atwater Kent Hour
Arabesque

Monday

Empire Builders
General Motors Family Party

Tuesday

American School of the Air
Around the World with Libby

Wednesday

Floyd Gibbons
Grand Opera Concert

Thursday

RCA Victor Hour
True Detective Mysteries

Friday

Music Appreciation Hour
Brown-Bilt Footlights

Saturday

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra
Nit-Wit Hour

Eastern 7 p.m. · Central 6 · Mountain 5 · Pacific 4

Durant Heroes of the World.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
336.9	890	WJAR	483.6	620	WTMJ
344.6	870	WLS	461.3	650	WSM
361.2	830	KOA	491.5	610	WDAF
365.6	820	WHAS	508.2	590	WEEI
379.5	790	WGY	516.9	580	WTAG
384.4	780	WMC	535.4	560	WLIT
405.2	740	WSB	535.4	560	WIOD
440.9	680	WPTF	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF	545.1	550	KSD

7:30 p.m. · 6:30 · 5:30 · 4:30

Major Bowes' Family.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	WWJ
206.8	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.8	740	WSB
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WEAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	535.4	560	WIOD
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	KSD

8 · 7 · 6 · 5

Enna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m—760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KPRC
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
221.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1020	WFAA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WJZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WIOD

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WMT
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

8:15 p.m. · 7:15 · 6:15 · 5:15

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WJZ	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			

Eastern 8:30 a.m. · Central 7:30 · Mountain 6:30 · Pacific 5:30

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
206.8	1450	WFIC	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

9 · 8 · 7 · 6

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
227.8	1080	WBT	374.8	800	WSAI
232.4	1290	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KGA	309.1	970	KJR
215.7	1390	WHK	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	WSMK
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KTSA	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WEAN
236.1	1270	WDSU	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	777	WHAM
238	1260	WLBW	410.7	730	CKAC
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
254.1	1180	KEN	516.9	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	KMTR
258.8	1160	WOWO	535.4	560	KLZ
267	1120	WDEL	545.1	550	WKRC

9:15 p.m. · 8:15 · 7:15 · 6:15

Atwater Kent Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	380	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	385	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WSAI
265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	KTO
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	469	640	KFI
300	1000	WOC	484	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	WHO
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WFI
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI			

10 · 9 · 8 · 7

Royal's Poet of the Organ. Jesse Crawford.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	399.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
243.9	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	500	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

10:15 · 9:15 · 8:15 · 7:15

Studebaker Champions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
206.9	1450	WFIC	416.4	720	WGN
225.6	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
234.2	1280	WEBC	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
337	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGO	545.1	550	WGR

10:30 · 9:30 · 8:30 · 7:30

Arabesque.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

49.6	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.3	1490	WLAC	267.9	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.8	1300	KFH	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	WNAC	536	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC



Perhaps Wiktor Labunski is seeking inspiration to pass on to his audience on the Sunday night at the Baldwin hour, NBC feature.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram-Shavers.
Alternate Weeks
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	245.8	1220	WREN
227.1	1320	WSMB	252	1190	WOAI
234.2	1280	WEBC	260.7	1150	WHAM
270.1	1110	WRVA	365.6	820	WHAS
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
288.3	1040	KTHS	389.4	770	KFAB
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	405.2	740	WSB
305.9	980	KDKA	428.3	700	WLW
325.5	920	KPRC	461.3	650	WSM
333.1	900	WKY	483.6	620	WTMJ
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WIOD

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ceco Couriers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

A and P Gypsies.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WFIN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
226.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	422.3	710	WOR
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WGL	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	554.1	550	WKRC

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

General Motors Family Party.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
333.1	900	WJAX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	KPO
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOC
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Chesebrough Real Folks.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			



Here is Oliver Smith, Gypsy tenor of the A. and P. Gypsies, who has been the most hidden man in Radio. Heard at 8:30 (EST) on the NBC program, Monday nights.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
208.6	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
299.8	1000	WOC	380	790	KGO
315.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WKRD
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longines Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			

11.45	10.45	9.45	8:45

Armchair Quartet.
Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA			

Monday

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	389.4	770	WBRM
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
259.8	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WBSO	545.1	550	WKRC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WEEI	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WSAI			

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WDAF
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	4160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260.7	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WIAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:30	6.30	5:30	4:30

Roxy and His Gang.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.2	740	WSB
260.7	1150	WHAM	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.9	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIBO

8	7	6	5

The Voice of Firestone.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WSB	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
283.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

Tuesday



A star by virtue of her own ability, Georgette Cohan, daughter of the Great George, made her Radio debut with the Columbia system Show Folks one Tuesday night not so long ago.

Eastern 9:30 — Central 8:30 — Mountain 7:30 — Pacific 6:30
"An Evening in Paris."
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	312.3	960	CFRB
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

10 — 9 — 8 — 7
Robert Burns Panatela Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) — WJXE (49.2-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	

10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30
Empire Builders.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
249.9	1200	KPRC	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	428.3	700	WLW
263	1140	WSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ

10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30
Voice of Columbia.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	230.6	1300	KFH
215.7	1390	WHK	232.4	1290	WJAS
223.7	1340	KFPY	232.4	1290	CFAC
223.7	1340	WSPD	234.2	1280	WDOD
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
215.8	1390	KLRA	370.2	810	WTCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	394.5	760	KVI
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WREC
267.7	1120	WISN	526	570	WWNC
275.1	1090	KMOX	535.4	560	KLZ
322.4	930	WBRC	545.1	550	WKRC
322.4	930	WDBJ			

11 — 10 — 9 — 8
Lengine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WHO

11:30 — 10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studio

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WHDH	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSH
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WLAQ
265.3	1130	WSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Eastern 8:30 a.m. — Central 7:30 — Mountain 6:30 — Pacific 5:30
Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WJC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

11 — 9 — 8 — 7
Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) — WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO

11:15 — 10:15 — 9:15 — 8:15
Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR

12 n. — 11 — 10 — 9
Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	370.2	810	WCCO
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
215.8	1390	KLRA	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	KFBJ	545	550	WKRC
333.1	900	WFBL			

12:45 p.m. — 11:45 a.m. — 10:45 — 9:45
National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5—760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WHDH	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
252	1190	WHAM	375	800	WHAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			



When the League of Nations Tenth Anniversary meeting was broadcast Sunday, January 5, over the Columbia System, Gen. Jan. Christian Smuts was the principal speaker.



Rose Perfect, the demure little soprano so widely known in America, has been a featured artist on the Tuesday evening RKO hour over the National Broadcasting company chains.

Eastern 2:30 — Central 1:30 — Mountain 12:30 — Pacific 11:30
American School of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
209.7	1430	WHP	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KVI	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
230.6	1300	KFH	475.9	630	WMAL
232.6	1290	KDYL	491.5	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBL	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC

4:30 — 3:30 — 2:30 — 1:30
Auction Bridge Game—Milton C. Work.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	379.5	790	WGY
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
280.2	1070	WTAM	416.4	720	WCN
282.8	1060	WTIC	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	508.8	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526.5	570	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

7:00 — 6 — 5 — 4
Voters Service.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

7:00 — 6 — 5 — 4
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

8:00 — 7 — 6 — 5
Pure Oil Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS
222.1	1350	KWK	384.4	780	WMC
234.2	1280	WEBC	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WSRC
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	



Here is the man who has probably trained more players for theatre pipe organs than any other man. He is Lew White, heard in weekly recitals over the NBC on Wednesday nights at 11 o'clock (EST).

Eastern 8:30	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30

True Romances.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL
264	1470	WKBW	238	1260	WLBW
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.2	860	WAPI
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	468.5	640	WAIU
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
333.1	900	WFBL	499.7	600	WCAO

"Around the World With Libby."

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
249.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
289.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
299.8	1000	KECA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
365.6	820	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

9	8	7	6

Eveready Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	238	1260	KOIL
264	1470	KFJF	241.8	1240	WGHP
264	1470	WKBW	243.8	1230	WFBM
264	1470	KGA	243.8	1230	WNAC
215.7	1390	WHK	243.8	1230	KYA
223.7	1340	KLRA	254.1	1180	WEAN
223.7	1340	WSPD	256.3	1170	WCAU
227.1	1320	WADC	258.5	1160	WOWO
229.6	1306	KFH	267.7	1120	WSN
232.4	1290	KTSA	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	KDYL	288.3	1040	KRLD
232.4	1290	WJAS	309.1	970	WR
234.2	1280	WDOD	315.6	950	KMBC
236.1	1270	WDSU	322.4	930	WDBJ
238	1260	WLBW	322.4	930	WABC

10:00	9	8	7

Harbor Lights.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
249.8	1200	WHO	379.5	790	WGY
256.3	1170	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
384.4	780	WMC	545.1	550	WGR

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
222.1	1350	WTIC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	416.4	720	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
360.4	960	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
to KLS	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

Eastern 11	Central 10	Mountain 9	Pacific 8

Longine's Correct Time.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station Chicago Studio

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	491.5	610	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WFI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD

Wednesday

Eastern 10 a.m.	Central 9	Mountain 8	Pacific 7

National Home Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WSN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBRM
245.6	1220	WCAD	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1030	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR



This is the first picture taken of Hugo Mariani, famous orchestra conductor, with his beloved beard. He conducts the Firestone orchestra over the NBC each Monday evening at 8 o'clock (EST).



One of America's widest known musicians, Erno Rapee, is credited with a large share of the credit for the NBC symphony orchestra heard on Wednesday evenings.

Eastern 12 n.	Central 11	Mountain 10	Pacific 9

Columbia Review.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.6	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WCHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
315.6	950	KMBC			KFRC

12:45	11:45	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

1	12	11	10	9

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WLAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD

8	7	6	5

The Yeast Foamers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Mobiloil Concert.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
252.0	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Sylvania Foresters.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Forty Fathom Trawlers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Halsey, Stuart Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WHT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
329.5	910	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

8:30 8:30 7:30 6:30

Palmolive Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
233.1	900	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WHT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WJZ	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30 8:30 7:30 6:30

La Palina Smoker.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

215.7	1390	WBK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	331.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10:00 9:00 8:00 7:00

Philco Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	288.5	1040	KRLD
201.3	1490	WLAC	312.5	960	CFRB
204.1	1470	KFJF	315.6	950	KMBC
208.3	1440	WHAS	322.4	930	WIBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	WHK	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WGHP	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.6	1290	KDKA	411	729.9	CKAC
234.4	1280	WJDD	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	WJDX	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WTBW
256.3	1170	KTAT	526	570	KSA
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	536	560	KFZ
275.1	1090	KMOX	545	550	WKRC



This sedate looking gentleman is none other than Leon Gordon, international painter of beautiful women, who broadcasts on the Lehn & Fink Serenade, through the NBC system of a Thursday evening.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Floyd Gibbons.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
282.8	1060	WTIC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.8	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
299.8	1000	WOC	416.4	720	WGN
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	KSD

Grand Opera Concert.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	491.5	610	WEAN
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WCAO
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550	WKRC
11		10	9		8

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	267.7	1120	WISN
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WFBM	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	447.5	670	WMAQ

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WJZ	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	WKY	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KFYR	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WTPF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	526.0	570	WIBO
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
10:00		9:00	8:00		7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
10:30		9:30	8:30		7:30

Busy Fingers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	WLBW
201.2	1490	WLAC	238	1260	KOIL
204.0	1470	WKBW	245.6	1220	WCAE
209.7	1430	WHP	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	KLRA	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6	950	KMBC
		WBBM	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WAIU
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			
11:45		10:45	9:45		8:45

Columbia Review—Tropical Tramps.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

204	1470	WKBW	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMTR	535.4	560	KLZ
12:45 p.m.		11:45 a.m.	10:45		9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	299.8	1000	WHO
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
234.2	1280	WEBC	302.8	990	WBZA
236.1	1270	WIDX	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	315.6	950	WRC
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	KPRC
260	1150	WHAM	333.1	900	WKY
263	1140	KVOO	333.1	900	WJAX
270.1	1110	WRVA	340	770	KFAB
277.6	1080	WBT	361.2	830	KOA
282.8	1060	WBAL	365.6	820	WHAS
293.9	1020	KYW	374.8	800	WFAA
294.1	1020	KFKX	375	800	WBAP



Richard Crook occupies a recognized place as an international operatic tenor. He was recently a featured artist on the Thursday evening Libby program over NBC wires.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
384.4	780	WMC	461.3	650	WSM
394.5	760	WJZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
399.8	750	WJR	491.5	610	WDAF
405	740	WSB	508.2	590	WOW
428.3	700	WLW	535.4	560	WIOD
440.9	680	WPTF			
2:30		12:30	11:30		

American School of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
209.7	1430	WHP	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KVI	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
230.6	1300	KFH	475.9	630	WMAL
232.6	1290	KDYL	491.5	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBL	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
5:00		4:00	3:00		2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
8		7	6		5

Fleischmann Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

Champion Sparkers.

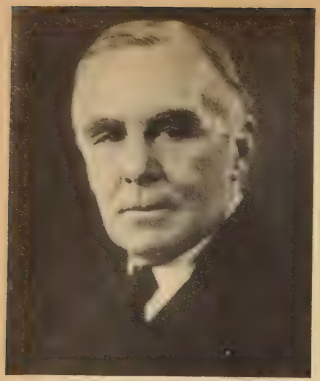
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	344.6	870	WLS
260.7	1150	WHAM	389.4	770	KFAB
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
9		8	7		6

True Detective Mysteries.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	548.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			



Harry Nevill has been an actor all of his life. He is now a featured player in the Friday night NBC Mystery House melodramas, on the air at 10:30 P. M. (EST).

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9	8	7	6

Seiberling Singers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
206.8	1450	WFIC	454.3	660	WEAF
225.4	1330	WSAI	468.5	640	KFI
245.8	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	499.7	600	WTIC
297.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	KHQ
379.5	790	KGO			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
238	1260	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD

10	9	8	7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			

10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

RCA Victor Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
238	1260	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	WFTF
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	KGW
282.8	1060	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	303.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	526.0	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WJDX	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1056	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Friday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen. National Home Makers'Club.
Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WEAN
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU	243.8	1230	WNAC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ			

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Music Appreciation Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-66kc)
WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KPRC
206.8	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	389.4	770	WFAB
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	416.4	720	WGN
280.2	1070	WTAM	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WFTF
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1020	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	WOW
302.8	990	WBZA	516.9	580	WTAG
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
312.6	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WJIT
322.6	960	WGWG	545.1	550	KSD
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
319	940	WCSH			

12:45	11:45	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WFTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

8	7	6	5

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WJIT
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

8	7	6	5

Brown-Bilt Footlights.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	288.3	1040	KRLD
208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHP	319	940	KONN
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDRJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	KFJ
232.4	1290	KDYL	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCFL
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	WLBW	394.5	760	KVI
239.9	1250	WDSU	468.5	640	WAIU
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	491.5	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WREC
245.6	1220	WCAO	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

9	8	7	6

Interwoven Pair.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.1	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
233.1	900	WKY	312.6	960	CKGW
245.8	1220	WREN	325.9	920	KPRC
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	KOMO
260.7	1150	WHAM	333.1	900	WKY
263	1140	WAPI	361.2	830	KOA
265.3	1130	KSL	365.6	820	WHAS
270.1	1110	WRVA	374.8	800	WFAA
277.6	1080	WBT	379.5	790	KGO
282.8	1060	WBAL	384.4	780	WMC
288.3	1040	WTHS	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9	8	7	6

Interwoven Pair.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
440.9	630	KFQ	483.6	620	KGW
461.3	650	WSM	508.2	590	KHQ
468.5	640	KFI	535.4	560	WIOD

9 p.m.	8	7	6

True Story Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	233.4	1290	KDYL
204	1470	KFJF	234.2	1280	WDOD
208.2	1440	WHEC	236	1260	KOIL
215.7	1390	KLRA	238	1260	WLBW
215.7	1390	WHK	239.9	1250	WDSU
223.7	1340	WSPD	241.8	1240	WGHP
223.7	1340	KFPY	243.8	1230	WNAC
227.1	1320	WADC	256.3	1170	WCAU
230.6	1300	WIBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
232.4	1290	KTSA	275.1	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	288.3	1040	KRLD

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Cliquot Club Eskimos.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	508.2	590	WEEI
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
282.8	1060	WTIC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WJIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Armour Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WFTF
293.9	1020	KYW	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WTMJ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Mystery House.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ			

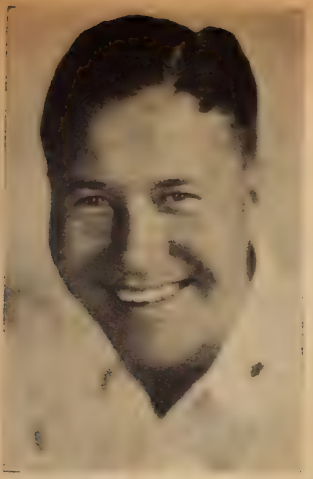
11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZ			



Tad Jones is always good "copy," even when football is out of season. The Armour program induced him to discuss the grid game and its players on one of the Friday night broadcasts.



Starbound Jack Oakie, who can act, sing, and play almost any musical instrument, has been heard on the CBS Paramount-Publix hour of a Saturday night.

Eastern 11:30	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Saturday

Eastern 6:45 a.m.	Central 5:45	Mountain 4:45	Pacific 3:45

Tower Health Exercises.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			
8:15		7:15	6:15		5:15

Morning Devotions.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WJC	441	680	WTTF
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KPRC
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
333.1	900	WJAX	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WTTF
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.8	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
11:15 a.m.		10:15	9:15		8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	WFAA	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	518.4	560	WJIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
12:45 p.m.		11:45 a.m.	10:45		9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	236.1	1270	WJDX
222.2	1350	KWK	245.9	1220	WREN
227.1	1320	WSMB	252.1	1190	WOAI
230.6	1300	WHOD	260.9	1150	WHAM
232.4	1290	WEBC	263.2	1140	KVOO

Eastern 12:45 p.m.	Central 11:45 a.m.	Mountain 10:45	Pacific 9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
265.5	1130	KSL	375	800	WBAP
277.8	1080	WBT	380	790	KGO
288.3	1040	KTHS	384.4	780	WMC
294.1	1020	KFKX	390	770	KFAB
299.8	1000	WOC	394.5	760	WJZ
303	990	WBZ	399.8	750	WJR
303	990	WBZA	405	740	WSB
306	980	KDKA	429	700	WLW
315.6	950	WRC	441	680	WFTF
325.9	920	KPRC	462	650	WSM
326	920	KOMO	469	640	KFI
333.1	900	WJAX	484	620	KGW
333.1	900	WKY	492	610	WDAF
345	870	WLS	508.2	590	WOW
361	830	KOA	509	590	KHQ
366	820	WHAS			
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

Launderland Lyrics.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	344.6	870	WLS
230.6	1300	WHOD	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
333.1	900	WJAX	374.8	800	WBAP
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
9:00		8:00	7:00		6:00

Nit-Wit Hour

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	394.5	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	KFBM	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
333.1	900	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
254.1	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	468.5	640	KFI
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
326	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30

Around the Samovar.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

204	1470	WKBW	241.8	1240	WGHP
215.7	1390	WHK	243.8	1230	WNAC
223.7	1340	WSPD	256.3	1170	WCAU
232.4	1290	WJAS	273.5	1090	WOOX
238	1260	KOIL	258.5	1160	WOWO
238	1260	WLBW	267.7	1120	WISN



Harry Green, who played the title role in the screen production of Kibitzer was heard in a humorous monologue one Saturday night on the Paramount-Publix hour over the Columbia Broadcasting system.



Giving the business man a look-in is Merle Thorpe's job. He conducted the Business World programs over the NBC on Saturday nights.

Eastern 9:30	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30

Around The Samovar.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
315.6	950	KMBC	475.9	630	WMAL
333.1	900	WFBL	399.7	600	WCAO
348.6	860	WABC	545.1	550	WEAN
370.2	810	WCCO	545.1	500	WKRC
447.5	670	WMAQ			
10 p.m.		9	8		7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
333.1	900	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WSM
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WTTF
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
282.8	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	KGW
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KFIF	275.1	1090	KMOX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.7	1390	WHK	312.5	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	WJAS	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	322.4	930	WDBJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WTIC
232.4	1290	KTSA	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
11:00		10:00	9:00		8:00

Longines Correct Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1340	KFPY	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	WFAM
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
234.2	1280	WEBC	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

John and Ned Work as
THEY PLAY ON SUNNY BEACH

HARMONY OIL TWINS of KOIL fame are now heard over big hookup from the Golden Gate headquarters of the NBC, Pacific Division. Remember how two girls brought them together? And they're still going strong.

By Madonna M. Todd

PICTURE John and Ned, Radio favorites the last four years, and now NBC headliners in the West, sunning themselves on a California beach—lolling against the sand-dunes that slope gently back from the Pacific ocean a mile from the Golden Gate.

That's where you'd find the boys almost any day now—so that's where we went to look for them even though it did mean a ride of around five miles.

And they did look so contented.

John wore a bright red bathing suit—a striped affair with black trunks. Ned was a bit more conservative. They lay on an Indian blanket littered with papers and held down at one corner by a portable typewriter from which a half typed page projected.

"All is not play that appears so," they chorused. "We're writing continuity."

Which goes to show that the NBC harmony singers work while playing, just as they play while they work in the studios.

"There's nothing like beach air and breakers to afford inspiration," Ned offered. "We work out here every day that it's warm enough, and that's most days now."

John and Ned do a lot of hiking along the beach, too. John says it's so Ned can keep his youthful figure, but that can't be true, for both young men are athletic and it's going to be a long time before either is "fat and forty."

John and Ned signed up with the National Broadcasting company in San Francisco last September. Ever since, they've been kept busy. They can be heard regularly Tuesday and Friday nights, between 8:45 and 9:00 o'clock, P. S. T., and on Sunday afternoon. They've already built up a big following along the Pacific coast, repeating their performance in the East a few years ago.



"We just take our guitar—John's—into the studio and begin having a good time," say John and Ned of their harmony work over the NBC.

WHICH reminds one that John and Ned sang their way to fame almost over night. In fact, a night at the Orpheum theatre was responsible.

John and Ned heard Van and Schenck singing that naughty Panama Mamma one night and on their way home Panama Mamma kept them humming and whistling. Suddenly, they hit upon a harmony. It wasn't long until the audience of KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa, was hearing a couple of hometown boys almost every night.

Just because John and Ned lived in the Middle West, don't think they were farmers.

"We were business men," as John says, "of the first water."

John, whose last name is Wolfe, was traffic manager for a grain company in Omaha, Nebr., and Ned—whom nobody ever thinks of calling Mr. Tollinger these days—was a commercial artist working for a Council Bluffs theater.

The boys were schoolmates before, but John, being a senior, wasn't impressed with Ned as a frosh even though he was a member of the High School Glee club.

How did they get together?

"Women—were responsible," John and Ned admit.

"We were courting a couple of nice girls who were chums and they happened to ask us out to their house the same night," says Ned. "We started singing together around the old square piano. Then came the Panama Mamma episode and we headed for KOIL for an audition."

John and Ned are grateful to the studio manager there. He gave them encouragement when they had their first case of mike-fright and sent them off with a smile when they started on their first nation-wide tour as Oil Twins.

During that nation-wide tour, John and Ned made personal appearances at various Radio stations. Four years they traveled about. Twice they found themselves in California and San Francisco where Jimmie Rolph told them about his city hall dome being higher than the dome of the United States capitol at Washington.

"And weren't we the impressed Radio performers!" John and Ned chorus. "We were so impressed that we came right back to the West coast the first time we had a chance and—well, boys, here we are."

WORKING in the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company, John and Ned harmonize for the audience of the entire Pacific network. Tuesday and Friday nights they follow the famous Amos 'n' Andy. That's a big job, but their fan mail proves that John and Ned fill the order well.

Some time ago, these genial showmen introduced Little Mary to their Radio friends. Little Mary is one of those six-year-olds found in every neighborhood the country over.

(Continued on page 94)

Eskimo Leads a Tough Life

Clicquot Band Music Hotter Than Its Suits



HARRY RESER, above, and his Clicquot Club Eskimos, who are heard over the NBC system.

THE hardest thing about being a Clicquot Club Eskimo is the suit, according to Harry Reser, leader of the Radio-renowned group of entertainers which is heard weekly through the National Broadcasting company system.

The remark came as Reser ruefully surveyed a bill for "re-upholstering" the garments. "As a matter of fact our music is much hotter than the synthetic fur suits," the leader admitted, as he told of an attempt on the part of a group of New England girls to "borrow" the clothing for an ice carnival.

The ease with which the additional talent was found when the orchestra was expanded recently, however, belies the fact that there is anything hard about an "Eskimo's" life. And this despite the fact every member of the group is a feature artist, with vocal ability and capable of playing several instruments.

One unit of eleven members, under the direction of Peter Van Steeden, tours constantly, making public appearances in various portions of the United States. The bulk of the group, however, remains in New York playing to millions by broadcasting regularly through an NBC network.

Reser led his Eskimos to fame through the NBC broadcasts and their popularity became so great and public appearance demands so insistent that the touring group had to be selected from the original orchestra.

Reser himself is regarded as the final authority on banjo music transcription and is considered the leading banjo virtuoso of the world. He learned to play the instrument after taking one to a southern resort for a season "to make his equipment seem larger."

At that time he was devoting himself exclusively to an energetic piano and the banjo reposed comfortably on its top during most of the season. After he mastered the instrument he found it more in demand than the several other instruments he played and he concentrated on his development.



The Sucker's Revenge

(Continued from page 17)

a mess of duck soup and it's just your dish—you bein' the best dip on the Pacific Coast! Say, listen, Fletch—"

"I'm listenin'!" said the pickpocket, still smiling cynically.

"Comin' down from Portland," said Gossop, "they was an old hick got on the train at Red Bluff and sat down beside me; see? Him and me got to talkin' and—they ain't another one like him in the whole world! Absolutely! Fletch, he told me everything; what his great-great-grandfather's name was and what he'd had for breakfast, where he lived—everything. And by the time we'd reached the ferry he was callin' me Jim and beggin' me to come up and see him on Grasshopper creek! Innocent as a ten-year-old! Tell anybody anything! Fletch, I know it don't sound reasonable, but that old gander's got fifteen thousand dollars hid in his rags! In currency, Fletch—in currency!"

"HE HE HE!" sniggered Bryson. "Quit your kiddin'!"

"I ain't kiddin'!" insisted Gossop with such terrible earnestness that Bryson was impressed. "Say, listen: This old bird's been spending his whole life in the high weeds somewhere, livin' on bear meat and holin' up in the winter like a woodchuck. Innocent, I tell you! Innocent as a young canary!"

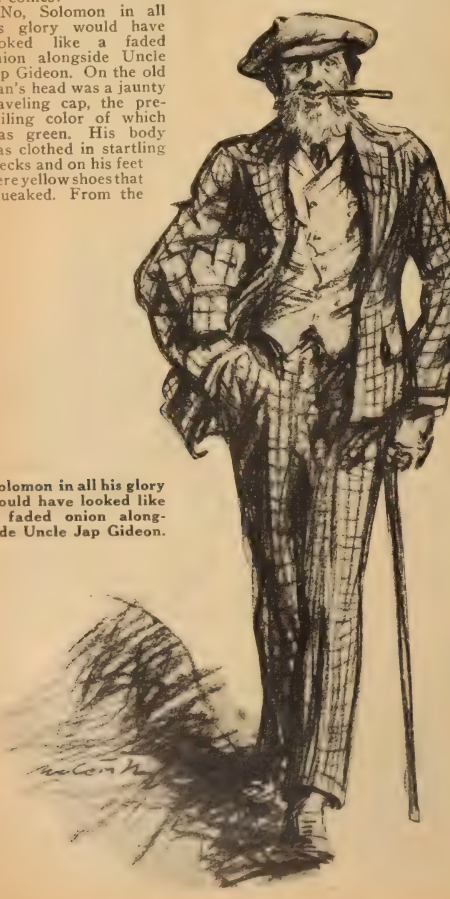
"How'd he get fifteen grand?" demanded Bryson, still skeptical, but beginning to believe.

"He told me that, too," said Gossop. "Last fall he dug a pocket out of the ground—"

"What's a pocket?" Bryson was becoming interested.

"I don't know exactly, but it's a place where the gold in a ledge has got bunched or something—anyway, that's the way they find it sometimes and this old hick—Love of Pete, here he comes!"

No, Solomon in all his glory would have looked like a faded onion alongside Uncle Jap Gideon. On the old man's head was a jaunty traveling cap, the prevailing color of which was green. His body was clothed in startling checks and on his feet were yellow shoes that squeaked. From the sunken place in the middle of the short, tangled jungle of whiskers protruded an amber cigarette holder nearly a foot long and a silk handkerchief, yellow and gold, peeped mischievously from the breast pocket of his coat. The coat had a belt. In his claw-like hand he carried a light cane.



Solomon in all his glory would have looked like a faded onion alongside Uncle Jap Gideon.

UNCLE JAP was delighted to meet Mr. Gossop again. It was evident in the wide grin that parted the yellow jungle and displayed his two remaining teeth. "I'm mighty glad to see you again, Jim!" he said as they shook hands. "San Francisco's a mighty lonesome town when you don't know anybody to talk to!"

"Ain't it the truth!" agreed Mr. Gossop warmly. "Fletch, I want you to meet my friend Mr. Gideon. A rich minin' man from up north a-ways. He's on his way round the world and he's carryin' fifteen thousand dollars along to blow in on the trip."

"It must be grand to be rich!" sighed Bryson, while his practiced eyes ran over the old man's shrunken body. "Well, it's the smart guys that get it!"

Jap Gideon was tremendously flattered. He took the astonishing cigarette holder delicately between two gnarled fingers and blew a cloud of perfumed smoke toward the roof-tops. As he did this, Mr. Gossop for the first time noticed a number of packages which the old man carried under his arm.

"I bet you been stockin' up for the trip!" he chuckled slyly, and dug old Jap in the ribs. "You rich men are mighty particular about your booze, so I hear."

"No," grinned old Jap, "This here ain't booze. It's seasick remedies. You see, before I left Peppertree I went to see Doc Howard and Doc told me a lot of things that was good for seasickness. This here's them." He pulled from his pocket a watch half as large as a summer squash and glanced at it. "I got to be movin'," he said briskly. "Lots of things to do this evenin', for I'm sailin' tomorrow forenoon, you know. Say, you boys come and have supper with me at my hotel."

BUT HERE he met with singular reluctance. Nothing, in fact, would have suited Gossop and Bryson better, but they had a certain reputation in San Francisco—especially in police circles. And to have been seen in company with Jap Gideon, just before the old man lost his money—well, there would have been embarrassment later on. "Mighty sorry," said Gossop. "We got a dinner engagement."

The old prospector started away and Bryson leaned close to Gossop's ear. "Make a date!" he whispered savagely. "Don't lose him—make a date, you boob!"

Gossop hurried after the disappearing figure in the absurd clothes. "Hey, Jap!" he called. And as he came up—"How about a little drink with us first? Me and Fletch, we know a place—"

Old Jap was desolated, but he was forced to decline. "I dassen't do it, Jim!" he said wistfully. "Doc Howard he cautioned me special about takin' any whiskey the day before goin' on the water. Doc said seasickness was bad enough; but if I took a drink it'd maybe kill me deader'n hell! But you boys'll be down to the boat to see me off?"

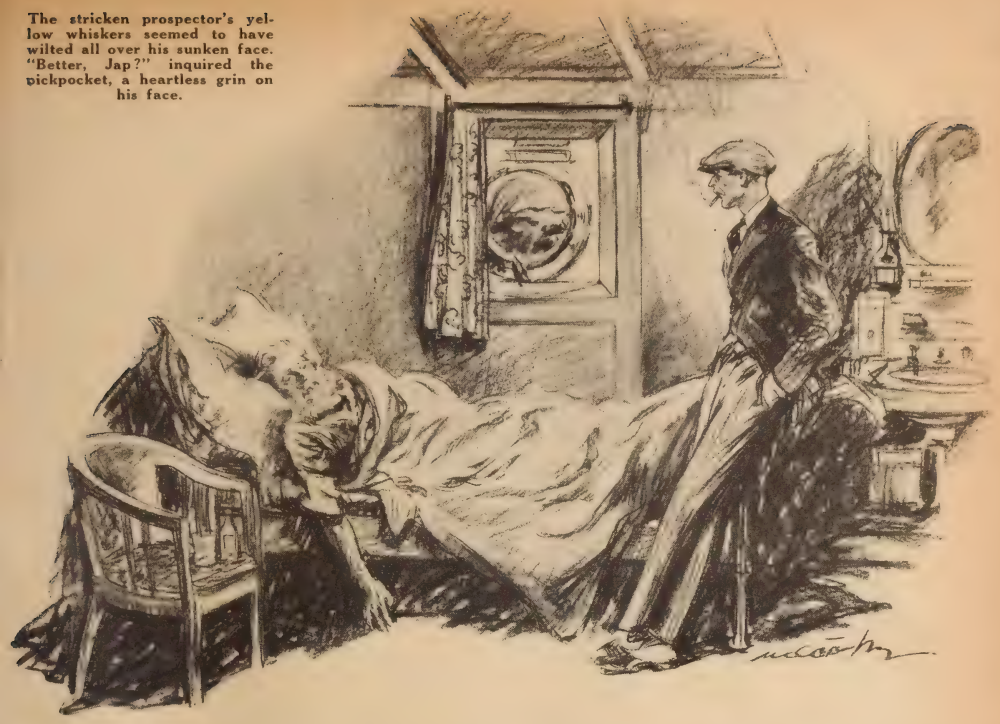
"Sure—sure!" said Gossop, casting about wildly for a new inspiration. "How about a show, after supper?" he suggested. "Fletch and me—we know where there's a hot one—"

Old Jap declined this friendly invitation also, though it was apparent he was mortified and ashamed. "Fact is," he confessed, "I promised Doc Howard I'd go to bed right after I'd had my supper. And I never yet went back on a promise. Doc said the night air was bad for seasickness. Besides, I got one of my thousand dollar bills busted today and it'll take me maybe an hour or two to count my change. But I'll see you boys tomorrow," he said cheerfully as he turned to go. "Down to the boat."

BEFORE the two conspirators could think up another expedient their quarry was lost in the crowd. They slipped away to a quiet place and held a council. The situation was desperate, for the old man was to sail at ten o'clock next morning.

True, they might lift his wealth as he was passing up the gangplank, but this was uncertain. Bryson was undoubtedly the best pickpocket on the Pacific Coast, even as Gossop had said. But what if the old man carried those fourteen remaining bills in his heavy new shoes? Manifestly, so Bryson pointed out, even an artist in his line could not be expected to perform miracles. Nor could he throw Jap Gideon down and pull off his shoes. What then?

In the end it became plainly evident that in order to make the matter sure they would be compelled to go to Honolulu with their prospective victim. Fourteen thousand dollars was too large a stake to risk on a brief few moments while they carried the old man's suitcase up the gangplank. Arose then the matter of bookings. The travel was heavy and usually the boats were sold out weeks ahead. However, they recalled that frequently tickets were handed in at the last moment by travelers who had at the eleventh hour decided to postpone the trip. To Gossop, therefore, was given the task of haunting the steamer office and watching for returned tickets; Bryson



The stricken prospector's yellow whiskers seemed to have wilted all over his sunken face. "Better, Jap?" inquired the pickpocket, a heartless grin on his face.

was to keep in touch with the old man and exhaust every possibility in the endeavor to get that fourteen thousand dollars before the steamer sailed.

"Do your best, Fletch!" implored Mr. Gossop, as they parted. "It ought to be easy to get the roll off a turkey-faced old sap that ain't got sense enough to get out of the way of a street-car! I don't want to go to Honolulu, Fletch! I'm a rotten sailor!"

III

IT WAS the evening of the first day out and the Farallones were fading into the gray haze that hid the California coast. In his cabin Mr. Gossop lay and moaned feebly. Bryson came and sat beside the sufferer. "How's everything, guy?" he grinned.

"Throw that cigeratte out of the porthole!" wailed Gossop, and closed his eyes. Bryson smoked serenely on.

"This is the way she lies," announced the pickpocket. "In the room across the corridor there's nearly fifteen thousand dollars, beggin' us to take it! But we don't dare take it while we're aboard ship. No place to make a getaway, and, besides, it would start something. So we've just got to let things ride till we get off the boat. But the important thing right now is to find where he carries it, see? Then the rest will be easy. Once we find where he parks that roll, it'll be like takin' a bone from a sick pup." He reflected, smoking and looking absently through the porthole.

"Another important thing," he resumed, "is to sidestep this old hick the moment we reach Honolulu. Nobody must see him with us. We don't know him at all; see? Then we'll get him out in the dark somewhere and pull the regular stuff."

Gossop struggled for strength to help plan. "We got to work fast when we get ashore, Fletch," he said, weakly, but with great earnestness. "Remember, we only got a week to pull this thing off in. Our return tickets are for the next boat and if we don't use 'em, there's no tellin' when we'll be able to book again. Can't expect luck to break twice like it did this time. Landin' two tickets at the last minute!"

BRYSON nodded, but did not speak. Presently he stole across the corridor into the cabin where old Jap Gideon was emulating Mr. Gossop. The stricken prospector did not even open his eyes. His yellow whiskers seemed to have wilted all over his sunken face and one bony arm hung over the side of the berth like a piece of frayed rope. "Better, Jap?" inquired Bryson. The tone was kindly, but a heartless grin was on the pickpocket's pallid face and his cigarette dangled indifferently.

"Worse!" whispered Jap Gideon, without opening his eyes. "I reckon I'm dyin', Fletch!"

"Oh, no, you ain't!" Bryson assured him cheerfully. He sat down on the edge of the berth and his long, white fingers began to creep like questing snakes. "Here—I'm going to give you a rubdown. Best thing in the world for seasickness. I used to be a doctor." He rang for a steward and ordered hot water. He then proceeded to give the old man a brisk massage and Jap Gideon was too weak and sick to object.

"What's this thing?" demanded Bryson, as he opened the collar of Jap's shirt. It was a small bag of evil-smelling stuff tied about the old man's neck by a string.

"Asafetida!" gagged Jap Gideon. "I heard somewhere that asafetida was good for seasickness and I thought I'd try it."

The cigarette quivered spasmodically upon the thin bloodless lips, but there was no other sign of amusement on Bryson's face. He began rubbing the bony chest skillfully, his small, furtive eyes running over the patient's body, flitting along the walls and coming back again.

"Misery ain't in my chest!" quavered old Jap, peevishly. "It's lower down, mostly."

"SURE—sure!" Still working with professional briskness, Bryson transferred his ministrations to the afflicted stomach. "Hey!" he ejaculated, "What's this one—another asafetida remedy?"

Old Jap hesitated and the ghost of a sick grin appeared on his whiskered face. "No," he said, sheepishly. "That's a porous plaster. I thought that remedy up myself. Seemed to me it'd give my stummick so much to think about it'd forget to be seasick!"

Bryson grinned and presently made more discoveries; a great smear of iodine painted across the stomach about the plaster; a bit of copper wire twisted about the old man's waist, from which dangled a bear's tooth with a hole drilled in it. "That's an Injun remedy," explained Jap weakly, "to keep off devils. It may work with Injuns," he moaned, "but hung onto a white man it's a plumb failure!"

But Bryson was not listening, for now his whole mind was concentrated upon the practice of his profession. The hot water came and the steward withdrew. Bryson dipped a towel in the steaming water, folded it with his long, incredibly deft fingers into a compress and pressed it down firmly upon the sick man's eyes.

"Now," he commanded with authority, "try to go to sleep. I'll stick around a while and be quiet. Sleep's the best thing for you now; see? Leave the compress on your eyes."

He arose and closed the door noiselessly, jamming it with a suitcase. He was alone with poor old Jap Gideon and nearly fifteen thousand dollars.

However, when he reentered Gossop's cabin half an hour later, his thin, white face was twisted with wrath and bitter disappointment. "No luck!" he whispered. "I been all over that old hick, Jim, and all I found was a bunch of seasick remedies. He's got 'em hung all over him like a Christmas tree! I went through every square inch of his stuff, too, and it wasn't there."

"It's got to be some place!" said Gossop, striving desperately to throw off his terrible nausea and meet the situation. "I'm sure he's got it with him."

"YES," agreed Bryson, "we know he's got it with him, but where? It might be hid in his bed somewhere—I didn't dare roll him about—but it don't seem reasonable that he'd hide it in the bed, either."

"Ain't he got a dollar on him?"

"Oh, sure," said Bryson. "I found four-five hundred in small stuff, but I didn't dare lift that. We'll get it later, of course. Say, I got an idea. He might have left the big roll with the purser."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Gossop. "I been too sick to think. Of course he left it with the purser."

Bryson turned this idea over in his mind. "I suppose so," he admitted. "Still, it don't somehow seem like that old hick to do that—Tell you: We'll let it ride till we start into the harbor at Honolulu. Always an excited crowd at the rail—and you could nearly pull the shirt off a man without him noticin' it. That's the play!" he continued, brightening. "If he left it with the purser, why he'll get it as soon as we start into the harbor, of course. We'll crowd him close at the rail and you keep him steamed up while I go over him. Why, say, maybe I can lift it off him before we reach the pier, even!"

"Attaboy!" applauded Gossop and was immediately seized by a fresh paroxysm of nausea.

IV

AS A MALADY, seasickness is peculiarly perverse. Today it seems to you a degree more hideous than death itself; three days later it is something to jest about.

Old Jap Gideon came awake one morning to feel the ship rocking gently in the lap of a benevolent swell. He peeped through the porthole and saw lights; thousands of lights, twinkling along a vague shore, and one great light that winked slyly at him from a bold headland that lifted into the soft gloom of early morning. Full of excitement, he slid out of bed and dressed, then went on deck. An amorous breeze vamped him lingeringly; a soft, warm breeze, and out of the east that he had left a week before, a new day was creeping up.

And then suddenly the day was there and he saw a city hiding itself among innumerable green trees. Everywhere was green: and above the greenness that was Honolulu, many flags of red, white and blue fluttered joyously. Rising above and back of the town was a cone-shaped mountain, flattened at the top, resembling a giant cup cake that had been spanked on the top with a shingle. Beyond this mountain a range loomed yet higher and a gay little mist cloud trailed across it.

The ship began to move into the harbor and other passengers came to lean over the rail. Bryson and Gossop appeared and joined old Jap Gideon, one on either side, jammed close against him. Gossop began to talk; and as he talked, furtive fingers explored the old prospector's body, working deftly and with incredible lightness of tentative cobwebs. Old Jap did not feel them, but chattered on excitedly.

"I BET you'll stay and settle down in Honolulu, Jap!" Gossop chuckled and dug his elbow into the prospector's ribs. "Marry a Hawaiian girl and live on poi and learn to play the ukulele!—" Over the old man's head Bryson shot a disappointed look and shook his head, but Jap Gideon did not see it. The old fellow was leaning far over the rail, watching the diving boys chasing nickels in the brown water. The swimmers looked and swam like seals. The vessel nosed up to the pier and stopped. Immediately the great shed covering the pier was thunderous with music as the Hawaiian band played Aloha Oe.

Old Jap's eyes filled and his sunken lips trembled so violently that the astonishing cigarette holder jiggled in the midst of his stained whiskers. He straightened proudly, conscious of the fact that at last he was dressed like an aristocrat. True, the white flannel trousers did not fit him and the white collar was set off by a flaming crimson tie, but no matter. He was a man of wealth, about to go ashore on a tropical isle. He turned to address a remark to Mr. Gossop, but Mr. Gossop was not there. Neither was Mr. Bryson there.

Suddenly the old man noticed that the gangplank was in place and the passengers streaming down upon the pier. Among the foremost he thought he recognized his two friends, though he could not be sure. The band was playing Na Lei o Hawaii and he skittered away to his cabin, collected his meager belongings and hurried down the gangplank and through the lane in the crowd, looking for Jim and Fletch. But they were nowhere visible.

FOR a moment the old man felt hurt and disappointed at this unaccountable behavior of his friends, but the band broke into a lively quickstep and he marched uptown to the lilt of it, his chin high and the smoke rising in a cloud from the midst of his jungle of whiskers. A taxi driver got him and drove him as a matter of course to the Alexander Young Hotel and he went in, sure that he would find Jim and Fletch there. But he was disappointed again. His room was a palatial thing; wide windows opening upon the sea and land, with a great vessel moving along the skyline; Diamond Head thrusting its gray point against the sky. Old Jap lit another cigarette, put his feet upon the sill and sighed. He was a wealthy traveler, and all this magnificence was his. If only Judge Hopper and Tom Morris could see him now!

But the old man could not long be quiet. Presently he went downstairs again and walked across the lobby with squeaky shoes, feeling rich and wonderful. He went out upon Bishop Street, swinging his cane idly, looking still for Jim and Fletch. All afternoon he quested about the city, ranging from the Palace grounds to Liliha Street, where the races of the whole Pacific are jumbled together. He climbed Punchbowl and walked across the summit, which had been spanked flat with a gigantic shingle. From that lofty place he looked down until the sun dropped lower and lower and at last sank into a vast desert of flaming gold.

The old man went back to his hotel, tired, but still thirsting for more adventure. It had been a perfect day, and yet a vague disappointment continued to disturb the peace that was in his simple soul. He wished that Jim and Fletch could have been with him. Funny what had become of Jim and Fletch. Presently he swaggered into the hotel cafe and ordered ham and eggs.

AND AS he was finishing his ham and eggs, far out in an obscure quarter of Honolulu Gossop and Bryson were rehearsing their plan of campaign, conversing in low, guarded tones.

"It can't fail!" asserted Gossop confidently. "It ain't probable that he's lost that roll yet, so we can count it ours. Say, you got it straight, ain't you Fletch? Here—I'll go over it again, slow and careful. Listen good:

"You're to go straight to Kapiolani park and tuck yourself away in that place we spotted this afternoon. It'll be dark as a pocket by the time you get there. Nobody about the place, either; nobody at all. I'll come out a little later and steer the old sap past you; see? You're wearin' a handkerchief over your face and you step out and sock him on the gourd; see? When he wakes up his wad is gone and you're gone. But me, I'm still there. I'm layin' on the ground beside him, dazed and groanin'. I been socked and robbed too; get me? He'll never suspect either one of us. Never in the world!"

"It's copper-riveted!" declared Bryson enthusiastically. "It can't flop!" His small, pale eyes glittered with the ferocious look of a beast of prey. "Go ahead, Jim. I got it."

Gossop moved to the wall telephone and took down the receiver, calling the Alexander Young Hotel. "Mr. Gideon, please," he requested. There was a short wait, then he spoke again.

"Hello! Zis you, Jap? . . . Yeah, this is Jim . . . Whazzat? . . . Sure! Mighty sorry we missed you at the pier. Big crowd, you know. . . . Fletch? Oh, Fletch had to go out of town on business. Me? I'm all alone and don't know nobody—say, listen, Jap—I know where there's a hula dance bein' pulled off tonight—steel guitars and everything. Say, you come out and go along with me; hey? . . . No, I can't get down to the hotel. Business. I'm out here at Waikiki—Tell you: I'll meet you at the Kapiolani park entrance at nine o'clock sharp. How's that? . . . Fine! Say, listen: You take the Waikiki car on King Street, right at the corner of the hotel. Conductor'll tell you when you get to Kapiolani; see? Remember, Jap—Waikiki car on King Street. . . . Attaboy! G'by, Jap."

GOSSOP hung up the receiver softly and turned, his blue-black face cleft by a wide grin that showed all his big yellow teeth. "He fell, all right!" he announced exultingly. "You better fade now, Fletch, and be ready to do your stuff."

"Don't you worry about me and my stuff!" said Bryson, licking his thin, cruel lips expectantly and fingering the heavy sandbag in his coat pocket. "You get him there, that's all!"

"Sock him good!" entreated Gossop. "You got to keep in mind that nearly fifteen thousand dollars depends on that one sock! Besides, this old dried shrimp packs a gun half as long as a telephone

pole. Don't take no chances."

The two men slipped out into the gathering darkness and made their way to King Street, by way of a street little used by whites. A Kaimuki car was passing and they let it go by, waiting for the Waikiki car which followed soon after.

Half an hour later, full of ham and eggs and eager expectation, old Jap Gideon emerged from the hotel and hurried down Bishop Street to King. The day had indeed been perfect and the night promised much. A car came clanging down King Street and old Jap broke into a run. A taxi driven by a Japanese nearly ran him down as he dashed across King Street, but he caught the car.

Who Is the Sucker?

IS IT Jap Gideon, the naive, trusting old prospector, or one of the pair of sneaking crooks from Frisco that wins in this lively hunt for a $15,000 stake? Don't miss the second and concluding chapter of this exciting story by Lowell Otus Reese in the great May Radio Digest.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 23)

he said, indicating the blue drapes at the windows. "Suppose I reveal yourself to you, while, incidentally, testing a part of my theory? Your little brain-photographers have been mightily busy. Now, I'm going to make them stand and deliver. Shut your eyes, Amos; put a hand over them. Make your busy brain a blank, as far as is possible. Now, transport yourself back into the room where the safe is. Manage to see it, will you? Your greedy eyes bored into every corner when we first went in there. You saw the pinch of sand, too; but you were too busy noticing general havoc to give much attention to other details.) Ignore the safe now, in this mental journeying we are making. Turn to the table in the far corner; a litter, there, eh? Little odds and ends, all negligible! Can you visualize it? Try again; a bit of color there, wasn't there? No, not violet-blue. Another soft, pleasing shade. What was it, Amos? Just peeping out, a corner you know, from under a loose sheet of paper. A little—"

Laufer-Hirth's eyes flew wide open, his jaw dropped.

"I—I did see that! I hardly noticed—"

He spun about agilely and ran from the room. Savoy, tense and motionless, his eyes eager, the abiding place of quick hope yet of misty doubting, waited. With a rush Laufer-Hirth came back. In his hand was a small wine-red silken case, very dusty, flicked with cobwebs. His hands were trembling as he snatched the thing open.

"The Opal!" he gasped. "The Opal of Nonius."

Swift relief shone in Savoy's eyes now. "Ah! I thought so!" he sighed.

SIX MEN sat down to breakfast at the table about which ten had dined the night before. They were Captain Temple and the sergeant, Mr. Nemo and his man Mohun, Laufer-Hirth and Andregg. Laufer-Hirth's secretary, Will Little, was sleeping; "dead drunk and dead to the world," his employer reported. Paul Savoy, long before this hour of officially opening a new and utterly dreary day, had gone off to his room.

Andregg had moved his seat, the rest dropping naturally to the places they had occupied at dinner. He quitted his former chair at the foot to take that of Mainwaring Parks at the head. It is doubtful if he meant actually to do what the action indicated, yet perhaps subconsciously he felt the duty of host shifted to his thin nervous shoulders. Temple's hard eyes stabbed at him when he took the chair which all had thought to leave vacant. For some moments Andregg appeared utterly unaware of the captain's obvious animosity. When it was forced upon his attention he at first responded to it with a high indifference. But as the hour progressed and Temple continued to single him out across the coffee cups, Andregg's own eyes began to glitter wickedly and thin pinkish-red spots stood out in his cadaverous cheeks.

Laufer-Hirth, failing to see how any possible good could come from any two of this enforcedly sequestered company evincing the aborning impulse to be at each other's throats, but glimpsing instead every likelihood of further and unnecessary catastrophe, threw his own portly bulk into the breach. Every man's soul had been flicked on the raw; it would be so simple to dance along like so many storm-driven dead leaves into some mad whirlwind of unthinkable violence.

Laufer-Hirth related to them Paul Savoy's interest in the phenomenon and of their investigation.

"SAVOY, if you want to hear from me," said the captain waspishly, "is either a long-eared jackass or—"

He bit his words off there but something of his meaning spilled over into the silence which followed them.

Mr. Nemo said quietly, looking very grave, "what of the bodies? Did someone carry them away? Or am I to understand, gentlemen, that this is merely a house of vanishing things!"

The two Filipinos, giving every indication of the most acute nervousness while they served from the kitchen, always managing to keep close together, both going when one was needed to bring in a single dish, stared and looked wildly at each other.

"What do you know about this, Andregg?" Temple demanded curtly, suddenly.

"Nothing," said Andregg.

It was the first time the two had addressed each other and in their tones was all the gentle forbearance of two strange dogs about to fly at each other's throats. Already were fangs bared.

"No? You know nothing, eh?" sneered the captain. He had leaned forward half across the table, seeming to strain to the breaking point some invisible leash. Now he settled back loosely in his chair, but the bright, suspicious hardness in his eyes was as marked as ever, as he cried hotly: "There is one thing you do know! What was it that you were in such a hurry to pick up from the floor by Parks' body? Oh, we all saw you! Saw how you couldn't jam it in your pocket fast enough. What was it?"

ANDREGG flushed up; pinkish-red spots grew scarlet now. For a moment he seemed at a loss for words; he swallowed once or twice as though with difficulty. But in the end he answered coolly and steadily enough.

"It was something of mine. That's all. Nobody's business but mine."

"Everything that has happened in this house is everybody's business now," said Temple. "You, Andregg, are no more above suspicion than the rest of us. If you want to act like that—"

"What do you mean?" cried Andregg wildly. "That I killed them?" A shudder shook him. "You mean that I could have sneaked upstairs and stabbed Parks and hammered Dicks over the head? How could I have done it? Would they have just sat and waited for it? You're crazy!"

"Someone did it—"

Again it was Laufer-Hirth who interposed.

"There may be something that we can do, if we all keep our heads. You, Captain Temple, with both a military record and no doubt a greater unrecorded experience among such odd happenings as fall to the lot of all great explorers, must realize the value of self-discipline. I don't mean to preach, you know; but then I am older than the rest of you."

"Right you are," admitted Temple with far greater readiness than had been expected. "And now, gentlemen, what say you, since we're all gathered here except for Savoy and Will Little, that we indulge for the first time in a few frank words?"

"I don't understand, for one," said Laufer-Hirth, wrinkling his brow. "Why shouldn't we be frank and above aboard? In what have we been anything other?"

"Take yourself for example and to begin with, Laufer-Hirth," said Temple bluntly. "What have you got in your pocket that you haven't shown us?"

Amazement stamped itself on Laufer-Hirth's face. His thoughts leaped to the opal in the old wine-red silken case.

"How did you know?" he gasped.

"WHY SHOULDN'T I know? What mystery has been made about it?" He seemed puzzled at the other's expression and words. "What, man, are we here for? Why did Parks have his pockets stuffed with ready money? Weren't you, and Savoy, too, here to do business with Mr. Nemo, if that business could be satisfactorily done? Did you come with empty pockets? Of course not; not even I did that. And what I bear, though of course not to be mentioned in the same breath as Mr. Nemo's property, is not exactly to be sneezed at."

"Oh," said Laufer-Hirth understanding. "So you didn't know! And, before we continue with what I now see you have in mind, suppose I show you?"

He drew it from his pocket and put it with gentle lingering fingers upon the tablecloth.

"The Opal of Nonius, my friends," he explained soberly, and the glorious stone shone up into their astonished eyes.

There was a great craning of necks, a simultaneous stretching out of eager hands. As their mutterings of incredulity grew modified to sharp interrogation, he explained, telling just how and when he had found the jewel and what part Paul Savoy had played in its discovery. As a part of his tale he included a sketch of Savoy's odd theory of the workshop of the brain. To this they listened with varying interest, Captain Temple scoffing loudly while Mr. Nemo nodded swift approval.

"Savoy's a dilettante, a faddist and a fool," snapped the captain sweepingly.

"He is, I understand, a multi-millionaire?" suggested Mr. Nemo softly.

"Inherited millons, then," said Temple scornfully.

"Made over ten millions on his own at one coup in the Street," Laufer-Hirth reminded him.

"Fool's luck. He'd lose it next time.—Look at him now! Off in his room, swathed in violet-blue window drapes! Dodging all common sense clues, afraid they'll mislead him, trying to come at anything with his eyes glued on his infernal star sapphire. Self hypnosis is the trick such creatures are adepts at."

"He sent me, straight as a string, to the Opal of Nonius!" remonstrated Laufer-Hirth.

TEMPLE could only shrug. Again they bent over the legended stone paying its incomparable loveliness for the most part that rarest tribute of breathless silence. In the end Mr. Nemo it was who asked,

"What's to be done with it just now?"

"You keep it for the present, Laufer-Hirth," answered Temple readily enough. "It'll be as safe with you as with anyone. If anything at all is safe in this damned house," he broke out with a hint of nerves. "And if you aren't afraid, Laufer-Hirth," he added with a grunt.

"Afraid? Afraid of what?"

"Of a slit throat, if you want plain words." Laufer-Hirth quite plainly did not want plain words and shivered slightly. Captain Temple ran on hurriedly: "We're no such fools, are we, as to count this murderous business at an end? That is, of course, unless every man-jack of us is on his guard. And even then—"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Nemo softly.

"Laufer-Hirth with his unexpected Opal merely interrupted what we were getting at," explained Temple. "When I said he hadn't opened up with what he had on him, I didn't, of course, refer to the Opal. He brought up something else from the city, didn't he? And so did I bring something, and though it's not in the same class as what Mr. Nemo carries, yet it's no negligible paper of pins. There's been many a throat cut for less. Whether it's in my pocket now or whether I've secreted it somewhere, doesn't signify at the moment. You all know what it is and how I came by it; you know it's for sale at a price. And you know that it's nothing more or less than the Seal of Napoleon."

Both Mr. Nemo and Laufer-Hirth nodded; to be sure they knew. Mr. Nemo's shadow, the squat giant Mohun, and Captain Temple's retainer merely watched. As for Andregg, he appeared uninterested.

"MERELY a carnelian seal," continued the captain, "but a thing which I fancy would be eagerly sought by collectors, since it is known to have been worn by Napoleon himself, by Napoleon III and last of all, by the ill-starred Prince Imperial. After it vanished on a certain day in Zulu-land, no one knows its adventurings—excepting your most obedient servant." He made them a haughty bow, at once ironic and savage. "What you do not know, I think, is that attached to the seal by a later owner is an unusually fine diamond."

Laufer-Hirth's eyes were sparkling.

"A rare possession, Captain Temple, and I congratulate you on your ownership of it. Of course Parks explained that you were bringing it with you; I need not say that in that fact alone I had a high incentive to make this unhappy trip. I'd have gone as willingly ten thousand miles to look upon it, even if—ah—if I had had no thought of—of discussing its value with you, you know."

Temple nodded curtly.

"Its intrinsic value, to be sure, is less than the thing you brought with you; far, far, very far less than that which Mr. Nemo has with him."

"I think, gentlemen," said Mr. Nemo, gently smoothing the tiniest wrinkle out of the tablecloth, "that it would be best if, as Captain Temple suggests, we treat one another with utter frankness." He raised a pair of just now childishly innocent eyes. "When I spoke my mind at the table last night, inviting postponement of any business at this time, it was with the thought of explaining first to our lamented host, then to you others, that for certain personal reasons I found it advisable to come on here without the object which I had intended to bring. In short, I mean that I did not see fit to bring with me the Flower of Heaven."

They stared at him so swiftly and boldly, then withdrew their eyes so hastily that Mr. Nemo must have been a much stupider man than he appeared to be not to recognize the fact that, to a man, they held he lied.

"HERE comes Savoy," cried Laufer-Hirth quite unnecessarily and in a voice raised as though to the deaf, so eager was he to welcome any interruption. "What's the word, Savoy?"

"And how's the Big Brain idea working out?" demanded Temple.

For an instant Savoy ignored him, asking who had a cigarette.

"Haven't had a smoke for hours," he explained, dropping into his chair. He looked pale and gaunt, his eyes unnaturally brilliant. "So Amos has been misstating my theories, eh?" he said then, coolly impersonal toward the captain. "I tried to explain to him how the brain is really a wonderful machine. Of course, there's always something required beside the machinery," he amended with a hint of a ghostly smile. "Take for instance the finest aeroplane motor ever devised and put a year old baby at the controls, and nothing very much happens! But connect it up with a man who understands the thing, and look out for speed, endurance, power, smooth-running perfection and enormous accomplishment."

"Exactly," said Mr. Nemo, leaning forward and smiling his appreciation. "And may one ask, Mr. Savoy, if your work during the night has been prolific of any result?"

"I am only at the beginning," returned the other, accepting the coffee put before him by the Filipinos. "I read the guest book, to begin with. You see—"

"I seem to see," said Temple, all mock humility, "that we are actually concerned with the crime itself and what has happened subsequently, that is from the first second following the act —"

"All wrong, I am afraid, Captain. Should not our concern in such a case as this always be with what happened before? For events before point to the crime, while subsequent happenings—here I include what are so ridiculously known as 'clues'—are more than likely to point away from it."

Mr. Nemo for once was insistent.

"You have made progress, then?"

"I think that I may say, I have." Savoy retorted. "Mental fingers, so to speak, begin to point. At present, though of course I admit it is too early to be sure of anything, they point to one man."

"And may one ask?" purred Mr. Nemo.

"It's peculiar," sighed Savoy. "Rather odd but—thus far I am forced to admit that eveything points to—me!—May I have the salt, Amos?"

Who killed Parks?
Who killed Dicks?
Savoy has just begun his inquiry. Read the ingenious details of events that follow this most engrossing tale of Thirteen and One in the May Radio Digest.

John and Ned at NBC

(Continued from page 88)

Just a little busybody who spreads news of the family's last differences, mother's age, and the size of dad's weekly stipend.

Ned is little Mary Smith. Recently Mary had her big scene of the season. "Little Bennie," another mythical juvenile, boldly entered the studio and tried to "date her." Little Bennie, by the way, is the 225-pound Bennie Walker, editor of the Woman's Magazine of the Air.

John and Ned tell with pride of their first "big smash into print."

"It was in the Radio Digest late in 1926," says John. "We certainly did put that in our scrapbook—our first scrapbook."

Here one learns that Ned is the librarian for John and Ned, Inc. He has four neatly bound volumes which tell an entertaining and a graphic story of their wanderings.

"What do you picture as you work before the microphone?" we asked John and Ned. "We know some artists vision mother knitting, while others see the wife and baby, and somebody else works to a dearest friend."

"We don't have mental pictures any more." Ned becomes spokesman.

"We just take our—John's—guitar into the studio and begin having a good time—we get a great kick out of working ourselves and we just hope that our feeling is communicated to our audience."

Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 13)

Broadcasting studios every day. Do you drive your fresh air cab down there?"

"Sometimes we goes down theah, but mostways de talk goes out from de office. Dey simply opens up the mikerphone on de desk and folks listens us in to whoevah happens to be theah."

"When are you and Ruby Taylor going to get married?"

"Das what I wanta know, mos' likely mo'n you do, Mistah. It seems t'me it ain't nevah goin' be."

"Her Aunt Lilly live near here?"

"Yas, sah, not so very far."

"I'd like to see Ruby sometime, Amos."

"Jes' lak me."

"I think she must be a pretty fine girl to make you so fond of her."

"Dere ain't nevah was no gal lak Ruby Taylor, I knows dat much. I ain't nevah goin' fawgit how she look when she say good-bye to me—so sweet."

T-rrrrrr-ing! We could hear the phone ring through the door. And Andy answered:

"*Hul*-lo! Hullo, Kingfish . . . best yo' come on ovah heah yo'self . . . yeah . . . yeah, he still heah . . . Amos talkin' to him out on de sidewalk . . . I dunno, mebbe he got some money . . . Uh-huh . . . Sho'! Sho'! . . . He say he wants to meet yo' . . . take him where? . . . Oh, yes, to meet de brudders of de lodge . . . No, I wouldn't do that, Kingfish; he ain't goin' to hurt nobody . . . Oh, no . . . You all come on ovah heah . . . Yeah . . . Good-bye."

Amos seemed to relax a trifle as he looked up at me with a grin.

"I reckon yo' hear what he say, huh?"

"Nothing the matter with my ears, Amos; I just couldn't help it. Looks like I am going to meet the Kingfish."

"I gives you fair warning, Mistah, you look out faw de Kingfish."

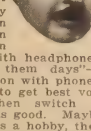
BE SURE to read in the May issue of Radio Digest what happens when Mark Quest meets the Kingfish. Will the Kingfish take him in? And what do they do at the lodge? You will also meet the Madame Queen. Are Andy's intentions strictly honorable?

Who's Who In Broadcasting

SCHENDLER, Willard, Baritone, National Broadcasting company.
Schiegel, George, Operator-Announcer, WSUN.
Schmidt, Louise, KSTP, 9-year-old girl trumpet player. Learned to play by listening to phonograph records. Popular with juvenile listeners of KSTP. Received favorable comment from John Phillip Sousa recently.
Schmidt, Peter, Band Director, Clarinet, WGY.
Schmidt, Ray, Sports Review, Announcer KWK.
Schneller, John K., Announcer, KEX.
Schoelwer, Eddie, Pianist, one of the Baby Grand Twins, Big Clown of the Four K Safety Club, WSAI.
Schoening, Virginia, Assistant Librarian, KSTP.
Schoetgen, Dora, Pianist in Schoetgen Trio, KSTP.
Schofield, Mrs. Henry, Soprano, WLAC.
Scholts, Tom, Announcer, KMDC.
Schoop, Dorothea, Rehearsal Accompanist, KGW.
Schramm, Sarah, Pianist, WFLA.
Schroeder, Carl G., Announcer, WFBL. One of the youngest announcers on the air. Hobby is football announcing. Bass soloist on all types of programs.
Schroeder, Leon, Baritone, KVOO.
Schuck, Mrs. J. G., Pianist, WFLA.
Schultz, E. E., Director of Setting-Up Exercises at WLW.
Schulz, Bob, Announcer and studio operator at WDAY. A student at North Dakota Agricultural college.
Schutt, Arthur, Pianist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Schwab, May Dearborn, Soprano, KPO.
Schwartz, "Bill," Jr., Soloist and Member of Vanderbilt University Football Squad, WLAC.
Schwartz, Jean Taradash, Violinist, WLAC.
Schwartz, Victor, KSTP, Violinist.
Schwarzman, Arthur, Pianist, NBC, San Francisco studios. Heard during the coast-to-coast broadcasts of the Pacific Vagabonds and Pacific Little Symphony programs every Wednesday and Friday.
Schwerling, Al, Operator, is the veteran Operator, having joined WLW more than five years ago.
Scott, Geraldine, (Gerry—The Little Girl from the Kaw Valley). This versatile blue-eyed star of Radio possesses a lovely contralto voice. She is the featured soloist on the Women's Forum Hour each day of the week except Sunday. She is a graduate of Washburn College, member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority. Has studied all her life with the best voice teachers in the Middle West; won the State Atwater Audition contest, and has won many local voice contests. Geraldine Scott is a Topeka girl and comes to WIBW's staff from the Earl May Radio station, KMA, at Shenandoah, Iowa, where she was the featured soloist for some time.
Scott, Ivy, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.
Scott, Jose, WSRC.
Scull, Fern, Staff Accompanist, WGN.
Seagle, John, Baritone, NBC, New York.
Seale, Walter B., Baritone, WOAN.
Searle, Don, Announcer, Station Manager, KOIL.
Sears, Sally, Sally is a young girl with just the same problems and perplexities as every other member of her sex. From her voluminous scrap book she brings the Chicago Daily News feminine listeners a half hour specially for themselves each morning except Sunday from 11:30 to 12 o'clock, Chicago time. Sally tells how to built a home, furnish it and conduct it harmoniously, gives the latest hints on styles and charm and adds music and historical background of many present day customs and costumes for color.
Seaver, Oliver A., Pianist and Organist, WFLA.
Sebel, Frances, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.
Seddon, Tommy, KSTP, Harp and cello soloist, member National Battery Symphony orchestra.
Seeley, Margaret Calhoun, Pianist, WLAC.
Segal, Sam, KSTP, Drums, National Battery Symphony orchestra.
Segal, Harry, Violinist, WBRC.
Seixas, Dr. P. M., Setting-Up Exercises, KNX.
Selinger, Henry. Program Director of Station WGN and Manager-in-Chief of its numerous musical activities. His Drake Concert ensemble is a pioneer radio orchestra, having broadcast over WDAP (later WGN) back in 1923. He is known as the Phantom Violin, WGN.
Sell, Vic, KSTP, Trumpet, National Battery Symphony orchestra.
Selph, Orris M., Chief Operator, Announcer on Sunday Service, WRVA.
Semmler, Alexander, Assistant Conductor, Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
Semple, Tom, Scotch Entertainer, WLAC.
Serafino, Bertha, Popular Pianist, KFPM.
Serenaders, NBC, New York.
Serlis, Olga, Pianist, NBC, New York.
Serumgard, Harold, Announcer, Engineer, KDLR. Former U. S. Navy operator-electrician.
Seven Aces, "All Eleven of 'Em," KOA.
Sexton, Tom, Manager, KFSD. With the station for three years, one of the sponsors of the Twilight symphony.
Seymour, L. J., Announcer, WCCO.
Shackelford, Mrs. Mae, Soprano, WAPI.
Shadwick, E. Joseph, Violinist, WCCO.
Shaffer, George, Saxophonist, KVOO.
Shaffer, Rachel Watson, Soprano, KVOO.
Shannon, Cecil, Vagabond Tenor, Program Director, Announcer, WBBZ.
Shannon, Jack, NBC, New York. Creator of



The Gossipers. Born in Coventry, Conn., he left home at the age of 15. Worked as a bellhop, was a professional boxer, studied voice for a number of years, married Josephine Beckman of Omaha and went to New York in 1910 with a government job. After the war did a stretch of vaudeville work, then had a run of musical comedy. Conceived The Gossipers at WABC, later transferring to WEAF (April 4, 1929.) Appears with Marie Stoddard, who is Mrs. Flynn. Both frequently carry on as two or more characters.
Shannon, John Finley, Pianist, WSM.
Shannon, Mrs. Marguerite, Pianist, WLAC.
Shannon, Ray, Tenor, WDAF.
Shapiro, Leon, Violinist, WDBO.
Sharman, Mrs. Olive, Woman's Hour, WJR.
Sharpe, John, Chief Operator, CFRB.
Sharpless, S. F., KSTP, Imitator and Whistler.
Shaver's Jubilee Singers, WLS.
Shaw, Dudley, General Manager, KFJF.
Shaw, Dudley, "The Tired Hand," Director, Chief Announcer, KFJF.
Shaw, Elliot, Baritone, NBC, New York.
Shaw, R. M., "Father Time," Office Manager, KFJF.
Shean, Jack, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.
Shearer, Charles, Studio Director, Announcer, CFRB.
Shea's Stage Band, Alex Hyde Director, WMAK.
Shea's Symphony Orchestra, WMAK.
Sheehan, Bartholomew, Announcer, WLWL.
Shelden, Chet, Orchestra, KFH.
Shell, Fred, Cellist, KOMO.
Shelton, Manie Bess, Soprano, WLAC.
Shepard, John, President, WNAC.
Shepard, Jr., John, President, Treasurer, WNAC.
Shepard, John, 3rd, Executive in Charge, WNAC.
Shepherd, G. O., President, General Manager, Citizen Broadcasting Co., Inc., owners and operators of Station WWNC, Asheville, N. C. Serves also as Chief Announcer and Station Director. Came into Radio from the advertising business. Operated advertising agency which handled several commercial continuity programs. Got interested in Radio as a listener and fan away back yonder when listening had to be done with headphones. "Programs came hard in them days"—dialster would locate a station with phones, work it gaafers carefully to get best volume and least static, then switch to speaker horn. Maybe it was good. Maybe not. Radio listening first as a hobby, then as a business—and he began the South's first Radio column—three times a week, then daily, headed "Down the Airway" by "Station GOSH." This "station" having no transmitter, with call letters gained from combining three initials and second letter of last name, "broadcast" for several years in Asheville Times. Then switched to daily Radio chatter column and review of stations heard, in Asheville Citizen. Was South's first Radio editor to be sent by paper to a Radio show. Took over Station WWNC on lease, operated for four months, then formed corporation which is affiliated with Asheville's morning newspaper, the Asheville Citizen. Station brought out of "average station" class into one of nation's most popular—and gaining favor every day. Originated "Laughtime" program, "Band Parade" and was first in South to use continuity for Radio broadcasting.



Sher, Lou, Blues Singer, KWK.
Sherdeman, Ted, Announcer, WOW.
Sheridan, Maude, Contralto, WFLA.
Sheridan Sisters, Popular Vocal Team, Contralto and Soprano, WFLA.
Sherman, Joe, Banjoist, KGW.
Sherman, Ransom. The third of WMAQ's three "phee dees" of humor, hoakum and harmony. Ransom can sing and play as well as clown, and mirth and melody are his particular fortes. In one of his few serious moments he even can announce in an almost dignified manner. He and Russell Pratt add the Saturday night song cycle to the many other weekly programs they present The Daily News fans.
Sherr, Norma, Pianist, WGES.
Sherris, Marley, Announcer, Basso, Baritone, Reader, NBC, New York.
Sherris, Marley R., Announcer. Born in Toronto, Canada, June 23, 1884. Studied piano and singing in the Toronto Conservatory of Music and in Chicago. He made appearances all through Canada and the Western States. Finally studied in London, England, and returned to New York, National Broadcasting Company.
Shields Louise, Pianist, WSM.
Shields, Lytton J., President, National Battery Broadcasting Company, owners and operators of KSTP. Mr. Shields, an outstanding leader in civic and business affairs of the Twin Cities and the Northwest for many years, is the originator and principal owner of KSTP. His great interest in radio development is evidenced by his efforts in establishing KSTP, March, 1928, and immediately employing a full-time 35-piece symphony orchestra and other talent to provide highest quality entertainment for Northwest Radio listeners.
Shields, Mrs. E. P., Contralto, KTHS.
Shippee, Max E., Ballad Singer, WBAP.
Shirk, Kenneth G., Technical Staff, KOIL.
Shirley, Ruth, Coloratura Soprano, WSUN.
Shoffner, Charles P., Weekly Talks, WFI.
Sholes, Maxwell, KSTP, Member St. Paul Players and KSTP Players.
Shope, Henry, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.
Shotliff, Jack, Operator, WDAF.
Sheffler, Boyd, and His Merrymakers. WDBW. Boyd and his band were formerly with the Jayhawk and Novelty Theaters of Topeka. Maudie is pianist for the band and their music is really "up town."
Shriner, Patti Adams, Pianist, KVOO.
Shroeder, Leon, Baritone, KVOO.
Shuck, Mrs. J. G., President Tuesday Morning Music Club, WFLA.
Shumate Brothers, KMA.
Shurtz, E. Judson, Baritone, WOC.
Shynman, Abe, Concert Pianist and member of the Studio Orchestra at WJJD, Chicago.
Sicilians, Male Quartet, WOC.
Sickinger, Sodel, Pianist, WDAC.
Sidenfaden, H. W., Announcer, KFEQ
Sigler, Mose, Novelty Entertainer. Voice and Guitar, WBRC.
Silberstein, Herbert, Violinist, WOC.
Silverton, Edna, Director of the Crosley Woman's Hour of WLW. As a graduate of Ohio State and has a number of original stories and poems to her credit.
Silvestre, Emilio, Saxophone Soloist and member of the Studio Orchestra at WJJD, Chicago.
Simmons, Bertha, Popular Singer, KFDM.
Simmons, C. J., Staff Announcer for KFUL at Galveston, is a newcomer to the ranks of Radio broadcasting, but during the short time he has been connected with KFUL he has won considerable popularity through his unique manner of handling sport events and the informal phase of studio programs. His microphone name is "Ace" Simmons, which is carried over from the days when he was active in Uncle Sam's air forces.



Simmons, Georgia, Creator of the Radio "Mammy"; heard on programs from the NBC San Francisco studios. Miss Simmons also writes Radio comedy-dramas about the Southern folk with whom she grew up on a Georgia plantation.
Simmons, Robert, Tenor, NBC, New York.
Simms, Lee, Pianist, NBC, Chicago.
Simon, Harry, Director of the KFRC Dance Orchestra, Formerly Director at The Ambassador, Ltd., Melbourne, Australia, KFRC.
Simonds, Harold, Baritone and Announcer, WFI.
Simonds, Raymond, Leader of Whiting's Quintet, Male, WEEI.
Simons, George, Tenor, Announcer, WMAQ.
Simonton, Mildred, Announcer, WCCO.
Simpleton Fitts, Conducts the Early Bird program from 7-8 a. m. daily. When "Simpy" wears his other uniform he is known as Munroe Upton, Announcer par excellence, KFRC.
Simpson, Marjorie, Staff contralto, has a rich broadcasting voice.
Simpson, Pauline, Pianist, KTHS.
Sims, Oliver, Harmonica Player. Director of String Band, WBRC.

Sinclair, Postley, Announcer, WOR.

Singiser, Frank, Announcer, NBC, New York.

Singleton, Harold, Baritone, WHAM.

Sinn, J. F., "The Boss," KSO.

Skinner, Ben, Tenor, NBC, New York.

Skinner, Eula, Soprano, WLAC.

Skultety, Frank, Pianist, WHAM.

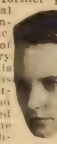
Slagle, George, Operator Announcer, WSUN.

Slieper, Peggy, Blues Singer, KMOX.

Slimmon, Wesley, Baritone, KFOA.

Sloan, George R., Operator, WBAP.

Sloan, John, Scottish Tenor, former pupil of D. M. McKay London Royal Academy of Music and London Royal College of Music; also E. Warren K. Howe of the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Ill. This young Scotsman came to this country from Glasgow, Scotland in August, 1924, and since that time has traveled extensively throughout the Northern, Eastern and Southern states, also parts of Canada with concert companies under the management of the Redpath Chautauqua and Lyceum Bureau of Chicago, Ill. Mr. Sloan also sang as first tenor in the WJAZ male quartet and Light Opera Company from that station in Chicago. He is now singing tenor with the popular harmnoy team "Johnnie and Eddie" of KMA Shenandoah fame, now known as the Happy Sunshine Coffee Boys of WNAX at Yankton, South Dakota, where he also assists as an announcer.



Smalle, Edward, Tenor, NBC, New York.

Smathers, Mrs. J. R., Soprano, WFLA.

Smiley, Robert, Announcer, KFRC.

Smith, Amy L., Pianist, KWK.

Smith, Anna Mary, Soprano, KVOO.

Smith, Arthur, Fiddle, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.

Smith, Beasley, and His Orchestra, WSM.

Smith, Mrs. Brentley, Soprano, WLAC.

Smith Brothers, Popular Songs, NBC, New York. William Hillpot and Harold Lambert.

Smith, Clyde H., Manager, Commercial Department, WWNC.

Smith, E. R., Blues Singer, Black Face Comedian, WBRC.

Smith, Earl, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.

Smith, George, Announcer, Director, WJAZ.

Smith, Harold Osbourn, Organist, WHAM.

Smith, Homer, Tenor, NBC, New York.

Smith, Howard C., Announcer and Director of Montgomery studios, WAPI.

Smith, Lee O., Announcer, Director, KFDM.

Smith, Madge, Hawaiian Music, WHB.

Smith, M. G., Fiddle, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.

Smith, Mrs. Quentin M., Soprano, WLAC.

Smith, S. E., Control Operator, WJJD, Chicago.

Smith, Sax and His Cavaliers, Dance Orchestra, WHAM.

Smith, Vernon H. "Bing," Announcer, WREN.

Smith, W. M., Banjoist, WLAC.

Smith, Z. Frances, Tenor Soloist, KSTP.

Snell, George D., Technician-Announcer, KDYL.

Sni-A-Bar Gardens Orchestra, WDAF.

Snyder, G. M., Assistant Operator, KHQ.

Snyder, Reed, Announcer, WOC.

Sayder, Ruth, Radio Blues Singer, WSBC.

Sobey, Roy, Vocalist, KYA.

Sodbusters, Illinois, Jess Doolittle's bunch on the WLS Merry-Go-Round. Banjos or guitars all speak with pep. All run farms outside of Chicago.

Sodero, Cesare, Maestro, Opera Presentations, National Broadcasting Company.

Sonnenfield, Helene, Mezzo-Soprano, WLAC.

Soreno Hotel Ensemble, Louis Baer, Director, WSUN.

Southern Melody Boys, WFLA.

Southern Plantation Singers, WFLA.

Southern Ramblers, Orchestra, under the direction of William Yeager, WLAC.

South Sea Islanders, NBC, New York.

Sowerby, Katherine, Soprano, WAPI.

Spalding, Albert, Violinist, CBS. Born in Chicago, studied in Italy and with Lefort in Paris, where he made his concert debut. Has composed several songs and arranged orchestrations. Appeared with New York symphony.

Spalding, Margarette, Junior Soprano, WFLA.

Spangenberg, Myrtle, Soprano Soloist, WTMJ. Helped to rock the Radio Cradle in Milwaukee Single, gray eyes, golden hair, five feet five. Hobbies are music of all kinds, fan mail and dancing.

Spano's Barto Quartet, Group of Italian Musicians, WAPI.

Spaulding, Harold, NBC tenor at San Francisco.

Spaulding, Margaret, Soprano, WFLA.

Speakman, Burton, Banjo Player, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

Spears, Kenneth, KSTP, Violin and Banjo, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Spies, Wannita, Soprano, KVOO.

Spencer, Sarah Alice, Pianist, Vocalist, WHB.

Spencer Trio, Kenilworth Inn, WWNC.

Spencer, Virginia, has a very original style of playing the piano which keeps her solos much in demand. She also sings, and plays the violin. She was pursuing a business career before she entered the professional musical field upon joining KFRC.

Spiers, Byron. Reads the Mail Bag at Topsy Turvy Time each afternoon over WMAQ at 5:15 o'clock.

Spooner, Mrs. Morris, Soprano, WSUN.

Springtime Serenaders, WFLA.

Spross, Charles Gilbert, Organist, Composer and Pianist, Director of Many Programs, WGY.

Squires, Eddie, Studio Director, WSUN.

Stafford Sisters, Novelty Harmony Team, KFON.

Stalson, Alpha, Executive secretary of Topsy Turvy Time, WMAQ's club for boys and girls.

Stamp, James, KSTP, Trumpet, National Battery Symphony orchestra.

Stanbury, Douglas, Baritone, NBC, New York.

Standard Symphony Orchestra, KPO.

Stanton, Andrew T., Announcer of WCAU. Joined the staff of WCAU two years ago. Before coming to Philadelphia he had worked on the staff of several Chicago and New York Stations. He covers all the leading sports events of the city and is a Victor Recording tenor.

Stanton, Harry, NBC basso at San Francisco.

Starr, Margaret, Staff Organist, WTMJ. Gets more fan mail than any other person at this Milwaukee station. Born in Oklahoma City, studied piano in Europe. Petite, weighing 95 pounds, long black hair, big black eyes, single, and just 21.

Star's Novelty Trio, WDAF.

Steele, Fred, Tenor, WBRC.

Steele, Hubert & Lee, known as the Varsity Boys. Real troupers, having had years of experience in old time minstrel, WBRC.

Stefan, Karl, Chief Announcer, Norfolk Daily News Radio station WJAG, located at Norfolk, Neb. Known over the country via Radio as "The Printer's Devil." Been announcing continuously since 1922. World traveler interpreter, saw service with constabulary in Philippine Islands. Associated Press telegrapher, newspaper correspondent, etc. Radio record featuring among first world's series baseball games, giving word pictures simultaneously as results come over wire; organizer of what is believed to be the only and largest radio family in the world, etc.



Steffani, Olga, Contralto, KPO.

Stein, John, Baritone, Director of Stein Mixed Quiet, WADC.

Steinbach, Charles, Born and raised in Yankton, South Dakota, was drummer with the Mikota dance and concert orchestra for 22 years. Played in the Yankton Municipal Band for the past thirty years. He became associated with WNAX as a regular member of the staff in December, 1927, and since that time has played drums with various orchestras from that station, among them being the Concert and Popular Orchestra, which won the National Radio Digest Popularity Concert in 1928, also Happy Jack's Old Timers, The Sunshine Favorites, and the German Band. Mr. Steinbach also features xylophone and vibraphone solos.

Stentz, J. Dale, Director-Announcer, WWNC.

Stern, Samuel Maurice, Cellist, WBAL. Comes from the middle west, having been born on a Kansas farm. His musical talent, however, took him to Chicago where he received his early musical training. Later he toured the country as a member of several nationally known musical organizations, finally coming to Baltimore. He has been a member of the staff of WBAL for over three years and appears regularly as a member of the WBAL Ensemble, the WBAL String Quartet, "The Calvertons," and also is often heard as a soloist and in obbligato work.

Stevens, Les and His Orchestra, NBC New York.

Stevens, Robert, Tenor, NBC New York.

Steward, Caldwell, Basso, WBRC.

Stewart, Kathleen, Accompanist, Pianist. Has been with the National Broadcasting Company Three Years.

Stiles, Jane Harris, Contralto, KFLV.

Stiles, Orson, Director, WOW.

Stinson, Lawrence W., Chief Engineer, KVOO.

Stirling, Jean, Pianist, WOW.

Stockdale, Earl, KSTP, Member Male Quartet, National Male Quartet.

Stocks, Vesta, Xylophonist, WAPI.

Stoddard, Marie, NBC, New York. Mrs. Flynn of The Gossipers. Has starred in Broadway productions and appeared with Charlie Chaplin.

Stoess, William C., Musical Director of the Crosley stations WLW-WSAI. He has a permanent staff orchestra and a calling list that includes all members of the Cincinnati Symphony as well as every other expert instrumentalist in Cincinnati. He makes up the programs for sixteen orchestra concerts every week in addition to supervising their direction and the presentation of a number of other orchestras which come into the stations as complete units under their own directors. In his "spare time" he presents the Miniatures of the Masters series of musical history talks on WLW at 4:00 P. M. five days a week, plays the solo violin, and announces.



Stokowski, Leopold, Conductor Philadelphia Symphony orchestra. The third conductor of this orchestra, the others being Fritz Scheel, from 1900 to 1906, and Carl Pohlig, 1907 to 1912. Stokowski, born of a Polish father and an Irish mother, and educated in Queen's college, Oxford, has had much to do with the sensational success of the orchestra in recent years. His first musical position in the United States was that of organist and choirmaster at St. Bartholomew's church in New York City. He resigned to go to Europe to conduct a number of the leading orchestras there. His success was almost immediate and he was engaged to conduct an orchestra in Cincinnati, from where he went to Philadelphia.



Stollurow, Edward, KSTP, Violin, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Stone, Mildred, Staff Artist, WPAW.

Stone, Ralph K., Director, WPAW.

Stone, Warren L., Basso, WSUN.

Stoner, Marjorie, Contralto, WSUN.

Stookey, Charles, Assistant Director of WLS. Takes charge of WLS and farm programs. Announces. Graduated from U. of Ill. Married, and has two boys.

Stopp, Gerald, Radio Dramatic Director and producer, National Broadcasting Company.

Storer, Lucile, Pianist, WFLA.

Storey, Marshall, Leader, Hawaiian Beachcombers, KSTF.

Stott, Bill, Popular Soloist, WJJD, Chicago.

Stowman, Kenneth W., Publicity Director, WCAU.

Streeter, Ted, Boy Pianist and Orchestra Leader, KMOX. Began his Radio career at the age of 12 by playing solos on children's programs. The following year he organized a junior orchestra of ten boys. Now in high school. Pupil of Albert Wegman of St. Louis.

Straight, Charlie's Orchestra, NBC, Chicago.

Straka, Emil, KSTP, First Violin, National Battery Symphony orchestra.

Stratton, Mrs. Emily, KSTP, Character Actress, Member Advisory Board, KSTP Players.

Streater, Ted, Boy Pianist, KMOX.

Strigl, Robert, Announcer, WMAK.

Stringer, Mrs. John A., Contralto, WSUN.

String Pickers, Hawaiian Instrumental, WWJ.

Strolling Guitarists, two guitars on WLS. Music from Waikiki or blues from St. Louis. Both from Hawaii.

Strout, Everett M., KSTP, Chief of Traffic Department, Remote Control Supervisor.

Strout, R. D., Operator, WBAA.

Stubbs, Williams, Baritone, WFLA.

Stucky, Lou, Contralto, WFLA.

Sudduth, Naufleet, Classical Pianist, WBRC.

Sullivan, Jerry, Director of WSBC. Who does not remember Wee Caw-Go. Yes, that was Jerry Sullivan, and he began announcing way back when. At the present time he is putting WSBC on the Radio map. When his cheery voice is absent from the station, he is away singing in vaudeville. Jerry is one of the best of Blues Singers, and has written songs of his own.



Sumner, Everett, Tenor, WSUN.

Sumner, William, Pianist, KVOO.

Sunderman, Lloyd, Bass Soloist, KSTP.

Sunny Jim and His Band, WDAF.

Sunny Tennessee Quartet. This quartet, which is very popular throughout the middle section of the United States, will be heard over WLAC each Saturday evening throughout the coming fall and winter season. It is composed of the following members: Mrs. Herman Myatt, Soprano; Eva Thompson Jones, Contralto; Harry Walters, Bass; George Nevins, Tenor, Louise Shields, Accompanist, WLAC.

Superiod, Fred, Lyric Tenor, KWK.

Sutcliffe, Lillian, Assistant to Sales Manager, KSTP.

Sutherland, George, WLW Announcer, deserted the management of small Radio stations for the experience to be gained working for the station that claims to be the most independent.

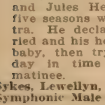
Sutherland, George L., Jr., WPTF'S Manager. Has announced in the past from WBZ, WDBO, WMBF, WSEA.

Sutoff, Helen, Contralto Soloist, KSTP.

Sutton, Violetta Boswel, Assistant Supervisor of Literary Research, WBAL. From the newspaper and advertising fields Miss Sutton came into radio work, joining the staff of WBAL a year ago. Prior to coming to Baltimore she had served on the Sunday Editorial Staff of one of Philadelphia's largest newspapers, and as copy writer in the Advertising Departments of leading firms in Newark, N. J., and in Washington, D. C. Miss Sutton has traveled extensively and was the originator of a series of travel talks which were broadcast over WBAL last season and which took listeners on the famous Mediterranean Cruise. She assists in writing continuity and program annotations at this station and she also does considerable research work. She is a native of Philadelphia.

Swanson, Helen, Office Manager and Secretary to the Manager, KSTP.
Swanson, Nels, Bass Soloist, KSTP.
Swartwood, H. M., Announcer, KEX.
Sweat, Hazel, Violinist Ensemble, WBRC.
Sweeney, Mrs. Louis, Whistler, WLAC.
Sweeney, Robert, Bass, WFLA.
Sweetser, Norman, Announcer-Baritone, NBC, New York.
Swenson, Nels, KSTP, Bass Soloist, Member National Male Four. Closing 18th year as concert singer. Numerous tours Orpheum and Keith circuits. Has entertained on both WEAF and WJZ.
Swerdlow, Lew, Trumpet, Jules Herbuveaux' KYW orchestra. Born in Riga, Russia (now Latvia), in 1905. Came to America in 1912 and studied music in this country with Edward B. Llewellyn, distinguished first trumpet with the Chicago Symphony orchestra. A few of the famous orchestras he has played with in theatre, cafe and radio are Ted Edwards, Benny Meroff, and Jules Herbuveaux, not to forget his five seasons with the Chicago Civic orchestra. He declares he's happy though married and his hobby is walking the floor with baby, then trying to find the studio next day in time to play the Merrymaker's matinee.
Sykes, Lewellyn, Pianist, WJBY.
Symphonic Male Quartet, WADC.

TABOR, Dean, Announcer, WORC.
Taggart, Dorothy, Soprano, Office Assistant, KOMO.
Talbot, Bryce, Baritone, Character Singer. Known for his Gilbert & Sullivan and musical comedy programs, WGN.
Talbot, Freeman, Announcer - Director KOA. The friendly atmosphere at KOA, Denver, is for the most part due to the genial disposition of Mr. Talbot, the Director. He is, also, one of those announcers who has broadcast everything and from every place. He has broadcast from the depths of mines and from the tops of mountains. He also directs the KOA Minstrels which have been winning so many Radio laurels the last few years; also with the KOA Light Opera Co. and the Arcadians Mixed Quartet. The Radio Rodeo, one of the biggest Radio productions in the last few years, was also directed by Mr. Talbot. He manages to infuse some of the western atmosphere into the station. All the programs have a distinct individuality.



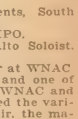
Tall, Broughton, Supervisor of Literary Research, WBAL. A college man who has realized the many opportunities opened by the comparatively new field of Radio broadcasting work. Mr. Tall has always done literary work, having a number of plays and one-act sketches to his credit. Following his Columbia University days he joined the staff of one of Baltimore's leading newspapers as dramatic critic; he is now dramatic correspondent for several newspapers and magazines in addition to handling and supervising the Literary Research work for this station, a job to which he devotes the major portion of his time. Mr. Tall was the author of the Musical Scenarios which were broadcast with such success from this station a short while ago, and he writes the continuity and annotations for many of the Radio broadcasting features.
Tall, S. Broughton, Head of Musical and Literary Department. He is author of the "Musical Memories," WBAL.
Tank, Herbert F., Engineer, WWJ.
Tanksley, Louise, Contralto, WLAC.
Tanner, Earle, Staff Tenor and Announcer, KYW-KFKX. Native of Mt. Vernon, Ill. Came to Chicago in 1920 to study art. Did so at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts for four years and at the Audubon Tyler. Didn't work at it very long, but decided to study singing in December, 1925, and did so. Worked for Publix Theatres in 1925 and 1926 throughout the South and in 1927 went to New York and was put into an Orpheum Circuit Unit Show which toured both the Keith and Orpheum Circuits. Last September went South and worked for Publix again, also sang over WJAX in Jacksonville, Fla. Came to Chicago in December and went to work at this station. Is a staff tenor and announcer for KYW since March.
Tanner, Elmo, the "other" member of the "Tune Peddlers" at KYW. Fred Rose plays and sings to complete the team. Elmo heads from the southland, is "hitched," and admits both.
Tanner, Pearl King, NBC Actress at San Francisco.
Tarbell, Madge, the Girl Baritone, KSTP.
Tate, Mary Ellen, Blues Singer and Jazz Pianist, WBRC.
Taylor, Allen, Announcer, KWK.
Taylor, Bernice, Dramatic Soprano, KYW.
Taylor, Frank, Popular Pianist, KOIN.
Taylor, Gail, NBC Soprano at San Francisco.
Taylor, Glenhall, Pianist, Program Director, KTAB. Veteran of seven years, composer of popular song hits.
Taylor, Lee, Announcer, KDYL.
Taylor, Rose, Accompanist, WDAF.
Taylor, Victor, Junior Announcer, WSPD.
TeeGarden, Lewis, Chief Announcer, KEX.
Teel, Icey, Dramatic Reader, WOC.
Teel, John, NBC Baritone at San Francisco.
Teeter, Kenneth, Baritone, KOIN.
Teget, Leona, Flower and Domestic Science Talks, KMA.
Telch, Larry, WTMJ Sports Announcer and Head of the Milwaukee Journal, Secretary Hawkins Club for youngsters, which holds daily Radio meetings over WTMJ.
Tempie, O. D., Tenor, WOW.
Tennyson, Juanita, Soprano, the Original "all-around musical athlete." She has had an excellent musical education, is an experienced concert and operatic singer, but is not reluctant to do a popular number now and then.
Tepley, John, Bass, KOMO.
Teschion, Marion, Clarinet and Saxophone, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.
Tews, Jack, KSTP, Typple Player and College Entertainer.
Thaden, Zona Gale, Staff Pianist and Accompanist. Composer and Member of Pinellas Country System of Schools, WFLA.
The Musketeers Male Quartet, consisting of John Coolidge, first tenor; Jos. F. Breitweiser, second tenor; D. K. Howell, first bass, and H. T. Smutz, second bass, are a new feature over Station KMOX, and will be heard over that station each Monday evening from 6:30 to 7:00 P. M., beginning November 11. This well-known quartette have been featured over WGN, Chicago and KWK, St. Louis.
Thiede, Elsie, Soprano, Columbia Broadcasting System.
Third Infantry Band, Carl Dillon, Conductor, WCCO.
Thomas, Bob, Sports Announcer, KWK.
Thomas, Dolph, Chief Announcer, Studio Director, Baritone, KOIN.
Thomas, Fred, NBC Actor, San Francisco.
Thomas, Jesse, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.
Thomas, John Clare, Musical Director B'ham Southern College, Associated with WBRC.
Thomas, Lloyd C., Commercial Manager of Westinghouse Stations, early experience in Radio was secured at KFKX.
Thompson, Billy, Baritone, KVOO.
Thompson, Donald, Announcer, KPO.
Thompson, Fagan, Baritone, WLAC.
Thompson, Lloyd, KSTP, Cheer Leader, University of Minnesota, features on College Frolics.
Thompson, L. W., Saxophone, KVOO.
Thompson, Mae, Soprano, KFRC.
Thompson, R. Lee, Violinist, WADC.
Thompson, Ruth, Contralto, WSUN Quintet.
Thorgersen, Edward, Announcer, Pianist, Engineer, National Broadcasting Company.
Thornton, Henry, Organist, WOW.
Thorwald, John, Director-Announcer, WRR.
Three Doctors—WMAQ's these doctors, specialists in humor, harmony and hoakum, are Russell Pratt, Ransom Sherman and Joe Rudolph.
Three Foxy Grandmas, KSTP, Harmony Trio, sing both popular and old-time melodies. Combined ages total nearly 200 years. Mrs. Mathea Lund, first soprano: Mrs. Josephine Nash, mezzo-soprano; Mrs. Blanche J. Schaller, contralto.
Three Hired Men, Willy, Louie and Sammie, all of WLS. One short, one halfway, and one tall—plus a guitar. Sing a little bit of everything. From Sweden. Right names: Hill Hoagland, Dave Pearson, Eric Andreason.
Throm, Ludwig, Drums, WDAF.
Tidmarsh, Elmer, Sunday Organist, WGY.
Tillie the Toiler, Singer and Entertainer, KFEQ.
Tison, James F., Operator, WFLA.
Tison, J. Boykin, Chief Operator, WFLA.
Tison, Wallace, Director-Announcer. This genial Director of WFLA is a native Floridan, born in the northern part of the state during the Spanish - American War. He graduated in Radio at Harvard University. Mr. Tison brings to the microphone the wealth of his experiences as Radio operator, both during the World War and afterwards. Naturally enough his first experience in voice transmission was with the American destroyers. Evidently his tone quality was good even in those days, for after he left the U. S. Shipping Board, he belonged to the staff of WSB, and when the 500-watt equipment of this station was sold to Clearwater he took charge of it.



Tkach, Peter, Baritone Soloist, Russian Arte Troupe, Dancers, Musicans and Vocalists, KSTP.
Tobin, Carl, Tenor Balladist, KTAB.
Todd, Rev. John, Sunday Morning Service, WMAQ.
Tofalli, John, Accordionist, Pacific Coast Networks, National Broadcasting Company.
Toffoli, John, Featured Accordion Player, NBC, San Francisco Studios.
Tolloch, Laurence, NBC Actor at San Francisco.
Tolman, Clarence, Cow Boy Tenor, KPO. Learned to sing the cattle out of their wildness and amuse the coyotes as he hit the trail up in the Idaho hills. Finally landed on Broadway, starring in Schubert productions until he went West and signed up with KPO.
Tom and Jerry, Bob Lee, Ethel Warner, WHB.
Tom, Joe and Jack, Minstrel Men, WSM.
Tone, William, Trombonist, Melophonist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Topping, John D., Publicity Director, WWNC.
Torrey, Mrs. J. D., Pianist, WSM.
Totten, Hal, Sport Announcer. When the football season or the baseball comes around, the Daily News station, WMAQ, calls upon Hal Totten to do the announcing and for the season he leaves his editorial desk. Fans think no one can announce these two sports like Hal. As most of his five years of newspaper work has been spent writing sport copy, it is not queer that he should qualify in this capacity. He remembers football announcing when the Radio reporter faced a mike exposed to all sorts of weather and often the reception was spoiled by rain. Of course, now the announcers sit tranquilly behind glass and report each play undisturbed by the weather.



Totty, W. L., Banjoist, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.
Trabond, Mrs. Clifford, Soprano, KVOO.
Tramont, Charles, Announcer, NBC, New York.
Trapp, Merrill, Rhythmic Ditties, Red-Hot Jazz, Syncopated Ditties, Announcer, WTMJ.
Trask, George, Stringed Instruments, South Sea Islanders. NBC, New York.
Trautner, Elsa Behlow, Soprano, KPO.
Travers, Geraldine Rhodes, Contralto Soloist, WHAM.
Travers, Linus, Production Manager at WNAC is a Brown university graduate and one of the vital cogs in the success of WNAC and WEAN. In his hands is entrusted the various programs which go on the air, the majority of which come from his pen. As a continuity writer he has few, if any, peers. Linus' career has been brief in Radio, but his future appears exceptionally bright. He is in his early 20's and probably one of the youngest Radio associates in the country entrusted with so much responsibility.
Treadway, Al, announcer at WBRC since 1928. Recently he has composed two selections, "Waiting and Longing" and "Just One More Time." Al has a keen insight on human nature and has developed the Easy Hour and the Sunshine Special. He is known to the listeners as Al, Dr. Easy, and Uncle Happy. He is a quick thinker and has a keen sense of humor. His work on the Mid-Nite Hi-Lite program beginning at 12 o'clock on Saturday night has been outstanding.



Treble Clef Ensemble, KSTP. Mrs. J. H. Tucker, Director and Accompanist; Miss Gertrude Gray Smith and Madeline James, First Sopranos; Mrs. Ruth S. White and Miss Irma Meili, Second Sopranos; Mrs. Walter Homes and Mrs. G. Gardener Stahle, Altos, all Members of the Schubert Club, a musical organization in St. Paul.
Tremaine, Howard, Character Actor, KSTP Players.
Trentham, Anna, Home Economics Authority, WBAL. Was born in the hills of Tennessee and received her technical training from the George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville. Did extension work in the schools of her native state and in North Carolina prior to coming to Baltimore as Director of the Bureau of Home Economics for a large public utilities corporation. Now broadcasts from the WBAL Radio Cookery Messons and household talks once a week, during which brides and older housewives are given some timely suggestions on how to keep their husbands satisfied.
Trousdale, Mrs. Wilma, Pianist, WLAC.
Truthful, James, causes more laughs with his whopping big stories heard over WIBW, following the Kansas Farmer Old Time Orchestra, than any other single entertainer. In real life he is J. M. Parks, manager of the Capper Clubs. He is in height about 7 feet, and possesses a sense of humor which endears him to the hearts of his Radio audience.
Tschantz, Evelyn Myers, Soprano, WADC.
Tucker, Bobby, Juvenile Concert Pianist, WFLA.
Tucker, Tommy, Entertainer, Ukelele Artist, WAAW.
Tuelser, Mrs. J. H., Contralto Soloist, KSTP.
Tully, Dorothy, Sopano Soloist, WHAM.
Tulsa Community Chorus, KVOO.
Tulsa Symphony Male Quartet, KVOO.
Tulsa Symphony Orchestra, KVOO.
Tunkle, Eph, Pianist and Composer, WBRC.

Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the May Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency, Wave Length and Operation Hours Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths and State and City Index Tables on Pages 100 to 103

K

KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
KDB...Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL...Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK....Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ.....Boone, Ia.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF...Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
KFLX.....Galveston, Tex.
KFMX....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM....Greenville, Texas
KFPW..Wiloan Springs, Ark.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD...Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC...San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU....Columbia, Mo.
KFSD....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM..Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
KFVD....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI...San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM.....Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF.....Fowler, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
KGAR.....Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
KGAR.....Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ.....York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCU.....Concordia, Kans.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wida, Mont.
KGDA....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Sterling, Colo.
KGER....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFJ....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX...Sand Point, Idaho
KGO.....Oakland, Calif.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Tex.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR.....Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
KOB....State College, N. M.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF....Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
KREG.....Santa Anna, Calif.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD.....Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
KSL...Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO.....Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC....Richmond, Texas
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
KTSU.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT.....Austin, Tex.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
KWWG...Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WADC.....Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
WASH...Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA.West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
WBAP....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
WBBR....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBZ.....Nenzel, O.
WBBY....Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WBNY....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW...Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC....Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
WCAB....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
WCAM....Camden, N. J.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
WCAP....Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU....Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
WCBM....Baltimore, Md.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
WCCO...Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
WCGU...Coney Island, N. Y.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridan, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCGH....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
WDAF....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY...Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD...Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN....Providence, R. I.
WEAO.....Columbus, O.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
WEBE.....Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA.....Dallas, Tex.
WFAN....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ.....Collgeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM....Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW....Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC.....Akron, O.
WFKD....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
WGBG.....Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
WGH....Newport News, Va.
WGHP.....Detroit, Mich.
WGL.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS....St. Paul. Minn.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
WGY....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
WHAD....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP....New York City
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
WHAT....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY...West DePere, Wis.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
WHDH....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK.....Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP..Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WHAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
WIBR....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC....Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
WILM....Wilmington, Del.
WINR....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WIRO.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR....Providence, R. I.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX....Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY.....Cleveland, O.
WJAZ.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
WJBO....New Orleans, La.
WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD.....Chicago, Ill.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
WJSV....Washington, D. C.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio.
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ..San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.....Webster, Mass.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN.....Youngstown, O.
WKBO....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP..Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
WKBW....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, O.
WKY..Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF....Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL..Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX....Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
WLSI....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL..Washington, D. C.
WMAN....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
WMBD.....Peoria, Ill.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM....Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.

WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT.....Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
WNAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH...New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN...Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT...Union City, Tenn.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
WOC.....Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI.....Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD...Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC....Worcester, Mass.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW.....Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
WPSC....State College, Pa.
WPSW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Utica, Miss.
WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.
WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Ireland, Pa.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.

WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC.....Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBF.....Tifton, Ga.
WRBJ....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC....Washington, D. C.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
WRK.....Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY.....New York City
WRR.....Dallas, Tex.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....So. Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
WSOA.....Chicago, Ill.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN...St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
WTAW...College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.

WWNC....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B.C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericktown, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc. 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CJRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CHUC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.

CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCH, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Official Wave Lengths

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFJ	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.1	1,480	5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
202.6	1,480	5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WSOA	Deerfield, Ill.
204	1,470	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WCBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFXM	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAF	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBB	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		100-250	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz.
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		50	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Erie, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont.
		250	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		300	WQBC	Utica, Miss.
		250	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
225.4	1,330	2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
		1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diega, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGID	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Anna, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla.
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-KTSM	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Frankford, Pa.
		15	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WMBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		100	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		20	WRBI	Tilton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
		500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
230.6	1,300	500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWG	Brownwood, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFNX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		500	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WTIC	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
243.8	1,230	100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
		100	KFOD	Anchorage, Alaska.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatche, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCGU	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBO	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFIC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
253	1,180	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		20,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
		10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Tex.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
270.1	1,110	2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
		5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		5,000	WBWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	KCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		1,000	WKAR	East Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WKEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
293.9	1,020	50,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WRAX	Philadelphia
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.

The Turning Wheel

For May

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

A STORY of classic simplicity.

The POOR Boy, his Factory Girl Fiancee, and the Rich Girl, and the Rich Girl's very rich and intolerant father.

It starts in London, grows in America and reaches its most surprising climax in London.

You can't anticipate it. It will end differently than you would expect but you will be just as well pleased.

Read this delightful story by this internationally famous author in his very best and inspired vein.

In the MAY Radio Digest.

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		500	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250	WILL	Urbana, Ill. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		5,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Cleaswater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WCBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

State and City Index With New Waves

Alabama

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1,140	5,000
	WBRC	322.4	930	1,000d 500n
	WKBC	228.9	1,310	100
Gadsden	WJBY	247.8	1,210	50

Arizona

Flagstaff	KFXY	211.1	1,420	100
Phoenix	KTAR	483.6	620	500
	KREP	483.6	620	500
	KOY	215.7	1,390	500
Prescott	KPJM	199.9	1,500	100
Tucson	KGAR	218.8	1,370	100
	KVOA	238	1,260	500

Arkansas

Blytheville	KLCN	232.4	1,290	50
Fayetteville	KUOA	215.7	1,390	1,000
Hot Springs	KTHS	288.3	1,040	10,000
Little Rock	KGHI	249.9	1,200	100
	KGJF	336.9	890	250
	KLRA	215.7	1,390	1,000
McGehee	KGHG	228.9	1,310	50
Siloam Springs	KFPW	223.7	1,340	50

California

Berkeley	KRE	218.8	1,370	100
Beverly Hills	KEJK	422.3	710	500
Burbank	KELW	384.4	780	500
Culver City	KFVD	299.8	1,000	250
El Centro	KXO	249.9	1,200	100
Fresno	KMJ	247.8	1,210	100
Hayward	KZM	218.8	1,370	100
Hollywood	KFQZ	348.6	860	250
	KFWB	315.6	950	1,000
	KMTR	526	570	500
	KNX	285.5	1,050	5,000
	KGER	220.4	1,360	100
Holy City	KFEC	211.1	1,420	100
Inglewood	KMIC	267.7	1,120	500
Long Beach	KFOX	239.9	1,250	1,000
	KGER	220.4	1,360	250
Los Angeles	KFI	468.5	640	5,000
	KECA	211.1	1,420	1,000
	KFSG	267.7	1,120	500
	KGEF	230.6	1,300	1,000
	KGFJ	249.9	1,200	100
	KHJ	333.1	900	1,000
	KTBI	230.6	1,300	750
Oakland	KFWM	322.4	930	1,000d 500n
	KGO	379.5	790	7,500
	KLS	208.2	1,440	250
	KLX	340.7	880	500
	KTAB	545.1	550	500
Ontario	KFWC	249.9	1,200	100
Pasadena	KPPC	247.8	1,210	50
	KPSN	220.4	1,360	1,000
Sacramento	KFBK	228.9	1,310	100
San Bernardino	KFXM	247.8	1,210	100
San Diego	KFSD	499.7	600	500
San Francisco	KFRC	491.5	610	1,000
	KFWI	322.4	930	500
	KGB	225.4	1,330	250
	KJBS	280.2	1,070	100
	KPO	440.4	680	5,000
	KYA	283.8	1,230	1,000
San Jose	KQW	296.9	1,010	500
Santa Ana	KREG	227.1	1,320	1,000
Santa Barbara	KTMS	199.9	1,500	100
San Bernardino	KFXM	247.8	1,210	100
Santa Maria	KSMR	249.9	1,200	100
Santa Monica	KTM	384.4	780	1,000d 500n
Stockton	KGDM	272.6	1,200	50 Day
	KWG	249.9	1,200	100
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1,490	10,000

Colorado

Colorado Springs	KFUM	236.1	1,270	1,000
Denver	KFEL	325.9	920	500
	KFUP	224.9	1,310	100
	KFXF	325.9	920	500
	KLZ	535.4	560	1,000
	KOA	322.2	830	12,500
	KPOF	340.7	880	500
Edgewater	KFXJ	228.9	1,310	50
Fort Morgan	KGEW	249.9	1,200	100
Greeley	KFKA	340.7	880	1,000d 500n
Gunnison	KFHA	249.9	1,200	50
Pueblo	KGHF	227.1	1,320	500d 250n
Trinidad	KGIW	211.1	1,420	100
Yuma	KGEK	249.9	1,200	50

Connecticut

Easton	WICC	252	1,190	500
Hartford	WTIC	282.8	1,060	50,000
Storrs	WCAC	499.7	600	250
New Haven	WDRC	283.4	1,330	500

Delaware

Wilmington	WDEL	267.7	1,120	350d 250n
	WILM	211.1	1,420	100

District of Columbia

Washington	NAA	434.5	690	1,000
	WMAL	475.9	630	500d 250n
	WJSV	205.4	1,460	10,000
	WRC	315.6	950	500
	WOL	228	1,310	100

Florida

Clearwater	WFLA	483.6	620	2,500d 1,000n
Gainesville	WRUF	204	1,470	5,000
Jacksonville	WJAX	238	1,260	1,000
Lakeland	WMBL	228.9	1,310	100
Miami	WQAM	241.8	1,240	1,000
Miami Beach	WIOD	535.4	560	1,000
	WMBF	535.4	560	500
Orlando	WDBO	267.7	1,120	1,000d 500n
Pensacola	WCOA	223.7	1,340	500
Sarasota	WSIS	296.9	1,010	250
St. Petersburg	WSUN	333.1	900	2,500d 1,000n
Tampa	WDAE	245.8	1,220	1,000
	WMBR	247.8	1,210	100

Georgia

Atlanta	WGST	336.9	890	250
	WSB	405.2	740	1,000
Columbus	WRBL	249.9	1,200	50
Macon	WMAZ	336.9	890	500d 250n
Toccoa	WTFI	206.8	1,450	250

Idaho

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Boise	KIDO	202.6	1,480	5,000
Jerome	KFXD	211.1	1,420	50
Idaho Falls	KID	227.1	1,320	500d 250n
Pocatello	KSEI	333.1	900	250
Twin Falls	KGIQ	227.1	1,320	250

Illinois

Batavia	WORD	202.6	1,480	5,000
Carthage	WCAZ	280.2	1,070	50
Chicago	KYW-KFKX	293.9	1,020	50,000
	WAAF	325.9	920	500
	WBBM-WJBT	389.4	770	25,000
	WCFL	309.1	970	1,500
	WCRW	247.8	1,210	100
	WEDC	247.8	1,210	100
	WENR	344.6	870	50,000
	WGES	220.4	1,360	500
	WGN	416.4	720	15,000
	WHFC	258.9	1,310	100
	WIBO	526	570	1,500d 1,000n
	WJAZ	202.6	1,480	5,000
	WJJD	265.3	1,130	20,000
	WKBI	228.9	1,310	50
	WLS	344.6	870	5,000
	WMAQ	447.5	670	5,000
	WMBI	277.6	1,080	5,000
	WORD	249.9	1,200	5,000
	WPCC	526	570	500
	WSBC	247.8	1,210	100
	WJBL	249.9	1,200	100
Decatur	WSOA	202.6	1,480	5,000
Deerfield	WEHS	211.1	1,420	100
Evanston	WCBS	228.9	1,310	100
Galesburg	WLBO	228.9	1,310	100
Joliet	WCLS	228.9	1,310	100
	WJBC	228.9	1,310	100
La Salle	WJBC	249.9	1,200	100
Peoria Heights	WMBD	208.2	1,440	1,000d 500n
Prospect	WJAS	202.6	1,480	5,000
Quincy	WTAD	208.2	1,440	500
Rockford	WROK	212.6	1,410	500
Rock Island	WHBF	247.8	1,210	100
Springfield	WCBS	247.8	1,210	100
Streator	WTAX	247.8	1,210	50
Tuscola	WDZ	249.9	1,200	100
Urbana	WILL	336.9	890	500d 250n
Zion	WCBD	277.6	1,080	5,000

Indiana

Anderson	WHBU	247.8	1,210	100
Connersville	WKBV	199.9	1,500	250d 100n
Culver	WCMA	214.2	1,400	500
Evansville	WGBF	475.9	630	500
Ft. Wayne	WGL	218.8	1,370	100
	WOWO	258.5	1,160	10,000
Gary	WJKS	220.4	1,360	1,250d 500n
Hammond	WWAE	249.9	1,200	100
Indianapolis	WFMB	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WKBF	214.2	1,400	500
La Porte	WKVC	249.9	1,200	100
Marion	WJAK	228.9	1,310	50
Muncie	WLBC	228.9	1,310	50
So. Bend	WSBT	243.8	1,230	560
Terre Haute	WBOW	228.9	1,310	100

Iowa

Ames	WOI	535.4	560	5,000
Boone	KFGQ	228.9	1,310	100
Cedar Rapids	KWCR	249.9	1,200	100
Clarinda	KSO	217.3	1,380	500
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1,260	1,000
Davenport	WOC	299.8	1,000	5,000
Decorah	KGCA	236.1	1,270	50
	KWLC	236.1	1,270	100
Des Moines	WHO	299.8	1,000	5,000
Fort Dodge	KFJY	228.9	1,310	100
Iowa City	WSUI	340.7	880	500
Marshalltown	KFJB	249.9	1,200	100
Muscatine	KTNT	256.3	1,170	5,000
Ottumwa	WIAS	211.1	1,420	100
Red Oak	KICK	211.1	1,420	100
Shenandoah	KFNF	336.9	890	500
	KMA	322.4	930	1,000d 500n
Sioux City	KSCJ	225.4	1,330	2,500d 1,000n
Waterloo	WMT	499.7	600	500

Kansas

Concordia	KGCN	211.1	1,420	50
Lawrence	KFKU	245.6	1,220	1,000
	WREN	245.6	1,220	1,000
Manhattan	KSAC	516.9	580	1,000d 500n
Milford	KFKB	285.5	1,050	5,000
Topeka	WIBW	230.6	1,300	2,500d 1,000n
Wichita	KFH	230.6	1,300	500

Kentucky

Covington	WCKY	202.1	1,480	5,000
Hopkinsville	WFIW	319	940	1,000
Louisville	WHAS	365.6	820	10,000
	WLAP	249.9	1,200	30

Louisiana

New Orleans	WABZ	249.9	1,200	100
	WDSU	239.9	1,250	1,000
	WJBO	211.1	1,420	100
	WJBW	249.9	1,200	30
	WSMB	227.1	1,320	500
	WWL	352.7	850	500
Shreveport	KTSL	249.9	1,310	100
	KRMD	228.9	1,310	50
	KTBS	206.8	1,450	1,000
	KWEA	247.8	1,210	100
	KWKH	352.7	850	10,000

Maine

Bangor	WABI	249.9	1,200	100
	WLBZ	483.6	620	500
Portland	WCSH	319	940	500

Maryland

Baltimore	WBAL	282.8	1,060	10,000
	WCAO	499.7	600	250
	WCBM	218.8	1,370	250d 100n
	WFBR	236.2	1,270	250
Cumberland	WTBO	211.1	1,420	50
Salisbury	WSMD	228.9	1,310	100

Massachusetts

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Boston	WBIS-WNAC	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WBZA	302.8	990	500
	WEEI	508.2	590	1,000
	WLOE	199.9	1,500	250d 100n
	WMES	199.9	1,500	50
	WSSH	220.4	1,360	250
Fall River	WSAR	206.8	1,450	250
Gloucester	WEPS	249.9	1,200	100
	WHDH	261.2	830	1,000
Lexington	WLEX	220.4	1,360	500
New Bedford	WNBH	228.9	1,310	100
South Dartmouth	WMAF	220.4	1,360	500
Springfield	WBZ	302.8	990	15,000
Wellesley Hills	WBSO	325.9	920	250
Worcester	WTAG	516.9	580	250
	WORC	249.9	1,200	100

Michigan

Battle Creek	WKBP	211.1	1,420	50
Bay City	WBCM	212.6	1,410	500
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508.2	590	1,000
Calumet	WHDF	218.8	1,370	1,000
Detroit	WJR	399.8	750	5,000
	WGHP	223.7	1,340	1,000
	WMBC	211.1	1,420	100
	WWJ	325.9	920	1,000
East Lansing	WKAR	288.3	1,040	1,000
Flint	WFDF	227.1	1,320	100
Grand Rapids	WASH	236.1	1,270	500
	WOOD	236.1	1,270	500
Jackson	WTRB	218.8	1,370	100
Lapeer	WMPC	199.9	1,500	100
Ludington	WKBZ	199.9	1,500	50
Royal Oak	WCAR	272.6	1,100	50
Ypsilanti	WJBK	218.8	1,370	50

Minnesota

Collegeville	WFBJ	218.8	1,370	100
Fergus Falls	KGDE	249.9	1,200	50
Hallock	KGFK	249.9	1,200	50
Minneapolis	WCCO	370.2	810	7,500
	WGDY	254.1	1,180	1,000
	WHDI	254.1	1,180	500
	WLB-KUOM	249.9	1,250	500
	WRHM	239.9	1,250	1,000
Northfield	KFMX	239.9	1,250	1,000
	WJBW	239.9	1,250	1,000
St. Paul	KSTP	205.4	1,460	10,000

Mississippi

Columbus	WCOC	340.7	880	1,000
Greenville	WRBQ	247.8	1,210	100
Gulfport	WGCM	247.8	1,210	100
Hattiesburg	WRBJ	236.1	1,270	10
Jackson	WJDX	236.1	1,270	1,000 1,000d 500n
Meridian	WCOC	340.7	880	1,000 500n
Utica	WQBC	220.4	1,360	300

Missouri

Cape Girardeau	KFVS	247.8	1,210	100
Columbia	KFRU	475.9	630	500 1,000d
Jefferson City	WOS	475.9	630	500n 250d
Joplin	WMBH	211.1	1,420	100n 2,500d
Kansas City	KMBC	315.6	950	1,000n
	KWKC	218.8	1,370	100
	WDAF	491.5	610	1,000
	WHB	348.6	860	500
	WLBL	535.4	560	1,000
	WOQ	491.5	610	1,000
Kirksville	KTKZ	249.9	1,200	15
St. Joseph	KGBX	340.7	880	2,500
	KGBX	228.9	1,310	100
St. Louis	KFUO	545.1	550	1,000d 500n
	KFWF	249.9	1,200	100
	KMOX	275.1	1,090	5,000
	KSD	545.1	550	1,000
	KWK	222.1	1,350	1,000
	WEW	394.5	760	1,000 250d
	WIL	249.9	1,200	100n 250d
	WMAY	249.9	1,200	100n

Montana

Billings	KGHL	315.6	950	250
Butte	KGIR	220.4	1,360	250
Great Falls	KFBB	220.4	1,360	1,000
Havre	KFBB	220.4	1,360	500
Kalispell	KGEZ	228.9	1,310	100
Missoula	KGHD	211.1	1,420	50
Vida	KGCX	211.1	1,420	10

Nebraska

Clay Center	KMMJ	405.2	740	1,000
Lincoln	KFAB	389.4	770	5,000
	KFOR	247.8	1,210	250d 100n
Lincoln	WCAJ	508.2	590	500
Norfolk	WJAG	282.8	1,060	1,000
Omaha	KAAW	454.3	660	500
	WOW	508.2	590	1,000
Ravenna	KGFW	288.9	1,310	50
York	KGBZ	322.4	930	1,000d 500n

New Hampshire

Laconia	WKAV	228.9	1,310	100
Tilton	WBRL	209.7	1,430	500

Nevada

Reno	KOH	218.8	1,370	100

New Jersey

Asbury Park	WCAP	234.2	1,280	500
Atlantic City	WPG	272.6	1,100	5,000
Camden	WCAM	234.2	1,280	500
Elizabeth	WIBS	206.8	1,450	250
Hackensack	WBMS	206.8	1,450	250
Hoboken	WNPG	370.2	810	500
Jersey City	WAAT	280.2	1,070	300
	WKBO	206.8	1,450	250
Newark	WAAM	239.9	1,250	2,000d 1,000n
	WGCP	239.9	1,250	250
	WNJ	206.8	1,450	250
	WOR	422.3	710	5,000
Palisade	WPAP	296.9	1,010	250
	WQAO	296.9	1,010	250
Paterson	WODA	239.9	1,250	1,000
Red Bank	WJBI	247.8	1,210	100
Trenton	WOAX	234.2	1,280	500

New Mexico

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Albuquerque	KGGM	243.8	1,230	500
Raton	KGFL	218.8	1,370	50
State College	KOB	254.1	1,180	20,000

New York

Amherst	WKBW	204	1,470	5,000
Auburn	WMBO	218.8	1,370	100
Bay Shore	WINW	204.8	1,210	100
Binghamton	WNBF	199.9	1,500	50
Brooklyn	WBBC	214.2	1,400	500
	WLTH	214.2	1,400	500
	WMBQ	199.9	1,500	100
	WSGH-WSDA	214.2	1,400	500
				200d
Buffalo	WEBR	228.9	1,310	100n
	WGR	545.1	550	750
	WKBW	204	1,470	5,000
	WKEN	288.3	1,040	1,000
	WMAK	333.1	900	750
	WSVS	218.8	1,370	50
Canton	WCAD	245.6	1,220	500
Cazenovia	WMAC	526	570	250
Coney Island	WCGU	214.2	1,400	500
Freeport	WGBB	247.8	1,210	100
Ithaca	WEAI	236.1	1,270	500
	WLCI	247.8	1,210	50
Jamaica	WMRJ	241.4	1,420	10
Jamestown	WOCL	247.8	1,210	25
Long Beach	WCLB	199.9	1,500	100
Long Island	WLBJ	199.9	1,500	100
New York City	WABC-WBOQ	348.6	860	5,000
	WBNY	222.1	1,350	250
	WCDA	395.3	760	250
	WEAF	454.3	660	50,000
				500d
	WGBS	499.7	600	250n
	WHAP	230.1	1,300	1,000
	WHN	296.9	1,010	250
	WJZ	394.5	760	30,000
	WKBQ	222.1	1,350	250
	WLWL	272.6	1,100	5,000
	WMCA	526	570	500
	WMSG	222.1	1,350	250
	WNYC	526	570	500
	WOV	265.3	1,130	1,000
	WQAO	296.9	1,010	250
	WRNY	296.9	1,010	500
Patchogue	WPOE	211.1	1,420	30
Poughkeepsie	WOKO	208.2	1,440	500
Richmond Hill	WBOQ	348.6	860	5,000
Rochester	WCAM	260.7	1,150	5,000
	WHEC-WABO	206.2	1,440	500
	WNBQ	199.9	1,500	15
Rossville	WBBR	230.3	1,300	1,000
Saranac Lake	WNBZ	232.4	1,290	50
Schenectady	WGY	379.5	790	50,000
So. Yonkers	WCOH	247.8	1,210	100
Syracuse	WFBL	263.1	900	750
	WSYR	526	570	250
Troy	WHAZ	230.6	1,300	500
				300d
Utica	WIBX	249.9	1,200	100n
Woodhaven	WEVD	230.6	1,300	500
Woodside	WWRL	199.9	1,500	100

North Carolina

Asheville	WWNC	526	570	1,000
Charlotte	WBT	277.6	1,080	5,000
Gastonia	WRBU	247.8	1,210	100
Greensboro	WNRC	208.2	1,440	500
Raleigh	WPTF	440.9	680	1,000
Wilmington	WRBT	218.8	1,370	100

North Dakota

Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550	500
Devils Lake	KDLR	247.8	1,210	100
Fargo	WDAY	319	940	1,000
Grand Forks	KFJM	218.8	1,370	100
Minndan	KGCU	249.9	1,200	100
Minot, N. D.	KLPM	211.1	1,420	100

Ohio

Akron	WADC	227.1	1,320	1,000
	WFJC	206.8	1,450	500
Bellefontaine	WHBD	218.8	1,370	100
Cambridge	WEBE	247.8	1,210	100
Canton	WHBC	249.9	1,200	10
Cincinnati	WFBE	399.8	750	500
	WKRC	545.1	550	500
	WLW	428.3	700	50,000
	WSAI	325.4	1,330	500
Cleveland	WEAR	280.2	1,070	1,000
	WHK	215.7	1,390	1,000
	WJAY	491.5	610	500
	WTAM	280.2	1,070	50,000
Columbus	WAIU	468.5	640	5,000
	WCAH	209.7	1,430	500
	WEAO	526	570	750
	WMAN	247.8	1,210	50
Dayton	WSMK	217.3	1380	200
Hamilton	WRK	228.9	1,310	100
Mansfield	WJW	247.8	1,210	100
Middletown	WSAD	211.1	1,420	100
Springfield	WCSO	206.8	1,450	500
Steubenville	WIBR	211.1	1,420	50
				1,000d
Toledo	WSPD	241.8	1,240	500n
Youngstown	WKBN	526	570	500

Oklahoma

Alva	KGFF	211.1	1,420	100
				250d
Chickasha	KOCW	214.2	1,400	250n
Enid	KCRC	218.8	1,370	250d
				100n
Norman	WNAD	296.9	1,010	500
Oklahoma City	KFJF	204	1,470	5,000
	KFXR	228.9	1,310	100
	KGFG	218.8	1,370	100
	WKY	333.1	900	1,000
Picher	KGGF	296.9	1,010	500
Ponca City	WBBZ	248.9	1,200	100
Tulsa	KVOO	263	1,140	5,000

Oregon

Astoria	KFJI	218.8	1,370	100
Corvallis	KOAC	546.1	550	1,000
Eugene	KORE	211.1	1,420	100
Marshfield	KOOS	218.8	1,370	50
Medford	KMED	228.9	1,310	50
Portland	KEX	254.1	1,180	5,000
	KFIF	211.1	1,420	100
	KFJR	230.6	1,300	500
	KGW	483.6	620	1,000
	KOIN	319	940	1,000
	KTBR	230.6	1,300	500
	KVEP	199.9	1,500	15
	KWJJ	282.8	1,060	500
	KXL	211.1	1,420	100

Pennsylvania

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Allentown	WCBA	208.2	1,440	250
	WSAN	208.2	1,440	250
Altoona	WFBG	228.9	1,310	100
Carbondale	WNBW	249.9	1,200	10
Elkin's Park	WIBG	322.4	930	50
Erie	WEDH	211.1	1,420	30
	WRAK	218.8	1,370	50
Frankford	WFKD	228.9	1,310	50
Grove City	WSAJ	228.9	1,310	100
Harrisburg	WBAK	209.7	1,430	500
	WCOD	249.9	1,200	100
	WHP	209.7	1,430	500
Johnstown	WJAC	228.9	1,310	100
Lancaster	WGAL	228.9	1,310	15
	WKJC	249.9	1,200	100
Lewisburg	WJBU	247.8	1,210	100
				1,000d
Oil City	WLBW	238	1,260	500n
Philadelphia	WCAU	256.3	1,170	10,000
	WELK	218.8	1,370	100
	WFAN	491.5	610	500
	WFI	535.4	560	500
	WHBW	199.9	1,500	100
	WIP	491.5	610	500
	WLIT	535.4	560	500
	WNAT	228.9	1,310	100
	WPEN	199.9	1,500	250n
				100d
	WRAX	293.9	1,020	250
Pittsburgh	KDKA	309.5	980	50,000
	KQV	217.3	1380	500
	WCAE	245.8	1,220	1,000
	WJAS	232.4	1,290	1,000
	WMBJ	199.9	1,500	100
Reading	WRAW	228.9	1,310	100
Scranton	WGBI	340.7	880	250
	WQAN	340.7	880	250
State College	WPSC	243.8	1,230	500
Washington	WNBO	249.9	1,200	100
	WBBE	228.9	1,310	100
Willow Grove	WALK	199.9	1,500	50

Box Car George

SPRING is here and Box Car George wants to know whether Indi-Gest will be coming back for his old column of patter, banter and razz with occasional zooms and loops into good and bad poetry.

There's the Red Headed Girl and the Night Herd and Icicle Ike and the Third Trombone who used to contribute regularly—maybe they would like to gather round once more. Anyhow, if Radio Digest gets enough encouragement Indi might breeze in and blossom out around another pillar of wit and mirth in some near future issue.

How about it?

Rhode Island

Cranston	WDWF	247.8	1,210	100
Newport	WMBA	199.9	1,500	100
Pawtucket	WPAW	247.8	1,210	100
Providence	WEAN	384.4	780	250
	WJAR	336.9	890	250

South Carolina

Charleston	WBBY	240.9	1,200	75

South Dakota

Brookings	KFDY	545.5	550	1,000
	KGCR	247.8	1,210	100
Dell Rapids	KGDA	218.8	1,370	50
Oldham	KGDY	249.9	1,200	15
Pierre	KGFX	516.9	580	200
Rapid City	WCAT	249.9	1,200	100
Sioux Falls	KSOO	270.1	1,110	2,500
				750d
Vermilion	KUSD	336.9	890	500n
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1,000

Tennessee

Bristol	WOPI	199.9	1,500	100
				2,500d
Chattanooga	WDOD	234.2	1,280	1,000n
Knoxville	WFBC	249.9	1,200	50
	WNBJ	228.9	1,310	50
				2,000d
	WNOX	535.4	560	1,000n
Lawrenceburg	WOAN	499.7	600	500
Memphis	WGBC	209.7	1,430	500
	WHBQ	218.8	1,370	100
				1,000d
	WMC	384.4	780	500n
	WNBR	209.7	1,430	500
				1,000d
	WREC	499.7	600	500n
Nashville	WTNT	201.6	1,490	5,000
	WLAC	201.2	1,490	5,000
	WSM	461.3	650	5,000
Springfield	WSIX	247.8	1,210	100
				250d
Union City	WOBT	228.9	1,310	100n

Texas

	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Abilene	KFYO	211.1	1,420	250d
				100n
Amarillo	KGRS	211.6	1,410	1,000
	WDAG	212.6	1,410	250
Beaumont	KFDM	535.4	560	1,000d
				500n
Brownsville	KWWG	238	1,260	500
Brownwood	KGKB	199.9	1,500	100
College Station	KPRC	267.7	1,120	500
	WTAW	267.1	1,120	500
Corpus Christi	KGFI	199.9	1,500	100
Dallas	KRLD	288.3	1,040	10,000
	WFAA	374.8	800	5,000
	WRR	234.2	1,280	500
Dublin	KFPL	238.9	1,310	15
El Paso	WDAH-KTSM	228.9	1,310	100
Fort Worth	KFJZ	218.8	1,370	100
	KSAT	241.8	1,240	1,000
	WBAP	374.8	800	50,000
Galveston	KFLX	247.8	1,210	100
	KUAL	232.4	1,290	500
Greenville	KFPM	228.9	1,310	15
Harlingen	KRGV	238	1,260	100
Houston	KPRC	325.9	920	1,000
	KTUE	211.1	1,420	100
Richmond	KGHX	199.9	1,500	50
	KGKL	218.8	1,370	100
	KTLC	199.9	1,500	50
San Antonio	KGCI	218.8	1,370	100
	KONO	218.8	1,370	100
	KTAP	211.1	1,420	100
				2,000d
	KTSA	232.4	1,290	1,000n
	WOAI	252	1,190	5,000
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1,240	1,000
Wichita Falls	KGKO	526	570	500d
				250n

Utah

Salt Lake City	KDYL	232.4	1,290	1,000
	KSL	265.3	1,130	5,000

Vermont

Burlington	WCAX	249.9	1,200	100
Springfield	WNBX	249.9	1,200	10

Virginia

Mt. Vernon Hills	WJSV	205.4	1,460	10.000
Newport News	WGH	228.9	1,310	100
Norfolk	WPOR	384.4	780	500
	WPOR	384.4	780	500
	WTAR	384.4	780	500
Petersburg	WLBG	249.9	1,200	250d
Richmond	WBBL	218.8	1,370	100n
	WMBG	247.8	1,210	100
	WRVA	256.3	1,110	5,000
	WTAZ	247.8	1,210	150
Roanoke	WDBJ	322.4	930	500d
	WRBX	322.4	930	250n

Washington

Aberdeen	KXRO	211.1	1,420	75
Bellingham	KVOS	249.9	1,200	100
Everett	KRKL	218.8	1,370	50
Lacey	KGY	249.9	1,200	50d
				10n
Longview	KUJ	199.9	1,500	100
Pullman	KWSC	245.8	1,220	500
Seattle	KFQW	211.1	1,420	100
	KJR	309.1	970	5,000
	KKP	211.1	1,420	15
	KOL	236.1	1,270	1,000
	KOMO	249.9	920	1,000
	KPCB	247.8	1,210	100
	KRSC	267.7	1,120	50
	KTW	236.1	1,260	1,000
	KVL	218.8	1,370	100
	KXA	526	570	500
Spokane	KFIO	243.8	1,230	100
	KFPY	223.7	1,340	500
	KGA	204	1,470	5,000
	KHQ	508.2	590	1,000
				1,000d
Tacoma	KMO	348.6	860	500n
	KVI	394.5	760	1,000
Wenatchee	KPQ	247.8	1,210	50
Yakima	KIT	228.9	1,310	50

West Virginia

Charleston	WOBU	516.9	580	250
Fairmont	WMMN	336.9	890	500d
				250n
Huntington	WSAZ	516.9	580	250
Weirton	WOBZ	211.1	1,420	60
Wheeling	WWVA	258.5	1,160	5,000

Wisconsin

Beloit	WEBW	535.4	560	500
Eau Claire	WTAQ	225.4	1,330	1,000
Fond du Lac	KFIZ	211.1	1,420	100
Kenosha	WCLO	249.9	1,200	100
La Crosse	WKBH	217.3	1,380	1,000
Madison	WHA	319	940	750
	WIBA	247.8	1,210	100
Manitowoc	WOMT	247.8	1,210	100
Milwaukee	WHAD	267.7	1,120	250
	WISN	267.7	1,120	250
				2,500d
	WTMJ	483.6	620	1,000n
Poynette	WIBU	228.9	1,310	100
Racine	WRJN	218.8	1,370	100
Sisiht	WBAR	270.1	1,110	500
Sheboygan	WHBC	212.6	1,410	500
Stevens Point	WLBL	333.1	900	2,000
Superior	WEBC	232.4	1,290	1,000
West De Pere	WHBY	249.9	1,200	100

Alaska

Anchorage	KFQD	243.8	1,230	100
Juneau	KFIU	228.9	1,310	10
Ketchikan	KGBU	333.1	900	500

Hawaii

Honolulu	KGHB	227.1	1,320	250
	KGU	319	940	500

Philippines

Manila	KZIB	260	1,153	20

Porto Rico

San Juan	WKAQ	336.9	890	500

Go East With Your Voice

(Continued from page 18)

most facetious bit of consolation combined with criticism I have ever heard.

"'Glenn,' said he, 'that was the loudest noise I ever heard in any theatre.'

"No one could blame me for accepting the first opportunity to forget that debut by taking a prolonged vacation from the scene of my defeat—for defeat it was to me, since nothing ever came of it by way of an engagement. So, once again, in company with some adventurous friends, I set forth on the sea for a part in the Gold rush to Alaska.

"There I learned to fight blizzards, starvation, and many other things besides the native cold. But I have never regretted that experience, and several years of hard work at the fisheries of the Pacific coast, where I determined to start a bank roll that would see me clear through the training I should need before crashing the stage doors again.

"Nor, would I lack now the thrills, relived in memory, that were mine, from day to day, as a young prospector in Mexico. There I am sure I should have found my pot of gold if only some bandits hadn't invaded the territory just at that time and threatened to knife all who remained on their claims.

"I was past twenty when I again became reassured about the voice and my ability to put it over, and again in the hands of a good teacher I assailed New York, contenting myself at first with a few small concerts in what might be called suburban fields.

"All went well after that . . . and engagements kept rapidly moving me on while I kept up my vocal lessons between times. Now that the wind of cocksureness which was unfair to my first audience of the Metropolitan, as well as to myself, had been taken out of my sails, as it were, I found that New York was appreciative and kind to real and unassuming effort. And I began to realize that some of Broadway's broken hearts are first bent by the foolish self-will of the tyro who expects too much of himself and others, and that much too soon.

"My first important public appearance was at the Worcester, Mass., festival. There I really felt, for the first time, the thrill of genuine approval. After that came conserts from coast-to-coast. And just about the time that I was again thinking of that stage door at the Metropolitan, with no misgiving, along came a friend who somehow just wished me into Radio . . . or Radio into me. For I've never regretted finding my new medium. Incidentally, I don't know any other singer who regrets adoption of Radio as his theatre either.

"The friend who inveigled me into Radio was none other than one of the well-known brothers Shannon. Taking me in as a member of the Shannon Four Quartet they made, with me, their Radio debut which, for them, but crowned their already renowned efforts as phonograph recording artists."

THUS we met, with gratitude, in Wilfred Glenn, another greatly admired artist who is sincerely indebted to Radio for the opportunities that have been his. And with his audiences we are truly grateful that he did reverse the Horace Greely maxim in order to make good, as he has so undeniably done, and still is doing.

None will regret that the boy born on the California ranch came East to seek his fame and fortune, both of which he has achieved in a large measure as bass soloist of concert fame, and as a member of the Revellers quartet and the Seiberling Singers quartet.

Glenn is, today, one of the best known and most popular singers to be heard over the National Broadcasting company networks. And just because he is such a likable, whole-hearted and hearty individual, it seems regrettable, at times, that his great audiences who write bagfuls of fan letters to him after each and every performance, cannot, really, see and know the man and artist better.

With wind-blown, curly brown hair, heavy eyebrows, deep-set searching-through-you-eyes,—he shows all the earmarks of the adventurous life that he led as a boy trying to find his true place in the world, and going it, with the best of brave men, through those somewhat harrowing experiences of his days in Alaskan gold fields, Pacific-Northwest fisheries, and Mexican bandit-ridden claims.

One of timid soul might regret these experiences for him. But Glenn, himself, does not regret them, nor need he. For, in bucking against just this sort of thing, he probably discovered or generated within himself, that grave courage that sent him right back to New York after a first defeat, to tackle the game of the theatrical world again and win.

Without this sort of courage to face defeat and try and try again he could not possibly be known to all of us today as one of Radioland's outstanding finds.

Glenn is remembered for his splendid work with the original Eveready quartet, which popular singing group has recently been abandoned. His basso profundo, yet sympathetic, voice has been heard with the Revellers for nearly five years. And everyone recognizes him at once when that wonderfully pleasing high-class Sieberling Singers program goes on the air every Thursday night at 9:30 New York time.

Although it can honestly be said that he certainly does not look it . . we have the knowledge, undeniable and undenied, that Glenn has just passed his fortieth birthday.

He has a practice studio in New York proper. There he and the boys of the Seiberling group foregather for rehearsals and tryouts of new arrangements from the pen of their wonderful accompanist-arranger, Frank Black, whom Glenn, together with his fellows of the Seiberling group, Elliot Shaw, Lewis James and James Melton, credits with praise for every successful rendition that is theirs, since it is Black who harmonizes them so ably.

Glenn's home, where his recreation hours are watched over with great care, is in one of the suburbs of New York, and far from the madding crowd. Now that we know that he has reared a tall son, now matriculating in college, and a lovely daughter, just about to graduate from high school, we appreciate his thoughtfulness in making a home for them surrounded by great gardens, in small simulation of the ranch where he was reared.

This colorful person with that rugged air about him has nothing to say as to what his young son shall or shall not do for a livelihood. He has his own heritage of youthful experiences and being, himself, a successful result of them, and not a failure because of them, we make bold to guess, that whenever son is ready to start out on his own, father will be there with a pat on the back, a hearty hand shake . . . at least a small grub stake . . . and a "God Bless You, My Son!"

No, we didn't ask about son's future. When we had got that far in our calculations, that young person put in his appearance. And it being one of our embarrassing moments, because we had been discussing him with his dad, we closed the interview and left them in a discussion about the next prom at college.

Make a Date With
Jean Campbell
in the

MAY
Radio Digest

JOIN this intrepid young Journalist in her round of the homes of the Great Radio Stars. Know and understand them better when you hear them on the air.

Jean is getting some first hand information for you right now from a home in which you are bound to be especially interested. Remember, it's in the

MAY Radio Digest

Who Killed Dubronsky?

(Continued from page 35)

come around botherin' a poor old woman? What do you want with me?"

Donovan wondered at her ugly behavior.

"I'd like to know the name of the murdered man and any other information you can give," he asked quietly.

"Go get your information," she snapped. "I don't know nothin' about him."

"As the landlady here you surely can tell me the man's name?"

"His name was Leon Dubronsky."

"Do you know any relatives to notify?" asked Donovan as he wrote the name in his book.

He continued with the routine of questions and the more he asked the more cantankerous and disagreeable she became. He wondered the reason for this.

And then the coroner came. Fingerprint records were made of articles about the room. The doctor made a minute examination of the body. He established the time of death as forty-four hours previously, or about 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening. The clenched fists showed a little finger missing from the left hand. It had been recently severed but there was no evidence as to what had become of it. He discovered eight stab wounds such as might have been administered by a butcher knife. Three gashes were in or near the heart; the other five lashed into the neck, thigh and abdomen. The pockets revealed nothing significant in the way of clues—a fountain pen, cheap lead pencil, six dollars in miscellaneous currency and a soiled handkerchief.

"NOW IT looks to me like an inside job," said Captain Rawlston, who had been taking note of these things with Donovan, "and I think you'd better have a talk with everybody in the place. Call me up at 5 o'clock and let me know how it stands. I'll leave Chivers and McNulty here to keep an eye on things while you look around. Remember, I want to hear from you at 5 o'clock."

"Yes, sir," said Pat, touching his cap.

He jotted down another bit from the telephone pad—"Hollywood 1001"—this he discovered was the number of Radio Station KHOL. He found Mrs. Conway still in the chair in the room where he had left her. She was even more sullen. He haggled the information from her that Dubronsky had been a violin

soloist at KHOL and played there three times a week. He was reserved, had little to say with others in the house and kept mostly to himself. Oh, yes, he received an occasional letter postmarked Dallas, Texas. The envelopes or contents were never seen again.

Donovan learned that there were only two other rooms rented. One was to a man and his wife on the second floor. Both had been traveling in the East on a vacation trip. A girl lived in another room on the third floor. And thither Pat proceeded to continue his investigation.

The wisp of a dark eyed beauty that opened the door took Pat slightly off his feet as he accepted an invitation to enter.

"I'm really sorry to intrude," he apologized, "but it's my duty to ask you everything you can possibly tell me about the—"

"You mean the accident next door," she finished for him. "Mrs. Conway told me about it. I got her a glass of water and helped her down to her room. It's terrible. I can't realize it, yet."

She looked sixteen, no more, and Pat was falling fast. She was such a contrast to Mrs. Conway. Of course, she had known Mr. Dubronsky. She was pianist at KHOL, naturally she would know him. She had heard him speak of coming from Texas, where he had played in the picture theatres. Tears of resentment welled into her eyes when Donovan put the question flat as to whether she had been Dubronsky's sweetheart. She admitted Dubronsky had invited her to dine out with him; in fact, he had become a sort of pest about it.

"And eventually, I became almost afraid of him," she concluded.

"Why?" asked Donovan.

"He was sort of crazy, one of those kind who never would take 'no' for an answer. He was so persistent that in order to avoid a scene I sometimes permitted him to come in here and visit. Then he'd sit where you are and stare at me, and mutter like, 'some men get all the breaks.' So silly!"

"What did he mean by 'some men?'"

"I suppose he meant my husband." I'll explain: My husband and I aren't living together because we can't agree. He is too jealous and objects to my working and being with other men in my work at the studio. We broke up about two months ago and I rented this room. He is very violent and has made all kinds of dire threats unless I return."

"Just let me know," said Pat with a tuck back of his ribs that yearned to battle anything that could threaten such loveliness.

SHE smiled an appreciation for his implied challenge, and then she talked more freely. Tiny invisible threads tightened about smiling Pat's heart. His eyes softened. He discovered suddenly the conversation had wandered completely away from the subject of the crime.

"Sure now," he said abruptly, "but let's get back to the murr-der."

Her face clouded. She scowled and shuddered.

"Oh, don't say that word," she begged, "it sounds awful. Let's say 'accident.'"

"When did you see Dubronsky last?" he went on.

"Last Monday night. We had dinner together, then came right home."

"You didn't go to a show or anywhere else, are you sure?"

"Oh, no. I was afraid to. My husband might have been watching and he hated Mr. Dubronsky. He came in and found him here one time and lifted the poor fellow bodily and threw him out in the hall. When he gets mad he is like a maniac."

It was obvious the girl was pointing the finger of suspicion in no uncertain direction. Donovan wanted to believe she was entirely sincere. But—he rubbed a reflective forefinger back of his right ear.

"Now where could I be locating your husband?" he asked.

"Oh, officer, please don't go to see him," she pleaded as great tears again welled into her glorious eyes and rolled down her cheeks. "He'll be wild when he hears I was talking about him."

"There now, Miss, don't worry. He'll never know you ever said a word about him. I would have to see him anyway, eventually, you know."

"Oh, please don't go—"

"Now what the devil are ye doin' to make the poor darlin' cry," rasped the irritating voice of Mrs. Conway, who had come up from behind. She pulled the girl into her arms as she sank on the couch offering her motherly comfort. When she learned that Pat was seeking the address of the girl's husband and the girl was withholding the information, she recoiled, exclaiming:

"Phwattt! You refuse to give the cop that beast's address? Sure, darlin', ya must be kiddin'. Mr. Donovan, put this down in that book. Ye'll find the man, Truewald, this little lady's husband, at 1473 San Monica boulevard. 'Tis a butcher shop he has there an' he lives upstairs."

With that Mrs. Conway gave the girl a friendly pat on the shoulder.

"An' why are ye always tryin' to protect a man that should be horsewhipped? Did ya tell Mr. Donovan about the quarrel ya had with Dubronsky on the night he was killed?"

"Oh, no, I had no quarrel with Mr. Dubronsky that night," the girl denied with speedy emphasis.

"Sure ya did," Mrs. Conway promptly rejoined, "I heard ya down in my own room." Pat felt and hoped that Mrs. Conway lied, and probably for a purpose.

"No, Mrs. Conway, that was Monday night, I'm sure," insisted Mrs. Truewald.

"Darlin', yer wrong, 'cause ya'll be rememberin' I went up to the Egyptian on Monday night and asked ya to go along with me."

To all appearances the younger woman now sat at the edge of an inward panic as she realized that Mrs. Conway would have it no other way.

"I'd advise for you to tell only the truth," said Pat.

"Perhaps Mrs. Conway is right," she agreed. An ivory white pallor spread slowly over her face. "It must have been Tuesday and not Monday night that I had dinner with him."

"Were you in his room—that night?" Pat continued.

"Certainly she was," Mrs. Conway vouched.

"Oh, no, no, no I was not," cried Mrs. Truewald, "I broke away from him and went to my own room."

"But how can ya prove that?" queried Mrs. Conway.

"And where, I should like to know, were you all this time," Pat demanded sharply as he turned with a sudden penetrating look on the overbearing landlady.

"As I have been tellin' ya, I was in me own room all the time," she snapped.

"And I might ask the same of you. 'How are you going to prove that?'" Pat rejoined.

HERE was a muddle Donovan decided to leave for a short time in the hope that eventualities would afford some reasonable hypothesis.

News of the murder created a sensation at KHOL. No motive for the crime seemed apparent. Robert Lambert, the manager, said that Dubronsky had been on the air at three as usual on Tuesday afternoon, and there was nothing unusual in his appearance or demeanor. He always had been a reserved individual with no intimates so far as could be ascertained by other members of the staff. Paul Hillyer, announcer, recalled that Dubronsky had called up on Tuesday night with a request for the orchestra to play "Just a Memory." Hillyer then summoned his assistant, Lawrence Palmer, who remembered the incident and said that Dubronsky had called back again as late as 10 o'clock on Tuesday night.

This Donovan considered an important development, but he must hurry on to question Truewald, the butcher, before making his report to the captain at 5 o'clock. The place was easily located on San Monica boulevard.

Stepping up to the meat counter he confronted a man of medium height with curly brown hair who awaited his order. This man had the coldest gray eyes and hardest mouth of any man Pat had ever met. Donovan asked for some lamb chops.

"Lamb chops, hell!" smiled the butcher. "You want to talk to me about the murder, don't you?"

"Right—and to the point!" Pat responded promptly, his mind hunting for a clew as to the man's prescience. Truewald answered this question with equal frankness before it was asked.

"My wife just phoned and said you were coming out," he said. "I'll be glad to tell you anything I know. Come to the back room."

They were seated in a little private office and Pat approached the subject by telling about the murder.

"Oh, I heard all that over the phone," said Truewald with a slight note of impatience. "Why did you come here? What do you want with me?"

"What do you know about the man Dubronsky?"

"I knew him slightly and hated him for the dirty snake that he was. My wife thinks I'm a brute, but she's a sweet kid and I love her to death. I hate to see her associating with skunks like Dubronsky. One night I had to come to her rescue and threw him out of her apartment." He sat now calm and confident, picking his teeth as he talked.

"HE WAS killed night before last shortly after I saw them at a table in John's. I sat at the counter." Truewald spoke with the utmost apparent candor. "Dubronsky didn't see me, but she did, and I fancied there was some sort of an appeal for help in her eyes as she glanced toward me, I couldn't decide what to do, as I was half afraid I would knock this hyena's block off the next time I came in contact with him. You see I had warned him to lay off the missus.

"Well, they came out of the restaurant and I followed them to the rooming house. I waited around outside about fifteen minutes, then went in to see whether she needed my help. The outside door was unlocked. I knocked on the door to her room. She didn't answer. So I went to Dubronsky's door. Just as I got there out come Mrs. Conway. She was surprised and peeved to see me. She said Dubronsky wasn't in, but was still out eating. When I told her I had seen the two of them come in together just a few minutes before she said I was crazy and ordered me out of the house."

"What was she doing in his room then?" asked Donovan.

I asked her that and she said she had gone in to answer the phone."

"Did you go to his room finally?"

"Do you know Mrs. Conway?" Truewald asked in the same tone Pat had used. "Say, she just bore down on me and pushed me down stairs and clear out of the house and stood there on the porch until I walked away."

"What did you do then?" Pat resumed.

"I went to the Iris theatre, saw a movie, and then came on home."

"Have you anyone that can vouch for your statements?"

"No," Truewald replied with a thoughtful shake of his head. "Mrs. Conway was the only one I had any word with, as I have explained."

"You don't happen to come from Texas, do you?" asked Donovan.

"No, I'm from Montana, but my wife's brother lives in Texas. He is kept busy in Dallas, although he had planned coming here this summer. Her people are all musicians. He plays a saxophone in a dance orchestra down there."

Truewald's frank answers and ready explanation for everything was the greatest puzzle to Donovan. In fact, the whole situation had him in a whirl. He admitted this to Chief Rawlston at 5 o'clock and suggested that they call in Professor Marsby, the scientific detective, to unravel the psychological aspects and by due process bring the guilty person to justice.

"Not yet," said the captain, "suppose you give it another try tomorrow yourself."

* * *

RADIO DIGEST will pay $100 for the most perfect answer in accord with the author's conception as to "Who Killed Leon Dubronsky?" Write your theory in 500 words or less and send it to the Contest Editor of Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. If there are more than one of the contest theories considered of equal merit, duplicate prizes of the same amount will be awarded. The contest will end on midnight of May 1, 1930. No theories postmarked after that date will be considered.

Win $100 Reward

Here are some of the significant facts jotted down in Donovan's notebook:

Motive—Jealousy? Revenge? Self defense?

Suspects—Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Truewald, Mr. Truewald, Brother of Mrs. T. or some other unmentioned individual.

What reason for Mrs. Conway's hostile attitude?

Why did she try to throw suspicion on the girl?

Why did the girl try to throw suspicion on her husband?

What became of the missing finger?

Why were so many wounds inflicted?

What significance attaches to weapon used?

What became of the weapon?

Why did the girl telephone her husband?

What was Mrs. Conway in Dubronsky's room for when Truewald arrived?

Where was the girl at the time of the crime?

Why was Dubronsky so reticent about his past?

How could the room have been locked from the inside?

Study these questions carefully, work out your theory, write it but keep it within 500 words, and try for the $100 to put with your vacation money. Remember, the contest closes May 1st. The final chapter will appear in the Radio Digest with the awards in the hands of the winner not later than July 1, 1930.

Cooney and Joe, Nighthawks

(Continued from page 24)

Mr. Sanders' bright, lively eyes fairly sparkled. "Love it," and he does. "Say, by the way, Cooney is modest, you know. He probably wouldn't tell you that he played on the All Valley football team at Kansas university. He was an athlete, too." To myself I pictured the busy Carleton Coon manning the drums in the orchestra. I cannot see that he has given up his athletic career as yet.

"You play the piano very well, don't you, Mr. Sanders?" I asked.

"I wouldn't say exactly that. I studied piano and I've played for ten years. Used to sing oratorios, and also in a male quartet. I was in Chautauqua for a while, too. I really wanted to play baseball, but my family wanted me to keep on with music and I did. I'm still a baseball fan, though." Then he showed me a finger that had been badly knocked around in a baseball game. He is proud of that, too.

"Will anything take you away from your orchestra work?"

"Maybe. If I can become a nationally known song writer, I'll get out of the orchestra, I think. That's my ambition, to be a famous song writer."

"Aren't you famous now?"

"As a song writer? I'm only beginning in that. I'll have to do much better before I get what I'm aiming at. You see, since the talking movies have taken over the music publishing houses, it's harder to get songs published. I still write, of course, but it isn't so easy to make a success. I write all the arrangements for the orchestra and in between times I write a song. That keeps me with pen and paper about six hours a day. You know, it always amuses me when people say we have a snap. They don't consider that we do about ten hours of preparatory work on every record we turn out. That same record runs three minutes. Then we practice the new pieces, too. That takes times." Mr. Sanders looked weary when he considered the work he does.

"DON'T YOU get dreadfully tired of the endless amount of routine?"

"Yes, we do. But, I tell you, the things we hear from our listeners puts new pep in us. Lots of folks think it's cheap publicity when they hear that we help to make sick people well. You know, sickness lots of times is hopelessness and a sick state of mind. When someone hears their name over the Radio—well, it's a thrill. It's something to wait for and plan on. We know that and give all of our attention to the requests of the sick people who write us.

Lots of the letters are pathetic, but they make us work just that much harder. I have a letter from some little girls in ward twenty-eight of a tubercular hospital. They all signed their names to the letter and they wouldn't let any of the other wards have anything to do with it. I'm going to frame that letter, it's one of my treasures." Modestly Mr. Sanders admitted that he had sent flowers to the ward. He thought it would cheer them up a little.

"Do you read all of the letters you get, Mr. Sanders?"

"Every one. Of course we can't expect to answer them. A few we do answer, but that is very seldom. I never pay any attention to the would-be composers. I feel sorry for them and I would like to be able to help them, but that would be a life work in itself. Poor kids. It's a long, hard climb. I wish they'd realize that." Mr. Sanders glanced at his watch and indicated that there was something on his mind. I was conscious of a number of people clamoring for his attention. He smiled at them and returned to the business of being interviewed.

"Have you ever played on the stage?"

"Surely. We played seventy-two consecutive weeks at the Newman theater in Kansas City. I think we did about the first presentation work that was done in moving picture houses."

"Do you like playing from the stage?"

"Deliver me!" That was all he said, but Joe Sanders' eyes were fervent with dread.

Knowing he wanted to get away, I rushed a few more questions. "Who does the singing in your orchestra, Mr. Sanders?"

"Cooney and I. We switch around."

"BY THE way what was the biggest song hit you ever wrote?"

"'Beloved'. It's funny about that song. It came out and sold itself. It was just what we call a natural. I wrote it and published it and everybody liked it. Don't know why. I've written better songs, but you can never tell what the people will like."

"Would you like to go into the movies?"

"Never. How can anyone expect an orchestra leader, or a drummer, or a pianist to become a movie actor over night? It can't be done. I'd rather sit down and knock off a few songs for a living. We don't want to get into the movies at all"

"Is there anything else you would like me to put into this interview for you, Mr. Sanders?"

"I don't know. I guess you know we give WGN our undying gratitude for their co-operation. We try to answer all the Radio requests we get. We try not to give our friends the impression that we are high hat. Oh, and I don't know that it matters, but I was born in a hotel and have lived in hotels all my life. That might explain something."

"Where was the hotel?"

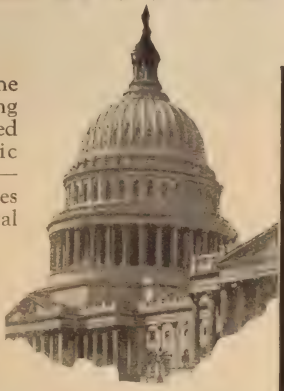
"Kansas. Cooney was born in Rochester, Minnesota." I thanked him. "Not at all. And say—" He leaned over and whispered in my ear. I don't know whether what Joe Sanders told me was a secret or not. If it was supposed to be, I can't keep it. The Original Nighthawks have just completed ten new recordings for Victor which will be released soon.

If you have ever seen a small boy display the wonderful contents of his capacious pockets, you have seen Cooney and Joe talk about their orchestra. Their enthusiasm is real, and their interest is bottomless. No wonder Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawks are considered by many the most popular broadcasting orchestra in the middle west. But Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders work hard for their popularity. Their worries and trials outnumber those of many of Chicago's business men, and the good they do is proportionate, probably.

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Town Baritone Is Title Boasted by Doblin of Station WNYC

By **Eric H. Palmer**

YOU'VE all heard about the town crier. In the old days Father Knickerbocker bossed one around, but nowadays, if the city's virtues are to be blazoned or the men and women in the big news are to be officially greeted, "Jimmy" Walker of the radiant personality takes care of responsibilities himself. However, New York boasts of something new, made possible by this hectic Radio age—and that is a town baritone — unofficially — of course, but just the same he's there to soothe in song just as Walker brings smiles with forensic honey.

Frank C. Doblin, protege of the great Victor Maurel of Metropolitan fame, is the man of parts—and high notes—in question. He has sung for the taxpayers and out-of-towners since the earliest days of WNYC, the municipality's own transmitter. No more fitting choice could be made, write the fans, because when he is not pursuing his musical hobbies Mr. Doblin follows his vocation of tailor de luxe for the society folks in Brooklyn, the largest borough in the Greater City. However, Mr. Doblin gained fame in the musical world long before his association with his brothers in keeping Brooklyn's leading citizens garbed correctly, for he sang in opera abroad and in this country, with particularly striking success in "Pagliacci" and "Hansel and Gretel."



Frank Doblin

There is nothing of the New Yorkese tinge to the highly-trained Doblin accents. He sings in German, French, and Italian as well as in English. Week after week he displays an amazing repertoire. Hundreds of programs have been given by Mr. Doblin, as his contribution to civic service, and everyone has been different.

"I'm wondering how it's possible myself," he muses.

"Of course, I have sung that 'Prologue' to 'Pagliacci' more than once," he smiles. "But I've done that not only because it is so popular, but due to the fact that it was written at the instigation of Victor Maurel, who originated the role. It seems so long ago, my association with him. Later I studied with Jeannette Hughman of the Royal Opera Co., Berlin. My granduncle, Heinrich Doblin, was a great actor in Germany. My uncle, the late Charles Dickson, wrote many plays and won fame as an actor, playing with Booth and Barrett. He was a leading light comedian of his day. It's in the family, I guess."

IN civil life, as in war, everyone must do his bit, contends Doblin, and his gift of song has enthused millions. The city pays no artists, but those who regularly appear before the microphone in the Municipal Building are of the highest artistic standing. Thus the call upon Mr. Doblin's services, throughout the year, is not only an acknowledgement of the public reaction, but a critical appreciation of his attainments.

"There's something more to civic service than just paying taxes," he holds. "Everyone should be vitally interested in the city's affairs. I'm happy in helping out in my own way."

So Mr. Doblin to a certain extent, by dint of his veteran association with WNYC, is "The Voice of New York." Hardly a day passes when someone does not openly compliment him. He admits there are a few who contend that he should sing in nothing but English, but he believes that New York's mixed population—if no other reason governs—justifies a program in diversified languages. Mrs. Doblin arranges the request numbers, of which there are many —and he always responds to each call.

As an indication of the baritone's interesting civic contribution, as contrasted with a Board of Estimate calendar, may be listed the following selections from recent Doblin concerts at WNYC: "Mephistopheles Serenade" from "Faust" (Gounod), "Quande Ero Paggio," from "Falstaff," the "Evening Star" of "Tannhauser," the inevitable "Toreadore" from "Carmen," "Ich Liebe Dich (Grieg), "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" (Tschaikowsky), "Un Dieux Lien" (Delbruck), "Chanson de Florian" (Godard), "Hindus Love Chant," "Torno Sorriento," "Ohn Ben Tornato Amore" (Roxas), "Lolita" (Peccia), "Seranade" (Tosti), "Hats off to the Stoker" (Arundale), "Sea Fever" (Ireland), "Love, to hear you Singing" and "Love's Garden of Roses" (Wood), "Homeward to You" and "Sea Rapture" (Coates), "Desert Song" and "Blue Heaven" (Romberg), "Trees" (Rossbach), and "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" (Sargent).

Mr. Doblin declares he knows what "microphone fright" is — "the way you feel just a minute before starting to sing."

"And it's easier than making speeches," he avers.

Brilliant phrasing characterizes the amazingly flexible voice of Mr. Doblin.

Of course, he's the most immaculately dressed baritone — as Walker is the leader in sartorial style of mayors—not only for New York but in the world.

* * *

The attention of the NBC has been called to a New Yorker whose initials spell WEAF. He is William Edward Anthony Flanagan, employed by the Minnesota Atlantic Transit Company of 233 Broadway.



Here is a recent picture of the far-famed Roxy Male Quartet. The personnel includes, from left to right, Frank Mellor and John Young, tenors, George Reardon, baritone, and Frederick Thomas, basso.

Singer Uses Hand as Sounding Board

USING his hand as a sounding board, James Melton, tenor on the Seiberling programs, carefully measures his voice as he stands before the microphone. A recognized master of broadcasting technique, Melton has succeeded in overcoming many of the difficulties that have confronted artists and acoustical experts.

"In broadcasting, even more than in singing from the concert stage," Mr. Melton explains, "it is imperative that the performer have perfect control of his voice volume. He must know just how his voice is carrying to the microphone and how it sounds to other people in the room. In other words, he must 'listen to himself.'

"By holding a hand to the back of the ear it is possible to judge the volume of the human voice with an amazing degree of accuracy. Try it yourself and see—not only does the hand form a 'human sounding board' that gives you a clearer impression of your own voice, but the sensory nerves also pick up the sound wave vibrations, just as they are conveyed to your listeners. Thus the hand enables us to judge, as we stand before the mike, just how our voices are going over the air, and to control them accordingly."

* * *

DURING the past year the National Broadcasting company has added fourteen stations to its national network, including one Canadian station, bringing the total to 73 associated broadcasters. The gross revenues of the NBC are placed at fifteen million dollars, with no net profits.

With a personnel increased to 917, as compared to 558 in 1928, NBC also added sixty hours of programs a week. Fifty-four hundred miles of wire were added to the system, bringing the total to 32,500 miles of wire lines. The fan mail totalled more than one million letters.

The President of the United States spoke thirteen times through a national network. There were twenty-seven addresses by cabinet members, twenty-eight senators were heard and 12 members of the lower house were on the air.

An ORANGE was just an ORANGE until...



FOR years we ate oranges because we *liked* them. Then came the scientific discovery that orange juice supplies vitamins and minerals which everybody needs. *Now* we prize the orange as a health-builder as well as a delicious fruit * * For years good housewives have used Carnation Milk because it does such good cooking, takes the place of cream so acceptably and economically, and is such a convenience to have on hand * * *And now comes the scientific discovery that this selfsame milk is a wonderful milk for babies—that it is easier to digest than milk in any other form* * * Some of the most eminent baby feeding specialists in America are now using Carnation Milk in preference to the finest bottled milk. They find that its heat-treated casein and finely divided or "homogenized" butter-fat are easily assimilated by the most delicate baby stomach * * Ordinary milk forms tough, solid curd-lumps in the stomach. Its coarse fat globules resist digestion. But clinical experience with thousands of babies has shown that Carnation Milk almost magically conquers these digestive handicaps of bottle-fed babyhood * * Besides, Carnation Milk has *all the nutritiousness* of pure whole milk.

For that is just what it is—not a "patent baby food"; just fine *natural* milk from "Contented Cows". Nothing is added—and concentration to double richness takes nothing out but part of the natural water * * *All the vitamins* that any milk is depended upon to supply are in Carnation. Only the usual supplements are needed—such as orange juice and cod-liver oil. The minerals that build sturdy bones and strong, even teeth are all present just as in raw milk * * Carnation is *safe* milk, because it is sterilized and sealed air-tight. And wherever you get it, at whatever season, it is *always the same* in purity and richness, thus preventing the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality. It is *the ideal milk* for use, under your physician's direction, in any formula calling for whole milk * * To learn more about this super-digestible milk for babies, write for the Carnation Baby Book. To learn more about this better milk *for cooking,* write for the Carnation Cook Book by Mary Blake. Address your communication to Carnation Company, 459 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; or 559 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington; or Aylmer, Ontario.



"from Contented Cows"



Cornstarch Puddings

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), ½ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with ½ cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded with rest of water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.
BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.
CHERRY PUDDING ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ cup sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ½ tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. cherry juice, ¼ cup sliced maraschino cherries, ½ cup cocoanut, 2 egg whites.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, cocoanut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.



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Simply perfect for all cooking
Try one of the recipes at the left. You will discover that Carnation does better cooking for the same reason that it is better for babies—because it is "homogenized." The butter-fat, instead of being in coarse fat globules as in ordinary milk, is ground up into tiniest particles and mixed evenly all through the milk. Hence the *cream-smoothness and butter-richness* of Carnation dishes.

Another thing—Carnation takes the place of cream in thousands of homes. Use it for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and cut your cream bill nearly two-thirds!

New Laws for Old

(Continued from page 43)

but would turn off toward Oregon. Even he advised Alice to give him up and save herself from gossip and social exile. She found herself alone in her opinion that she should cleave to her lover in spite of every argument. She cast the deciding vote unanimously in favor of her own opinion. She chose a familiar fragrant phrase for her decision.

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or
to return from following after thee:
for whither thou goest, I will go;
and where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

The others fell back in awe of an authority which they recognized vaguely as Biblical, though they did not know it well enough to know that Alice, like Shakespeare's devil, was diverting Scripture to her own purposes.

As for Dr. Birney, he made her his Scripture and cried out in an agony of joy at her devotion.

So he and his legally unattainable bride drove off toward the northwest in shameless pride of love. And the disgraced and disgusted family turned southward toward the golden stores of California.

"We disown you," was the only farewell they gave the twain that could neither be united nor parted.

The gold-seekers sought in vain for gold. They just missed it everywhere they peered and poked. And, finally, they came to their senses a little before they came to the end of their funds and starvation; they resolved to go North to Oregon where farms and orchards beckoned them to use such learning as they had acquired in Illinois.

When they arrived, anxious and penniless and friendless, whom should they see but Alice riding in state in a carriage? She did not see them, and they averted their gaze from her. But Esek demanded of a man who had lifted his hat to her in payment for a smile.

"Who's all that?"

"That's the wife of one of our leading citizens, Judge Birney," he said and passed on. Esek and the others exchanged glances of understanding and sneered together:

"Wife! humph! Judge! humph!"

As Alice's carriage drew up to the curb and she stepped out to enter the city's biggest shop, she caught sight of her old companions, huddled like a familiar pack of coyotes, snarling but afraid to attack. She came to them at once with a confidence and a cheerfulness that added further insult to the injury she had done them in discarding their advice.

She held out both of her graceful hands, but neither of them was accepted by the tight-fisted, tight-hearted group. Esek snapped at her:

"So you pass as his wife up here! And he calls himself a Judge!"

"Oh, but I am his wife and he is a Judge. Ask anybody."

"How come?" gasped Esek.

"Well, you see," she laughed, "we lived apart, hoping against hope that something would happen. And it did."

"His wife up and died, eh?"

"SUCH women never die. That woman never did anybody a favor. David wrote and pleaded with her to divorce him for desertion. But she wrote him that she wouldn't. She wrote him, in fact, that she would start West and claim her rights as soon as she could sell the farm."

"Then what did you do?" Esek puzzled, "Did you poison her on the way?"

"I'd have been glad to, but—well, you see this big territory of Oregon was so big they decided to split it in two. So they called a convention to make the laws and things. My husband was elected to the very first legislature and the very first thing he did was to put in a law about divorces. And then he put in a bill divorcing him from that old cat in Ohio. And the other legislators did everything he wanted and so the legislature divorced him and the first judge appointed married us. Now he's a judge and if any of you want to get married, he'll oblige you just as he saved you from cholera. We're as happy as nobody ever was before. The Doctor is the biggest, noblest man in the Territory."

They stood dumb as the cattle they had sold to pay their fare to Oregon. Esek's wife was the first to find her tongue.

"But what becomes of—of his other wife?"

"His ex-wife you mean," said Alice. "Oh, we've provided for her. We're going down to the dock to meet her when she arrives by steamer—tomorrow probably. She's come such a long way to get the bad news, that I want to break it as gently as I can. That's why I'm going shopping for the prettiest clothes in the West."

The perfection of Alice's revenge was the privilege of emptying whole buckets of coals of fire on the heads of the indignant, indigent pack that had gone through infernal torments with her, only to desert her when she needed their love.

She and the Judge provided for their entertainment, secured for them vast tracts of free land and set their feet on the road to riches.

The world was so wide out there that it had no room for many of the East's most sacred scruples. It was so new, that it created its own ethics, its own laws, its own traditions.

When Mrs. Birney from Ohio stepped off the boat, she was greeted with Pacific effusiveness by her beaming husband and his radiant bride. He offered her his extra elbow to cling to when she heard the staggering truth. She needed his support for the first shock of learning that she was a grass-widow and not the mate of a great leader of men.

There was no hotel in town as yet, but there was a boarding house run by a virago known as "Mother Damnable." It pleased Alice who was known as "Mrs. Judge Birney" to pit these two vixens against one another.

There was a mob at the dock to see Judge and Mrs. Birney greeting the lady from Ohio, and it pleased the Judge to entertain his fellow citizens with a spectacle he had promised them in the barber shop where he said:

"Fix me up in your best style, Jim. I'm going to give the people here a sight they never had before and may never have again. I'm going to show them a man walking up the street with a wife on each arm."

But he and Alice knew that he had never had and never would have more than one wife in his heart. And no one enjoyed the procession more than she. No one was more dismayed than the severed partner from Ohio, unless it was "Mother Damnable" when she glared into the glare of her new boarder. It was not long before the landlady convinced Edie that the East was more to her liking.

When Alice was ninety she used to ride out on a horse to lay flowers on the tomb of her eminent husband. The mighty city of Seattle had grown up about her and her husband had won fame and wealth there before he died at sixty-five. It comforted Alice to sit at the foot of his monument and muse upon the days when men were men and love could make new laws to undo the cruelties of old.

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answers to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who is known as "The Original Radio Girl?"

2. What announcer has been adjudged the best by the American Academy of Arts and Letters?

3. What society deb is now telling women "What to Wear and Where to Wear It" on a chain feature?

4. Who is the well-known ukulele player with a predilection for large black and white checks in knickers?

5. What famous young woman organist was born in Hungary?

6. Who is "the solemn ole judge"?

7. What popular Chicago announcer recently married a New York society girl?

8. What is the real name of "Bob" of the famous "Mary and Bob" team?

9. In what domestic art is Colin O'More particularly skilled?

10. In what artistic field did Dolores Cassinelli gain fame before she turned to Radio?

11. Who is considered the "dean of all sports announcers"?

12. Who is known as "the original Roxy girl"?

* * *

Answers to questions in March issue: 1. Lois Bennett. 2. Jessica Dragonette. 3. Breslau, Silesia. 4. Olive Shea. 5. Yes, but the marriage was annulled. 6. Olive Palmer. 7. Earrings. 8. Bill Hay. 9. Mildred Hunt. 10. Frances Kennedy. 11. Irma Glenn. 12. Graham McNamee.

Radio Rackets

(Continued from page 19)

matter further after a bit of balm by the stayslick, bespatted founder of the club.

Medical societies are kept on their toes combating rackets inimical to the public health. Backed by their prestige and recognized good standing their's is not so difficult a business once they are able to localize an offense. But quack medical racketeering is such a profitable game that it persists, popping up in one direction after it has been effectively throttled in another.

Miraculous contraptions of magnetic properties, capable of curing everything from bunions to baldness are described at length, and free twenty-four hour trial is such a cogent selling point that the leads are numerous enough. So profitable is this business, that the territory is farmed out by zones, and the privilege of selling the cure-all is let at a tremendous figure.

The weaknesses and vanity of human beings have been made the special study of racketeers, judging from the numerous salons and parlours of one kind or another that flourish everywhere.

THE hair restoring parlors, which represent the masculine side of the picture would doubtless have faded out

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Ar. New Orleans	9:30 a. m.
Ar. on the Gulf Coast	9:50 a. m.

Two other all-steel trains daily to New Orleans. Leave Chicago 8:50 a. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Mardi Gras at New Orleans and Biloxi March 4, 1930. Reduced Fares. Midwinter vacation party—6 days for only $95.00 up all-expense from Chicago.

Sixth Annual Spring Golf Training Tour to the Beautiful Mississippi Gulf Coast, New Orleans and Natchez, Miss., March 4-16, 1930. All expense from Chicago $142.50 up.

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Illinois Central

THE ROAD OF TRAVEL LUXURY

of the panorama long ago, were it not for the fact that the old boys are ashamed to let anybody know the manner in which they have been trying to rejuvenate. Still they go on hoping and the racketeers go on advertising—hair grown on billiard balls, or your money back. A charming race in which the winner is always one and the same. Then there is the new form of insurance for next to nothing a day, which has begun to spring up and which, by constant repetition, insures its victims.

That the Radio and rum have a natural affinity there is no doubt, as witness a recent discovery and raid in a Jersey city where there was a complete sending outfit and an enormous booty uncovered. Be it said in favor of the rummeys, however, that they are the frankest people in the world since they openly make their propositions for sending messages, and find no fault if such business, however lucrative to the station, is refused.

A psychiatrist of the calibre of Dr. Joseph Collins would find a fertile field inside the studios—one that would yield many specimen butterflies for classification and pinning to his exhibit board. Of the politics, intrigues, ambitions, hopes and fears inside four walls it is hardly necessary to relate.

METHODS of using Radio neophites to advantage may vary, but they are mostly alike and are about as follows: If an individual or group get by the imposing ordeal known as an "audition," a glib picture of Radio possibilities is painted, a promise of free publicity made, and permission obtained to use their service for a "test" program.

The artist is told that the contract is ready to be signed, that the client wants just the kind of entertainment he is able to give; that all is needed to put the thing over is one performance, after which he, the artist, will be "sitting pretty" for some time to come. Being somewhat new to the game he soon learns the truth of the verbal part of this promise. The artist agrees to perform, the studio arranger collects, and pockets all he reasonably can after splitting with those who are able to horn in for a share.

In time the newcomer grows wise, two or three such experiences putting him on his guard, since no definite answer is ever received as to the result of such maiden efforts. His Radio education has begun; he approaches the studio always on the defensive and readily acquires the language of the racketeer.

He is now ready for the next step of his education—a pay basis, "low pitch." That is, he must work for next to nothing, grinding out his wares, sometimes, as in the case of a band, for several hours on end. This he does, not so much for the stipend he gets, as to demonstrate that he wants to get ahead and is willing to cooperate with the station in putting over the client.

Of course where such dealings are carried on, they generally become, not only the warning buzz, but the final sting as well, by which time the artist is able to talk turkey on equal terms with the racketeers. Sometimes a more susceptible victim will venture even beyond this stage and allow himself to be promoted regardless, but this post-graduate stage always hastens his evolution and arrays him against such tactics.

SOME studio manipulators are not above playing performers against each other, or giving preference to their particular cronies, even when there is much better talent available, but of course the truth comes out in the end, by which time another new school of fish are in sight and the canny studio jugg[illegible] to point smilingly and say—

"Take, eat and be content,
These fishes in your stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled Ram
To save the blood of Abraham."

Free-lancing salesmen, whose territory is uncharted by the station, and who forage in anybody's pasture, is a source of constant bickering and annoyance to those who have to do with the management of a station. This class of salesman deems it sufficient simply to have called on a firm, whereupon such a prospective client is his property for life. If, six months later another salesman contacts the same client there is not only the devil to pay, but the two salesmen as well. Under such conditions, where such bolshevik methods obtain, the commission is generally split, the lion's share going to the individual whose accounts bring in the most income to the station—for the time being.

The above are a few of the rackets that have come under my own personal observation, but a racketeer has assured me that this is only a Mother Goose edition, at the same time being unwilling to divulge the "secrets of his trade." In extenuation be it said that many of the smaller local units are endeavoring to purge themselves of such rackets, necessarily winking at a few of the lesser ones, and heroically refusing to bow to the more brazen and profitable temptations. That the game of Radio will ultimately shake off all these racketeers there is no doubt, and perhaps the actual rackets will disappear long before interior politics, though it is hoped that these too will go out by the same door, and that a strong, firm and clean policy will solve the problem. The fault has been largely chargeable to the locals who, not hesitating to put over something which they did not take time to investigate, lost for them their standing and prestige. Until a station is able to stand pat, and definitely refuse to racketeer, making of itself a workshop for the good of its listeners, assuming full responsibility for every statement that goes out over its wave, then, and only then, will it begin to pay its expenses, to establish its prestige and gain for itself the respect and even the affection of the people.

It's Work to Play Well

(Continued from page 9)

standing "name" in the music world, he apparently is as popular today as he ever was, and he has been popular for more than ten years.

Now to look underneath the surface and bring out a few things about Lopez that haven't been written. It is necessary for the writer to bring himself into the text in order to do this.

I first met Lopez when I was assigned to interview him in connection with a new series of broadcasts almost a year ago. I had watched him direct in the NBC studios, had seen him in his club and had certain opinions about him. I went, expecting to get a conventional interview and possibly two or three hundred words of copy.

Lopez was having lunch in a quiet little restaurant on Broadway when I found him. Rather, there was lunch in front of him and he was talking. I remember that he let three cups of coffee get stone cold while he talked. It took but a few moments to get the answers to the questions I asked and then the interviewer became the interviewed.

Lopez was deep in a discussion of numerology and astrology and kindred subjects. The band leader, it developed, was intensely interested in these things and had begun to believe in them. He selected me to prove a point because he had not met me before and knew nothing of my history. Scribbling rapidly on a paper napkin, he combined numerology and astrology and then did what was a very creditable job of psychoanalysis. Some of the things he said about me weren't exactly complimentary but they were true. It was impressive and I saw the possibilities of a good story in it. Lopez requested that nothing be written about it.

"IT'S TOO complicated to explain," he said. "It's too complicated to make my belief in it sound reasonable without pages and pages of comment. People will get the wrong impression and I'm not anxious to be thought a nut."

May it be here recorded that no one at the table thought of Lopez as a "nut" and even the scoffers were puzzled by his uncanny ability to analyze character.

Recently I spent several hours with Lopez in the hotel club room where he conducts his band. I had seen him and talked to him briefly on several occasions since the luncheon meeting, but only for a few moments at a time.

Lopez was tired out and apparently had a bad cold coming on. He was in that condition which makes men rather dull and not very agreeable companions at a supper table. We talked about his orchestra and other things. The young lady who was with me had been coached for the occasion.

"I understand you are interested in numerology," she said. "I wonder what you can get out of my name?"

Lopez brightened. He borrowed a pencil—he never seems to have pencils of his own—and went to work. What he told the young lady caused her to open her eyes wide, but it has nothing to do with the story. Sufficient to say that he again did a clever analytical job and didn't spare feelings.

Conversation picked up from then on and Lopez revealed some of the things that he ordinarily doesn't mention to interviewers.

He does believe in the science of numbers and in the influence of astral bodies. He has checked his own career against these influences and, whether it be coincidence or not, he is a believer. He is so absolutely sincere and honest in his beliefs that it is impossible for his companions to dismiss his arguments with the terse remark "bunk." In fact, he almost converted the three other people at the table to his beliefs.

Lopez, one learned, is an egoist. Don't misunderstand that. He isn't conceited. He does believe in himself and he does believe he has the power to work out his own success.

Mystic though his philosophies, he recognizes the value of dollars and cents. He has a certain amount of business ability and realizes that in this age, achievement is measured often by the figures of a bank balance.

He has a good memory, too.

"Six months ago I advised you to buy a certain book," he said, and named the volume. "You haven't bought it!"

It was true. I hadn't. I asked him how he knew I hadn't bought it.

"Because," he said. "You wouldn't have made the statement you did a few moments ago if you had read that book."

Lopez is in search of a workable philosophy of life. He believes he has found it and that in stars and in the mystic properties of numbers are all the answers to the important problems. He will hold tenaciously to that belief until something proves it wrong.

Perhaps he is right!

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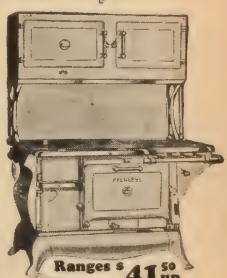


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Her heart leaped in alarm. . . . "Get the sheriff here quick," he said. "Tell him to bring a couple of men — and hurry."

Out of the Blue

(Continued from page 47)

man next door, that got the warrant for you, is waiting out on the road. If you skip out of here he'll have the telephones working in two minutes. You can't get away with it in a hundred years. I'll do business with you and show you a way out, if you haven't killed my partner already."

HE RAISED his voice slightly on the last words; and Mullens, who had not been completely unconscious, understood. Lifting his bloody head from the floor he crawled to a sitting posture against the door jamb—a grievous sight, with a big purple lump forming over his eye where the slung shot had struck him, his face bruised and bloody from the toe of a heavy boot.

Bodet spoke to him, smiling: "All right, Tom. We'll charge 'em a thousand dollars for that. They've got all the money from the mail sacks. They'll have to come across. They've got to do business with us if they get out of this."

The deputy seemed not to understand. The swarthy man, his own eye swelling shut, contemplated the deputy an instant and arose from his half sitting posture on the table.

Bodet stepped over to Mullens. His hands were bound, yet he might be able to plant a kick in the stomach. He was smiling as he said: "You've been fool enough already."

"Wait a minute, Bat! Wait a minute!" the sallow man complained, frowning unhappily. "Let's see what we're goin' to do first."

Bat grinned. Instead of attacking Mullens, however, he lumbered over to the woodbox by the fireplace and took from it a brown quart bottle and two tumblers. "You two skates have a nip?" he asked, in the voice that sounded natural.

"I don't want none," said the sallow man.

"Nor me," said the sandy one unhappily.

Evidently they were both decidedly uneasy—none the less so as they saw their swarthy companion about to take another drink. He moved and spoke with perfect steadiness, but there was enough flame in his brain without more alcohol.

HE POURED himself a drink, tilted back his head and let it run down his throat in a single gulp, after the manner of voracious and hardened whisky drinkers. Wiping his lips on the back of his hand, he commanded:

"Go get the car. I'll show these birds something." He slightly waggled the slung shot in his big paw and tittered.

At the very least the two captives were going to be beaten. Mullens sat against the door jamb, gaping and bloody, evidently in need of a doctor's care as he was. What would another beating do to him? Bodet himself would much rather have faced an automatic pistol than that slung shot. The notion of having his skull hammered with it made his nerves creep. He felt a red urge to strike at any cost; but he was still smiling, his voice cheerful:

"Your car's no good. I can get you out of here slick and clean. If you've any sense, you'll do business with me."

Again the sallow man and the sandy one stood eyeing him, questioning, suspicious; nervous, not liking their situation.

He felt a gentle touch on his trouser's leg and thought Mullens at his feet was trying to signal him; but he dared not look down then.

"Never make it in a car," he went on amiably. "I can get you out of here slick and clean—seventy-five miles in an hour and no trail behind you."

THE SALLOW man stared as at an impudent absurdity and again Bodet felt the light touch on his trouser's leg. The sandy man jerked out in high irritation:

"What the hell you talkin' about?"

"Airplane," Bodet replied. "My cousin runs one at Bocaganza. He was in France. He can be up here in five minutes after I telephone for him. Beach back here is a good landing place. He can take you clean across the state in an hour and a half—anywhere you want to go—hundred miles an hour after you get off. Half a dozen planes around here. Nobody can tell one from another when

I will train you at home to fill a BIG PAY Radio Job!





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"My earnings in Radio are many times greater than I ever expected they would be when I enrolled. They seldom fall under $100 a week. If your course cost four or five times more I would still consider it a good investment."

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it gets two thousand feet up. No trail that anybody can follow. Your car's no good."

If only he could get one of them outside—on the way to the telephone—with his hands unbound, there would be a chance that he would take! And anything to gain time. He felt sure that Allen, implacably vengeful was waiting out on the road in front of the orange grove to see his enemy taken to town for retribution. When he strolled over to the garage he had noticed, back among the orange trees, a very solid and ample figure in a white dress that came down to the shoes and up to the neck. He thought that must be Mrs. Allen, the lady who had been grossly insulted on her own premises, also implacably waiting for vengeance. Unless he and Mullens reappeared soon, with the prisoner, the Allens would doubtless become impatient or suspicious; they might telephone the sheriff. Anything to gain time!

AND his suggestion of an airplane made a decided impression. The sallow man and the sandy one looked at each other, arrested, questioning. They knew that locomotion by airplane was very common nowadays—the swiftest form of locomotion known to man, and with only a slight risk of accident.

While the two exchanged glances, Bodet looked down to find the meaning of that light touch on his trouser's leg; and his heart sank. The battered little deputy was picking the sandburs off his friend's trousers—his mind wandering.

"Easy as falling off a log," Bodet went on. "There's a telephone next door. One of you can go over there with me. If there's anybody in the house I'll say I want to call the sheriff's office. I'll get my cousin up here in ten minutes at the outside. Two minutes later you're up in the blue—nobody can follow. Of course it'll cost you something. I'll charge you damages for beating up my partner. We'll have to square the boss—the sheriff. You'll have to make it worth my cousin's while. Anybody but a bonehead can see that's the play for you. Your car's no good."

"That machine carry three passengers?" the sandy man asked—still suspicious and dubious, but much interested.

"Sure!" Bodet replied promptly. "That's what it is—a three passenger plane. It's a good one, too. You can afford to buy it outright."

The sandy man was frowning and the sallow one looking grim, the muscles of his lank jaw working with the tension of this new proposal. It was he who asked tersely:

"How much?"

BODET beamed as he explained, "Well, there's myself and my partner and the boss, and my cousin. You got to pay some damages. I'll say three thousand dollars — five hundred when you take off from the beach here and twenty-five hundred to my cousin when he lands you wherever you want to go—provided you don't go over two hundred miles. It's a hundred miles an hour, you know, once you get up in the air. Three thousand's cheap, I'd say."

He saw that the two men in front of him were impressed, and it encouraged him that the one over by the table seemed to be listening with interest. The sallow man turned towards the table to ask uncertainly: "What you say, Bat?"

"Good three passenger plane, is it?" the man over there asked of Bodet, grinning faintly as he spoke and standing up, the slung shot in his paw.

"It is that," Bodet replied decisively. "As good as they make 'em. He keeps it in fine trim, too."

The man was advancing towards him, his grin broadening. "That sounds good," he said.

His words were satisfactory, but his aspect was not. For an instant Bodet eyed him, taut, uncertain—but reading the ape gleam in his eyes too late; for the man was then too close for a kick in the stomach. Bodet's hands were bound behind him. He tried to dodge but the slung shot caught him on the back of the head and he went down like a log, senseless.

The swarthy man looked down at the still figure and a slight smothered little titter escaped him. He then spoke to his companions with cool contempt:

"No three passenger plane on this coast. I know. He was stringin' you. Now pick up the stuff and get the car, quick!" His companions were naturally crestfallen.

DEPUTY MULLENS struggled to his feet, in the face of the enemy—weak, unarmed, but preferring to meet the last act standing.

"Get the car," the swarthy man repeated, in cool, peremptory contempt. He waggled the slung shot slightly and added: "I'll show these birds something." The deep smolder in his one open eye, going back to the ape, promised appeasement to his brother's ghost.

The die having thus been cast there was, of course, no time to waste. The car still needed a little attention—a matter of a few minutes—and there were some belongings to be gathered up.

"Get the car, Red," said the sallow man, like one in haste. "I'll get the stuff." And while his sandy companion bolted for the garage, he stepped into the bedroom, swinging the door nearly shut behind him—presumably not especially caring to witness what was to be done in the living room.

So, except for the senseless and bound detective on the floor, Mullens and the swarthy man were left alone—the curtain obviously rising for the final act. The deputy spoke, dispassionately:

"You big —— —— ——, give me a drink."

The epithet he used is sometimes a deadly insult, sometimes a claim of comradeship. In any case it is the kind of epithet that goes home. Probably there is no human being who does not acknowledge some obligations. A man about to be hanged is given a drink if he asks for it, as a sort of unavoidable right.

EVEN this man here acknowledged the obligation which Mullens' epithet and request implied. The deputy had already started across to the bottle and glasses on the table. Far from hindering him the man said, "Help yourself."

Mullens' ribs and legs had been kicked vigorously, so he walked with a limp. Taking the bottle he poured a drink into each glass and extended one towards the man saying:

"Have a drink with me, you big —— —— ——."

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That also was somewhat in the nature of an unavoidable right; or it might be considered a challenge, for to drink with a man whom one is about to brain requires hardihood. In whatever sense he took it, the man seemed to find it amusing, for he said: "All right, you little —— —— ——," and tilted back his head, tossing the liquor down in a gulp.

There were two bedrooms on the north side of the cottage, the one opening from the living room and one behind it, opening to a small hall, with a door between the two. The robbers were little encumbered with baggage. One suitcase held all their personal belongings except those which they wore. And there was a shabby yellow bag nearly full of bank-notes done up in neat bundles just as they had come out of the registered mail sacks. These things were mostly in the back bedroom.

Hastily packing the suitcase in there, the sallow man caught some sounds from the living room—rather as though somebody were staggering about there, or perhaps being knocked about, and striking a piece of furniture or so in the process. Then he heard a dull noise as of a body falling to the floor. Evidently Bat was exercising himself. The sallow man went on with his packing, taking a look about to be sure he had everything except what was in the front bedroom. He might have been gone from the living room five minutes when he stepped into the front bedroom to pick up the few articles there.

Instead of picking them up, however, he halted with popping eyes, for a man lay across the sill of the door between that and the living room. Beyond him, out in the living room, another man lay on the floor.

THREE or four minutes after this, the lank and sallow man rushed into the garage, suitcase in one hand, yellow bag in the other, his small eyes haunted, crying: "Beat it! Beat it! Get out o' here!"

This had been an emotional day for Mrs. Ezra Allen—first her nervous and aggressive curiosity respecting the strange men next door; then the outrageous verbal assault upon her in her own orange grove. She had kept a wrathful watch upon the premises next door while her husband speeded to town for the law. She had seen Mr. Mullens, the deputy sheriff, go into the cottage—soon followed by the stranger who had come out from town with Mr. Mullens. She was aware of Mr. Mullens' car on the road; and of her husband waiting for retribution in front of the orange grove. Minute after minute passed as she kept her vigil. Then she saw the sandy man, who had been at the cottage before, hurry out to the garage. What could that mean? And why was Mr. Mullens taking so much time inside the cottage? She thought ten or fifteen minutes must have elapsed since he entered it.

Then she got the deepest shock of the day. A man who had apparently come from the back door of the cottage and crossed through the shrubbery below the garage was advancing toward her, beckoning. He was bareheaded; his face was bloody; he held a pistol in his hand. Her heart leaped in alarm. . . . But surely that was Mr. Mullens, the deputy sheriff, a sober, respectable and official person. Her mind in a tumult, she ambled rapidly toward him.

"Get the sheriff here quick," he said. "Tell him to bring a couple of men—and hurry. Telephone for a doctor, too; but the sheriff first—to come quick's he can."

With another emotional surge, Mrs. Allen started for the house and the telephone, heavy footed but vigorous; while

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the battered deputy sheriff, limping, turned back toward the sinister cottage.

The robbers' car was only slightly dismantled. Red, working at top speed, had it ready in ten minutes from the time he reached the garage. Mrs. Allen was back in the orange grove. She and her husband both saw the car run from the garage to the road, turn north and rush away, with two men in it. But it had only ten minutes start of the sheriff. Telephones were working all along the one good road. The car was stopped and its two occupants captured within half an hour.

Dr. Peters of Bocaganza arrived at the cottage a few minutes after the sheriff went on in pursuit of the robbers. Deputy Mullens, too wabbly to join in the pursuit, but sufficiently clear-headed, was in the living room, anxiously squatting over Bodet, trying to get him to speak. He had dashed water in the detective's face and got a pillow under his head. As the doctor came in, Bodet opened his eyes, and the deputy looked up at the physician and smiled—homely and battered, but happy. Dr. Peters found that there was a big lump on the back of the patient's head which would be painful for twenty-four hours, but no serious injury.

HE THEN turned his attention to the other—a thickset, heavy shouldered, black-haired man with an over-developed jaw who lay on the floor across the sill of the bedroom door—dead.

His face was darker than in life, as though he had been choked, but there was no mark on his neck. That puzzled the doctor; and Deputy Mullens offered no solution of the puzzle. But after having quite finished his examination and taken stock of the surroundings, including the whisky bottle and the slung shot, Dr. Peters asked some questions:

"He beat you two up this way, Tom?"

"He sure did," the deputy replied gravely. "He was goin' to beat us to a jelly—kill us maybe. He beat those mail clerks, you know. He was a murderin' brute."

"H'm," said the doctor. "And you had a drink?"

The deputy nodded.

"I suppose, now," the doctor mused, "he was a man that gulped his whisky right down."

"Gulped it right down," Mullens repeated. "The window shade was down then—kind of dim." There was a sort of anxious puckering around his eyes as he explained: "'Tain't what I believe in as a general rule. I never pulled a gun in my life unless there wasn't any other way out of it. 'Tain't what I believe in as a rule. But he knocked Mr. Bodet on the head when his hands was tied. He was goin' to pound us to a jelly. He was a murderin' brute."

"I believe it," the doctor replied. "I will give the cause of his death as alcoholism. That's what it was—if you go back to the first cause. If he hadn't drunk whisky, and gulped it right down, he wouldn't have got those two big sandburs stuck in his throat."

The deputy considered a moment and remarked confidentially: "Probably you remember that case down south of here four, five years ago—man choked to death on a sandbur that got in the water somehow. . . . You see, doctor, in this business of dealin' with criminals, you got to keep a-thinkin' all the while—thinkin' of new ways. Nothin' that you can't get out of if you think hard enough. Mr. Bodet and me was in a bad fix. I remembered that case I speak of. . . . There was three sandburs in his whisky. But I'm satisfied. He was a murderin' brute."



Leading the orchestra at the Hotel Manger is not the only interest of Hal Kemp, as witness his winning of a golf trophy at the Indian Springs club.

Hal Kemp Adds to His Laurels by Golf Prize

LEADING an orchestra and playing dance music are not the only accomplishments attributed to Hal Kemp, Broadway's most youthful director now playing nightly with his eleven former collegians in the Moorish Grill of the Hotel Manger.

During the past summer Hal and his orchestra played Broadway dance tunes at Valley Dale, out in Columbus, Ohio.

In addition to building up a local reputation and adding to their own laurels as musicians, every member of the orchestra became enthused and seriously concerned with the Great American Pastime. Indian Springs Golf club, located in the same vicinity, boasts of an exceptionally excellent eighteen-hole course and here the boys played daily, never less than thirty-six holes.

Some of them became so proficient and mastered the intricacies of the game to such an extent that Herbert Bash, manager of the club, and Joe Thomas, professional instructor, decided to stage a tournament for their benefit.

Hal walked away with first prize, a silver loving cup, for low score. Gene Kintzle, banjoist, annexed the cup in the low handicap event. "Saxie" Dowell, another member of the orchestra, made a hole-in-one.

Thirteen and One

WHAT is the dread influence of the Nonius Opal? Who is the mysterious murderer who carries away his victims? Don't miss Jackson Gregory's great mystery serial.

41 Programs Nominated

FOLLOWING are the programs, organizations or artists whose nomination for America's Most Popular Program were received up to the last minute before Radio Digest went to press for the April issue.

EAST

Program	Station
Enchanted Hour Ensemble	WTIC
Two Troupers	NBC
Cherrio	WFAN
Nit Wits	CBS
Around the Melodeon	WBAL
The Wanderers	WIP
Jessica Dragonette	CBS
Gypsy Nomads	CBS
Roxy and His Gang	NBC
Louis Kaufman	KDKA

SOUTH

Program	Station
Old Dominion Orchestra	WRVA
Sacred Quartet	WSM
W. K. Henderson	KWKH
Caroline Lee	WFLA
Bill Nye, Jr.	WWNC

MIDDLE WEST

Program	Station
Joe O'Toole	WJAY
Emil Cords	WTMJ
Corinne Jordan	KSTP
Ramblers Orchestra	KMOX
Whitney Trio	WMAQ
Paul McCluer	WENR
Mellotone Quartet	KFLV
Pat Barnes	WGN
Ben Bernie's Orchestra	KYW
National Barn Dance	WLS
Weener Minstrels	WENR
Amos 'n' Andy	WMAQ-NBC
Pied Pipers	WTMJ
Gene and Glenn	WTAM
Bobby Brown	WBBM
Pat Flanagan	WBBM
Tillie the Toiler	KFEQ
Henry Field	KFNF

WEST

Program	Station
Master Singers	KFAB
Sleepy Time Gals	KTAT
Battery Boys	WNAX
Old Timers	KFKB

FAR WEST

Program	Station
Rhythm Makers	KGER
Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie"	KPO
Tom Breneman	KNX
"Simpy Fitts"	KFRC

* * *

Virginia Farmer, heard in NBC dramatic broadcasts, and a member of the permanent cast of Real Folks, is the author of several plays that have had Broadway runs.

Women in Radio

(Continued from page 51)

light opera stage. Her success in The Student Prince brought her to the attention of NBC program directors and the results of a microphone audition caused her to turn her efforts exclusively to Radio.

Vaudeville surrendered Miss Welcome Lewis to the invisible audience. Miss Lewis' "female baritone" voice has been pronounced a phenomenon, but regardless of what it is called she is thankful she is not a soprano. Speaking of her "mean" songs, she says: "They may not be art or even music, but they are the most human of American songs."

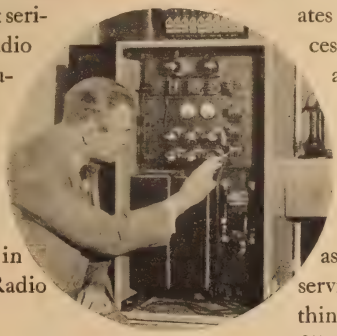
One of the most recent deserters of the stage is Virginia Gardiner, whose first appearance on the air was a bang-up success.

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the world's best-known singer, has been heard many, many times on the air since leaving the operatic stage. The National Broadcasting company announced recently that they had secured the services of the diva in the capacity of Operatic counsel.

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FRANCES ALDA, lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, gave up her operatic career for Radio. Madame Alda made her operatic debut in 1904 as "Manon" in the opera by that name, and has since created the chief soprano roles in many of the standard operas.

The movies have also made a contribution in the person of Dolores Cassinelli, soprano. Miss Cassinelli was first known as the "Cameo Girl" and played leads in feature pictures. The discovery of her voice was accidental.

There are still many stars of the speaking stage and the silent drama who, while they cannot be classed as deserters of the footlights and asbestos curtain, nevertheless, their personalities as well as talents are shared with the unseen audience.

Literary and political feminists have stepped down from the "stump" to the microphone. Miss Jane Addams, long recognized as an international figure in social and political reform work, has frequently addressed a nation-wide audience via the ether, as has Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson and many other prominent leaders in various fields of national life.

The hostess of a Radio studio is a diplomatic go-between for Radio, the impresario, and the artistic aspirants of the outside world. The fiery temperament of an artist is often soothed by the personal charm of this staff employee whose big job it is to "understand just how it is." Her manner is one of many changes. She is asked thousands of questions; is the listener to thousands of statements; and the witness of many demonstrations. Some artists are prone to think that if they can only impress the hostess, their Radio future is assured. She is very keen sighted and her sense of perception is unlimited. The minute she looks at the person entering the reception room, she knows just what manner to assume—whether it be instilling courage in a timid creature—taming that person who is on a pedestal in his or her opinion—softening the blow of a possible audition failure—or the million and one events that materialize throughout the Radio day.

WOMEN have also scored on the program and continuity end of the game. Each time Radio takes a step, women can be counted on to take the same step. The feminine "touch" is prevalent in many of the popular programs on the air today.

An illustration of their success in this department is the program exclusively for women. This type of program is a new leaven at work in the home life of today. It has been gradually developing during the past seven years. It is designed to lighten the tasks and make easier the labor of homemakers, add beauty and contentment to the home, quicken social life, bring to the family a measure of recreation, give guidance in the technique of home making, help the woman increase her income, add to her knowledge and broaden her vision.

This type of program is under the direction of women. In its own way it is just as extensive as any other program on the air. It is not confined to the four walls of a home—on the other hand it is quite worldly and while it brings to the homemaker prominent people representing every walk of the feminine world, it also includes topics which are most general.

Farm women and girls have also been keenly interested in developing this program. Chief among them is Dr. Louise G. Stanley, chief of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture. Dr. Stanley, through her Radio appearances, is as well known to the city woman as to the rural one. Two of the staunchest allies on the air today are the home demonstration agent and the extension worker. These two types of rural representation are usually farm-raised women who have taken a four-year course at some good college, are sympathetic with agriculture and rural life, and have had four or five years' experience in teaching or home work after graduating.

THESE women have made their bow to Radio through the Department of Agriculture or agricultural colleges throughout the country which have Radio stations. Again there is considerable co-operation between these women and local stations.

Mrs. Ola Powell Malcolm, field agent in home demonstration work for the southern states, is always a welcome speaker on the air. Mrs. Rowena Schmidt, assistant to Dr. Stanley, plans the weekly household calendar heard regularly from station WRC, Washington, D. C.

Radio, as a business, has also engulfed the intellect of women. Miss Pattie Field, first woman to hold a vice consulship in the service of the United States, resigned that post to accept a position with the National Broadcasting company. At the time of her resignation from the foreign service, Miss Field was vice consul to Amsterdam, Holland, a post she had occupied almost since her admission to the service in 1925. Her new place is in the industrial research division of the sales promotion department of the NBC. In her new capacity, Pattie Field will have an opportunity to take advantage of her training while abroad. Much of the work she handled during her three and one-half years in Holland had to do with industrial research and investigations.

The advisory council of the National Broadcasting company boasts a woman representative. She is Mrs. Mary Sherman, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Sherman is not known alone for her club work but for her understanding and appreciation of the position women have made for themselves in the world.

The feminine ambition has spread even outside the direct line of the Radio industry—in other words a guard of interest.

All this tends to make one stop, look and listen—what a future the present-day Radio woman is making for the girl student in music, drama, literature, business, etc. And all because Radio is not handicapped by sex.

The author of this article, Marie K. Neff, is well qualified to speak of opportunities in the field of Radio. She herself has achieved a large measure of success, now being prominent in the publicity department of the NBC Chicago studios.

Women Listeners

BETTY McGEE is the youngest member of the Radio Digest Staff - but she has been two years with one of the largest magazines in the country. She is a graduate of the University of Chicago. And she edits household features. She also conducts the other features in this magazine of special interest to women. Write to Miss McGee for those bits of intimate information you would like to know concerning your favorite Radio artist.

Gives Parents Advice

(Continued from page 78)

cellence of reaching the world—getting on the air and letting your voice out at them. I continue to write whenever I possibly can and I let out the wrath that is in me through talking to the countless mobs of people who listen to Radio. This Radio thing is certainly my meat. It's so perfect to be able to talk as you please without interruption or contradiction—not even a husband there to disagree with you. Every woman will appreciate how enjoyable that must be!

Accordingly with no preparation but a vast conviction of my rightness and a wide experience in the problems of mothers raising their families, I asked my husband's permission, got it, dashed over to WOR, took a test to discover whether or no I had what they called "Mike It"—which apparently means whether your voice is possible to listen to or not—by blind luck passed it, and found myself launched upon a Radio career in defense of mothers (without really having much of an idea what I was doing) under the title of the Commonsense for Mothers' Hour.

That name was the result of a symposium of the best brains at WOR—and in spite of myself I must say I think it's a grand title. It really expresses just what we're doing. We're formulating and expressing and spreading to the four corners of the earth sane, sound, sensible ideas of child-rearing, many of them based on the well-tested methods of our own good mothers, many others based on the truly great scientific health and nutrition discoveries of this age about children—but all very firmly based upon the fundamental principles that mothers shall rear their own children in their own homes, that home is the best place on earth for a child to grow up in, and that a child's own mother is the one best fitted to bring him up if she will use her natural intelligence to find out all she can about ways and means and methods—and will apply her knowledge intelligently to her family.

PEOPLE ask me—"How do you ever get ideas for subjects to talk about?"—and the answer to that is—by continuing to bring up my family and to learn from mothering them just what other mothers go through and what they need. The material for my Commonsense for Mothers' talks is inexhaustible, because I draw it from my own life, from my children and from the knowledge of the problems of other mothers which the letters from the Radio audience give me. Anyone who has ever had a family knows that there is literally no end to the interesting problems and situations which they present. Most of these situations arise at some time in the course of bringing up a family of seven—and those few which don't are brought to my attention by my mail.

It seems almost as though the world had come to my door, and I have become so intensely interested in solving these problems of motherhood and feel so close to the letter writers through the knowledge they give me of their

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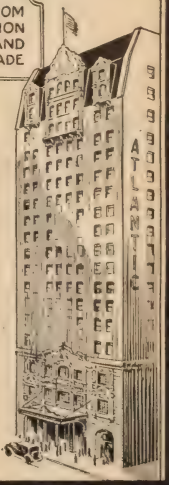
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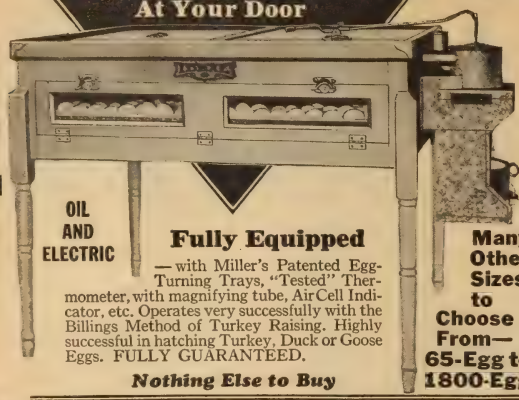
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inmost selves that the Radio audience has come to be second in my heart only to my own children. Indeed I feel toward these young mothers who ask so sweetly to be guided by my experience as though they were in very fact my children. I take their welfare and the welfare of their babies as seriously as I do my own, and in every case I strive myself to give exactly the counsel of wisdom which will aid that young mother and straighten out her problem.

It's a monumental work which I've taken upon myself. Mothers as a class so enormously outnumber the rest of the population that I daresay one of these days I shall be fairly snowed under with letters and disappear altogether from view! But if there's any job in the world—next to rearing her own family—that could be more congenial to a mother than this one I have, I'd be glad to know about it.

Do I like this work? I **love** it. It grows more fascinating every day, and the more my mothers cry for aid, the happier I am that I went on the air—to answer their cries as well as it is in me.

Homes Trend to Elegance

(Continued from page 54)

For bedrooms, hooked rugs are successfully used in this same way. And of course large Orientals are always good with a foot or a foot and one-half of dark floor at the edges. Particularly nice are they for dining rooms where interest in color and pattern is generally lacking.

Lamps also have taken on a dressier appearance. Silk has gained first place in shades, but rather tailored ones they are. Stretched taffeta or crepe de chine with self-tone tailored braids or edging at top and bottom in shades of deep gold, rust, and sunshine yellow—in fact all the colors which give a soft, warm light. Lots of bases have an Oriental flavor—Celedon, porcelain, jade, rose quartz, and soapstone together with a very refined pottery compose the greater part of these. Tolé lamps with their painted tin shades have their place also on desks and as reading lamps.

I should like to tell you just a little about the Federal American type of home which is enjoying such wide popularity. The dining room has bluish gray walls with white trim and dodo. The furniture is mahogany—Sheraton in type. The hangings are mulberry damask looped back with silk cord tie backs in self color over glass curtains of celanese voile. The chair seats are upholstered in a mulberry velvet, and the rug, a Persian Kondahar in tones of mulberry and deep blue. The built-in corner cupboard is a reproduction of one in the Metropolitan Museum with its shell back, and on its shelves are arranged odd pieces of that very old Copeland china, the Fairydell pattern it is called, sprays of old fashioned flowers against a cream background. A few pieces of blue glass and two Staffordshire dogs stand guard over this delightful array.

ON THE buffet are two deep blue ginger jars with tracings in bold and above them hang a dull gold mirror, at the top of which the American eagle majestically spreads its wings. A screen covered in an old English wall paper in the Shepherd pattern stands in front of the door to the right.

The living room has walls of warm yellow, with hangings of deep green antique satin, which hang perfectly straight to the floor from under a black cornice board. The glass curtains are celanese, the same yellow as the walls. The floor is completely covered in a red-

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brown Broadloom Wilton rug, which goes from baseboard to baseboard, over which are thrown scatter Orientals here and there. The mantel has square pottery jars filled with trailing ivy at each end, while two Dresden figures trip gaily across the center under an old oil portrait of an 18th century lady in a dull gold frame. To the left of the open fireplace is a chippendale sofa upholstered in a bright red damask, finished in antique brass tacks. To the right is a secretary with its Colonial ladder-back desk chair. The lamp on the desk is particularly interesting, a cut crystal base with a bright red stretched silk shade.

Two drop-leaf tables flank the two walls on the sides of the entrance door on which are lamps with black pottery bases and the deeper yellow stretch silk shades. At the end of the sofa is a low armchair done in dull gold damask. Drawn close to the fireplace, at the right, is an English fireside wing chair covered in Queen Anne needlework, or Crewel embroidery, as it is sometimes called, in shades of red, bright green and brown against a natural linen background. And just in front of this chair is a low tea table all set for tea, with its Colonial pattern tea service and dainty Dresden cups. The flickering light from the open fire casts a soft light over the whole arrangement and gives you a most inviting room.

The bedroom is Colonial, with a decidedly modern flavor. The wall paper has a blue-green background with modernistic flowers scattered here and there in shades of deep lavender, gold, and touches of orange. The curtains at the windows are Dutch draws in blue-green tissue gauze, in front of which stands a lavender taffeta dressing table, with a perky box pleated skirt.

The standing mirror on the glass top is quite modern in feeling, with its half frame in dull silver. The twin beds are four posters with severely tailored spreads in gold. A chaise lounge is in one corner of the room, unholstered in a blue-green rep welted in lavender. Across from this is a man's chest of drawers on which stands a mahogany mirror. The rugs are plain scatter ones in a very deep lavender mohair. The feeling of the whole room is distinctly harmonious, although through its color handling two distinct periods have been successfully combined.

In these rooms you will note that a bit of this elegance has crept into their decoration. The materials are more luxurious than those previously used. Their whole effect is more dignified. This new trend gives us a wide play in materials. Heretofore our tastes may have run just a little too dressy for the severely tailored type rooms, whereas now we may use these lovely soft silks in their long sweeping lines and feel quite justified in doing so.

Arabesque

(Continued from page 33)

Dark Valley of Death," he explained, "it comes into my garden bringing thoughts of the world it left behind. Sojourning here awhile these thoughts take seed and grow, lifting their faces to the eternal heavens as everlasting flowers of beauty."

"What quiet peace prevails in your garden! What loveliness! Here! Look! An orchid newly come—just spreading from the bud! An orchid! Oh, gardener, tell me of this orchid!"

"You may well exclaim. It is the essence of a woman's soul crushed by a tragic fate. Yet her thoughts were tenderly sweet, vibrant with the drooping pale blue color of a thwarted love. This



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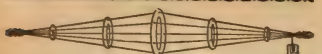
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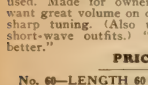
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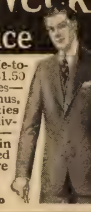
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gentle soul passing through my garden by her very presence stirred the pulses of remembrance in the roots of all my other flowers. And here she paused to smile. This exquisite flower came to life and I named it Orchid."

The two disappeared into the shrubbery and Achmed frowned.

"Your thoughts will have an evil odor, I fear," said Abdullah.

"Does he speak thus of my garden?" asked Achmed.

"Perhaps we shall hear later."

"Bring them here," commanded Achmed of an ugly looking servant who stood near, "and bring the man who interprets the English tongue." The man disappeared.

"Now what does all this palaver mean?" asked Achmed when the two Englishmen had been brought before him. "Who are you, anyway?" The queries were interrupted.

"I will answer the first question first," answered the man in the white robe, speaking slowly in his own tongue so that the half-breed interpreter could follow him.

"In my country there was a lovely girl, lovely as the orchid is lovely—and the orchid was her favorite flower. To me she has ever been and always will be like that—"

WHEN this had been interpreted Achmed said, "What fools the English are about their women! I believe I will let him see Zuweida dance—"

"Zuweida!" Exclaimed Abdullah, seizing upon Achmed's slip of the tongue. "Is she English?"

"Ah—a Gypsy, you forget . . . Oh, mighty chief . . . Perhaps the great Abdullah is in love with this Gypsy female?"

"Pasha's mind is alert. He detects the signs—"

"Go on with the story," Achmed waved a bony finger toward the narrator.

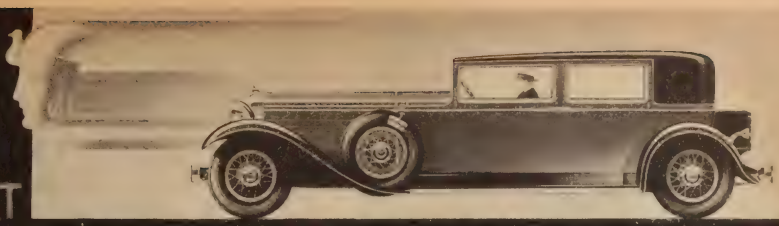
"One day there came a terrible misunderstanding. The orchid soul left her body and a shoddy, unnatural being took possession instead. This tawdry substitute so horrified me that I flew my country and sought to lose myself here. Brigands held me for a while demanding ransom. But when the ransom came I did not want to go back. I fled into the desert. This man who had been my friend at home, with the kindest of intentions and utmost heroism, followed after me. Your servants found us dying on the desert and brought us here. One night I climbed to the top of this garden wall and I saw by the bright moonlight that lovely orchid. And I seemed to have a vision. Somehow I feel that my beloved is near when I see that happy flower—the real girl—my darling June. She was a talented girl—an actress—and I think she may have been acting a part to deceive me through a worthy motive that was in the goodness of her heart. I crave now to go back to her and see if this may not be true. That is what I beg that you will let me do. I come of a baronial family—and I can promise a suitable reward for safe conduct—"

"We will discuss that at another time. Let us have the dance now—the dance," Achmed clapped his hands in agitation.

"But the Englishman has not told us his name," Abdullah demurred.

"I have not answered the second question," said the Englishman who did not understand what was being said between Achmed and Abdullah. "My name is Lord Cranfield. I understand I have succeeded to the title since I fled here."

ABDULLAH gave a visible start. But at the moment there was a tingle of



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I would have ☐ Ordinary car without Noback
☐ **The added protection of Noback**

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☐ **Advanced type, valve-in-head engine**

The Stutz valve-in-head line-eight engine is not only more powerful, it is also quiet, smooth and economical.

5. Would you accept valves actuated by rocker arms, with their greater noise and greater area of wearing surfaces? Or would you insist upon having the overhead camshaft with its direct-acting, simple and quiet valve operation?

I would have ☐ Conventional push-rods and rocker arms
☐ **Stutz silent overhead camshaft**

As compared with rocker-arm valve mechanism, the Stutz overhead camshaft eliminates 192 wearing surfaces.

6. Would you be content with the single ignition found in ordinary cars? Or would you prefer dual ignition with two spark plugs for each cylinder, insuring greater power and economy?

I would have ☐ Single ignition
☐ **Dual ignition**

Dual ignition is one of the many features of advanced engineering found on Stutz and Blackhawk.

7. Would you want your engine to have the less efficient single carburetion as originally designed for four-cylinder cars? Or would you prefer the greater engine efficiency made possible by dual carburetion?

I would have ☐ A single carburetor
☐ **Dual carburetion**

Dual carburetion and dual intake contribute to the outstanding performance of Stutz and Blackhawk cars.

8. Would you be willing to have an automobile equipped with ordinary oil and grease cups? Or would you like the latest, Stutz one-thrust chassis lubrication system which feeds oil to all moving parts of the chassis in one operation?

I would have ☐ Ordinary oil and grease cups
☐ **One-thrust lubrication system**

One-thrust chassis lubrication is among the many convenience features of the Stutz and Blackhawk.

9. Would you expect your $20,000 automobile to be equipped with ordinary headlights? Or would you prefer Ryan-Lites, which give long range without dangerous glare and which give side-illumination with added protection for night driving?

I would have ☐ Ordinary headlights
☐ **New and improved Ryan-Lites**

Ryan-Lites, standard equipment on Stutz and Blackhawk, are the only automobile lights that meet all legal requirements everywhere.

10. Would you be content with the conventional bevel gear drive? Or would you have the improved worm-drive rear axle which permits the floorboards to be lowered 20 per cent and lowers the center of weight of the entire car?

I would have ☐ Conventional rear axle
☐ **Worm drive rear axle**

Worm drive is one of the fundamentals of Stutz-Blackhawk advanced engineering.

11. Would your made-to-order car be of the conventional type, with a relatively high center of weight? Or would you build safety into your car by lowering the center of weight?

I would have ☐ Conventional car, relatively unsafe
☐ **Safety Stutz with low center of weight**

Stutz low center of weight, made possible by worm drive, means better roadability, greater ease of control, improved riding, greater performance and greater safety.

12. Would you be content with the ordinary type of chassis frame, which yields to torsional strains? Or would you insist upon having a massive double-drop frame providing utmost safety?

I would have ☐ Ordinary chassis frame
☐ **Massive double-drop frame**

The Stutz double-drop frame has seven cross members, five of them tubular.

13. Would you have ordinary running boards suspended on brackets and hence easily collapsible in case of side collision? Or would you feel safer with Stutz side-bumper steel running boards built integral with frame?

I would have ☐ Running boards suspended on brackets
☐ **Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame**

Stutz side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame protect the occupants of the car in case of side-collision.

14. Would you specify conventional brakes with just ordinary braking power? Or would you feel safer with Stutz Feathertouch Booster Brakes?

I would have ☐ Ordinary conventional brakes
☐ **Feathertouch Booster Brakes**

Stutz is safest because it can stop in three fifths the distance required by conventional cars.

Of course you would want all the advantages listed above if you purchased a $20,000 made-to-order car. But think how much easier it is to get them in a Stutz or Blackhawk.

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BORN WITH Club Foot

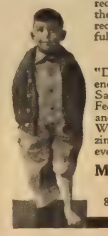


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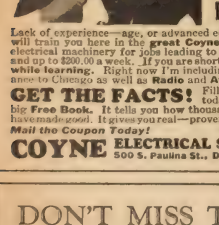
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cymbals and a light drum beat. Out from an arbor beside the stage and near the pool flashed a girl in a bright shawl and veil. There were grunts of pleased surprise from the circle of dusky faces at the top of the terrace.

"She has scorned me, will have nothing to do with me, but she is so charming I cannot let her go," Achmed confided during a fervent moment to Abdullah. The Englishman until now had shown no interest. Then his eyes caught a flutter or a fragile pale blue veil. He strained his eyes. The black curtain of the equatorial night would soon end the show. He edged a little down the slope.

Then came a strange cry, a quivering questioning call. The tall Englishman unmindful of everything else ran on winged heels, his fantastic robe billowing out behind him as he dashed down the little mound to the stage. The girl who had been dancing and posturing in movements suggestive of the curving petals of the orchid threw her white arms high over her head and stared as though she beheld a visitation from heaven.

"June! June! You came to me! You are here!" The man gasped and in a moment he had folded her into his arms.

"Oh Loring, Loring. Forgive me for causing you such grief. My desire was but to spare you pain. I was told that I stood in the way of your career and must give you up."

"Then you were acting the part of the hussy?"

"Yes, Loring, and I could have screamed for the agony of seeing you suffer."

Two brawny sons of the desert seized Loring and a ponderous woman of the harem closed a vice-like grip on the wrists of the girl. They were jerked apart.

* * *

"A VERY pretty play," said Abdullah.

"It will end presently when I have the Englishman beheaded for his affront," snarled Achmed.

"That would be absurd," counseled Abdullah. "A wise man will not surrender to his senseless passions. I buy many slaves. The man is strong and the girl is beautiful. Name your price for the pair. Is he not worth more to you alive than carrion?"

"The girl is very beautiful, great Abdullah. Some day she will come to me—when she has forgotten about him."

Abdullah reached into his girdle and pulled forth a bag heavy with gold. He lifted the coins and filtered them into the bag again through his fingers. Achmed's eyes grew green.

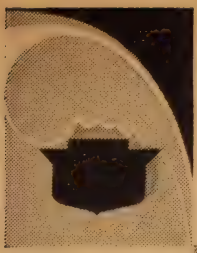
"The man for the bag of gold," said Achmed.

"The man and the maiden," said Abdullah. His stalwarts gathered about in a circle. They were head and shoulders above Achmed.

"Abdullah is a strong man, a wise and a just man. He has many warriors. He is mighty in battle. He will be rewarded handsomely by the English for his slaves. But I am only a little chief. My caravan does not travel far. The English do not barter with Achmed. I will accept the bag of gold from Abdullah for the man and the maid."

* * *

IN LONDON a month later a copy of an official dispatch was handed to Lord Cranfield and he read it to his bride. The words that interested them both had this explanation: "The chief whom you knew as Abdullah was in fact our secret agent of the British army, Major Cecil Brashfield. His successful exploit in your effective rescue brought him promotion and suitable financial reward."



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May, 1930



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MAXINE BROWN, who left Denver to become a Broadway star in New York, was the first to be called America's Sweetheart of the Air. She was also the first stage star to forsake the footlights for the microphone. You hear her over CBS in the Publix Radiovue.



JANE KIRBY had her mind made up to be a prof[illegible] and the dancer when her teacher at Eastern High School, Baltimore, happened to note the unusually fine quality of her soprano voice. She followed advice to cultivate it with pronounced success, as thousands of WBAL fans will testify.

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Frantic Rush to Name Favorite for Diamond MERITUM AWARD

Flood of Ballots and Fervent Letters Indicate Hot Battle to Pick Popular Program

FROM big stations and small—programs that are heard all over the nation via the great chains and super-power transmitters, and those who entertain in only a comparatively small area—the fans like them and don't hesitate to say so. Nominations and ballots for favorite Radio entertainers have flooded the Contest Editor's desk since the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award Contest to select America's Most Popular Program was announced in March.

Unprecedented enthusiasm is being displayed by listeners in every corner of the United States, and indications point to a battle of ballots and fervent letters of support unrivaled in their enthusiasm. It is far too early to guess even the number of nominations that will be received in this Diamond Award Contest, but several dark horses are already showing a determined strength that will put the supposed national favorites to their best pace to carry off honors.

To the program, organization or artist in the United States which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold mounted Diamond Meritum Award. This trophy will be in the shape of a gold medallion emblazoned with a diamond, and will be engraved with the name of the winning program, organization or artist.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite program, organization or artist in your section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, five Gold Awards will be presented in the sectional race. These trophies will be similar in every way to the Diamond Award, except that the diamond will be omitted from the design, and will be given to the most popular program in the divisions of the country representing the East, South, Middle West, West and Far West.

FOR the individual program, organization or artist winning the Diamond Meritum Award will come recognition of inestimable value. No one thing is worth more to a broadcast program than the expressed admiration and preference of the listening public.

No individual can tell with any degree of accuracy how any given program rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each program heard in the country.

It is by no means the program from the most powerful station that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the program, organization or artist that has the stanchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite entertainer.

READ the rules and regulations on page 101 of this issue. Remember that if you save your coupons for the rest of the Contest and send them in together they will count for more. Act today—send in your nominations—start the ball rolling and tell your friends about the Diamond Award Contest, that your favorite may be assured of more support.

"I nominate 'Fiddlin' John Carson for the Diamond Award because I like old fiddlin' and he is the best I have ever heard. He will entertain anyone. More power to 'Fiddlin' John' and WSB," writes Robert L. Harris.

"I am enclosing my nomination blank for the most popular program on the air, the Smith Family of WENR. I am saving all my votes so this popular program will have a better chance to win the Diamond Award."—George L. Meyers, Dubuque, Iowa.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to nominate Willy and Lilly of KMOX as candidates in your America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest, and I certainly hope they are successful. I really believe they are far superior to Amos 'n' Andy, as the impersonation of Lilly is so cleverly done, and the snappy singing keeps the program from being as dull and dry as Amos 'n' Andy. Will send a year's subscription to Radio Digest before the contest ends."—Charles H. Foley, St. Louis, Mo.

"Kindly accept my nomination for Dr. Brinckley of KFKB. He offers the best service and the best entertainment of them all. I'm saving my ballots so he will get the 75 votes."—M. B. Aldridge, Ponca City, Okla.

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510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate _____

Station _____ (Call Letters)

in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _____

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Number 3

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POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Station KFKB Wins

GOLD CUP

Fans Rally to Support of the World's Most Popular Station—256,827 Votes

ACCLAIMED by an overwhelming majority of the listening public, readers of Radio Digest, broadcasting station KFKB wins the Gold Cup and the title of the World's Most Popular Station. Rallying to the support of their favorite with unprecedented enthusiasm, friends of this Milford, Kansas, station polled a total of 256,827 votes.

Contests for sectional honors in the six geographical divisions of the continent were marked by heavy balloting and close races. In the East, Station WJZ carried off first honors in a comparatively light vote, polling 4,210 ballots, winning a Silver Cup and the title of the East's Most Popular Station.

In the District of the South, "Hello World" W. K. Henderson carried off all honors and winning title to the Silver Cup for the South's Most Popular Station. His total vote was recorded as 19,514. In the Middle West another comparatively small station, but one which proved itself exceptionally strong in the hearts of its listeners, won first place. Station KFNF, owned and operated by the inimitable Henry Field, polled a total of 46,556 ballots to win the Silver Cup for the Middle West.

A South Dakota station, WNAX, proved itself the most popular broadcaster in the West, its friends casting 17,031 votes to carry the Silver Cup and the district title to Yankton. This is the second Radio Digest award won by WNAX. The Cup given for the most popular orchestra reposes in the Gurney Seed company's studios at Yankton.

IN THE Far West, Hal Nichol's Long Beach, California, station, KFOX, carried away the Silver Cup and the district title. In a whirlwind finish KFOX listeners piled up a grand total of 64,557 votes to bestow the title of the Most Popular Station in the Far West upon their favorite. Votes from Canada's widely scattered population registered an outstanding sentiment in favor of CFEQ as the Dominion's most popular broadcaster. Three thousand eight hundred and forty-two ballots were registered for this Saskatoon station.

In the true sense of this contest to select the World's Most Popular station, it was the station with the most loyal friends—listeners eager and willing to stand up and fight for the glory of their favorite, that won the Gold Cup. There are doubtless other broadcasters in the country who have more listeners over a period of time, but it was the station with the strongest, not the largest, following that was destined to win international recognition as the World's Most Popular.

Friends of broadcasters all over the continent rallied to the support of their favorites in splendid style, and every station entered in the Gold Cup Contest has a right to be proud of its standing with its listeners.

Great honor and recognition are the reward of the Gold Cup winner and winners of the Sectional races. To the runnersup must also go a large measure of credit which is their just due for the strong position they hold in the hearts of their listeners.

Full details of the balloting will appear in the June Radio Digest, together with a comprehensive layout of the winning broadcasters in this contest.

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Doty Hobart is lining up the summer schedule of games and outdoor amusements that will come to you by Radio.

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Gossipy narrative of the background for that marvelous voice you hear over the CBS. And a corking camera portrait, taken especially for Radio Digest.

THE HUNTERS

A pair of gangster gunmen follow their intended victim through Florida swamps and stumble over unprecedented contingencies. This is one of Will Payne's best short stories.

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Indi's back and by June will have a thriving humor department for you. Send him the odd things you hear on the air and he may give you valuable tip.

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Advance Tips

JUNE is the month of tender glances and solemn vows. Many a happy romance has budded into lasting love through the medium of a Radio borne voice. "Cupid on the Air" will be the subject of an anthology of true stories of some of the swains and lasses who met, loved and joined hands at the altar of matrimony in Radioland. This will appear in the June Radio Digest. You will want to keep it in your album.

* * *

How much money does a top-notch Radio star make? What do the coming stars, now employed as Radio entertainers, make? What does a beginner make in this chosen profession? E. E. Plummer, former editor of Radio Digest, now Radio editor of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, has gone into the matter thoroughly and has promised an article that will tell us all about it—naming names, of course, in the June Radio Digest.

* * *

Interest in Amos and Andy grows by leaps and bounds. Radio Digest was first to give you information about them. It will continue to furnish you with Amos and Andy stories. Next month you will be taken to the home towns where these boys were known in youth as "Curley" Gosden and "Chuck" Correll. They were just like millions of other boys before some mysterious fate took them in hand. It might have happened to almost anybody, you'd say.

* * *

What a wow of a fiction story you are going to get from Will Payne in your June Radio Digest! Mr. Payne is marvelously gifted in picking out dangerous, hair-raising situations and keeping you on edge without being too rough. Two gangster gunmen find themselves far afield from their city rat hole haunts when they attempt to stalk an intended victim through the Florida swamps. Of course, Mr. Payne takes care that the obvious never happens and you will be guessing to the very end.

* * *

Speaking of fiction, be sure to read the E. Phillips Oppenheim story, "The Turning Wheel," in this issue. It is splendidly told and will be concluded in June—just two installments.

* * *

You will always find at least three and more often four good fiction stories in Radio Digest.

* * *

Keep your ears open for a Hit-Quip-Slip on the air. Indi is back on the job in this issue of Radio Digest. He is paying for things that make good paragraphs in his column. This is going to be one of the best features of its kind in the country. Read it and send in your contribution for next month.

* * *

DOTY HOBART is planning an article on how to get the most fun out of the big open air sports that come to you via Radio. He will also give you a forecast of some of the big games that will be broadcast. This will be in that very lively and very attractive June Radio Digest. We can't begin to tell you here everything that will be in it.

Across the Desk

MILFORD, Kansas, with its station KFKB wins the Radio Digest Grand Prize in the national popularity contest. Milford came romping in with a good lead as a big surprise to almost everybody but the people who live in the community. The winning of that cup had become a community enterprise. The station itself had no dickering in the handling of ballots or votes so far as Radio Digest was concerned. But there was every indication that the corner drug stores, the banks, the various centers of community gatherings, were all plugging for Dr. Brinkley, who now becomes a national Radio personality. KFKB is a feature of Dr. Brinkley's hospital. The doctor, his wife and young son live their lives in a very human way in plain Radio view of everybody. They are very sincere and enjoy the prodigious respect of their neighbors. With the whole community vitally interested in bringing Dr. Brinkley this tribute he didn't stand much of a chance to lose. It goes without saying that Dr. Brinkley will consider the Radio Digest Gold Cup a Milford trophy.

* * *

Very interesting statistics are furnished through a recent survey by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company as to the growth of Radio in the United States. The figures at best are a year behind but they show that $4,240,703 was spent for Radio advertising in the first quarter of 1929 as compared to $823,202 in the first quarter of 1927. There was an increase of more than $1,000,000 from the fourth quarter of 1928. This is of interest to you because it shows the growing esteem in dollars and cents that the great commercial houses have for you as Radio listeners. There is a keener competition for your attention. The more they want your attention the more they will pay for the entertainment to get it from you. So do not be too impatient if the sponsor asks to speak a word or two for his investment in your notice. A letter or card of appreciation always pleases both the artist and the sponsor.

* * *

The federal Radio commission is getting restless again. There is an endless amount of bickering and badgering for more power and better channels on the part of stations. At this writing it seems to be settled that there will be a trimming down of power for a number of the 50,000 watters. This will reflect in greater power for more community stations now prepared to supply better programs than they were a few years ago.

* * *

Complaints still come from listeners who say that they wait long and in vain for station announcements. Even if it is a chain program with a nearer outlet the listener is keen to know just the station from which it is coming. The announcer could easily slip in the call letters between numbers.

* * *

June days and summer weather will not dampen the interest of any real Radio fan in the air programs. The portables and automobile receivers are becoming more popular each year. Some cities have even begun regulating private automobile receivers to avoid interference with the police Radio equipped squad cars.

* * *

We are sometimes surprised by the letters, pro and con, that come in response to the signed editorials by famous writers on the opposite page. These editorials do not necessarily always express the views of Radio Digest. They usually do express the views of a great many people. We try to see things from all sides. In this issue we have Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, first nationally known Radio pastor. He had Radio Digest readers in mind in preparing this editorial. Dr. Cadman is enjoyed by millions of Radio listeners for his Sunday morning sermons over the National Broadcasting company network.

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Radio's Religious Influence

By S. Parkes Cadman, D. D., LL. D.

Radio Minister of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America

IT IS superfluous to expatiate on the Radio. It has done more than any other scientific marvel to convince the nations that there is a Divinity which shapes their ends, "rough hew them," as men may. Its well nigh universal ministries, developed by leaps and bounds after the anarchies created by the World War, have breathed a common mind, a common culture, and a common purpose into the seething disturbances of our common humanity. The people at large are intent on rationalized industry, national solidarity and international good will because this miracle of the viewless air transmits a superior intelligence and morality, making them available for all and sundry. The elevation of the public taste for entertainment which is wholesome and stimulative of the best life proceeds apace. Of course there are in the Radio grave possibilities of those evil communications which corrupt good manners. We also recognize that nothing is necessarily true because it is either widely circulated or widely accepted. Yet after every qualification has been made, the decisive factor remains that the choicest music, literature, drama, economic information and educational methods are at the daily disposal of countless hosts of Radio listeners.

The broadcasting agencies of our country have treated religion with the utmost consideration and generosity. In order to promote its oneness and prevent its differences, the officials of those agencies had to carefully ascertain how to diffuse "the things of the spirit" which underly all sectarian separations. Since religion is closely identified with ecclesiastical organizations, creeds and rituals, it is clear that no one denomination can be exalted at the expense of the rest.

Hence the vital questions: What is religion, as understood by those who are charged with the responsibility of "The Radio's Religious Influence?" How can their presentations be made effective for Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Gentiles? And what is perhaps more pertinent: how can the utterances which challenge attention week days and Lord's Days commend themselves to the fifty millions who attend no Church and hold no allegiance to any form of faith?

First, *such presentations must be non-controversial, in the sense that they attack no sincere efforts, by whomsoever attempted, to explain the ways of God toward men.*

Second, *they must be conferential, in the sense that they invite response, and the benefits of mutual understanding and appreciation. The professed Christian who regards all who are not of his peculiar tribe as outcast and doomed has no worth while message for a Radio audience.*

Third, *these presentations must breathe and embody the spirit of sacrificial love and purifying goodness. The noble declaration of the prophet Micah is the Old Testament watchword of Israel's religion: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Every right minded child of Abraham feels the force of Micah's historic summary.*

The New Testament conclusively shows that a churchman may possess every coveted gift of external religion, and nevertheless miss its internal beauty and power. He may speak with an angelic tongue, elucidate all theological mysteries, conquer the realms of knowledge, exercise compelling faith, bestow his goods on the poor, and even give his body to be burned. Yet St. Paul solemnly asseverates: "If I have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

THIS love is no nebulous sentimentalism which pities the sufferer and then passes him by. It is the holy passion, divinely given, which claims unlimited self sacrifice on the part of its recipients. It demands that the interest and safety of the whole body of citizenship shall be set above all private interests, and become the controlling motive of individual service for the welfare of humanity.

This is the religion which is preached through the Radio. Its various ways of communication but increase its force and meaning for those who hear it. Its message is for everyone, without distinction of race, caste or color. It is heard by numberless "shut ins" and bedfast invalids, by the inmates of asylums and prison houses, by coastguardsmen and lighthouse keepers, by lumbermen in frontier forests, sailors on the sea, soldiers in the camp, lonely homesteaders and by countless hosts of dwellers on farms or in villages, towns and cities.

The harvests reaped from the faithful sowing of God's spermatic seed are known only to Him. But my somewhat extensive experience of Radio preaching convinces me that its benefits are incalculable, its drawbacks negligible; and that its total influence vastly preponderates for the upbuilding of the nation in compassion, justice, loyalty and "the true knowledge of Him whom to know aright is Life Eternal."



FRANK KNIGHT, announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting system, has caught the popular fancy, and with good reason, as you will see when you have read Florence Marks' story on the next page. A success on the legitimate stage, Mr. Knight has found the ether world even more to his liking, to the good fortune of the listening public.

Backstage Glamour in Studio

FRANK KNIGHT Finds All the Color and Romance of "Legitimate Days" Lives Anew Before the Mike— "The Show Must Go On"

By Florence E. Marks

THERE is a reason for the spirit and enthusiasm of Frank Knight, one of the star announcers for the Columbia Broadcasting system. It lies in the fact that when he left the stage and turned to broadcasting he found in the studio all the glamour and thrill of life backstage. The old tradition . . . "The show must go on." Even more, he found that in a Radio station the curtain rises on a dozen shows a day, each show a new one with all the anxiety, color, and romance that accompany a "first night." None of the familiar characters are missing. There are the musicians, the actors, the property men, stage manager and director. And, in the stellar role of master of ceremonies, the announcer, Mr. Frank Knight.

Frank likes his job. He likes the constant contact with a nation-wide audience. And he hasn't actually given up his old calling. For Columbia, every Sunday night, he portrays the character of Dr. Gilbert, the masculine lead in "Arabesque," and every Monday evening he does the dramatic role of David Peters in Littman's "Mountainville Sketches."

Try to realize, knowing Mr. Knight's keen enjoyment of his work now, that for many months he was perched on the brink of his present vocation with not a single thought of falling, diving, or being pushed into the ether. Several years ago he was flirting with Radio. More or less as a pastime, he took a few leads in Radio dramas, when the Radio play was in its infancy, and when, on account of the severe criticism to which it was being subjected, it seemed unlikely that it would ever reach maturity. For a couple of years he drifted in this manner; his Radio work was a filler-in—just so much velvet, not to be considered as a source of permanent income. But Radio drama came into its own, bringing him along with it, fully equipped for the place he holds now by the education and experience of his earlier life.

SEVERAL years ago Frank Knight was flirting with Radio. Perched on the brink of his present vocation, he had not a single thought of falling, diving or being pushed into the ether. More or less as a pastime, he took a few leads in Radio dramas, in the meantime filling engagements on the legitimate stage. Then came friendship with two of the most prominent figures in Radioland—Ted Husing and the late John B. Daniel. Under their tutelage and encouragement he joined the ranks of the broadcasting fraternity. "Radio today fills the bill to perfection," says Frank. And now, meet the CBS Master of Ceremonies, the announcer, Mr. Frank Knight.

HE WAS born in St. John's, Newfoundland, on May 10, 1894, the son of Herbert E. Knight, who, up to the time of his death a year ago, was the best known and most revered barrister and solicitor in the country.

He graduated from St. Bonaventure's college in the City of St. John's and soon after started work in the local branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. This he did at the request of his father, the latter feeling that every boy should have some business training no matter what plans he may have formulated for his future career.

With the advent of war in 1914, he immediately forgot the banking business to enlist in the regiment which later became the Royal Newfoundland regiment, and went abroad. He saw action in the Gallipoli campaign during the latter part of 1915, and in the beginning of 1916 his regiment was attached to the famous 29th British division. With this Division he fought on the Suvla bay and the Helles fronts and went through the evacuations of both these scenes of battle.

When the Gallipoli campaign ended, Frank moved to the French front and fought there until invalided out after the Battle of the Somme. He returned home, very much broken in health, and shortly after received an honorable discharge from the army.

As in the case of so many other young men, the war interrupted, at its inception, the smooth course of his life work. He had to begin all over again. For a while he went to McGill university in Montreal to study medicine, but gave it up in his second year—after finding himself physically unfit for the strenuousness of the profession.

He emigrated to New York City, his objective—the stage. He clicked, playing in New York and on the road with such stars as Nance O'Neill, Francine Larrimore, and Lester Lonergan. It was about this time, during engagements on the legitimate stage, that Mr. Knight started his Radio work, playing the hero in all the dramatizations of stories by Sax Rohmer, and E. Phillips Oppenheim. But he had not yet realized the tremendous opportunity that awaited him in the fast-developing field of broadcasting.

Persuaded by two of the most prominent figures in the Radio world that he was on the wrong track, and that his ability would find a large and appreciative audience if allowed full sway, Knight went into the game for all he was worth. Under the tutelage of one of them, Ted Husing, he soon joined the ranks of announcers for Station WABC. The other, the late John B. Daniel, supplied the encouragement and pressure to which he at last succumbed.

MR. KNIGHT finds it difficult to decide whether the move he made then was the wisest or the pleasantest change he has ever made in his life. As he said, he had devoted several years of his life to the pursuit of fame and fortune by way of the spoken drama, had submitted to the vagaries of stage life in New York City and on the road, and found it rather hard to choose a suitable career upon leaving the theatre.

"But," said Frank, "Radio filled the bill to perfection, and here I am officiating at the microphone for the Columbia Broadcasting system. Just one of a small group of announcers who handle the daily output of programs from our New York studios, a group, by the way, which, taken collectively, is a hard one to beat. And when not taken collectively, can one possibly find a couple of announcers more fitted for their respective tasks than Ted Husing and David Ross? Could you produce another personality like Ernest Naftzger's? I'll leave the answers to you."

Therein lies another reason for the success of the well-dressed and well-spoken Frank Knight. He not only works hard at a job that is exciting and interesting to him, but also among people with whom he feels it is a pleasure to work and associate.

FRANK has a distinct flare for comfort which he hopes to satisfy in a manner suited to him sometime in the future. For that reason, he hates to drive a motor car, being perfectly content to wait until he can afford the chauffeur that goes with a well-kept auto before he purchases one. He doesn't think that it is a question of swank, merely a matter of convenience. This holds true for valets also. He feels he needs one, not that he isn't perfectly immaculate and clean—but because he finds it a strain to be actually, not personally, tidy.

He lives by himself in a charming and modest apartment, and loves his freedom as a celibate, although he confesses that the married state might hold compensations for the loss of this independence. His whole apartment is a symphony of scattered cloths, half-smoked cigarettes, and beautiful etchings.

He has a fine collection of prints, having assembled them in a leisurely way with a great regard for his personal taste. This taste has been developed through years of browsing in art galleries, studying the masters, and doing a great amount of reading.

Mr. Knight discovered that he possessed a keen appreciation for the works of the modern painters when, on first coming to New York, he found himself in that embarrassing financial state of having lots of time on his hands. He was forced to find either very cheap or entirely free diversions for himself. Wanting a change from the old masters of the Metropolitan

(Continued on page 90)

AMOS and ANDY

President Hoover Meets the Boys in Person —Just One of Millions of American Citizens Who Make Them Welcome in Mansion and Cottage

By Albert R. Williamson
National Broadcasting Company

TWO immaculately clad young men followed the secretary into the office. Standing to greet them was the President of the United States. Both of the young men were considerably abashed, in fact, the blond-haired one admitted afterwards, that he had a hard time to keep from saying "Awa-awa."

Yes, they were Amos 'n' Andy, and so great is their fame and so evident their popularity, that even the President of the United States has found time to greet them in person.

The great event occurred on March 3. What the President said and what the boys said when they made the call in company with M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting company, has never been revealed, but it, together with another incident later in the day, remains one of their most prized memories.

That same night, they were guests at a dinner given by the Washington newspaper men at the Press club. President Hoover was also to have been present, but since it followed so closely the death of former President Taft, the decision was made that he would cancel all engagements of that nature. George Akerson, one of the President's secretaries, however, came to the boys at the dinner with a message from the Chief-Executive.

"We appreciated Mr. Akerson's message from the President," the boys said afterward, "as much as anything anyone has ever said to us." If Justice Taft were here," Akerson quoted the President as saying, "he would want you all to enjoy yourselves." So in the words of two famous gentlemen "unlax."

Further evidence of their ever growing popularity that has swept the United States like a great flood, especially since last August when they began making personal appearances during their broadcasts, were evinced during this same trip. Together with Mr. Aylesworth, they visited the Walter Reid hospital where hundreds of world war veterans forgot the pains and trying months of decade-old wounds to voice their enthusiasm for the two characters who had come to be the bright spot in their monotonous days, that are as much alike as beads on a string.

STILL later, when they were leaving New York to return to Chicago, the porters in the Grand Central terminal again voiced their approval of their favorite characters. On their bookcase in the Amos 'n' Andy office, stand two brass ornaments. One is a life-like replica of a dog about eight inches long, and the other an elephant with his trunk turned upwards for luck.

These were presented to the boys by Jimmy Williams, head red-cap in the Grand Central, and both are tagged, "From Jimmy and His Gang."

Trying to take the characters of Correll and Gosden apart, or rather of Amos 'n' Andy apart, to see what makes them click or to discern what might be a clue to their almost awing popularity, is an impossible task. But these few incidents reveal some insight as to what it may be.

A faithfulness of their characters and episodes even to the locale of their story is another point which they always stress. They are admirers and friends of the colored race and their many trips in Harlem for the purpose of studying the habitat of their New York activities was a lot of fun for them and it was valuable. The boys made many of these trips incognito, talking to chance acquaintances, meeting up with love-sick "Amoses" and buttonholing swaggering "Andys" in pool rooms as they roamed the entire black belt from Park avenue to Eighth avenue.

In writing about Harlem, Gosden says: "We try to be as faithful to this interesting section of New York as we can. Tramping up and down the streets, watching life, standing on corners and listening to the talk of the inhabitants, Charley and I got a lot of faithful impressions."

So faithful are these impressions, in fact, that the boys have a map in their office sketching out one of these trips, showing Manhattan in checkered patterns from Battery to Van Courtlandt.

There is the topographical picture of their episodes. The boys will point out Madame Queen's beauty parlor, the lodge rooms of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and the offices of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated.

IN CASE you are ever in New York, and want to know the exact vicinity in which you can locate these celebrated places, the boys call the members of the Mystic Knights of the Sea together on the north side of West 137th street some 150 feet west of Lenox avenue. They indicate Madame Queen's beauty parlor as being on the south side of West 135th street about half way between Lenox and Seventh streets, while the offices of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated, are on the north side of West 135th street, about 200 feet east of Seventh avenue. Amos 'n' Andy reside on the north side of 134th street between Park and Madison avenues.

"Of course," Amos says when you inquire, "these are only approximate locations, but you see it was necessary for us to establish our various activities with some measure of accuracy. Because a lot of people, especially those in Harlem, check up

HOT ziggity! Just as Mark Quest was about to sally forth to interview the Kingfish whom should he meet but Amos 'n' Andy themselves who submitted this particularly informative article by Mr. Williamson, official representative of the National Broadcasting company. We feel a little sorry for Mr. Williamson who is beleagured for just this sort of material from one end of the country to the other. You will read here how the two black idols of the air went into Harlem to get everything just right, how inadvertently they gave a telephone number that caused a Harlem lady a sleepless day and night answering calls for Madam Queen, how fifteen girls are kept busy every day opening letters written to Amos 'n' Andy, how the boys almost missed a broadcast because of a Chicago blizzard. Andy did a marathon of a mile and a half across town in the teeth of the worst storm Chicago had ever known to rescue the precious manuscript that had been so carefully worked out to furnish the evening's entertainment. Amos went on to the studio to hope and pray and tremble lest he should have to take the program alone. He had visions of his partner stuck head first in a snowdrift, and other similar calamaties. But Andy was resourceful. Coal trucks, cabs and private cars carried him across the loop and back to the studio just four minutes before going on the air. Do you remember what a time the boys were having getting their office decorated and the difficulties Andy encountered because Madam Queen sought his advice about getting her beauty parlor decorated? That's all explained here. And you will also find that the creators of Amos 'n' Andy have all the points of interest in Harlem carefully identified as to location. Mark was ee-lated to get this great story for you, and the Kingfish interview will have to wait. Mr. Williamson will give us another inside story about Amos 'n' Andy in June Radio Digest.—EDITOR.

and THEIR FRIENDS

on us, it has to be topographically correct as well as faithful in character. We decided on these definite locations after our many visits to Harlem and we tried not to pick out any real addresses, of course, but rather to generalize, so that no one spot could be said to be the place, although it remained in the neighborhood." So while the investigator might find that Amos 'n' Andy lived under a bridge or the taxicab company office was in a vacant lot, if they check up on the addresses, Amos says that if they were to give the actual address, it might cause a lot of annoyance to people living there. This is illustrated by an incident that happened in one of their episodes.

For some reason or other, and not at all by choice, the boys used an actual number for Madame Queen, and the Harlem woman whose telephone it was, throughout that night and the next day answered more than six hundred telephone calls, asking for Madame Queen and inquiring for Andy. Finally the poor woman grew desperate and requested relief from the telephone company and the NBC. That solved the amazement of the telephone company at the astonishing activity for that particular number, because they had been forced to detail an extra girl for that exchange to put through the calls. Now Amos 'n' Andy have two Harlem numbers reserved for their own use. These are Harlem 5912 and Harlem 6119.

The boys are very apologetic about the incident. "We won't make that mistake again," says Gosden. "We felt sorry for the poor woman who was pestered. I don't know how we ever happened to get that particular number, but now that we have numbers assigned to us we will be all right."

A CASUAL observer would never realize what these episodes mean to millions of people over the United States. Amos 'n' Andy to these hordes of followers are real flesh and blood people and in the thousands of fan letters that the boys get, there are always some that are either laughable or touching. For example, when Andy and the Kingfish were trying to persuade Amos to put his money into the Great Home bank, a little seven-year-old boy from Pittsburgh wrote to the Pepsodent company and the letter read: "I feel sure that Amos is going to put his money in that Home bank and lose it all. I am seven years old and have saved up thirteen pennies, which I want you to give to Amos so he will have some money to get something to eat."



"U-mm, Umm!"



"I's regusted."

At this same time, letters came in threatening Andy if he and the Kingfish persuaded Amos to let go his hard-earned cash. This same trend, threatening, pleading, congratulating, suggesting runs through all of the mail received and there is so much of it that a staff of some fifteen girls are kept constantly busy sorting and classifying it into thirty different groups.

This popularity extends from Harlem to Park avenue; from Chicago's Gold Coast to the far South Shore and spreads out like an engulfing flood over the remainder of

(Continued on page 94)

MRS. AMOS *and* MRS. ANDY

Wives of Famous Comedians Complete a Happy Foursome

By Jessica Arnot

Woman Interviewer discovers interesting events are about to happen in lives of Correll and Gosden—Where the "declaration" idea originated.



SHUSH, Shush, and Sho', Sho', — there's a deep dark secret about that well known pair of Radioland about to be revealed. Did you know that Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy, background abettors of all that is said and done by those famous broadcasters, are almost as interesting as their husbands? Off-stage, of course. And these wives of so widely heralded a pair of funsters are actually gleeful when informed that their purposeful seclusion and hiding behind this pair of household Radio pets has made them almost thoroughly unknown. In some parts they are not even known to exist. Few women are so reticent. But, perhaps, there is some wisdom in it.

"That's just the idea," chorus the two of them to all would-be interviewers. "We are truly delighted to let our husbands absorb all of the rarified public ether. "We're equally happy to bask quietly and effectively, albeit, as kindly critics and silent partners, in the homey atmosphere of our Chicago apartment hotel homes where we can hear them just as others do. And oft times we tell them some things about their performance that others would not tell them. We don't want them spoiled entirely, you know. But we do think they're great, grand and lovable. We love them. Yes, we do! Perhaps that's why we keep in the background just as much as possible, although they do not wish us to."

That being the gist of what Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy usually chorus to all interviewers, what you are to read now, many secrets, great and small, you will understand were gathered by a bit of close eavesdropping which proved most effective. For these

(Continued on page 91)

Freeman F. Gosden (Amos), left, and Charles J. Correll (Andy), in latest photo on the White House steps after call on the "prezdent" of the U-nited States.

Destiny Shaped Lives of AMOS *and* ANDY

A Biographical Review

SUCCESS is as erratic as lightning. Often it is no less devastating. Success for Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, better known as Amos and Andy, finds them level headed and serenely alive to every opportunity of the moment.

Five years ago there was no such thing as Amos and Andy. Today Amos and Andy are perhaps better known to a greater number of people than any other entertainers in America. Many brilliantly talented artists strive for a lifetime for public favor and end their days comparatively unknown.

There was nothing particularly remarkable in young Curly Gosden, as he was known in Richmond when a boy, no outstanding trait to indicate Destiny had picked him for fame and glory. His father died while he still was a young boy of 12 (and you will read the story of his boyhood in the next Radio Digest). In the Gosden household was a negro mammy, who had a son about the same age as young Freeman. The black boy's name was Snowball. From Snowball and the mammy Curly absorbed the characteristics and traits now so popular in the American mind in the person of Amos.

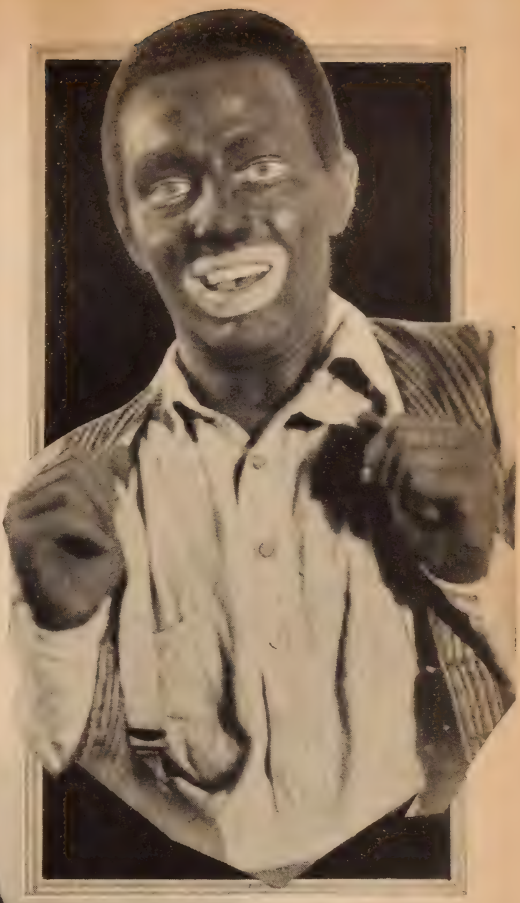
He acquired the common school education easily but did not go through to graduation. He wanted to be doing something that he considered at the time to be more worthwhile. In that, perhaps, may be found the starting point of his dreams of future success.

Opportunity for doing the things he wanted to do as a vocation did not present itself. At any rate he spent all his spare moments practicing for the benefit shows gotten up by the local amateurs. His exceptional ability finally came to the attention of professional managers. He was offered a position to join a producer. His older brother reluctantly gave consent. It was the first time a member of the family had left Richmond to go into business.

Besides, it was difficult to see where any great success could come from such a venture. Even young Freeman had nothing particularly brilliant to offer in the way of a future along this line. It was simply a case of going out and helping to stage other amateur theatricals in conjunction with local fraternal organizations.

BUT there, it seems, is where Old Madam Destiny did her stuff with the threads

(Continued on page 93)



"Is I Blue?" Amos sings gleefully.



"If I had revested my $5 in Skyrocket Airplane I would have $20," Andy reckons.

DREAM WORLD OF SPOKEN OPERA

Gives Stories Reality

MUSIC of Grand Opera Only Incidental in WLW Broadcasts

By Natalie Giddings

LIVING herself in a world of dreams which she does not deny oftimes is peopled with kings and princesses, Helen Rose is one of the rare dreamers who is privileged to weave her own fancies into a fabric of imagination to delight others.

For an inveterate romanticist, what could be more appropriate than a position as the director of dramatics for a Radio station such as the 50,000-watt Crosley broadcaster, WLW, from which the pattern of dreams she creates floats out to millions of listeners in every condition of life and every state of mind.

Hence it is not strange, is it, that Helen Rose should most enjoy writing and directing the Spoken Operas? That the kings and queens and princesses and gay adventurers who wander through the pages of the great operas are to her almost as real as the actors whom she trains to play the parts?

Enough of this attitude in regard to Helen Rose and her dreams. Montaigne, in his Essays, said, "I believe it to be true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them." Let us use a little art then in cataloguing Helen and her dreams.

Five years ago, Helen had just graduated from a school of dramatic art. She had gone back into the school as a member of the faculty. Radio broadcasting was well established, but much experimenting was being done on the programs even then. At WLW they decided to give plays, a radical step for 1925. The program director was a young man. Helen Rose was a young girl, an even younger girl than she is now, and no one ever considers her anything but young now. It wasn't strange, at any rate, that Helen should have got that lucky break that made her one of the first women to direct a Radio play. She was asked to direct "The Step on the Stairs," said to be the first mystery story ever broadcast.

"IT WAS so much fun," Helen reminisces. "Figuring out all the noises that had to be made took hours and hours of thinking. There were felt-slippered feet padding up creaking stairs; opening doors; squeaking boards; shots; screams; all sorts of weird effects to be created when there hadn't ever been any precedent for that sort of thing."

One can imagine Helen dreaming about those sounds to be done; staying awake for a little longer at night to puzzle out exactly how a padding slipper would sound; maybe jumping out of bed in the dark to paddle across the floor in bare feet before trying to repeat the sound for broadcasting.

That "radario" soon was finished. The mystery was solved. Besides that, there was no money to pay a dramatic director, even if there had been dramas to direct. As long as there were plays, Helen helped with them because she liked them. And with that taste of broadcasting, Helen was satisfied to dream for five years until Radio programs developed to the point where there would be a real position for her.

In the meantime, she went on with her dramatic training in several different schools, and with her teaching, all the time studying the drama, getting an understanding of actors and their reactions, of their abilities, of their types. For a time, she left Cincinnati and went to teach in a girls' school in Kentucky where she would have more time for herself, more time to think, more time to plan out things she hoped to do in the future. Even, it is not hard to believe, to dream about working for a broadcasting station.

Last Fall she came back to Cincinnati. Immediately she went to the Crosley stations, laid her plans before Ford Billings, director of broadcasting. He hired her. At once she began directing the dramatic talent, hiring the actors, planning plays. Her first productions were of newspaper serials: "All's Quiet on the Western Front" and "Sheila." So popular were they that listeners in San Francisco tuned in regularly each noon to hear the 3:00 o'clock production in Cincinnati, and followed the story as avidly as they would in a daily newspaper.

DREAMS do not thrive well on newspaper serials, however. So all the time Helen was evolving an idea for a series of dramas that would give her the opportunity to move in a world of the unreal. The Spoken Opera was the result. She remembered the gorgeous costumes, the romantic circumstances of the grand operas she had heard. She remembered, too, that she, like many other opera lovers, often had difficulty in distinguishing the thread of the story, woven around as they are in opera with the fine tissue of music.

There, then, was her opportunity to contribute a new idea to Radio programs. She would take from the operas their stories and dramatize them for Radio production, using the music only incidentally. Musicians who have played for operas for many years and who now play the backgrounds for the Spoken Opera in the WLW orchestra, have told her that for the first time they know "what the opera is all about."



The career of Helen Rose, dream castle builder, is an inspiration to women who want to get in to Radio.

For Helen it is great fun. Glamour, romance, everything centers in these dramas she makes from the operas. She sleeps, eats, dreams opera. A book on opera is always at her side as inevitably as is her purse and handkerchief. She reads every version of the story she can find, studies the librettos in various translations, leaves no avenue of information closed.

She rehearses her casts untiringly, working to get her players to create the characters for Radio as carefully as though their portrayal were to be a seeing audience instead of one that merely listens. Every inflection must be as true and vital as though it were accompanied by a gesture, a lifted eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulder. When her opera story is on the air, the listener sees it all; magnificent trappings of storied royalty, pitiful rags of the beggar, Fra Diavolo, the brigand; La Gioconda, the dancing girl; Carmen, with her too-red lips, and her voluptuous swagger, rosy-cheeked Hansel and Gretel in their peasant clothes, each one becomes a living character instead of only a golden throat.

WHAT of this Helen Rose who builds dream castles for others? Where does she live? What is she like? She is a Cincinnati girl, born in the home where she now lives with her father, mother, brother and sister. It is far downtown, at the upper end of Broadway where two blocks of gentility have held out against the greedy city that has crept its giant fingers up to the hills, bringing in business houses to edge out homes. In upper Broadway, however, there still remain those two blocks of red brick and gray stone houses, each with its long shuttered windows, discreetly curtained against the slow traffic that bobs up the cobble-stone hill.

Though she now limits to Radio her dramatic abilities, and

(Continued on page 96)

WOMEN OF WEST COAST HAVE OWN MAGAZINE OF AIR

Editor Bennie Walker and His Staff "Publish" One Hour of Household Topics Daily Over NBC

By Madonna M. Todd



Here's Bennie Walker, editor of Woman's Magazine of the Air, and Helen Webster, Home Science editor.

BACK in the stone-ages of chain-broadcasting, a clever commercial executive had a decidedly happy hunch.

The NBC "Woman's Magazine of the Air"—a morning program unique in Radio—is the result.

The "WMA," as his brain child has come to be called about the studios, is a daily feature of the Pacific Division, National Broadcasting company. It originates in the San Francisco studios and is broadcast to a decided advantage by the Western network stations: KGO, Oakland; KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KHQ, Spokane; KOMO, Seattle, and KGW, Portland.

Ben Walker McLaughlin—known to the WMA audience as Bennie Walker—is the editor of the magazine and Helen Webster and Ann Holden are the cognomens given the home science and domestic science experts constituting Bennie's staff.

Early in the Radio game—when the NBC Pacific Division was inaugurated—the Woman's Magazine of the Air wasn't on the air every day, but, to meet a growing demand, it now fills an hour every morning except Saturday and Sunday.

The unique program is divided into three 20-minute "editorial features," each sponsored by the manufacturer of some product for home use. There's everything from coffee and condensed milk to bed linens, fingernail polish and paint. Only one of any product has its "in" and the magazine staff completes a careful investigation before any account is accepted.

It's surprising how many excursions are necessary to one cheese factory or to the plant of a stove manufacturer, before Helen or Ann begin telling the West Coast women to use that particular product.

But, back to the WMA's origin.

BENNIE WALKER won the job of editor because he knew how to bake biscuits—he made thousands of doughboys happy during the war by providing hot buns for their breakfast.

Says Don E. Gilman, Vice-President of NBC, explaining Ben's appointment as editor, "We had determined to call the new program the 'Magazine of the Air' and the editor of a national magazine became so enthusiastic about it that he insisted we designate our master-of-ceremonies 'The Editor.'"

Logically, the periods of the hour were termed "Features."

Helen and Ann are the names of the mother and aunt of the farsighted commercial manager who inaugurated the WMA.

Before the magazine went on the air, a survey was conducted among a group of Radio-minded women to learn whether the idea "clicked."

"They stood unanimously for the magazine," Mr. Gilman explains. "And asked us to present a program in the form of brief talks with interpolating instrumental and vocal music.

"Comes a time in the morning, around ten o'clock, we learned, that the home-maker wants to relax or to pick up the lighter tasks attendant to housekeeping. She can do this and listen to the Woman's Magazine of the Air."

Such a program fills a definite need, Mr. Gilman believes.

"Through the afternoon and evening hours, the Radio program must entertain or instruct the entire family," he points out. "It is fitting that the home-maker have an hour all her own when she may hear things discussed that are helpful and interesting to her. We try to give this to her at the time when she can profit most."

So keenly does the Radio audience feel this, that Bennie Walker's "fan-mail" outweighs that of all the other network programs.

HE HAS a slogan of his own—"Keep that old smile smiling"—which he chanted through the ether on the inaugural program, and he's still singing the same tune.

Letters come to him from all over the West—from blind mothers who keep their own homes and cook over the protected flame of a stove he advocates—shut-ins, whose hours are happier because of the songs his soloists offer—brides who are learning to cook from Ann Holden. Letters gay, pathetic, complimentary, critical—letters inviting Bennie to week-end in a hundred country homes. There are regular correspondents whose messages give Ben a great thrill—he knows when there's a new baby and if there's a new Ford on the ranch—and about a thousand other things.

WMA artists are the brightest stars of the NBC Pacific Division. Each day there are two different singers—always headliners—and the instrumental selections are offered by an eight-piece orchestra under the direction of Joseph Hornik, in the conductor's stand during several of the most important network programs every day.

Mike Audience Enough

WHEN Dorothy Dukes Dimm is about to play over the air she generally has some one in the KGO studio for whom to play. Madame Berthe Baret doesn't care about having any one present when she plays the violin. She finds the microphone audience enough and likens it to an extremely sensitive ear. Eva Garcia, third member of the Rembrandt trio of which the other two belong, is at variance with both of her Rembrandt colleagues. She always selects some member in the invisible audience when she plays the piano over KGO.

* * *

When Laura Daubman, five years old, made her aerial debut through KGO, Oakland, she was heard in Easton, Pa., by Mrs. Sara C. Heims, says a letter received at the NBC San Francisco studios. Mrs. Heims heard of the juvenile prodigy when Laura gave her first recital in San Francisco recently. The child plays 20 Bach selections from memory after only six months of study under Lev Shorr.

* * *

With a half-century of legitimate stage experience behind her, Olive West, NBC actress, probably holds the record among Radio stars for theatrical experience. Miss West came to the studios at San Francisco after a long experience on Broadway and trouping throughout the United States. She also has played character roles in motion pictures.

The TURNING WHEEL

Curiously *the* Cycle *of* Life Revolves *for* *The* Youth *and* Girl *of* Humble Birth



"It's simple enough. "They're rich and we're poor." They ride in motor cars . . ."

y E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THERE comes a time in the life of every really young man when he looks around like the chick just out of his shell and takes cognizance of a mighty world. His mind suddenly perceives deep, dark perspectives. He discovers an inexorable fate driving him down. He groans in despair. Then, from the depth of the rut, the point of his vision becomes focused on a point straight up in the zenith of the sky. The spoke begins to ascend. In The Turning Wheel Mr. Oppenheim has seized this living Youth, his Romance, and changing relations with the world.



"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously.
"Yes," he declared, "I couldn't have got him off if I would."

"I SAY, aren't we going to Bushey at all?"

The boy stirred his head, lazy, yet impatient.

"Why should we?" he asked. "We won't find a better place than this."

The girl was apparently disappointed.

"A young lady in our room was there last week and said that the chestnuts were glorious," she announced.

"Think of the crowds!" he murmured, half-closing his eyes. "We have it almost to ourselves here."

The girl looked around with an air of mild discontent. Her back was against the trunk of an ancient oak. Her companion was stretched upon the ground by her side with his head in her lap. Their clothes, bicycles, and the fact that they had so disposed themselves within a few yards of one of the roads leading through Richmond Park sufficiently proclaimed their status. They were of the toilers whom the June sunshine had drawn out from the hidden places of the great city.

"I have never known it so quiet here on a nice Sunday," the girl remarked.

"So much the better," the youth muttered. "Heavens! Don't we see enough of our fellow-creatures and hear their voices often enough six days in the week? It's a treat to hear something else—the wind in the leaves and the grasses, and the singing of the birds."

The subject was manifestly one which, if argued, might lead to misunderstandings. The girl stifled a yawn and changed her position a little, as though cramped. The boy, flat on his back, his hands pressed deep down in the cool grass, looked upward through the green leaves to the sky, dotted all over with little fleecy specks of white cloud.

"Can't you feel the quiet of it?" he asked. "No hum of machinery, no foreman rushing about the place to know when that work will be finished. I wonder—"

HE STOPPED short. The frown upon his forehead deepened. He changed his position so that he could see into the pale, anaemic face of the girl with whom he sat.

"I wonder what we do it for?" he remarked, curiously.

"Do what?" she asked.

"Make bondslaves of ourselves," he answered. "Ten hours a day for me, and nearly as much for you, and I don't suppose that my engineer's shop is a much livelier place than your dressmaker's room. One day's peace, of a sort, and six days with both feet upon the mill. What do we do it for, Agnes?"

"To live," she answered, with a hard little laugh. "Do you suppose I'd stand a single hour of the life if I didn't have to?"

The boy was answered, but unsatisfied. He looked away from his companion, but the frown remained deep-graven upon his face.

"To live!" he repeated. "I'm not so sure. It seems to me we do it so that other people may live. It isn't for ourselves we work—it's for the others."

"I work for fourteen dollars a week," the girl said, bluntly.

The boy shook his head.

"You don't," he declared. "You work so that the woman who employs you, and who calls herself a modiste, and has a flat in town and a little cottage up the river, can get all there is to be got out of life. You are one of the parts of the machine, and so am I. I think that we are foolish."

"What would you do?" the girl asked, curiously.

"I don't know," he answered. "I haven't thought about it."

"I shouldn't bother," the girl said.

"PERHAPS you are satisfied with your life," he went on, pulling out a handful of grass and throwing it from him. "I'm not. Three times last week I thought of things which improved the working of the room. I reckoned it out on the back of an old envelope. Someone must have made millions by my idea. I altered one of our filing machines on Monday, and it's done its work a lot better since. What do I get for it?"

"Twenty-eight dollars a week," the girl answered. "You see, we are laborers. I suppose you are one of them who call themselves Socialists?"

"I don't think I am," the boy answered. "I never talked with one, that I know of, in my life. And as for books, I never look inside them. But there's something wrong. If only one had time I would try and think out what it is."

"Better rest," the girl said, curtly. "You look as though you needed it."

"And what about yourself?" he answered. "I haven't seen

you with a speck of color in your cheeks since the first time we met up on the hill there."

"What chance should I have to get color in my cheeks, I wonder?" she asked. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter; I'm strong enough."

He turned his head and looked at her with new born criticism in his eyes. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes lusterless. Even her hair was dull and without life. Her mouth, well shaped once, had taken to itself a discontented turn. Her features, though good enough, were expressionless. Yet she was not without a certain natural prettiness, barely surviving the environment of her life. She bridled a little under his scrutiny and threw some grass into his face.

"Well, Mr. Impertinent," she said, "what do you think of me?"

He sighed.

"You are pretty enough, Agnes," he said, "but you've got the brand upon you. So have I. So has every man in my workshop. So has every girl, I expect, in your room. I don't understand it."

"Let's go down and get some tea," the girl suggested, yawning. "It won't do you no good to lie there puzzling your head about things that don't amount to anything. My, that's a fine motor car!"

The boy turned his head. The car had come to a standstill in the road, a few yards away. The man and the girl who were its sole occupants had turned to look at the view. In front, the chauffeur and footman, both immaculate in spotless livery, looked stolidly into space.

"IN MANY respects," the man in the car was saying. "London is wonderfully fortunate. Our parks are magnificent. Fancy these thousands of acres free for all Londoners to come and sit about and enjoy themselves!"

His companion inclined her head faintly towards the boy and girl beneath the tree.

"Like that," she remarked, smiling. "Yes, I suppose they find pleasure in it."

The man at her side followed her gesture. It seemed as though the eyes of the four met at the same moment.

"Quite an idyll," he remarked, good humoredly, "these people must do their love-making somewhere, I suppose."

"Why not?" the girl answered, nonchalantly. "How tired they look, though!"

She withdrew her eyes, into which, perhaps, for a moment, had passed some faint glint of pity. The man touched a button and the car glided on. The boy raised his head from the girl's lap and followed it with his eyes. His gaze was no ordinary one. It seemed as though within these last few minutes he had seen farther into life, as though the passing of these two, denizens of an unknown world, had kindled in him a new seriousness.

"I don't understand it," he muttered.

"Then you're a fool," the girl declared, hardly. "It's simple enough. They're rich and we're poor. They ride in motor cars and we ride on hired bicycles. The girl wears silks and laces, and I have to be thankful for cheap linen. The man smokes cigars, and you can just run to a packet of cheap cigarettes. It's easy enough to understand. They're rich and we're poor."

The boy seemed as though he scarcely heard her.

"I wonder!" he said to himself.

"Are you going to buy me some tea or aren't you?" the girl asked, a little wearily. "I'm almost famished, and all the places'll be full unless we hurry."

He rose to his feet—five feet ten inches of long, lanky humanity, dressed in a ready-made blue serge suit, a clean collar and a black tie, good-looking enough in his way, but with his shoulders already bowed beneath the burden—the burden of the toiler. Even as he held his companion's bicycle for her to mount, his eyes watched the cloud of dust left by the motor car.

A YEAR later he stood, perfectly at his ease, in the prisoners' dock, waiting for the sentence which was obviously deserved and would certainly be forthcoming. Throughout the brief proceedings he had listened to the evidence against him with the intelligent interest of someone quite removed from personal association with the case. The speech for his defense he had ignored. His attitude, in fact, for a first offender, had been so puzzling that the magistrate was prompted to ask whether he had anything to say on his own behalf. He shook his head.

"The gentleman who was kind enough to defend me," he remarked, "said a great deal more for me than I should have ventured to say for myself. It is quite true that I took the money—eight hundred and seventy dollars, I think it was. I hoped to have got away with it, but the luck was against me."



"If I discharge you," interrupted the magistrate, "will you promise not to repeat the attempt? There has come into my hands the sum of one hundred dollars — this is yours if you promise to leave the country."

"You realized," the magistrate asked, "that you were committing a dishonest action?"

"Not in the least," was the prompt reply. "The money to which I endeavored to help myself was a very small portion of a great fortune which has been amassed by my employers by means of my brains and the brains of others like me. I have no personal grudge against the gentlemen who are prosecuting me, but morally I consider them at least as guilty as myself. They are not productive members of society in any sense of the word. They have left us, I and my fellow-laborers, to do the work, and they have spent the results in luxuries while we have been starved for necessities. I myself, in one room of that man's factory"—pointing to the somewhat pompous figure of the prosecutor—"have inaugurated changes and improvements which must have saved him in a single year ten times the sum I am accused of stealing. For this my wages were advanced two dollars a week. I am not saying," he continued, "that I could have got more elsewhere. None of my ideas were worth anything without the capital to buy the machinery and the established business in which to make use of it. But the fact remains that mine were the brains and his the opportunity. I was the worker and he the parasite. It didn't seem to me to be a fair bargain, and I saw no way of getting it set right, so I helped myself. I am willing to serve any sentence you may give me, but if you, sir, and society proclaim me dishonest, I venture, with the utmost heartiness, to disagree with you."

he magistrate stared at him. There was a ripple of interest through the court. A mo- or two later the sentence was pronounced: x months' imprisonment in the second on!"

THE youth, as he was being led from the dock, met the eyes of his employer fixed a little curiously upon him. It was thus almost, that they exchanged glances in Richmond park twelve months before. There was nothing threatening about the appearance of this young man, who followed the policeman obediently from the dock, yet his late employer went back to his works with an uneasy feeling that a new force was abroad in the world—something which he did not understand, something which he did not wish to understand. He thought of it at dinner that night, and his daughter feared that things had gone ill in the city, and felt a moment's alarm lest anything might happen to prevent the purchase of a new steam yacht in which they had planned a cruise.

"Nothing wrong in the city, I hope?" she asked, after the servants had left.

Her father shook his head.

"Nothing at all," he answered. "Rather a curious thing happened today, though. Do you remember driving through Richmond park a year ago? We stopped to look at the view, and a boy and a girl who were lying on the grass under one of the trees stared at us curiously. I told you at the time that the boy's face seemed familiar to me. I discovered afterwards that he was one of my employees."

"I remember perfectly," the girl answered, with interest. "I told you that I liked his face."

"Today I had to prosecute him," her father continued. "He robbed us of eight hundred and seventy dollars, and very nearly got away."

She raised her eyebrows.

"I am sorry," she remarked, quietly. "He didn't look like a thief."

"Nor did he look like one in the dock," her father answered. "Nor did he talk like one. He even tried to justify himself. It's this infernal socialism that's doing all the mischief with the half-educated working classes. Young men like this take it up and imbibe the most absurd ideas."



"The day before I took that money," the prisoner said, "a physician told me another year of my present work would make a dead man of me."

"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously.

Her father nodded.

"Yes," he declared. "I couldn't have got him off if I would. He's gone to prison for six months."

BEING naturally of a law-abiding temperament, and conducting himself, therefore, in prison with rare discretion, John Selwyn was a free man again in five months and eight days. Twenty-four hours after that period, however, he stood once more in the dock upon another and a very different charge. This time he was certainly paler, and he was dressed in borrowed clothes, but his manner had lost nothing of its earnest composure.

"The most determined case, sir, I ever did see," a policeman explained. "Got on the steamboat pier and threw himself off in the deepest part of the river."

The magistrate nodded.

"I read the particulars," he said. "I understand that he even struggled with the lighterman who saved his life."

"Naturally," the young man in the dock interrupted. "I did not throw myself into the river with the object of being picked out again."

The magistrate looked at him earnestly.

"Do you consider," he asked, "that you have a right to dispose of your own life in this fashion?"

"Why not?" the young man answered. "It appears to me that for anyone in my position it is the most sensible and reasonable thing to do. I lived like a slave for a great many years. I made an attempt to better myself, and it failed. Now that I have been in prison my chances of getting on in the world are certainly less than they were. I really do not feel under the slightest compulsion to continue an unequal struggle."

"There is a place for every man in the world," the magistrate said, "if only he has courage and wit enough to find it."

"You are doubtless right, sir," the prisoner answered, politely. "I would suggest, in that case, that a few signposts would be an advantage. I have never considered myself lacking in intelligence, but, so far as I am concerned, I have failed to find that place."

"You became a thief," the magistrate reminded him.

"That is a point," the prisoner answered, "upon which I regret to say that we disagree. But, in any case, I was driven to it. The day before I took that money, if it interests you to know this, I went to a physician. He explained to me that ten hours' work a day in an unwholesome atmosphere, without proper food or under sanitary conditions of life, was rapidly undermining my constitution. Another year of it and I should have been a dead man." I felt that it was time for me to make a change."

(Continued on page 108)

REPORTERS OF THE AIR

All Elements of a Metropolitan of Radio Programs—Thrill of Announcer Takes the Mike

By Doty



"How's the weather down there," calls Bill Lynch as he flies over Washington.

"THE next voice you hear will be that of ———!" That short sentence, completed with the name of the announcer who is to broadcast the report of an international or national event, brings the thrill supreme to the greatest number of Radio listeners—the thrill of suspense.

For months, weeks or perhaps only days, the important occasion has been publicized. It may be a football game, the arrival in this country of a foreign notable, the funeral of a national hero, a parade, a dinner of moment, a prize fight or the inaugural ceremonies bringing a new President to these United States. Whatever it may be the zero hour arrives for the listener when a station announcer speaks the magic words, "The next voice you hear will be that of ———!"

And, believe me, the zero hour has arrived for the reporting announcer, or, as sometimes happens, for the several reporting announcers working on the one assignment. When President Hoover was inaugurated the National Broadcasting company had six reporters stationed at different points in the capital city and one man broadcasting his reactions of the event from an airplane! The man in the plane was Bill Lynch, literally a reporter of the air.

The preparation for the microphoning of a big event starts many days prior to the scheduled occasion. As a rule there is very little trouble with the political and technical problems involved but sometimes red tape gets all tangled up with the ether and a lot of "hemming and



Babe Ruth and Graham McNamee look things over at Yankee Field. In the lower left hand hand corner you see Phillips Carlin discussing weather with Lynch.



The big man below is Milton Cross with his Sunday morning kindergarten group.



GIVE HISTORY IN MAKING

Daily Now Going into Makeup Thrills for Millions When the to Tell the Waiting World

Hobart

hawing" takes place before the operation can be definitely assured.

When the Graf Zeppelin arrived in this country the war department was reluctant to permit announcers to get close enough to give any intimate descriptions of the big bag. It took a great deal of coaxing on the part of the heads of the chain systems to convince certain government officials that neither McNamee, Husing nor any of the other air reporters covering that assignment were the type of bad boys who go about stealing balloons!

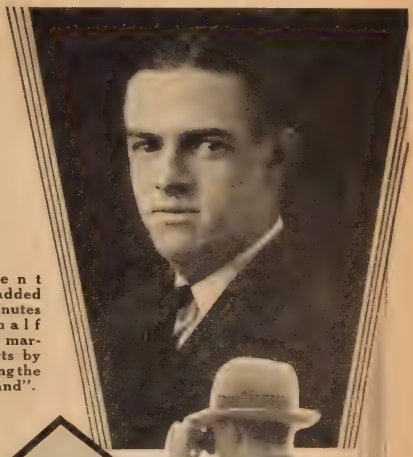
WHEN a broadcaster decides to give an etherized report of an event the first procedure is to obtain permission from the proper authorities, either national, state or city department heads, if the occasion is of a public character.

If it is of a private nature, as, for instance, a prize fight, the dickering is done with the promoter of the contest who gives his permission on receipt of a sizable check. The amount involved depends on just how much pressure the promoter feels the broadcaster will stand before blowing up.

The price quoted for the privilege of giving the world a ringside description of the late fiasco in Florida, the swoon-song of Scott when he met Sharkey, was thirty thousand dollars. You didn't hear any blow-by-blow word picture of that fight on your Radio, did you? The answer is, "No, my listeners, thirty thousand dollars is still thirty thousand dollars."

When authorized permission has been granted the broadcaster the telephone company is instructed to furnish communication lines from the seat of the broadcast

(Continued on page 104)



Vincent O'Shea added three minutes to his half hour of market reports by eliminating the word "and".



It's action every minute when Ted Husing's at the mike. Here you see Ted and his "spotter" covering a football game. The scholarly gentleman in the corner of the page is Frederick William Wile, LLD.

"North covers with the queen of diamonds," says Milton C. Work, describing a hand of bridge to thousands of lovers of this indoor pastime.





THIRTEEN and ONE

Human Tempests Rage as Suspicions and Accusations Run Rife in the House of Mystery Which Shelters the Murderer of Two Men

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

MAINWARING PARKS had summoned a most unusual company of guests to his remote and somewhat gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were especially interested in precious stones. Connoisseurs, adventurers, mystics, and there was one renowned jeweler by the name of Amos Laufer-Hirth. Paul Savoy, traveler and student of *genus homo*, had been the first to arrive at the great lodge, where he soon made the slightly unpleasant acquaintance of Captain Art Temple, world traveler, who had come with his military orderly.

Doctor Andregg, a sallow and rather saturnine guest, had permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. Then there was Herman A. Dicks, a famous detective, who had come with Mr. Parks and his jeweler friend. Will Little had come to look after the comforts of Laufer-Hirth. An East Indian, known as Mr. Nemo, entered as the other guests were gathering around the dinner table. He had a mysterious fellow countryman for an assistant.



Foam frothed from Andregg's thin lips. "There's murder in his eyes right now," shouted Blount.

Savoy counted noses, and by including the two Filipino servants, found there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

It was known that this huge log house had a history. The great opal known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought there long ago for the consideration of the builder of the house, one Thraff Willcyzinski. The jewel merchant had been accompanied by an unknown foreigner. That same night the jewel merchant and the foreigner were stabbed to death and the supposed Nonius opal, in a little wine-red silk covered case, had disappeared. A little later Willcyzinski disappeared, a raving maniac.

Dicks apparently considered the story, as related by Parks, a fairy story. Savoy referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. But presently they came to the question as to why they had been assembled.

"I have a confession to make," said Mr Parks as by mutual consent they deferred their discussions to the next day. "There are in this room certain valuables which we'll not specify right now. For my part there is this." He exhibited a packet filled with yellow bank notes. "A million dollars there, gentlemen." He invited the others to put their valuables with his in a safe in the living room, after which the various members of the party retired to their respective rooms.

Thirty minutes later there was a high, strangling cry, out of which only one word, "Murder!" could be understood. A rushing from door to door by the startled guests ended with the discovery of the dead bodies of Parks and Dicks. As Dr. Andregg started to leave the body of his host he espied a small, bright object on the floor and quickly snatched it up.

Just as they were about to start a search for the murderer a resounding boom echoed through the house. It had come from the living room, where they found the door of the safe blown off. After a brief discussion they again started their search, only to find that both bodies had disappeared.

"Do you know," said Paul Savoy, finding himself alone with Laufer-Hirth, "I believe that I find myself in the exact, the ideal laboratory for testing a theory, which though widely shared in a superficial and therefore meaningless sort of way, is entirely my own in dead earnest. The mind of man is potentially a machine of unlimited power. To the mind of man, properly tuned, no desideratum is denied."

Following out his laboratory line of reasoning, Savoy snatched down the heavy drapes in the living room of the log house and began visualizing. At his direction the astonished Laufer-Hirth found the long lost Nonius opal.

When the survivors gathered at breakfast the next morning Captain Temple displayed a rasping animosity toward both Savoy and Dr. Andregg. His verbal attacks on Andregg grew quite acrimonious. Laufer-Hirth distracted the attention by displaying the opal and relating its discovery. There followed a mutual more or less frank revelation of their purposes in attending the gathering.

Mr. Nemo, in discussing the events of the evening before, addressed his questions to Savoy.

"I think that I may say I have made some progress," said the latter. "Mental fingers begin to point. At present, though of course I admit it is too early to be sure of anything, they point to one man. Rather odd, but thus far I am forced to admit that everything points to—me!—May I have the salt, Amos?"

"IF YOU'RE trying to be funny, Savoy," rasped out Captain Temple, the first to crash verbally into an astounded silence, "you're succeeding only in risking your neck by way of achieving a pretty glaring bit of bad taste."

"Thanks for the admonition and the warning," returned Paul Savoy coolly, "but I assure you I am quite in earnest when I say that everything points to me as the murderer. However, I prefaced my remark with the statement that I was, alas, merely at the very beginning of my investigation; and I add, that it is altogether too early to be sure of anything. Not for anything in the world would I make any accusation at this stage." He checked himself just in time in an absent-minded sugaring his eggs and diverted the burden of the heaping spoon to his coffee cup. "I am quite frank in saying," he added meditatively, "that I hope that further investigation may lead elsewhere."

"Twice last night I called you mad," burst out Laufer-Hirth. "That was only a way of speaking and you knew it. But now am I to make the accusation in all earnestness?"

"I should be interested in your method, Mr. Savoy," said Mr. Nemo. He spoke very politely; or was it, rather, graciously?

"My method, as you term it, sir, is really one of simplicity itself; entirely obvious and natural and matter-of-fact."

"Ah!" It was Mr. Nemo's silken utterance in mild ecstacy.

"IN THE annals of crime, its commission and detection," continued Savoy, "there stand out, so far as I know, a few names only of detectives who have in one way or another elevated their profession to an art. We need not enumerate them; they could be counted, though, on the fingers of one hand. The reason being that the detective-mind is inordinately fond of clues and clues are pretty certain to carry one three steps wrong to one step right. The detective-mind is unfortunately wide open to suspicion. It says, 'I'll begin with suspecting everyone; I'll eliminate one by one as I have to, grudgingly. When I've eliminated all but one, he's my man!' That's wrong; it's walking backward. He should say. 'I'll suspect no one. Suspicion is an evil drug and vitiates the true mental fabric.' Thus he'll maintain a clear, uncloaded mind. And in due course, through the perfect functioning of that bit of machinery, he will be led straight to the desired end."

"You will pardon me?" spoke up Captain Temple rather stiffly. "I am afraid that the life I have led has caused me to forget most of the parlor tricks. And I can't help but say, Mr. Savoy, that all this rings in my ears like so much damned nonsense."

"As to that," said Savoy with a sigh, "I don't know but that you're right."

"And," muttered the captain with a little flush, not knowing what the other meant, "I think that you've done nothing but dodge the issue. If you're in earnest in suggesting yourself as a possible criminal—"

"And this time you're surely right, Captain! What led me to point out Paul Savoy? You're welcome to my explanation and I trust that you'll find it logical; I began, with a mind as clear as any crystal. I subdued such considerations as my friendship for Amos, the queer little friction which from the outset has seemed to exist between Paul Savoy and Captain Temple, any fantastic surmises having to do with Mr. Nemo, any reminiscences of anything odd concerning the actions of Dr. Andregg. Only when the broom of reason had swept all cobwebs did I really dally with the question: 'Who is the murderer?'

"So far as I could admit at the beginning, we all stood equally.

"Instead of suspicion I instituted inquiry. And where should inquiry begin if not with myself? So I began with Paul Savoy. What did I know of him? I asked, first, 'What was Paul Savoy doing at the moment of the double murder?' And I found that I was not at all sure that I knew!"



The two Filipino boys were afraid—they had heard something in the basement. Laufer-Hirth could not drive them, so, in the end, he led the way, shivering.

HE SPOKE of himself so impersonally that they fell in with his attitude; it was quite as though they discussed some man not even of their number. No doubt there were times when this Paul Savoy wandered widely and rather at random among spacious theories; perhaps there were moments when he merely played with words, allowing them to lead him rather than follow his flight of fancy. But just now he was in deadly earnest. Amos Laufer-Hirth began to be troubled for him.

"Pursuing my inquiries," resumed Savoy, his tone that of the lecturer in the laboratory, "I found that Savoy's thoughts at dinner ran as follows: A really unprecedented gathering together of priceless gems was being accomplished here tonight. What histories some of those gems had, too! What crimes had been committed for their glorious sake! As time rolled on, what other crimes were still to be committed to come at ownership of them! The thought flitted through his brain like a bat through a shadowy cavern that he himself would like to own them all!

"Savoy had another thought: If a man, secure in a high place in the eye of the world, stepped down swiftly to the commission of a crime, who would suspect him? If none saw, who would imagine? A thought burst upon him like a flash of light: If the body were done away with, who would ever glimpse the truth?"

Laufer-Hirth groaned. The sweat was standing on his florid brow and his clenched, chubby hands were uncertain.

"Where was Savoy when that cry was heard? Ah, there I met with difficulty. I am not sure.

"Recalling the scene in the bedroom, there was Paul Savoy standing looking down curiously at the body of Mainwaring Parks; turning to look at the body of Detective Dicks. How and when had Savoy reached the room? Rushing up with the others? Ahead of them? Had he been there when the cry was uttered?

"In short, gentlemen, had this Paul Savoy in a strange daze gone swiftly and silently from his room to the room upstairs, easily killing two men who would have no reason on earth to fear him, and every reason to trust him? I wish that I knew."

He sighed and shook his head doubtfully, and added quite simply:

"At least, though I have touched only the high spots, you may glimpse why the magnetic needle pointed to Paul Savoy!"

A SITUATION had arisen in which Captain Temple found himself at a loss for words. Of a sudden he sprang to his feet and without a word hurried out of the room.

"He'll be after his clues," sighed Savoy. "The most misleading things in the world."

Yet they watched the door and awaited Temple's return in some impatience and not without a strange apprehension, certain to the last man of them that he would not be long away. And he did not disappoint them. Here he came striding back, a small, worn black bag in his hands. His eyes, unveiled now and bright and hard with suspicion, flashed to a meeting with Andregg's. Andregg, galvanized, came up out of his chair.

"That's mine!"

"Of course it's yours. What's in it, man?"

"I had misplaced it somehow—my surgical instruments, of course, and—"

"Misplaced it!" jeered Temple angrily. "Jammed in a corner, deep in your closet!—surgical instruments! Well, I'll say they're damned queer surgical instruments that you use!"

He held the bag open upon the table, recklessly spilling its contents out among the dishes. Clattering among broken crockery there cascaded a small hammer, a couple of carpenters' chisels, a pair of small, odd-shaped hinges and a handful of long screws.

"Explain that, damn you!" stormed the captain. "And explain what it was you picked up by Parks' body!"

But Andregg only sank back, wilting, into his chair and muttered incoherently, pulling at his long, bony fingers.

Andregg was in for a very bad half hour.

"You'll explain this time, I think?" demanded the captain, standing between his prey and the door. "That's your bag; yes. Why was it hidden? Why shoved far back on the top shelf of the closet in your room, covered with a cast-off litter of things? And why filled with such tools? You'll talk now, my man, if I have to take you by the throat and squeeze the words out. Lies, lies they'll be first, foam of the scum of your soul. And then we'll get the truth."

QUEERLY enough, yet perhaps not unnaturally, foam did come frothing up upon Andregg's thin lips.

"Look at his eyes!" cried out Sergeant Blount. "Talk about murder! There's murder in his eyes right now."

"I'd kill—yes, I'd kill you. You, Captain Temple. You stole my bag; you hid it away; then, with I don't know what evil plan in a maggot-infested mind, you replaced my instruments and medicines with those things. You, you," he screamed, on his feet now. "You did it! Before all these men I accuse you! You killed Mainwaring Parks and the detective."

Captain Temple laughed at him, a laugh as vicious as the cut of a whip across a man's face. He briefly ignored Andregg to say to his tense audience:

"Last night there was a heavy poker in the room where Dicks lay. Just the sort of thing which might have been used to dash a man's brains out. When we all ran downstairs, someone carried it off! Who? Why, it was this dog, Andregg, here. I thought of that later. I looked for it and didn't find it!

They looked at Andregg, inviting his answers. Though none of them took the first step in the direction of Captain Temple's violence, it was quite plain that they held with the captain that Andregg should answer. But when Andregg glared, then fell to shuffling with his feet and staring down at the floor, Paul Savoy spoke up in that faraway, sleepy way of his.

"These points which Captain Temple mention are what he would call 'clues.' As for me, I do not hold with him, but it would seem only reasonable that Dr. Andregg should answer."

Andregg looked at him dully and when he spoke it was sullenly and with moody defiance:

"There is nothing. Nothing which I could explain. Nothing which has any bearing on—on the murder."

"Good! I'm glad!" Paul Savoy was all of a sudden like a man awaking with a bound from sleep.

"Perhaps *you'll* explain?" came Temple's tart demand.

"Willingly; even eagerly," returned Savoy. "I tell you all that we already have every necessary sign and token and bit of information. We have but to sort, arrange, then deduce the truth which should be as clear as a trout in a shallow pool. Pokers, objects snatched from the floor and tools in a bag, for the love of Heaven, gentlemen, if these matters be significant, have we not already enough of them? If you insist on inhumanly choking words out of Andregg, I'll not have my ears and brain stuffed with them."

And with a hint of an emotion very much like anger, he went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Savoy will bear watching," spoke up Captain Temple, quietly, seeming to have grown cooler as Savoy grew hotter. "And now, Andregg, you are going to talk!"

ANDREGG ceased plucking at his lip just long enough to spit out:

"I'll see you in hell first, Temple."

"I am going to make you talk. You're going to babble like a brook before I'm through. Every thing you ever thought, is coming up to the top. Now, Andregg—"

"May I make a suggestion before this goes any further?" Mr. Nemo asked quietly. "I think there may be a reasonable excuse for Dr. Andregg refusing to speak. Perhaps what he will not tell to us all, he might be willing to confide to one. I think that he will tell—me!"

"I have said already that I have nothing to tell," said Andregg, stony in determination.

Mr. Nemo's smile only brightened.

"And," he resumed softly, "if, when I have talked with Dr. Andregg, and thereafter can assure you on my honor that I know he is not concealing any guilty secret in this matter, will you gentlemen be satisfied with that?"

"Yes!" burst out Laufer-Hirth. We all know who and what Mr. Nemo is; we all know that his word is sufficient. If Dr. Andregg cares to satisfy Mr. Nemo, he satisfies us all."

Mr. Nemo rose and drew close to Andregg, whispering something into his ear. Andregg stiffened visibly; his eyes flew wide open. His mouth, too, opened for speech and, while balanced impulses strove in his breast, remained open wordlessly.

"Dr. Andregg and I shall require not more than a five minutes' conference in his room," said Mr. Nemo. "You will await my report here?"

He stepped out of the room in high confidence. After the briefest of pauses Dr. Andregg followed him.

Five minutes later Mr. Nemo entered, still smiling.

"I have left Dr. Andregg in his room," he said, addressing Captain Temple. "He has explained to me, entirely satisfactorily, about the object which he was seen to pick up on the floor near the body of Mainwaring Parks. It was his own personal property; it has no bearing on the major question. I am entirely satisfied and trust that my satisfaction may extend to you also."

"To be sure we are all satisfied," said Laufer-Hirth with an attempt at spontaneity and heartiness.

Captain Temple nodded curtly to the sergeant; the two left the room, keeping step. A look flashed between Mr. Mohun and Mr. Nemo; they went, the man at the heels of the master, to their rooms. Laufer-Hirth, mumbling to himself, under his breath, shambled away to the living room.

He found the fire dying down in the living room; the intense cold of the outdoors began to shove its frosty nozzle in here. He roared at the two Filipino boys to go get wood. They were afraid. The wood was in the basement. They had heard something down there!

He could not drive them, and in the end, shivering with the growing cold, he did all that was possible and led them. They went close at his heels, starting at every whisper of sound.

THEIR way led through the kitchen. A very imperturbable Chinese cook sat a little table, placidly eating a huge breakfast. Beyond the kitchen was a narrow, dreary hall. Then a dozen steep steps brought them down to the floor of the basement. An enormous place extending under half the house, cement floored, studded with timbers supporting the building above. There was a wood-burning furnace; it had not been lighted this morning. And there was cord after cord of wood piled from floor to beams above.

He drove the Filipinos to their task, following them back and forth on several trips since they remained obstinate about going alone. In the end he saw the furnace lighted, the several fireplaces set blazing again. He sat down with a windy sigh and shoved his hands and feet out to the genial warmth.

Captain Temple and the sergeant, dressed for the outdoors, looked in on Laufer-Hirth in the living room

"Better come along with us and buffet the storm a bit," invited Temple. "There's a breeze stirring that ought to whip the cobwebs out of a man's brain."

"No. I'll stick. Besides, I want to talk to Paul Savoy."

"Oh, Savoy! He's a cursed poseur, I tell you, if nothing worse. I've got my suspicions of that freak, and I don't care who knows it."

"It strikes me," said the jeweler, "that you've got a mighty lively set of suspicions, Temple."

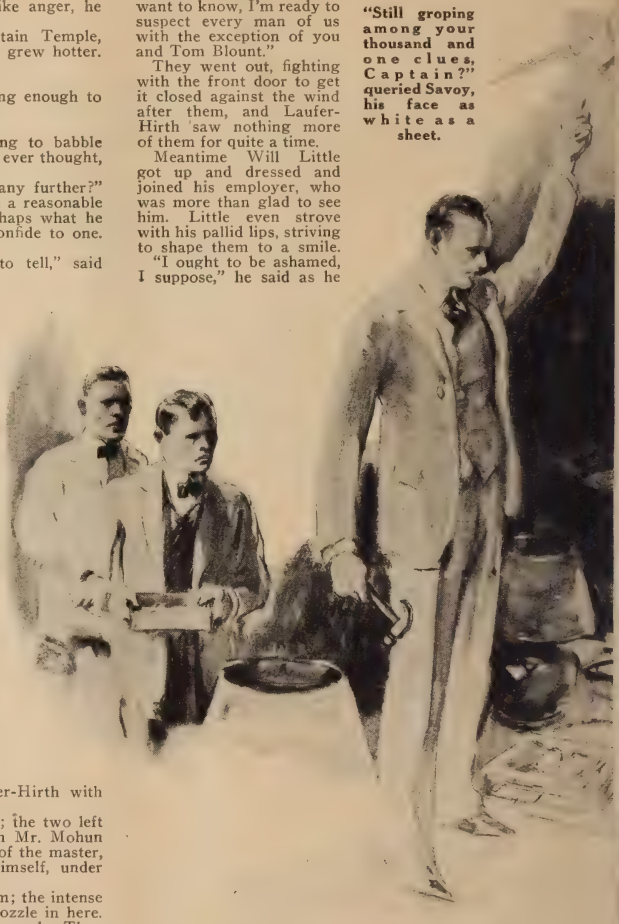
"I don't deny it. If you want to know, I'm ready to suspect every man of us with the exception of you and Tom Blount."

They went out, fighting with the front door to get it closed against the wind after them, and Laufer-Hirth saw nothing more of them for quite a time.

Meantime Will Little got up and dressed and joined his employer, who was more than glad to see him. Little even strove with his pallid lips, striving to shape them to a smile.

"I ought to be ashamed, I suppose," he said as he sat down. "Just couldn't help myself, that's all, Mr. Laufer-Hirth."

"Still groping among your thousand and one clues, Captain?" queried Savoy, his face as white as a sheet.



"That's all right, my boy," said the other heartily. "It's shaken me up pretty considerably, and I fancy myself a downright stolid individual, as folks go."

"It's a queer business about that opal," said Will Little in a whisper. "Where's it been all these years? Who put it where you found it? Why?"

"Ask me another question," exclaimed his employer in a heavy attempt at playfulness, "and I'll stuff your mouth full of rags out of Chee-foo's kitchen. Sit still and we'll have something hot to drink. Hot and strong."

So no more questions were asked. Now and then one man or the other went as far as the windows from which Savoy had stripped down his violet-blue curtains, to look out into the storm.

Some time after the others had lunched lugubriously the captain and Tom Blount returned. When they, too, had lunched the seven guests of a departed host congregated in the living room. Paul Savoy still remained aloof; Andregg

joined them because Mr. Nemo had invited him and because, it appeared, that already Andregg was almost servilely anxious to comply in haste to Mr. Nemo's slightest request. Yet there were flashes in Andregg's peculiar eyes. He was like a dog that will both fawn and bite.

WHEN the two Filipinos entered with coffee and cigars, Captain Temple startled the two of them almost into dropping their burdens by jabbing suddenly toward them with a stiffened forefinger the while he veritably stabbed at them with his eyes.

"You two!" he snapped out at them, "stay here. Sit down, you poor fish, if you want to. What's gone wrong with your legs? Now, answer questions as I put them."

Indeed, their legs had been untrustworthy all day and now let them down into the two most convenient chairs quite as though the abrupt captain had jerked a string attached to their knees.

How long had they worked for Mr. Parks? For upward of a year, one of them; for nearly two years, the other. What did they know of their employer?



He nailed his envelope to the ceiling, then, stepping back, "There—a big step has been taken toward the solution of this mystery of ours."

That he was a very rich man who paid well; that he had a fine place in San Francisco and this place here; that he was a great traveler; that he had many friends, all sorts, too.

"You're a helpful pair of laddies," said the captain, and turned from them to Mr. Nemo. "Perhaps you'll tell us, Mr. Nemo? Were you visiting Parks in San Francisco about a year ago?"

"I'm greatly interested in your catechism," smiled Mr. Nemo. "Pray continue with it. I'll be here, you know, when you've done with your two helpful laddies."

Captain Temple, though frowningly, turned back to the Filipinos. Had they ever been employed before, at the lake, in the winter time? Yes; last winter. Mr. Parks had entertained a house full of guests for some two weeks, treating them to winter sports.

Did the electric lights work all right? And were there any big storms? Storms, yes; a big one. And the lights had gone out, some of the wires blown down. Telephones! Telephone, too, had gone out on them! They had been unable to use the telephone for two or thre days; then, in a lull in the storm, a couple of the men had fixed it. Broken limbs from trees, whipped off by the wind, had broken the wire.

Yes, Dr. Andregg was there when they came. Mr. Parks had told them they would find him here and that he would issue their orders.

"Ah," said Temple. Again he turned from them, now confronting Andregg. "So we come back to you, doctor."

Andregg had sat all the while well back from the irregular circle formed by the others. He had seemed more interested in Mr. Nemo than in the three who were doing the talking, and now a faint smile, not unlike Mr. Nemo's own, touched his lips.

"Will you object to answering a question or two?" Temple asked him bluntly.

"Fire away," muttered Andregg, with a sneer. "So long as the questions are—not impertinent!"

"Good enough," said Temple coolly. He was forever growing cool when the other man showed a least spark of fire. "First off, then: What did you happen to be doing here all alone?"

"I WAS a friend of Mainwaring Parks. He knew that I had a fancy for wintering in the snow and most hospitably put his own unused home at my disposal."

"How long have you known Parks?"

"About three years."

"How long have you lived in this neighborhood?"

"Off and on, about four years."

"Practicing medicine?"

"Practicing medicine some of the time. Reading, studying, enjoying life the balance."

"You are well off, then? Financially, you can afford to live as you please, without working?"

"It does not cost much to live here as I live," said Andregg.

"Did Parks pay you?"

"At times Mr. Parks consulted me professionally. At such times I rendered my bill and was paid."

"What was your school, doctor?" he blurted out.

"Being impertinent now?" countered Andregg.

Temple ignored the thrust and observed instead.

"I keep thinking that time must have dragged for you. By the way, do you make something of a hobby of carpentry?"

"It's quite clear," cried Andregg passionately, "that you mean to accuse me of murder!"

"I do not accuse you—yet. I merely make my statements and give you every opportunity to explain. You refuse to tell us what you picked up by Parks' body. You say you know nothing of the carpenter's tools. Will you, by any chance, tell us now what disposal you made of the poker which you carried away from Dicks' room?"

"I don't recall what I did with it; just dropped it somewhere. By the way," and he leaned forward sharply, a sudden brightness in his eyes. "Who was it carried the golf stick?"

There was a pause. Laufer-Hirth, with a sudden start, exclaimed:

"I remember now. Why, it was you, Captain Temple!"

"It was," said Andregg viciously. "A golf stick like that would inflict such a wound as Detective Dicks bore quite as well as a poker. And just where is that golf stick now, Captain Temple?"

"You have me there, Andregg," he admitted reluctantly. "I did catch up the first weapon I could lay my hands on; yes, it was a golf stick from the bag by the door. Driver, I think! And, like yourself, I don't recall at the moment where and when I dropped it."

ANDREGG could not refrain from the obvious taunt. Temple stared at him stonily.

"We grope, I admit. But we'll get somewhere yet. I have your consent to pass to other things? Then, there's this: How near is the nearest house?"

"Along the lake shore, less than a mile."

"Whose property is it?"

"I really don't know, Captain Temple. Nor can I see—"

"Occupied last summer?"

"No."

"The summer before?"

"I don't remember. I don't think so."

"Oh, all right," snorted the captain. "Tom Blount and I made our way as far as that house this morning, keeping along the water's edge. I wondered—we tried to see, of course, if anything could be done with the telephone line but I'm afraid it's hopeless; I wouldn't be surprised if it's down for miles. Of course, we ought to have outside help, someone from the district attorney's office or the sheriff's. But of one thing I feel pretty sure: The man, or men, who did this thing are as much bottled up here as we are."

A strangely mirthless laugh startled them. There in the door

(Continued on page 108)

Have a Ringside Seat for the

BATTLE *of the* BLUES

Lombardo, Vallee and Osborne Tell Their Story of Slow Motion Rhythm—Draw Your Own Conclusions

By Rosemary Drachman

N 146 90 BLUE 1/60 K N
CHICAGO ILL 338 P
ROSEMARY DRACHMAN: 67 WEST 52
NEW YORK N Y
WILL YOU PLEASE GET WORD SKETCH OF GUY LOMBARDO SUPPOSED FIRST OF SLOW MOTION RHYTHM MASTERS STOP CHECK COMPARISONS TO RUDY VALLEE AND WILL OSBORNE OR OTHERS YOU MAY KNOW ABOUT STOP WOULD SUGGEST YOU MAKE ARTICLE SOMEWHAT PROVOCATIVE FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE PARTISANS AND QUOTE LEADERS EITHER BY DIRECT INTERVIEW OR FROM THE MORGUE STOP SHOOT THE WORKS AND WIRE ME TITLE FOR COVER DISPLAY
EDITOR RADIO DIGEST

ORDERS is orders. Lombardo first. Prettiest frock, my new hat and coat. Dab the powder on the nose—away to the Roosevelt Grill, wondering what Guy Lombardo is like and if he could possibly be as good-looking as his picture.

Well, he is. And just as charming as he is handsome, too. He's a little above the average in height, well set up with black hair and eyes, and a natural tawnyness of skin that you and I get with sun-tan powder.

He is affable, genial and a sparkling conversationalist; a perfect host with thoughts only for his guests; and he showed a willingness to aid me that was held in check only by his shell of natural-born modesty.

I found him leading his Royal Canadians. When I introduced myself he turned the baton over to his brother, Carmen, and fixed me up with a table where I could see everything.

Should it ever be my lot to again interview this master of slow tempo, I hope it will not be from the sidelines of an inviting dance floor. (I'll bet he dances divinely.) No fun wagging my tongue when my feet want to dance.

The music would at times carry me off into the realm of dreams. I must have tried his patience sorely. Serves him right. I wanted to dance.

WITH the courtesy of a knight of old, he sat with me through two hours of spasmodic questioning. He endured my periods of abstraction with the fortitude of a martyr, and when the music ceased and I attempted to pick up the loose ends of the business at hand he helped me with a willingness born of inherent courtesy.

Between the *Wedding of the Painted Doll* and *Three O'clock in the Morning,* I learned that there are three Lombardo brothers in the band.

Guy, who is now twenty-seven years old, is leader by virtue of his venerable age and not because he plays the violin. No one instrument takes precedence in this orchestra. The boys feel that the tuba is just as important as the drums and that both rank with the piano.

Carmen, the middle brother, is twenty-six. He is the one that plays the sax and sings all those crooning choruses.

Lebert, the kid brother, is twenty-four, and toots the trumpet.

These three brothers, and all save one of the rest of the organization, hail from London—not "Lunnon-in-the-fog, where 'alf the blooming world comes from," but London, Ontario, a slightly smaller place of 65,000 population.

Here the two eldest Lombardo brothers, together with Fred Kreitzer, formed an orchestra in 1915. A little mental arithmetic divulges the secret that the venerable Guy was then just a middle aged man of twelve.

London was the military headquarters for Western Ontario and the boys were much in demand for the soldier entertainments.

In 1918 Lebert joined his brothers and this four-piece band was the nucleus of the present organization which was formed when, in 1919, five more local boys were added, and later in Cleveland, another man. Every man is a finished musician and has studied under the direction of Canada's most noted professors.

These same men make up the band as it is today. There are never any changes in personnel; no personal nor professional jealousies to mar the even tenor of their ways. When they move from one town to another, the wives and children all move into an apartment house like one big family, and as a whole, form a happy clan.

WHEN I marvelled at this statement, he said, with a wave of his hand toward the orchestra, "Why, Miss Drachman, I couldn't fight with him. His grandmother knows mine."

The band to Guy Lombardo is one unit. The use of "him," when referring to the other nine men, seemed perfectly natural.

The year 1923 found Lombardo and his Royal Canadians the rage of Cleveland where they stayed for four years. Here they were fitting new tempo to old and new numbers; playing ballads as ballads, fox trots as fox trots, etc., etc.

What'll I Do, was one of the first to lend itself to the innovation of slow motion music.

Carmen, the versatile arranger and soloist, was singing choruses as he had for the soldiers in Canada.

While playing a two weeks' engagement at Detroit in 1920 he had suggested to the leader that maybe people would like to hear the chorus sung. He was immediately informed that he was in an orchestra, not a choir. He almost got the gate for suggesting such a thing. Pick out the orchestra today that hasn't a member who can "double in voice."

Carmen is also a composer, numbering among his popular hits such songs as: *Sweethearts on Parade, Last Night I Dreamed I Kissed You, Coquette, My Victory, Moonlight March* and *Why Did You?*

Broadcasting over WTAM, their public grew until they began to have a reputation far afield. Fan mail started to come in and phonograph companies came to dicker for contracts.

Here we find Guy running into the first opposition to his slow tempo. Cleveland cafe patrons and Radio audiences were much enthused over this entirely new method of presenting their favorite numbers, but phonograph companies were much harder to convince.

IN THE spring of 1924, the Victor and Brunswick companies both sent recording equipment to Cleveland and made tests, but refused to record the slow tempo. They reasoned that, although this type of music was popular in Cleveland, purchasers of records in other parts of the world would increase the record speed and distort the tone. They couldn't afford to take a chance.

Still, early in 1924, Lombardo made a deal with the Canadian office of the Star Piano Company, makers of Gennett records and recorded two numbers: *Mama's Gone Goodbye* and *So This Is Venice.*

The beautiful grill room of the Roosevelt Hotel was beginning to fill with the after theatre crowd. Beautifully gowned women were dancing with tall, graceful men. I wanted to dance, too. The only consolation I got was from the envious glances as some of the women recognized my companion.

Where were we? Oh, yes—Lombardo signed his Royal Canucks up with The Music Corporation of America and they insisted upon the band making records for some of the better known companies.

The Columbia people came to Cleveland, but refused to be sold on anything other than the popular tempo of the day. However, Guy signed a year's contract with them and made four or five records in the "hot time" of more universal appeal.

The boys were not very enthusiastic over the phono deals, and in the fall of 1927 they took their families and their pets, including their slow tempo, all tied up in the pink ribbons of confidence, and moved bag and baggage to Chicago.

Here they broadcast over WBBM and before a week had passed the fan mail showed that the novelty of slow motion



That ready smile and cheerful expression you see above could belong to but one person—Rudy Vallee. Is your bet on him in "The Battle of the Blues"?



This interesting chap below, Will Osborne, is often mistaken for Vallee over the air—so much so that many have asked if they aren't one and the same person.

Here are the three Lombardo brothers of orchestra and Radio fame. First on the left is Carmen, the second brother, then Guy, the oldest, and then the "kid brother," Lebert.



That the Windy City might properly show its appreciation for Lombardo they made his orchestra the highest priced (per man) in the world.

They received $8,500 per week from the Chicago theatre while doubling a cafe for $2,000. When the boys were resting they went on the air during the Wrigley hour, filling one-half the program, for $1,000—a total of $11,500 per week for an organization of ten men. (I think I'll see if I can't trade my fountain pen for a piccolo.)

The manager of the theatre told Guy that he had broken all previous records for gross receipts and that people were now coming to his theatre who had never been there before.

"Just a minute," I stopped him short. Maybe I was just getting nervous and in an argumentative mood, but there was something I wanted to ask, right now.

"Will you please tell me, Mr. Lombardo, how a man can possibly know that new faces are filling his theatre?"

"Well," he said, a tired smile flickering across his handsome features, "when people come to a theatre the second time, they don't go around the lobby like they were gargling their throats. Ceiling decorations don't interest them after the first visit."

Think of this next time you go gawking around in some new playhouse. Somebody may be counting your uplifted chins. (No pun about "that future shadow" is intended.)

GUY LOMBARDO had shown the patience of Job, and I felt now that I was imposing on good nature. I pre-

(Continued on page 96)

music was being accepted by air audiences and Brunswick and Victor came with offers to raise the ante if Guy would make them some "torpid tempo" records.

The request to cancel with Columbia was refused when the Chicago office investigated this sudden popularity of Lombardo's band. He was given a free hand in the matter of rhythm when they made Carmen's *Coquette* and the then popular *Beloved* in his own manner.

These two records were the first in slow tempo to be released by any of the phonograph companies. The Royal Canadians and Columbia shared honors in a new field.

I guess this settles the priority question. At least it is tangible evidence.

THE BAND was playing one of my favorites. I'm off again on a trip to the moon. "The sweetest music this side of Heaven," someone had said. How true! I thought as I came back to earth and, picking up the loose ends again, continued with the interview.

Broadcasting over the Columbia Broadcasting system's network soon enlarged the band's following and they became the sensation of the air.



FRANCES SHELLEY feels all dressed up with a handful of pearls roped around her neck which, so far as it goes, is OK by us so long as she is safely concealed behind a microphone and does her stuff with a song on the Publix Night Owl Frolick.



JESSIE MATTHEWS takes one pair of big brown eyes, one pair of smiling roguish lips, a dash of hair and puts them between an enormous high hat and floppy collar so that you get an effect like this when she sings for you over the CBS.



BERNADINE HAYES, Red Head of the Air, had just finished singing "Ain't these tears in my eyes tellin' you," when the picture was snapped. If the eyes tell what she means she probably is blue. But why? You hear her during the Sonatron Hour.



LILAS JOHNSON'S talented fingers, of which you catch a mere glimpse in this picture, are responsible for the delightful piano concerts heard over KGB, San Diego—but who cares about fingers when there is charm and beauty to behold?



GRETA GAHLER is the intriguing co-ed coquette, "Mary Elizabeth," in the Radio feature, College Daze, heard over KYA, San Francisco. Susceptible male listeners are advised to open to this page while listening to Mary's vamping voice.



BROOK LOUIS never has submitted her picture for one of these photo personality prizes, but the above would deserve serious consideration in such an event. She is a famous composer and plays on a coast to coast program.

The MAID from MARTINIQUE

Old Forty Fathom Brings Tale of Coquette Who Wrecked Three Men and a Ship



James Whipple

From Presentation of Columbia Broadcasting System

***By* James Whipple**

"A GOOD story always ends happily," said Peter, who was young and full of romance.

"Aye," smiled the good captain, Old Forty Fathom Haft. "That depends a bit on what you call happy."

"And might I say that it depends, too, on what ye would call a good story," observed the grizzled mate as he thrust a match into the half emptied bowl of his briar.

You know Old Forty Fathom. You know them all. For weeks on weeks, season in and season out, you have listened to their yarns of the briny deep and their songs as they gathered around the table in the fo'castle of the speedy little trawler, Spray, just after eight bells has sounded the time for rest from a busy day in the fishing banks off New England. There's always a microphone or two near by. And the ship's wireless carries the picture to you wherever you may be, from coast to coast, through the Columbia Broadcasting system.

"But you know what I mean," insisted Peter, "the villian is disposed of and the hero marries the girl—"

"The girl, the girl! Must there always be a girl in what you call a good story?" Old Forty Fathom struck his fist on the edge of the table.

"Well, you know what I mean—"

"Aye, Peter, I cal-late I know—you are at that age—"

"Aw—listen—do you think I'm girl crazy?"

"How about that school teacher up in Seedville Center?"

"She gave me the go-bye—three weeks ago. She's off of sailors, she said."

"And what's the matter with sailors?" demanded the mate.

"She says a sailor barges around too much without anchorin' at the old front gate. And then there's probably other reasons," said Peter. "But do you know any real yarns, sir, that have girls in 'em and don't end happy?"

"The captain took off his cap and put it on the table while he ran his fingers through his hair. He sighed and puffed half a dozen billowy clouds of smoke toward the ceiling before he spoke.

"REAL yarns with girls in 'em that don't end happy? Why, I'd say there's more of the real yarns with girls in 'em that don't end happy than there is that does—an' I'm not a woman hater either. For that matter, mayhap the ones you and I would consider unhappy might be considered happy enough for the fellow most concerned. Ah, hum! Newcomb, do you mind old Lloyd MacGreggor in the West Indies trade, who pardnered up with Joe Miller, that fascinatin' hot headed chap from Virginia? MacGreggor was a woman hater, if ever there was one, and good reason—the tight fisted old Scotchman—with a map that would either terrify a woman into paralysis or drive her into laughing hysterics."

"That I do, captain—and what he came to on account of a woman—"

"Aye, that's the story I had in mind for young Peter, here, who lives in a cloud of pretty faces that smile and beckon with the eyes of sinful sirens."

"It was a queer partnership."

"Queer a one as ever I saw. And Joe was more to be pitied than blamed, for he had a devil's hodgepodge of a makeup. His parents, they say, were Virginia blue bloods. But Joe was the family disgrace, the black sheep. He had family pride in him that fought bitterly the overwhelming forces that led him into one scrape after another. And how ever old MacGreggor took up with the man to buy a ship and go halvers is more than my simple mind will ever comprehend."

"They haggled the ship from a Jew in Martinique, as I recall?" Newcomb nodded.

"A small schooner she was, Newcomb. They were shipmates on a French bark when they heard about it being for sale. So they visited the agent, a man by the name of Meurice, who wanted $2,500 for the craft. But MacGreggor badgered him down to $1,500, which was more than the two of them had been able to save for their whole lives. Indeed, they were not so much as able to take out insurance against the hurricanes that were infesting the region at that time."

"I did not know about that part of it but it seems to me there was another man mixed up in the deal," answered Newcomb.

"You are right. There was. You were thinking of Bob Macey, that smart young chap from New York. He had big possibilities with his ideas and things. But whenever he seemed to be getting into his stride some pretty face would come along and Bob strayed clear off his course till he lost his bearings completely. Well, sir, as you say, Newcomb, there were three of them that finally signed up for equal shares in the schooner and if it hadn't been for the curse that was on



"I would not call Celeste a Cat," said old Forty Fathom.

two of them they might have been big ship owners today, for between them they had business, brains and maritime sagacity —and the Lord knows—"

"BUT—but—what about the girl?" asked Peter, shyly.

"Yes, yes, to be sure, Peter," replied the captain, but he did not smile as he whirled around from the table and silently stroked a cat that had just been taken from his shoulder by the new man who had come up from Boston to learn the fishing business from beginning to end.

"You see, Peter, sometimes there is a bit of the sly cat in —in—Oh, all of us!" He continued stroking the cat and puffing at his pipe.

"Aye, Peter, the cat—you see she came to me first with her favors. She was purring in my lap. Then, when I did not give her enough attention, she climbed up on my shoulder. Fred, standing by, saw her and took her in his arms—and now she is just as contented with him. Ah, but what a bloody scratch she can give you with the sharp claws she carries beneath those velvet paws!"

Old Forty Fathom puffed again at his corncob pipe before he resumed.

"But for all that, Peter, I would not say that Celeste was a cat —though a beautiful kittenish thing she was. You never saw her did you, Newcomb, the little French lass at Martinique, who crushed the visiting fleets with her laughing eyes and bewitching coquettish tricks?"

"Yes, Forty, I did see her. And I wasted a month's pay trying to make her think a little better of me than some of the other goofies who were playing the same game. And how about yourself?"

"That's beside the story, mate. But I'm telling Peter how she came aboard the schooner to the intense surprise of Mr. MacGreggor. Joe was ashore. Bob and the old man were chinning up fr'rd about what they were going to do with all the money they hoped to make out of the shipping business, when all of a sudden a female voice came rippling up from aft. Along came this baby faced Celeste humming and crooning as though she had belonged aboard the ship all her life.

"'Weel, me lass, I dinna ken we buyed fairies or witches wi' tha vessel—an' who are ye an' how came you here?' demanded MacGreggor.

"'Ah, I have ze honor to spek to ze great Messieur MacGreggoire, have I not? An' *ma fois,* Messieur Joe, he have not tell you who I am? No? Zen myself I will introduce. I am Celeste. You hear of Celeste? Yes?'

"'Celeste—delighted!' Bob exclaimed, while old MacGreggor uttered only a gruff sort of snort. The girl twirled a black and red beaded fan. Her arms were bare. She wore a thin light blue silk waist on which were embroidered some absurdly large butterflies of gorgeous hue. Her skirt carried out the butterfly effect—black tracings against a tan fuzzy sort of satin or silk—I knew that costume well, Newcomb. And you may remember the bright red slippers.

"MacGreggor bit off a chunk of plug and waddled across deck, his face all wrinkled up with evil foreboding. Bob assumed the duties of host and asked the girl to enter the cabin and sit down. But MacGreggor motioned vigorously from behind for him to keep the lady in plain sight.

"CELESTE simply floated into the cabin with those soft little exclamations of surprise and delight so fatal to all good resolutions or any mere dissenting male.

"'Make yourself comfortable,' said Bob. 'Joe will be along any minute.'

"'But ye canna stay, Miss, we sail directly—' protested MacGreggor.

"'Ah, let her stay, Mac—it's Joe's affair. Let him talk to her, then he'll send her away,' Bob pleaded.

"In the meantime Celeste flitted about the cabin and hummed her quaint little tune with an occasional 'Oh-oooooo-ah' and 'la, la, Mon Dieu!'

"'I tell you,' she finally decided, 'you are ontidy, so *maladroit* in ze care of your little house. I tell you. Celeste will wash out this dirty tablecloth. I fix some curtains for ze—how you call 'em—ze little round holes—windows, I know—'

"She began clearing the table. Bob lounged against the door and watched her with kindling admiration. Her charms were obvious and would have warmed the heart of any red blooded

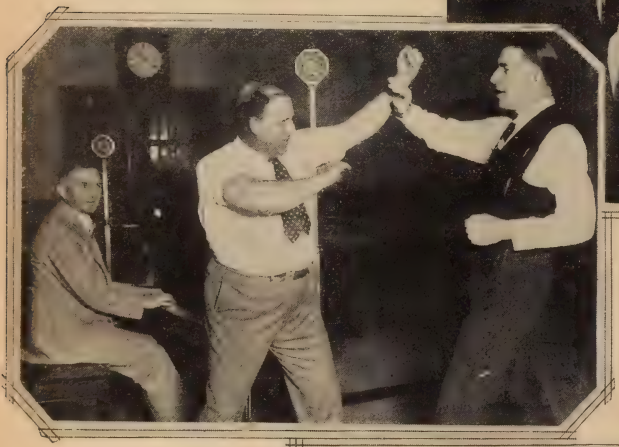
(Continued on page 110)



This Little Thing Called Love—not especially posed by Cecil and Sally of KPO, San Francisco, although they say that Johnnie Patrick (Cecil) simply tumbled head over heels when he met Helen Troy (Sally) on a tennis court with ribbon over her hair just like this. Nope—no announcements specially that we know of.



Aha! Startling revelations about to be revealed! Prof. Dope (no relation to Oopy Doop) and Dr. Standard McWebster (of Words & Words) have discovered a fly stealing out to the end of the weather vane on yon steeple. Footprints of the fly may reveal an important witness to the rat murder. Yeah, real names are Lew Kelly and Gene Byrnes.



Now that Hughie Dobbs has landed that swell $85,000 contract he's putting more punch than ever in his socker programs. You see him here with the former world's champion, Jim Corbett, who made fame and fortune out of his punches. Wonder how a thump on Dobbsie's polka dot would sound on the air!

You may recall all that heavy artillery band barrage over WHEC, Rochester, N. Y., on a Saturday night? Well, here it is—all forty pieces and the announcer besides, who doesn't count because the three Sod Busters front center lay down the whole works.





Listen! You can almos hear them singing, "Jones and Hare, the Interwoven Pair"—they are known everywhere that voices come by air—or words to that effect. They are veteran Radio comedians and might actually be considered the founders of the sect. Their drolleries are widely imitated. You hear them Fridays over the NBC.



Don't be misled by the pugilistic exploits of Arthur The Great Shires, that he's so hard his smile curdles milk. Not so. Behold him here being initiated into the Milkman's Club of KSTP, St. Paul. Nothing like a nice foaming bottle of milk for Mr. Shires!



It's getting to be a great racket taking the emotional reactions of beautiful actresses for "Radio valuations." Claudette Colbert is supposed to be getting a great thrill from something or other on the air and the doc is tabulating her heart beats—according to the number of beats the act is good or not so good.



There is no reason for the station that employs this nice looking trio to be ashamed of them, but whoever sends out the pictures neglected to put their names on the back of the photo. Perhaps they will be recognized and we can tell you who they are next month.



Sing "Ah"—and when Dapper Dan of the Shoe-Flyer's program over the CBS opened his month to sound the syllable "ah" all the flies in the building considered it time to shoo out of there. Sometime they are going to try broadcasting Dan's voice without a microphone just to see how far it will go.



You may never have heard of Mrs. Beau Brummel, but merely to show you that she really does exist we offer you this picture from KSTP. Mrs. B. B. is very popular with followers of the fashions who listen to her every Friday at 10:15 p. m. Like to know her real name? Who wouldn't?





Following the success of the many darky dialect teams over the country has come a wave of Weberfieldians. Not many can out-Dutch Adolph and Rudolph, privately known as Ned Becker and Billy Doyle, at WCFL, Chicago.

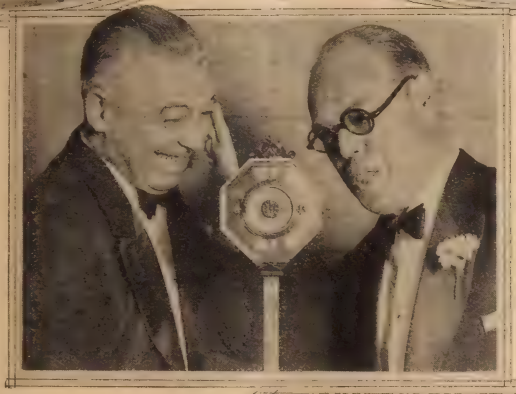
When the program begins to cool off a bit at KFWI, San Francisco, the director steps to the mike and tells the listeners, "We'll warm up with a few banjo tamales with Henry and Tom on the pan." And here they are with their coats off making it hot.



Whoopee is still going strong in the big New York key stations. Frinstance when WABC wants a heap big pom-pom - boom - adeeyeow they call in the best whoopee experts on the island and this is Chief Ben Selvin with his new spring bonnet ready to lead the DeVoe Redskins down Antenna trail.



Speaking of the rum runner from Quebec—well, never mind, say nothing. This is Jacob Ben Ami as you think he looks during one of his CBS character broadcasts. But just the same there's something suspicious about that dark looking shadow hipward from the crook of his left elbow—Oui?



You can tell by the picture that something funny is right on the tip of Walt Sullivan's tongue as soon as he gets it out. Frank Galvan already thinks it's funny and is getting the first laugh. These two drop the pebbles in the KPO mike that start ripples of laughter across the continent.



"Laws o' Massy wha faw all de lillies? Reckon Metro an' Cosmo of KYA is gwine participate in a weddin' or a funeral! Whichevah it am it sho' do look mighty sudden faw Metro. He ain't no mo' prepared faw one dan he is faw t'other."

The SUCKER'S REVENGE

Old Jap Gideon's Bubble Breaks After a Gay Flight and He Goes Home Broke—But the Last Laugh's On the Other Fellow

By Lowell Otus Reese

Illustrations by Chas. J. McCarthy

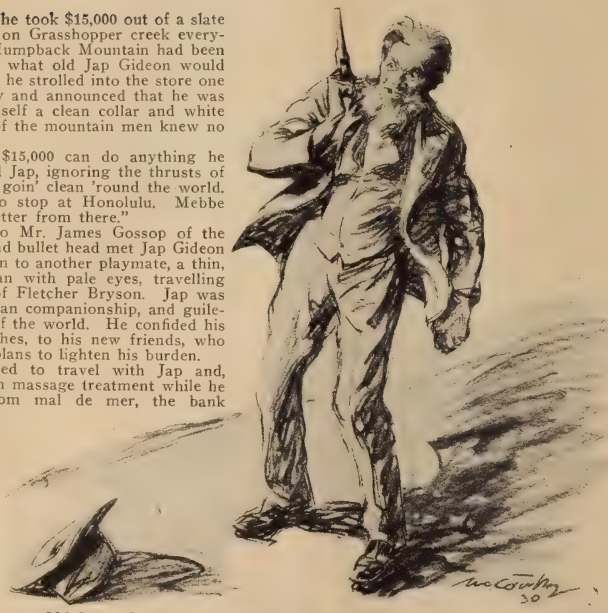
EVER since he took $15,000 out of a slate pocket up on Grasshopper creek everybody on Humpback Mountain had been wondering what old Jap Gideon would do with it. When he strolled into the store one bitter January day and announced that he was going to buy himself a clean collar and white pants, the mirth of the mountain men knew no bounds.

"A feller with $15,000 can do anything he likes," boasted old Jap, ignoring the thrusts of his friends. "I'm goin' clean 'round the world. First off I aim to stop at Honolulu. Mebbe I'll write you a letter from there."

Down in 'Frisco Mr. James Gossop of the hard black eyes and bullet head met Jap Gideon and introduced him to another playmate, a thin, anemic young man with pale eyes, travelling under the name of Fletcher Bryson. Jap was lonesome for human companionship, and guileless in the ways of the world. He confided his plans, and his riches, to his new friends, who made immediate plans to lighten his burden.

But luck seemed to travel with Jap and, despite a thorough massage treatment while he was suffering from mal de mer, the bank roll was still intact when the steamer docked at Honolulu. Forced to leave their new friend until they could in turn lose themselves in the island city, Gossop and Bryson made a date with him for a big hula dance and native party.

Full of ham and eggs and eager expectation, old Jap nearly broke his neck catching a street car to keep his date with his friends.



Old Jap jerked Bloody Mary from beneath his arm and started running down the street. Suddenly the peaceful silence was shattered by the bellowing roar of the ancient pocket cannon.

"LUCKY I hurried," he told himself as he settled in his seat. "Jim'll be waitin' for me time I get there."

He was right, Jim and Fletch were both doomed to wait considerably longer than they had anticipated. It was near midnight when they met at the Kapiolani park entrance, where Gossop still stayed, clinging to a fast dying hope.

"Fine steerer you are!" said Bryson with flaying acrimony. "Where's the boob?"

"How do I know?" retorted Gossop, his own temper brittle under the long strain and the ultimate disappointment. "How does anybody know? That boob ain't human! Something's happened to him."

"Well, what happened to him?" sneered the pickpocket nastily. "Go ahead—speak up! You're a fine fixer, I'll tell the cockeyed world!"

"Some of these days," said Gossop ominously, "I'm goin' to take you all apart! I know you got a snake's tongue, but you keep it for boobs or something's goin' to happen to you! Get me?"

Still quarreling, they boarded a car and went downtown to begin a search for Jap Gideon, sure that they would find him, tomorrow, at least. But they did not find Jap Gideon tomorrow; nor the next day nor the day after that. Discreet telephone calls elicited from the hotel desk the information that Mr. Gideon had been absent from his room ever since the evening of his arrival. No, he had left no word. He might have gone to Hilo, yes. To see the volcano. But there was no message left at the desk, bearing upon the gentleman's movements. Yes, Mr. Gideon's belongings were still in his apartment.

DAY AFTER day this went on. The two hunters trailed all over Honolulu, searching for their prospective victim, but to no avail. Jap Gideon had apparently dropped off the earth. And meanwhile the mild asperity, born of their mutual disappointment, grew into a deadly quarrel, fed by the days of cumulative suspense. Finally, at the end of the week, the tension snapped suddenly. They were in their rooms, blocks from the white section.

"That'll be all out of you!" said Gossop, his voice low and menacing. "Another crack like that and I'll take your neck in my two hands and squeeze it like a lemon!"

Bryson crouched suddenly, his thin lips writhing back from his teeth and his white fingers flashed toward his pocket. But with a swiftness astonishing in a thickset body, Gossop was upon the smaller man, one big, pudgy hand grasping the furtive wrist, the other fist mauling the palid face of the pickpocket. All in silence. When it was over, the beaten man crawled to the door and arose, staggering and shaking.

"Some day," he said, "you'll get yours! I hope you'll like it!" The words came sobbingly through his smashed thin lips that still writhed back from his teeth. He stumbled out into the night.

. . . V . . .

HALF an hour later, Gossop went out on the street, still raging within from the mad lust of battle, savage still with his disappointment. He had lost the fifteen thousand dollars which from the time of leaving San Francisco had seemed so easily won. His ship sailed tomorrow at ten o'clock. He dared not miss it and wait for the chance to book again, for his funds were low. Moreover, old Jap probably would not show up again. Perhaps he had been shoved off the wharf by someone else who had found that he carried the enormous sum upon his person. Gossop's thick spatulate fingers opened and closed convulsively. Yes, there was no other solution of the problem. Something had happened to the childish old prospector.

Hardly anybody was upon the streets, for Honolulu after dark is a quiet town where people go to bed decently at the proper time. Gossop wandered aimlessly, keeping instinctively in dark places and as he reached the corner of Hotel and Alakea he shrank into the shadow and watched, for a lone figure was coming down Hotel Street, moving slowly and dejectedly. The figure seemed familiar and Gossop's predatory heart gave a fierce, exultant bound. The figure came into the light cast by the Y. M. C. A. building and stopped, hesitating and looking back toward the Young Hotel.

The long, jaunty cigarette holder was missing; the cane also. The immaculate white trousers were stained and torn, the rakish white cap mauled and muddy, as though it had been trodden under foot. The old man was shrunken and bent and seemed to have aged ten years. Gossop rushed up to him, greeting him with a joyful effusion that came from the man's exulting heart.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Wherever you been, Jap? Say, I been lookin' all over this town for you—every day! And tonight I says to myself—I ain't goin' to sleep till I find my old pal Jap Gideon! Yes, sir, I been walkin' the streets every minute of the night—where you been anyway, Jap?"

"I BEEN in hell, Jim!" The slow, miserable tears welled in the old man's eyes, but he smiled, glad that at last he had found a friend. "I been drunk, Jim—paralyzed drunk! I didn't mean to get drunk, but—Say, I'm mighty sorry I missed you and the hula dance, Jim! I didn't mean to throw you down, Jim—honest I didn't! I started from the hotel all right and got on the car all right. But soon's I got on the car I met a feller that said his folks was named Gideon—at least his dad was. His dad was a half Englishman and half Solomon Islander and his mother was a Tahitian with a Scotch father and a German-Hawaiian mother and he'd just married a Portuguese-Hawaiian girl with a Chinese father and—"

"Let's go and sit down where we can talk comfortable, Jap!" Gossop took the poor old fellow by the arm and started him along Alakea Street and away from the Y. M. C. A. lights. "And when I come to myself," old Jap babbled as they walked, "the car had stopped and they told me I was in Kaimuki! Yes, sir, I'd got on the Kaimuki car instead of the Waikiki car—them both runnin' on the same track a ways! And—"

"Sure!" chuckled Gossop, a vast relief flooding him. He understood now. And he was going to reap the reward of his long trailing after all. He tightened upon the skinny arm with a fierce clutch. What a fine thing he had ditched Fletch! Fifteen thousand—and all his own! He steered his companion into Emma Square, a tiny rest park just off the street, and guided him beneath the heavy darkness of a bougainvillea vine that roofed a park bench. They sat down together.

"But that ain't the worst of it, Jim," went on Jap Gideon. "This feller give me a bottle of *okolehau*. Jim, that *okolehau* looked and tasted innocent, but it deceived me. It just naturally took my stummick by the hind laigs and tied it in a knot! I didn't wake up till three hours ago—"

"Sure—sure!" Gossop flung one thick arm affectionately about the prodigal's neck and tightened his grip on the sandbag in the opposite pocket. Safe as a church! No one would ever suspect him. He'd never been seen about town with the old man—better to kill him, of course. Easy to kill—a frail little old boob—easy to kill as a young robin. Why, he could kill him with one hand on the windpipe—same as he had threatened Fletch—

"—but I'm all right now!" Jap Gideon was saying happily. "Say, it's a good thing to have a friend or two, Jim. I'm all right now!"

"SURE you're all right, Jap!" soothed Gossop and half drew the heavy bag of lead from his pocket. But an instant before starting the blow he hesitated again, for someone was coming down Alakea Street. The man waited, seething with sinister impatience, while old Jap Gideon droned on. The pedestrian passed and the sound of his going died away as he turned into Hotel Street. Again the thick, spatulate fingers tightened about the sandbag.

"—and it was gone!" Jap Gideon was saying. "Every cent of that fifteen thousand dollars I been guardin' so careful—"

"What's that?" A cold premonition crept up Gossop's spine, instantaneously chilling his ferocious exultation. "You lost your money?"

"Every last cent!" gulped Jap Gideon.

"I don't believe it! Have you looked good? Where did you carry it?"

"On my stummick!" quavered Jap hopelessly. "Under that



The infuriated old man was gnawing industriously away at Gossop's ear with his two remaining teeth—somewhere Jap had picked up most of the fine points of the art of rough and tumble.

porous plaster on my stummick!"

A sick rage swept over Gossop, and a fierce, disappointed contempt for Fletcher Bryson, supposed to be the most accomplished pickpocket in the west. Fletch had had his hands on that fifteen thousand dollars—and never guessed it! "But what became of it, Jap?" he asked, his own voice tremulous with the anguish of realizing what he had lost. "What became of it while you was drunk?"

"Why," wailed old Jap, "I bought Hanakopiai."

"Hana-what?"

"Kopiai."

"What's Hanakopiai?"



Early one April morning Jap Gideon was sitting despondently on the edge of a sluice box when Jack Lynch rode by.

"I don't know. A kind of stock I guess. I don't know who sold it to me nor when nor where. But I'm hungry, Jim—"

"Stock!" Gossop spat forth the word and it sounded like the spit of snake venom. But a vestige of hope remained. "How do you know it's gone?" he demanded. "Maybe you're still drunk—"

"No, I looked good, Jim!" hiccupped poor Jap through his despondent whiskers. "I parted with that wad, all right. And I must have done it mighty awkward, too—me bein' full of *okolehau*—for that porous plaster had peeled enough hide off my belly to make a saddle blanket! Here's the stock, Jim." He proffered a heavy envelope and Gossop took it mechanically.

THE TOUCH of the paper sent Gossop to the peak of his disappointed rage. He sprang to his feet and old Jap arose also. "And by the old fake stock gag!" said Gossop hoarsely and laughed a harsh, unhuman laugh. "Me, Jim Gossop, beat by some guy with a pocketful of fake Hana—Hana—"

"Kopiai," old Jap finished for him, mistaking his friend's emotion for sympathy. "Hanakopiai."

"You swindlin' old dried alligator skin!" bawled Gossop. He seized the little old man by the neck and shook him savagely. "Old gorilla-faced jackass tramp—lurin' me all the way to Honolulu—only to let some broken-down porch climber nick your roll with a bunch of fake stock!" He flung the heavy package to the ground and danced upon it, suddenly ceasing this frenzied pastime to kick poor Jap Gideon violently in the region where men have been kicked since time immemorial.

The loss of Jap's fortune had broken his heart, but it had not even bent his pride. For one dazed instant following the kick he stood bewildered, and then the blinding truth struck him. This man was not his friend; never had been his friend! Old Jap had asked for sympathy and had expected sympathy. Instead, he had received a kick that had seemed to telescope his whole spinal column.

Gossop whirled contemptuously and started away from the bench beneath the bougainvillea arbor. But before he had taken the third step, something like an infuriated old wildcat flung itself between his shoulders and wound a stringy arm about his thick neck, half choking him. He whirled again, thinking to throw the incubus off, but in whirling he found a bony leg between his own legs, scientifically placed. He fell heavily to the ground and reached for his aged enemy's throat. But before he found the throat he discovered better occupation for his hand, since a horny old thumb had crept rudely into his eye and was gouging skillfully. Moreover, the arm remained about his neck and his own weight served to draw it with yet deadlier tightness across his throat.

GASPING for breath, he began flailing desperately with a heavy fist, trying to batter the old man's head. But Jap Gideon's head was not available; ti was buried between Gossop's own head and shoulder and the infuriated old man was industriously gnawing his victim's ear with those two remaining teeth.

It was then Gossop realized that somewhere old Jap Gideon had learned the art of rough and tumble. He could not know that the old prospector had been a noted fighter in those far years when men learned roughness from nature and the rough country they had come west to conquer; but as old Jap found the other eye Gossop vaguely guessed at this. He made one supreme effort, born of his agony and desperation, and rolled clear of those deadly arms, heaved to his feet and started to run. His breath was coming in stertorous whoops and he was half blind. Old Jap scrambled up also and followed, once more flinging himself upon the fleeing man like a blood-mad weasel. Gossop uttered a hoarse bellow of terror and kicked backward with a heavy foot. It was sheer luck, but the kick caught Jap Gideon in the stomach and the old man sat down in the pathway with a violence that jarred him even worse than Gossop's initial kick.

When he arose he was in a killing fury. He jerked old Bloody Mary from beneath his arm; and as Gossop dashed out of the park and started running down Alakea, the peaceful Honolulu silence was shattered by the bellowing roar of the ancient revolver. Six times the prehistoric weapon roared, but the sixth shot never had a chance, for Mr. Gossop had skidded 'round the corner at the Y. M. C. A. building and was gone.

Old Jap stood for a time, grinding his two remaining teeth and muttering hot curses of disappointment. Then he started away, hesitated again and went back to the deep darkness beneath the bougainvillea arbor, where he fumbled about on the ground until he found his bundle of Hanakopiai.

"Jap," he told himself, "Judge Hopper was right—and you're an old fool! Carryin' $15,000 around with you—and tellin' everybody about it—a pie-faced old fool and you deserve what you got! Know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to take this

here Hanakopiai home with me and tack it up on the wall. And every minute of your life it'll be there, tellin' you what a fool you been!"

He drifted aimlessly down to Bishop street and stood for a long time, looking across the street at the lighted lobby. Only the night clerk was there, sitting behind the desk, reading a magazine. A week ago old Jap had trodden through that noble entrance with wealth and dignity; now he had nothing but an awful headache and a sheaf of papers called Hanakopiai.

Dawn was appearing in the east and a new day was about to break upon Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific. Old Jap left the scene of his life's greatest moment and stumbled away to begin looking for a job. It was well named, this lovely land lying in the lap of a smiling sea. But it is tough to be hungry and broke, even in Paradise.



"Everybody thought you was gone for good, Jap!" said the cattleman. "When did you get back to Grasshopper?"

. . . VI . . .

IT WAS again midwinter when old Jap Gideon got back to his home on Grasshopper creek. It had taken him a year to save enough money to buy a passage to California and he had landed at San Francisco broke. From San Francisco he had walked the three hundred miles to Grasshopper creek, avoiding all settlements and making the last forty miles over the snow on skis, stealing into his old haunts like a criminal.

Poverty met him as he crossed the threshold of his dwelling. The woodrats had made havoc of all his simple belongings and his cabin was a wreck. Not at all like the sumptuous apartment in the Alexander Young hotel, where for fifteen exalted minutes he had sat and looked out over the world that had seemed to belong to him alone.

The old man nearly starved to death before spring came, for he was too proud and humiliated to let anyone know that he was in desperate circumstances. But spring came at last and he began shoveling gravel into his battered sluice boxes, working madly, with that specter of starvation constantly at his elbow. But here, too, misfortune attended him, for unaccountably the pay had broken off abruptly. Poor old Jap was at last compelled to confess it even to himself. Grasshopper creek had petered out.

About ten o'clock of an April day he was sitting despondently upon the edge of a sluice box when Jack Lynch rode by. Jack was a cattleman, prospecting the range for summer feed and it was quite by accident that he had happened by Jap Gideon's place. He was tremendously surprised to see the prospector and said so with vehement and picturesque profanity.

"EVERYBODY thought you was gone for good, Jap!" said the cattleman. "When did you get back to Grasshopper?"

"January," replied old Jap, laconically.

"Have a good time?"

"Fine!" The old man made a pathetic attempt to look carefree and nonchalant as he said this, but the effort was a pitiful failure. However, Lynch accepted the reply tactfully, for he was a prudent man and knew Jap Gideon's fiery temperament. He was a kind-hearted man, moreover; and there was pity in his face as he regarded the ragged little old figure hunched upon the sluice box, noting the haggard face and bony arms that advertised the fact that poor Jap Gideon was starving himself rather than sacrifice his pride.

"They's a fat man down to the ranger station at the mouth of Grasshopper," said the cattleman irrelevantly. "Name's Cowan. George B. Cowan, of San Francisco. I think he's dickerin' for the Hickson timber tract, up back of your place. He's been up on Humpback a week, runnin' lines, him and three-four timber cruisers. But they can't find a couple of corners that's somewhere over on Hurley Ridge. I heard him say he'd give fifty dollars if he could find them corners."

Old Jap looked up, a dawning hope in his sunken eyes. "I

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Alarge Gorilla Presents 1930 Interpretation

Of ROMEO and JULIET

Capulet, Big Banana Peddler of Verona, Throws Grand Brawl in Town House—Lover Crashes Gate and Sticks Teaball—Sips Eye-Shutter with "Dumplin'" to Fadeout

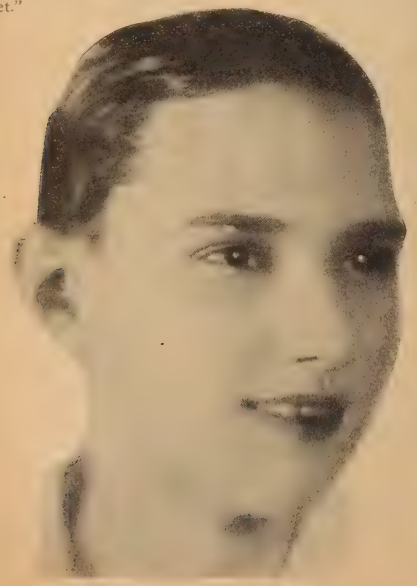
By Don Becker

Alias Alarge Gorilla, Alias J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, President of the Irrational Broadcasting Co., Heard from WLW, Cincinnati, Over the Lavender Network

SUPPOSE we let Radio Digest's good friend, Mrs. M. M. Johnston, 123 Northwood ave., Dayton, Ohio, introduce the author of this amazing 1930 version of Romeo and Juliet. She writes: "I think Don Becker in his Weak-End Satires at WLW is a scream. He calls himself Alarge Gorilla, but he's funnier than a cage full of monkeys. He's about the most comical man I have ever heard on the air and I travel about quite a bit, taking my Radio where I find it."

Alarge Gorilla

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience, this is Alarge Gorilla speaking over the Irrational Broadcasting company's one-piece, unbreakable and unbearable lavender network. Time, money, labor—nothing has been spared by the IBC to make your Radio worth half as much as it is worth now. J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, eminent president of the Irrational Broadcasting company, has been prevailed upon, by the many fans of this great national network, to present Grand Opera in a form which everyone, including himself, would understand. He has taken Grand Opera and given it a new twist—a new touch—a Fishbearder Touch, which will be recognized throughout this great work. The opera to be presented tonight by the Irrational Grand Opera Company is "Romeo and Juliet."



Don Becker

Orchestra
"Short Prologue" (Sauer)

Alarge Gorilla: It is the year 1867, and our scene opens in a tremendous joint owned by one Capulet—a big retired Banana-Peddler from Verona. Capulet's offspring, who by the way is named Juliet, and who, for the sake of personal touch, will hereafter be known as Julie—but anyway, Juliet is just about to break out with the swells, so in honor of this behemoth event, Capulet decides to throw a brawl, requesting that everyone come disguised as something or other. Just as the huge asbestos fireproof curtain of the IBC Teensy-Weensy Theatre rises, we hear Capulet telling everybody to make merry, and as we told you before, everybody was disguised, which made this request difficult to carry out. Juliet is discovered alone in the Ante-Room, (The Ante-Room was vacant because the boys couldn't find a deck of cards). Juliet is happy—in fact, we may go so far as to say she is jubilant, and the opera opens with her bursting forth, singing the gay melody "Juliet's Waltz Song."

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Juliet: "I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP."
Herald: Enters Romeo, the sheik—left center upstage.
Romeo: Julieuht—you-hoo—Julie—it's me—Romeo!
Juliet: (Laughs). Why Romeo, how clever of you to come disguised as a breakfast nook.
Romeo: Oh wondrous joy of my heart—you are one swell dame—come, let us pour out our souls in a love duet.
Romeo and Juliet: "YOU CAN'T PARK HERE."
Herald: Tea-Ball, cousin of Juliet enters on the wing.
Tea-Ball: Aha!—So it's you—Romeo Montagew!
Romeo: Yes this is me, but pray, who in the devil are you?
Tea-Ball: Sire, I am the GREAT Tea-Ball!
Romeo: Oh yeah!—Well run along Tea-Ball before I break you apart and empty your leaves on the floor!
Tea-Ball: Sire, that is an insult!
Romeo: Well now aren't you clever—you ketch on quick doncha?
Tea-Ball: Zounds and Odds Bodkin—for two bits I'd take out my sword and draw you!
Romeo: Say that's the berries—I always did want my picture drawn—so you're an artist, eh Tea-Ball?
Herald: Enters Old Man Capulet from left center stage.
Capulet: (Very gruff) Say you two tomatoes—is this the way to act in Capulet's house?—Come join the crowd, we are making merry!

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Alarge Gorilla: Thus ends act one of Romeo and Juliet, which is being presented under the auspices of the Irrational Broadcasting Company, and its now-famous, original, one and only Lavender Network. Act two brings us the famous Balcony Scene, between the two lovers, Romeo Montagew and Juliet Capulet. As the curtain ascends, we see Romeo creeping on all fours towards the balcony which afterwards made him famous and enabled him to get into Squawking Pictures.

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)
Segue to
"CREEPING MUSIC, THE TUM-TE-TUM TYPE"

Romeo (against music): Julieuht—you-hoo—Julie—come on out a minute—it's me—Romie.
Herald: Juliet comes on balcony.
Juliet: Oh, Romie, where on earth are your brains—in your feet? Don't you know poppa will ketch us spoonin' and, forsooth, then it will be just too tight!
Romie: Oh, Juliet, you are the apple of my recess, the gasoline of my roadster, the tubes in my Radio—the—uh—no, you aren't that much, but darn near it!
Juliet: Oh, Romeo, you're a kidder!
Herald: The nurse comes forth!
Nurse: JOOO-leee—JOOO-lee—it's twelve o'clock.
Juliet: Ye Gods, I'm sunk!
Romie: Don't tell me who it is, let me guess!



Romeo: Julieuht — you-hoo —Oh, Julie—it's me—Romie.

Juliet: Oh, Romie, where on earth are your brains — in your feet? Don't you know poppa will ketch us spoonin' and, forsooth, then it will be just too tight!

Romeo: Oh, Julie, you're the apple of my recess, the gasoline of my roadster, the tubes in my Radio—the — uh —no, you aren't that much, but darn near it!

Juliet: Oh, Romie, you're such a kidder!

Romeo: (Singing.) Oh, Jul-i-et, I may be wet, but I think you're wonderful.

Juliet: Sweet thing. (Throws kisses.)

Juliet: It's my nurse—All right Nursie, I'll be right in—Good-bye, Romie dear, see you tomorrow, at the Greeks!

Violin: "LINGER AWHILE" (Sauer).

Romeo (against violin music): Ah, maid of my delight, stick around a minut!

Juliet: Romie! Don't be a sill—goodniuht.

Romeo: Goodnight, Babe.

Juliet: Goodnight, dumplin'.

Romeo: Goodnight, Sugar!

Juliet: Goodnight, Honeysuckle.

Romeo: Say, are you going to end this act or aintcha? I'm supposed to say that last goodnight.

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Announcer: Act two of Romeo and Juliet has ended. Act three finds them about to go off the deep end and get married. The scene opens in the dim-lit chamber of Friar Laurence—their faces bear a troubled look—Romeo and Juliet, I mean—

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: Aw, Friar Laurence, be a good sport and hitch us. Romeo and I—dernit, I mean Juliet and I love each other, and besides her old man won't care—that is after he gets to see what a real guy I am.

Friar Laurence: But, Romeo, that is not the question—have you children any recompense?

Romeo: Well, I'll tell you, Friar, we're both fresh out of recompenses. You see, I've been under a big expense lately!

Friar Laurence: But, my dear children, that is not the point!

Romeo: Well, you can forthsooth yourself to put me on the cuff till the fifteenth of the month, can't you?

Friar Laurence: Very well, and may your children be as the sands of the sea!

Romeo: Who, me?

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Announcer: The scene changes—we are on a street in Verona. Stephano, Romeo's hired man, is out for no good reason. As he comes before Capulet's house on the main street, he bings a flower pot through the window. This makes Capulet angry, and, as a result, there is a free-for-all. Mechurecrome, who, by the way, is Romeo's pal, sensing something has gone wrong, starts to mix it up with Capulet. In some way or other he gets socked on the kisser, which puts him out of play. In the meantime, Romeo comes dashing up on his horse. Getting off the horse, and thinking Mechurecrome is dead, he gets mad and starts in too. Incidentally, he kills Tea-Ball, who was also fighting, and this incidentally puts him in dutch with the police, and he is banished from the town. Act four finds Romeo back in town, and, with a great risk to his neck, he get's up to Juliet's room, who, by the way, is now his wife. Juliet, I mean, not the room.

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In An Emergency Tom Breen Steps to Front

Boyhood Hobby, Backed By Training and Natural Gifts, Leads Way to Big Time on NBC Staff

By Thornton McClaughry

AN EMERGENCY had arisen at station WAMD, in Minneapolis. An important program was about to go on the air. The plant men were hurriedly making a final check on the condition of their equipment, and production men were standing with split second stop-watches in their hands. The musicians and artists were in their places. In another few minutes the program must begin. *But there was no announcer to take his post before the microphone!*

Word had come but a few minutes before that the announcer scheduled to go on the air had been seized by a sudden illness, and no other announcer was immediately obtainable. No one knows what the outcome might have been if a tall, blond young man had not suddenly stepped in to avert a broadcasting tragedy.

"I'd like to try it, sir," he said to the station manager. "I think I can do it all right."

The station manager looked at the volunteer, and saw a tall young man, whose wavy light-brown hair, clear blue eyes, and patrician profile made him extremely pleasant to look at. He noticed his speaking voice, and found it clear and resonant. And, anyway, there was not much choice.

"Go ahead and try," he said gloomily.

It was thus that Thomas Breen, Jr., one of the youngest and most widely known announcers on the air today, "broke into" the announcing end of Radio.

The incident may be considered unimportant in the general history of Radio development, but it was of the greatest significance in the life of Tom Breen. For, after three years of announcing, today Tom finds himself, at the age of twenty-four, one of the outstanding announcers in Radio. Those who heard him announce the broadcasts of the Chicago Civic Opera season—one of the most aristocratic assignments in Radiodom—or else heard his work in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra programs, need no proof of this claim. And he keeps on giving proof of his exceptional ability in his chosen line several times a week, when his voice is heard in the Halsey-Stuart, the Yeast Foamers, the National Farm and Home hour, and several other programs from the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. And that one "break" he received at station WAMD, which has since merged to form station KSTP, Minneapolis, was what started it all.

TOM himself calls it all a stroke of luck today, and looks back with amusement at his first feverish efforts to send his personality out over the resounding ether via the magic microphone. But a glance in the pages of his life, both before and after the beginning of his dramatic rise to Radio stardom, may serve to show that there was a little more than luck involved in the situation which proved to be the first stepping-stone in a rise to national prominence.

Breen was born in Minneapolis, one of the twin cities, which have supplied Graham McNamee and several other Radio notables to a listening world. But the success of his fellow-townsmen in this new field could have had little influence on the youthful Breen, because his dreams of a Radio career began long before Graham McNamee ever shared the affections of a million listeners, and even before broadcasting, as we know it today, was thought of. For Breen was naturally a studious youth, although his regular school life was much interrupted by sickness, and, when he was still an awkward boy in short trousers, he adopted Radio as his hobby. A miniature laboratory was fitted up in the Breen home through the indulgence of his parents, and a small book-shelf began to display more and more copies of treatises on the new science. Then came a great day in his life when he was actually able to hear an assortment of strange sounds from the air received on his home-made set. After that Breen was definitely committed to the study of the absorbing new phenomenon.

Ordinarily when a boy of ten of twelve adopts a hobby, it means very little. There have been too many instances where youthful dreams of a life of adventure on the western plains have culminated in a career behind a dry-goods counter, or where young aviation enthusiasts develop into successful bond salesmen. But, for some reason or other, Breen's early interest in Radio stayed with him, and, when he matriculated at the University of Minnesota as a freshman, his natural choice of



His boyhood hobby just grew and grew until one day Tom Breen "got his chance." Today he is one of the outstanding young announcers with the Chicago division of the National Broadcasting company.

courses led him into the study of electrical engineering.

A brief and successful college career followed, and Tom was at last put in the hard, cruel world faced with the necessity of making a living. Once again the old lure of Radio held him, and he made his first start inauspiciously as a plant engineer and general all around technician at his home-town station, WAMD. Then followed the emergency just related, and Tom set aside his diagrams and charts, deserted the control room, and stepped before the microphone as a full-fledged announcer.

After that, the story is short, for only three years have bridged the gap between then and now. As far as his work is concerned, life has been a succession of well-earned triumphs for the young announcer. Shortly after he began to be heard over the air, the station became KSTP, with a wider range of activities and more prestige, and Breen profited by the change. For a while, he was just another announcer, and then the fans themselves began to take a hand in things.

MORE and more letters began to be received by the Minneapolis station, in which comment was made on the pleasing voice and perfect enunciation of this young man called Breen. He made friends easily, both among the men with whom he worked and with the public, whenever he was called to appear before them in person. Gradually his fame as an announcer grew, and before long his participation in a program began to be almost as much of an event in the eyes of the public as the program itself. His fame spread outside his native state, with the result that he was offered a position with the Chicago studios of the NBC, where his voice would be carried by a nation-wide network to every part of the country.

But in following his ever-growing interest in Radio, Breen never let it become a mono-mania. A good announcer should be a man of varied experiences and interest, with a wide background of cultural developments. Although Breen spent a good deal of his youth pouring over technical textbooks, he never let himself grow rusty in other fields. It is remarkable to discover how many things and how many interests he has crowded into a comparatively short life-time.

In the first place, the sickness mentioned before in this article prevented Tom's schooling from becoming the stereotyped course of instruction which is meted out to most youngsters of today. There were weeks and months during his boyhood when he was unable to go out of the house, and the result was that a good deal of his preliminary education came from his insatiable taste for reading and the adventurous spirit which sent him coursing into new and exciting fields of knowledge. Perhaps the red-bound geography prescribed at the Minneapolis schools was neglected, but Tom more than made up for it by his thirst for travel stories and biographies. In literature, he followed his own taste, but, fortunately, it was a good one. Today he is probably as well informed in literary matters as any young man you may meet outside of a university faculty, and his knowledge ranges from the classics to the latest trend in modern literature. A visit to his Chicago apartment would surprise you, when your eye discovered the rows and rows of much thumbed books on his shelves, ranging from the discourses of Plato to the effusions of James Joyce.

An early and inherent love for music also urged him on a course of study which has proved of incalculable value

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Love of Music Weems' Heritage

Ted's Smile, Musical Training Date from Age of Six—Theatre and Television Call Him

By Anne Steward

TO BE an orchestra leader requires more than good looks and the ability to swing a baton threateningly in the face of a gathering of musicians. The popular idea seems to be that our foremost orchestra leaders are young upstarts with patent leather hair, a smirk and no brains, character or intellect. We have young bond salesmen, clerks and real estate men whom we respect for hard work and study. Orchestra leaders have often had more real trials to face than any of these. Modern dance music and the rendition of modern dance music is as commendable a vocation as any. It requires much background and serious application, for it is a business transacted by business men of Ted Weems' caliber.

To the fact that his mother and father were amateur musicians at the time of his birth twenty-eight years ago in Pittsburgh, Ted Weems can undoubtedly attribute a great part of his present success and fame. Though music and musical study was not forced upon him, the love of it was instilled in him from earliest childhood. At the age of six, Ted was playing the violin and without doubt practicing his smile as a sideline. Surely such a smile as he now has could not be a very recent acquisition.

The young Ted was so fond of violin he planned to make it his life work, but after studying music at the Conservatory in Pittsburgh for some time and appearing in amateur performances with his brother, Arthur, two years his junior, he looked longingly at the trombone and finally gave up the violin for the wind instrument. Arthur, who even now is with Ted in the orchestra, confined his ability and practice to the trumpet.

By the time Ted had struggled through some six or seven years of grade school in the ordinary small boy fashion, teasing teachers and playing hookey, he had mastered the trombone. In the last years of grade school life his talent was dragged from under the proverbial bushel and placed in the spotlight of a school band whose duty it was to furnish marches and folk songs for the students. This he enjoyed immensely and, perhaps, Ted Weems, the orchestra leader, was born then.

This, though it was the first orchestra Ted had graced, was by no means the last, for during his high school years in West Philadelphia he spent much of his time in the band. His native ability to win the confidence and admiration of people, to guide deftly, and his already finely developed knowledge of music, threw him into prominence almost at once as band master and leader of the West Philadelphia High School orchestra. Already at the culmination of high school, Ted Weems was working with music. He had become assistant concert master of the West Philadelphia Symphony orchestra and the title fell gracefully on his youthful shoulders. He learned music because he loved it and because he understood melody and harmony. It gave and still gives him great pleasure, not only as a profession, but as a means of enjoyment.

MOST boys have a habit of delaying college education for a year or two after graduation from high school. Ted Weems was no different from any other boys his age. He worked two years, never completely ostracizing his trombone, but, nevertheless, paying more attention to work than to his hobby. But the trombone and a world of music were there just the same. Even through the years of mechanical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania, they played a part, an economical part, in Mr. Weems' life. For in the position of trombone player in a dance orchestra, he earned the money to pay for his college course.

Once started in a dance orchestra, Ted Weems could not stop. I believe him when he says he was most sincere in his study of mechanical engineering, but seeing that his interest was bound in orchestras and music, he forgot the engineering as promptly as he had forgotten the earlier violin lessons. Mr. Weems does everything quite seriously and to the extent of his ability while he is doing it, but when he is through, the end has quite definitely been reached.

His work in the dance orchestra fed his imagination and gave birth to a new idea. If he could see faults in the playing of his fellow musicians, he could plan means of doing away with them. Professors instructed men to see as they taught, he could teach musicians to play as he felt they should. He could organize an orchestra himself and take the part of leader. The idea grew to plans and the plans to realization. In September, 1924, the first Ted Weems orchestra was brought to light in the L'Aiglon cafe in Philadelphia, where it played a successful run of a year and a half, during which time he came under the exclusive management of the Music Corporation of America.



Not "just a patent-leather kid," as many people think of orchestra leaders, but a real man who knows and loves his music is Ted Weems. Even now his days of broadcasting may be limited, as the theatrical booking business and television are calling him.

Of that first orchestra organized in New York, but two remain, Ted and Arthur Weems. In the public eye but two short months, Weems signed a contract with Victor and had the satisfaction of seeing his first record, "Somebody Stole My Gal," become the best seller of the week. If he had any worries concerning his future, he had no reason to entertain them.

A GOOD dance orchestra seldom stays in one place long. Even quail on toast palls, if eaten three times a day every day. Mr. Weems imagined too much good dance music was bound to satiate Philadelphia's appetite. Consequently, before his popularity threatened to wane, he took to the theatres and toured for some time in the capacity of master of ceremonies for his band. After that engagements poured onto his head. That he played three summers at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City is in itself a recommendation. The three winters of those years were spent in the Mehlebach hotel in Kansas City. Other minor engagements followed and brought him last fall to the Granada cafe in Chicago.

Ted Weems orchestra, as introduced to Chicago, numbers eleven men, all of whom have been with Weems two years and four of whom have been with him four years. WBBM broadcasting nightly from the Granada cafe brought the popu-

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The SPICE of LIFE

Appetite for Thrills Begets Forgetfulness of His Wife, Mother and Self Even at Last Call

HERE is the story of a Hollywood stunt man who lived only for the thrill of his stunts and the reputation he made for himself.



They were forced to put an obstacle in the road at last—one at which no sane motorist would ever choose to drive.

HE WOULD do almost anything for a hundred dollars. For instance, once he engaged himself to a motion picture company for the round sum mentioned, undertaking as his side of the contract to turn himself over in a motor car on a macadam road, to enable the company's cameras to get a hundred feet or so of film that would present to startled fans a wild son of the gilded rich, who are always wicked, coming to grief because of too much wine, women and song.

He actually did it. That is, he turned the car over on the road, and remained inside of it himself. He had to try a dozen ways before he managed the trick, for a car never turns over as easily intentionally as it does unintentionally.

First, he attempted to turn a corner sharp enough to upset the big roadster, and he picked a place where there was a turn at which even the usual speeder on the road slowed down to twenty miles an hour, and where there was a bank that sloped away to the roadside woods, out upon which he could run on the turn, so as to give the car an additional tilt. The picture people set up their cameras and Breck drove at and around the turn at a pace of something between fifty and sixty —and rounded it on two wheels, both sliding all the way across the macadam and halfway out the bank, throwing dirt nearly to the tops of the trees, but turning the curve and settling back on all fours quite as if such things were all in the day's work for any car.

Of course, they explained it by saying that the soft earth bank eased the impulse of the motor to overturn. Doubtless it did, though that had not been at all the thing that Breck had thought it would do. He thought the soft earth would serve to catch his off wheels and stop them short, tripping the car like a deep rut, and throwing it over upon a good place to land. Or, rounding the curve, he thought he might turn over as he struck the road again at an angle that would bring him broadside first. But he didn't. That film was wasted.

THEN he tried an S curve. Again the picture people set up their cameras to cover all the possible spots where he could turn over. And again he drove the big car at as high a speed as he thought he could turn at all, straight into the double twist—and the car simply refused to obey her helm. That is, she skidded at the first turn, put her nose to the bank, swung her hind wheels in a half circle, raised dust enough to make a smoke screen for a maneuvering fleet and straightened out on the road again without so much as lifting a corner from the ground—only she faced back the way she had come.

They then tried substituting asphalt for macadam and wet the road, and Breck did his drive with all she had, and when he struck the wet spot he threw on his brakes with all they had. Anybody who has ever driven a car knows what that treatment is likely to produce. But Breck's car simply turned around again—twice and nearly smashed the nice front piazza of a cute little Hollywood bungalow before he got it thoroughly under control.

Of course, ways could be devised to make the car turn over, but the story called for a spill on the open road, and not on a hill, and not by means of broken wheels or collapsed tires and not by any means that the camera would show to be wholly artificial. You see, the purpose of the story was to illustrate the moral turpitude of this particular son of the

By GARDNER HUNTING

Illustrations by
Charles J. McCarthy

ilded rich by showing the very violent sort of death one of is sort should naturally expect as the poetically just end of is waywardness. The only trouble with the story was that was a lot easier to make it happen in manuscript than it was i life.

THEY were forced to put an obstacle in the road at last. It was an obstacle at which no sane motorist, even a son of he gilded rich on his way to poetical punishment, would hoose to drive over. But that was all right, for they placed



When Breck hit the ole he was travel- ng about fifty-five— he car hurdled the bstacle like a horse n a steeplechase, and turned over.

he cameras so that their field cut above he obstacle and took in only the car from its front hubs upward. Nobody looking at the picture afterwards would know there had been any obstacle there, though actually there lay across the road, at a violent angle to its general direction, a telegraph pole, bound at each end by chains to posts set into the ground so as not to come out readily. And at this Breck drove. When he hit it, going about fifty-five, he turned his steering wheel slightly, so that the side of a wheel caught the pole. And the car turned over. In fact, it jumped as if the road had heaved under it that time, and it hurdled its obstacle somewhat as a jockey does in a steeplechase when his mount fails to do it properly for him. And the car landed on its back and rolled over, not merely once, but twice, in full view of the other cameras that had been set to shoot away from the pole and get the finish of the spill.

Where was Breck? Oh, he was in the bottom of the car, hanging on to cleats he had thoughtfully placed there for the purpose, earning his hundred dollars and carefully preserving such faculties as he had for enjoying it.

That was the way Breck lived. He had found out that he could get a hundred dollars for an afternoon's work. To him it seemed a very large amount of money, wholly out of proportion to the amount of work involved in getting it. He didn't count the time spent in preparation, or the waits between stunts which he was hired to pull, nor the risk to life and limb and ability to go pulling stunts. When anybody asked him if he was not afraid he laughed. When anybody suggested that he might get hurt, he shrugged. When a thoughtful acquaintance hinted that he might meet his death somewhere amidst his mad doings, he said, in his picturesque way, that such an event would permanently solve the problem of earning a living.

He was vain, of course. He practiced modesty, and made a very good showing of it. He did not brag. But he allowed anybody else to brag for him who wanted to, and he never was known to forbid. When he laughed at danger, he calculated the effect. When he shrugged at the suggestion of injury, he knew how bystanders whispered about it. When he treated death as a guest who would find half a welcome at least from him, he knew the line he used was quotable.

HE DID not know that he might as easily have had several hundred or even a thousand dollars for one of his stunts as the single hundred he was accustomed to receive. The picture people refrained from telling him that; they opined that he would be apt to find it out soon enough for himself. But he had a return for his feats that they knew not of. It was the satisfaction of an appetite he had within him, which only a vital hazard would satisfy. Breck simply had to have a deadly risk on his hands, or just ahead of him much as he had to have his Worcestershire sauce on his meats and his cigarette smoke in his lungs, because the functions of eating and breathing were rather spiceless without.

He was a hard young man, built like a two-year-old steer; able to handle his own weight in swinging his body about by his hands on bars, or limbs of trees, or rafters, or doorsills, or eaves, like a monkey. He had the color of graham dough, and his eyes were small and uninteresting, about the tint of willowware. His shoulders were slightly humped, his knees slightly bowed, his feet awkward because they were never properly shod, his hands wide and red and leathery. He had no friends, particularly, and confessed to no relatives. He signed waivers by which the companies which hired him

sought to protect themselves from paying damages in case of accident, and said that nobody else but himself was interested in what happened to him. All he seemed to care for was the stunt itself, when one was imminent, and what he would get to eat when it was over. And the consciousness that people looked curiously at him and nudged each other when he passed. He did not know, or appear to know, that some of the things he did were front page stuff. His attitude toward publicity was about the same as that toward the wages he received.

Of course, on the screen and in the advertising, his name never appeared. When apparently he went to his death in his stunts, the public seemed satisfied that the ends of motion picture justice were served. When he doubled for some star who did not go in for rough stuff, but for whom some was written in as part of what the public was expected to believe he went in for, then the star got all the credit. There were even stars whose reputation depended largely on what Breck had done for them.

Once, for instance, Breck went hand over hand across a stream, some eighty feet about its surface, on a rope, doubling in skirts for a feminine exponent of heroic screen action, and allowed the assistant director of the picture to cut the rope and drop him into the stream. Eighty feet is a considerable fall, as may be ascertained by any doubter who cares to look down that distance, say from a sixth-floor window to the street. Breck fell into about fifteen feet of water, and struck it carefully feet first. It didn't hurt him any—and he had a hundred dollars and a beefsteak that night—with the Worcestershire sauce.

ON ANOTHER occasion, after he had watched for sometime the behavior of rock where a road gang was blasting it out of a hill pass with dynamite, he volunteered to stand on top of a certain giant stone while the dynamite should disrupt its interior, and allow himself to be photographed as the hero who dares the blast to save a child, say—with a dummy of an infant in his arms. He actually did it—and found that he had not miscalculated the engineer's ability to judge just what dynamite will do—for it neatly cracked the rock under him and only jarred him enough to make it interesting, and the film was excellent.

The only trouble was that everybody who saw that picture declared that it was a fake and that no man on earth would take such a risk as Breck had taken—or that no blast actually took place because not enough dirt and smoke and debris appeared to make it look like explosion.

It was about this time that he met Louise Timmons. Louise was a very pretty brown eyed girl who had thought she saw a hero in Breck. She was not one of those young persons who think they are themselves cut out for screen honors because they happen to have curls or to know a director. She was just a nice girl who looked on when Breck was dropped into the stream in place of the feminine star, and admired him as much as she despised said star, for the feat he did and she didn't.

Louise belonged to a large family of girls, from whom one or more could easily be spared. So when Breck noticed her, and found spice in her brown eyes' adulation, it was easily arranged. Of course, it took a little time, because there is a certain decorum to be observed, even when one girl or so can easily be spared. But after a couple of weeks they were married. And Louise went to live on the edge of Hollywood where Breck did.

For a while she worshiped her hero, and thrilled and worried and gasped and wept at his doings. She even argued that he should adopt a less hazardous calling now that he was married—and having sufficiently demonstrated his heroism



Mother didn't get any better—nor any worse. She just remained helpless and peevish, blaming Louise for everything she could, and everything else.

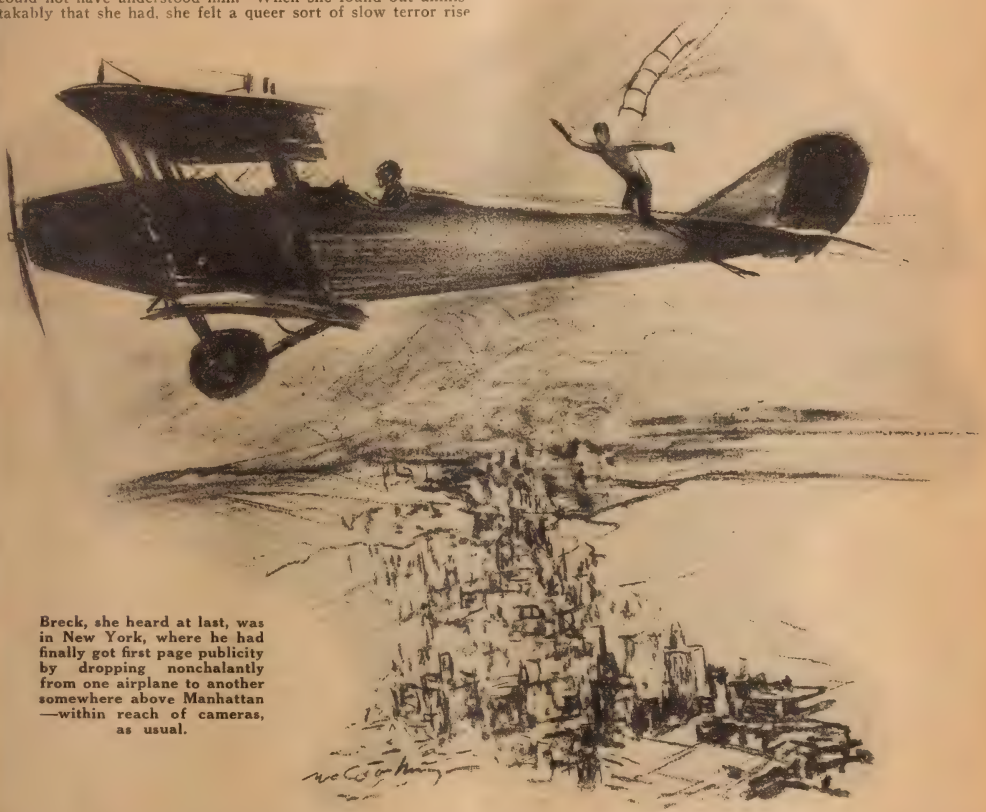
But he did not even seem to hear her arguments. Literally, he did not take them in. He was simply intent on his spice of life, and took no interest in suggestions that seemed to offer flavorless things.

AND then Louise found out that he had a mother. She discovered it through a casual remark of his about the place where he was born—it was no farther away than an outlying section of Los Angeles on the side farthest from Hollywood—and where, Breck calmly related, he thought his mother might be living yet.

Louise was rather startled at first. Then she thought she could not have understood him. When she found out unmistakably that she had, she felt a queer sort of slow terror rise inside her while she sat and looked at him. His graham-brown face, his little blue eyes, his wide, leather hands—suddenly they seemed to separate themselves from something she had thought he was. She asked him breathlessly if he was not ashamed to have neglected his mother, and he stared at her. He did not seem interested in that either. And suddenly Louise had a vision of what would be apt to happen one day, when he ceased to be interested now, and in what that interest consisted. And she found no answer—except in the way he was eating his steak—with Worcestershire sauce.

Louise went across Los Angeles to the address he remembered without much difficulty. She found Mrs. Breck there, a broken down, sickly woman, old at middle age, peevish, inclined to rail the moment she heard her son's name, and still more as soon as she learned that he was married. She looked at Louise sourly and suspiciously, until Louise showed that she had come to try to do something for her. And then Mrs. Breck burst out and told a long, sobbing story of washing, of rheumatism and indigestion and poverty as her portion. She did not seem at first to blame her son. Her complaints were just complaints at fate. Her son had done approximately what other sons she knew had done. Of course, he ought to take care of his mother, but that had apparently never been among her expectations. Now, however, she looked at her son's wife expectantly.

It all seemed strangely pathetic to Louise, who was a nice girl, with clear brown eyes. She began by trying to do something for Mrs. Breck. And that had its logical result. Mrs. Breck immediately began to lean, and Louise immediately found more to do for her. And then, from being sorry for her and doing things for her, Louise began to feel something more for her. She did not know that it is inevitable that one cares where one serves—that one's heart follows one's investments. She just invested care and kindliness first in Mrs. Breck, and then found herself bound by a tie she had never anticipated.



Breck, she heard at last, was in New York, where he had finally got first page publicity by dropping nonchalantly from one airplane to another somewhere above Manhattan—within reach of cameras, as usual.

MEANWHILE Breck got a job to drive a car over a cliff into the sea, in the depiction of a criminal's dire end in an attempt to get away with ill-gotten gold. He was to have the usual thrill and the usual hundred. So he was busy again.

It was arranged that Louise should run over and stay with Mother Breck for the time that preparations were under way. He suggested it as if he had never thought of such a thing before, but had come upon it in his mind just when he wanted something of the kind, as one stumbles upon a welcome chair in the dark. So Louise ran over and stayed. She was beginning to feel a little guilty on any day when she did not run over to Mrs. Breck. And Breck went off with the picture company to the location where his new stunt was to be performed.

That particular stunt was a startling one to watch. First, they took a picture of Breck in the car, as the bandit, running away with the money—a partner in crime sitting in the tonneau and holding the suit case full of money, while Breck drove. Breck was the arch criminal in the affair.

When he was thus established as the thief, making his getaway, the car was taken to a road back from the edge of a bluff over the water. An inland lake it was, not too far from Los Angeles. They arranged the road so that it would appear to run along the edge of the bluff and turn when it reached a fence carefully constructed on the exact lip of the cliff, where a car bursting through it and jumping over would

(Continued on page 98)

Women's Athletic Club Extends

ACTIVITY TO AIR

Only Station Owned and Operated by a Woman's Club Makes Allowances for Male Sex on Programs

By Betty McGee

WOMEN in business, women in politics, women in professional life, women in Radio Certainly. And what of it? Of course it is no longer news that woman has made a place for herself in almost every field of activity, but when we witness some outstanding undertaking which is significant of woman's achievement, we find ourselves jogged out of our usual attitude of complacency and saying enthusiastically: "Here's to Woman!"

The Illinois Woman's Athletic Club, Chicago, occasioned just such a mental tribute when they installed WCHI, the only Radio station owned and operated by a woman's club, on Friday, March 7, at 6:30 p. m., with a program consisting of a spirited dinner discussion and open forum on the question "Should Divorce Be Made as Easy as Marriage?" Two eminent thinkers, Dr. Arthur James Todd of Northwestern university and Dr. Horace J. Bridges, author-lecturer and leader of the Chicago Ethical Society, were brought before the mike to present the pros and cons.

This new station which is of, by and for women is not, however, confining its programs to features of exclusive woman appeal. On the contrary, it has programs ranging from opera singers to athletic events, sociology professors to minstrel shows, dramas to jazz orchestras—every available type of program that lives up to the requirements of distinction and quality. And isn't there a certain significance attendant upon the fact that a women's station has raised its voice, "the voice of Chicago," over the din of the city with its cluster of Radio stations, and is rapidly making a place for itself in the lives of thousands of listeners?



Women of the Illinois Women's Athletic Club make the men stand around, as is here evidenced when Mrs. Bessie Bragg Pierson, president, gives orders to John Stamford, announcer of the new WCHI.

AT THIS point, one can't help pausing to wonder. Isn't it possible, even probable, that this is only the first step? Won't other women's organizations all over the country be stimulated into following suit with similar organs of influence? In short, we might prophesy that women will soon find Radio as interesting a business venture as do men. And why not?

It must be admitted that WCHI is not manless. But of course the ordinary station is not womanless. The directors of this woman's station are old Radio men, H. A. Patterson, director in general, Lee Pastor, commercial manager, Paul Grubel, chief engineer and a man who has a long record of technical experience, and John Stamford, chief announcer and program director. Mr. Stamford comes to WCHI from WGN where he was popular both as an announcer and for his rich, clear tenor voice. He may well be called a veteran Radio man as he made his first apearance in front of the mike during the inaugural week of KYW.

The regular staff of artists of WCHI includes a string ensemble, an organization of well known concert musicians—Dean Remick, piano; Louis Perlman, violinist; Frank Seykora, cellist, and a mixed quartet, known as the "WCHI quartet," consisting of Marion Schroeder, soprano; Lucille Long, contralto; John Stamford, tenor, and Joel Lay, baritone.

From time to time WCHI will present to its listeners artists of international reputation.

Ray Binder, social director of the I. W. A. C., is arranging for an appearance before the microphone of the world renowned pianist, Arthur Shattuck, and is planning to present Eleanor Painter of light opera fame. Other celebrities, guests of the club, will make exclusive, non-professional appearances before the mike.

"In fact," said Mr. Stamford, "it will be WCHI's privilege to introduce to its Radio audience real celebrities all too seldom heard. And although we will present commercial programs we will allow nothing to mar the unusually high quality of our entertainment." In addition to the staff of artists and guest artists the station broadcasts a number of the leading Chicago orchestras by remote control.

THE idea of an I. W. A. C. Radio station was brewing a long time before it ever developed into anything tangible, but the original idea of the club's president, Mrs. Bessie Bragg Pierson, was to have a station that would extend to its listeners the characteristic features of the organization. This idea has been executed in every respect and, more particularly, during the day between the hours of 10 and 4, there are special women's features.

Mrs. Ethyl G. Kennedy is in charge of the Home Economics department and is an authentic source of information along the lines of food preparation and home problems. Mrs. Robert A. Leitz, who arranges for the style shows, sees to it that the women listeners of WCHI are kept posted on what to wear morning, noon and night.

Then there is the business women's forum with its 100 categories of professions among its 700 members, which brings stimulating and enlightening speakers, and the civics department with Mrs. E. W. Bemis as chairman and the legislative department with Mrs. Charles Severn, its chairman, both bringing informative speakers upon occasion to the audience of WCHI. In fact, it is rather thrilling to see a large woman audience share in the opportunities afforded by a progressive, wide awake organization such as this.

Of course there will be beauty talks and health talks and setting up exercises and talks on sports. Sports enthusiasts will have plenty of opportunity to hear exciting news of athletic events of national and international importance.

The I. W. A. C. swimming team is particularly famous and has recently added to its rapidly growing list a few more titles, this time the Dominion championships. All of which lends zest to the news of this department. And then there are the almost equally exciting contests in golf, bowling, equestrian and outdoor summer sports, and informative talks of particular interest to women on aeronautics.

Once a month, on Sunday afternoon, comes the Twilight Musicale. These musicales present such artists as Bernice Drangeles, dramatic soprano from the Hanna Butler studios who won first place among the soprano contestants in the Biennial Musical Contest a year ago, and Miss Elain de Sellem

well known contralto. The spring course of "Literary Journeys" is now well under way under the supervision of Mrs. M. J. Seifert, Chairman of the Library and Literature committee. Mrs. Theodosia Crosse has been giving this series of lectures which includes a detailed study of some of the outstanding writers and a survey of different types of literature. These lectures have proven very popular both with the seen and unseen audience. The drama department not only produces skits and plays utilizing the local talent, but provides dramatic artists of such ability as Madame Swanstrom Young and Mae Louise Borrenson who recently rendered "Sun-Up," that dialect play of the Blue Ridge mountains.

THEN, too, there are the social events such as the Fourth Annual Derby Dinner Dance and St. Patrick's Day celebration which was a more festive occasion this year than ever before, due to its first broadcast, and the Silver Plate Dinner which was given April 23 at a cost of $25.00 a plate. The money was saved by the women through skimping on luxuries or was earned by some extra duty.

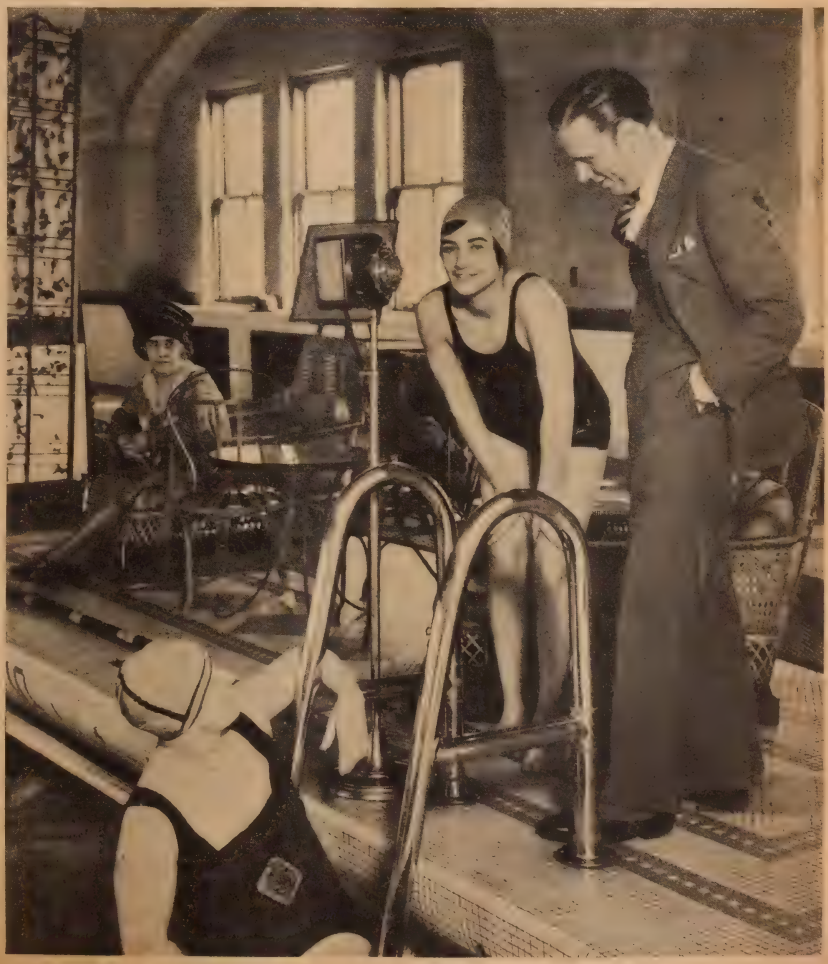
The aim of this dinner was to raise money for the club and the condition of attendance is that the money must be either saved or especially earned for the occasion. And of course there was the minstrel show on March 28 and 29, and one doesn't know whether to class this as a social or dramatic event, but, at any rate, it was good fun.

The slogan of the station is "The Voice of Chicago," and in its announcements it is "WCHI, 111 E. Pearson Street, the station just west of the Water Tower." Besides being an outstanding landmark of present day Chicago the Water Tower has the traditional association of marking the city limits at the time of the Chicago fire, all of which more or less lends color to associations that are forming around WCHI.

The studio proper is a long narrow room with windows at one end and glass panels at the other, beyond which is the visitors' gallery where the club members may sit and watch the broadcast. It is luxuriously and artistically furnished, the club colors, blue and silver, dominant in the decorating. The ceiling is draped in soft folds of blue and the walls are of silver metalline. The lighting is indirect and there are arrangements for flood lights in colors which obtain interesting lighting effects. The walls are adorned from time to time with exhibits of individual artists or with paintings loaned from various galleries. Adjoining the studio is the artists' reception and rehearsal room which may be used as an extension of the main studio inasmuch as it is also acoustically perfect.

WCHI is a 5,000-watt station and operates on a frequency of 1490 kc. It is on the air every day from 10 to 4, and is on at night until 2 a. m. with the following evening schedule of going on the air: Monday, 9:30; Tuesday, 9:30; Wednesday, 8:00; Thursday, 10:00; Friday, 8:00; Saturday, 9:00; and Sunday, 9:15.

It will be interesting in more ways than one to watch this new venture in the broadcasting world. Women have shown that they have the ability to succeed in almost every other phase of the business world—why not in this, which is the newest, and one in which they can grow as it grows? It seems that there are endless possibilities for this club-station.



Care to have your splashes put on the air? It's easy to put a mike beside the swimming pool at the Illinois Woman's Athletic club now that they have their own broadcasting station. Tank talks over WCHI to the tune of splashing, sparkling waves keep Miss Emily Daves, instructor at the I. W. A. C. pool, busy between swims. Here you see Miss Daves poised before the mike as John Stamford, announcer, looks on while club members and the listening audience absorb some tips.

OUT *of the* AIR
HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

"WHERE, oh, where is Indi-Gest?" demanded a petition of letters from a score of old readers of Radio Digest. In the general shuffle of readjustment Indi had become lost. What to do with the neat contributions of wit, verse and a varied assortment of humorous incidents? Indi seemed to be the only one in the world adequate to cope with the situation. So the hue and cry became a clamor. At last he was discovered. He had invested all his savings in the establishment of an artificial ice plant in Little America on the theory that the farther south you go the harder it is to get ice. In answer to an inquiry, Commander Byrd wirelessed: "Indi starving. No customers here for his brand of ice. Natives prefer domestic home grown variety. Suggest putting him back on the column. Byrd." Indi found his old chair, paste pot and shears waiting for him. He was authorized to offer small rewards for contributions until he can get on his feet again.

—EDITOR.

* * *

Dear Indi Jesters: *I jest want to say I was doggone glad to hear through Dicky Byrd that my old job was waiting for me. You'd be surprised to know how cold it is down on the south end of the world. I hope you'll send me lots of jokes. The doctor says I need a few good laughs to get the frost out of my bones. Hope I'll be hearing from you soon.* —INDI.

* * *

Dollar a Second!

WHILE TUNED in to station WCSH (Eastland at Portland, Me.) and listening in on a broadcast from the London naval conference, we were gratified at being intimately introduced to Great Britain's Scotch prime minister, when his announcer said: "Come on, Mac, they're waiting for you."—Miss Annie E. Littlefield, Saco, Me.

* * *

For Gentlemen Only

This joke is for men only and ladies of delicate sensibilities are asked to refrain from reading. The letter, signed by H. E. Foults, 422 York street, Vallejo, Calif., reads as follows:

Sir:

I send the following, which I heard over KPO (San Francisco) recently on the occasion of a weekly luncheon of the Shriners of the Bay region, namely: The mythical Sherlock Holmes had died and gone to heaven. Being duly entered he was confronted by Saint Peter, who had been patiently awaiting his arrival, with a view of searching for and finding Adam, the first man of the Christian era. The following conversation ensued:

Saint Peter: Now, Mr. Holmes, I want you to go out and find and bring to me Adam. Of course, you know you will have a most difficult job; in fact, one almost impossible with all the billions of people up here. But I understand you always get your man; so begone and good luck to you.

Sherlock Holmes: Yes, Your Eminence.

After a short while Holmes returned, bringing with him an old man.

Sherlock Holmes: Here, Your Eminence, is Adam.

Saint Peter: Are you sure, and how do you know it is Adam?

Sherlock Holmes: I am sure and I know it is Adam because he is the only man up here without a navel.

Marjorie Grover Newton of Flint, Mich., feels this way about it.

Radio

What magic to pluck rhythmic beauty from the air!
What God-given gift to be able to choose
Which strings of the soul should be played on to tear
The emotions—or new life infuse!

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contributions to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than June 1, 1930.

WE GLADLY shake hands again through the column with our old friend George—sometimes called Box Car George—who sends the following:

Listen, My Children

Hear The Black Fear—one act a week—
Great Radio Thriller—Spooks—a shriek
Revolving rooms—trick paneled walls—
Traps in the floors—sudden falls.

Hear tom-toms beating in the swamp
Where voodoo workers chant and stomp!
Signals from windows by candle-light
Bring Death to someone every night.

Gather the children in the room;
Turn out the light; sit in the gloom.
When the act is done put them to bed
Every hairup on each little head.

* * *

Jerry: Well, Doris, spring is here!
Doris: How do you make that out?
Jerry: I've seen several men go into pawn shops with racoon coats, and come out with golf bags and clubs.

(Aline Berry and Peter Dixon in the Cub Reporter, weekly NBC program.)

Such a Business!

PERSONS who suffered in the stock market debacle may not see any intentional or accidental humor in the microphone introduction the other day of Nick Pagliaro of Rochester of Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce, through WHEC. The announcement went like this: "We shall again join the Columbia Broadcasting System, where the world's business will be disgusted by Dr. Julius Klein."—L. E. Heibeck, Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Battling Mike

RECENTLY, while Quinn Ryan was re-broadcasting the Dempsey-Carpentier fight over WGN, he became so excited while describing one of Dempsey's left-hooks that he must have been actually illustrating it. For he apparently knocked the microphone over and disconnected it. I heard the crash. And all became silence.—T. L. Wires, Parkersburg, W. Va.

* * *

White House Errors

THIS over WFAN: Otto Schmidt, concert pianist of Artie Bittong's "Cheer-ups," regularly plays the compositions of the masters, all, of course, long-since dead. But the other day he dashed off Erno Rapee's "Charmaine." After playing it in classic style, he encored it in jazz version. Artie said to him: "Otto, if that composer heard you rag his masterpiece like that, he'd turn over in his grave." Obviously Artie didn't know that Erno Rapee is still among the living.

During the last game of the 1929 world series, Graham McNamee announced: "President Hoover is now entering the stand, accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge." The next minute I tuned in on WABC, which was broadcasting the game, to hear Ted Husing proclaim: "They are playing the National Anthem and President Wilson is standing at attention with the rest of the fans."—Miss Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

She Would Fly

IT WAS the request period on a Sunday at KMOX with "Old Timer" on the microphone. Mrs. D. of St. Louis had appealed for "The Prisoner's Song" in celebration of her twentieth wedding anniversary. "Old Timer," not realizing that the microphone switch was open and that he was already on the air, remarked to the announcer, "That's a heck of a song for a wedding anniversary." The announcer must have told him that Mike was listening. Forthwith, "Old Timer" coughed embarressedly, uttered a "Huh?" and began with: "Oh, for someone to love me. . . ."

Another time I heard Milton J. Cross giggle. Can you imagine it?—W. M. Johnson, Grayville, Ill.

* * *

Same Song—Different Tubs

This may be all wet but we'll hear from Brother L. M. Younkin of Galveston, Texas, who reports as follows:

"A big bathtub—the biggest, probably—has been spoken of twice through my loud speaker. Yesterday Everett Mitchell of WENR, announced, 'We are now going to have Irma Singing in the Bathtub.' And today a local announcer said, 'We now present Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians Singing in the Bathtub on a Columbia record.'"

NATIONAL COMICS



Shelley: How do you feel tonight, Al?

Al: Not so good, Mr. Shelley. I had a bad dream last night and came near freezing to death.

Shelley: You had a bad dream, and it almost caused you to freeze?

Al: Yes, sir. I dreamed I was eating flannel cakes, and when I woke up the blanket was gone!

(William Shelley and Al Bernard in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Dumont: Mr. Shelley, can you tell me where the foggiest place in the world is?

Shelley: Why, London, of course.

Dumont: No it ain't; I've been in a place that was a whole lot foggier than what London is.

Shelley: Is that so? What is the name of the place, may I ask?

Dumont: I don't know. It was so foggy I couldn't tell where I was!!!

* * *

Look what Announcer Gene Byrnes of KHJ went and did: "Although it is early in the morning for requests, we now take pleasure in playing 'Crying for Caroline' for a lady just recovering from a long illness on a Columbia phonograph record." The knitted mustache cup was given him with due ceremony by the studio staff.

It's a modern marriage if he begins to pay alimony before the last installment on the engagement ring is paid.

Wife on telephone (disguising her voice): "Guess who this is?"

Husband: "It's—um—Edna."

Wife (furiously): "Edna!!!"

Husband (disguising voice): "Guess who this is!"

* * *

A MARRIAGE license is a SLIP of paper which costs YOU $2 down and your ENTIRE income for the REST of your life.

* * *

Girl: I know a song about gum. . . .

Weems: Do you, dear? What is it?

Girl: "Lover **GUM** Back to Me."

(Virginia Gardiner and Raymond Knight in KUKU, weekly NBC program.)



Over WKRC a woman was advertising a food product. She recited a number of delicious menus in which it was to be included. She admonished housewives to include this product in their next grocery order and, as her time was elapsing, she hastily added: "We continue with 'Nobody's Using It Now,' a phonograph record."—Evelyn G. Drake, Cincinnati, O.

* * *

Grandpa: Why do the leaves turn red in the fall, Percy?

Percy: I don't know, grandpa. Why do they turn red?

Grandpa: Because they're blushing, to to think how green they were all summer.

(Percy Hemus, in the Jamses, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Chester: Pa, why is Fido like an inclined plane?

Pa: I give up, son.

Chester: Because he's a slow pup.

(Percy Hemus and John Shea in the Jamses, weekly NBC program.)

Joe Fitzgerald, the Chicago Cyclone, a character in the "Smith Family," heard twice weekly over WENR, Chicago, challenges Primo Carnera, the Italian Colossus, to a fight to the finish.

"Who is dis Mountain of Muscle anyhow?" Fitzgerald demanded, when interviewed today. "What good fighters did he ever meet? He kayoed a Swede and a French-Canadian, but wait til he meets an Irishman.

"I'm a light-heavyweight, see? But I'm willing to step outa my class to meet dis Galloping Gorilla, because I think I can flatten him, see? If course, I'll hafta give him about a ton in weight, and a couple of yards in height and reach, but what of it? I'm absolutely positive I can chop him down to boy-size, and plant him so deep in de canvas dey'll have to excavate him wit a steam shovel. I'm not boasting any, you understand; I'm jest givin' you de facks.

"All I want is ten grand in cash, five per cent of de gate and a guarantee dat I won't hafta pay dis bird's funeral expenses. When I get thru wit dis Muscleini, you can paint WELCOME on his back, and use him for a door-mat."

* * *

First Phone Operator: Gee, that's a fresh mug.

Second Phone Operator: What'sa matter, kid?

First Phone Operator: Aw, the apple knocker asked for "double 2, double 2," and, when I repeated "2—2—2—2," he said, "All right, all right—just get my number and we'll play train afterward."

(Helene Handin and Marcella Shields in The Two Troupers, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Dumont: Mr. Shelley, can you tell me the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Shelley: Well, Paul, of course I know the difference; one is a chemical and the other is a disease.

Dumont: Maybe so, but that ain't the real difference.

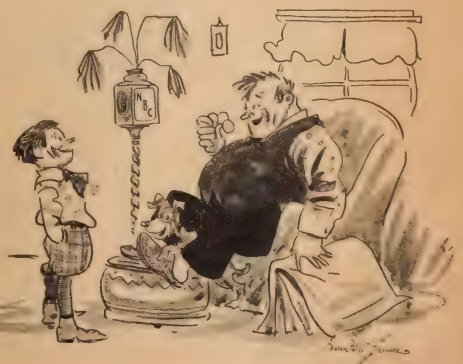
Shelley: Well, then, what is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Dumont: Why, ammonia comes in bottles.

Shelley: Well?

Dumont: And pneumonia comes in chests.

(Paul Dumont and William Shelley in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program.)



Indi-Gest Selections

HOW do you like Indi-Gest's return to the pages of Radio Digest? If you are favorable, he is going to have a steady job, and he is going to give you a few extra dollars each month.

The honor of having sent in the first selected humorous incident heard over the air this month goes to W. M. Johnson, who receives a check for $5.00. The second selected humorous incident, worth $3.00, was submitted by L. E. Heibeck.

The $1.00 paid for each humorous incident printed after the first two have been selected goes to L. M. Younkin, Miss Annie E. Littlefield, H. E. Foults, T. L. Wires, Florence Haist, Evelyn G. Drake and Ethel Sopher.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By JEAN CAMPBELL

SCINTILLATING luminaries of Radio broadcasting; are they distant creatures enveloped in a veil of mystery, unapproachable and in a world of their own? Not at all —they are just as human as you and I. They have their likes and dislikes, sometimes strong, they have their moments of sheer happiness and times of the deepest depression. Learn to know them as they really are, through Jean Campbell. Ask her to tell you of your favorite chain broadcast acquaintances.

JAMES MELTON, possessor of that sweet tenor voice which somehow does things to the heartstrings of the nation when his heart-melting sob-tones are heard in his solos with the Sieberling singers, was just a few years back, for he is now but twenty-six years old, just one of those widely educated college boys who upon graduation just did not know what it was that he really wanted to do next. That he would ever be a celebrated Radio singer very likely did not occur to him at that time, any more than it could have occurred to him then that within a few short years the two great recording phonograph companies of America would be competing with each other for his services as a leading record artist.

Fortunate in having a well-stationed and well-financed family, Jim Melton started his college career at the University of Florida, attended the University of Georgia, and finished up at Vanderbilt university. His travels about were occasioned more or less by family interests and moves, and somewhat also by his own changing interests in acquiring special knowledge toward an uncharted career.

He always had a leaning toward mechanical things and kindred sciences. He knows a deal or two about real estate values, about oil wells, mines, engineering of various kinds and especially airplanes, which latter are his favorite mode of travel. He is probably one of the most valuable patrons of coast to coast passenger plane companies. We left him, saying a breath-taking farewell after his program at Christmas time, and promising to get together for us the personal notes for this Radiograph. Then he was in such demand that we never did get these notes until just recently.

The wait, however, was well worth while, for Jim is a reticent fellow, and in the interim, many less reticent folk among his friends, professional buddies and admirers, have sung his personal character praises and told us also that there is a beautiful blonde, Mrs. Jim, to take into account when telling things on and about him.



James Melton

JAMES began his musical education on a saxaphone, which instrument he picked up himself and mastered to a degree that was the delight of his college chums and holiday friends. Sometime later, just as a sort of avocation, he began a serious study of music, developing a keen interest in piano and, later, in singing.

Soon his voice, cultured with an awakening ambition toward the serious concert stage, which ambition has never lagged, became his paramount issue, and in line with this ambition he accepted his first professional engagement as a solo singer of ballads with the well-known impressario, Roxy. A course of study under J. S. De Luca, at the Ward Belmont conservatory, finished off his former vocal studies, and enhanced, no doubt, that naturally dramatic quality which stirs his audiences when he sings the simplest songs.

James Melton was born at Moultrie, Georgia, and somehow or other halted in the hey-day of his travels near the home town of his beautiful bride. For 'tis said that Jim waited for her to get through school, and married her last June while the ink was still new upon her diploma from an eastern college. Mrs. Melton has just past her twentieth birthday and looks even younger than that. She is a home-girl with no ambitions toward a professional career, but a great and naturally proud interest in the thoroughly successful career of her young husband.

The home of the Meltons is a rare retreat—a roof-bungalow, which occasions the remark that, all other things taken into account, this happy young pair of newly-weds are truly "sitting today on top of the world."

Mrs. Melton, formerly Miss Marjorie Louise McClure, hails from Detroit, but much of her childhood and school day activities were spent in Cleveland and Akron, Ohio. Like Jim, she is much addicted to airplane travel, and were it possible one might guess that a roof landing station would suit them admirably.

AMY GOLDSMITH is the type of a talented mite that just naturally would appeal to any type of audience today. Not yet out of her teens, this petite, chic, yet demure young lady, belies her nineteen years by an astonishingly thorough knowledge of music and a marvelously trained and beautiful coloratura soprano voice. She is one of those surprising and interesting examples of what young ambitious artists can accomplish in a short time in this country today.

First known as "the baby of the Capitol Theatre Family," vivacious Amy began branching out from the stage into broadcasting only two years after her graduation from high school in New York City. Interest in her voice and personality immediately became evident in fan letters addressed to National Broadcasting company studios, and this interest increased by leaps and bounds when her extreme youth became known.

Amy, it will be remembered, is the young vocalist of sleek dark hair and wistful brown-eyed countenance, who captured the Atwater Kent contest for greater New York state in 1928. As a result of this, she has received much of her quickly absorbed musical education as a prize scholarship pupil at the institute of Musical Art in New York City.

Now that she has become a thoroughly well-known Radio artist, and has also achieved acclaim for a successful debut on the concert stage, Amy's many admirers are entitled to know that she has been a most serious student of music since her earliest grade-school days. By her own efforts, she carved a career for herself which, in preparation as she outlined it and lived up to it, included in-

tensive study of piano, organ, voice, and also the theoretic subjects of harmony and counterpoint.

Add to this the acquisition of skill in speaking several languages before she had finished high-school, and you will not wonder that she is lauded again and again in the newspapers by critics, who are not usually given to singing loud praises for any artist.

Amy Goldsmith's repertoire is of an amazing size. She sings in Italian, German and French, on almost every program, and often acts as her own accompanist on the piano.

Amy is an only child, but no one, knowing what she has accomplished, could call her a spoiled child. She probably will never grow up to a greater height than her present diminutive five-foot two. But she has passed a diminutive's mental stature long ago.

As an avocation she is interested in thoroughbred horses, and a friend has recently informed her that one thoroughbred of the racetrack that Amy has not yet seen has been named "Amy Goldsmith" after her, and has proven in its opening season to be a most promising winner.

Her "pet" is, however, a valuable doggie, of the Edlar Von Haag, Great-Dane and bull-dog ancestry and pedigree.

Amy shares a great apartment hotel suite with her mother and her father. Marriage? It has never yet become a question with her—too busy with the well-known career.

About that namesake horse, if it really was named after her, and a friend who told her about its existence believes that it was, Amy hopes that one day the owner will be good enough to send her a tip as to when it is to run a winning race.

Like all good Radio artists, Amy has small chance for indulgence in diversified entertainments. But when she can find time for it she spends vacation days at the beaches near New York or in winter hies herself to the hotel pool to swim or to the frozen lake in Central park for ice-skating; swimming and skating being her favorite sports, supplemented by daily walking the dog for an hour of regular exercise.

The rest of her leisure she spends at concerts, during season, and for rainy days she has a sizeable library of ultra-modern fiction. She confesses that in her busy life she just has not the time to concentrate upon the serious works of the old literary masters.

Betimes, she plays her baby-grand piano, earnestly, for it is only by virtue of the fact that her voice was suddenly proclaimed as above the average that the world was just as suddenly robbed of a meritorious concert pianist.

Amy attributes much of her success to the encouragement of her parents, and especially, in these latter days of a busy career, to her mother's understanding and keen business sense. Without interfering in any way, as some over-anxious mothers of promising stage children are apt to do, Mrs. Goldsmith has taken complete but unassuming charge of all business arrangements, engagements, and contracts for Amy, and thus relieved her young daughter of all anxiety over the rewards of her present and her future career.

The result is that, without ever having experienced a moment's grief or misunderstanding with her mother or any of her employers, Amy is one artist whose successful career goes sailing smoothly onward to what all who know her fully expect will be a great and glowing finish.

* * *

COUNTESS OLGA MEDOLAGO ALBANI is a lady of royal lineage, with a husband of royal lineage. But even before you learn, also, that she is the mother of a young son, aged 3 years, who will one day bear the inherited title of Marquise, you see in the Countess a strikingly beautiful personality, cultured, artistic to her fingers tips, and you are apt to say to yourself, as I did, "Oh, why hasn't some artist painted her as a Madonna?"



Amy Goldsmith

That is just what she looks like, in a shy girlish sort of way. Then you learn of the romantic life of this young woman, scarcely past her twenty-sixth birthday, and you realize that she came by that look in her eyes by the honest route of experience.

Her husband deserves more than a word here, too. The sons of a royal line as high and as authentic as his is, seldom become and almost never are, as democratic as is Olga's fond husband in spirit and in practical life.

Most husbands of his calibre would say "Nay," to a singing career for their wives, however talented the latter might be. Not so the Count Albani. He is of that sort of independent blood that gives up two higher titles, that of Prince, and that of Marquise, taking unto himself the lesser title of Count. And that only as a concession to the feelings of some of his royal Roman family still living in their native Rome, but all younger than himself. That is why he is the bearer of all those titles, which some people would pay a great price to have the privilege of using.

Olga Medolago, as she was called before her marriage, can also boast of royal blood. But she doesn't. Therein, perhaps, lies half of her charm. She and her husband are real lovers of life, real students of all that is artistic, and real believers in Expressionism.

Olga met her husband when she was on the road to Rome to study voice culture. He was visiting his old home to settle the family estates. He did not speak of that to Olga. And so, judging from his appearance, she mistook him for an Englishman. He is tall, blond and very distinguished looking.

Their romance was founded on mutual interests and admiration for each other's spiritual qualities, which developed slowly in the course of a warm friendship with mutual encouragement and help as its foundation.

They married five years ago and ever since both have been in the business of expressing themselves, according to their heart's desire.

Olga's desire is to sing. So sing she does, to the delight of both National Broadcasting studio audiences and concert audiences of New York, Washington and other eastern cities as well. She has seldom gone west of Washington because she does not wish to be away from her small son over night, and often travels to concert dates via airplane to avoid such an absence.

The Count Albani is an authority on antique furniture, paintings and art. His studios are the objective of all of those who can afford the real and the aged in such things for their Fifth avenue and suburban mansions.

Olga was born in Barcelona, Spain. She came to America with her parents at the age of five and was educated in a convent at Redwoods, Long Island. Her father was forced to travel extensively and his wife went along with him, so Olga was practically reared until out of grade school by the Sisters of this exclusive Catholic school. She enjoyed a bit of home life, however, through the insistence of her old Spanish nurse, who remained behind the family and set up a small home near the convent to which she brought Olga for week-end visits.

The Countess, with husband and son and the cherished old nurse, live in the West Eighties, just off Central park, the playground for little Eduardo. Their apartment is one of six large, high-ceiled rooms, replete with all that is real, and aged, and authentic, in the matter of antique furnishings. As she sits there, the stream of light playing on her long dark loosely held hair and a sanctified light in her dark luminous eyes, you think of that old painting of Saint Cecilia.

"Uniform" Styles Gone—New

VOGUE FLATTERS MEN

Fashion Director Revels in Beautiful Possibilities Envisioned in Present Feminine Mode Trend

By Marie Blizard

Fashion Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System

MARIE BLIZARD, the new fashion director of the Columbia Broadcasting system, comes to Radio with a wealth of experience in fashion fields. For the past eight years she has been writing about women's clothes in newspapers and magazines and her laboratory has extended from coast to coast of the United States. When Miss Blizard was offered the position of fashion director of Columbia she accepted immediately for, through the medium of Radio, she feels she can reach the largest possible audience and thus be of value to many more women of the country. Miss Blizard has a flair for women's fashions that is truly inspired. Her talks are both instructive and amusing, for besides splendid advance information on the newest fashions, she tells her listeners of the parties she attends during the week, the celebrities among the guests and the clothes they wear. Miss Blizard is heard over the nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting system every Monday and Friday at 3:30 (EST).

FASHIONS are really a great deal of fun this year and so dainty and beautiful that talking about them is great fun, too. For ten years we've been standardized, we've stifled femininity in the cause of a misplaced idea of chic. But 1930 has brought back to us individuality and the right to be feminine. Curves are no longer something to be ashamed of and if we haven't chorus girl legs no one need know it except ourselves.



Here is an awfully trick picture of Miss Blizard clad in a pair of pajamas of her own design.



One of the strongest arguments in favor of the new styles is that one may be individual. The only danger lies in a woman's not studying herself to determine her best possibilities, avers Miss Blizard.

However, despite some atrocities that have been thrust upon us in the autocratic name of fashion since the war, I do think they were ten wonderful years for women because during them we have achieved financial and intellectual recognization. Personally, I'm all for this female iron hand business—but I think we are wiser to conceal it in the velvet glove of femininity. Looking back over those ten years of chemise dresses and knee-length skirts, I recall that when a man said of a women, "She is charming!" the woman invariably was very feminine despite the clothes she wore. Of the masculine type the compliment usually was, "She has a marvelous sense of humor," or "She is very intellectual." And you must admit with me that there's not much thrill in that, coming from a man.

Yes, fashion is with us once more and I don't think we'll ever go back to the "uniform" style of the past decade. Longer skirts make our waists look smaller; waistlines bring out feminine curves; frills soften bosoms and throats. I am sure we will learn before this season is over that the marriage of our young independence with age-old femininity is a happy one and that it is going to give us an entirely new conception of our possibilities. After all, there *are* two sexes and our recent effort to make them one was not only biologically unsound, but it showed a frightful inferiority complex on the part of every one of us. We thought that perfection was synonymous with masculinity! Emancipation meant discarding womanhood for a synthetic mannishness. Shades of Salome who believed it was possible to do away with the male sex entirely!

I'M REALLY quite sick and tired of reading in fashion articles that women dress for each other and not for men. It's not only poor psychology, but it puts us in the awkward position of being all

(Continued on page 118)

GOOD FOOD HABITS OF CHILDREN BUILD GOOD HEALTH

HEALTH, happiness and success in later life are in great part due to the formation of good food and health habits in childhood. Many cases of children who are in poor health may be helped by such advice as Miss Gardiner gives.

THERE is no problem more vitally important than that of the proper feeding of children. In this article Evelyn Gardiner takes up the question from several angles, giving sound, practical advice that can be accepted as authentic. Miss Gardiner has had many years of experience in teaching home economics and has studied many problems of this nature. Your comments on this article, and others to follow in future issues of Radio Digest, will be appreciated.

By EVELYN GARDINER
Home Forum Director, KDKA.

THE slogan of the American Child Health association has always appealed to me as most significant, "The Health of the Child Is the Strength of the Nation." When I see that phrase I envision an army of healthy strong children marching by who are the protection and bulwark of a strong and powerful nation. Every one of us wants to live a long, happy useful life. How can we better do this than to begin with and strive to maintain good health?

What part does food play in this life's drama of health? Some think it plays the leading role, others an important one and some think that it plays but a minor part. If we would be star performers in this drama, with the keen competition we constantly encounter, we must be able to take our parts well or some other performers will play the leading roles and we will be forced to take the second-rate ones.

Life is largely determined for us in our early years. Habits of all kinds are learned in childhood and remain with us through life. Bad habits are not easily unmade. Good habits when learned in the formative years of life remain with us forever. They are learned gradually. The health, happiness and the success of later life are in great part due to the formation of good food and health habits.

All of us are familiar with those who



Evelyn Gardiner, director of the Home Forum at KDKA, is well qualified to give advice on child feeding problems.



A group of children enjoying their luncheon at the Soho day nursery.

are handicapped in their life's chosen profession because of ill health. A few are able to do great things in spite of poor health. Think how much easier it would have been for them to have gained success without the handicap. How many are lost by the wayside because they are not strong enough to stand the long and hard journey? Of course all of these lost ones might not have been saved by food alone, but who knows what good food, regular meals and good health habits of all kinds might have contributed to the building up of such a tower of strength that the physical disabilities might have been overcome?

At the KDKA Home Forum we often receive letters like this one. A worried conscientious mother writes: "My little girl is five and one-half years old. She weighs but thirty-eight pounds. She always seems rather cold and she scarcely eats anything. She eats by spells. For days at a time she does not eat a solid piece of food. Then she may eat about one full meal a day and then returns to the same routine. What can be done about it?"

ANOTHER letter will also illustrate the importance of good food habits. "I have to coax my boy of six to eat. When he comes home from school he is hungry. If I don't give him something to eat then, he won't eat anything much at supper. So I have decided to feed him when he is hungry. What do you think of this? Do you think I am doing right? He is underweight."

One encouraging thing about this whole problem of underweight, finicky appetites, malnutrition and other phases of child feeding problems is that mothers are alert to the situation. They realize more than ever the importance of a good start in life. They are seeking help. They are trying to do the right thing by their children. Many are asking for help from recognized authorities and are not content to follow the advice of just anyone who is willing to dispense this knowledge. They make every effort to supply their children what they need.

Most of the sad cases of children who are in poor health because of poor food habits which might have been remedied if taken in time are among those families whose parents are not able to provide their children the necessities of life. Some, of course, are the direct results of ignorance. But are these parents to blame? No one is more anxious to give the children everything they need than their parents. The response of many parents to the words of advice given when there is a felt need is most encouraging and oftentimes pathetic.

You wish they might have had the information long ago, and thus prevented some of the present and future tragedies. If given in the spirit of helpfulness, parents are most grateful for assistance and advice with their child-rearing problems. What parent is there who has not legion of these problems? Plenty of money does not mean that child raising is simple and easy. But it does mean that the parents may have more leisure time which they may devote to the welfare of their children.

The KDKA Home Forum receives numbers of letters regarding various phases of this whole problem. The response of the mothers is wonderful. They are encouraged to keep on asking

(Continued on page 120)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

IN THE busy studios of WENR there is no member of the staff busier than lovely Irma Glenn, organist. Miss Glenn's versatility has brought to her many positions on the programs of this station. In addition to her organ work, she is heard in the comedy sketch, "The Smith Family"; with Everett Mitchell, she presents the Air Juniors that daily half-hour program that the youngsters love; with Howard Heumiller, musical director of the station, she gives the piano-organ duets that have become one of the program features, and as if this weren't enough, she gives special musical readings.



Miss Glenn was born in Chicago and received her education at Senn High school in that city, but her life has been full of change and varied experience. Her career on the vaudeville and concert stage and in moving pictures, took her to Hollywood, where she lived a year and a half. At the age of sixteen she went to South America as musical director of the Teatro Empire, and she also toured Europe as leader of a girls' orchestra.

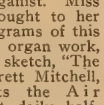
When she was a little girl, 8 years old, Miss Glenn started her study of music. She has specialized in composition, organ, piano, voice and dramatic art, and received her Bachelor of Music degree at the American Conservatory of Music. Now that the weather is getting warmer, this busy girl will be all the busier trying to slip in some of her favorite sports, golf, swimming and horse back riding. Those curly locks are brown and her eyes are hazel. She's 5 feet 5 inches tall, and to date she is not married.

* * *

The ERCELLE SISTERS. They're found. Mrs. Fred Lower, Jr., writes that she has just renewed her acquaintance with these charming sisters down in Miami, Florida, where they are appearing at The Frolics, one of the popular night clubs of the city. They are, however, intending to return to Chicago, where it is more than likely they will be heard again. Many thanks, Mrs. Lower, you've made at least one man much happier.

* * *

Charles Stookey, despite the fact that he's on the sunny side of 30 and looks such a youngster, is married and the father of three lusty boys. He is responsible for all the farm and agricultural programs at WLS, and came to that station from the Prairie Farmer, where he was farm news editor. He lives far away from the dust and noise of Chicago in the neighboring town of Elmhurst, where he has plenty of opportunity to indulge his pet hobby, gardening. It was out of this hobby that the idea of the Gardening Club developed and grew into the success that it now is. As you can see for yourself, he has a disarming smile, and he is of medium height and a decided blonde. He graduated from the University of Illinois not long ago.



* * *

For all the people who have been languishing for a picture of Everett Mitchell, here it is. Thought everybody knew that he was director of the WENR Air Junior program of children's activities, but Jean has called me to task for omitting to mention it.

The Air Juniors have a membership of 52,000 boys and girls, and this is, by



Everett Mitchell

the way, one of the few children's programs which devotes 75 per cent of its time to educational features. This organization has been commended by the Health Departments of various cities and by the principals of different schools on its health talks and educational features.

Mr. Mitchell is the originator of the Smile Club program, being known as "the big laugh." This program is dedicated to an institution or hospital in which the club has members, and trips are made to these institutions on the imaginary Smile Club train.

* * *

SORRY, but this Marcella is NOT Marcella Shields. Judging from her pictures it would be very nice to be that talented member of the Two Troupers team. And now that that great wrong is righted I wonder if my friends Art and Captain Wyman will go away mad and never write me any more letters. Certainly hope not, for they were such nice letters, illustrated, 'n' everything. The Two Troupers can, by the way, be heard over the NBC on various programs and the latest word is that they are 'vur busy.

* * *

Curt Peterson, whose voice is heard in connection with a number of important programs originating from the NBC New York studios, is one of the most modest men on the air. It was about two years ago that Peterson became associated with broadcasting. Previously he had been a concert singer and teacher of voice, and almost immediately became an announcer. He was a member of the staff of WJZ when that station had its studios in the old Aeolian Hall, New York City. Since then Peterson has been much in demand for important programs.

He is known as one of the quietest men in the studios. He has very little to say of his successes before he entered broadcasting, and most of the things that are known about him he has admitted only after someone who "knew him when" supplied the information.

There's a little story and a picture on page 72 of the December issue of Radio Digest that might interest you, Robert.

* * *

Expect you've seen the picture of John and Ned that you wanted in the April issue. Hope you like it, Shirley.

* * *

Your favorites, Marion and Jim Jordan, of WENR are man and wife, Mrs. Steele. Their romance started long ago when they were youngsters in Peoria. You are right; they were stage artists before going into broadcasting. Jim has been an entertainer all his life.

* * *

George Southerland has only recently been announcing at WTAM, C. E. B., and he has a record of Radio experience that is enough to make you dizzy. Back in 1923 he was manager of WBZ in Springfield, Mass. Then in 1925, when the Florida boom was in progress, he took a jump down to Miami Beach, where he was announcer at WMBF. Leaving Florida he traveled northward, spending two years in Virginia and North Carolina. From there he went to WLBW at Oil City, Pa., and finally landed in Cleveland. But don't be alarmed, he's doubtless at WTAM to stay for a while.

* * *

Here is Al Carney's smiling countenance, which is just the sort of face one would expect, to hear him play. Al made his debut over the ether eight years ago over KYW when he was organist at McVicker's theatre. He has played over WHT and KMOX, where he was the featured organist for a year. But vaudeville and the theatre circuits called him. And in personal presentations Al was a great hit. He tired of the constant traveling necessary in personal appearances at these houses and, desiring to embark in business for himself, he opened studios of his own, and will broadcast from there as well as from the Brunswick Building studios. Talking about musicians and temperament, Al seems to be the exception that proves the rule.



* * *

What has happened to John Stamford, Olive, is nothing terrible, at all, at all. He is now chief announcer and program director at WCHI, the new station owned and operated by the Illinois Women's Athletic Club.

Harry Snodgrass is off the air. Whether or not he'll come back to the mike is still a question. Someone was saying the other day that he is down in a small town in Tennessee running a little music store that's all his own. Sorry there's not a bigger story, Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. Metz.



Dorothy Wei

Dorothy Wei is something of a mystery lady. This charming picture of her came from Seattle and we have made a frantic effort to ascertain what station she is from. KJR was good enough to inform us that Miss Wei was formerly connected with KOMO, and that station itself writes us that the last they had heard, she was at KVI. But now she's gone—lost—seems to have completely disappeared. Of course, we just can't let her stay lost. *Somebody* must tell us all about her so that she'll be a mystery no longer.

* * *

'Fraid you're not very observing, Margaret, Grace and Ruth, for there was a nice long story about Don Becker on page 44 and a paragraph about him on page 57 of the March issue. You'll find all your questions answered there and see a wonderful picture.

* * *

Write and tell us more about your Radio club, Happy of Ragan. We'd all like to hear about it. You wanted to know more about Milton Cross. Just look on page 9 of the February issue and you'll know all.

* * *

Don't you love this picture of darling little Yvonne Du Valle, the lass who brings joy to the many friends she has made through KFI way out in the far, far West? She's a vivid young thing with something of the gypsy about her, specially in this costume, although her eyes of deepest blue and her short brown hair belie it. You wouldn't guess to see those languid, dreamy eyes that she can be, at times, a small whirlwind of temperament. But she is. Then it is all over in a few minutes and everything is sunshine again. Yvonne is one of those people that make us long for television.



* * *

You can hear Al and Pete, Mrs. Moore, over WBBM at 8:30 on Thursday nights and over the Columbia chain on several features. They're both big tall fellows, Peggy, and Al's hair is curly and brown, while Pete's is straight and blonde. Pete Bontsema was born in the Netherlands, came to this country when he was 5 years old, and calls Kalamazoo his home town. He first broadcast over WCX and was one of the five original members of the old "Red Apple Club" of that station.

Al Cameron hails originally from Anderson, Indiana, and as a lad was something of an athlete, excelling in basketball and football. He traveled round the country in vaudeville acts and drifted to Detroit, where quite by chance he was teamed with Pete in "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

* * *

It seems that "Bea and Friends" really did mean Will Osborne. At least it looks that way by the amount of mail that has come in during the past month exclaiming about the similarity of these two. Of course, they both claim to have originated the crooning style of singing and announcing, but those who seem to know say that Will Osborne has been on the air longer than Rudy. But the girls all say "There is only one Rudy!" And to answer your question, A Real Radio Fan, Will Osborne broadcasts only under that one name, and that's that. See front of the book for a big story.

* * *

Ed and Mom McConnell, who used to be at WJAX, and have turned up missing, were recently heard at WHAS, Louisville. They may not be there permanently, but anyway, there's a clue.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy's salary contract for the year is said to be $100,000, Lucille. Think you could get along on it? Don't be discouraged because you haven't seen those pictures of your favorites down at KDKA. You'll be surprised one of these days. Keep up the good work, and write me more letters. Your last one was such a nice newsy one. And, by the way, what has happened to your brother?

* * *

For the information of Jean and Eleanor, Norman Brokenshire IS still on the air, and is not by any means considering giving up broadcasting. He can be heard at 7:30 C. S. T. any Monday night with the Ceco Couriers. The reason you haven't been hearing him as often is due to the fact that he has been handling programs independently and has become an independent announcer.

* * *

Big doings! A studio frolic staged by fourteen acts, an orchestra, brass band, and fiddle team preceded the Radio wedding held in the WLS studios at 11:30 p. m. March 15th. The microphone ceremonies united Miss May Oliver of Topeka, Kansas, with "Hiram" of the WLS comedy team, "Hiram and Henry," alias Trulan C. Wilder.

The wedding was the culmination of a romance begun in the studios of WIBW, Topeka, where Wilder was a staff entertainer and Miss Oliver a frequent visitor.

The Rev. R. L. Boulton of Maywood officiated at the mike. As the bride and bridegroom entered the main WLS studio the giant organ in the Chicago Stadium was picked up by remote control, providing the wedding march for the air line ceremonies. At the console of the organ was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was married to a former pupil, Elsie Mae Look, three years ago in the same manner as the Wilder-Oliver nuptials.

This good looking youth is Ezra McIntosh, chief announcer of WOW, Omaha. He is just a lad of 21 and after graduating from the Technical High School of Omaha he is now studying law at Creighton university. And, although he is still a school boy, he is one of the most widely known announcers in the West. He's pure American blend as to nationality, measures 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 148 pounds, which makes him just about right, wouldn't you say, Florabel and Ella Jean?



His twinkly eyes are bluish grey and his hair brown. But his good looks and popularity with the other sex have not kept him from being a serious minded fellow, for he is an active worker in the Christian Missionary alliance, and is much sought after by other Protestant denominations as vocal director and soloist.

* * *

A letter came in the other day from Guy Anderson, that singer of sentimental songs, who for some time was heard with his uke or guitar from New York and Hollywood stations. Andy has had a tough break and is suffering from tuberculosis, which necessitates his living in the mountains of New Mexico for a while. He says it is dreadfully lonesome down there and has asked me to tell his friends that he would like very much to hear from them. Mail will reach him addressed to him at Fort Stanton, New Mexico.



Little Bobby Nickola of WJAY. Although he hasn't much of a past, he does have a great future.

Alwyn E. W. Bach, NBC announcer, is an even 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. He is dark complected with brown eyes and very black hair. It's not because I thought you wouldn't like his picture, Robert, that you don't see it in these columns. It's just because there isn't one. Before becoming an announcer Mr. Bach was a baritone singer, that is professionally speaking, for, of course, he still is one. He is the athletic type, going in strong for tennis, hiking, skating, handball and volley ball. And he has a little six-year old daughter.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

Parade of the Stations from

Newsy Gossip of What Your Friends Reports of Broadcast Activity Who Devote Their Lives to

Who Is Your Friend?

WHO is that fellow you are always listening to? What station is he with? What kind of a chap is he, and what kind of a gang is there at that station? These questions and a host like them are always being asked. In this section of Radio Digest will be found short, gossipy little items of what is going on at the stations, large and small, all over the country. As many stations and artists as space will permit are represented each month. If you don't find your favorite here write to the Station Parade Editor and every effort will be made to fulfill your request.

KGU Boasts New Home

EIGHT years ago, May 11, 1922, to be exact, three faint "hellos" spoken by M. A. Mulrony, builder of the station, climaxed a thrilling race to make KGU the first station to broadcast in Hawaii. Today the new KGU operates on 1,000 watts, with a 5,000 capacity, from the third floor of the new Honolulu Advertiser building.

As he built the first KGU, so Mulrony built the new one. It was he who first persuaded the Advertiser to add this new service. It was planned at first to complete the work in two months, but then came word that another station was projected and it was decided to cut this time in half. As the weeks passed it became a bitter race between the two stations. Finally came word that KGU would be on the air at noon, followed almost simultaneously by the announcement that the competitor planned to start operations at eleven o'clock. There was a hurried conference which resulted in Mulrony opening his microphone at 10:57 that morning.

The story of the trials and tribulations of KGU is an old one, familiar to all Radio men and fans. As the years passed personnel changed, the competitor gave up the ghost, as did several of his successors. When it was decided to build the new station no effort was spared. L. P. Thurston, who had been the "father" of KGU throughout its early struggles, continued at the helm, with Mulrony at the technical end.



These young women dressed in the costumes of a bygone day are not old-fashioned or opposed to short skirts. They are the members of the Brahms quartette, specialists in the folk songs of all nations. They were thus attired in a recent Libby program over the NBC.



Joseph E. Maddy, director of the National High School orchestra, directed that well-known musical organization in a program originating at the Atlantic City High School and broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Fans Demand Symphony

AN INTERESTING commentary on the trend of American musical appreciation is found in the recent inclusion of only complete transcriptions of symphonic works on the Roxy Sunday programs. In the early days of the Roxy Symphony orchestra programs short works and parts of longer ones were offered.

Gradually programs were enlarged to include longer compositions until the repertory included a great part of musical literature. The second stage of this "course in musical appreciation" consisted chiefly of isolated movements of the better known compositions.

At this point the response from the Radio audience indicated a demand for complete symphonies. Following the broadcast of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Handel's Messiah, Roxy's programs attained heights equaled only by the principal orchestras of the world.

The significance of the latest move to present only complete works lies in the fact that ten million Radio listeners will receive the type of music that is being played in the country's leading opera houses and concert halls.

Is Popular, Big or Little

APPARENTLY John Herrick, baritone of the Fox Fur Trappers, is possessed of the art of selling himself, be it on the air, or in the reception room.

A short time ago a lady was seen watching the door into the Columbia studios much as a hungry child might watch a waitress cooking pancakes in the window of a restaurant. Inquiry proved that the lady in question was waiting to catch a glimpse of Herrick as he passed to the outside world. She had heard the singer often, and had pictured him as the six-foot-three type

North to South, East to West

of the Air Are Doing, and the Latest of the Big and Little Fellows Giving Radio Entertainment



Here are four of the youngsters who make the NBC's Sunday morning children's hour as enjoyable to grownups as to younger listeners. Left to right: Julian Altman, violinist; Sylvia Altman, pianist; Edith DeBald, reader, and Mae Rich, trumpeter.

When Herrick at last left the studio he was introduced to his lady in waiting and talked with her for a few moments. As she said good-bye the visitor announced that John Herrick, although only five feet nine, glasses included, was just as wonderful as she had pictured him.

M'Gimsey Puzzles Medics

WHEN doctors begin hunting in a man's throat for a concealed canary, or suspect that he is mentally abnormal, it's time to sit up and wonder a bit, at least. The entire clinic of New York university did just that little thing when they tried to find out what makes Bob MacGimsey's whistling apparatus just what it is. And after the medics, the psychologists and psychoanalysts got through they knew just what they knew before they started, and that he could whistle in harmony, striking two and three notes at a time.

Bob, the harmony whistler in the Empire Builders programs, explains that he hears the harmony ahead of time but that the control then becomes automatic when he is really whistling, although he can consciously make a discord if he does it deliberately.

After being examined and probed and questioned by all the medical and "psyc" high hats Mac himself said that he had often wondered about his gift, and had hoped that they could shed some light on it—but all concerned gave it up, and Bob goes on whistling.

Even White House Falls

EVEN the White House doesn't seem to be proof against the lure of Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. When the Congressional club gave its annual breakfast to the wife of the President, Mrs. Hoover and the ladies of the political circle heard Rudy at his best. The affair was held in the Hall of the Americas of the Pan-American Building in Washington and was attended by several hundred prominent women. Mere outsiders who sent the hubbies of the grand dames to Washington were privileged to see the picture as their ears received it via an NBC hookup.

"College Yell" In French

GOING to Europe? Then tune in on Dr. Thatcher Clark's educational service this Spring and Summer and learn enough foreign language to take you into the Continental shops and out again safely.

Dr. Clark, one of Radio's earliest educators, has just completed his first year on the air as a teacher of French over the Columbia chain and plans this new course for embryo travelers via the same system.

The Doctor introduced a new form in Radio instruction in his French courses, his "college yell" greatly simplifying the art of teaching. During his fifteen-minute broadcasts over a period of a year Dr. Clark has accumulated 8,135 unsolicited fan letters.

Two Birds Double Time

TWO little birds—real ones—are working twice as hard as in the "old days." Blue Boy and Dicky, renowned bird virtuosos of the National Broadcasting company, have doubled their broadcasting, now appearing twice a day, with Cheerio and also the Parnassus Trio. Miss Elizabeth Freeman is the owner and trainer of this talented team.

* * *

Dot Harrington, the little comedienne formerly heard as the tough show girl in "Mrs. Murphy's Boarding House," and several current Columbia productions, has lived in New York all her life and never seen the Statue of Liberty. She's lived within a stone's throw of deep water since childhood and can't swim.



Here is a particularly charming portrait of Countess Olga Medolago Albani, a broadcast artist of royal lineage. Read what Jean Campbell has to say of her in Radiographs, page 57.

FORTUNE GALLO, Only Man to Make Grand Opera Pay Assumes Control of Station.

Opera Impresario TURNS TO RADIO

By A. J. Palange



Ready?—Set! The Unique 'Cello Quintet of WCDA is ready to swing into action under the direction of Rosolino De Maria. Left to right you see J. Taglialavro, De Maria, Ruth Napier, Penza and Puglia.

THIRTY-TWO years ago an eighteen-year-old Italian boy, confident and alert, arrived in New York from his native Torremaggiore, in the Province of Foggia. He arrived with a capital of eleven cents, although when he left Italy his family supplied him with a purse of gold sufficient to give him his start in life in the new country. It was the youth's passion for cards that depleted his purse on the way across the Atlantic. Today this now grown man bears the reputation of being the only man who has ever made grand opera pay.



Not content to rest on his laurels, this highly efficient man who is the oracle of popular-priced opera, now turns his attention to broadcasting. He has taken over Station WCDA with a studio at 27 Cleveland Place, in the down-town district of New York. If he applies to Radio the astute business principles that have been his policy during his long career as general director of the San Carlo Grand Opera company, WCDA will become as popular as Gallo's famous opera company.

A close observer has said that it is Fortune Gallo's faculty of inspiring hard work and amazing loyalty that has been an important factor in his success; and no one works half as hard as does he. He is naive, amusing and very candid. He is never up-stage, never even sarcastic when he sees his "finds" scooped into the Metropolitan or Chicago Civic Opera company after a season or two with him. Rather, he regards these incidents as an indorsement of his judgment.

Youngsters Mob Ore to Make Air Program

By Louise Hartley

WHEN Leigh Ore conceived the idea of broadcasting programs made up entirely of children up to twelve years of age he fondly hoped that twenty-five or thirty youngsters would appear for the first occasion. A few announcements were made from WLBW, outlining the founding of the children's club, and then "Uncle Leigh" sat back and waited for the morning of Saturday, October 19, to come around.



When Ore walked into the studios more than an hour before the new stunt was scheduled that Saturday morning he was nearly mobbed before he could reach the safety of his private office. Not twenty-five or thirty children awaited a chance to try their talents on the air, but 97 wide awake and eager embryo artists were milling about. As only thirty minutes had been alloted to the program, many children were unavoidably disappointed.

Leigh immediately set to work to reorganize the WLBW schedule for the following Saturday, only to find 100 children on hand for the second meeting of the club. Now an hour and a half is devoted to them each Saturday. Listeners are asked to vote on the children they deem best, and small prizes are offered to the winners.

Each child is helped in every possible way and encouraged to develop his talent, whatever it may be. Each member of the club is registered and given a membership card in the club. Five hundred and sixty youngsters in northwestern Pennsylvania are now wearing "Uncle Leigh's" club button, according to latest reports.

* * *

John de Jara Almonte of the NBC executive staff says he isn't superstitious, but he keeps a herd of toy elephants, which are lucky, on his desk.

Carney Once Key Pusher

FROM "key pusher" of a nickelodeon to vaudeville, thence to playing the sucker on a "farm" in Louisiana, then as a day laborer and finally to the high position of assistant superintendent of a ship yard in war times at $10,000,000 a year, is the background of Don Carney. When the war was over he landed as an extra for D. W. Griffith, got an audition which resulted in an announcing job at WMCA, transferred to WOR, and is now famous as Luke Higgins of Leonard E. L. Cox's Merlin Main Street Sketches.

One wonders if Don's hobby of trying to shoot bull frogs dates from childhood days amid the rusticity of a Michigan fruit farm. At any rate he says that early experience helped him to more readily acquire the drawl of the eastern countrymen.

Carney is featured on a variety of other programs. In one series he entertains children six nights a week, singing etiquette songs and tongue twisters, as well as taking several parts, notably Uncle Otto and Simple Simon.

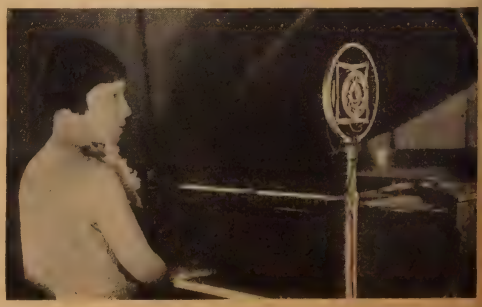
* * *

Ben Selvin, Columbia orchestra leader, whose recording of "Dardanella" was the first to reach over a million in sales, has "canned" more than five thousand songs.

* * *

Knows His Dictionaries

ONE for the book—a man who knows his dictionary. The other day one of the announcers at WAAM was discussing the meaning of a word, and started to look it up. Buster Rothman stepped forward and gave the complete definition, and also three synonyms. He also told what word appeared after it in the dictionary. Then Buster told his little secret. While forced to remain in the hospital for a year he memorized the entire contents of Webster's, but didn't say whether it was the unabridged. At any rate, give Buster a hand, he deserves it.



Eleanor Catherine Judd is happy and gives happiness to many with her singing and playing. Miss Judd is the blind pianist-singer of WHN.



"Well, boys, you see it's this way," says Paul Capp to his Magnet Electrons of WIP, and it must have been a good story, to judge from the happy smiles.



Presenting "Pee Wee," one of Brother Bob's Rascals at WEEI. "Pee Wee's" other name is Leonard Emerson, and he appears with the other Rascals on Tuesday evening broadcasts. Looks like he might be one of Tarkington's characters, doesn't he?

Sam Magill Joins WTIC

THAT unfamiliar announcing voice you are hearing from WTIC belongs to Sam Magill, who "learned his mike" at WOR. Sam was quite a boy during his undergraduate days at New York university. His activities there included cheer leading and directing the college glee club.

While still at the University he took vocal lessons from Manley Price Boone of the Metropolitan Opera house, acted as assistant manager of a New York theatre, and appeared in programs at WOR.

When school days were over he went to the Newark station as announcer, soloist and continuity writer. Sam has certainly packed a lot of experience into his twenty-four years, don't you think?

Stamps Tell Odd Stories

STORIES told by postage stamps form the topic of a new series of Saturday morning talks on WOR by Sigmund I. Rothschild, one of the world's best known philatelists. He tells of a king who refused to permit the cancellation of stamps because it would mar his photograph; of how Columbus grew a beard in one day—on a stamp; of a stamp that almost caused a war, and of others which did cause war; how the air mail was sent in 1870; of stamps that cost $50,000.

"Beyond knowing that the ordinary two-cent stamps carry a picture of George Washington, the average person lets it go at that," says Mr. Rothschild. "Yet there are thirteen facts shown. They do not know that Hudon, the French sculptor, used the photograph for the statue that now stands in Richmond, Virginia; that it affords a means of studying hirsute styles of bygone days; that it was done by one of the nation's best designers and engravers; that it is carmine in color, and many other interesting observations."

* * *

ONE of the most popular of the light features on the air from WHAM is the Friday evening Arpeako Minstrel Show. This is a real old-fashioned minstrel entertainment, replete with comedy, gags, jokes and songs, in the typical black-face manner.

In the past year WHAM has been increasing its daytime schedule so that it is now on the air most of the time from eight o'clock in the morning to midnight. In a short time it will be possible to tune in on WHAM at any time during the day or evening.



Here's the staff that keeps things running smoothly at WFBL. Top row: Samuel Woodworth, A. R. Marcy, Robert Wood, Robert Aller, Andrew Goettel. Second row: C. F. Phillips, Victoria Piazza, Robert Crosier and Floyd Revoir.

Future Luminaries on the Air from WNAT

AL JOLSON, Fanny Brice, Belle Baker—will we have anybody to succeed them in the hearts of the public? The answer is most assuredly, yes. In case you doubt the above statement, tune in on WNAT in Philadelphia any Sunday evening from nine o'clock to ten o'clock. The first thing that strikes you is a sweet voice announcing. You are then listening to Baby Gloria Alosi—a sweet little baby four years of age. Gloria is not the only talented member of the Alosi family. Her sister Clara is there also, singing the newest theme songs. If you are fond of Fanny Brice then be sure to listen to Mitzi Groff give her interpretation of Fanny's sketches and songs.



Elaine Byer—a nine-year lassie plays her own ukulele accompaniment to her songs.

Frank Capano, the announcer, earnestly believes that in his station he has the successor to Al Jolson. Little Sammy Shuman, although only thirteen, has been singing over the Radio for many years. His version of Little Pal is well worth hearing.

Bobbie Morris, Jr., although only twelve, is one of the greatest juvenile harmonica players in the country.

Dot Boyle, Johanna McKenzie and Baby Lee, all show promise of becoming future greats.

Beautiful Marie Miller, only ten years of age, is one of the biggest stars on Frank Capano's Children's Hour. In a recent contest she received the greatest number of requests for numbers.

Any child that has any talent, and is thirteen years of age or younger, is invited to come to the station and broadcast. Last week all records were broken, over 200 telegrams being received for request numbers from the little stars.

Legends of the Historic Rhineland Told by WBAL

THE historic Rhineland, teeming with legend, a hike through the famous Black Forest, the Passion Play at Oberammergau—a truly fascinating program, was offered last month from WBAL. Colonel Worthington Hollyway was the guide and lecturer.

Colonel Hollyway, who served with the American forces in France and Germany during the World War, is a thoroughly qualified lecture authority. He has traveled through Germany and central Europe from border to border by motor, by train, by boat and on foot. Following the signing of the armistice, he served as military attache of the American legations at Copenhagen, Helsingfors, and in various sections of the three Baltic states of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania.



Colonel Hollyway had his picture taken with King Christian of Denmark just after the Armistice. Left to right, the French attache, King Christian and Colonel Hollyway.

No river is more celebrated in song and story than the Rhine. Both the river itself and the valley through which it flows are redolent with beauty and romance.

Along its highlands the barons of old built great castles whose towers and turrets look down on the swift flowing stream now busy with modern traffic. Some of the tales of these old castles were included in the Colonel's talks.



The "Lon Chaney of the Air." Who is he? Why, Colonel Lemuel G. Stoopnagle, of course. In other words, one of the Two Yovinians of Buffalo. The gentleman in the picture is Louis Dean

Mt. Olympus Broadcasts

A BROADCASTING station on Mount Olympus! Shades of the Greeks of Old! May we then hear the voices of the Gods from our loudspeakers?

Hardly, for this Mount Olympus is above Syracuse university. It seems that the establishment of a station to use 1,000 watts broadcasting both the regular programs of WSYR and those of the University, WMAC, has been proposed to the Federal Radio commission by Clive B. Meredith, owner of both stations.

The plan involves construction of a new transmitter to replace those of both the existing stations, as well as broadcasting and studio facilities on the campus. Such an arrangement would give Syracuse university an opportunity to train students in both the technical and artistic phases of broadcasting.



When these boys warm up, the feet of listeners to WCOC just naturally begin to shuffle and dance. Bill Lancaster and his Great Southern hotel band have long been one of the headliners from Meridian, Mississippi.

Heavy Problems for a Little Girl

Want to Adopt a Baby, Train an Extravagant Wife or Trace a 'Phone Call? Ask Miss Tully, WCKY

By Mary Adamick

TREMLETTE TULLY, woman's director of WCKY, Covington Kentucky, is a little person, yet she carries the burdens of many listeners on her shoulders. She is young, but her answers to personal problems, a feature she conducts every Thursday morning in connection with her daily My New Kentucky Home Hour, give proof of mature and intelligent thought.

When someone wants to adopt a baby, aid an unfortunate, learn what to do with an extravagant wife, trace an anonymous telephone call or learn the proper diet, what does he or she do? Writes to Miss Tully, it seems, for each Thursday morning she gives kindly advice to her friends of the unseen audience.

Names are not announced when the information is of a delicate nature. It is just like calling a physician, attorney, librarian or old friend over the telephone for advice, and yet the questions and answers, confined only to a few persons, are heard by thousands who find help in solving many of their own problems.

But what are some of the questions she is called upon to answer?

A woman in an Ohio town wrote that her husband and baby had been killed. She did not want to live "in this house of sad memories." What should she do? Should she dispose of the home, just paid for out of her husband's and her earnings?

Miss Tully replied: "Sorrow makes us stronger to face life. Sorrow has its reward. A complete change of scene would be the best thing for you. Occupy yourself with work. That is the best cure for mental anguish."

A man of 30, married for three years, wrote that unless his wife had a new outfit every week there was a scene. She insisted on going out to restaurants and night clubs to display her finery. Their furniture isn't paid for. "What must I do?" he implored.



A tiny little person, yet she carries the burdens of many WCKY listeners on her slender shoulders. Tremlette Tully is woman's director down at Covington, answering anything and everything that troubles women.

The answer was simple. "You need backbone," Miss Tully told him. "Unless you do something to curb your wife's extravagance you will find yourself with your nose to the grindstone the rest of your life. Talk the matter over with your wife. Ask her to help you plan a budget that will include savings."

And lo, the poor man who had his nose already to the grindstone wrote to thank Miss Tully. He had had it "out" with his wife, and she also wrote to thank Miss Tully.

Another man wrote that a woman had called him over the telephone to inform him that she had seen his wife with another man. It was an anonymous call. The description fitted one of his best friends. He said that he had faith in his wife, but "what should he do?"

Why, said Miss Tully, "we can conceive of no lower type of human being than the person who will stoop to write an anonymous letter or place an anonymous telephone call for the sole purpose of instilling a distrust that years sometimes cannot heal. People who do this sort of thing have, in our estimation, criminal instincts. No one should ever pay any attention to anonymous communications. Never repeat them. Try to erase it from your memory. Do not tell your wife. The fact that she has always been all a wife could be should make you know that the statement was



Down South to handle a big hookup broadcast from the Vincy hotel at St. Petersburg, Fla., William S. Lynch, feature announcer and assistant program director for the NBC, runs across two old friends, veterans of broadcasting. Left to right, Lynch, Eddie Squires, announcer-manager of WSUN, St. Petersburg, and Walter Tison, manager for WFLA at Clearwater.

false. Only the coward conceals his name."

It requires many hours of preparation for Miss Tully's fifteen minutes once a week for Personal Problems. Her answers must be authoritative. She must not offend. She must try her best to solve these problems, where often future destinies are at stake.

Her compensation comes in the form of letters of thanks from listeners who have found her advice helpful.



Well, girls, here's the picture you have been waiting for—Jimmee Osburn, WGBF's Barefoot Banjo Boy, with the smile in his heart and the tear in his voice. Kentucky's his home and, in spite of his thousands of admirers, he's still heart free.



Here they are—Clyde and Mac with their uke, genial grin and wise cracks. The Harmony Duo is heard regularly from WQAM at Miami.

Hawaii a la Svenska

YOU really ought to see them, with their Hawaiian wreaths and everything—they're quite a picture when all dressed up for broadcasting. There are six Gustafsons (seven when you count the instructor). It's a bit hard to imagine such a good Scandinavian name tied up to a program from Hawaii, but it's a fact. And listeners to WHBO swear by them (not at them). The family includes Mr. and Mrs. E. L. and four children, ranging from four to fourteen, or thereabouts. Professor H. G. Haili is the instructor mentioned a few lines above.

* * *

WIDE experience on the organ at WLW taught Owen O. Ogborn more than a trick or two about pleasing the Radio audience. Now Owen's down at Charlotte, North Carolina, sending a variety of tunes out over WBT, where he has been for more than a year.

MUSICIANS of the Cincinnati Musician's association have put it up to the public as to whether they prefer recorded music, as presented by the sound pictures, or orchestras made up of competent musicians. The opportunity to settle the issue over the air, at least as far as the Cincinnati and Kentucky district is concerned, was provided by L. B. Wilson, operator of station WCKY. A series of concert and dance orchestras, directed by widely known leaders, is being presented from the Covington station.



Ruth Eva is her name—like it? Hear her in classical piano recitals from Asheville, via WWNC.

Great Broadcast Programs of Today Are Run

Like FOOTBALL GAME

ANNOUNCER Is the "Quarterback" of Air Entertainment, Maneuvering His Men on Gridiron of Studio Floor Under "Coach" Production Manager

By Donald D. Burchard

LARGE Radio programs today are run just like a football team. The announcer corresponds to the quarterback who calls signals for the team. He in turn receives his orders from the production manager who corresponds to the coach.

In football it is the coach who has charge of the preliminary training and of getting his men into fighting trim, polishing up his team-work and perfecting their co-operation for offense and defense. In Radio it is the production manager who lines up the programs after musical directors, continuity writer and program planners have provided for the component parts.

Such a job is the one now held by Jean Paul King at WLW and WSAI. For a month before assuming these duties King was a member of the announcing staff at the Crosley station. In his new capacity it will be King's job to see that the programs go on and off the air with the proper style and flourish. And take it from anyone who knows, that is one real job, involving hours of rehearsing, cutting and fitting of musical numbers and continuity, and the unification of all entertainment bits into a coherent whole.

Lots of Jean Paul's friends will remember him from the old days out on the Pacific coast. He used to be one of the big guns at KHQ. Before that he was chief announcer for the NBC Pacific Division, serving also as dramatic director. For a while he was with KFRC, and then took a turn with the Henry Duffy Players in Portland, announced for KGW and finally landed with KHQ as chief announcer, and now to the big job down in Cincinnati.



Three Foxy Grandmas decided to show the younger generation a thing or two and organized their own group to broadcast from KSTP. This harmony trio sings both old time and popular melodies. The combined ages of Mrs. Blanche Schaller, Mrs. Martha Lund and Mrs. Josephine Nash total nearly 200 years.



Charlie Dameron is a vital part of the broadcast of Henry Thies and his orchestra from WLW. He's the boy with the blue voice who croons so seductively with the band. He was a lawyer in Huntington, W. Va., until the Radio bug bit him.

Meet "Old Man Moon"

WGHP is bringing to its audience a new and novel program, known as The Moonwinkers. The program is under the personal direction of Old Man Moon, himself, who brings before the microphone for the first time the entire Moon family. The Moonwinkers are all prominent Radio artists and entertainers who have had long and wide experience before the microphone.

The program is devoted exclusively to requests, and the popularity of the feature is established by the hundreds of requests that virtually pour into the station.

* * *

Sopranos and harmonica players lead the two fields of Radio audition material, vocal and instrumental, at WLS, according to Don Malin, musical director, who reviews the talents of from thirty to forty amateur broadcasters in the weekly tryout period.



One of the oldest continuous programs on the air was begun July 26, 1926, by Don R. Falkenberg, who has been presented from WAIU studios ever since. He is in charge of a regular morning program known as the Bible Lovers' Meditation Hour, as well at the Sunday evening vesper service.

The Smiths, a Typical Family, Welcomed by Listeners

THAT the Radio audience likes a certain thread of continuity in its air sketches is indicated by the widespread popularity achieved by the Smith Family, WENR comedy-drama broadcast every Monday night.

Smith Family presentations portray the activities, adventures and everyday life of an average middle class American family. Although this feature has been given practically no publicity and this is the first photograph published, WENR weekly receives hundreds of letters of comment and commendation on the program.

The Smith Family came into being February 20, 1929. Harry Lawrence is the "father," writing all of the continuity, while Lester Luther is director and coach. The Family includes approximately eight characters. Father and mother, Ed and Nora Smith, are played by Arthur Wellington and Marion Jordan. Betty, the flapper daughter, is Irma Glenn, and Irene, the older sister, is interpreted by Thora Martens. The role of Joe Fitzgerald, former prize fighter, who is the sweetheart of Irene, is taken by Jim Jordan, while Joe Warner is Morris Rosenberg, Betty's sweetheart. Occasionally Dick Morgan and Pansy Pinkham make their appearance, played by Mr. Luther and Sallie Menkes.

"The Smith Family has run the gamut of human emotions. Anyone who has ever run a gamut can appreciate this feat," says Harry Lawrence of his brain children. "In the initial episode Irene and Betty planned an elopement, but through a taxi cab mixup each got the other's boy friend and the plans fell through, both couples deciding to wait a while longer.

"Joe Fitzgerald loses a fight because of a quarrel with Irene over another suitor, the millionaire Dick Morgan. Pansy Pinkham, a chorus girl, enters the race for the Morgan millions and Joe quits the fight game to drive a truck, winning a hill climbing contest, thus saving Father Ed's investment in truck stock and becoming once more Irene's hero. Dick Morgan proposes a 'round the world trip on his yacht, during the course of which they are wrecked on a South Sea island, where they find Pansy, walking home from a yacht trip. After more adventures they finally reach home, where Pansy marries Dick, leaving the field clear for Joe.

"When Betty accidentally took an overdose of a sleeping potion she actually received flowers and candy from sympathetic listeners. Mrs. Smith has social ambitions, so they acquire a cook who once worked for Mrs. Van Gilder, society leader.

"The Family, in rapid succession, takes a vacation, joins a golf club, tries to run a cabaret and a high brow garage, finally buying a home in Glendale Park and becoming suburbanized. Joe goes back to the ring and becomes light-heavy champion, while Morris Rosenberg becomes engaged to Betty.

"This is the situation at the present time. When the Family celebrated its first birthday on the air a banquet was given them by the station. The Radio audience sent in, among other things, five birthday cakes, several boxes of candy, flowers, letters, telegrams and cards of congratulation."





Blue Steele, whose Victor recording orchestra broadcasts each night over KMOX from Coronado hotel, in three months' time received over 20,000 letters from every state and Canada.

Women Special Care on KSTP Programs

***By* E. D. Jencks**

APPRECIATING that women comprise a very large and important contingent of the army of KSTP listeners, the station has made provision for many special informative and educational programs and novel entertainment features for the fair sex.

The individual behind the guns who seeks out the wants of the women Radio listeners and sees that these are put on the air, is Miss Corinne Jordan, program director, and formerly with station WBBM of Chicago. Just before the housewife begins her work at home each morning, she tunes to KSTP for the beauty exercises, in which Miss Jordan is assisted by Harry K. Nye, physical director of the St. Paul Y. M. C. A. Again at three each week-day afternoon Miss Jordan acts as empressario of the women's hour.

The Household Clinic brings information on matters concerning the home, many of which have been received from listeners. The Fourth District of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, presents one of its 48 individual committees each week in a program of local talent and short talks on current subjects.

The Zonta Club, composed of prominent business women has a set hour each week, in which advice is given to young girls on the respective professions represented in this organization.

* * *

Four pink pig tails, boiled and scraped clean, were among the unique gifts to the Maple City 4 quartet at WLS. Two dozen dressed rabbits, some country sausage, popcorn balls, a bushel of unroasted peanuts, and fudge of many varieties served to add to the list of food sent in to the station by fans.



The Smith Family at home. Mother Smith, Father Smith, Irene, Joe Fitzgerald, Betty Smith and Morris Rosenberg.

Doc Pollard Has Great Plans for KFEQ

By **Ada Lyon**

NO, IT'S not a fire, nor a circus parade. The crowd on the mezzanine floor of Hotel Robidoux, St. Joseph, Mo., all day long is there to watch the performers of KFEQ. There are a lot of new ones since W. C. Pollard took over the station on a three-year sublease. He has enrolled two bands and an orchestra, besides twenty-six regular performers. He has kept all the performers who preceded his regime and they are still going strong and are as popular as ever. There are fifteen members in one of Mr. Pollard's bands, nine in another and eleven in the orchestra.

Time was when the mezzanine floor, with its softly shaded lamps, its deep comfortable chairs and settees, was a favorite rendezvous for lovers who wanted to avoid the madding crowd. But no longer. The moment one steps out of the elevator, he is in the thick of a throng of spectators peering through the glass doors in the broadcast room.

While formerly two to three hundred letters a week were received, the number has jumped to three or four thousand.

Mr. Pollard says that blues singers and old-timers are the favorites, with fiddlers paramount. As for program selections in general, he thinks that old songs and songs of an intermediate period, neither too old or too new, but well known, are most appreciated.

* * *

THOUSANDS of Radio listeners throughout the Middle West celebrated with broadcasting station WMBD, on the "World's Most Beautiful Drive," the opening of its new Hotel Pere Marquette studios located in the heart of Peoria's (Illinois) downtown district, in a gala program combining all the station's brilliant and versatile talent, very recently.

The program began at 8:00 in the evening and continued until the early morning hours. All of the available talent in the city gathered to join in the jubilee and the ether was full of fun and frolic for hours.



Here is W. C. Pollard, who started the new year as director-manager of KFEQ. "Doc" has been a favorite on farm programs of several stations for several years, and plans great things for the St. Joseph station.

Little Boy Played Safe

THREE little boys were going home from school one afternoon. On the way they had to cross a street busy with automobile traffic. Two of the youngsters stepped off the curb directly in the path of an onrushing car and were seriously injured, one of them dying a few days later.

When the survivor was asked why he hadn't followed his companions on to the street he replied, "Why, I belong to Uncle Bob's Curb Is the Limit Club, and I've promised never to play in the street, and always to stop at the curb, count ten and look both ways before crossing the street."

Needless to say this little boy's mother wrote a heartfelt note of appreciation to Uncle Bob, who has more than 470,000 members in his club who hear his evening programs over KYW. Each one of these youngsters has also taken the club oath embodied in this poem:

In roadways I must never play—
I have no legs to give away;
I have no arms that I can spare,
To keep them both I must take care.

During his eight years as children's entertainer from KYW this jovial, rotund, patient chap has received over two millions of letters from his youthful admirers.

Barn Dance Fiddling Enthralls Big Critics

TRICK barn dance fiddling recently held a group of Chicago's musical celebrities spellbound during a banquet of the Bohemians' club. Dr. Frederick Stock of the Chicago Symphony, Karleton Hackett, critic; Jacques Gordon, Richard Czerwonky and Herbert Witherspoon had been among the attentive listeners to a classical violin recital by Leon Sametini.

Following the applause for the distinguished violinist, Marx Oberndorfer introduced Rube Tronson, WLS barn dance fiddler, who proceeded to show the "elite" of Chicago's musical circles that old time dance tunes could be produced in a number of ways.

The novelty of his act won an encore from his audience. But none of the crowd was more astonished at Rube's appearance than Don Malin, WLS musical director, who thought the Bohemians' meeting would be a certain retreat from old time fiddling.

* * *

Claude MacArthur, one of the newer music directors of the Columbia system, is said to be the only left-handed maestro in Radio today. It is interesting to note that MacArthur directed the music for the popular musical comedy, "Sally, Irene and Mary."

Foreign Fan Mail Nears Yankee

Mexican and Latin American Fans Applaud Special All-Spanish Programs Put On by KPRC

By **Milton G. Hall**



When KVOO broadcast an appeal for aid for families of miners killed in the McAlester, Oklahoma, disaster Gordon Hittenmark (above) with Tom Noel worked before the mike without relief for twenty hours.

DOWN Houston way there's a new broadcasting station, and it certainly is making the folks sit up and take notice. KTRH is its name, and it operates on 1120 kilos with 1,000 watts. Richard Thornhill, the director, has his working quarters right in the studio in the Rice hotel. Opening the middle of March, the station offers Columbia Broadcasting system programs. Time is shared with a small college station, KTRH having the lion's portion. Jesse H. Jones, the man who brought the last Democratic national convention to Houston, is backing this new voice of the Southwest.

"ESTACION Diffusora KPRC, Houston, Texas." American listeners who tune in KPRC at Houston, Texas, will hear this peculiar phrase many times during the course of the all-Mexican program presented by the Houston station each Tuesday night.

In at least one respect KPRC leads all stations in the United States. Its applause mail from foreign countries nearly equals the response from American listeners which is great.

Several hundred letters a week bearing the strange postage stamps of foreign countries arrive at the studios of the station. Because of its geographic location KPRC is heard regularly with good volume in Mexico, Central America, Cuba and many countries of South America.

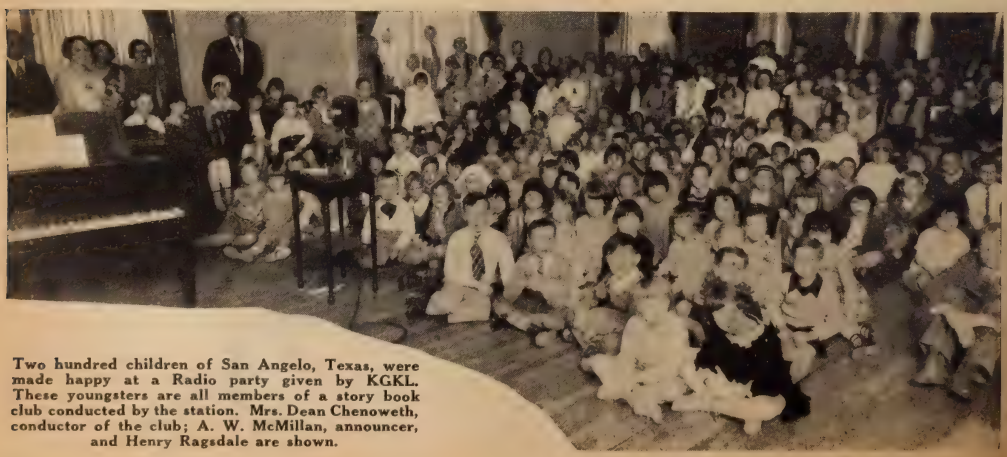
Realizing the number of listeners KPRC had in Latin America, the owners inaugurated last October an all-Mexican program dedicated to listeners in the southern countries. This is presented on Tuesday nights and announcements are given in both Spanish and English. On the eve of his inauguration, Ortiz Rubio, the new president of Mexico, was saluted by the Post-Dispatch station. Rubio wired congratulations to KPRC and expressed his appreciation, saying that the people of Mexico looked upon KPRC as a local station and favored it above all others.

The all-Mexican program is announced by Curtis Farrington, president of the Spanish club of Rice institute at Houston. During the first broadcast of the all-Mexican program long distance telephone calls were received from Mexico City, Tampico, Matamoras, Monterey and Nuevo-Leon. But no one in the KPRC studios could speak Spanish, so the situation rapidly became acute. Mr. Farrington was busy announcing and could not take the calls. The problem was solved by employing Ruth Chairez, a charming daughter of Old Mexico, to handle the switchboard when the all-Mexican programs are on the air.

Music for the program is furnished by the Torres-Tipica String orchestra, directed by Albino Torres. Torres formerly was a student of music in Guadalajara, Mexico, and in Mexico City. He is recognized as a pianist of unusual ability.



This charming little lady is Mildred Kyffin, contralto soloist with the KOA Light Opera company and a descendant of one of the first families of Virginia. They say Mildred is a very democratic little aristocrat.



Two hundred children of San Angelo, Texas, were made happy at a Radio party given by KGKL. These youngsters are all members of a story book club conducted by the station. Mrs. Dean Chenoweth, conductor of the club; A. W. McMillan, announcer, and Henry Ragsdale are shown.

Plan New Network Links for Mexican Listeners

THE first unit of what is designed to be a Mexican Radio network linking Mexico City, Monterey, Tampico and Reynosa, has been constructed at the last named city below the Rio Grande. With its main studios at Reynosa, opposite Hidalgo, Texas, Station XIBC will also broadcast by remote control from Weslaco, Donna, Pharr, San Juan, Mission and McAllen, in the Lone Star state.

Scheduled for the opening program festivities was the personal appearance of some of the luminaries of the Radio world, as well as important dignitaries of Mexico and Texas, including the governor of Tamaulipas.

A. G. Akeroyd is vice-president and general manager of the International Broadcast chain, operating the station, with William Corthay as studio manager and announcer in charge. Akeroyd at one time was director of the Mexican trade bureau of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, and connected as a partner with an import and export agency at Laredo and at New Orleans.

The new station, which will be used to develop the export trade, was built by W. E. Branch, Radio engineer who constructed WBAP, WBBM, WCCO and WREC. J. N. Kincaid, of San Antonio, is financing the new station project and is president of the company.

Arrangements have been made with a recording firm to operate studios in conjunction with XIBC. Regular auditions will be held for the tryouts of Mexicans in the making of phonograph records.



One of the most popular programs at KMMJ, the Gospel Singers, as their name implies, confine themselves to old hymns. Dent Holcomb, tenor, Mrs. H. H. Johnson, soprano, Mrs. Mildred Packard, contralto, and Fred N. Hodges, bass, are heard thirty minutes daily except Sunday, when they are on the air for an hour.

Stands on "Richest Hill"

ONE of the highest stations in the world, the transmitter of KGIR stands almost 6,000 feet above sea level on the "richest hill on earth," Butte, Montana. The only station between the Twin Cities and Spokane that is heard in Montana the year 'round, KGIR is truly in a class by itself.

Studios in both Butte and Anaconda, connected by 27 miles of direct wire, furnish programs daily from seven in the morning to midnight to not only the wealthy mining center of Butte, but to the great open spaces of farming and grazing territory for miles around.

Many of the most prominent business men and women in Montana are included on the advisory board of KGIR. Programs of the NBC are used regularly, and application has been made for an increase from 250 to 1,000 watts.

* * *

A new personality steps to the mike at KFH. It is the "Jingle Lady," and she is accompanied by the Dwarfie twine. This program comes from Council Bluffs on Wednesdays and Fridays.



Louis Bishop plays the piano and accordion at WJAG, and has attracted quite a following by his ability and personality.



Bill Hawkins, at the right, thinks he is the director of this KGIR studio orchestra, but Mrs. Bill, who tickles the ivories, is the real director, and no foolin'.

Introducing Dr. Brinkley

TO KNOW Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Brinkley, and "Johnnie Boy" of KFKB, is to love them. Indeed, you will find a happy devoted family—and little John Richard III is a regular boy and admired by everyone. He loves to go quietly into Dr. Brinkley's private office and give to Radioland some of his childish chatter, thus winning the hearts of thousands with the sound of his sweet voice.



He is a little heart breaker, too, and many a little miss would like to be his "sweetie;" letters and valentines are pouring in for him. Dr. and Mrs. Brinkley are devoting their time and money for the good of humanity, and all the patients at the hospital welcome the smile and ringing laugh of Mrs. Brinkley as she makes her daily trips to the hospital rooms.

Dr. Brinkley gives daily lectures over KFKB, which is owned and operated by him. These lectures deal with health, religion, and fraternalism. The medical question box is nation wide. Thousands love to listen to him, and the letters come to him by the scores.

* * *

At 11:00 P. M. every Saturday night, KFH presents their regular Saturday Night Revue. At this time you will hear all the entertainers as they do their bit for KFH.

TOM MURRAY of Stage and Screen Fame at KTM—Wildhack and Cugat Entertain in Own Respective Fashions

Painter and Performer

YIELD to Air Call



Wow! What a fiddle! Did you ever see anything quite as impressive looking as that great big instrument? It must be the bass of all basses used by the Seattle Tamburitza orchestra at KOL.

By Ralph L. Power

ANOTHER film fellow has gone Radio. Tom Murray is the fond male parent of the Murray Sisters, famed vaudeville duo. He has done character and straight parts in the films for years.

Perhaps you remember his work with Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush." It was Tom's cabin that fell over the bank and got buried in the snow avalanche. When the shot was taken it was 112 degrees, but that is another story.

Tom still does bits for the talkies . . . dialect mostly, especially negro character speaking. In natural role his kindly demeanor, scraggly sideburns and twinkling eyes have won him many friends.

Now he's on the KTM staff regularly —appearing on the KTM ranch hour (unsponsored) week days from 7 to 8 a. m. and Friday evening at eight o'clock.

He sings plaintive cowboy melodies, chants cute little ditties of the plains, yodels a mean tenor and strums valiantly away on his favorite overgrown uke—a guitar instrument.

Years ago Robert Wildhack used to illustrate covers for Leslies, Colliers, Judge and other eastern publications. Then health failed and he moved to Tujunga, California, to recuperate.

He gave a series of Thursday night broadcasts for KHJ until he had a relapse. Now, after a year's absence, he is back again to take part in the Merry Makers' frolic each Thursday at 8 p. m.

Bob, for the most part, carries out the theme of his old Victor records of snores and sneezes. Why, when a man can get the announcer snoring or sneezing with him, he must be good.

Wildhack hunts and traps snores and sneezes in the most out of the way places in the world. He creeps up on them in a Pullman car or in the dark recesses of mountain caverns. Some of his creations mimic the sparse, maidenly school teacher, the phlegmatic drummer, or the dignified old walrus who clips coupons.

Of course, besides the rare specimens from foreign lands, there is also the common or garden variety.

If gathered in one place, and all functioning at the same time, Wildhack's snores would make a more tremendous

They Want It Different

By Dianne Dix

"IF IT'S different we want it—to give to you," say the "big shots" at KFWI. And just for a sample they tell about their Radio Question Box, the giving of piano lessons over the air, which is designed to help the average listener get the best from his set; Trials and Tribulations of the Oakleys, the last being an intimate married life skit. There are others, but it's seldom interesting to read a list of features.

Among the other things boasted of (although it's supposed to be something of a secret) by this 'Frisco station is the youngest program director on the coast, Henry C. Blank by name. Rolf Dean Metcalf, the chief announcer, is a native son who received his mike training around southern California's stations. Metcalf is also an accomplished pianist and writer.

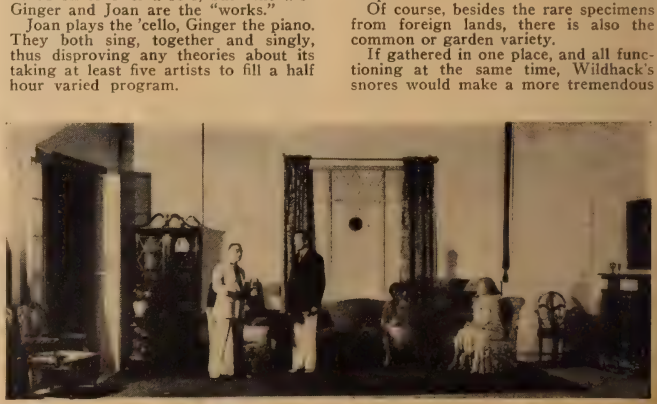
"Old Timer's" other name is Charles Glenn, and his big job is serving as day announcer. He brags that he knows some 2,800 old time songs. Every now and then he runs a contest, trying to find a fan who can stump him, but no one has yet had that honor.

* * *

JOAN and Ginger are two charming maids who present a program over KYA every afternoon. Their half hour is one of diversity, despite the fact that there are only two little girls responsible.

Once in a while Dud Williamson, master of ceremonies at the station, is called on to offer a solo, but otherwise Ginger and Joan are the "works."

Joan plays the 'cello, Ginger the piano. They both sing, together and singly, thus disproving any theories about its taking at least five artists to fill a half hour varied program.



A new use for Radio which proved its adaptability as entertainment was recently exemplified when the Portland, Oregon, Civic theatre, in putting on a play, used a receiving set in place of an orchestra. The music was broadcast from KXL especially for the theatre production.



The theatrical magazine, Variety, recently stated that Charlie Wellman was one of three or four authentic Radio personalities which have been developed on the Pacific Coast. Well, believe it or not, here is the latest picture of The Prince of Pep and his Peppers as they broadcast from KHJ.

roar than Niagara and his sneezes, if assembled under one roof, would make a miniature Kansas cyclone.

Look what Xavier Cugat has gone and done . . . . brought a bandoneones to KFWB's prize studio. Sounds like a patent medicine, doesn't it? But it's only a type of piano-accordion brought back from gay Paree by a couple of musicians in his new Tango Orchestra, which he directs when not indulging in his gentle hobby of caricaturing the great and near great of the broadcasting world for Radio Digest readers.

* * *

SUNDAY nights are big nights for fans who listen to KFWB, for those are the times when Hollywood's headliners take the air. Famous stars of the screen are on when the First National's Studio hour is heard from eight to nine o'clock of a Sunday evening.



Look! That's Glen Eaton pointing at you, Glen of the silvery tenor voice, who is a daily feature from KJR and stations affiliated with the Northwest Broadcast system.



Hal G. Nichols is the jovial president-manager of the firm, Nichols and Warinner, Inc,, owners of KFOX in Long Beach. Mr. Nichols presides as Master of Ceremonies at many of the programs and takes the part of the Teacher in the famous Buttercream School. In a recent questionnaire answered by the listeners-in, he was judged the most popular announcer at the station, which is due to his inimitable manner of making his audiences "see as well as hear" his programs.

Broadcasts India's Lure

LAL CHAND MEHRA gets another break in Radio. Three years ago he gave some unique KHJ programs with a broadcast each month of the weird melodies of India, played on native instruments, with speaking parts interspersing the chants.

All the audience had to do was to turn the lights low, scatter a bit of incense around the parlor, sit cross legged on the floor and the Radio did the rest.

But the KHJ programs of that time were unsponsored and consequently unpaid.

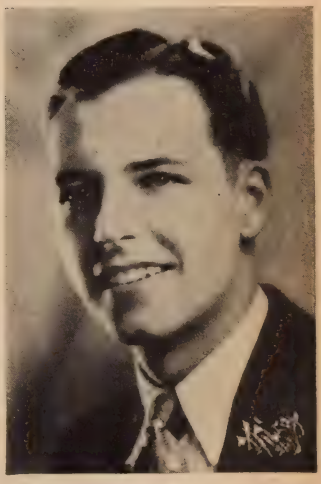
So Lal Chand did some lecturing for the state university, talked at women's clubs, and worked in the talkies.

Perhaps you saw him as one of the doormen in "The Thirteenth Chair," and he did the technical directing for "The Green Goddess" production.

KFWB has been giving him another Radio break . . . giving some brief chats, to the accompaniment of a musical background played purposely by Ray Martinez and his Pacific Salon Orchestra.

* * *

Maybe you think that policemen haven't got a heart, or that they don't fall for that sentimental stuff! You're mistaken. Sentiment? Say, if you listen to them over KDYL at Salt Lake City on Friday afternoons at 4 o'clock, you would take back anything you would have liked to tell that cop that pinched you the other day! Twenty-five of the warblers of the Salt Lake police are making a real hit.



Would you ever, ever think that this jolly looking young fellow would have the title of uncle? But he has, he's Uncle Ben of the Kangaroos, and George Snell when acting as announcer at KDYL.



Here they are, the Four Pals of KFWM. William and Douglas Weaver, Dr. W. S. Holdaway and Earl Pugh entertain every Monday evening with Southern melodies and other selections.

Destiny, Fate Join to Decree Radio for Jean

***By* Carl T. Nunan**

DESTINY decreed and fate provided that Jean Campbell Crowe, KPO's program director, should become one of the best known and loved woman program arrangers of the nation.

But little did Mrs. Harriett Gray dream of this truth as she sat one day and listened to her orphaned grand-daughter, Jean Campbell, then five years old, playing in an astonishing manner a number of piano compositions that usually require a much more matured artist to do them justice. Fortunately for Miss Jean her governess, a Miss Josephine Carr, was of noble English birth and an accomplished musician. Circumstances had forced her to take up her station in the Gray home on a New Orleans plantation and one of the things she had done was to secretly give the embryo program director piano lessons.



At the conclusion of the private musicale, Mrs. Gray decided that the child prodigy of the family should eventually become one of America's best pianists. Through the years that decision has borne fruit.

Nine years after that memorable audition given her grandmother, Jean Campbell was ready for her first concert tour. She was then 14 years old. For one year she toured throughout the country as accompanist and piano soloist of recitals given by the Russian violin virtuoso, Von Rola Machielinski. At the conclusion of the successful tour she returned to Chicago and became identified with the Studebaker Theatre, where she appeared as accompanist of many world famous artists.

Then came that eventful time in every girl's life. Marriage. And of course with it came the inevitable question—"a career or marriage?" Both won. The now Mrs. Frederick Crowe decided that she could with success divide her time between her home life and a career—and she succeeded. While not busy as a Director of the National Board of Federation of Music Clubs or pursuing the duties exacted of a State President of Federation of Music Clubs of Illinois or as President of Illinois Music Teachers' Association, positions in which she established an enviable reputation of progressive administrations—Mrs. Crowe raised her son Granville, who is now in Seattle as the advertising representative of the Shell Oil company, in charge of the Northwest territory—and a son any woman would be proud of.

Aside from music Mrs. Crowe's "hobby" is Indian study, she being a noted lecturer on the subject. For years, the silver haired director of programs for KPO has spent much of her time collecting Indian rugs and Indian relics. Many of the rare objects of Indian art she has collected are to be seen at the Affiliated Colleges in San Francisco.

Whole Nation Listens to KFWM Program

WHAT is said to be the largest national broadcast ever to originate in the Far West had KFWM of Oakland as the key station when it was put on the air April 27. At that time Judge J. F. Rutherford, known for his broadcasting in the past on Bible subjects, was the feature of this nation-wide hookup.

More than 100 stations took part in the broadcast, which was issued during two separate periods. Fifty-five stations in the eastern part of the United States carried the first half of the broadcast from 6 until 7 o'clock, Pacific time. The remaining stations handled the rest of the broadcast from 10 to 11 o'clock the same evening.

The program was scheduled for rebroadcast by several short-wave stations, including WGY of Schenectady, N. Y., KNX of Hollywood and W8XF of Cleveland.

With the huge chain of stations coupled with the short-wave transmitters, it was possible to hear the entire program over the entire earth. Gustave Hoffman's Orchestra Supreme in entertaining and tantalizing melodies was also a feature of the broadcast.



Bob Gleason, former operator of KOMO, was the wireless man on the schooner Nanuk, frozen in north of Siberia for many months, center of the search for the lost flier, Carl Ben Eielson. Picture shows the Nanuk leaving Seattle, inset is of Gleason.



Rather a nice pose, don't you think? C. Robert Dickey is broadcast manager of CHML at Hamilton, Ontario.

Isabelle Burnada Nearly Weaned on Spirituals

EVEN before she could talk, Isabelle Burnada was humming Negro spirituals, learned from her colored mammy in the distant island of Mauritius. The romantic legend of Paul and Virgina and associated stories of the depredations of the great pirate Surcouf, who long terrorized the Indian ocean, have made famous this land of hidden treasure.

Miss Burnada's Canadian home has always been in British Columbia, and she started serious study in Vancouver. Her musical education was made possible through the interest of Patrick Burns of Calgary. After a year of study in Vancouver Miss Burnada continued her work for six years under European masters.

It was during her third year on the Continent that she was able to make good on an opportunity that sounds almost like a fairy tale. She was studying with Marcil Boudouresque of the Opera Comique in Paris. He was engaged to take part in a great charity concert at the Gallo-Roman theatre at Orange, France, which dates back to the days of Julius Caesar.

At the last moment Boudouresque was taken ill and Miss Burnada took his place. It was her first appearance on an important occasion, and she was naturally nervous. At the conclusion of her first solo there arose a spontaneous din of applause that hailed a new star, a previously unknown Canadian girl who had become famous over night.

Miss Burnada has toured the United States and Canada, as well as successfully appearing in England. She was presented on the CNR Radio network.

* * *

Wishart Campbell, well-known Canadian baritone and artist on CNR programs with the All-Canada Symphony hour, is of Scotch descent, only son of the Rev. Neil Campbell. Born in Oro, Ontario, Campbell took up the study of piano when but six years old. Graduating from the University of Toronto, he taught for a time and then began vocal studies. His repertoire embraces over twenty-five arias and 500 songs and ballads.

Barber Shop Songs Bring

FAME to SAMMY

One-Man Combination Characters Offered by "The Nova Scotian Lauder" Popular with CHNS Listeners—Singing Barber Shields Warbles 'Most Anything Put to Music

By Verner A. Bower

FOR years untold fame of the barber shop quartettes as music makers has rung throughout the world. Down in Halifax, Nova Scotia, there is a new barber one-man combination in Sammy Shields, "The Nova Scotian Lauder."

Star of the Simpson Radio hour, one of the premier features of CHNS, Sammy by his versatile performance has become one of the best known figures behind the mike in Halifax. Eminent as a soloist long before the coming of broadcasting Sammy stepped before the mike in an interpretation of Sir Harry Lauder and became famous in a night. Ever versatile, he did not stop there but carried his efforts further, appearing in English comedy characters. But it is striding up and down in swishing kilts that Sammy is best loved.

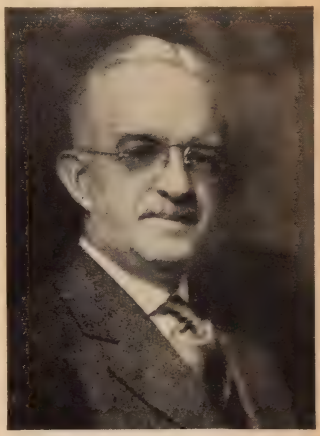
Prominent as a tenor soloist with the George MacDonald Opera company, Sammy early became popular as the "Singing Barber." The coming of Radio meant but an extending of his audience.

Like Sir Harry he has many droll stories. On one occasion a listener called up CHNS and asked the number of the Lauder record just played. It was Sammy Shields!

At the top of the Roy building, one of the new business blocks, on Barrington street, there is a red and white pillar announcing a barber shop. In neat black letters are the words "Sam Shields, Prop." Inside Sammy sits in a white coat just like any other ordinary barber. But—not quite like any other barber. Like any other Scotch barber. For no one could doubt Sammy was a Scotchman!

"What are you singing now, Sammy?" he was asked.

"Why, I sing anything! It doesn't matter. I sing a lot of the popular Feist Jazz songs. Feist sends them to me and the people like them. But, of course, I prefer the Scotch songs! But if I have to I can be an Englishman, too!"



The genial good nature and outstanding ability of Ralph W. Ashcroft has made him exceptionally popular as general manager of CKGW and done much to put the station at the front of Canadian broadcasting.



The string quartet of CFAC is the delight of Radio fans throughout Alberta and the Canadian West. Jascha Galperin plays the violin, Cecil Kappey the piano, Ted Harvey the 'cello, and W. Harris the bass violin.

Here's Answer to Daily Problem

What Shall We Have to Eat Today? Mary Hale Martin Plans and Prepares Tempting Meals Daily

SOME sage once remarked that everyone eats every day, inferring therefrom that anything which pertains to this eating would be of widespread interest, and that those engaged in the program of supplying this diurnal human occupation would prosper.

In setting up his hypothesis, however, he either overlooked or entirely disregarded the fact that the very truth of it makes for monotony. True it is that everyone eats or tries to eat every day—day after day and day after day—until the process, unless enlivened with new interest and zest, becomes little more than a necessary habit. And while housewives rack their brains, husbands grumble.

"What shall we have to eat today?"

It is an international question and the bugaboo of many a woman. Usually, she runs the gamut of steak, pork chops, lamb chops, veal, and ham and so on back again in desperation, fervently and heartily wishing at almost all times that there were some new dish or some new way of preparing an old dish which she could easily learn about. But generally she hesitates to try out the various recipes which she sees in cook-books, or she never gets time to look these recipes up, and while she rushes through her household tasks, the dread specter is ever before her:

"What shall we have to eat today?"

With a sympathetic knowledge of just how universal this question is, Mary Hale Martin, a young lady who does marvelous things with pots and pans and foods in her model kitchen at the plant of Libby, McNeill and Libby in Chicago, has taken it as the theme of her Wednesday morning broadcasts over Station KFKX and a National Broadcasting company coast-to-coast network. And in proof of how correct she was in her assumption that this is a vital problem to the average American housewife, come back every week thousands upon thousands of letters from women in every part of the country, letters calling her attention to some new way to serve this or that food, expressing pleasure in some dish which she has told about in her morning talk or asking some question about some particular recipe, about arrangements for some luncheon or dinner the writer is planning and about almost everything conceivable connected with food.

THE Mary Hale Martin Household Period, as the program is called officially, goes on the air every Wednesday at 9:45 (EST). The talks themselves are broadcast direct from the spotless model kitchen which, with the quaint early American dining room and offices adjoining, make up the Mary Hale Martin suite in the Libby plant. With a microphone on her work table, Miss Martin mixes up her tempting concoctions and tells her thousands of listeners what she is doing as she does it. No recipe is broadcast until it has been tried out in actual service in the kitchen and has been given the final "proof of the pudding" test in the adjoining dining room.

From all over the country, her women listeners send ideas for new and tempting dishes to supplement the ingenuity of Mary Hale and her assistants. Perhaps it will be a new way of roasting pork; perhaps only another method of serving such a plebian dish as corned beef hash. Any and all are welcome. All are tried out, tested, eaten. And when Wednesday morning comes around, Mary Hale Martin has a new series of dishes ready for the food-wearied housewife to try.



In her spotless kitchen Mary Hale Martin cooks tasty meals that are an answer to the housewife's daily problem, describing each step in the cooking for the benefit of her listening audience.

This week, perhaps, she will talk about salads and, after a general discussion of this particular part of the meal, she will give specific recipes which she and her assistants have tried out in their kitchen during the week.

"For a delicious asparagus and egg salad," she will tell her listeners, "take one No. 1 can of asparagus tips, lettuce, six hard-boiled eggs, three tablespoons of chopped stuffed olives, one-half tablespoon of mustard, parsley and one-half cup of French dressing. Arrange three asparagus tips on each serving of lettuce. Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Mash yolks and mix with chopped stuffed olives and mustard. Refill egg whites and garnish with parsley. Serve with French dressing. Recipe serves six."

DESSERTS may be featured in another talk and a recipe, such as the following, "from the kitchen of Mary Hale Martin," will be broadcast:

Butterscotch and Peach Tapioca

1 cup evaporated milk
2 cups water
⅔ cup granulated tapioca
¾ cup dark brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon butter
1 No. 2½ can peaches

Dilute and scald milk. Add tapioca and cook in double boiler until clear and slightly thickened. Add brown sugar and salt. Combine with beaten egg yolk and cook a few minutes longer. Remove from fire, add flavoring and butter and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fill peach halves, turned cut side up. Serve with plain or fruit sauce. Recipe serves seven.

Getting down to the more prosaic dishes, such recipes as the following for Sauerkraut Turban, are given:

Mashed potatoes (about 4 cups)
1 No. 2½ can sauerkraut
3 strips bacon
1 medium onion
¼ cup catchup
2 No. ½ cans Vienna sausage

Fill buttered ring mold with hot mashed potatoes. Set in oven to keep hot. Cut strips of bacon in small pieces and cook until crisp. Remove bacon from fat and add minced onion to fat. Brown and add bacon, catchup and sauerkraut. Simmer in covered pan for 20 minutes. In the meantime, heat sausage according to directions on can. Unmold potatoes on hot platter and fill center with hot sauerkraut. Garnish outside mold with sausage and serve at once. Recipe serves six.

Officially, Mary Hale Martin's title is director of the Libby, McNeill & Libby Home Economics department, and this girl, to whom the University of Wisconsin gave her theoretical knowledge about what is this and what is that in the way of food, vitamins and all the other things that anyone with such a title is supposed to know, has very definite ideas about what modern dining room practices should include.

CREATION of new dishes or new ways of serving old dishes is not in itself sufficient, she will tell you, as she gazes intently for a moment into the oven of her ultra modern electric range or mixes up some savory smelling compounds. "We aim to create dishes that will not only taste good but that will digest easily, as well," she says.

"It is one thing to desire a certain delicacy. It is another to be able to digest it, and in our work here, we, so to speak, keep one eye on the taste and the other on the digestive tract."

The suite in which Mary Hale Martin and her associates work is one which would send envy through almost any housewife. It is located in the midst of

(Continued on page 126)

The Voice of the Listener

A Boon to Shut-Ins

HAVING been a shut-in for almost five years and a bedridden invalid, at that, never to walk again, according to physicians, I wish to say a few words of praise, and thanks to your most valuable and entertaining Radio magazine, especially in behalf of the many shut-ins throughout this great land.

I have only been a reader of the Digest for a short time, and I certainly enjoy and appreciate the pictures and news of the various artists and stations. I especially enjoy the pictures and stories of people who broadcast the sacred programs from the different stations and networks, as sermons and sacred music are my favorite programs.

I don't believe there is another publication which keeps the public so well posted on the activities of the artist and broadcaster as you do, and that is what the Radio-fan is interested in.

May I suggest that you give us the news and activities of the Federal Radio Commission, in regards to the changes which they make from time to time with the stations, and also when a station gets a permit for an increase in power, etc.? I'm sure this would be of much interest to your readers. May I also suggest that you print less fiction, and include more news of the field of Radio. Some fiction is all right, but it shouldn't take up too much space in a Radio magazine.

Will you please make me a member of the V. O. L. correspondence club.—A. F. Day, Sergent, Ky.

* * *

W. K. Henderson Forever!

W. K. Henderson and his station, "The Voice of the People," is doing more good for the American people than any other station on the air.

I believe that KWKH cannot be equaled by any station on the air today for service, education, amusement and dependability.

If we had more stations putting on good educational fights against the chain stores, instead of all this chain stuff on the air every night by 40 to 50 stations on all of the wave lengths, this country would be going through this panic caused by the chain stores.

I am a boy, 19 years old, just out of high school, and there is no future as long as these Wall Street chains run this country. Here's to KWKH!

Every free born American citizen should vote, fight and help KWKH, which has more listeners than any other station in America—bar none.

I certainly enjoyed the October issue, for it told about Mr. Henderson. I hope the day will not come when we will be forced to listen to these rotten chain programs that fill the dial.—Thomas A. Troutman, Carl Junction, Mo.

* * *

Where Do We Go Now?

I was dumbfounded on reading the article, "Where Do We Go?" by Elsie Robinson in the March Radio Digest.

I had supposed Radio Digest confined itself to the news of the Radio World, a field indeed large and interesting. Dabbling in religious and irreligious theories in R. D. would be an unwise venture.

If Elsie Robinson feels she must "enlighten" (?) the world with her irreligious findings regarding the next world (and that is her privilege), let her burden some so-called religious periodical with the article.

I, for one, do not want to be insulted by such rot as Elsie Robinson dished out in her "Where Do We Go?" and cannot be counted as a subscriber to such stuff. There are thousands of other readers who think the same, but probably will not go to the trouble of telling you.

I would be pleased to have an explanation why such an article appeared in Radio Digest.—Jos. J. Dalhoff, Sacred Heart Rectory, Early, Iowa.

* * *

When Have We Not Used One?

As suggestions are in order most any time, I am writing to suggest something to you for your very interesting magazine. As you know, a book first gets its publicity and becomes known by its name and its contents. It arouses much interest in the literary world, at first, but after awhile it just falls into the routine of things. There must be something to make it stand out from the other monthly magazines. For instance, Liberty has one of the most popular covers on any magazine. People are interested in "Lil and Her Adventures," because they seem real and are human. The Photoplay has a cover that is quick to catch the eye. Why? Because it has a real live person on it and one to whom people look with interest.

Well, so much for the other magazines. Your magazine has a name that is field for ample material. People of the Radio world are vastly interested in the personalities they hear from time to time over the Radio. I am a Radio fan, and I certainly am interested in any artist I have heard. Well, why not make your magazine stand out from the rest by placing a picture of a Radio artist on the cover of your book? We certainly want to see and know them "In Person" as well as "In Spirit." Your field is so large and diversified that you could never make the rounds. It would certainly give your book a personality that would pay and would also help the Radio dealer. Things that are before our eyes you can't forget. Hoping you give my suggestion a consideration that is its due.—Miss Dorothy Myers, 1829 W. Craig Pl., San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

What Say, V. O. L. Club Members?

In reading your editorial comment, I notice you invite anyone to write regarding the current practice of Radio stations being reluctant to identify themselves to the listener.

I fully agree with you on this subject, and think there should be some plan worked out whereby the Radio stations would be informed of the listening public demands for more frequent station announcements. What is the matter with them? Are they ashamed of their station or program? Or do they want to take all the available time advertising some kind of "plow points," high pull gasoline or reading a lot of "high brow" gab about some near great composer or composition (which the announcer himself has no inkling of what it is all about). Of course, I am not in favor of a historical sketch of the station and its owners, but just a simple, "This is station KDKO," at the end of every selection.

I am a DX hound, and have spent as much as one hour and thirty minutes to be absolutely sure of the station to which I had been listening, and again sometimes to have them fade completely out, never to return again that night. Just recently I listened patiently for forty-eight minutes to a program consisting mostly of blue notes from an "applesauce" grand studio organ, before being informed that the program was coming from Los Angeles. Then, again, I listened for one hour to what I thought was a Colorado station, but was informed it was a station not 40 miles away. I hope there can be enough sentiment stirred up to demand the broadcasters to favor us with a station announcement at least every 15 minutes.

I enjoy reading your magazine, and believe you can improve it by adding a couple of pages devoted to the DX listener and short wave fan. Put it up to your readers and see if they will indorse it.—H. C. Graham, 827 Wayne Ave., Indiana, Pa.

* * *

Help for Dr. Tydings

Would this help C. O. Tydings, M. D., of Louisville, Ky.? San Juan, Porto Rico, is a distance of 1,380 miles from New York; Chicago, Ill., 2,000 miles; Denver, Colo., 2,600 miles. San Juan broadcasts each Wednesday 8 to 9:30 p. m.; Saturday, 10 to 11 p. m.; Monday, 8:30 to 10 p. m. One hour earlier than Eastern Standard time. Got this direct from WKAQ, San Juan, on February 13, 1930.—Mrs. J. H. Brown, 681 Highland Ave., Meadville, Pa.

* * *

Chains or Independents

Give the independent stations a break. Why not a contest to determine which is enjoyed most—chain or independent. Your magazine contains too much about the chains, which have nearly complete control of the air. We feel sorry for the future of Radio if this chain business gets any worse.—R. M. Trierweiler, Woodbine, Iowa.

* * *

Liked February Best of All

The February issue of Radio Digest is the best in many a moon. We enjoyed it especially because it told us interesting things about characters and people that appeal to us—Amos 'n' Andy, Weener Minstrels, Floyd Gibbons, Milton Cross, Vaughn de Leath. Wishing you continued success.—Mrs. I. B. Kite, 4212 Center St., Houston, Texas.

* * *

For Once—Praise the Chains

In your "Across the Desk" column, you suggest that announcers should give the call letters of the station more frequently than they do.

It seems to me that it is only those who do not belong to a chain that withhold their announcements for long intervals.

The stations associated with the Columbia and NBC networks announce with a certain regularity. Those smaller, independent stations seem to be the ones for whose announcements we wait. Haven't you found that so?

Another matter: Oftentimes we tune in on a musical number which sounds familiar, but the name of which we cannot speak. A few years ago the announcers gave the names of music, played both before and afterwards. Now, the practice seems to be to announce only once—before.

I wonder how much more time it would take to announce the number twice—both before and after it has been played?—Edward G. Gaylord, Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

Curious About Chain Programs

I am a Radio fan and interested in the programs the two networks present. Radio Digest has been my favorite magazine since I bought my first copy one year ago, and has up till now brought me a picture of each of my favorite artists. I would suggest that your magazine print an article on how a network program is put over. I know it would be appreciated by all interested Radio fans.—George Dorr, Jr., Bronx, New York City.

* * *

We Print Every Name Stations Send Us

Do not throw this in the waste basket until you realize I am voicing the sentiment of others as well as myself. Why—yes, why—do you continue to omit the names of anyone broadcasting at stations KFNF (Henry Field's Station at Shenandoah, Iowa) and KWKH (W. K. Henderson's station at Shreveport, Louisiana) in your "Who's Who in Broadcasting"?—Mrs. Gus McCarty, Draper, S. D.

* * *

As Necessary as Tubes

Wish to tell you how much we enjoy your magazine. It is as necessary to us as the tubes in our Radio and cannot suggest any way you could improve it. Would very much like to see an article on Al and Pete, as we think they are one of the best teams on the air.—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sanderson, Maywood, Ill.

* * *

Always Something New

I heard some one advertising Radio Digest and I bought one. The outstanding thing I found in it was that the listeners want something different, and more frequent announcement of call letters. Listening over the Radio reminds one of a boarding house—hash on Monday, light rolls on Tuesday, etc. My pleasure is finding something new.—F. A. Parsons, Beverly, W. Va.

* * *

Better Than That—This Issue

It wasn't until recently that I discovered how wonderful Radio Digest really is. I immediately subscribed for it. Now, I desire to become a member of your V. O. L. correspondence club. I am going to ask a couple of favors of you. I am more than interested in Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. I understand from the V. O. L. that you have had articles on him. Would you please send me the issue or issues which contain these articles? I will immediately send the money for the same. I also agree with another V. O. L. member: Let's have an article on Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.—Howard Hall, Dundee, N. Y.

* * *

How About It, DX'ers?

On Saturday, February 15, at 8:45 p. m., and again on the following Saturday at the same hour, I tuned in a station in Havana, Cuba, operating on 500 meters. I was unable to get the call letters because of their being announced in Spanish. This station had four call letters which sounded like CMOL or CMAL. I am in doubt as to what the third call letter is. Perhaps some reader may be able to tell me. Station WGBS in New York City operates on this wavelength, so I cannot tune in this Cuban station only at times. Also, on March 3rd, at 9 p. m., I tuned in a foreign station on about 504 meters, just below the station I mentioned above. It was rather faint, therefore I was unable to find out the location. I could find no stations such as these two listed in four or five up-to-date logs, and, therefore, I ask your assistance. I shall be waiting for the next issue of Radio Digest.—John A. Bucek, Oakdale, N. Y.

* * *

Found and Lost Because of Elsie

I have purchased my first copy of Radio Digest through the advertised feature article on "Amos 'n' Andy," and, incidentally, my last, through the

essay or what have you, entitled: "Where Do We Go," by Elsie Robinson. I fail to see how an article of such insolent nature fits into a magazine of this character, therefore my best means of protest is to refrain from further patronage.—James F. Casey, 6111 McMahon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

Like a "Talking Movie"

Let me say the Radio Digest is one fine book. Amos 'n' Andy story is great, also full of fine pictures of who is who in Radio land. I've seen nothing like it yet. Radio Digest is like a talkie-movie—if one looks at it while listening in one can both hear and see.—Alexander Day, Glidden, Sask., Canada.

* * *

These Fans Are Mad at WENR

In all the years that we have had a Radio, the programs from WLS have always suited us the best. We have the WLS Family Album, so we know what the announcers and stars look like, and can recognize their voices as soon as we hear them. When WENR crowded them off the air we were just mad.—Mrs. O. F. Fairbank, Waupun, Wis.

* * *

Listen, You Announcers!

In your March issue and Across the Desk you have expressed my sentiments exactly in regard to what should happen to some of these mush mouthed announcers. This is my first letter to anyone about Radio. But it seems to me you have it in your power more than any one else to relieve the long suffering "listeners in." I have sat up several nights to log a few of the hard to get stations. But always get disgusted by 2 o'clock, tune out and go to bed. I could write a good one act playlet on the way some of these announcers cut up. The wonder to me is why are they on the air—they never announce the station, and about all they ever play is dance tunes, and they seem to forget that there may be 10 to 50 other stations on or near enough their wave length to interfere if they don't make their station announcement right at the end of their music. KFI of Los Angeles has the right idea. As soon as the stunt, whatever it may be, is over you hear at once, "KFI, Los Angeles." If you have been tuned in on music and are getting it at all you can surely get that. It's up to you, Mr. Editor, to pound them on the back. I have been a reader of the Digest for some time, and have been tempted before to write about this. And, as you have started the question, give those would-be announcers something to think about. More power to your fist.—B. A. Dunn, Wichita, Kan.

* * *

Well Worth Waiting For

I'm only sorry I didn't know the Digest was in existence till I heard someone say the Amos 'n' Andy story in it was fine. So I decided to buy one. I bought March's and got an old one from my paper man. I had to wait three days for it, but it was worth waiting for. I was so glad to see WENR leading that I wanted to send mine, too. I think WENR is the best station, as it is nearly all home talent, that is, not many chain programs, and we surely enjoy it.—Mrs. W. J. Forbes, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Here's a Chance to Brag, DX'ers

Please inform the writer what person or persons have received the largest number of broadcasting stations on a one-tube set.—J. Allen Perry, 529 Russell St., Covington, Ky.

* * *

Stations Want Letters But Won't Answer

I would like to tell you how we like your magazine. Glad to see KWKH, or Deggonit Henderson, as we call him, had such good backing. Re stations not answering letters—lots of them will ask listeners to write, but we have never got an answer from any of them. I wish there was a contest started for the best and plainest announcing. The most of them are too long between times, and snap it out as if they were ashamed of their town. We have some good announcers on the coast, but there is one I wish was ten or twelve thousand miles from here, and I'll bet we would have no bother catching his station letters. He sings out loud and slow, "This is C—K—M—O, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada." Re foreign stations—I wish they would at least give their call letters in English, too. I have lots of times, about two or three in the morning, got several stations I could not understand a word of.—A. Knay, Abbottsford, B. C.

* * *

No Partiality Intended

We want to tell you that the Radio Digest is the most popular piece of reading matter that comes into our home, and that is saying something, for we have twelve periodicals coming to us every month, to say nothing of two daily papers. However, there is one thing we cannot understand, and that is why you say so little about the artists with the Columbia System? They have some wonderful talent, and their announcers are equal to any on the air, and surpassed by none.

Can we not hope to see the faces of these announcers on the pages of the Digest soon? And we certainly would not overlook Miss Yolande Langworthy. She is certainly worthy of a full page photo.

When reading the Digest, now, one gets the impression that the only real stars are shining for the NBC. Please do not think we are unappreciative of the NBC—we enjoy their better things immensely, and they certainly have a wonderful lineup, but we would also like to hear and see something from the Columbia System—or I should have said MORE of the CBS staff and artists.—C. M. Flynn, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Likes Recorded Programs

The editorial on page six of current issue of Radio Digest will appeal to many as meriting a word of commendation. I have long wondered at the prevalent disparagement of the broadcasting of phonograph records and the disfavor with which the use of such program material is said to be regarded by the Federal Radio Commission. To my mind a good record, having regard to technical quality and regardless of subject matter, put on the air in the best manner, is to be preferred to much of the output of the so-called "studio artists."

Organ music seems to present technical difficulties. Most we hear is certainly bad. It is reported WBAL has recently developed a new type of microphone giving better low-note pick-up. However, the primary cause of the poor organ programs appears to be the dearth of capable organists, or, at least, failure to develop a technique adapted to Radio reproduction.

Your paragraph dealing with station announcements is very timely. Apart from chain programs no valid reason appears why stations should not announce call letters after each number. This very thing is done by some of our best stations—at times. Perhaps a persistent agitation of the matter would induce them to make it routine procedure in all cases. I hope you will continue the good work.—J. L. Edmiston, Riverside, Calif.

* * *

Glad to Oblige, Mrs. Kroupa

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. I like it the best of all Radio magazines that I have seen. The only trouble is the long wait between issues. The October number was the first I had seen. Hope you will soon have a picture of Everett Mitchell in a coming number, as you have had pictures of Gene Arnold and Paul McCluer, and we are interested in all WENR artists and announcers.—Mrs. Frank V. Kroupa, Racine, Wis.

* * *

Right to the Point

I was first introduced to Radio Digest over WLS and find it to be just what a Radio magazine should be. It is brief and to the point, and not technical.

The pictures and stories about the different stations are very interesting and acquaint us with the many folks whom we hear but never see.—Louise Bihl, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

One for You This Month

As I am a reader of the Radio Digest, I would like to know how I can get the pictures of Ted Husing and Frank Knight and Don Ball, announcers of the Columbia Broadcasting Company. Also the picture of Marley R. Sherris of the National Broadcasting Company. I have a Radio scrap book, and I keep all the worthwhile persons in it.—Mrs. R. A. Bowen, 76 First St., Eastport, Md.

* * *

You're Welcome, Miss Rawlings

I have been receiving the Radio Digest since December, and I certainly enjoy it, especially the history of Amos 'n' Andy, the popular comedians; also photographs of the announcers and artists. Wish you could have pictures of John S. Young and Alwyn Bach. Was pleased to find the photograph of Milton J. Cross, whom we all enjoy.—Louise Rawlings, Slater, Mo.

* * *

Reads Three Issues in Two Weeks

I have just finished reading the last three numbers of the Radio Digest, and I certainly enjoyed every page, and that is what I mean when I said, "finished reading the last three numbers." I did all the reading in two weeks, besides going to school, and that means some tall reading. I came across an item which said that the listeners should write in and ask for their favorite station pictures, and that is the reason for this letter. Try and get the Dixie Girls and the Hawaiians from station KMA. That does not necessarily say that that is my favorite station, for the owner is against chain broadcasts, while [illegible]k that he is wasting his time trying to d[illegible]y with the good that the chain broadcasts b[illegible] the many listeners. I listen to more chain programs than to programs featured by small stations.—Re[illegible] ford H. Borman, Freeman College, Freeman, S

* * *

In Defense of "Little Fellow"

May I join the V. O. L.? I just wish to offer my support in defense of the small independent broadcasting station. Situated about thirty miles from my section of the good old Empire State, is an independent station, and, if anywhere you can find any better programs than that little 250-watt station projects on the air, you have got to show me. My Radio set brings in a great many different stations, including WLS and WLW during daylight hours, but I consistently turn to the small station as my favorite entertainer.—Fulton Radio Fanette.

* * *

Thinks Lombardo Beats Coon-Sander

I am and have, for a long period, been a staunch friend of your wonderful magazine, and am always looking forward to the next number. This morning I am in my fighting togs (pardon the slang). In my March issue is an article by Virginia Peters, Cincinnati, Ohio, claiming Coon-Sander's orchestra as the most wonderful and only perfect orchestra in the world. Coon-Sanders have a hot dance orchestra, I will allow, but for exquisite beauty and palpitating rhythm Guy Lombardo's music (the sweetest music this side of heaven) is a thing far beyond comparison with any. Please open your heart and give us a little news of the Incomparable and his flourishing conquest of New York. We have not had a good picture of Guy since March issue, 1929. The picture of the Royal Canadians in the November issue is blurred. I agree with Mrs. L. R. Williams, New Providence, Iowa. It would be very interesting to have pictures of all the announcers. I have a Radio album for my Radio favorites (not Paul Whiteman). After all this talk I may not qualify for membership in the "Voice of the Listeners' " club, but you should watch me listen when Guy Lombardo is playing. Thanking you for the many pleasant hours derived from your magazine.—Mrs. J. P. Hvass, 7320 25th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

* * *

They Like Amos 'n' Andy

I am so glad you are running the series of stories about Amos and Andy in Radio Digest. They certainly are one of the best features on the air today. I enjoy the Digest so much, and wouldn't know how to get along without it. I am so glad it comes every month now, and wish it was oftener.—Mrs. J. F. Seiler, Elkhart, Indiana.

* * *

Whole Family Listens

I read in the Milwaukee Journal that Radio Digest was carrying a story telling all about Amos and Andy. Our family is one of the millions that listen to this popular black face team every night, and look forward to hearing Bill Hay's voice announcing them from WMAQ and the NBC. We certainly enjoy reading all about them in your wonderful magazine.—William F. Kroeger, Shocton, Wis.

* * *

Likes "A. and A.," but Oh, Elsie!

I am one of the great multitude of Amos 'n' Andy enthusiasts, and because of your article about them bought my first copy of Radio Digest in March. In my opinion, and I expect to make this the theme of an article on the subject, there are several reasons for the popularity of this team. There have been other similar programs, but usually the actors were not Southerners who understood the Negro, so their impersonations were not convincing. I am a Southerner and I know what I'm writing about. It is Amos who is the artist, and to a large extent makes the programs famous. Andy, it seems, didn't know how to drawl properly until he got the toothache.

Then the boys never resort to vulgarity or insinuations, and, moreover, do not offend anyone's religion, politics or policies. The boys are not original, and are different only because they are real Southerners and thus can understand the Negro and give a convincing impersonation. . . .

But my first was my last copy of your magazine. . . . Can you reasonably explain what business Elsie Robinson's article of "Life After Death" has in a Radio magazine? Is your magazine published for all classes, or just one or two, as one would think after reading that article.

Evidently Miss Robinson has not made a thorough study of the Bible or she wouldn't make some of the statements she does. I was thoroughly disgusted—I don't even want to read the next Amos 'n' Andy article. . . .—Grace Johnson Hall, Freeport, Ohio.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features

Sunday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 a.m.	8	7	6

The Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
454.3	660	WEAF			

Morning Musicale.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WFBM
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WBRC
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
234.4	1280	WDOD	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN
1 p. m.		12 n.	11 a. m.		10 a. m.

National Light Opera.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	312.5	960	CKGW
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW
2		1	12 n.		11

Trotka Bells
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
325.9	920	WMJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
344.6	870	WLS			

Roxy Symphony Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KFAB
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA
3 p.m.		2	1		12 n.

Columbia Male Chorus.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
202.6	1480	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHP	319	940	WFBM
212.6	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	329.2	910	WCCO
220.4	1360	WFBL	395	760	KVI
223.7	1340	KFPY	447.5	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WSPD	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	483.6	620	WLBZ
230.6	1300	KFH	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WTAS	499.7	600	WMT
232.6	1290	KDYL	500	600	WREC
234.4	1280	WDOD	516.9	580	WIBW
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	536	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			
4 p.m.		3	2		1

National Youth Conference.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
234.2	1280	WREN	326	920	KPRC
252.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	380	790	KFAB
265.5	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	429	700	WLW
277.8	1080	WJDX	441	680	WPTF
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA			
4 p.m.		3	2		1

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFIC	361	830	KOA
225.6	1330	WSAI	366	820	WHAS
252.4	1190	WEBC	375	800	WFAA
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WJDX	452	650	WSM
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEEI
333	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	319	940	WFBM
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	340.7	880	WABC
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC
5 p.m.		4	3		2

Davey Hour
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFIC	380	790	WGY
225.6	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.9	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
280.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	526	570	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
333	890	WEAR	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

Recommended

AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for May:

Sunday

Colliers Radio Hour
La Palina Rhapsodizers

Monday

Ceco Couriers
A. and P. Gypsies

Tuesday

Old Gold Paul Whiteman Hour
Radio Keith Orpheum Hour

Wednesday

Hank Simmons Show Boat
Halsey Stuart Program

Thursday

Fleischmann Hour
Seiberling Singers

Friday

Clicquot Club Eskimos
Armstrong Quakers

Saturday

Launderland Lyrics
Around the Samovar

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5 p.m.	4	3	2

McKesson News Reel of the Air.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KFIF	275.1	1090	KMOX
208.2	440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.6	950	KMBC	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KVI	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
230.6	1300	KFH	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
239.9	1250	WDSU	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC			
7 p.m.		6	5		4

Durant Heroes of the World.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	344.6	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.4	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	440.9	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
7:30 p.m.		6:30	5:30		4:30

Major Bowes' Family.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WFAF
288.3	1040	KSTP	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	535.4	560	WIBO
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			
8		7	6		5

Enna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	265.3	1130	KSL
205.4	1460	KSTP	288.3	1040	KTHS
221.2	1350	KWK	288.3	1020	WFAA
227.1	1320	WSMB	293.9	1020	KYW
234.2	1280	WEBC	302.8	990	WBZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
252	1190	WOAI	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	325.9	920	KPRC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8	7	6	5

Enna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m—760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
325.9	920	KOMO	428.3	700	WLW
333.1	900	WKY	440.9	680	KOO
361.2	830	KOA	461.3	650	WSM
365.6	820	WHAS	468.5	640	KFI
384.4	780	WMC	483.6	620	WTMJ
394.5	760	WJZ	484	620	KGW
399.8	750	WJR	509	590	KHQ
405.2	740	WSB	535.4	560	WIOD

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC
8:15 p.m.		7:15	6:15		5:15

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			
8:30 p.m.		7:30	6:30		5:30

In a Russian Village
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	WHK	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	390	770	WBBM
223.7	1340	WGHP	395	760	KVI
227.3	1320	WADC	476	630	WMAL
232.6	1290	WTAS	492	610	WFBC
234.4	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WMT
238.1	1260	KOIL	500	600	WCAO
238.1	1260	WLBW	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WSPD	536	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WFBM	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WKRC

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD
9		8	7		6

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	374.8	800	WFAA
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
227.3	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
232.4	1290	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267	1120	WDEL
49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
49.5	6060	W3XAU	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KFIF	309.1	970	CJR
204	1470	KGA	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	KTSA	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WTAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	410.7	730	KOIL
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	KTA	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
9:15 p.m.		8:15	7:15		6:15

Atwater Kent Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	380	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	385	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WGN
265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	KPO
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	469	640	KFI
300	1000	WOC	484	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI			



So much has been said about Vaughn De Leath and Franklyn Baur, stars of the Voice of Firestone, Hugo Mariani has been almost forgotten at times. He is one of Radio's foremost musicians and conducts several other musicals over the NBC.

Monday

Eastern 8:30 a.m. Central 7:30 Mountain 6:30 Pacific 5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WWJ
202.7	1480	WCSH	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

10 a.m. 9 8 7

Ida Bailey Allen.
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	366.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

12 n. 11 10 9

Columbia Review.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ
209.7	1430	WFI	333	900	WHI
212.8	1410	WBCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFYR	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WJAX	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WCSH	526	570	WNNC
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KLZ

12:45 p.m. 11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.3	1320	WSMB	345	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WEAN	375	800	WJAR
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WIR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WJAX	440.9	680	WPTF
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

7 6 5 4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WWJ	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:30 6.30 5:30 4:30

Roxy and His Gang.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.2	740	WSB
245.9	1220	WREN	440.9	680	WPTF
260.7	1150	WHAM	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WHO
302.9	990	WBZA			

8 7 6 5

The Voice of Firestone.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
206.8	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KFRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

8:30 7:30 6:30 5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Alternate Weeks

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	260.7	1150	WHAM
227.1	1320	WSMB	270.1	1110	WRVA
234.2	1280	WEBC	277.6	1080	WBT
245.8	1220	WREN	288.3	1040	KTHS
252	1190	WOAI	293.9	1020	KYW

Eastern 8:30 Central 7:30 Mountain 6:30 Pacific 5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Alternate Weeks

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
302.8	990	WBZ	389.4	770	KFAB
302.8	990	WBZA	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA	399.8	750	WJR
325.5	920	KPRC	405.2	740	WSB
333.1	900	WJAX	428.3	700	WLW
333.1	900	WKY	461.3	650	WSM
361	830	KOA	483.6	620	WTMJ
365.6	820	WHAS	535.4	560	WIOD
384.4	780	WMC			

Ceco Couriers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

A and P Gypsies.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

p.m. 8 7 6

Ted Fiorito and His Maytag Orchestra.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA
209.7	1430	WCSA	306	980	KDKA
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WIDX	361	830	KOA
245.9	1220	WREN	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
226.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	554.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WGL			

9:30 8:30 7:30 6:30

General Motors Family Party.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOC
333.1	900	WJAX	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			



Don't you think this is an attractive picture of Belle Forbes Cutter? She was recently heard in the lead role of New Moon over the CBS.

10:30 9:30 8:30 7:30

Arabesque.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

49.6	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.3	1490	WLAC	267.9	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.8	1300	KFI	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	WNAC	536	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WFIM	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45 9:45 8:45 7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.6	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WHO	389	770	KGO
315.6	950	WRC	395	780	WMC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR

11:00 10:00 9:00 8:00

Longines Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			

11.45 10.45 9.45 8:45

Armchair Quartet.

Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ

Eastern 9:30	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30

Chescbrough Real Folks.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
303.8	990	WBZ			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

"An Evening in Paris."

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

10	9	8	7

Robert Burns Panatela Program.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
233.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	610	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Empire Builders.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
249.9	1200	KPRC	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

Gold Strand Crusaders.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	250	1200	WMAQ
201.3	1490	WLAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	258.6	1160	WOWO
204.1	1470	KFJF	267.9	1120	WISN
208.3	1440	WHEC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHP	288.5	1040	KRLD
215.8	1390	WHK	316	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WRRC
223.7	1340	WGHP	333	900	KHJ
227.3	1320	WADC	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	WJAS	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	391	940	KOIN
232.6	1290	KGA	476	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236.2	1270	KOL	500	600	WREC
236.2	1270	WDSU	500	600	WEAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238.1	1260	WLBW	536	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WFBM			

11	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studio.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
260.7	1150	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WIAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	KPRC	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
288.4	1040	WJAX	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

10	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—WJZ (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WRBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WJIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WIAR	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	800	WJAI	545.1	550	WGR



A rather clever caricature by Ricca of Cesare Sodero, operatic maestro and one of the air's most distinguished musicians. Ricca caught the maestro as he led the Westinghouse Salute Orchestra one night.

Eastern 12 n.	Central 11	Mountain 10	Pacific 9

Columbia Review.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	WRRC	545	550	WKRC

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5—760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WJAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFXX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

2:30	1:30	12:30	11:30

American School of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WHCM	323	930	WHRC
215.7	1390	WHK	333	900	KHJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	KFPY	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KVI	447.5	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WSPD	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	491.5	610	KFRC
230.6	1300	KFH	499.7	600	WCAO
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WMT
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	516.9	580	WTAW
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	WFBL	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	KFYR	535.4	560	KLZ
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

4:30	3:30	2:30	1:30

Auction Bridge Game—Milton C. Work.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
333.1	900	WKY	461.3	650	WSM
336.9	890	WIAR	491.5	610	WDAF
365.6	820	WHAS	508.2	590	WOW
374.8	800	WFAA	508.8	590	WEEI
379.5	790	WGY	516.9	580	WTAG
384.4	780	WMC	535.4	560	WLIT
405.2	740	WSB	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	WGR

5 p.m.	4	3	2

Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
209.8	1430	WHP	492	610	WFAN
212.8	1410	WHCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WREC
227.3	1320	WADC	526	570	WWNC
232.6	1290	KDYL	536	560	KLZ
232.6	1290	WJAS	545	550	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	545	550	WKRC
238.1	1260	WLBW	545	550	
238.1	1260	KOIL	545	550	
241.8	1240	WSPD	536	560	

6 p.m.	5	4	3

Voters Service.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WOW
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WSAI
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

8:00	7	6	5

Pure Oil Concert.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WJAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Romany Patteran.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WLAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1070	KMOX
204.1	1470	WKBW	316	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WHCM	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	WHK	476	630	WMAL
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	KFPY	500	600	WREC
227.3	1320	WADC	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	WJAS	526	570	WKBN
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238.1	1260	WLBW	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	KOIL	545	550	WKRC
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

"Around the World With Libby."

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
299.8	1000	KECA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			

9	8	7	6

Eveready Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WIAR
206.9	1450	WFIC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
236.1	1270	WJDX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	KFJF	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KGA	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WHCM	309.1	970	KJR
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	323	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	KFH	337	890	WGST
232.4	1290	KTSA	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KDYL	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	WJAS	391	940	WBHM
234.2	1280	WDOD	391	940	KOIN
236.1	1270	WDSU	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	KNX
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKBN
243.8	1230	KYA	536	560	KLZ
254.1	1180	WEX	545	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:00	9	8	7

Harbor Lights.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
337	890	WIAR	545.1	550	WGR
491.5	610	WDAF	545.1	550	



When Chevrolet was looking about for a headliner to grace its big celebration over the Columbia system it hit upon Grace Hayes, star of stars.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studio

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	WKY	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WTDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KFRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Wednesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	KPRC
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
288.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	WGR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
260.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBBM
245.6	1220	WCAD	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333	900	KHJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	WPAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WCHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
323	930	WBRC			

12:45	11:45	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	360	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WIDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WSAI
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD

8	7	6	5

The Yeast Foamers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	293.9	1020	KYW
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
234.2	1280	WEBC	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
252.0	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

Sylvania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

Forty Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGBF	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Halsey, Stuart Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WREC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00

Philco Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	288.5	1040	KRLD
201.3	1490	WLAC	312.5	960	CFRB
204.1	1470	KFJF	315.6	950	KMBC
206.3	1440	WBEC	322.4	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WDHJ
215.8	1390	WHK	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WGHP	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.6	1290	KDYL	411	729.9	CKAC
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	WDSU	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WJBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	KSA
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ
275.1	1090	KMOX	545	550	WKRC

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Coca Cola Topnotchers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCSH
209.7	1430	WICA	326	920	KOMO
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WWJ
234.1	1280	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WIDX	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	KGW
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
283	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHQ
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	517	580	WTAG
300	1000	WOC	536	560	WLIT
312.5	960	CKGW	545	550	WGR
316	950	WRC	545	550	KSD



A featured soloist with the grand opera broadcast of the CBS one evening last March, Julia Mahoney added much to the enjoyment of the program

Eastern 10:30 p.m.	Central 9:30	Mountain 8:30	Pacific 7:30

Grand Opera Concert.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760m) WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	WFAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	492	610	KFRC
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WCAO
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550	WKRC

11 10 9 8

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860k)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.8	1410	WCAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WIRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	KDYL	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
267.7	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

10:30 9:30 8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	KSRC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	WSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR



Joe Rines is vocal soloist and director of an unusual orchestral unit, the Triadors, who are heard in an NBC program Friday evenings at 8 o'clock (EST).

Eastern 10:00	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.

Key Station—WABC (348 6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30 9:30 8:30 7:30

Busy Fingers.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	WLBW
201.2	1490	WLAC	238	1260	KOIL
204.0	1470	WKBW	245.6	1220	WCAO
209.7	1430	WHP	256.3	1170	WCAU
215.7	1390	WLKA	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	KFPY	315.6	950	KMBC
		WBBM	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WJADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	526	570	WWNC

11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ
225.6	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY
227.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WIAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WCAE	390	770	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.5	1040	WTHS	492	610	WDAF
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

11:30 10:30 9:30 8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	KBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WAIU
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	900	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

11:45 10:45 9:45 8:45

Columbia Review—Tropical Tramps.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

204	1470	KBW	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WMT
315.6	950	KMBC	500	600	WREC
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WIRC	535.4	560	KLZ
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ

12:45 p.m. 11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.3	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
228.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
236.1	1270	WIDX	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252	1190	WOAI	340	770	KFAB
260	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
263	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
270.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW

2:30 1:30 12:30 11:30

American School of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.3	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	315.6	950	WRC
212.8	1410	WBCM	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WIRC
215.8	1390	WLK	333	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KVI	447.5	670	WMAQ
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
230.6	1300	KFH	491.5	610	KFRC
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WMT
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	516.9	580	WIBW
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBL	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

5:00 4:00 3:00 2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

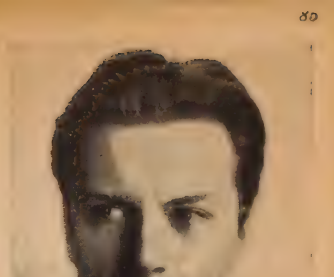
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7 6 5 4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD



Here's Dennis King, who sings in The Vagabond King, both in the talkies and once at least on the Paramount-Publix Hour via CBS.

Eastern 8	Central 7	Mountain 6	Pacific 5

Fleischmann Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

8:30 7:30 6:30 5:30

Champion Sparkers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	344.6	870	WLS
260.7	1150	WHAM	389.4	770	KFAB
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW

9 8 7 6

True Detective Mysteries.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
208.3	1440	WHEC	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

Seiberling Singers.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	454.3	660	WEAF
225.4	1330	WSAI	461.3	650	WFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	499.7	600	WTIC
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	KHQ
379.5	790	KGO			

9:30 8:30 7:30 6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
233.7	1440	WCCO	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KOMO			

10 9 8 7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WCN
302.8	990	WBZA			



The inimitable and always enjoyable and entertaining Fanny Brice is always called upon for "My Man" whenever and wherever she is. 'Her appearance on one of the Fleischmann Hour programs over the NBC was no exception.

Eastern 10:30 — Central 9:30 — Mountain 8:30 — Pacific 7:30

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.9	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR

11:00 a.m. — 10:00 — 9:00 — 8:00

Music Appreciation Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-66kc)
WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KPRC
206.8	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	389.4	770	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	394.5	760	WJZ
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	416.4	720	WGN
280.2	1070	WTAM	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WHAL	440.9	680	WTIC
288.3	1040	KTHS	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1020	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	WOW
302.8	990	WBZA	516.9	580	WTAG
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WFIW	545	550	WEAN

12:45 — 11:45 — 10:45 — 9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WIDX	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WBAP
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB
294.1	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WOD

7 — 6 — 5 — 4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WTTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

8 — 7 — 6 — 5

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
209.7	1430	CFCA	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.5	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KHQ
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	7	6	

9 p.m.

True Story Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGBF
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.8	1230	WNAC
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	WJW	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.4	1290	WJAS	395	760	KVI
232.4	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.2	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236	1260	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	WLBW	545	550	WKRC
239.9	1250	WDSU			

Interwoven Pair. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	WGO
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	630	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 9:00 — Central 8:00 — Mountain 7:00 — Pacific 6:00

Cliquot Club Eskimos.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
225.4	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30 — 6:30

Armour Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WIDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	AVOO	399.8	750	WJR
263.2	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

10 — 9 — 8 — 7

Armstrong Quakers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.8	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ

10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30

Mystery House. Key Station—WABC (454.3-660)

245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ			

11 p.m. — 10:00 — 9:00 — 8:00

Will Osborne and His Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
219	1370	WGH	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	KVEL	526	570	WMNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:15 — 10:15 — 9:15 — 8:15

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO

11:30 — 10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Friday

8:30 a.m. — 7:30 — 6:30 — 5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WTTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	DAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
315	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			

10 a.m. — 9 — 8 — 7

Ida Bailey Allen, National Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120) ; WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.9	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
234.4	1280	WDOD	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	425.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
245.6	1220	WCAE	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			



Judith Poska, the noted concert violinist, was heard in several selections on one of the Friday evening Curtis Institute of Music programs.

Saturday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

Tower Health Exercises.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
345.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15

Morning Devotions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WTPF
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	WTPF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.8	1220	KCAR	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
291.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

12:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	10:45	9:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
230.6	1300	WHO	345	870	WLS
232.4	1290	WEBC	361	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	390	770	KFAB
263.2	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WTZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM
303	990	WBZ	469	640	KFI
303	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590	KHQ



This distinguished looking gentleman has a right to his likes and dislikes for he is no other than the great violinist, Toscha Seidel. He was recently heard on a Friday evening Brown-Bilt Footlites program presented by Columbia.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4:00	3:00	2:00	1:00

The Aztecs.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	323	930	WBRC
201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WDBJ
201.3	1490	WLAC	333	900	KHJ
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.8	1430	WHP	390	770	WBBM
212.8	1410	WBCM	395	760	KVI
215.8	1390	KLRA	476	630	WMAL
215.8	1390	WHK	484	620	WLBZ
223.7	1340	KFPY	492	610	KFRC
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
227.3	1340	WADC	500	600	WMT
232.6	1290	KDYL	500	600	WREC
234.4	1280	WDOD	516.9	580	WIBA
238.1	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WWNC
244	1230	WNAC	536	560	KLZ
256.4	1170	WCAU	545	550	WEAN
316	950	KMBC			

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960	KGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15

RCA Theremin Ether Wave Music.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.5	1460	KSTP	288.5	1040	KTHS
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA
230.8	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	385	780	WMC
246	1220	WREN	390	770	KFAB
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	KVOO	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Launderland Lyrics.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	344.6	870	WLS
230.6	1300	WIOD	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	KCAR	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	WAPI	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Nit-Wit Hour
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFIW
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	KHJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ
230.8	1300	KFH	492	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	WIBW
244	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Around the Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	WMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	WRC
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.3	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
230.8	1300	KFH	399.8	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	500	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526.8	570	KLZ
243.8	1230	WNAC	535.4	560	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WEAN
267.7	1120	WISN			

10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	277.6	1080	WBT
206.8	1450	WFIC	282.8	1060	WTIC
225.4	1330	WSAI	288.3	1040	KTHS
227.1	1320	WSMB	299.8	1000	WHO
245.6	1220	WCAE	315.6	950	WRC
252	1190	WOAI	319	940	WCSH
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	KOMO
265.3	1130	KSL	325.9	920	KPRC



Formerly with Roxy and his Gang and also with Major Bowes' Capitol Theatre Family, "Cookie" Cohen recently joined the staff of the Pacific Division of the NBC, and is heard on the Trocaderas' weekly dance programs, and the Saturday night "Big Show."

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
325.9	920	WWJ	454.3	660	WEAF
333.1	900	WJAX	468.5	640	KFI
333.1	900	WKY	483.6	620	KGW
336.9	890	WJAR	483.6	620	WTMJ
361.2	830	KOA	491.5	610	WDAF
365.6	820	WHAS	508.2	590	KHQ
374.8	800	WBAP	508.2	590	WEEI
379.5	790	KGO	508.2	590	WOW
379.5	790	WGY	516.9	580	WTAG
384.4	780	WMC	535.4	560	WFI
405.2	740	WSB	535.4	560	WIOD
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
440.9	680	KPO	545.1	550	WGR
440.9	680	WTPF			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	285.7	1050	KNX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ
228.9	1310	WBK	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	KOL	475.9	630	WMAL
236.2	1270	WDSU	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBA
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longines Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WBAL

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	KFRC
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studies

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			WOW

Who's Who In Broadcasting



TULLY, Marie, Popular Pianist and Singer. When Mike and Herman are cutting up before WENR's microphone, they often meet a lady friend. Sometimes it is Geraldine and sometimes it is someone else, but that sweet feminine character is little Marie. You might call her the Girl Friend in this case. She also takes part in Here and There on the Air. In fact, she is in demand for all popular programs.

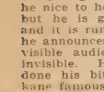
Turner, Elaine, Pianist, WFLA.
Turner, George, Tenor, Director and Conductor Birmingham Male Quartet, WAPI.
Turney, Alta, Dramatic Soprano, WSUN.
Turrill, Celia, Mezzo - Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.
Twamley, Edgar, Announcer, WOC.
Tyler, Maurice, Tenor, NBC, New York.
Tyson, E. L., "Ty," Station Manager, Chief Announcer, six years, WWJ.
Tyson, John Reed, Morning Announcer. His "entertainment for shut-ins" and readings have made him the popular announcer with thousands of unfortunate listeners, WDBO.

UKULELE Larry, Popular Songster with Ukulele, WHB.
Uncle Wip, WIP.
Underwood, Cecil P., Chief Announcer, KHQ.



One of the popular announcers of Spokane is this versatile young man. Not only is he nice to hear over the air, but he is good to look at, and it is rumored that when he announces he has a large visible audience as well as invisible. However, he has done his bit to make Spokane famous.

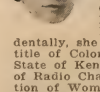
Underwood, Daisy Maude, Soprano, KVOO.
Underwood, Loyal, Feature Announcer, KNX.
University of Minnesota Band, Michael Jalma, Conductor, WCCO.
Upton, Mrs. G. Director of Plays, WCAU.
Upton, Monroe, "Simpy Fitts," Book Reviewer, Programs, Publicity, KFRC. Has been clowning, wise-cracking and talking seriously over KFRC for three years. Born in Bandon, Oregon. After high school he followed the sea for six years as a Radio operator in merchant ships, during which time he stopped off in Shanghai, where he installed and operated a Radio station. The station had to be built from separate parts, most of which were hard to obtain, due to Chinese embargo on Radio apparatus.



Utica Jubilee Singers, National Broadcasting Company.

VAGABOND Kings, Bernard and Claude Cooney, Harmony Team, KWK.
Vagabond Male Quartet, Harold Singleton, Baritone, Leader; Albert Newcomb, 1st Tenor; Philip Reep, 2nd Tenor; Benjamin Weaver, Bass; WBAL.
Vaille, Clara Hinman, Soprano, WSUN.
Valencians, Hawaiian Quartet, KYW.
Vallee, Rudy, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.
Van and Fisher, "Johnny and Freddie" of the "Chicago Herald and Examiner Funnies, and comedy songsters, KYW-KFKX. They are heard Sundays at noon reading the funnies for the youngsters, to which they add original songs to fit the comics. Both boys were, for a number of years, successful vaudeville entertainers, forsaking the stage for the growing field of Radio recently. Freddie is adept with dialect, especially Scotch, Negro and Dutch. Johnny is the foil for Freddie's clowning and sings a tuneful tenor to harmonize with Freddie's booming baritone. They are often heard as the somber-skinned singers Horatio and Woodrow by listeners to the Chicago Herald and Examiner programs through KYW-KFKX.
Van, Mrs. Sora Hunt, Pianist, Organist, Hostess of WAPI.
Vanatta, Mrs. L. L., Iowa Farm Housewife, KMA.
Vance, Margaret, Pianist, WRM.
Vanderslout, John, Bass, Announcer, WFI.
Van Horne, Harold, Concert Pianist of note, with many achievements in classical work. Harold announces for the Chicago Daily News station and often brings his pianistic talent to the microphone.
Vannini, Augusto, Director of La Touraine Coffee Concert Orchestra, WEEI.
Van Praag, Henry, Cellist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Van Praag, Maurice, Manager, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Van Steeden, Peter, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.
Van Vaulkenburg, Lucie, Violinist, WSM.
Van Vechten, Fred E., General Manager, WHEC.
Varnum, Girard, Careful Children's Club, KMOX (known on air as "Safety Sam").
Varzos, Eddie, Directs the Uptown Village Cafe orchestra heard over the Chicago Daily News station each night.
Vasilieff, Nicholas, NBC, New York.
Vaughan, G. Kieffer, Tenor, WOAN.
Vaughan, James D., Owner, WOAN.
Vaughan Trio, L. E. Gilbert, 1st Tenor; Eiland Scarbrough, 2nd Tenor; Z. H. Lester, Baritone, WOAN.
Vaughn, Kate Brew, Economics Department, KNX.
Vaughn Radio Quartet, Hilman Barbard, Tenor; Otis L. McCoy, Tenor; W. B. Walbert, Baritone; A. M. Pace, Bass; WOAN.
Velaski, Vilma, Russian soprano, KMTR.
Venetian Gondoliers and William Scottie, NBC, New York.
Ventre, G. W., Leader of Weymouth Post No. 79 American Legion Band, WEEI.
Vernet, Louise, Soprano, WENR.
Vettle, Victor, Operator, Announcer, KDYL.
Vickland, William, "Parson" or "The Deacon's Son," as he is often called, arranges and directs productions. Is an old stage veteran, having been in the Chautauqua circuit for years. Especially likes "old chestnuts" of poems. Has had a long experience before microphones on Chicago stations in many roles. Is married.
Vienna Concert Orchestra, KNX.
Vincent, Edith, Household Programs, KDYL.
Vincent, Margaret, Director of Women's Activities, KGW.
Vinegar, Frank, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.
Vita and Zita, Harmony Sisters, WFAA.
Voorhees, Don, Conductor, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Voorsanger, Harrold, English Pianist, KTHS.
Voris, Mrs. Clifton, Contralto, KVOO.
Voss Vagabonds, Herb Heuer, Director, WOC.
Vossburg, Lenore, Studio Accompanist, WSUN.
Vouville, Harold, Pianist, WSM.

WAALKES, Flora, a soprano who often sings over WMAQ.
Wabg, Theodore, Control Operator, WJJD.
Wade, Fredericka, Violinist, WSUN.
Wade, Mrs. William, Soprano, WSM.
Wadell, Gertrude, Contralto, Winner Local 1927 Atwater Kent Contest, WADC.
Waggoner, Aleda, Soprano, WLAC.
Wagner, Edna, Soprano, KMOX.
Wagoner Hawaiian Trio, WBAP.
Wahlstedt, John, Tenor, WDAF.
Wakefield, Ethel, NBC Soprano at San Francisco.
Wald, John, youthful "red head" student of drama at the University of Minnesota, is the latest addition to the announcing staff of KSTP. He has just observed his twenty-first birthday and hopes some day to attain a position on the legitimate stage. He serves as master of ceremonies of the Early Risers Club at 7 a. m. each week day and also is at the microphone during the daytime programs.
Waldner, Fred, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.
Walker - Austin Dinner Music, National Broadcasting Company.
Wales, William S., Announcer, WWAE.
Wallace, E. P., Assistant Announcer, WWJ.
Wallace, Forrest P., Announcer, WWJ.
Wallace, Mrs. Mildred White, Soprano, Pianist and Composer of note, WAPI.
Wallace, Susan, Xylophonist, WLAC.
Waller, Judith C. The amiable and busy Director of The Daily News station WMAQ. She it is that sees that WMAQ fans hear all the big events, such as Presidential campaigns, Army-Navy football games, the Eucharistic Congress, the Chicago Civic Opera, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the visit of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks to Chicago. Incidentally, she recently received military title of Colonel from the Governor of the State of Kentucky. She holds the positon of Radio Chairman, of the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs, and is responsible for all the broadcasts which the Federation presents.



Walling, Mrs. L. Terrill, Pianist, WFLA.
Walmsley, Margaret, Cellist, WSUN.
Walsh, Ann, Personal Contact Director, KMOX.
Walte, Fred, First Violin, Jules Herbuveaux KYW orchestra. Born in Berne, Switzerland. Came to America with parents when seven years old. Started study of violin and when fourteen years old played first professional engagement. Since has directed own orchestra for four years at Samovar Cafe, and with Arnold Johnson's orchestra. Now working Radio exclusively on Herald and Examiner programs through KYW-KFKX.
Walter, Elsie, Pianist, WHAM.
Walter, Floyd, Organist, WGY.
Walter, Julius, Jazz Pianist and Orchestra Manager, KGW.
Walter, Mrs. Clyde, Pianist, Program Director, WLAC.
Walter, Raymond B., KSTP, Member Quartet, National Male Four.
Walters, Harry, Basso, WLAC.
Walther, Oscar, 2nd Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Walton, Hugh, Tenor, Announcer, KGW.
Wambe, Sam, Pianist, WMAK.
Wands, Mrs. J. Arthur, Violinist and Viola, WLAC.
Ward, Cecil and Esther, Hawaiian guitars, WLS. Married. One baby. Look young, act young, play good, are good and, naturally, are young!
Ward, Maude, Librarian, KFRC.
Ward, Virgil, NBC "Fiddler" at San Francisco Studios.
Wardle, John, Presentation Director, WNAC.
Warnack, Paul, Old Time Band Leader and Mandolinist, WLAC.
Warner, Ann, Domestic Economist, KPO.
Warner, Don, Popular Musical Director, KFWB.
Warner, Frederick Violin, Cello, KVOO.
Warner, "Little Joe," Dialect and Character Impersonator, WENR. Is also heard over the NBC on the National Farm and Home program.
Warner, Thomas, Tenor, Assistant Dramatic Production Manager, WCKY. Born in Dayton, Ohio. Studied piano and composition and voice in Detroit and New York. Soloist with symphony orchestras and grand opera companies, and appeared in concerts.
Warner Trio, KVOO.
Warren, F. H., Announcer, WHAM.
Warren, Harry, Saxophone, KVOO.
Warren, Katherine, Soprano, WLAC.
Warrington, John, Saxophonist, WPG.
Washburn, Ruby, Soprano Soloist, KFJF.
Wasmer, Louis, Manager, KHQ.
Wasmer, Mrs. Louis, Program Director, KHQ.
Wathall, Alfred G., Composer, Arranger, Conductor, WGN.
Watt, Charlee, Southern Crooner (Miss), KYW.
Watt, Lillian, Soprano and Accompanist, WLAC.
Watts, Harold, Engineer, KFEQ.
Way, James, Ace Tenor, WPG.
Weaver, Frederick D., Organist, WBAL.
Webb, Paul, Baritone, WLAC.
Webb, M., Organist, KOIL.
Webb, Theodore, Baritone, NBC, New York.
Webber, Blanche, Hostess, WOW.
Webber, Julian, Operator, Announcer, WSUN.
Webster, J. Oscar, Tenor, WBAP.
Weed, Myrtle, KSTP, Accompanist.
Weedin Brothers, Guitars, KVOO.
Weeks, Charlotte Pratt, Organist and Pianiste, WSUN.
Weens, Ted, and His Orchestra, WBBM.
Weil, Mrs. Simon, Soprano, WLAC.
Weimbergers, Rose, Colonial Belle Trio, KEX.
Weiner, Michael, Orchestral Supervisor and Conductor, WBAL, was born in Vilna, Poland, and came to this country with his parents and several brothers and sisters when about three years old. His musical talent soon attracted attention and gained the interest of a wealthy patron of the arts who educated him musically. He took naturally to the violin and it wasn't long before he became known as one of the best violinists in this city. He was formerly concert master for the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, and he is frequently heard on the air as soloist and in special broadcasts. Mr. Weiner devotes most of his time, however, to conducting and arranging the various programs for the many orchestras which are under his direct supervision. He is conductor of "The Calvertons," the "WBAL Ensemble," the "Pattersons," "The Masqueraders," and he is also a member of the WBAL String Quartet. Mr. Weiner is married and has two children, one of which is a four-year-old violin prodigy.
Weir, Marion, Dramatic Tenor, KWK.
Weiss, Adolph, Bassoon, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
Welch, Fred, Tenor, KVOO.
Wellington, Arthur, Baritone. Has won fame the last year for his presentation of Mike in the Mike and Herman Team, WENR.
Welty, Glenn, under whose energetic baton WTMJ's new 18-piece symphonic orchestra goes into action, once set out to be a business man. His wide blue eyes twinkle as he tells about his career in business school. It lasted exactly one week. That constitutes the only interlude in a life devoted to music. From the time he was six, he has studied the piano extensively, in Nebraska, Oklahoma and Los Angeles, and on this Mr. Welty is insistent—always under private tutors. He made his debut as a musical director in khaki when he was a band leader in the army during the world war. From Mr. Welty, who arranges all



orchestrations for WTMJ, composing is all in a day's work. His ingenuity in arranging unique adaptations of everything from red hot jazz to the most classical of symphonies has gained for him the title of the chief steward who serves a menu of varied musical tidbits to meet every taste.

Wendt, Bud, KSTP, Member Beachcombers, Hawaiian Singing and Playing Quartet.

Wenige, Arthur, Pianist, WWNC.

Wentworth, Ralph, Announcer. Studied music at Sorbonne and the Conservatory of Music in Paris after seeing action in France. When he returned to the United States he appeared in concerts and traveled with a well-known musical comedy. National Broadcasting Company.

Werrenrath, Reinald, Vocal Supervisor, Baritone, NBC, New York. Made operatic debut with Metropolitan as Sylvio in Pagliacci in 1919. Has been outstanding concert and concert singer since 1907.

Wessel, Bill, KSTP, Baritone Soloist, "Morrison's Syncopators."

Wesson, Marguerite, Soprano, WFAA.

West, Fred, Hawaiian Music, WHB.

West, Grace, Blues Singer, WFAA.

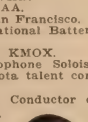
West, Olive, NBC Actress of San Francisco.

West, Walter, KSTP, Viola, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

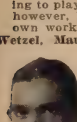
West, William, Chief Engineer, KMOX.

Westlund, David, KSTP, Saxophone Soloist, winner University of Minnesota talent contest.

Westphal, Frank, Pianist and Conductor of WENR Studio Orchestra. Who does not remember Frank? His versatile playing and his well trained orchestra have been famous for five years. This is true because he takes his Radio work very seriously and puts all of himself into the broadcasting. There have been times in his Radio work when he has had to give almost the entire evening's performance from announcing to playing the individual numbers. Now, however, he has time to concentrate on his own work.

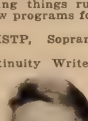


Wetzel, Maurice, Manager Program Department KYW-KFKX. Mr. Wetzel is one of the pioneers in the Radio field, having been identified with KYW since 1922. He broadcast the first commercial program in Chicago. For two years he directed WOC in Grand Rapids, where he became known for his continuity programs in the good old days. Wetzel recorded Radio programs on phonograph discs as early as 1925, carrying on with this work at the Brunswick Recording Laboratories while he was chief announcer for WCFL. In January, 1927, he joined the National Broadcasting Company, Chicago staff, until coming "back home" to KYW, where he has been successively, World Book Man, chief announcer and program manager. Wetzel has a unique background of training for the business of broadcasting—recording Q R S player rolls in 1913, a literary schooling, Radio work in the Air Service during the war, public speaking, copy writing and selling advertising—all of which enables him to speak in their own language, to advertisers, artists, announcers, musicians and operators—and that's "Maurie's" job; making things run smoothly and thinking up new programs for KYW-KFKX.



Weyand, Fayette Bogert, KSTP, Soprano Soloist.

Wheatley, Parker, Chief Continuity Writer, Assistant Program Director and Announcer, KYW-KFKX. Graduated from an Indianapolis high school at seventeen, and at once became a member of the Stuart Walker Company, famous dramatic stock organization. He followed his professional debut by entering Butler University, with summer vacations still occupied by the Walker Company, and the Carlton Guy Players. One day the Indiana Little Theatre called upon its leading talent for Radio drama—then Parker first addressed the microphone. More Radio plays, a Santa Claus impersonation on the air for three seasons, play reading — then WFBM, the Indianapolis Power & Light Station asked Parker to be an announcer. This happened in May, 1928, just before Wheatly completed college, where he distinguished himself in acting and writing. Later his "King's English" earned him the position of chief announcer at WFBM. On March 1st Chicago beckoned, and he left WFBM for the Herald and Examiner Station KYW-KFKX.



Wheatley, Walter, Tenor, Director of Opera Hour, KFAB.

Wheeler, Alton E., Popular Pianist and Soloist, WLAC.

Wheeler, Marsha. Not many people less important then kings and presidents have dishes named after them. Marsha Wheeler, director of Women's Activities at WLW, does have a dish especially concocted for her by Pierre Berrard, chef of the Hotel Gibson. It's called Breast of Chicken a la Marsha Wheeler.

Whelan, James, Baritone, Bonnie Laddies, NBC, New York.

Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. J. P., Staff Entertainers, Baritone, Contralto and Instrumental, KFJF.

Whit, Jim, Of the Rockies, KMA.

Whitcomb, Lewis S., Assistant Superintendent, WEEI.

White and MacDonough, Banjoists, WCCO.

White, Arthur, KSTP, Tenor Soloist and Manager, Minneapolis Sales Division, KSTP. Popular northwest Radio entertainer since 1923. Received his first training in St. Paul while attending St. Thomas College. Former member vaudeville team "White Brothers & Steindl," Orpheum circuit. Has appeared as soloist in St. Paul municipal parks for past nine years and at Minnesota State Fair for past eight years.

White, Howard, Pianist, NBC, New York.

White, Jimmie and Howard Fordham, Singing Serenaders, KFH.

White, Josephine Storey, Contralto, KVOO.

White, Juanita. This little lady is 11 years old and is one of a few Birmingham Juvenile singers who has really gone over big. She sings because she loves music. Juanita is a "Good Fellow." If you don't believe it just go on an outing or to a ball game with her. Heard at WBRC.

White, Karl, Operator, KVOO.

White, Major J. Andrew, President, Columbia Broadcasting System.

White, Onalese, Contralto, KYW.

Whitney Trio. Popular chamber music group of the Chicago Daily News station. Its members are Robert Whitney, pianist; Noreen Whitney, violinist, and Grace Whitney, cellist.

Whitten, Charles, Popular Tenor, WDL.

Whittington, George, Baritone with Utica Jubilee Singers, NBC, New York.

Whitworth, Dorothy, Staff Organist, Pianist and Hostess, WADU.

Wick, Bert, Operator, Announcer, KDLR. Old time Radio man, operator and experimenter. Former U. S. Navy operator.

Wiegand, Fred, Violinist, Director Hotel Tutwiler Ensemble, WAPI.

Wienand, C. Marcus, Dramatic Director, Publicity, KOMO.

Wiener, Jean, Organist, WPG.

Wightman, Florence, Harpist, Roxy's Gang, National Broadcasting Company.

Wiig, G. O., Program Director and Announcer, WHEC.

Wilbourn, John, Studio Supervisor, Tenor and Announcer, WBAL. Began singing at the age of six, when he was a member of the Boy Choir of St. Paul's P. E. Church, Baltimore. Prior to the war he had made singing his avocation rather than his vocation, but following his return to this country from overseas where he was severely wounded during the Battle of Argonne Forest, he decided to devote his career to music and began the serious study of this art at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Well known in concert work and frequently appears as soloist for various organizations and musical events. Has been a member of WBAL's staff for over three years, and holds down three jobs, being studio supervisor, announcer and staff tenor. He is a Baltimorean.

Wilbur, Ray Lyman, WSUN.

Wilcox, Wesley W., Musical Director, Announcer, Entertainer, for the KFLV studios at Rockford, Ill. His exceptionally clear diction and individual mannerisms have won for him a large following among the Radio announcers and his finely schooled baritone voice is often heard in many delightful song compositions. Mr. Wilcox is also a contributor to musical magazine publications and has served on news staffs as music critic, as writer. Among his long list of recital engagements is found his appearance with the United States Army band, under direction of Capt. William Standard, when he appeared as guest soloist on the Rockford program.

Wiley, Mary Sue, Soprano, Pianist, KVOO.

Wilfahrt's Concertina Orchestra, Old Time Dance Music, WCCO.

Wilhelm, Rev. Carl, WIBW's Sky Pilot. Life goes on at a great rate in this day and age. We all are extremely busy handling the jobs that feed and clothe us; seeking pleasure and sipping with the work-a-day world. It's fine to swing into those things with all our energy, and keep them going in the right direction. Rev. Carl Wilhelm is our Radio pastor, conducting the devotional hour each morning and singing in the choir. This period is absolutely undenominational, although Rev. Wilhelm is pastor of Topeka's First Christian Church.

Willard and Jerry, the Pumpkin Center Sheiks of WIBW, are exponents of close harmony and do popular concert type songs. They are very popular with their Radio audience, have entertained frequently in public theaters, hotels and clubs. Willard possesses a splendid tenor voice which blends well with Jerry's fine quality baritone. Their full names are Jerry White and Willard Lafferty.

Willett, Gertrude, Hostess, WMAK.

Williams, Ann, "Smilin' Ann" of the Sears, Roebuck morning and afternoon programs of WLS. Knows her styles and buttons. Likes variety for her entertainments.

Williams, B. Y. The Rhyme Reaper of WLW is the author of "The House of Happiness" and many other published poems. Every week she brings WLW audiences a review of current poetry and introduces another poet from among her wide circle of literary friends. Her guest readers have included Padraic Colum, Roselle Mercier Montgomery, Eddie Guest, Edward Markham, Edmund Vance Cooke, and many others.

Williams, Chuck, Dan Bannister, Harmony Team, KVOO.

Williams, Earl. Earl's melodious voice and facility of expression enable him to describe an overture or an overshoe with almost equal listener interest. His announcing is effective at WNAX.

Williams, Fess, and His Orchestra.

Williams, Frank, Old Time Fiddler, WOC.

Williams, Herbert, Violinist, WLAC.

Williams, Jess, Popular Pianist, Entertainer, KFAB.

Williams Lillie Mae, Novelty Uke, WFLA.

Williams, Mary, Blues and Ballad Singer, WGES.

Williams, Pinkie, Banjo, WFLA.

Williams, Ray, Dance Orchestra, WSUN.

Williman, Mrs. Clieland, Soprano, WFLA.

Willis, John, and Edward Meisenbach, Violin Duo, KWK.

Wilson, R. Meredith, Flutist and Piccolo soloist. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra.

Wilson, Allan, Tenor, KPO.

Wilson, Cliff, Tenor.

Wilson, Dr. Walter L., Morning Bible Lesson, WDAF.

Wilson, Ethel, Pianist.

Wilson, Grace, the "Bringin' Home the Bacon Girl" at WLS. Deep, rich contralto voice sings old favorites with lots of feeling on the Barndance each Saturday night. Chautauqua and vodvil for long time.

Wilson, Jimmie, and His Catfish String Band, KVOO.

Wilson, Lillian, English Soprano, KNX.

Wilson, Lois, Pianist, WFLA.

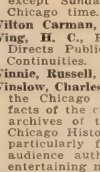
Wilson, Muriel, Soprano, NBC, New York.

Wilson Serenaders, Old Time Band, WLAC.

Wilson, Stewart, Reader, NBC, San Francisco.

Wilson, Thelma, Accompanist, WCCO.

Wilson, Walter, "Uncle Bob," at KYW, Chicago, for the past seven years. He is the originator of the now famous radio safety movement, "The Curb Is the Limit Club," and on July 3, 1929, the club reached the 400,000 mark; that means that 400,000 girls and boys have promised Uncle Bob that they will not play on the streets, and also that before crossing the street they will stop at the curbstone and look both ways. You can hear his program each evening, except Sunday, from 5:30 to 6 p. m., Chicago time.



Wilton Carman, Baritone-Announcer, WBAL.

Wing, H. C., Program Director of WCSH. Directs Publicity Department and writes Continuities.

Winnie, Russell, Chief Announcer, WTMJ.

Winslow, Charles. Noted Historian, who brings the Chicago Daily News fans interesting facts of the city's past dug from the dusty archives of the past. A member of the Chicago Historical society, Mr. Winslow is particularly fitted to impart to WMAQ's audience authentic facts presented in an entertaining manner.

Winston, Joseph B., Manager, Program Director, KEX.

Winters, Rudolph, Character Impersonator, Baritone, KYW.

Wintker, Franklin, Manager, KUOA. From KUOA, Fayetteville, to WLS and back again. Has deep voice with Southern twang. Plays saxophone. Six foot plus. Studied engineering. Now back at the head of his home station in Arkansas and proud of it.

Wise, Frank, Reader, KOIN.

Wise, Olive, Popular Pianist, WBAP.

Wiseman, Roland R., Pianist, Accompanist, KVOO.

Wishnow, Emmanuel, Violinist, KFAB.

Wisniewska, Soprano, KNX.

Witherspoon, Fay, Chief announcer. Fay is a very likely chap that has just graduated from the Majestic Theatre circuit into the loftier realms of radio announcing. He is a good announcer, chock full of pep and originality. He thinks more of his studio than he does of his own home and without a doubt is a logical contender for Graham McNamee's throne.

Witte, Parvin, Tenor, KFAB.

Witten, Louis A., Senior WOR Announcer.

Wittich, Doris, Concert Pianist, Accompanist, came to America on a concert tour from Germany and joined staff of WLS. She has served on the Board of Directors of the Chicago Women's Symphony and Accompanist for the Chicago Little Symphony.

WJR String Quartet, Eric Van Myhr, Director, WJR.

WLS Singers, mixed quartet, WLS. Berenice Ozum, contralto; Eugene Leonardson, baritone; Osgood Westley, tenor, and Olive Arthur, soprano. On Sunday programs with hymns and old madrigals.

Woempner, Henry C., KSTP, Musical Director, Conductor National Battery Symphony Orchestra. First flutist Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra 23 years. Played under Damrosch, Oberhoffer, Walter, Walbrilowitch, Verbrugghen and coached with master musicians. Has appeared at WGN, KDKA and other stations.

Wolf, Irene, Soprano, WMAK.

Wolfe, John, of John and Ned, NBC, San Francisco.

Wolfe, Rosalie, Soprano, NBC, New York.

Wolfinson, Wolfe, First Violin, Lenox String Quartet, NBC, New York.

Wolter, Edward, Baritone, NBC, New York.

Wommack, Lucille, Popular Songs, KVOO.

Womrath, Frederick G., Jr. KSTP, President, University of Minnesota Masquers, Member KSTP Players.

Wons, Anthony, Popular Reader, Dramatic Personage, WLW. Formerly with WLS.

Wood, Blanche, the Original Girl Baritone. Blanche plays her own accompaniment at the piano and sings all popular songs. Under the name of Amy Lou she conducts the morning classified hour called Amy Lou's shopping hour. Miss Wood has been with KFSD two years and has made many friends.

Wood, Elsie Miller, Pianist, WLAC.

Wood, Gayle, KSTP, the "Harmony Hurricane" feature piano artist. Played piano from boyhood, uses no music. Several tours of radio stations. Entertains on popular programs.

Wood, Mrs. H. D., pianist and contralto, WAPI.

Woodhall, Dr. C. W., Health Talks, WGY.

Woodyard, Darrell, Basso, NBC, New York.

Woolwine, Sara, WSM.

Worrell, Staff Artist, WTAR.

Worthians, Dance Orchestra, WBAP.

Wright, Beatrice Tate, Pianist, WAPI.

Wright, Floyd, Organist, KPO.

Wright, Harold, Jazz Genius, WGN.

Wrigley, Frank, Organist, WWJ.

WSUN Quintet, Lura Fullerton Yoke, Pianist; Marguerite Saltsman, Soprano; Ruth Thompson, Contralto; Freeman Futch, Tenor, and Everett Revere, Bass.

WSUN Players, Dorothy Collins and Norman Rockwell, WSUN.

Wyborny, Nancy A., Plays Cello in the Eyborny Trio, WNAX, and Violin solos while studying at Yankton Conservatory of Music. Joined regular staff at WNAX July 5, 1928. Plays violin in studio orchestra, Sunshine Furniture Favorites, Meridian Trio, also in duets and solos, plays cello in Little Symphony Orchestra, sings in mixed quartet and with Esther Smith for sacred services.



Wylie, Allister, Orchestra Leader of Pal Lido, KMOX.

Wylie, Mary E., Conductor of the Musical Appreciation Period, KTHS.

Wyllie, Walcott, Associate Announcer, WFLA.

YARUSSHKA, Charles, Russian Arte Troupe, KSTP.

Yates, Danny, Director of Orchestra heard over CKAC.

Yates, Fred L., Tenor, KVOO.

Yettro, Ollie, Pianist, WGY.

Yoder, Lloyd E., Press Representative and Special Announcer, Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.

Yoke, Lura Fullerton, Pianiste, WSUN Quintet, WSUN.

Young and Perry, Piano Duo, NBC, San Francisco.

Young, Floyd, Soloist, KMA.

Young, John, Announcer, Dramatic Reader, NBC, New York.

Young, Roy, Pianist, WDBO.

Young, Ruth, Novelty Pianist, WHB.

Young, W. A., Manager, WBRC.

ZAHN, Herbert, Staff Pianist, WHEC.

Zeb, Ukulele and Novelty songs, KWK.

Zedelar, Franz, KSTP, Second Violin, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Zeller, Enza Alton, KSTP, Playwright, Director Junior Repertoire Theatre, Minneapolis; Member Cast "Story of Fura"; Associate Director, KSTP Players.

Zelner, Otto, Bass, WCCO.

Zender, Charles L., Tenor, WSM.

Zerbst Pharmacal String Quartet, KFEQ.

Zielinska, Genia, Coloratura Soprano, Prima Donna, National Broadcasting Company.

Zinzer, Pauline, Violinist, WAPI.

Zohn, Chet, Tenor Soloist and Stein Quartet, WADC.

Zupfer, Otto, Leader, Otto's Little German Band, KSTP.

Who's Who in Radio addendum will appear in the June issue of Radio Digest.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman Leads With Church

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN, the first pastor to put religion on the air, thus created in America the first Universal Church for the discussion of religion in its relationship to the everyday problems of home life and business life. He inaugurated, at the same time, the now popular question and answer interpretations of the Bible. Dr. Cadman has always been a pioneer in creating methods of popularizing the church. (See Dr. Cadman's editorial, written especially for Radio Digest, on page 7.)

His sermons, as pastor of the Metropolitan Temple of New York City, from 1895 to 1901, always delivered in that delightful Oxford voice and with his pleasant manner of talking as though he were taking his congregation into his confidence, as he would have talked in his study to just one individual, with true fatherly feeling, no high flown language, no damnation dynamite, made that church during his pastorate the most popular church in New York.

This church drew to its every service the Broadwayites, who seldom went to church, the men and women of the stage, the man in the street, the sort of people who did not go in for religion chiefly because most religionists of that day preached AT them.

Dr. Cadman talked to them, taught them with lectures of scholarly information on many topics besides religion that religion had a place and a purpose in their lives that they should take advantage of if they really wanted to live, in the here and now, fuller and better lives.

When, in 1901, Dr. Cadman, the most fatherly pastor who ever filled a pulpit, in looks, disposition and manner toward his flock, left the Temple to become pastor of the Central Congregational church of Brooklyn, which pulpit he holds to this day, his New York congregation followed across the great Brooklyn bridge down to the sleepiest actor who did not like to get up early Sunday morn to make the trip but did it to hear Cadman in the pulpit and to talk to him, after services, in his study, if there was anything on that actor's mind troubling him.

You hear Dr. Cadman every Sunday now in the Cathedral hour over NBC.

Archie Coates, A. B., A. M., has joined the continuity staff of the Columbia Broadcasting system. Coates was on the editorial staff of Vanity Fair, Literary Digest, and Life. He is the author of "City Tides." He worked as assistant to Deems Taylor on the World. He has traveled extensively and was personal representative for Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer.

* * *

And here is something else that includes the Scandinavian. Margaret Olson, who sings in the Davy program heard regularly through NBC networks, is a native of that country. At the moment she is planning a long vacation at home for next summer. The vacation will include several song recitals, arrangements for which already have been completed.

Remember the Old Days?

EIGHT years ago Radio broadcasting and receiving was in a comparatively primitive state. On March 25, 1922, some 50,000 loyal listeners gathered around their sets to hear a program from a new station—KGW was to go on the air with its new transmitter. Not only was it an event from that point of view, but the featured artist was none other than Edith Mason, prima donna of the Chicago Civic Opera company. Up to that time only local talent had been heard from Portland.

For her first selection Miss Mason chose the entrance song from Madame Butterfly. She stood in front of the mike nervously, in spite of all her grand opera experience, trembling at thought of her unseen audience. Then came the signal, and her voice went out, loud and clear to crystal sets and "big ones" alike.

Now broadcasting is an institution and opera stars, trans-Atlantic programs, in short, every variety of entertainment goes out over the air from KGW and other stations throughout the nation, with hardly a quiver of extra interest or a thought of there being anything unusual—only appreciation.

* * *

This Band Doubles Work

TWENTY-FIVE pieces, working under two directors, make up the symphony orchestra of the Don Lee station, KHJ, in Los Angeles. Raymond Paige, musical director of the station, conducts the musicians a la Paul Whiteman as "The Sierra Symphonists," playing special arrangements by staff musicians.

Charles Sheppard conducts this same orchestra as the "Don Lee Symphony," playing all standard concert music. Hank Howe assembles fourteen of the best dance men for the dance programs.

The singers at KHJ are also called on for a wide variety of entertainment. The eight classical singers also sing in ensemble, mixed quartet, male quartet, ladies' quartet, etc., offering everything from "Singin' in the Rain" to grand opera, and featuring fifty of the popular light operas with orchestra.

The popular staff of this Los Angeles station is made of the finest of individual blues singers and popular song artists. In all, an organization of eighty-three artists produce every day diversified programs between the hours of six and ten o'clock, KHJ is the key station of the Pacific coast division of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

* * *

Artells Dickson, baritone, former WABC announcer, has become an exclusive vocal artist for CBS and now wears a mustache.

Story of Frank Knight

(Continued from page 9)

museum, he wandered into a small gallery that was having a very fine modern show at the time, and soon became intensely appreciative of all modernistic works; architecture, interior decoration, and fine arts.

On odd afternoons Frank often takes himself to the Bronx zoo and wanders about making friends with the animals, particularly the lion cubs. He also holds long conversations with talking parrots, enjoying the incongruousness of the picture—human words and sounds coming from the throat of a barbarous little feathered creature.

He loves the country and the outdoor life suggested by these jaunts. Probably a throw-back to the days of his youth when he spent entire summer vacations with a small group of eight or ten boys camping along the wooded lakes of New-

foundland. Now he spends entire summers camping on the golf courses of Long Island and Westchester. And, by the way, he's an excellent golfer, always landing at the clubhouse with a score of eighty or less.

He is now awaiting his opportunity to return to the Orient and Egypt. He loves the sinuousness and mystery of the East. He was sent there during the war, and hopes to be sent again, this time on a peaceful errand. For he believes that Radio announcing will some day become akin to news reporting, and, like it, will encircle the globe—bringing with it a new type of announcer, or foreign Radio correspondent.

MR. KNIGHT is a very definite man. His statements are positive ones. His likes and dislikes are very distinct. All this is mirrored in his dress and his finely clipped speech. His clothes are always beautifully blended, usually in tones of brown. He always wears matching hose, ties, and handkerchiefs, and these are ever in harmony with the suit he happens to be wearing at the moment. His cigarets are made from a secretly blended tobacco and are made especially for him. When he offers you one you may be sure that you occupy a firm place in his affections.

Oddly enough, for a man who dresses as well and meticulously as Mr. Knight, he wears no rings. He explained this absence by saying that he had no aversion to them, but he didn't seem able to find one different and interesting enough to wear. One day, in a shop window, he saw a magnificent ring of Chinese jade carved with a cryptic inscription, but unthinkingly passed it by. Haunted by it all that day and evening, he returned the following day to purchase it, but found it had been sold in the interim. When he finds one somewhat like it and equally as beautiful he will affect it.

In his work, also, he has definite preferences. He likes particularly to carry through a program like "Dream Boat," in which it is necessary for him to create an illusion for his audience. He is always carried away himself in this work, and he has found that the success of it is largely due to that very fact. He knows that if he can greate the illusion in his own mind he can get it across to his listeners.

Frank feels very kindly toward the people who, as he says, take the trouble to write to him. Some of his fan mail is extremely shocking, some frankly admiring, and some of it in a vein critical, but friendly. He looks for this constructive criticism, as he knows himself to be at the dead end of a microphone, and at a disadvantage as far as any mistakes he may have made are concerned.

He showed me with great pride a large box of pussy-willows he had received that day from one of his listeners, and said, "You may be sure that when I leave here this evening that box will go with me, safely tucked under my arm. I don't know yet where I shall put them. I think it would be rather fitting and nice to put them on top of the Radio. Don't you?'

Letters poured into Station WABC when it was decided to cut the announcement of New York City by leaving out the word "City." All these letters contained complaints against the curtailment, saying that they especially liked the way Frank pronounced the latter word. It is natural to be able to work well with a public like that behind you.

And now, once again, the curtain must be raised for the opening of a new show. Everything is in readiness. The master of ceremonies takes his place. "This is Station WABC . . . Frank Knight announcing . . . we are now. . . ."

Weems Loves Music

(Continued from page 47)

lar Piccolo Pete over the air through the able rendition of Ted Weems and his famous recording orchestra, and Chicago began to listen. There are blue notes and gay notes, hot notes and cold notes, syncopation and rhythm. It is a danceable orchestra and a good one.

Ted Weems himself is most interesting. His tall, blond youthfulness is authentically collegiate without in the least meaning to be. His big smile warms you and then gives place to profound seriousness almost immediately. He has an overwhelming desire to please everybody and, much to his disgust, he admits that it is impossible.

AS AN example, he was playing at Vernon hall, Yale, not long ago. John Coolidge was present at the dance and arranged an introduction to Ted. It appears that Mr. Coolidge plays the saxaphone and Ted asked if he should like to have a try at it in the orchestra. "I should rather direct the orchestra," was the reply. As a result, Ted danced throughout the evening with all of the girls, thereby pleasing John Coolidge and greatly disappointing the feminine assemblage. This is Ted's version of the story.

I asked Mr. Weems if he enjoyed playing jazz. "I hardly know," he said. "You see, jazz in the real sense is syncopated music whose notes are improvised at the time of playing. As most of the music the orchestra plays is arranged completely for each instrument, there is no chance for jazz playing." He went on to explain that jazz is more or less a thing of the past save in a few cases, as, for instance, when a song is requested and the orchestra has either discarded or never had the arrangement.

Mr. Weems likes playing in cafes and dance places slightly better than playing from the stage. He likes the personal contact with his audience that a night place gives him. The stage and movies have no appeal to him and, indeed, I doubt very much whether we will find him directing his orchestra much longer. A growing interest in the theatrical booking business and an ambition to follow television will undoubtedly take him away from the musical field to some extent, sooner or later.

I asked Mr. Weems if he had considered writing songs. "No money in it," he said shortly and then explained that he thought the field already overcrowded. Assuredly there is more money in an orchestra than there is in writing songs spasmodically. And if Ted Weems wrote songs the orchestra would probably be left to shift for itself. I would not say that Ted Weems has a one-track mind, but rather that he is so vitally fair and sincere that only one thing can claim his attention at one time.

Peterson Is Modest on Accomplishments

A RETIRING disposition is the last thing many persons would expect to find in a Radio announcer, yet Curt Peterson, whose voice is heard in connection with a number of important programs originating from the NBC New York Studios, is one of the most modest men on the air.

It was about two years ago that Peterson became associated with Broadcasting. Previously he had been a concert singer and teacher of voice, and almost immediately became an announcer. He was a member of the staff of WJZ when that station had its studios in the old Aeolian Hall, New York City.

Since then Peterson has been much in demand for important programs. His musical background, his personality and the quality of his baritone voice have made him especially successful in announcing broadcasts of classical music, although his adaptability and his sense of humor have made him widely popular for his guidance of the destinies of lighter broadcasts.

Peterson is known as one of the quietest men in the studios. He has very little to say of his successes before he entered broadcasting, and most of the things that are known about him he has admitted only after someone who "knew him when" supplied the information.

He was born in Albert Lea, Minn., February 12, 1898, but calls Eugene, Oregon, the site of the University of Oregon, his home city. His career at the University was interrupted by the World War, in which he served as a Lieutenant in the Infantry.

Following his graduation from the University in 1920, Peterson, whose baritone voice had aroused a great deal of favorable comment, took up singing as a profession. Later he became a teacher of voice at Miss Mason's Castle School for Girls.

Since becoming an NBC announcer Peterson has kept up his singing. He has made a number of concert appearances and has appeared as soloist in a number of broadcast programs. He is married, and has two children. His wife formerly was Patty French of San Diego, Cal., and his two children, Stephanie French and Janeth French Peterson, six and four years old, respectively, show signs of following in their father's footsteps.

Peterson is one of the NBC's "Skyscraper" announcers. He is more than six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has light hair and fair complexion. His golf score is a secret. He plays regularly, however, and his friends say the score is one to be treated with respect.

Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy

(Continued from page 12)

two girls—and they are scarcely more than that—really are sort of afraid of interviewers, as a clan, and sincerely bashful about talking about themselves. So, harken to the result of an earnest bit of gossip gathering, well authenticated, however, by a regular Amos and Andy "Check and Double Check!"

IN MOMENTS of temporary loneliness, when their husbands are busy writing skits or broadcasting them to you, twice nightly, while in Chicago, New York, or abroad elsewhere on frequent personal appearance tours, Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy refer to themselves, as "the Radio-widows."

These Radio-blues are encountered very seldom, however, because it's a fact that the whole family foursome more often goes along when the act is entour. The wives are only left alone during the actual broadcasting hours. When entour, relay wires and a microphone are set up back-stage, in whatever theatre Amos and Andy are gracing, at the moment, with their personal presence. In the former case, the wives are listening-in, at home. While entour they have receivers in their hotel suites. Most of the rest of the time, Hubby Amos and Hubby Andy are with the ladies of their heart's desire. No foolin' about their romances being unique for utter sincerity.

At the time of this writing, that convenient propinquity of apartments is undergoing an even more promising change. Mr. and Mrs. Amos and Mr. and Mrs. Andy have been spending past weeks picking out furniture, drapes and

interior decorations for a brand new home of their own to be located in the same apartment building and they will soon overlook Lake Michigan from adjacent front windows as across-the-hall neighbors.

No particular kind of period note is to be carried out within this new six-room apartment overlooking lake Michigan. Just a melange of selected pieces, is the idea. Mostly antiques, gathered from near and far by various importers of furniture and rugs. Artistic background for the general effect is in the hands of specialists in interior decoration, who are engaged in the task right now, while Mr. and Mrs. Andy, together with Amos, for the moment a "Radio widower," are entour to Pittsburgh and points East.

THIS happy quartet get along so famously together that they are truly the wonder of their neighbors and all who know them intimately. The two boys are true partners in private life, and the two girls are inseparable, although they did not meet, these wise and winning wives, until Mrs. Andy acted as bridesmaid for Mrs. Amos.

These two young women are of an unusual sort, both beautiful, brainy, and, at times, quite as witty and wise as their famous husbands, all of which is saying a lot for the wives of professional partners.

Leave it to Mrs. Andy to give you the low down on that grouchy disposition. There's nothing to it. Andy is a perfect dear all the time. He's always sunny, even on a rainy day! As for Amos—no inferiority complex in his young life. It was no accident that Amos and Andy have climbed to the pinnacle of success that they enjoy today. They had the stuff, and they knew it. That's why they broke away from the restrictions of the Sam and Henry connections.

Up and coming, cheery, nifty, happy-go-lucky, they go blithely through the day, adoring husbands and adored by their wives like young newly-weds. And the cheerful young wives enter fully into the spirit of the mode of life into which they have found themselves. Every broadcast is an event. And do you suppose that Mrs. Andy or Mrs. Amos would ever be found asleep through an Amos 'n' Andy episode? Never. It is very much of a family affair, even if millions are listening in. In fact, it would break the boys' hearts if the girls didn't catch every line and intonation and know each skit off by heart. And this, despite the fact that they write the skits in the secret confines of the home study, or in their office in the Palmolive building, and perform them in the secret confines of a hushed studio room at the broadcasting station.

AMOS has never attempted a female vocalization. That's why you never hear Madam Queen or Ruby Taylor, but only all about them. He tried it once and Andy laughed so much at the falsetto that he (Andy) had to throw a glass of cold water into his own fac before he could pick up his own lines That happened, happily, at a rehearsal

Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy really should have a part in that act. They admit that themselves to intimates. Mrs. Amos would make a splendid aunt Lillian, she whom Ruby Taylor was supposed to be visiting while in New York.

Truth is, there is a real Aunt Lillian, and she all but creeps right into the Amos home Radio when the boys are broadcasting. She is the colored mammy, at home, to Li'l' Amos, Jr. And a dear she is, by all accounts, and how proud to be included or characterized in those skits. Li'l' Amos, Jr., almost crawls into the Radio with Lillian, for he loves music and gurgles with glee every time he hears the Perfect Song from the Birth of a Nation theme music that his father and Andy have made so popular once again.

Mrs. Amos is tall, brunette, has beaming brown eyes and makes a striking, even queenly, appearance as she steps forth in the latest long skirted fashions. Her neck-length black hair curls naturally and is brushed back behind her ears, in which she wears large stud ear-rings to match her attire and to accentuate the deep ivory of her skin or bring out the lights in her dancing mirthful eyes.

Mrs. Andy is a petite blue-eyed blonde. Her voice has a lively soprano lilt to it, and she is in rollicking humor most of the time, laughing at her husband's antics, as is Mrs. Amos. Yes, they surely enjoy life, that foursome, and it's not the huge salaries or even the popularity of the two Radio aces who provide for them that makes for their happiness, although they are appreciative of the public's approval. Sometimes they wonder how it all happened, this wondrous acclaim, and the money that makes it real and earnest. Their glad attitude is, we think, of that brand that would keep love within their doors even if poverty came in the window. They remain unspoiled.

You find no extravagant display in the homes of these wives. Both of the attractive wives were in business before their marriage, and to this day they truly represent that alert type of clever, cultivated business woman met with in metropolitan offices.

Mrs. Amos was private secretary to S. E. Thomason, former business manager of the Chicago Tribune, when she met Amos, and their meeting was a bit unusual. Here's how it happened. Some friends invited her to a party of Tribune employes, the escort that she was supposed to have for dinner and games did not show up and Amos gallantly took his place, being at the moment an end man—one who had come at a moment's notice, and who had not been exactly expected. She liked him from the start, she has since told her friends. His curly blond hair and the way he spoke and acted simply thrilled her. Anyway, she forgot that other fellow, didn't even bother to chide him for not coming to the party, as she might have done had Amos not come to completely take his place. Leta and Amos were married not so very long after that meeting. It was June, and Mrs. Andy was her bridesmaid. Andy was best man. The latter couple were a bit superior and sophisticated at the quiet church wedding, just because they had been married the previous January. All that was back in 1927.

Mrs. Andy's experience was somewhat like that of Mrs. Amos. First, she had met Andy at a friend's house in Chicago, then she went away for four years, almost losing track of him. Later, returning to work as secretary to an insurance company executive at a local theatre, she met Andy again.

He was playing his Sam 'n' Henry act at a Chicago theatre. She saw the show, recognized him as an old acquaintance, and sent her card back stage. He asked her to go to a banquet with him that night, she did, and after that . . . well, a slight acquaintance lengthened into friendship, love and marriage, and all of that before very long.

When Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy are at home they keep house, mostly. They both like a homey, hand-made sort of place, and they are both good cooks.

Mrs. Amos (Leta) does most of her own cooking although she has, of course, a hired cook, but she likes to take a hand at favorite family dishes herself. And we have it on good authority that Mrs. Andy (Marie) is the only one who can satisfy her husband's epicurean tastes and cater to his delicate indigestion besides.

As it's told, Andy would honestly rather have a piece of Marie's home-made bread and jam than to be forced to eat a banquet at the Drake hotel. Both boys love their home, and dash right back there after broadcasts. You can find either of them at home when not engaged in their honest and honorable, if humorous, work, which, to them, is work, as it would be to anyone else who had to write a different, human interest skit for every day in the week and then put it over twice a day or night as well.

The change of broadcasting time recently requiring them to be on the air at 7 p. m. and again at 11 p. m., did not interfere either with their diets or their appetites for them, though the change did interfere with Mrs. Andy's home cooking. She joked with some friends about the change to 7 p. m., saying that she bet some wives would now burn the dinner turning the radio dial to listen in the earlier rendition of Amos 'n' Andy. Well, some wives did . . . the joke was on herself, 'tis told. The very first night that the boys went on the air at 7 p. m., she forgot that she had a chicken in the oven for Andy and candied sweets besides were burned to a crisp.

She didn't get a scolding, though, for Andy realized, or said he did, that it really was all his fault, as he had admonished her to listen prompt on the dot of the new hour, and that was just when the chicken and sweets were done to a turn.

Another thing nice to learn is that Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy have no foolish fears about feminine fans. Few mash notes bother the boys, men being in the majority of their admirers.

They are capable of a sense of humor, however, and even of appreciation when a "mash" note does occasionally come from some one who does not know, perhaps, that the boys are married.

Everyone calls these two happy wives Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy. It's a custom now and they like it. Besides it's a necessity. When the boys are entour stage-doormen do not call the boys by anything except character names, and the girls can't get back-stage to see these hubbies of theirs unless they introduce themselves as Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy. They'd seldom get by with announcing, individually, "I'm Mrs. Freeman F. Gosden," and "I'm Mrs. Charles J. Correll."

At home it's different. They never think of their husbands as Amos and Andy, when they are at home, only during the act. Then, like all the rest of the public listening-in, they almost convince themselves, although they know better, that those two pets of their own and of the air world are surely a couple of darkie boys, and begin to believe someone has just fooled them, telling them that that's their own husbands talking that way.

A New York hotel clerk recently, it is reported, felt the same way about them. When the National Broadcasting company wanted to engage rooms for them and asked this clerk for a reservation for Amos 'n' Andy, he replied:

"Sorry, sir, I admire those boys myself, but, of course, you know I'm not allowed to register colored folks in this hotel, no matter how prominent or fine they are."

So, you see, that a clever talent for dark-town-talk may get one into a bit of difficulty at times.

Amos and Andy Guided by Destiny

(Continued from page 13)

of Fate. The Gosden thread crossed that of the Correll thread doing the same kind of thing at Durham, N. C.

Now, Charles J. Correll had been doing this sort of thing for years before he met Gosden. In fact, it had become a sort of a rut with him. He accepted it as a matter of course, just like the most of us who get to doing the same thing year in and year out. He was nine years older than Gosden, but Gosden seemed to be getting fun out of the game.

There grew up an affinity of spirit between them. They became pals, each interested in the idea of getting somewhere and doing something, even if they had to sacrifice a few pleasurable evenings in the way of preparation.

Everybody in Richmond had the idea that if Curly Gosden ever did amount to anything it would be as a top-notch hoofer on a vaudeville circuit. As a singer, it was to laugh.

Chuck Correll was also an accomplished tap dancer. The pair thought seriously of developing this asset into an act. But Curly had learned a few things about the ukulele during the war. He had teamed up with a buddy in the naval training school and they had become headliners in the Boston cantonment. And Correll had played the piano for the picture shows at Peoria. He found his voice harmonized splendidly with Gosden's.

By this time they had come to Chicago and were rooming together. They were getting $100 a week in the amateur shows, but they feared that would be the limit along this line. The thought for bigger and better things turned toward Radio possibilities in 1925. They doped it out that their campaign for vaudeville booking should include a period of broadcasting. This would give them an opportunity to make their names well known to the public through the Radio publicity. They did not seriously consider the monetary possibilities of broadcasting.

They regarded it a great stroke of luck when, through mutual friends, they were afforded an opportunity to try out over WEBH, of the Edgewater Beach hotel, Chicago. The first broadcast went over very satisfactory. Besides their singing they exchanged snappy collegiate chaff. This was something of a novelty and helped the act better than they realized. They were happy to work seven months straight at WEBH without pay. By that time they had discovered many of the little microphone tricks so useful to them today.

SOME of our faithful readers of those days may recall pictures shown in Radio Digest at that time of Correll and Gosden—Correll at the piano and Gosden leaning over him with his ukulele. The object of their Radio debut began to be realized. They were making good with the listeners even if they were not making much money at the job.

Surely, with a lot of fan mail to show booking agents, they would stand a good chance to get signed up. And then, once on the road, they would find their opportunity to raise their rating by doing their stuff so well audiences would stand in line for them at the door. The next step would be for headliners' position and real money. They began negotiations. Paul Ash had heard them, and he was struck with the possibilities. They brought to bear their skit writing ability and submitted to him a sketch called Red Hot.

The great Paul smiled gleefully and said it was a darb. Of course the boys had a part in it. They knew about production, too. The front of McVicker's Theatre was blazoned with gorgeous display posters and light. When the curtain went up on this event they credited it as the next stepping stone to their success. The show went over with a bang in Chicago and on the road.

The young thespians followed this with another skit featuring Paul Ash as the central figure, and were working on a third sketch when they were interrupted by a request to see the manager of WGN of the Chicago Tribune. Then they discovered that they were already headliners—in Radio; because they were offered real money to appear regularly on the WGN programs.

A contract was submitted which they both promptly signed, and it began to look as though Curly Gosden from Richmond and Chuck Correll of Peoria had come to the Big City and actually were making good.

ALL the tap dancing now slipped by the board and a couple of hoofers had gone vocal! But Destiny would be served in her own way. Still, as a singing team, the boys were not entirely satisfied with their efforts. Their gags and asides began to show signs of some growing phase that held much in store for them. And, while this angle of the situation was still a matter of study, their association with a great newspaper that employs many trained minds to study and scientifically analyze public tastes and desires, also produced an effect.

Sidney Smith's Andy Gump strip had become a national institution through the Chicago Tribune syndicate service. In fact, Andy was buying Rolls Royces for Smith and coining big money for the syndicate. Why not a Radio strip? Why not put Andy Gump, Min and Little Chester on the air?

The big problem would be to find an Andy Gump. They ran a pencil down the talent list on the WGN staff. The point rested on Correll and Gosden. Neither of the boys were married at the time, but they were broached with the idea. They were appalled at trying to do Andy Gump—but—but—what was the matter with the old minstrel stuff they used to do for the amateur shows?

They worked hard and desperately on a skit. They called it Sam and Henry. It was given a trial. The Radio audience was delighted. Sam and Henry became a regular feature. But it was very, very tedious trying to work out a new skit that would be suitable every day during those first few months. They presented Sam and Henry nightly for a year, and it was getting better all the time. Since the syndicate business had proven so well for Andy Gump the boys reasoned there should be some way to syndicate Sam and Henry. They conceived the idea of putting their skits on wax and syndicating the records. But the WGN management would not listen to that. So they dropped the idea until it should come time for the contract to expire. Then they resigned.

THEY immediately signed up with WMAQ where Walter Strong, publisher of the Chicago Daily News, wished them God speed and told them to make all the records they desired.

MORE about this famous team of Amos and Andy in the June issue of RADIO DIGEST. Be sure of your copy—Subscribe Today!

Records were made and distributed through the Daily News syndicate to many of the leading stations, practically all of which, except WGN, have facilities for broadcasting records by special electrical transmitting apparatus. These records, of course, have now been entirely withdrawn from circulation. It was the records, however, that built the foundation for their national popularity.

In going to the Daily News, Correll and Gosden were compelled to originate new names for their inimitable characters. They chose the names Amos and Andy after a study of names most common among the colored people of the South.

While at the Tribune during the year 1927 both of the boys found their life mates. Miss Leta Marie Schreiber, a Missourian, became Mrs. Gosden, and Miss Marie Janes, native of Iowa, became Mrs. Correll. They all have ever since been a very happy foursome. The wives listen to every broadcast, but never are permitted to enter the studio during the period their husbands are on the air,

"Of course, that is a rule that applies to everyone," explained Mr. Gosden. "We let ourselves go in putting on our parts with no other thought than for the listener out there in the distant home. If there should happen to be any person in the studio we would find ourselves playing up to the individual we could see. It seems impossible for us to do otherwise. We do not realize that we are influenced this way until it is too late."

Bill Hay, who has been announcer for the team from the time they were Sam and Henry, is everywhere recognized as an integral part of the act. Without his voice Amos and Andy seem incomplete. Every consideration was given the boys to make the most of their opportunities after they went to the Daily News.

When the National Broadcasting company came forward with a "proposition" to pay them $100,000 for a year's contract to carry the Pepsodent program Mr. Strong personally told the boys he would not let the Daily News exclusive contract for five years stand in their way—and he didn't, although WMAQ of the Daily News is a Columbia Broadcasting System station.

Success strikes suddenly and glamorously. For Correll and Gosden, who have been doing their Negro dialect for five years, it has come most of the way to its present altitude during the past six months.

Here's One in a Million

FOUND, a Chicago taxi driver who refuses a tip! Pat Flanagan, early morning announcer at WBBM claims the find.

Early one morning Pat called a cab and urged the driver to press right heavily on the gas as the minutes were few before Al Melgard was scheduled to go on the air at 8 o'clock. Arriving in good time, Pat paid the fare and tendered a generous tip.

"Never mind the tip, Mister, I know you. Just let me go in with you and wait for the 'Morning on Broadway' CBS program. I get a great kick out of Sam Bernstein, the Singing Taxi Driver, and I can't get home in time to pick him up myself."

Pat consented and now the same taxi awaits him every morning.

* * *

Elmer Crowhurst, NBC organist, is a native of Oakland, Calif. He studied piano with the famous I. P. Plummer and was graduated afterward from the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Friends of Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 11)

the United States, taking in every stratum of society. It is a peculiar thing, the manner in which this enthusiasm has taken hold of the people of the nation. It was only a few months ago, on August 19, 1928, to be exact, that the personality of Amos 'n' Andy first traveled over the air waves into New York. The people of the East, to be sure, had heard much of these two dusky characters who had so apparently established a never-ceasing pull on the heart strings of their brethren in the great Mississippi valley, but they awaited their coming with a sort of superior and cynical smile. In fact, upon their first appearances they didn't get to first base in the East in the newspaper reviews. The professional listeners mercilessly "panned" the new feature.

Here is a sample of the eastern reaction:

"Are the people of Chicago and the Middle West, who have gone into guffaws over this duo, just stupid or have they been getting better stuff throughout the last two years than the Amos 'n' Andy reserved for a semi-national consumption?"

Another leading New York paper billed them as "Radio's greatest flop," but today that same paper is devoting a full page layout of pictures and stories on the first page of their second section to Amos 'n' Andy. Their newspaper trucks are blazing with banners telling of the story and full page ads call attention to it in the paper. This same paper sent their best staff writer from New York to Chicago to spend days interviewing the boys and gathering material for the series.

That is just one example, and a typical one, of the reverse in the tide of public opinion since that initial eastern broadcast and indicates something of the hold that the boys have in New York itself. The same thing is true throughout the country—people can't seem to read enough about Amos 'n' Andy. The boys themselves, and the National Broadcasting company, are constantly swamped with requests for interviews, pictures and special articles of the two entertainers.

FROM all evidence the general public is more interested in what these two characters look like, what they eat and drink, where they sleep and what their hobbies are than anyone else in the United States. And in the midst of it all the two most bewildered people are Correll and Gosden themselves.

"We're just two boys trying to get along," Gosden will tell you. "We are crazy about our job and honestly appreciate all of the support that we get.

"We try to keep our episodes faithful and make a point of never saying anything derogatory or anything that anyone could take offense at."

Just how well they are succeeding in this may be indicated by the recent statement of a famous New York divine, who declared that "Amos 'n' Andy reached the hearts of more people than all the preachers in America." But it isn't the easiest thing in the world to keep "gags" and wise-cracks out of their copy. They give the utmost care to the composition of their episodes and while in their ordinary conversation they are quick-witted and kid constantly with each other, it never gets out on the air.

But to get back to how they "get over" their act; what have they got and what is it that they're creating that has nationalized their fifteen minutes and made them the two most popular and best-known men in the country. The psychological angle the boys dismiss with a wave of their hand but they, as practically anyone who has gone into the question, believe that the little human happenings and situations in which Amos 'n' Andy are caught have much to do with it. Their love affairs, ups and downs in business, and high and low minutes are for the most part just things that happen to all of us.

"We always try to introduce something that is common and happens to everybody," Gosden says. "For example, most of us are gullible, especially about our financial interests. You probably remember the Kingfish's Great Home bank—financiers all over the country found this of special interest.

"No matter what we say, we always try to leave the right impression so the lesson in those episodes was that you'd be better off if you put your money in a good sound bank rather than in any wild-cat or fly-by-night scheme in order to get rich quick.

"Much to our surprise after we had finished these episodes we got letters from bankers all over the country praising our good work in showing the people the value of solid banking institutions. I guess the effect wasn't lost on the public either, because we got lots of letters from people who said they had sure learned a lesson from the Kingfish's bank and would know enough to consult their own bankers before they made any investment. Of course, the funny part of it was we never expected anything of this sort in the way of a reaction."

AND so it goes with the continued trend of their episodes. You'll remember a short time ago that the Madame Queen got an idea that she should redecorate her beauty shop while Andy decided that it would be a good thing to also paper the taxicab headquarters. What the public didn't know was that the flesh and blood creators of Amos 'n' Andy were really involved in interior decorating schemes and moving plans themselves. They were both moving to new apartments and what with interior decorators, movers and the general bustle the idea just naturally found its way into their episodes.

That same thing occurred when the Pepsodent company took out a million dollar insurance policy on the pair. Doctors were following them around, taking their pulses, registering their heart beats and taking their blood pressures. It was, in short, a big parade of doctors and, of course, excellent material for the episodes. You will recall how Amos was examined, thus the little incidents of real life live again in the characters of Amos 'n' Andy on the air.

That is one reason that Amos 'n' Andy may hold your interest. Here's another that the boys themselves propound upon if pressed hard enough: Do you have any idea of just how Amos or Andy looks, or what the appearance of the Kingfish, Madame Queen, Lightnin' or any of the other characters that circle in the background of the daily drama in Harlem appear? Of course you do. When you sit back in the evening and the voices of the well-known characters come floating from your loud speaker, you conjure in your minds a very definite picture of each character—is that not so? And there you are. Subconsciously, you have been working with the boys; you supply your mental image of each character and they supply the conversation, consequently, you actually become a very vital part of that nightly drama and since you are a part of it, it naturally "gets under your skin" and it becomes more real to you each time you hear it. And that may aid you in deciding that you really do like this feature.

The fact that the boys now broadcast in person each night gives them an opportunity to work into their episodes more topics of the day than they could otherwise. A "current event" is elastically defined by the boys. They take this as meaning any incident that may happen in their daily lives that may give them an idea for their episodes. For example, they relate that one night they ran into an old colored fellow on their way home from the studio, who, in Gosden's words, if he had been as wise as he was witty, could have been a millionaire.

"We talked to him about three hours," Correll said, "and got a lot of stuff from him. It came out that he hadn't been able to pay his room rent for more than three weeks and that every time he tried to sneak out of his room his landlady was on his trail. Doggone, he said, she kept sweepin' 'round the do' all de time." So we of the Radio audience saw Andy affected similarly a few nights later.

But once in a while the boys do have a real worry. It was just a short time ago when that now famous March blizzard held Chicago in its icy arms that they almost failed to reach the studio in time to go on the air. Failure would have meant disappointing the nation.

"Charley (Correll) ran a mile and a half part way to our office where we had Tuesday night's episodes while I went on to the studio," Gosden recalls. "Trolleys had stopped; taxicabs, even the fresh air variety, were unable to proceed.

"A coal truck gave him a lift for a few blocks, then a one-lung automobile somehow able to navigate, picked him up. After a few more struggles like this he finally got the script and was able to join me in the studio just four minutes before we went on the air. This is the closest shave we've ever had."

READ NEXT MONTH more details of the actual experiences of Correll and Gosden in Harlem as they met real characters of the vicinity and studied their traits.

See Phil Lord in Role of Explorers' Rival

PHIL LORD, author of rural Radio sketches, seems to be trying to rival Balboa, DeSoto and Champlain in the business of putting places on the map. He was instrumental in focussing the nation's attention on Jonesport, Maine—home of Seth Parker.

When he was commissioned by "The Professionals" to write a continuity for a new program to be broadcast exclusively from Station WTIC, he decided to invent a fictitious scene of action. He and "The Professionals" conceived the name "Pleasant Valley" as the locale for the new series. Imagine their surprise when, after the first chapter of "The Mystery of Pleasant Valley" had been broadcast, they received letters lauding the programs as a splendid asset to the village of Pleasant Valley, Connecticut. . . . And so Phil Lord, who writes the sketches, and the actors who enact the principal roles—all of whom live in New York City—are telling the world about a town they have never seen and previously thought never existed.

Bennett Kilpack and Ed. Dunham, famous NBC staff players, play the leading roles in this feature, dashing up to Hartford each Monday night to spend 30 minutes before the WTIC microphones.



Harold Van Duzee, widely known Radio tenor has been the featured star with Roxy's Gang of a Monday evening program

Listeners Like News as Dramatized at WHBY

DRAMATIZATION of news events brings very close to 100 per cent of all listeners in the locality of WHBY to the Town Crier program, writes Harold Shannon from Green Bay, Wisconsin. The studio orchestra is used for background and interpretation, together with occasional recorded sound effects.

One night, for instance, the weather forecast was for snow. That was announced to the accompaniment of the easily identified Jingle Bells. Button Up Your Overcoat brought on the prediction of colder weather another night. Then comes the Gem Thought for the Day, and Song at Twilight puts that over. Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater made a lad of three years happy on his birthday, while Vacant Chair backed announcement of the death of a prominent Green Bay citizen, and Abide With Me carried out another obituary.

Wedding marches always accompany notices of marriages, and Silver Threads Among the Gold helped celebrate a golden wedding anniversary. A costly fire was described while bells rang and sirens whistled in the background, and a prominent family left for Florida to the noises of a train pulling out.

There is comedy, the day's biggest news breaks and the oddest story—the talking is continuous and the cued music as well. "Your newspaper is on the air" opens the Town Crier program, whose slogan is, "It's easy to read with your ears.

Each item presented is carefully checked for confirmation before being put on the air at 6:10 P. M. (CST).

* * *

The popularity of Rudy Vallee extends even into the canine world, according to a letter received at the NBC. "Rad," a police dog, cannot be coaxed away from the family speaker when the crooner is broadcasting, the dog's owner, Carl P. Lothrop, attorney, reports.

* * *

Phoebe Mackay, who plays the role of Mrs. Watts in Real Folks, weekly NBC program, studied for years to be a dancer. Part of the training included a course in music appreciation, and Miss Mackay claims to have attended more operas and dance recitals than any other woman in Radio.

Blinded Since Birth She Makes Singing Career

A STRONG, sweet voice on the air—the singer is Eleanor Catharine Judd, blinded at the age of two. The piano accompaniment is also hers. Despite no piano training she plays the instrument very acceptably by ear. Miss Judd is a most remarkable personality.

A graduate of George Washington university, she holds two degrees, Bachelor of Arts, and Master of Arts, is fluent in French and German. She is a member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. When seen at the Hotel Wolcott, where she resides, she stressed the fact that she has never attended any schools for the blind. She is an expert typist and all her scholastic papers were presented in typed form. Miss Judd is the protege of Senator Thomas D. Schall, blind senator from Minnesota, and scarcely a day passes that she doesn't write to her close friends. Senator and Mrs. Schall, both of whom are most interested in her, particularly since Miss Judd has lost both parents, and is without any close kin.

She has traveled extensively throughout the Middle West, doing a "single" in vaudeville. Miss Judd hopes to make her permanent home in New York, engagements permitting. Every Friday afternoon she may be heard over Station WHN, gaily singing ballads and popular songs.

Despite her handicap, Miss Judd is a cheerful, optimistic person, effervescing with good humor and amiability.

Guitar Class Is Reward

RADIO has its reward for the Storey Brothers, members of the Beachcombers, popular Hawaiian quartet heard from KSTP each Sunday afternoon. While playing at a luncheon for employees of a large business house in St. Paul, they asked to teach the Hawaiian guitar to a group of the girls who heard the quartet.

That marked the beginning of a class of grils on the guitar which has grown many fold and which keeps them busy during most of the time that they are not on the air.

The Beachcombers include two sets of brothers, Royal and his brother Dave, and the Wendt brothers, Bud and Harley. They play any requests which their listeners send in and write their own arrangements for many of their selections.

Dad Gets Fan Letters Written by Son's Pals

BECAUSE his voice resembles that of his son, Harry De Lasaux of the NBC's San Francisco staff of continuity writers and production assistants is receiving scores of "fan" letters from his son's friends.

De Lasaux Jr. was graduated from the University of California three years ago. During his college days he participated in dramatic and musical activities on the campus, but since his graduation he has engaged in commerce.

Since DeLasaux Sr. has been appearing before the microphone in dramatic presentations his son's college classmates have been sending him innumerable letters, mistaking his voice for that of the younger Harry.

* * *

Dust off the antique gag about a prophet being without honor in his own country and hand it to Gene Byrnes, staff composer and announcer at KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Brynes comes from New York and its major Radio station. He wrote 300 songs in the East, sold many of them, but never had one published. Since coming to KHJ he had turned out another hundred and "Lolita," one of them, is now on the press and others are being recorded. KHJ has introduced dozens of Byrnes' songs, and arrangements of them for orchestra and chorus occupy quite a niche in the station's library.

* * *

An old friend of the Radio audience, John Willis, has joined the staff of WIL, St. Louis. His violin recitals are always popular with the fans.



"Shave" and "Smile" are the names of the Twinplex Twins, heard on Sunday night over the Columbia system. Recognize their pictures? If you do, don't tell a soul, for it's supposed to be a secret.

Spoken Opera Stories

(Continued from page 14)

plays only character parts before the microphone (and those under an assumed name), Helen Rose has moments in which she is as theatrical as a Dusé. She always "plays up to her clothes," she says, and spends great thought on little items of dress that will make her feel glamorous. She does not need to be at the WLW studios until late in the morning. Often she spends the early hours shopping, arriving in a great flurry of excitement and clutching a box tightly to her with a fine gesture of enthusiasm.

Straightaway she dashes into the dressing room and stays for quite some time. When she comes out, her old dress is in the box. She wears the new one she bought that morning. All day long she is full of fire, she dashes off her work, inspires her casts with her fervor —all "playing up to the clothes," she says.

Underneath the dreams of Helen Rose that brought her to Radio and that keeps her there with many more dreams whirling in the back of her mind before they eventually are produced for the enjoyment of the Radio audience—underneath these dreams is an idea that the discerning can point out as a moral for all women who inspire to "get into broadcasting."

Helen Rose dreamed about working at a broadcasting station. But she didn't stop with dreaming. She waited her time, preparing all the time for the work she knew would eventually be needed in Radio. Then when she thought that time had come, she brought her idea, carefully outlined, to the Radio station instead of asking the station to bring an outline to her. Once hired, she has not settled back with her dreams to do only the work that is part of a routine. She makes her dreams open new vistas of promise, build for her new hopes and desires that she can use to create more programs, to widen the scope of her activities.

Dreams, as Montaigne said, may be the "True Interpreters of our Inclinations." Helen Rose has the "Art required to sort and understand them."

Station WJJD, "The Voice of the Child"

WHEN listening to the large number of students who broadcast from Station WJJD, Mooseheart, Illinois, few realize the extensive amount of preparation necessary to prepare these Radio Stars for their daily broadcasts.

The Loyal Order of Moose owns Station WJJD, and has two studios, one at Palmer House, Chicago, and the other at Mooseheart, Illinois. This Station is known as "Voice of the Child."

The new director and announcer at Mooseheart, Miss Lucile Snoor, who comes from South Bend, Indiana, is busy planning interesting and varied programs.

They now have an educational program once a week, for which the recently organized "Mooseheart Trio" plays. The concert band, Philharmonic orchestra, and glee clubs are also heard over the air each week.

Tom Breen to Front

(Continued from page 46)

to him in his present profession. Perhaps the thought that through Radio he could hear the works of the masters, the voices of great artists, and the tuneful melodies of more modern times was one reason for his early interest in the subject. Possessing a fine bass voice of his own, he spent several years in musical training and study, and if, at some time the need for Radio announcers should pass, he might still rely upon his singing voice to supply him with a living.

SOME finger of Fate guided his interests along another line which possibly has done him more good today than all the rest of the other. All his life, Tom Breen has been interested in dramatics and voice culture, and the training he received in public speaking and elocution, and the understanding of drama and dramatic principles, has stood him in good stead as his steps gradually led him to the broadcasting studio and the announcer's mike.

And as for the matter of experiences—about as many experiences as could be crowded into twenty-four years have come to Breen, and left their impress on his character. If the story of his intellectual pursuits leads to the belief that he was some objectionable type of bookworm, the impression is erroneous in the extreme. Tom has wandered over a good part of the United States, Canada, and even Mexico in his travels. A summer spent on a hunting trip in Mexico was probably one of the most exciting episodes of his career. There he spent weeks under the open skies in the Mexican deserts, and once even took part in a thrilling man-hunt, when a band of cattle rustlers were captured, after what might have developed into an open gun fight between the ranchers and the thieves.

But the most exciting of Tom's adventures have taken place in the air. Tom is a licensed amateur airplane pilot, and has a good many hours of flying time to his credit. On one occasion he flew from Chicago to Canada to take part in a broadcast in which Sir Harry Lauder, famous Scotch humorist, was featured—although Breen was not himself at the controls. Occasionally he keeps his hand in at flying by taking a hurried airplane trip from Chicago to his home in Minneapolis, piloting the plane himself during the trip.

This is, next to Radio, Breen's chief hobby. Many of his spare hours are spent in the vicinity of one of Chicago's airports, and his eyes flash with real interest whenever the subject of aviation is mentioned. It must have been a close race between Radio and aviation when Tom finally made his choice of professions, but Tom has never forgotten his love for the air even in his devotion to the studio. For nowhere is there more promise of adventure than in flying, and adventure, both intellectual and physical, seems to be one of the corner-stones of Breen's existence.

There is one thrill, however, that Breen has never experienced—the thrill of marriage. Although Tom himself claims he has never been in love, except for periodic spasms of romantic insanity in his youth, the fairer sex nevertheless seems to have a definite appeal for him, and he is often seen in the company of some more than presentable damsel. But perhaps there are so many girls attracted by his good looks and the glamour of his position that Tom has never had a chance to pick out one from the rest.

But in speaking of the subject of thrills, Tom insists that there has never been a thrill in his life comparable to the one he experienced at WAMD, when he first sent his voice out over the air. "Compared to that," he confides, "everything else seemed tame. I don't know how to describe the emotion—whether it was stage-fright, exultation, or what, but, in looking back I can never imagine where I got the courage to go through with it."

The Battle of The Blues

(Continued from page 27)

pared to leave. The strains of *I Love You Truly* were filling the softly lighted room; I was saying goodbye to my most charming host, when almost unconsciously, as though from force of habit, I blurted out the old shop-worn stock question, "To what do you owe your success?"

"To the greatest advertising medium in the world—the air," he answered.

Somehow, I felt his personality must have had a great deal to do with it.

SPEAKING of personalities, there is nothing wrong with Will Osborne's. I called his hotel at ten in the morning. He had already left—was away rehearsing. During the afternoon and evening he was filling his vaudeville engagements at the R. K. O. house in Yonkers. I planted myself in the grill room of the Park Central Hotel and was waiting for him when he came with his orchestra at ten-thirty. He was still playing, still smiling and still joshing with his boys when I left at two in the morning. How does he do it? I doubt if I could be the sparkling companion that Will Osborne was after sixteen hours of work.

The following quoted from the Rockford, Ill., *Argus* had started me off in search of Osborne and Vallee.

CROONING STARS OF RADIO IN ARGUMENT

Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee Charge Imitations.

A Radio controversy has involved New York's two crooning orchestra leaders, Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

The argument started before the microphone of WEAF, an NBC key station, and WABC, key of CBS, deals with who holds the priority to a particular type of popular music presentation.

The orchestra of each is conducted so that the rhythm is similar. Each also has the type of voice that has led many listeners to mistake one for the other.

The debate started with these words from Rudy: "I and my orchestra intend to go on, and for that reason, to any particular imitator or imitators who may have, in their adoption of our style of Radio broadcasting, taken our place during our absence, I want to express my sincere thanks, in that we will find at the receiving end of our broadcasts all our old friends and many new ones."

Osborne Has Comeback

The next afternoon, Osborne came back with: "I happened to be listening to Rudy Vallee's orchestra on my Radio last night. It now gives me great pleasure to state that our first broadcast was from a cafe in New York three years ago, before the gentleman in question was heard of by me. At that time my orchestra was made up of the same personnel and instrumentation and my voice, which is a part of me and unchangeable, also was functioning in the same manner. I am by no means trying to insinuate that anyone has appropriated an original idea of mine."

Aside from that the available data records Rudy as playing his first programs on the Radio in London in 1926. He began his presentations from a New York station about January, 1928, after completing his schooling at Yale.

Osborne fixes his first broadcast

from WMCA, New York, some time in December, 1926, or January, 1927.

HERE were these two fighting over the question of imitating one another. Leaving out the voice angle, it looked to me as though they were each claiming to be the originator of the slow tempo, which is the *forte* of both orchestras.

When questioned on this point Osborne said that as to Lombardo he was not sure, but as far as Vallee was concerned he (Osborne) had been playing slow time music long before Rudy had ever been heard of.

In 1925 Osborne and his boys, seven at that time, played for five or six weeks at the Club Kentucky, New York. They were mixing their numbers, playing about half "hot stuff" and half slow time, and Will was crooning his choruses. The management kicked on the sluggish music and insisted on it being cut out of the program. Refusal to give up his ideas of rhythm cost Will Osborne many contracts during the next few years. But he was entirely convinced his ideas were right and confident of the outcome.

"The couple of ideas that I wanted to put over at that time," he said, "were to eliminate heavy arrangements, which the public were forced to listen to on every side, and to simplify the presentation of the dance music so that it could be appreciated without any great effort on the part of the listeners.

"To this end, I played only choruses of the popular numbers, and instead of playing one number to a dance, I grouped nine and ten together, and, to make our music more appealing, I did away with the brass section, substituting violins and a string bass in place of the tuba, finally toning down the whole as much as possible without loss of rhythm or melody.

"Every other band in the country was playing wild fox trots, in the most frantic fashion, so, to blend in with what I was trying to present, I slowed down my tempo wherever a number lent itself to such treatment. I will admit it sounded draggy at first since the boys were not used to playing such rhythm, and furthermore the members of my orchestra were not in accord with the idea, and naturally did not give me their full co-operation.

"This new tempo I employed was a great contrast to the style all other bands were using at the time, and consequently many people could not dance to our music, but I stuck to my ideas and refused to 'jazz it up.'

"I had confidence in my work and the way in which I was determined to present it, despite the poor reception it first got, for I felt the need of a change toward something less frantic; more soothing, yet retaining all the essentials of a modern dance orchestra.

"IT WAS hard going for a long time, but I happened on a pianist, Mr. Frank Comiskey, with kindred ideas, whom I immediately engaged, and from then on I was not entirely alone in the battle. Later I was fortunate enough to secure the services of one Paul Dennicker, another pianist, who, since he came with me, has written some of the biggest song hits of the past two years, among them, *S'posin', Perhaps, The World's Greatest Sweetheart* and others.

"It remained for someone else to succeed first with the idea I was working on which, incidentally, was purely coincidence, but showed me that I was not entirely wrong."

It was quite plain that Will Osborne meant Rudy Vallee. Bad blood had existed between them since Rudy had fired Will and his band.

I sensed a good story and plied Osborne with questions.

"It came about this way," said Will. "In the fall I was hired to broadcast 27 programs over WMAC. This was for Morris Lipman, and was my first commercial broadcast.

"After the fourth program I found myself on the street without a job. I had played slow rhythm, and adverse fan mail killed me.

"I then took my band on a tour and finally, after an engagement in Houston, Texas, and another at the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal, I returned to New York in February, 1929, where I was engaged to play dinner dance music at one of the Alice Foote MacDougall tearooms.

"RUDY was then playing at the Villa Vallee and filling numerous outside engagements. He was looking for another orchestra to fill the gaps at the club, at the time he came to the tearoom and heard me. He engaged me on the spot.

"I took over the work at the club, but was not allowed to broadcast. On this point Vallee was very insistent. Our voices are almost identical when strained through a mike.

"Rudy was away, and in June, the owner of Villa Vallee arranged for me to broadcast my slow tempo music and crooning choruses.

"It was after the sixth or seventh broadcast that Rudy returned, and his first job was to rip the wires out of the club and cut our salaries."

This sounded serious, so I got in touch with Mr. Appell, who is in charge of all remote control bands for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

He is the man who first put Vallee on the air. He corroborated what Osborne had told me, and added some interesting notes of his own.

"When the Columbia Broadcasting System absorbed WABC," he said, "an investigation was made as to which was the better orchestra. We signed Will Osborne as an exclusive artist and canceled Vallee's contract. His diction is perfect, but the voice is only mediocre."

Back to where we left off; still sitting at the table in the Park Central Grill. Will is reading fan mail between numbers, while I transpose my notes so that there will be no misstatements in my reporting on this red hot controversy.

Will's face lights up in a smile as he reads a letter. He chuckles and puts it in the pocket of his tuxedo.

What's this! I am curious, for all the others have been put aside for the secretary to answer.

"Another proposal?" I ask.

He is reading a pink, scented square of engraved stationery and chooses not to answer me. I am piqued. Boldly I ask him what was in the one he had put in his pocket.

"Well, if you really want to know, read it." He tossed it across the table to me.

It was a letter from Carl Webster, manager of the Yale Dance Orchestras, asking him if he could arrange to play for a big house party on May the second and third.

I did not get the full portent of this request until Will told me that Yale is Rudy's Alma Mater. By the way, Will is an alumnus of St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

NOW for Rudy. I telephone for an appointment and explain my mission. His manager is not sure whether he cares to give that kind of an interview, however, they will let me know. I wait two days and there is no call. Once more I try, with the same result. As time grows short and my assignment is due I turn to his newly published book. Here I can talk to Rudy as if in person, for he swears to have written every word of it himself.

I find many things to contradict Osborne, with due credit for slow tempo to Lombardo. I interview the book, and in answer to my question: "Did you originate the slow rhythm music and crooning choruses, Mr. Vallee?" I find his rather frank answer on page 252:

"Our sudden rise was the cue for other small and comparatively unknown broadcasting orchestra leaders *who had been broadcasting for years, possibly even before we had gone on the air, to drop their own style* and to study our presentation over the air in the hopes of discovering *just what that something was* which had won over our Radio audiences. In fact, several of these leaders were frank enough to write or visit me and ask me to show them just how we broadcast and thereby aid them in achieving success. They were honest enough to admit that they too hoped that their adoption of our style would result in as great a popularity for them.

"But July and August, just preceding our trip to the Coast, this adoption of our particular style had become a fact according to the thousands of letters which reached me from listeners-in, in which they all asked me if I was aware of this adoption. Many asked me if I was going to do something about it. Some showed me copies of letters, very denunciatory in tone, which they had sent to the Radio stations asking them why they permitted such an obvious imitation.

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answers to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who is the brains of the famous Lavender Network?

2. What artistic gift other than singing does Olive Palmer possess?

3. Numerology and astrology are of particular interest to a well known orchestra leader. Who is he?

4. What is Caroline Andrews' artistic and theatrical inheritance?

5. Who first hit upon the idea of syncopated classical music?

6. In what sport has "Dobbsie," sometimes known as Hugh Barret Dobbs, won at least one trophy?

7. Who is regarded as the leading banjo virtuoso of the world?

8. Wilfred Glenn came very, very near to becoming something quite different from a singer. What was it?

9. Who is the creator of "The Gossipers"?

10. What station is known as the "Italian Station?"

* * *

Answers to questions in April issue: 1. Vaughn De Leath. 2. Milton J. Cross. 3. Marjorie Oelrichs. 4. Don Becker. 5. Johanna Grosse. 6. George D. Hay. 7. Paul McCluer. 8. William Brenton. 9. Cooking. 10. Motion picture. 11. Maj. J. Andrew White. 12. Elsa Gray.

"BUT realizing that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and realizing that there was room enough for all of us, I said nothing, and in fact was pleased at the vogue we had apparently created. Then as these unhappy letters from those who missed us reached me, I felt consoled in the thought that in a way those orchestras back East that had admittedly attempted to present a program over the air in the simple style that had brought us such a wonderful reward, these orchestras helped make our absence less keenly felt.

"Therefore, on my return from the Coast I made the following statement:

"'And . . . to any particular imitator or imitators who may have, *in their adoption of our style of Radio broadcasting*, taken our place during our absence, I want to express my sincere thanks and I hope we will find at the receiving end of our broadcast all our old friends and many new ones.' The next day I was accused of all sorts of statements.

"But in the first place I was extremely sincere in what I said and made no references to singing or to any particular act of mine but referred to a *particular style of Radio broadcast*. I had never claimed to be the originator of the crooning style of singing; people have been crooning songs for years, possibly long before I was born. At least, ten years ago I used to listen with delight to the crooning records of Charles Kaley, Al Bernard, and Marion Harris, and I am very frank to say that I have patterned my style of singing after them. Nor was I the first to play certain fox trots very slowly, as Guy Lombardo and his orchestra were playing numbers in a very slow tempo several years before we organized our group of eight. He was forced to do it by the size of the small cafe in which he played, which made fast dancing impossible. I had never heard his band when we organized, but the first tune we played very slowly was the first tune I sang at the Heigh-Ho, namely *Rain*."

SO MUCH for that. Now to find out about Will Osborne. "Will you please tell me, Rudy, about your association with the Osborne band?" Quoting from pages 134, 5, 6 and 7 and pages 140 and 141:

"I had tea dances at the Lombardy Hotel from four until six-thirty daily, including Sunday, and the dinner session at the Villa Vallee from 7:30 until 9:30. Obviously, our vaudeville made it impossible for my boys and me to play the *full* tea dance or the dinner session at the Villa Vallee, so at the Lombardy I formed an orchestra composed of six boys, which I called the Gondoliers, and which I had trained to play in practically the same style in which the Connecticut Yankees played. Over the air they sounded practically the same, as I had very excellent men who had substituted for some of my boys at one time or another and who knew our style.

"Although I could not be present for the entire tea dance at the Lombardy or the dinner session at the Villa, yet by driving fast in an automobile from one engagement to the other, it was possible for me to put in an appearance varying from a half-hour to an hour at both; but I was forced to engage another band for the dinner session at the Villa Vallee.

"While we were playing Keith's Palace, a young man named Will Osborne met me at the stage door and asked me if I would listen to a little orchestra in which he was the drummer and leader, and which was playing at an Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee House. He had been using only one violin, but had recently added a second violinist who, incidentally, had at one time played for me in a band which I presented at Lake Placid. I realized that this new addition to his band would give it the same violin quality of tone that has made our orchestra distinctive on the air, and so I made it a point to listen to his orchestra and then suggested their engagement to the owner of the Villa Vallee, whose word was final in such matters. He was satisfied with their work and agreed to engage them to play during the dinner session.

Later on we even permitted this orchestra to broadcast during the dinner session, for the same jewelry concern for which my boys and I had previously broadcast for more than a year. . . .

"It was necessary for me to show this orchestra how to play after my own style, because I have a peculiar style of singing *against the beat* which is very natural to me, but which would throw the average band off if they were not instructed to hold the tempo, regardless of what liberties I took with the melody. Of course I also had to initiate the band into the way I played choruses in sections, how we changed from one chorus to another, the tempos themselves, and the signals that I flashed out to them with my right hand when I was not using it to play the saxophone. . . .

"THE VILLA VALLEE remained open all summer, as it was air-cooled just like the interior of the theatre, and was extremely comfortable to play in. Osborne had played the dinner session over a period of four months, but when I left to go to the Coast, the owner of the Villa Vallee made other arrangements and engaged Emil Coleman and his orchestra, which is very popular with New York society."

Seems to be some difference of opinion there.

"You are spoken of as a very high-priced leader, Mr. Vallee."

On page 111 we find this statement:

"I hope I have now shown that we were not an overnight sensation, but that our popularity was the result of a steady hammering through the microphone, comparable to the steady attack made by Grant at Richmond. And now our Radio career has reached a new peak with our wonderful contract to play for the Fleischmann Yeast Company one hour a week for fifty-two weeks at several thousand dollars per hour."

And on 133 this:

"The National Broadcasting Company secured my Paramount contract at double the figure that I had hoped for. Four thousand dollars a week for eight men even for a few weeks was unheard of, but when we did twenty weeks and Paramount announced its intention of exercising its year's option, the 'I-told-you-sos' in the theatrical world who had predicted only ten weeks for us with Publix theatres were completely flabbergasted." ("Several" in speaking of thousands of dollars, sounds rather vague.)

"Did you enjoy the making of a big movie feature film, Rudy?" And page 155:

"It was not intended to be elaborate, but a simple and logical entrance for me into the movies. In my second picture I hope to show that I am capable of the things that have come to be expected of motion picture stars."

AND now for the old stock question again: "To what do you attribute your success?" Rudy is not the shrinking violet in his answer. On page 85:

"Of course I am not forgetting that our success is due in a great measure to the efforts of the seven boys who began with me and who are still with me. They have contributed greatly in the beauty of their tone and rhythm to the attractiveness of our programs and presentations. And we were later on extremely fortunate in having as my manager Edwin Scheuing, a young man whose coolness and level-headed business ability has secured for me all these present wonderful engagements at almost unheard of salaries. I am sure that no one could have 'sold' us better than he. It is an undeniable fact, however, that a general is credited with the victory, and perhaps rightly so, in the case where the factors and strategies which were first born in his mind, and later carried out on the field by the men, brought the desired victory . . .

"I believe I can honestly and rightly feel a personal pride and satisfaction in our success since I also, like Whiteman, had carried in my head for several years an idea for the presentation of dance music with song which first found expression through my little group of eight men in January, 1928."

And so endeth the Battle of the Blues and I'm afraid I know no more than I did before. Do you?

The Spice of Life

(Continued from page 51)

make the sort of thrill that constitutes camera food. Then they put five or six cameras on duty, bearing on the place where the car was to jump, so that no movement it might make would be lost.

Much speculation was voiced among the picture makers as to what the car would do, whether it would dip its nose at the edge of the bluff, carried downward at once by the weight of its engine; whether it would jump out from the edge, carried far by momentum; whether it would turn over and over, or fly, as it were, on a flat keel and in a graceful curve to its destination. Nobody knew what it would do. Breck himself was wont to calculate on as many of the factors in any of his undertakings as he could foresee, but more often than not, he foresaw only part of them. He had learned a trick of looking wise and saying nothing, however. And he got away with so many things that he was credited with a sort of clairvoyance in the matter of contingencies.

ON THIS occasion he drove the car at some forty miles an hour, from a start of a thousand yards back on the bluff. His earlier companion in crime had been replaced in the car by a dummy. In the earlier scenes it had been represented that Breck and his pal had come to a quarrel about the money in the car and each had tried to wrest the suit case from the other. When the dummy was put into the scenes, it was arranged so that dummy and Breck each had a hand on the bag, each trying to drag it away from the other—which was the cause of the drive's forgetting to turn the curve in the road at the head of the bluff and of his running through the fence and over the edge.

The bluff selected was some sixty feet high. The water below was more than forty feet deep. Breck himself anticipated the jump with just that nice balance between uncertainty and confidence of comfortable outcome that made up his juiciest experiences. There was a thrill in it for spectators. For what the car did was to run along that prepared road, at a pace that would have made it impossible for her driver to turn, burst through the fence, flinging a sparkle of yellow and white pickets like a sunburst into the air, and jump out over the water, a full seventy feet, on an even balance, and then drop through

the long arc of a tremendous curve down to strike on all four wheels on the water. She went under, carrying her man with her.

It had been Breck's intention to jump from the car while it was in the air after leaving the bluff's edge. But when he stood up and tried, he found that it could not be done. His momentum being the same as the car's he found himself tied to the machine by natural forces over which he had no control. And so he stuck to his wheel, hanging on with both hands and thinking that maybe his time had come.

When the car struck the water, however, he suddenly found himself released. And he came to the surface, without an injury on his body, except a skinned knee where he had struck it against a projecting bolt. His reputation was much enhanced, and his confidence in himself and his star of luck enlarged. And his appetite for thrills was whetted more keen than ever.

Indeed, the things he had been getting thrills out of began to pall a little. He began to look askance now at anything that had a mere motor car accident in it. Twenty and thirty-foot falls from balconies to hardwood floors were insignificant trifles. Climbs up the sides of buildings with no nets below him occupied his attention for a time. But he was surehanded and surefooted and undizzied. So that ceased to be fun.

MEANWHILE Louise took care of mother. That meant a good deal more than it sounded like when Louise told about it. It seemed mother had something the matter with her that the doctors said might cause her to die before long. Breck was not enough interested to ask the name of it. He was not much interested when Louise said she would have to be with mother a good deal, and began to be as good as her word. Instead of repining, Breck went off up to Frisco and got a job jumping from a railway engine into a motorcar, while both were running somewhere near the sixty-mile mark. There was a mild recreation in that. It made him feel better for a week. And Louise took up her abode with mother.

Somebody had to take care of mother. And Louise had given up any expectation that it would be anybody else than Louise. Her appeals to her husband rarely roused him even to reply. She did not in the least understand him; but she began to be so afraid of that strange, lack-luster look that he would turn upon her when she spoke of mere everyday life affairs like food and clothes and money and hospitals for mothers, that she had stopped talking of them. Money he would sometimes give her. He would shove it over the table at her after he had enjoyed a dinner at home. And she had so far made it do. She hoarded it.

Then one day Breck just disappeared from her horizon entirely. She had been with mother during his Frisco trip, and had seen him once since he came home. But one night she went to the apartment where they had been living and found a "For Rent" sign on the door. Inquiry of the landlord, who lived downstairs, elicited the information that Breck had paid the rent and given up the place, and that he had gone away without leaving an address.

Of course, Louise was angry, and outraged, and despairing. She was human. But she thought about mother. She went back to the older woman without the faintest notion of what she was going to do, whether stand by the sick mother of her recreant husband or leave her to charity and look out for herself. She herself needed looking out for, because she had nothing much that a husband should have given her, in the way of clothes and things that even a wife needs. But mother was worse off. She needed all the same things Louise did, and many besides. She needed extra things to eat and extra care and medicines and doctors and fresh bed linen and things like that. And she was so helpless! So Louise asked around if anybody knew where she could get something to do. And she took what she could get, which was just what that sort of work always is. And Louise began to do it. She was a young and pretty brown eyed girl, but she was a nice girl. And nice girls don't find it simple to live, particularly when they don't find it simple to run away from sickly old women who haven't anybody else to take care of them.

OF COURSE, Louise knew that it wasn't her duty to take care of Mrs. Breck. And she knew that probably she wouldn't be able to keep this up. And she knew she was a fool to do it at all, but she got down on her knees over a wet floor rag and scrubbed another woman's bathroom floor with it. And she wielded a hot flatiron in another woman's hot kitchen. And she waited on a counter in a cafeteria noons. And she painted fish bait at home for a man who manufactured it. And she did sewing and mending for some workmen who lived in Mrs. Breck's block. And she finally began to take what small washings she could get for these same men and do it nights when her regular work was done. And she began to become a woman before she had ceased being a girl. And her hands grew rough and sodden with water. And her brown eyes were not so bright. But she didn't feel like running away from mother.

Breck, she heard at last, was in New York, where he had finally got into first page publicity by dropping nonchalantly from one airplane to another somewhere up in the sky above Manhattan, but within reach of cameras, as usual. The account was in Los Angeles papers, and it said that Breck was one of the most daring individuals known to modern times. Brave, it said. And Louise laid the paper away and went back to her scrubbing. She wrote a letter and sent it in care of the company the papers said had hired Breck in New York. But no answer came. So she went on taking in the little washings and mendings. A man wanted to marry her. She told him she was married. And went on taking care of mother.

Mother didn't get any better—nor any worse. She just remained helpless, and peevish. She found fault with Louise, and blamed Louise for everything she could blame her for, and for everything else. She demanded more things. Sometimes it seemed to Louise that she couldn't endure it; but when she thought of rebelling, she wondered who was going to endure it in her place. Perhaps Mrs. Breck didn't deserve such devotion, but she would be a pitiable figure without it. Louise could see that altogether too plainly to run away from her.

Time went by—and then more time. The thing became a habit no more comfortable for that, only a little less noticeable. Of course, Louise wrote more letters to New York—and then she read a rumor that Breck had gone to Italy with a picture company. She stopped writing. But she kept on working for mother, early and late, morning after morning, night after night, while the dry season melted into the rainy one, and the rains dried out dry again; when she had to tack mosquito netting into the windows in order to let the invalid get a little sleep, and when she had to lug coal by the basket from the yards in order to get the invalid warm enough to sleep.

AND then suddenly, one day, mother was worse. She was far worse. Louise had to stop the work she was doing and stay at the bedside. There was no money coming in for several days while mother seemed to be dying. And then, all at once, in the paper appeared a statement with a picture of him, that Breck was back in Los Angeles and working for the Megatherium Film company, who were about to make a thrilling spectacle involving a runaway train down a mountainside, in which Breck was to be on board the train. The story had to do with a man on a mountain top who wanted to take a message to the town in the valley below before some crooks, who were plotting against it, could get there; so he chose to run down the slope in a string of gravel cars. They were going to use a string—not because he needed more than one to ride on, but because it would look better in the picture, though the paper did not say so.

Louise wrote him a letter in care of the new company. Then she continued to stay beside his mother. She was dying. Breck's mother was—Louise said so in her letter. And that was nearly all she said. But Breck did not come the next day nor the next. Nor the next. Nor the next. And money was out, in the little house where Louise waited.

So one night she went out and stood on the corner of the avenue nearest the street they lived in, and begged. She put her apron over her head and covered her face as well as she could, as if she was afraid somebody might recognize her. But nobody did. She got thirty-two cents, in about an hour and a half; and then a policeman asked her sharply who and what she was and she ran away fast enough to escape him.

The money was no use, so far as mother was concerned, however, about 4 o'clock the next morning she died. After the doctor had taken charge, and Louise had been out and sold everything she owned, in one way or another, except the clothes she had on, to pay what was necessary for any sort of burial at all, she happened to see the paper. Breck had done something that was first page stuff this time, obviously. It was all over the first page—because the string of cars on which he had come down the mountainside the day before had run away in earnest, and had hit a curve where the track couldn't hold it and had jumped into a chasm where even steel gondolas couldn't be expected to jump unscathed. And Breck had been holding on to some cleats bolted into the bottom of a steel gondola. He had calculated that he would be safe so, calculating on as many factors as he could foresee. Only he hadn't foreseen the chasm.

And the paper said that a letter had been found in his room at the hotel, which said that his mother was very ill—dying, that money was needed very much and that Breck had faced the last great risk of his life with the necessity of earning money for his mother before him, and the necessity of doing it while she was dying, with a smile on his face and a glint of high courage in his eyes—all for the entertainment of the fans of ten thousand theatres, who would see and never know the heartbreak and sor-

(Continued on page 104)

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 102 and 103 of this Issue

K

KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
KDB...Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL...Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK....Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ.....Boone, Ia.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFIZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
KFLX.....Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
KFPW..Wilcan Springs, Ark.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD....Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC....San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
KFSD....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM..Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
KFVD....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI..San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM.....Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO.....Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
KGAR.....Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ.....York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCR.....Concordia, Kan.
KGCR.....Waterloo, Iowa
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX....Wolf Point Mont.
KGDA....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF.....Coffeyville, Kans.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX...Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO.....Oakland, Calif.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Tex.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KIDO.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR.....Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
KOB...State College, N. M.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
KONO....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF...Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
KREG....Santa Anna, Calif.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD.....Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO.....Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
KTAT.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
KTHS....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT.....Austin, Tex.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS....Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR...Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
KWWG....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WADC.....Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
WASH...Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA..West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBW....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY....Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS...Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
WCAB....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
WCAP....Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
WCBM....Baltimore, Md.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
WCCO....Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
WCGU...Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridan, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
WDAF...Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
WDEL....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY...Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD...Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU....New Orleans, La.
WDWF....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN....Providence, R. I.
WEAO.....Columbus, O.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
WEBE.....Cambridge, O.
WEBG.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WEBR....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
WELK....Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC..Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD...Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA.....Dallas, Tex.
WFAN....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ....Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM....Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
WFDW....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW....Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC.....Akron, O.
WFKD....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC....Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF....Evansville, Ind.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
WGH....Newport News, Va.
WGHP.....Detroit, Mich.
WGL.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS...St. Paul, Minn.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
WGY....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
WHAD....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS....Louisville, Ky.
WHAT....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY...West DePere, Wis.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
WHDH....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WHEC...Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK.....Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP..Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
WIBG....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
WIBR....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC....Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
WILM....Wilmington, Del.
WINR....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD...Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN....Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR....Providence, R. I.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY.....Cleveland, O.
WJAZ.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
WJBO....New Orleans, La.
WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD.....Chicago, Ill.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
WJSV....Washington, D. C.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio.
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ..San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE....Webster, Mass.
WKBF....Indianapolis, Ind
WKBH....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN.....Youngstown, O
WKBO....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP...Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill
WKBV....Connersville, Ind
WKBW....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa
WKRC.....Cincinnati, O
WKY..Oklahoma City, Okla
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF...Kansas City, Kan
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL...Stevens Point, Wis
WLBW....Oil City, Pa
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y
WLBZ.....Bangor, Me
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa
WLOE.....Boston, Mass
WLS.....Chicago, Ill
WLSI....Providence, R. I
WLTH....Brooklyn, N. Y
WLW.....Cincinnati, O
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass
WMAK....Buffalo, N. Y
WMAL...Washington, D. C
WMAN....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga
WMBA.....Newport, R. I
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich
WMBD.....Peoria, Ill
WMBG.....Richmond, Va
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill
WMBJ....Wilkinsburg, Pa
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla
WMRM....Memphis, Tenn
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y
WMBQ....Brooklyn, N. Y

WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT.....Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
WNAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH..New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN..Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
WOC.....Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI.....Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD...Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI.....Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC....Worcester, Mass.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW.....Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
WPSC....State College, Pa.
WPSW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.

WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC.....Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
WRBT....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
WRK.....Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY.....New York City
WRR.....Dallas, Tex.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....So. Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
WSPA....Spartonburg, S. C.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN...St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
WTAG....Worcester, Mass.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
WTAW.College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.

WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
WWNC....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B.C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericktkon, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 349.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMCA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Official Wave Lengths

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KFJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WJJD	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTMP	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensak, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Nampa, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFYR	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTXE	Houston, Texas.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		50	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WJBK	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WBBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSC	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diega, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KID	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls (night)
		1,000	KREC	Santa Anna, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
		1,000	WSBC	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFCQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHC	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WACM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-KTSM	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		100	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		100	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Grfeat Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlingston, Texas.
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska.
		1,000	KGYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatche, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernadino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WBBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		20,000	KOB	State College, N. M.
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Iowa
		10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Tex.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
		5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280.3	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WJAZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
283.1	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.9	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		1,000	WKAR	East Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WKEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
293.9	1,020	50,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WRAX	Philadelphia
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KGW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WFAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		1,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.5	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WHAS	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WTAR	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WTAR	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WTAG	Elkins Park, Pa.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.

For JUNE

Trail the Two Gunmen *in*—

WILL PAYNE'S

The ***Hunters***

SCARFACE himself gave them their orders out at Grogan's in Cicero. Detective Bodet had been sent to Florida to wait in hiding until the trial. He was the star witness, so the Big Shots decreed his doom.

"Now youse two go on down to Florida where I tell yez, and bump this guy off. Blot him out clean before he can open his trap—yunnerstand?"

"Yeah. What's the kick-in?"

"Four grand for the job, kid, and that's a plenty."

And so the two of them went straight to the Bockaganza Hotel, where Bodet imagined himself secure.

Will Payne gives you a thrilling tale of a pair of hunters being hunted in the Florida swamps. It is a thrilling short story.

Read it in the June Radio Digest

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGFF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.9	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WFCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		5,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Cleaswater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WBNS	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	WFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

The Spice of Life

(Continued from page 99)

row and final tragedy that were back of the picture. The paper said it was one of the bravest things that had ever been done in the cause of pictures, and even a braver thing in the cause of human affection. A brave son going to his death to earn money to bring succor to a dying mother!

LOUISE wondered at first why nobody from the studio or the newspapers had been here to the home of Breck's mother. Then she read that there was no address on the letter and that no inquiry during the evening and night had served to discover the mother's whereabouts. So she went in and watched while the undertaker carried the body of Breck's mother away to his place. Then she went and telephoned to the newspaper, telling them that address, then went back to the house where she had stayed with mother and got the newspaper. It was about the only thing she owned in the place.

As she went out on the steps, thinking she would better go now, somewhere, she paused to look again at the first page. She found the place where it spoke about Breck's mother. Under this was a statement to this effect:

> "It is not known whether Breck had a wife living. He was married some years ago, but his wife is believed to have left him. He never spoke of her, and it is supposed to have been one of the griefs he carried silently with him while he was dazzling the world with his marvelous feats of courage. How little the gaping world knows of the griefs, or the struggles, or the high qualities of those who feed its insatiable appetite for sensation!"

That last phrase paused before Louise Breck's inner gaze. Appetite for sensation! Abruptly she seemed to understand something she hadn't understood before.

Suddenly she laughed. She laughed aloud and harshly. And laughed again —and choked. And a neighbor, who had been with her half an hour before by mother's bedside, came up the steps and confronted her amazed. She didn't notice the choke.

"Well!" she said. "You don't act like you cared much! I sort o' thought you had more feelin's!"

But Louise paid no attention to her. She just walked down the steps and went away—somewhere.

Reporters of the Air

(Continued from page 21)

to the key station of the chain for a certain number of hours on a specified date. If the event is local then the local telephone company handles the work. Otherwise the long distance facilities, as well as local, come into play.

The air reporters are given the assignment as far in advance as possible. This permits them to do research work and make copious mental and penciled notes of data that has a direct bearing on the broadcast. This data may be historical or personal in character. If you think all those boys have to do is hop a Pullman, play bridge or indulge in some other form of innocent amusement until their destination is reached, jump in a taxi and ride to where their mike is set up, describe the event and then go home —, well, let me disillusion you now.

The research work for any reportorial broadcast demands a great deal of time and thought on the part of the men getting such assignments. Delays are always cropping up and these gaps must be filled with interesting chatter. No reporter can find enough descriptive material on location with which to hold his unseen audience for thirty, forty, fifty minutes—yes, and sometimes delays carry over the hour mark. For this reason he fortifies himself with all sorts of information pertinent to the broadcast.

His pockets are filled with memorandums of this information dug out of old newspaper files, gleaned from associates, from books and from all sorts of possible sources. To speak on any subject intelligently a speaker must know his subject. The audience before a platform is selective while the air reporter's is not.

This means that he must be a veritable mine of information decidedly general in its appeal. You can take it from one who has watched these men work that, when they face the mike, their cup of knowledge on the subject at hand is filled to overflowing. They are fortified, yes, indeedy!

IF THE broadcast is in any way unusual, as in the case of an inaugural, a rehearsal is held the day before the actual happening. No principals are present, as they are for the rehearsal of a church wedding—only the air reporter and the Radio engineers. The lines are tested. Intercommunication plans are worked out.

"Hello, Phil," says Bill Lynch, speaking from his plane, to Phillips Carlin, stationed in the Washington Monument. "How's the weather down there?"

"Not so good, Bill," replies Phil. "If the wind blows like this tomorrow it'll blow my voice right out over the Potomac. It never will reach the mike. I can hear you fine. Say, how's the view from up there?"

"Great! Say, this bird is some pilot. Well, so long, Phil. We're headed toward the White House. I'll try getting in touch with Mac, now."

"You lucky stiff!" is Carlin's personal comment into the microphone as he watches the plane carry his flying associate in the direction of the house from which the Coolidges are moving on the morrow. It's just a part of the rehearsal, held on March 3, 1929.

After the rehearsal there's nothing to do but get together and talk things over. Which means that each reporter must know the method of attack of his staff companions in order that he may make his description as varied in word coloring as possible.

And when you hear the boys delivering their line of chatter it all sounds so easy and simple, doesn't it? Yet very few announcers make good at reportorial broadcasting. The man on the air has no copy-desk writer to re-edit his story. It must be edited as spoken. It's only a matter of seconds between an actual happening and the "going to press" of air news.

MOST Radio reporting is paid for by the broadcaster. There are, however, a few advertisers who realize the value of this medium as an attention getter. These men use sports events as the background for bringing the public a word or two about their wares, so if you enjoy the blow-by-blow descriptions of local boxing contests don't begrudge the advertiser the short minute between rounds which he uses for his commercial announcements.

Oh, yes, there's another little detail which doesn't help make the air reporter's life any bed of roses. It's the matter of showing partiality—taking sides. The Federal Radio commission is pretty strict about eliminating this from all descriptions of sports events. In the old days an announcer could root for his favorite to his heart's content. But now, after perhaps betting a sawbuck on his choice to win, the announcer must stick to his knitting and keep his personal feelings to himself! It's not so easy to refrain from expressing exhilaration or dejection under circumstances like that.

Ted Husing, the star reporter for CBS, has a pet story of a certain announcer's description of a football game played several years ago between Pittsburgh and Penn State. It's worth telling.

With just a minute and a half to go Pittsburgh was on the short end of a 13-6 score. The announcer at the mike was pulling for Pittsburgh to come through with a touchdown and the extra point in order to tie. His one hope seemed to rest on the shoulders of a Pitt backfield player.

"They're lining up on the twenty-two yard line. It's Pitt's ball. Third down and eight to go. Here's the play. The ball is snapped to Dud—he's coming around right end—he's away! No, they've nailed him but he made nine yards for a first down. Good old Dud! I knew you could do it! No, it's ten yards! Come on, Dud! There's the huddle—now they're lining up again—the time is short and they're working fast. There goes the ball. It's Dud's ball! Come on, Dud! Right through tackle! He's still going. Come on—come on, Dud! Ten—no, eight yards. Only four yards from a touchdown! Good old Dud. He'll make it this time if they'll only give him the ball to carry. Good old Dud'll take it over. The huddle again. They're lining up. The play—it's a cross-buck—no—a forward pass—no—the ball is snapped. Oh, it's going to Dud again—good old Dud! Oh, hell, the damn fool dropped the ball!"

THOSE days are over. Never again will we hear an announcer yelling encouragement to any more "good old Duds."

While speaking of Husing it might interest you to know what particular sport interests him the most. Oddly enough, it is a sport which he has never broadcast—professional bicycle sprint races! During the summer Ted is usually found hanging around the Velodrome tracks on his nights off.

McNamee's favorite sport? That's another laugh, too. For several years Mac played hockey, yet he has never broadcast the description of a hockey contest. And he says he really would enjoy doing it. Won't some kind hearted promoter fix it so that Mac can give us a blow-by-blow description of the puck in action—just once?

A while ago a local station in upper New York state wanted to hire McNamee to give a local air report of a basket ball game. Now, it so happened that here was one game Mac knew nothing about.

"Where I came from it was always considered a girls' game more than a real sport," Graham told the agent who brought him the offer. "Wire them I can't do it for less than twice the sum they say they can pay. That'll stall them off. There's no use telling them I don't know anything about the game."

The agent wired Mac's price. And Mac's terms were accepted! He was forced to accept the assignment so he bought a book of rules and another book describing the game. These he studied while on the train. Arriving in the upstate city he confessed to his hosts that he was up against an unfamiliar sport. They agreed to give him the assistance of two advisers, one each from the opposing factions, and, fortified with these

helpers Mac went to it. His job was so well done that he was hired to broadcast several more games! And I might add that Mac has discovered that basket ball is no ring-around-the rosy. It's a sure enough sport.

AT ONE time Husing accepted an invitation to be the guest of an announcer, who was to report a parade for a local station, during the broadcast. The announcer in question is considered one of the best reportorial workers in his section of the country and Ted was curious to watch him work. Everything went along swimmingly until some decorated floats went past the reviewing stand. Then the announcer turned from the mike and whispered, "What color would you call that float, Ted?" In a low tone Husing described the float and the man at the mike relayed the description to the Radio listeners. A moment or so later the same thing happened again. Before the broadcast was over Husing discovered that the man at the mike was color blind!

During the past world series Husing caught a very bad cold. But, as you remember, he stuck it out and finished the assignment in his always reliable way. Many of you may recall that on one day in particular his voice was almost unrecognizable. One of the heads of the Columbia Broadcasting system, who is so partial to that chain that he never listens to a rival broadcast, happened to tune in on the game. So positive was he that the voice he heard was not Husing's that he asked another official how it happened that Graham McNamee was on the Columbia chain!

With all the rivalry that exists between the two big chain systems there is, between the reporters of the air, a certain sympathetic bond which makes for comradeship. Rivals these men may be but enemies, never. When Husing inaugurated his series of weekly sports talks he invited McNamee to participate as guest speaker on the first of these thirty-minute periods. And, had it been within his power to do so Mac's voice would have been heard over the CBS hookup. But Mac was scheduled to make a public appearance in a distant city that same night and had to send a letter of regret, which Husing read to his air audience.

THERE is another type of reporter who is coming into much favor—the man who gives a resumé of market conditions and the daily stock reports at the microphone. I have heard many of these reporters in action and the man whose work stands head and shoulders above all others is Vincent O'Shea. Mr. O'Shea takes the air for two half-hour periods daily over station WMCA. He is employed by the New York Evening World as special writer for the financial page and broadcasts from the office of that paper.

At 12:15 he writes a short description of the morning trading, takes the galley proofs of the 12 o'clock prices and, at 12:30, is on the air. It takes him about two minutes to read his written resumé. Then, for twenty-eight minutes, he races, with every word clean-cut and distinct, through the list of stocks on the big board, the Curb and the Produce exchange. At 4 o'clock he gives the closing prices and a short talk on the trading activities of the day.

When Mr. O'Shea tackled the job he found, in the face of many requests for Produce exchange quotations, that he did not have time to include them. The produce list is short, but even so it meant the stretching of his time at least three minutes to include it. So he hunted around until he found a way to make his thirty-three minutes longer without [illegible] over the half hour! Sounds rather impossible, but he accomplished the feat by eliminating the word "and" between the whole numbers and the fractions. Instead of saying "Standard Brands, thirty and a quarter," he now says, "Standard Brands, thirty a quarter." When the word "and" was dropped something like seven to nine hundred times in a half hour it gave him the desired three minutes in which to read the Produce exchange list.

DURING the month of February a new type of air reporter was introduced to the Radio audience of this country — the foreign correspondent. With the disarmament conference in London the chain systems called on the services of two trained newspaper men, William Hard for NBC, and William Frederic Wile for CBS, brought us for several days their reports of progress. They also introduced as guest speakers the leading political and diplomatic lights of the five powers represented at the conference. The results were astounding from two angles—the exceptionally clear transmission and the awakening of a news consciousness in the minds of the broadcaster.

Slowly but surely Radio is going, no, not native, but newspaper. By that I mean the elements which go into the makeup of our daily and weekly press are cropping out as the real backbone of broadcasting. And a sturdy backbone it is.

In a brief survey of regular scheduled programs, similar in character to special newspaper articles, we have the children's, farm and home, household, fashions, bridge, national, psychological, lecture, editorial, forum, political, language and columnist features. Yes, and some of the smaller stations have a poets' corner.

The bedtime story hour has sort of grown up. Not that the appeal is now to children of a different age, but it has become, and everyone is grateful for it, a bit more sincere in its educational aspect.

The Sunday Morning Children's hour, conducted by Milton J. Cross for NBC, is a joyous occasion. Milt has surrounded himself with children who are musically inclined and who are happy to find an outlet for their talents at the mike. This program is, indeed, a "children's hour."

HERE is a little yarn Milt tells on himself. He hadn't been in Radio very long at the time this happened but the set phrase used by announcers in identifying themselves when signing off had impressed itself firmly in his mind. One night he was very tired and after hurrying through his prayers before turning in he caught himself finishing up with, "Dear Lord, this is Milton J. Cross announcing. Amen,"

Another novel program for children is put on daily, except Sunday, over WOR. This half hour will be heard soon on the Radio Quality group, a chain hookup, taking in WLW and WMAQ with WOR as key station. It is called "Uncle Don's Club" and is conducted by Don Carney with just enough parliamentary routine to give the feature a delightfully dignified tone. The act has been running for about a year and a half and, while everyone knew Uncle Don had a heavy following, this was not fully appreciated until the program went commercial for a day a few weeks ago. The advertiser, using Uncle Don as spokesman, promised to send samples of his product to all who wrote in for them. The first day's mail brought fifteen thousand requests. This from one half hour, over a local station on a children's hour! Oh, well, people said Henry Ford was crazy, too.

Governmental departments, other than the weather bureau, are discovering an outlet for instructive information. Dr. Julius Klein, secretary of commerce, speaks for fifteen minutes each week over CBS on world's business. The National Farm and Home hour over NBC brings the department of agriculture into close tri-weekly touch with the public via the mike. Heads of various bureaus give five-minute talks on the crop markets, with suggestions and discussions pertinent to the subject of farm relief. This program stresses the functioning prowess of the department in its relation to the farmer. It brings home to the farmer the fact that the department can and will be of service to him if he will let it.

The mail bags which come into the department of agriculture frequently bring requests for advice which, to say the least, present a varied assortment of problems. And each writer expects Uncle Sam to take a personal interest in his troubles. Let it be said to his credit that, whenever possible, the kindly old gentleman does take a personal interest.

THERE is a story about a listening farmer who lived on the banks of the Mississippi river who owned quite a tract of swamp land. He wrote the department asking its advice as to what might be a good use for this unproductive soil, mentioning the fact that the only things which lived and grew naturally on his land were muskrats. The clerk who answered the inquiry suggested that the farmer send a sample of the soil, from what he rather facetiously referred to as "your present muskrat farm," to his state agricultural department for analysis. The farmer never took that advice. The letter gave him an idea, however. He started catering to the wants of the little animals and now the gentleman has a prosperous muskrat farm in reality!

While in the throes of writing this article I have just taken time out to catch Bill Lynch, of NBC and C. R. Randall, of station WSMB, give a red-hot word picture of one of the Mardi Gras parades at New Orleans. Those of you who were fortunate enough to tune in on the "Radiocast," to use the WSMB announcer's especially favored word, now realize what a microphone reporter is up against when he makes his set-up in a crowd.

A photographer started taking flashlight pictures of the passing floats just a few feet away. Bill was forced to interrupt his description of the parade and enlist the services of nearby onlookers to get the cameraman to take his activities elsewhere before the explosions of flash-powder ruined the sensitive microphone.

As Bill had no way of closing the circuit, the mike remained open throughout the action of the little dramatic incident. The unexpected fracas recorded beautifully over several thousand loudspeakers. Bill's excited lapse into the vernacular was a natural, "Wow! Those things are no good for any man's mike! Liable to put the whole works out of commission."

It is the unusual which makes Radio a living breathing reality. We take off our hats to the mystery of its operation, but the responsive chord is struck when the human element rides the air waves. The highspot of the last World Series broadcasts had nothing to do with the games. It happened when the two chain announcers made an error at the same time.

When President Hoover, a guest at one of the games, made his appearance, Ted Husing, over one network, reported as follows: "Here comes President Wilson!" And Graham McNamee, over the other network, informed his listeners, "President Coolidge has just entered the ballpark!" The two slips were quickly corrected. How, you ask, did these two capable announcers happen to make such glaring mistakes? There is but one answer—because these men are only human; which is ninety per cent of the reason for their success. When robots and automatons are substituted for humans at the mike there won't be any listeners.

NOW that we have digressed for a moment let's return to our survey. Turning to the women's page of Radio activities we find plenty of material which smells of the printer's ink. Fashions, care of babies and children, beauty hints, cooking classes, suggestions on interior decorating, in fact every type of program similar to the special articles on the women's pages of our daily papers is etherized regularly now.

Women's organizations are represented —the D. A. R. Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the New York State Federation of Women's clubs being among those prominently identified with cultural chain broadcasts.

Every Radio wife is familiar with Ida Baily Allen's Radio Homemakers' club with its hundred thousand members. The listeners are not all housewives, either. Miss Allen received a letter of thanks from a man in one of our western states. He stated that he was grateful for getting new recipes over the air as they gave him the chance to relieve his stomach of tackling canned beans every day! The gentleman in question was a forest ranger, so don't be too hasty about giving him the raspberry, men. If we were stationed in one of civilization's outposts perhaps we'd be grateful for a change of diet, too.

Twice a week over the CBS network Marie Blizard talks on fashions of the day. It so happens that Miss Blizard not only knows her percales, she is also the possessor of a charming Radio personality. Her fan mail is both amazing and amusing. The mash notes received by this little lady are enough to turn any screen beauty green with envy.

ONE man writes to ask if she is more than thirty-one, which, he explains is just his age. If she can truthfully claim to be within the draft limit he proposes that they get together and have the usual understanding! Now, I ask you, Marie—pu—lease be careful!

Miss Blizard receives many requests from gentlemen (?), all "war heroes, to let them tell it, who ask her to put them in touch with rich widows matrimonially inclined. Just why she should be suspected of running a bureau of this sort is beyond understanding. But I suppose boys will be boys. Having won the war they want to win the widows!

And the youth of our grand and glorious country is not immune. Witness this personal appeal, penciled on the outside of an envelope addressed to Miss Blizard: "While mother was writing this to you I listened to your voice on the Radio. I like it and wish you would write to me, too. But don't let mother know!"

There's a lady by the name of Elizabeth Fellows who gives a weekly talk on psychology. She is a keen student of the subject and you might be curious to know what prompted her interest in it. Miss Fellows was the first woman to introduce and manage a cafeteria in the city of New York. Is it any wonder this lady knows a great deal of her fellowmen? You can imagine, in contact with General and Mrs. Public, especially when they are exposed to cafeteria vitamins and calories, without feeling sorry for them. At least, Miss Fellows couldn't.

There are many programs which might come under the heading of the magazine section of Radio with its featured speakers paralleling the work of the special writers of the press.

OF PARTICULAR interest on the NBC chain is the work of Floyd Gibbons, whose adventure tales and timely talks on current news of the day, the latter program sponsored by Literary Digest, has brought a vivid personality to the mike. Mr. Gibbons, world famous war correspondent, is an exceptionally fast worker, both in preparing his data and in talking to his unseen audience.

United Press news flashes are brought to his hotel room about an hour before he is scheduled to take the air. When he arrives at the studio he has his microphone campaign mapped out. For fifteen minutes Mr. Gibbons chatters away without a letup as though racing the hands of the clock.

He always has so many interesting sidelights to add to the news that he never really seems to finish. He can say more that is genuinely worthwhile in less time than any ten average speakers. And when he signs off he leaves the listener fairly breathless—but with a sense of having read every word in his daily paper without looking at it!

On the rival network Alexander Powell, known in newspaper and magazine circles as the "ace of war correspondents," is holding forth with a weekly talk. Mr. Powell remarked that, with so much discussion of peace in the air, it is up to him to start specializing in something other than wars.

CBS is featuring a weekly chat by Dr. Arthur Torrence, who has been connected with several expeditions for the British government in such out-of-the-way places as Siam, New Borneo and Africa. His first broadcast was responsible for renewing the acquaintance of a man, now living in New York, who treked across Africa with the doctor many years ago.

But it was one of his later broadcasts which was responsible for the big thrill. For twenty years he had been completely out of touch with his sister. She, now married, was living in Virgina. A report that her brother had been killed in the Honduras earthquake some years ago was suddenly shattered, when, as she dialed about on her Radio set, she heard and recognized the voice of Dr. Torrence coming from the loud speaker.

Still not quite sure she waited until the conclusion of the program. The announcer gave the lecturer's name. Then she wired the key station, WABC. Needless to say a decidedly happy family reunion resulted.

THE chains have their own book reviewers in the persons of Mary Weston Seaman and Thoman L. Masson.

Bill Schudt, a member of the press relations department of CBS, is putting on a weekly highspot with his "Going to Press." He features various well known newspaper and magazine men—editors, special writers, columnists and cartoonists. Harold P. Brown, the editor of Radio Digest, was a guest speaker on this program last winter. (Check and double check!) Not long ago Mr. Schudt got Milt Gross to appear on his program. Much to Bill's surprise, Gross brought eight comic strip artists with him! After individual introductions at the mike these several laugh-makers put on a skit. In the middle of the performance one of the members of this amateur cast lost his place in the script and there was a distinct pause. However, the pause was covered by Gross who ejaculated in a whisper that traveled thousands of miles on the air, "What the hell!"

To the credit of CBS must go the thanks of the entire world for arranging and producing one of the finest series of educational broadcasts ever attempted, "The Conclave of Nations." This feature goes on the air every Tuesday night at 10:30, E.S.T., and brings to the microphone, as guest speaker, a different foreign ambassador each week. Learning about our neighbors first hand will do more to make world peace an actuality than any number of diplomatic conferences. The most fertile soil in which to plant seeds of contentment and understanding is in the hearts of laymen. And to the listener who is finding the "Conclave of Nations" a sincere effort to promote harmonic relationships between all countries I can only quote Abou Ben Adhem and say, "May his tribe increase."

Bridge! Ah, now we're talking about a game so popular that it has its own space in newspaper and magazine columns. I have never had the pleasure of meeting any of the authorities now writing and speaking over the air on the art of playing the game but I once saw a hand played the like of which, I think, will never be duplicated. I dedicate the description to Milton C. Work.

THE scene was in the cardroom of a well known theatrical club. It was nearly daybreak and the players were, perhaps, a bit groggy for lack of sleep. The game had been in progress for hours and as I passed the table on my way out a no trump hand was in progress. The declarer found five diamonds headed with the Ace, King and Queen in dummy. In his own hand were four diamonds, Jack high. Finding himself in dummy after the opening lead the declarer proceeded to play out the five diamonds and sluff three losing hearts and two losing spades from his own hand! Getting into his own hand with the Ace of clubs he lead the Jack of diamonds, whereupon one of the opponents, blissfully unconscious that anything was wrong, remarked in disgust, "Here come those damned diamonds again!" The declarer scored a grand slam, having made nine of the thirteen tricks with diamonds. The five renegs went unnoticed by any of the players.

Occasionally I catch a reader of poems on the air from some local station but with Radio going newspaper it will not be surprising to find the chains putting aside a few minutes of their many hours a week as a corner where the poets may gather. The two best microphone readers of verse I have heard are Effie Lawrence Palmer and N. T. Grantlan. The latter is more familiarly known to the Radio listeners as "N. T. G." Miss Palmer is a splendid interpreter of emotional and down east characters, as fans of Soconyland Sketches know, while N. T. G. is primarily a night club master of ceremonies!

The editorial speakers who are coming into Radio are becoming more and more numerous. The fan mail which follows the arrival of a new voice "with a message" makes the powers of mikedom open their eyes in surprise. The letters are not only numerous, they are extremely well written. It's a bit difficult for many oldtimers in Radio to believe that the public can find enjoyment in any educational program. Who was it said, "The average intelligence

Germs of decay are glued to teeth

This special way removes them



Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE...a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Will you accept a free supply of a tooth paste that brings results like none other known? It will reduce dental troubles and make teeth far more lovely.

WHAT causes decay? *Germs.* Germs with tartar, under favorable conditions, are also the cause of pyorrhea. At least 80% of all dental troubles are directly caused by bacterial infection.

Germs on teeth and gums—and there are millions of them—are difficult to reach. A dingy, glue-like film envelops them and holds them in contact with the teeth and tissues. Ordinary antiseptics cannot penetrate this film to reach bacteria and destroy them.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings so stubbornly that even "overbrushing," which your dentist knows is harmful, cannot dislodge film effectively.

So Pepsodent was developed through scientific research to act in an entirely different manner. You will notice that difference by the way it feels.

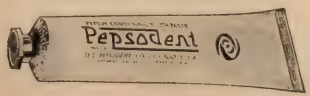
How Pepsodent destroys germs

First Pepsodent curdles film, then removes it with complete safety to enamel. No pumice, no harmful grit, no crude abrasive. But a creamy paste so gentle that it is recommended for sensitive children's teeth and for tender gums.

You will want to try it

No other ways can give the protection to teeth and gums Pepsodent affords. No other way can bring such brilliant whiteness. Simply send the coupon to the nearest address, and receive your free supply to try. Act at once.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

AMOS 'n' ANDY



You will enjoy these inimitable blackface artists—the children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night except Sunday over N.B.C. network.



7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p.m., Mountain time—8:30 p.m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 995, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3420

of the Radio listener is that of a child of twelve."

A FEW years ago speakers themselves gave little thought to Radio as a possible medium of expression. Then, too, they were mike-shy. For that reason the type of lecturer or speaker who was dragged into the broadcasting studios was nothing to write home about. He was usually thought of as just a time killer—something with which to fill in with between entertainment programs. It was little wonder that we dialed over to a station broadcasting music whenever our loud speakers started to orate, or replaced the earphones with earmuffs.

How different now! Not that we don't want our musical programs. We do. But we do not want them in such quantities as we have had them. In a previous article I shouted long and loud for variety on the air. We're really beginning to get it at last. Just as books of fiction are no longer the best sellers in the literary market so is the voice "with a message" topping the entertainment program in popularity. I base this statement on a check-up of unsolicited fan mail received at the studios.

Perhaps the talking picture producers have strengthened, without knowing it, the position of the editorial lecturer at the microphone. With practically every picture plugging a theme song it is quite a relief to go home from the theatre and get on speaking terms with the human voice at the Radio!

With the desire of the public so clearly defined by the books they read it is no longer difficult to interest real brains in becoming identified with broadcasting.

Let me tell you briefly how "Columbia's Commentator" came into Radio. Dr. Charles Fleischer is an individualist. An exponent of free thinking, his great aim has been for some years "to teach the people to think"—not necessarily as he thinks, but to reason for themselves. He wants them to get the habit of using the brains God gave them. A few years ago he started a class of free thinkers in Boston.

WHEN William Randolph Hearst heard Doctor Fleischer speak the newspaper man brought him to New York and for a year he wrote editorials for the New York American, which were illustrated by Windsor McKay. Following this work the doctor went on the lecture platform but soon became discouraged because of the limited number of people he could reach in this way. One day this past winter he visited the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting system. He was intent on giving Radio a trial. As his presence in the studio was unsolicited he didn't know who he wanted to see. He only knew he wanted to speak with someone in authority. His impressive personality finally brought him to the head of the program department, who, when he learned the nature of the visit, gave him an audition.

A week later Doctor Fleischer went on for his initial broadcast. The response to his short ten-minute discourse was an instantaneous welcome by thousands of listeners who voiced their appreciation by mail. He is now one of the Sabbath highspots of CBS. Not all his listeners agree with everything the doctor says. And this seems to make the gentleman very happy. "I knew there were plenty of thinkers about and at last I am able to bring them within the reach of my voice," is his smiling comment.

My prophecy as to the future of Radio is as good as the next man's, so here it is: I believe that the parade of intelligent personalities has just started and that the future , ers, reporters and speakers for air programs will play as big a part in our daily life as do the gentlemen of the press.

Let me repeat a phrase from an earlier paragraph: "Slowly but surely Radio is going newspaper."

The Turning Wheel

(Continued from page 19)

"If I discharge you," the magistrate asked, "will you promise not to repeat the attempt?"

The young man hesitated.

"Really," he said, "I have no wish to become a burden to the state, and I do not exactly see—"

The magistrate stopped him.

"There has come into my hands," he said, gravely, "a sum of one hundred dollars. That sum is yours if you will promise to leave the country at once and not repeat the offense with which you are at present charged."

"May I inquire the price of a third-class ticket to New York, and the sum of money I should be required to have to be allowed to land?" the prisoner asked.

"The police-court missionary," the magistrate answered, "will take you from here to an emigrant office, where you can learn all particulars."

"In that case," the young man declared, "I am willing to give my promise."

WHEELS of destiny moved slowly for this young man, but accompanied by fate played strange tricks, and he finds success and happiness in a way you would never suspect. You won't want to miss the sequel to this gripping story in the June Radio Digest. At all news stands May 25.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 25)

stood Paul Savoy, as white as a sheet, haggard eyed, hair sticking up in all directions.

"Still groping among your thousand and one nice little clues, Captain?" he chuckled. "Finding that clues either mean what they appear to mean or mean just the opposite?"

"I've made a certain bet here," he told them, producing a sealed envelope. "We'll see later if it's right or wrong. Right, I hold it to be, and you may be sure I'd take any man's counter bet on it, and for any amount he cared to mention! But I'm not going to disclose my discovery just now. If there were only a safe I could put it in; then no man could say later I'd changed my bet! But safes are unsafe and—go get me a hammer, some little pieces of wood, such as you can knock out of a box end and some nails," he commanded the Filipino boys.

They went out together, and returned with all that Savoy requested. He had stood while waiting, looking all about the room. Now he stood on a table, set his envelope against a heavy ceiling beam, covered it with a bit of box end, and drove three big nails through the whole.

"There," he cried triumphantly, stepping down, "is a big step taken toward the solution of this no longer mysterious happening of ours."

Paul Savoy had tasted no food since an early breakfast and had even denied himself the luxury of smoking. Now he relaxed utterly and pandered freely to the physical man. Gradually the pallor and pinched look were banished from his face.

For a space the two house boys were kept busy ministering to his appetite. Then, when they made a first step toward withdrawal he stopped them with a smile and a pleasant word.

"Pretty quiet for you boys here, eh? Houses not all jammed together as in the city."

One of them mentioned the other house. Savoy did not appear in any way concerned with it, yet made his light remarks, and in the end was told all they knew of it. More, in fact, than had been told in the living room.

"IT'S a fine thing to have a house right on the lake shore, like this. Fine especially in the summer time. The thing to do is to have a launch, or a yacht or both; and to spend the glorious days and nights out on the water."

The Filipinos, fond of the water, knew all about boats and Savoy learned how the various types of small craft were housed for the winter, with these homes shut up. The boats were drawn up and stowed away upon a platform under the roof.

"I don't think, though, that it's done that way in the house nearby, is it?" querried Savoy. "There's another system there, eh?"

"Yes, it was different there. For, first of all, that other house was seldom occupied; it had been shut up all the time, so far as they knew. And it had no boat house at all. Instead, the big boat was kept at the main house itself, in a sort of shed at the north side. They had once peered through a knot hole and seen it. A big boat, too; a beauty it had been, but was old now, like the house.

"Too big for men to carry back and forth?" suggested Savoy.

Oh, sure, too big for that. That was why there was a steel cable running from the shed of which they had told him, down to a big pier set in the water. It would be easy that way, even with a heavier boat; you had but to sling it to the cable and run it along on pulleys.

"I fancied there would be something like that," nodded Savoy, and for the few words remaining wandered off to trout and ended with the Philippine Islands.

Lamps were lighted in the living room when he strolled back to join the others. Entering, he cocked an eye upward at the envelope which he had nailed to the beam across the ceiling.

"Still there, my boy," said Laufer-Hirth, and proffered his cigarette case.

"Still there," returned Savoy searching for an inviting seat and deciding on a great, cushiony davenport where he extended himself at full length in indolent ease. He conveyed the impression of a man who had worked hard all day and now meant to revel in a well-earned rest. He lighted the cigarette which Laufer-Hirth had handed him and directed an enormous cloud of smoke toward his envelope.

"I have thought much during the day, Mr. Savoy," spoke up Mr. Nemo, "of your attitude toward the problem of criminal investigation. May I compliment you upon its bold originality? And, would it be indecorous of me to inquire if your labor has been prolific of results?"

Savoy beamed at him, accepting his tribute, and making his light reply:

"Thank you. I am the more grateful since I feel that there are others in the room who are sincerely convinced that, as an amateur detective, I'm a howling jackass." His twinkling eyes roved to



...*in* America's Adventureland

Do you know the thrill of luncheon on some high mountainside, with miles and miles of pine forests spread out at your feet, and the keen breeze of six thousand feet ruffling your hair?

Come and hike with us . . . up a winding trail through the clouds, to a meadow gay with wild flowers, where the air is always bracing, and the sunshine always bright!

Glacier Park—on the main line of the Great Northern—or perhaps you prefer the Puget Sound country, where Mount Baker, wreathed in eternal snow, gazes at old Rainier. Then there's the Columbia River region, with Mount Hood brooding over the fat valleys; or Alaska, maybe . . . .

New travel booklets, full of enticing pictures, from the agent in your city, or direct from Great Northern Travel Headquarters at St. Paul, Minn.

Tune in on the Great Northern Empire Builders program over the Blue Chain of the National Broadcasting Company every Monday evening — 10:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time

The New
EMPIRE BUILDER

The Luxurious
ORIENTAL LIMITED

a meeting with Captain Temple's scornful ones, then returned unaltered in their expression to Mr. Nemo. "Yes, I have made strides, I think. Almost am I tempted to say that at a bound, hurdling the clutter of misleading sign-posts, thus avoiding many a twist and quirk in a devious path, I have sped straight from question to answer."

"IS THERE any reason, then," asked Temple bluntly, "for withholding the answer? Unless, of course, your original surmise that Mr. Paul Savoy himself may be the murderer, remains your final decision! In which case, naturally, we should not think of pressing you!"

"Oh, I think I've cleared Mr. Paul Savoy," was the good-humored retort. "But I do seem to see a reason for refraining from making any charge at this time."

"Its interesting to discover," put in Temple with a gravity so deep that it hinted at an undercurrent of ridicule, "how Savoy can cast into the future this way. No doubt, Mr. Savoy, you can really predict coming events?"

"Some events," said Savoy evenly. "All men can, you know. Thus, I'll stake my life on sunrise tomorrow, even though that glorious birth be hidden from us by clouds and snow."

"I failed to be sufficiently definite," admitted Temple, bound on running him to cover. "I should have specified human events."

"Even there one may look into the future," grinned Savoy. "I mean that we're due before long to have a caller from the outside world."

"In all this storm?" demanded Temple.

"You expect someone, Paul?" asked Laufer-Hirth. "A messenger with letters and wires?"

"No one whom I know; no one who knows me," said Savoy.

"Mr. Savoy," observed Temple, "revels in mystification."

"Why, as to that, I don't know. Unfortunately, I can't, like the fortune teller who peek's into a deck of cards, say that it is to be a tall dark stranger. But, let's see just what I can tell you."

"Look here, Paul," remonstrated Laufer-Hirth. "We're a bit on edge, you know, and this isn't any time for your confounded fooling. If you know, and have known along along, that some other man was coming, I think you might be plain about it."

"I know, but I haven't known all along. I know that he'll come because it's now inevitable that he should. And I know it from no previous knowledge, but simply as a logical result of a day in my laboratory."

"Simple, oh, no doubt," laughed Temple.

"It would be a pretty test," said Mr. Nemo. "If you do not care at this stage to have us follow you step by step—or in your single bound, Mr. Savoy, will you still allow us to look forward with you as clearly as you see to the coming of this man?"

"I'm not sure of all my ground," admitted Savoy. "But, if you will bear with me, I think I may be able to add to his little, a very little— Let's see; first, doctor, exact hour of arrival? No, we can't be sure of that; a little more examining of evidence, with this in mind, and we'd hit pretty close upon the hour. Never mind: we'll be here when he comes. Why will he come? Well, suppose we say, at once, telling the truth and irritating our good friend the captain, that he will come upon secret and important business. I could go further there, but would prefer not to. Whence, now, does he come? Why, from San Francisco, to be sure!"

He spoke with such assurance that he perplexed them.

"This is no hoax?" demanded Laufer-Hirth. "Swear it, Paul."

"NO HOAX at all, Amos. And, by the way, I'm pretty sure that my man will not come alone. There will be two. One, let us say, the urban type; a pretty keen specimen, too. The other? More rugged, a muscular chap; let's call him a mountaineer. Yes, that's all right; I'm pretty sure of that. And now, what will these two men say? What will they want here? What will they do?

"I think I could tell you what they want, but that's my secret a while yet! I know what they'll do; they'll stick here, or at any rate one of them will, plaster-tight. As to what they'll tell us, that's difficult. For pure guess work, let's fancy our chief stranger ready with a mouthful of varying explanations. Lost in the storm, maybe; a cheap sort of excuse, but one at least that would ring true. If he should name any names, it would be to ask for Mr. Parks. If he were told that Mr. Parks was dead—why, then, he'd ask, and pretty quickly, for Detective Dicks. Informed that Dicks, too, was dead, he'd look us over and hang up his hat."

"These two men of yours—they're the murderers!" burst out Laufer-Hirth. For, by now, he believed that Savoy was in earnest; and, what was more likely than that Savoy had come to the decision that some two men, not of their own company, had committed the double crime and for some reason were impelled to return to the house.

Some four hours later they had fallen silent. First Andregg, then Will Little, bearing candles, had gone off to bed. Laufer-Hirth was in the midst of a tremendous yawn. And every man of them, Savoy himself included, started electrically and then grew rigid in the tensest expectation as the sound which they had fancied so many a time actually burst upon them. There was a furious pounding at the front door, to be heard even above the storm. And, with the knocking, a loud voice, shouting. Savoy sprang to his feet, eyes dancing.

"Shall we let it be Captain Temple who goes to the door?" he cried out cheerily. For here already, my dear captain, come our expected guests."

WHO are the mysterious strangers at the door, whose coming has confirmed Paul Savoy's forecasts? What are the results of the latter's laboratory deductions about the murderer of Mainwaring Parks and Detective Dicks? Does the envelope nailed against the ceiling beam hold the true answer to the mystery? Don't miss the next installment of Jackson Gregory's gripping story in the great June issue of Radio Digest, on sale May 25.

The Maid From Martinique

(Continued from page 35)

man but old MacGreggor, who grew more furious within every minute. He glowered, a-hemed, stomped about, shifted his quid from one side of his jaw to the other, snorted out of the cabin to expectorate over the side, rolled back in again and finally exploded:

"'Begone with ya! I'll not have you bewitchin' my partners with yar cunnin' ways. 'Tis serious business we have ahead of us—an' a woman—a woman—ye have na' place here—'

"'Me? What I do to make ze great Messieur MacGreggoire—'

"'Go lang wi' ye, now, we're aboot to sail!'

"'Oooh! W'have I do? Celeste is so sad zat ze gre—'

"'Stop! Stop! I tell ye, do na' call me that again! I—I—'

"'Ah, maybe tomorrow, Capitaine MacGreggoire, he feel so different. I will to be veree good all ze time—'

"'What? Ye mean to sail wi' us?' MacGreggor squinted one eye almost shut while the other bulged and bored the girl through. Still she purred and seemed quite self possessed.

"'Oui! Certainly! Messieur Joe he does not told you I come too?'

"'Joe said what?'

"'Calm down, Mac—Joe will straighten it out when he comes—'

"'Joe! Hoot! Tha' mon must ha' lost his wits! Wait 'till I find him!' He heaved himself out of the cabin and the man and the girl could hear his boots clump down the length of the deck.

"CELESTE rested her dainty pointed elbows on the fresh cloth she had placed on the table. Her soft, slender fingers entwined the oval of her chin. The triangle at the throat of her blouse left mysterious little shadows playing against the ivory satin of her skin. Bob slid himself down in a chair and a yearning, leaping woman hunger flamed into his face and his eyes.

"This, to Celeste, was the zest of living; kindling the hearts of lonely men into flame. She had forgotten about Joe in the process of stirring the emotions of this new victim. Her eyes reflected the warm glow from the smouldering flame reflected in her own heart.

"'Why you look at me like that?' she purred. 'You think Celeste pretty?'

"'You—you're beautiful, Celeste—gorgeous—'

"'What you like, my eyes?—my lips?'

"'Yes, your eyes *and* your lips—you beautiful devil—' he clenched his fingers and propelled by some cosmic force he swept toward her—and would have encircled her in his arms—but she laughed and dodged free—her great eyes, half curtained by long sweeping lashes, and her lips, pouting with the utmost provocation. She taunted him from the far end of that table, shaking a finger and dimpling as she smiled again.

"'No, no, no, no, you go kinda crazy, what? Messieur Joe, he be very angry with you. La! La! You like to hear me sing?'

"'Mac was right,' said Bob, with a sudden bitter smile 'I'm a fool. You'll never catch me again like that. You stay here until Joe comes. I'm going out.'

"Of course she did stay aboard. Joe came and would listen to nothing else, although MacGreggor swore and protested to the last minute. When they had loaded their cargo and put to sea he gladly would have returned to put her ashore. He looked upon her as an ill omen. He would not even give her the consideration he had for the cat Bob had brought aboard for a mascot—the cat only caught rats and mice—but the woman played for bigger game.

"Bob kept at a distance, although he knew there was an imp and an urge beneath his skin that needed but half a chance to sink him beyond all hope. He saw Celeste and Jacques, the French bo'sun, sitting on a coil of rope in the moonlight the second night out. His first sensation was of intense rage, and

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then fear; for he knew that Joe was insanely jealous of the jade. He had a horror of impending tragedy. Something would have to happen with so much inflammable material around where sparks were flying loose and uncontrolled. He was satisfied that the bo'sun knew full well the danger he faced in talking to the girl. For that reason he refrained from offering advice and therewith being misunderstood for his motives.

"CELESTE was insatiable. She was not a one-man woman—never could be. She craved to ignite the love fire and see it boom into a conflagration. And the bo'sun yielded to her enchantment. Her velvety voice humming and crooning—

"'When you sing like that I would give my life for you,' he said on that same night when Bob had noted them sitting on the great coil. Celeste touched his cheek with a mischievous finger, and a blue ray from the moon glistened for an instant against her perfect teeth.

"'Yes, I think so. If Messieur Joe see you sitting here with me I think mos' like as not he would keel you—but you die happy—huh?'

"'Do you think he suspects?'

"'Mebbe yes, mebbe no. He ees no fool. Comes how I nevaire let you kiss me. Ah, Mon Dieu, if he ever saw, you would go quick to the diable.'

"Suddenly he looked up as her eye lids flew wide and her lips parted in a startling little scream. Joe had come around from the other side and towered over them; his face, half in the shadow twisted into grimmance like that of an animal tortured to desperate madness.

"'Yes, yes,' the words growled up from his hairy throat, 'you greasy rat of a rat—you would, you would—'

"'No, no, no, Joe,' Celeste flung herself to him, her arms about his neck and pressed his cheek to her. Then she caught his face in her magic hands and looked into his eyes until one flame had been quenched by another. He folded her tightly in his arms. Looking over her shoulder he saw Jacques, the French bo'sun, cowering against the hatch. He put Celeste down on her feet again.

"'Do you love only me?' he asked.

"'My big, brave Joe—ah, who else could there be—not him!' Why Jacques, he just speaks French and sometime I like to speak the mother tongue wis him. We talk of Martinique—people he know, people I know—zat ees all, you make me ashamed—'

"'Celeste, you are mine forever. No more talks but with me.' He thrust his clenched fist out toward the bo'sun. 'Get out. You're lucky to be alive this minute. I meant to beat you into a pulp for the louse I think you are. Don't speak one word with her again. If you do, not even Celeste can stop me.'

"Then, like a broken little bird, Celeste crumpled to the deck and sobbed, her face in her hands.

"'Oh, bine aime Joe, why must you be so cruel?' she wept, 'you do not love Celeste. I cannot speak to anyone. I leave my home, my friends, everyone I know for you—and you are not satisfied. All because I love you. I am so desolate.'

"'It is because I love you, Celeste, I love so jealous. I would kill anyone who ... to take you away from me.'

"'... such silly love you have for me.

"'But ... sing—you say it is just for I cannot ... Bob or Jacque! Must I sit Messieur ... here all the time in the dark? Must I make myself ugly? You don't trust me."

"'I'M SORRY, dear little Celeste.' Joe pulled her up into his arms again. 'It's because I am so wild about you. I can't help it. Now stop crying and I'll try never to lose my temper again.'

"'We shall see. Maybe I better go ashore at Port Au Prince and say good bye to you forever. This is too much unhappiness.'

"'No. It's too late, Celeste. No parting now. We stick for life.'

"Hardly an hour had passed before Celeste was below, mousing again for Jacques. He heard her calling, and though his heart thumped at the sound of her voice he tried not to listen. Instinctively he felt it was the call of doom. But she came nearer. He trembled. His brain ordered him to retreat but his heart countermanded the order. So he stood, irresolute, until she crept up to his shadow and looked into his eyes.

"'Jacques,' she whispered. 'Are you going to run away?'

"'I would but I can't. You are too wonderful.'

"'You are afraid of poor little Celeste,' she mocked with a tantalizing glimmer in her shadowy eyes.

"'Aye, right you are, little devil,' answered Jacques in French. 'I am afraid—not of Celeste—but of Meisseur Joe. If he should some upon us now he would kill me.'

"'Poof! And you expect me to love a coward! Messieur Joe has gone to sleep—and he sleeps like the dead.'

"'He maybe sleeps with his eyes shut but his ears open . . . What's that—' A giant silhouette beside them against the sky.

"'O-ooh! Messieur Mac—you wear no boots—you scare me coming up so quietly in the dark—' exclaimed Celeste as MacGreggor revealed himself.

"'So! I dinna ken sic' a wench could be afeared. An' Jock, ya low lyin' sneak o' a half breed, get ye below afore I kick tha' eternal daylights out o' ye.'

"'Oui, Messieur Mac,' came the now fleeting voice of Jacques from the darkness. Celeste arose with injured dignity exclaiming heatedly in French until she caught her breath. Then she said:

"'But Messieur, you insult; you make a lie—"

"'Shut up ya Jezabel o' sin,' Mac snapped angrily. 'I'll have a wee word wi' ye now m'self. I put all my life savings in this ship. Ye would be incitin' to murder aboard an I'll ha'e no' o' it. What is more Joe is my friend an' I will no' ha'e ye impose on him wi' sic' mischief—'

"'CELESTE is no dog. Maybe you lak her make love to you—so—I sing to ze Great Messieur MacGreggoire!' She fumed with wrath but could think of nothing more infuriating to MacGreggor than to invoke her wiles upon him. She hummed softly. Only a few notes—then came a stealthy tread, and a muffled curse.

"'Couldn't take a fair warnin' could you—you mongrel gutter rat—I'll not dirty my hands with you. Take that—' A crack and a stab of flame cut through the night. The half crouching silhouette of old MacGreggor jerked around crazily and collapsed on the deck.

"'Joe! Joe! Ye've killed me,' groaned the stricken man!

"In a moment lanterns were brought out and helping hands carried the wounded man below. But the single bullet had done its work and in a little while old Mr. MacGreggor was no more. Joe was frantic with grief over his fatal mistake. In fact, the shock of it practically cured him of his unreasonable jealousy over the little French girl.

"To Celeste it was scarcely more than an incident, allowing her a little more freedom in the exercise of her wiles. Of course, Jacques was scared clear out of the picture. He valued his own skin too highly to risk it again—and Celeste became for him, 'the Flower with the Poison Breath,' which is said to grow in the jungles of the tropics, a thing of beauty but deadly to one who would scent its perfume.

"The one toward whom Celeste now turned her lovely face was Bob. She often maneuvered prettily to come upon him unexpectedly—in a doorway, at a table, along the rail, down a stair. Sometimes there seemed no escape for Bob than that he must touch her hand, her hair, her arm or shoulder. The tiny wires of her magnetism began to twist through the fibre of his being—they twisted and spun until they became cables of a passionate longing desire to hold her to his breast and smother her with his kisses. He tried to shut her from his eyes. But vision of her persisted beyond the curtain of his lids. She flitted about with constantly increasing familiarity—until—yes, Bob realized he was almost hopelessly ensnared.

"Joe, bending the other way in self discipline, had sternly repressed every indication of jealousy toward his surviving partner. Perhaps he had not even observed what had been going on until, well, it was just before the great hurricane which roared up from the Carribean, across the West Indies, into Florida—you remember that terrible man-killing storm. For Celeste the foreboding of the falling barometer meant only excitement.

"Unobserved behind a rag of sail she watched Bob as he studied the glass. Should she run out to him now? No, he was too nervous. She would wait. Perhaps soon he would pass near her and she would run through the cabin and meet him on the other side. What sport! What a thrill she would have to see his eyes dance, his face flush and the throbbing pulses beat through his temples and his throat—and then he would throw his arms madly about her—ah—but Joe—Oh, well—

"'How's the glass?' that was Joe now.

"'Still falling, Joe. It looks rotten. We're ship owners now, too, Joe.'

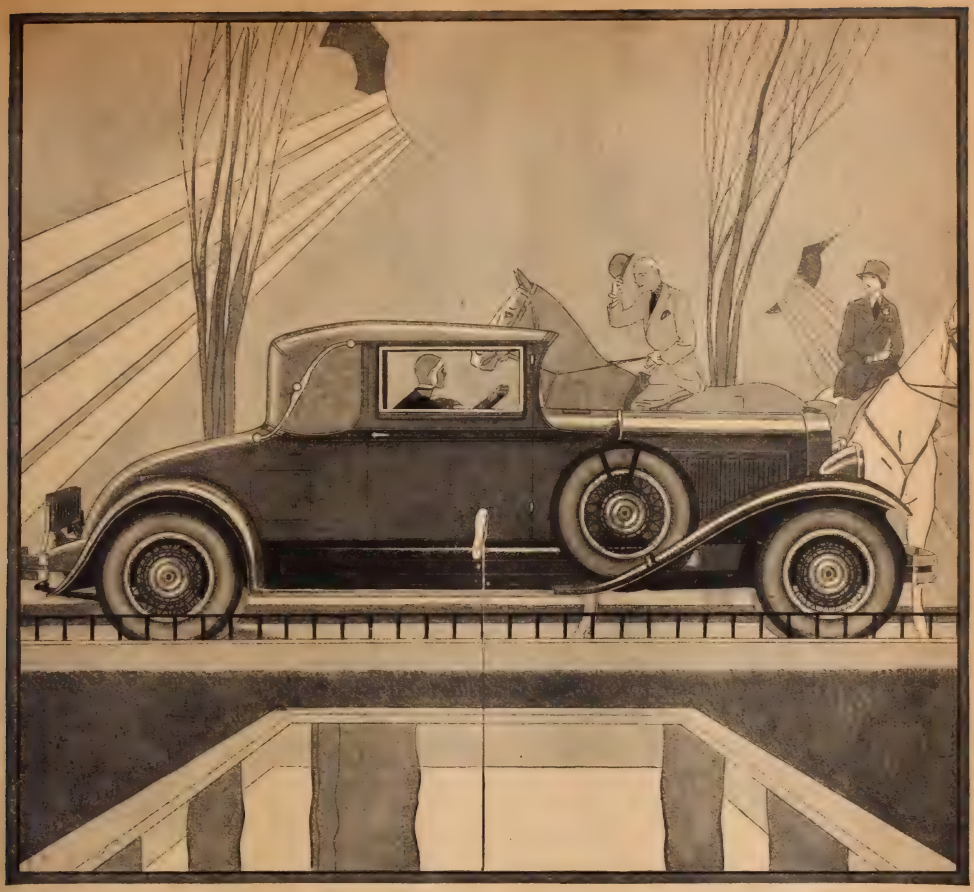
"'Well, what do you mean by that?'

"'I mean we're heading to lose our boat—and—and—'

"'Oh, stop your croaking. What's getting into you, Bob?'

For June Brides

JUNE is the month of brides—thousands of happy girls in Radio Digest Families are going to be married in that month of flowers and happiness. Evelyn Gardiner, women's director at KDKA, has promised an article giving some real, practical hints about those feverish days of preparation for the big event. Be sure to watch for "Hints for June Brides" in the June issue of Radio Digest, on sale at all newsstands May 25.



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"'A lot of things, old man. I think we should talk things over a bit—'

"'Never mind that now. Just forget it until we get through this blow. Better go down and sleep a while so as to have your ginger up when the storm breaks. And don't be so jerky. You look all shot to pieces.'

"'I—I don't want to sleep—rather stay right here where you are—let's keep sight of each other—'

"'You need sleep, Bob. It's nerves. Better go below.'

"'Well, you may be right at that. I'll go down.'

"A filmy shadow detached itself from the folds of the flapping bit of canvas, and floated noiselessly through a back passageway, down through the hold and breathlessly around to the foot of a narrow hatch. Then the hatch darkened above. Bob came clambering down. Near the foot he paused. The way was blocked. He knew. A delicious quiver trickled through his body. His hand strayed about in the dark—for his eyes were still blinded from the clear outside light. His fingers touched a resilient shoulder. He gasped and started to draw his hand away but another hand seized and held it close to a beating heart.

"'Don't do that, my lass,' he said, resolutely. 'Go away from me, please.'

"But he was weak all through. He didn't much care what happened. What was life for anyway? What chance had he ever had to really know about girls—and now?

"'You tell Celeste to go away, Messieur Bob. But your eyes tell me to stay, I know, I know—Celeste will obey the eyes for the lips do not mean what they say.'

"'My eyes! My eyes! Why, they are shut. I must not—I must not—'

"'What you mean, Messieur Bob, you must not?'

"'Celeste, we are facing a great storm. We may all die. Let us be—'

"'I shall not. I am not afraid. You think of Joe, well, Joe he loves Celeste no more. He say so to me, I tell you. If we die let us die in one big kees—yes?'

"'This must not be. No. No—I must not—'

"'You are afraid—'

"'Afraid, yes—but not afraid to die—only that I will wrong and hurt my good friend, Joe—'

"'Love iss ze most important. I love you. You give me one sweet kees—' In the semi-darkness she drew close to him, put her delicately rounded arms about his neck, drew his lips down to her and for ten precious seconds they stood in silent raptured bliss. Then Bob, suddenly conscious of his resolution, thrust her away. The ship rocked violently. A mighty wind shrieked viciously over their heads. The place became suddenly dark save for a faint yellow glow of a dingy light in the ceiling. Then came a crash of splintering wood and rendering steel. A ghastly shudder shook the whole ship.

"'A reef! We're stove in!' A hoarse cry bellowed down to them from above.

"'Come!' Bob took her hand. 'We must get up there. The water is in here now.'

"'Do you love me, Messieur Bob?'

"'Go! Climb the stairs quickly, Celeste.'

"'Kees me, dear Bob!' Her arms were circling his neck again. The ship lurched with a staggering slip. Bob seized the hatch rail and thrust her forward and upward to the deck. Joe was standing at the top, braced against the wall of the cabin, pistol in hand, as their heads came to the swirling wind and darkening half-light.

They could scarcely stand against the slanting and tottering deck. Even so Celeste did not loosen her arms from Bob's neck.

Joe thrust his left arm through a stanchion for a better support and hefted his pistol with his right.

"'Guess you had to come for air?' he sneered questioningly.

"'Let's have it, Joe. I kissed her. I—I have no excuses. Just for that one kiss everything's been worth while, and I'm ready to call it a day. Be good to her, Joe. She needs lots and lots of loving. Now shoot, and—and accept my blessing—from—from—wherever I seem to be going—'

"'You're going in that boat to stern. Now beat it an' leave Celeste an' me to take our honeymoon together. She can't stand havin' too many men around. . . . Can you honey?' He gave her one look and she scrambled from Bob's support to a strip of rope that dangled from the stanchion where Joe held himself. 'I didn't think you'd fail me, sweetheart, in the big showdown.' He threw the pistol overboard. Celeste gripped him around the waist, then over one arm to his neck. There she clung to him. Bob gaped in a daze.

"'Joe—Joe—Celeste—what—what? the hulk swung sideways and threatened to roll over. The small boat cast away.

"'Can't you give us this last chance together?' Joe now found a better adjustment and drew Celeste tightly in his arms as he turned one reproachful look to Bob.

"'Jump, Bob, and swim for the boat,' ordered Celeste. 'It is better so. We go for a long journey on our honeymoon. He knows me best and I love him—Joe—one more kees—'

"Bob jumped and was hauled into the small boat which came to shore on a small island not far distant."

. . . . .

For a full minute not a word was spoken after Old Forty Fathom had finished his tale. Then Peter said:

"It didn't end happily, did it?" To which the captain replied:

"As I said before, that depends on the point of view."

Romeo and Juliet, 1930

(Continued from page 45)

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: Oh, Juliet, my young bride—I had the derndest time getting here.

Juliet: Well, I'm sore at you. Why didn't you give me a ring, on the 'phone, I mean. Here I've been sitting alone every night for the past two weeks.

Romeo: Ah, but, darling, the hour has drawn nigh, when I must needs leave thee—leave thee, my sweet, my baby, my dumplin'—leave thee—understand? I must leave thee—do you understand?

Juliet: Sure, I get you, Romie! You're trying to tell me that you gotta be going!

Romeo: Good-bye, my sweet.

Juliet: Good-bye, dumplin'.

Romeo: Good-bye, dearest.

Juliet: Good-bye, sugar.

Romeo: There you go again, crabbin' the act—can't you get it into your head that I've got to say the last good-bye.

Herald: Romeo leaves by the alley. Enters Friar Laurence and Poppa Catapult—dernit—coppatakalut—ah, enters Friar Laurance and the Old Man, center, very upstage.

Capulet: Ah, Juliet, my darling, I have glad tidings to bring thee!

Juliet: Wherewithal hast thou brung them from, and forsooth thyself to spill same in a jiffy.

Capulet: Just before your brother Tea-Ball took the count, he made a dying wish that you marry Paris!

Juliet: Paris?— But, father, what could I do with a whole city for a husband—ask me?

Capulet: But, daughter—that is Tea-Ball's dying wish. Willst thou not respect it.

Friar Laurence: Yes, comma, willst thou not respect it?

Juliet: I will not! I'd much rather have my cute little Romeo than the whole city of Paris, and besides, if I marry Paris, I might get guillotined, and I don't like guillotines—they cramp my neck!

Friar Laurence (sotto): Here, Juliet—take this flask—two drinks of this potion and you will pass out—it is quite like death—but you'll wake up later—perhaps in the arms of your husband, Romeo—perhaps with the big-head.

Juliet: Oh, Dankeschoen, Friar Laurence.

Herald: Capulet and Friar Laurence leave by front door right. Juliet is all alone and decides to do a little. soliloqweein'—

Juliet: Now I will take a drink from this flask—(becomes very dramatic) another, another and another. And then the chamber starts whirling—my knees are getting weak—I am getting drowsy—

Herald: Enters the old man and Paris!

Capulet: Ye Gods, Juliet!

Paris: She's passed out!

Capulet: Quick, the tomato juice!

Alarge Gorilla

Act five of Romeo and Juliet, finds Juliet still sleeping. Not having heard from anyone for over two weeks, Romeo becomes tired of waiting, and decides to see his bride. As the scene opens we find Romeo entering his bride's chamber with his shoes off. She is still sleeping. Fearing that waking her by shooting off a gun or dropping a set of dishes might scare her, he bursts forth and sings the famous aria—this is perhaps the best known aria in the whole opera of Romeo and Juliet, and it is from this aria that the favorite expression came, "How are ya?"

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: "PICCOLO PETE" (sung to Tchaikowski's "Pietro Piccolo" in Three Flats or its equivalent).

Did you ever see Romie on the old Balconey with Juliet, NO?
Well, you've missed a lot, for he certainly has got,
A style that is hotter than hot.
Did you ever see Romie on the old Balconey with Juliet, NO?
Well, you've missed a treat, for his lovin' is sweet,
The kind that can't be beat. . . .

Herald: Romeo sneaks over to Juliet, who still snoozes in a gorgeous manner.

Romeo: Why, she still sleeps—Julie—kootchy—kootchy—You-hoo—Julie—uh—why—uh, what's this—a flask. (Whiffs.) Hmmmmm. By the Gods of the Three Stars, this is GOOD. Julie (starts sobbing)—Julie—hast it comest to this. Hast thou fooled me all this whilest? Oh, cruel woild—(sobs).

Orchestra
"DRINKING SONG" (Sauer)

Herald: Romeo decides to take a drink.

Effect: Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle.

Herald: Correction—Romeo took three drinks. Romeo passes Out. Juliet wakes up and, finding Romeo passed out, gets very sore and goes back to sleep.

Orchestra
Chord, segue to "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER"

Alarge Gorilla

You have heard the first in a series of New Spring Line Broadcasts presented by the Irrational Broadcasting Company over its Lavender Network.

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For that is just what it is—not a "patent baby food"; just fine *natural* milk from "Contented Cows". Nothing is added—and concentration to double richness takes nothing out but part of the natural water ** *All the vitamins* that any milk is depended upon to supply are in Carnation. Only the usual supplements are needed—such as orange juice and cod-liver oil. The minerals that build sturdy bones and strong, even teeth are all present just as in raw milk ** Carnation is *safe* milk, because it is sterilized and sealed air-tight. And wherever you get it, at whatever season, it is *always the same* in purity and richness, thus preventing the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality. It is *the ideal milk* for use, under your physician's direction, in any formula calling for whole milk ** To learn more about this super-digestible milk for babies, write for the Carnation Baby Book. To learn more about this better milk *for cooking*, write for the Carnation Cook Book by Mary Blake. Address your communication to Carnation Company, 459 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; or 559 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington; or Aylmer, Ontario.



"from Contented Cows"



Cornstarch Puddings

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), ½ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with ½ cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded with rest of water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.
BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.
CHERRY PUDDING ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ cup sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ½ tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. cherry juice, ½ cup sliced maraschino cherries, ¾ cup cocoanut, 2 egg whites.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, cocoanut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.



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Simply perfect for all cooking

Try one of the recipes at the left. You will discover that Carnation does better cooking for the same reason that it is better for babies—because it is "homogenized." The butter-fat, instead of being in coarse fat globules as in ordinary milk, is ground up into tiniest particles and mixed evenly all through the milk. Hence the *cream-smoothness and butter-richness* of Carnation dishes.

Another thing—Carnation takes the place of cream in thousands of homes. Use it for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and cut your cream bill nearly two-thirds!

Eighty-two Nominated for Diamond Award

HUNDREDS of nomination and ballot coupons have poured in to the Contest Editor in the past few weeks. At the end of the first few days forty-one nominations had been received. Today this has swelled to eighty-two, with the total number of votes growing with every mail. Have you nominated your favorite? Clip the coupons on page 3 of this issue today!

EAST

Program	Station
Lucky Strike Orchestra	NBC
R. K. O. Hour	NBC
Rudy Vallee	NBC
Cheerio	WFAN
Seth Parker	NBC
Enchanted Hour Ensemble	WTIC
Two Troupers	NBC
Nit Wits	CBS
Around the Melodeon	WBAL
The Wanderers	WIP
Jessica Dragonette	CBS
Gypsy Nomads	CBS
Roxy and His Gang	NBC
Louis Kaufman	KDKA
Floyd Gibbons	NBC
Glen Riggs	KDKA
Guy Lombardo	CBS
Interwoven Pair	NBC

SOUTH

Program	Station
Old Dominion Orchestra	WRVA
Sacred Quartet	WSM
W. K. Henderson	KWKH
Caroline Lee	WFLA
Bille Nye, Jr.	WWNC
Ed Poplin's Band	WSM
Fiddlin' John Carson	WSB

MIDDLE WEST

Program	Station
Joe O'Toole	WJAY
Emil Cords	WTMJ
Corinne Jordan	KSTP
Ramblers Orchestra	KMOX
Whitney Trio	WMAQ
Paul McCluer	WENR
Mellotone Quartet	KFLV

MIDWEST

Program	Station
Pat Barnes	WGN
Ben Bernie's Orchestra	KYW
National Barn Dance	WLS
Weener Minstrels	WENR
Amos 'n' Andy	WMAQ-NBC
Pied Pipers	WTMJ
Gene and Glenn	WTAM
Bobby Brown	WBBM
Pat Flanagan	WBBN
Tillie the Toiler	KFEQ
Henry Field	KFNF
Edith Smith	KFNF
Larry Larsen	WGN
Famous Operas	WGN
Studio Party	KMOX
Willy and Lilly	KMOX
Little Jack Little	WLW
Dixie Girls	KMA
Farm Hour Program	WAIU
Smith Family	WENR
Edison Symphony Orchestra	WENR
Everett Mitchell	WENR
Mike and Herman	WENR
Marian and Jim	WENR
Ray Bahr's Orchestra	WHAS
Hiram and Henry	WLS
Bradley Kincaid	WLS
Merry-Go-Round	WLS
Steve Cisler	WLS

WEST

Program	Station
Master Singers	KFAB
Sleepy Time Gals	KSAT
Battery Boys	WNAX
Old Timers	KFKB
The Cowboy Singer	KGBZ
Henry and Jerome	KGBZ
National Farm Hour	WOW
R. R. Brown's Radio Chapel	WOW
Dr. Walter Wilson	WDAF
Happy Jack's Orchestra	WNAX
Dr. J. R. Brinkley	KFKB
Matinee Program	KFKB
Steve Love's Band	KFKB
McCree Sisters	KFKB
Bob Larkin	KFKB

FAR WEST

Program	Station
Rhythm Makers	KGER
Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie"	KPO
Tom Breneman	KNX
"Simpy Fitts"	KFRC
Art and Billy Spreading	KOIN
Tom Mitchell	KFI
Empire Builder	KGO

The Sucker's Revenge

(Continued from page 43)

know where them corners are," he said. They's brush growed up all over 'em, but I could find 'em, easy."

"I'm goin' down past the station," said Lynch. "And if I see that fat feller I'll tell him. It'll be an easy way to make fifty dollars, Jap—and I reckon he's got it. They say he's a banker."

LYNCH rode on down Grasshopper creek, leaving Jap Gideon greatly excited. His year of tribulation had at last taught him the value of money and now fifty dollars loomed higher upon his mental horizon than had the fifteen thousand that he had flaunted with such childish recklessness before the eyes of the world which, too late, he had found was not worthy of his trust.

About two o'clock Cowan arrived. He was a soft-looking fat man and wore eyeglasses on a string. Ordinarily this latter defect would have aroused violent prejudice in Jap Gideon's mind; but when Cowan smiled, the man's big, round face creased into friendly lines and old Jap warmed to him. The banker was eager to start upon their quest and would not dismount, so they left the cabin immediately.

Old Jap had not overstated his abilities. He located the missing corners successfully and the two men got back to the cabin as it was growing dark. Manifestly it would have been foolish to attempt the Grasshopper trail at that late hour, so Cowan accepted the old prospector's cordial invitation to stay all night at the cabin.

"Ain't got much to offer," apologized the prospector, "but such as she is, you're welcome."

While his host started frying out-of-season deer steaks upon coals raked from the fireplace, Cowan sat and smoked, his eyes straying curiously about the walls of the cabin, noting the remarkable collection that hung there—old clothing, mud-stained and ragged beyond further use, but treasured nevertheless; deer horns, rusty coils of bailing wire, an obsolete powder flask and above the fireplace a glaring insurance poster depicting Nero fiddling gayly while Rome burned. Beside this graphic illustration of Rome's catastrophe—

Cowan's eyes stopped and fixed themselves upon a fat sheaf of engraved papers that were tacked against the logs. The face of the outer page was smoke-blackened, crumpled, covered with heel marks and flyspecked; but out of its dinginess appeared the word HANA-KOPIAI.

The banker could not believe his eyes. He crossed the hearth, took the glasses from his pocket and affixed them carefully upon his nose, peering up at the astonishing exhibit. "Hey!" he said, "Where did you get this?"

OLD JAP looked up from his frying and his yellowed whiskers parted in a sheepish grin. "Honolulu," he said, shamed and reluctant. "And I paid nearly fifteen thousand dollars for it! When I got home I took the hellish stuff and tacked it on the wall to remind me what a fool I had been!"

Cowan carefully removed the tacks and leafed the package over with deft, experienced fingers, each succeeding page adding to the amazed look in his round face. "When did you buy it?" he demanded.

"Year ago last January," said old Jap. "But I was drunk or I never would have done it," he defended himself. "A feller gave me a bottle of *okolehau* and after the first drink I wasn't responsible none at all. No, sir, *okolehau* looks like a kitten but it cuts up like a wildcat. Still, I reckon I ain't to be blamed a lot, at that. I heard later that the world's full of fellers that make a good livin', sellin' fake stock to old jackass tramps like me."

"Fake stock?" Cowan glanced down astonished.

"Sure!" said Jap, scraping more hot coals out upon the hearth.

"How do you know it's fake stock? Did you take it anywhere to have it looked over?"

The old man shook his head. "Too much ashamed of myself!" he mumbled. "Besides, the swindler that sold it to me had my money—"

"How do you know a swindler sold it to you?" demanded Cowan. "Couldn't you have bought it at some reputable place—while you were drunk?"

"Yes," admitted old Jap slowly. "Yes, sir," he went on, "I could have bought anything anywhere after the very first drink of that *okolehau*." He thought a few moments, his whiskered face twisted with the effort of remembering, the fork poised above the smoking bacon. "I do rickollect goin' into a big buildin'," he said. "There was a lot of slick counters and money behind a wire screen. . . . I rickollect that I wanted to buy the place and they wouldn't . . . Then—yes, I rickollect that I left that place and went across the street to a place that looked like a bank and I tried to buy the bank and they wouldn't sell it to me and I cried. . . . And that's all I can remember. Next thing I knew I woke up in Gum Poon's cabbage patch and this wad

Full Details of Gold Cup Race in June

THE RADIO audience and readers of *Radio Digest* have selected the World's Most Popular Station. This, an honor which will live long in the memory of man, carries with it immeasurably valuable recognition. To the winner of first place is awarded a Gold Cup, and to the Most Popular Stations in each of six districts is presented a Silver Cup. In the June issue *Radio Digest* will present these stations to you in a special section of the magazine—*Watch for it.!*



Automobile Radio is Here

...and here's the RAY-O-VAC *Autoradio Battery!*

RADIO sets for automobiles are an accomplished fact, now; and with their advent comes the problem of choosing a "B" battery that will stand up under the bouncing, pounding, and exposure to weather conditions that come to such a battery.

With this end in view, Ray-O-Vac engineers have pioneered a new type of radio "B" battery. The Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" battery is the result.

Built with a case like a storage battery, tested under every conceivable condition of atmosphere and temperature, subjected to terrific tumbling and dropping tests, the Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" will give long, continuous, satisfactory service under the most exacting conditions.

There is literature that describes this new member of the Ray-O-Vac family in detail. Write for it today.



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Makers also of Ray-O-Vac Radio "A", "B", and "C" Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Telephone, Ignition, and Flashlight Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Standard and Rotomatic Flashlights, and Ray-O-Vac Guaranteed and Licensed Radio Tubes.

of Hanakopiai was in my pocket."

For some moments there was silence. Cowan stood looking down upon the shriveled, ragged, half-starved little old man squatting upon the hearth. In the banker's round, good-natured face was a mixture of amusement, amazement and a sort of incredulous awe.

"It must have happened," he said at last, more to himself than to old Jap Gideon. "Though it couldn't possibly happen again, not in a million years! Somehow, somewhere, you wandered into some reputable establishment and bought nearly fifteen thousand dollars' worth of real Hanakopiai Sugar stock!" His voice fell to a reverent note. "And you so full of *okolehau* you didn't know you were doing it—and couldn't even remember it! Boy, boy! How I wish you had brought me a bottle of that *okolehau*!"

* * * * *

TWO days later, Cowan and old Jap Gideon rode into Peppertree and stopped at the livery stable where the banker had left his car. Old Jap was attired in the flannel suit that he had worn when on board the ship, going to Honolulu. The jaunty cap was now a wilted rag; the trousers had lost every vestige of their first immaculate beauty and many sincere efforts to restore them to their pristine whiteness had but shrunken them yet more. They now reached barely below the knees, and clung skin-tight to the old man's bony legs. But Jap had to wear them, for they were the best he owned. Tom Morris appeared at the door of his store on the other side of the street.

"Well if it ain't Jap Gideon!" he cackled, for he was a man of no tact. "Lost your fifteen thousand, did you? Just like me and Judge Hopper said you would! Yes, sir, anybody could tell you'd lost it, just by lookin' at you! Jap, you shorely do look like hell!"

Jap Gideon ignored the speaker, though his trigger finger twitched spasmodically. At this moment a great car roared out of the livery stable with a smart chauffeur at the wheel. It rolled up and stopped. Cowan climbed in and old Jap Gideon followed suit. Both men lighted expensive cigars and Jap leaned back with a lordly air, blowing a smoke ring into the clear mountain atmosphere. Cowan turned a cold eye upon the cackling storekeeper.

"I see nothing to laugh about," he observed bitingly. "While in Honolulu Mr. Gideon bought nearly fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Hanakopiai Sugar stock at about fifty. Just before I left San Francisco, a week ago, it was being quoted at 91½. I consider Mr. Gideon one of the shrewdest investors I ever met. His investment in Hanakopiai Sugar will net him something like ten or twelve thousand dollars' profit! Home, William!"

There was a soft meshing of gears and the luxurious car slipped away like a great low-flying bird. Jap Gideon leaned farther back in the soft cushions, for again he was feeling rich and wonderful. The fact that his stock had turned out to be the real thing—and not fake—he now attributed to his own cleverness. He had quite forgotten that he had acquired it mysteriously during his session with that bottle of *okolehau*.

As the car slid away from Peppertree he turned and looked back at poor Tom Morris, standing goggle-eyed and stunned upon the edge of the porch. Old Jap Gideon's whiskered face split apart in a grin that showed his two remaining teeth and most everything else in their immediate vicinity. He placed one end of his thumb to his nose and waggled his gnarled fingers in an age-old gesture of derision.

New Vogue Flatters Men

(Continued from page 58)

the things every woman-hater ever has accused us of:—envious, catty, suspicious, jealous, etc., etc. But, thank heavens, it is not true. Any honest woman will admit she dresses primarily to please a man, or men in general. After all is said and done, every woman hopes to marry some day and, once having married, to remain the most attractive woman in her husband's eyes. I do not mean to imply that we still retain the old-fashioned idea that it is disgraceful to remain single or that we still worry about support in old age. Nowadays, the smart bachelor girl has taken the place of the prissy old maid and old maid jokes have been thrown into the discard. She is attractive and clever and quite able to support herself, thank you. But we do want companionship and love if we're normal human beings, and for such things we naturally turn to the men, as they turn to us.

The new feminine fashions should be very flattering to the male of the species. They prove we are once more thinking of him. Take dark stockings, for instance. There is more lure for him in a pair of slim ankles covered with sheer dark chiffon than in all the bare-legged bathing beauties on Mack Sennett's beach.

The new colors are appealing to men—violet blue, greens, and black. Men are undoubtedly attracted by red, but they don't really like it—not on their wives, sisters, or sweethearts. They prefer the more subdued shades, and they all love black. A sure-fire success is a trim-fitting black dress with crisp white ruffled cuffs and a white frill around the throat—

Lingerie touches, by the way, are very important. There are few dresses today without a bit of lace added somewhere, or a frill or jabot of some contrasting material. Even the most strictly tailored walking dress is relieved of its severity by dainty white piquet collar and cuffs. Blunt severity is out! Just like that—OUT! We are now tailored subtly, with just the right touch of relieving softness to make all the difference in the world between masculinity and smartness. Suits, for instance, are the last word in street wear for the Spring; well-tailored, pinched in at the waistline, of mannish materials. But with such a suit we will wear a frilly jaboted blouse of bright satin, the skirt will be four inches below our knees—in other words, we have adopted a masculine fashion and shaped it to our own feminine needs.

LOW, square heels have also gone the way of all flesh. Today, even when out on a shopping tour, shaped heels are demanded by Dame Fashion; Cuban leather heels for sensible walking, Spanish and French for dress wear. Personally, I don't care much for colored kid but I do think matching suede shoes are stunning, especially dark green and blue. As far as hats go you can do pretty well as you please, so long as you keep them rather small. Brims are tentatively feeling their way into our spring modes and off-the-face-low-down-on-the-neck skull hats continue to hold their own. For the young girl the forehead-revealing style is most attractive but as we women grow a bit older I think a tiny brim, throwing a soft, intriguing shadow about the eyes, is more flattering.

But it is the new evening clothes which give us the biggest opportunity to be captivating. Let me tell you a little story apropos evening gowns. I went to a ball the other night at New York's swankiest hotel with a newspaper man who had just arrived that day from Denmark—his first visit to America. We sat for a while watching the dancers and after a few moments of silence my Danish boy friend turned to me and said: "I'm going to send a cable back home to my paper advising the women to lengthen their skirts right down to the ground. This is the first dance I've attended in years where *every* woman was beautiful and appealing."

It is true that practically every woman was in a long-skirted gown and, in fact, the two or three who had dared to appear in last year's evening dresses stuck out like sore thumbs. The materials, the colors, the waistlines were all different, but the skirts were almost unanimous in their length. Light colors predominated, blue being the favorite in every possible tone of the lighter shades. Prints were also popular—as they are very, very new; particularly tiny prints on flat crepe. Great splurgy prints weren't in evidence at all.

Quite the smartest thing in the world for evening wear are just-below-the-elbow length suede gloves of the same shade as your gown, wrinkled and folded in at the wrist, leaving the hands bare. Very young girls are also wearing narrow bands of velvet around their heads, tied with a tiny bow at the nape of the neck. Flowers, real or artificial, are not worn at all except at most formal affairs, such as weddings, coming-out parties, and the like. Chiffon and flat crepe are the most important evening materials and, of course, lace. But let me give you a word of advice about lace and tulle. Don't buy cheap dresses of these materials because they *look* cheap. Unless you can afford a real "creation," stick to crepe or chiffon. If you are one of us who just can't live through a season with a *robe de style*, have your new one made of taffeta rather than velvet, it's much smarter. Evening slippers are fancy this year. I don't remember seeing one pair of the old gold or silver kid and brocade standbys of yesteryear. Jewelry is rather lavish and evening wraps are long behind, short in front, primarily of velvet trimmed with white fur.

In other words, *everything* is feminine. But, for goodness sake, don't confuse femininity with simpering girlishness. A well-dressed woman today can be more dignified, more stunning, more sophisticated than ever before. So many people mix up mannishness with sophistication, and blushing demurity with femininity. Both are obviously incorrect as incorrect can be. But, on the other hand, if you've been harboring a secret desire to be known as a sophisticated woman—as who of us hasn't—clever handling of the new mode will help you nearer attainment than any of the styles of the past.

Here we are in the midst of an era when you can carefully study your good points and bad, and then use your ingenuity to emphasize the one and hide the other. You can be suave and sylph-like of form, daring in your decolletege, ultra-smart at any hour of the day or night. Above all, you can be individual. But 1930 fashions have their bad side also. For the woman who will not take the time to study herself carefully, who has no sense for color combinations, who has no feeling for the nicities of the toilette, the new clothes are going to prove a burden, and an unbecoming one. This is a meticulous fashion period; it exacts many, many things of us women. But if we are willing to give just a little thoughtful time to ourselves, I am sure we will be repaid as never before in an attractiveness that will give us poise, satisfaction and even happiness.



SPRING

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, CHICAGO

Feeding Children

(Continued from page 59)

questions. Oftentimes other mothers hear the questions and answers and are anxious to help, also. They write in and tell us what solutions they have found for similar problems. A sort of round table discussion is held. These letters are read, advice is given, parents are cautioned to apply only what seems to best fit their situation, and oftentimes we are glad to know that we have been the instruments of helping to overcome many of these serious matters. This is but one type of service rendered the KDKA Home Forum listeners.

Many of these cases are such that they call for the advice, diagnosis and treatment of a physician. We recommend that a physician be called in for examination. Oftentimes parents do not realize that their nervous, overactive, underweight child is a sick child and that he should be under the care of a child specialist. Childhood is too precious for parents to run risks by working in the dark. Seek the best advice obtainable where your child is concerned.

WE HAVE mentioned the importance of good food habits formed in early childhood. What are some of these food habits? One of the most essential things is that children's food should be simple and wholesome. It should not be highly seasoned or elaborately prepared. Remember that a child is born without habits. He will learn to like plain, simple food as easily as the other kind if his taste has not been spoiled by being given highly seasoned food, or allowed to taste adults' food.

Children thrive under routine management. They get used to having their meals at a certain time. They come to expect it. It becomes a habit to come in from play at a certain time, to wash and have a meal as a matter of course. It is the child who has not firmly fixed regular habits who wishes to play a little longer when mother calls him to supper. A child will be hungry for his meals if they are served him regularly and he has not been allowed to piece between meals to spoil his appetite.

A little child is very easily upset by any change in the meal hour. His digestion suffers. He has no appetite if the meals are too close together. He gets cross and fussy and irritates his mother. Once a habit is broken it is very hard to establish it again. Good habits are fixed slowly. The process is scarcely perceptible at times and oftentimes mother becomes negligent at the seeming uselessness of such a stern discipline. A child doesn't mind things once they become a habit. He accepts it. It is when you try to break a habit or to train him to accept a new one that you come across the greatest difficulty.

If you parents are having trouble getting your children to eat what they should, I wonder if you have ever tried having them eat by themselves and at another time than the time the adults eat their meals? It is much better for children to eat by themselves. Why? They will not see the food their parents eat. They will not become dissatisfied with their plain, simply cooked food. As their food habits are established and they are able to eat more of the adults' food, they may eat with the rest of the family and the transition is easily made. Often children need their food at different hours from the adults.

Many parents say that this is the only time they have to be together as one family, to talk over the day's happenings, to really get acquainted with their children. This is a good reason, to be sure, but not so good that the parents can afford to sacrifice their children's health to their own personal enjoyment. Health should come first. In the long run the parents will profit by being the proud possessors of healthy happy children.

Cannot father plan to get away from the office a little earlier in the evening, perhaps, and have some time with his boy before supper or before the boy goes to bed? Many parents are selfish in their love for their children. They keep them up late to enjoy them, to play with them or read to them when the children should be getting some of those precious health-giving hours of sleep.

EVEN when conditions are ideal, we often find that certain children do not wish to eat the food set before them. They rebel once and get over it. It may be just a notion. But if it becomes a habit and the rebellion is frequent, what is to be done? One of mother's hardest problems is the handling of the cases where the children refuse to eat. Shall we insist upon their eating what is set before them? A stern disciplinarian may do that and say she is doing it for the good of the child.

But before we use these tactics we want to be sure whether or not the food given will benefit or upset the child. He may not be feeling well and the food may disagree with him. If you ask him, he may tell you he is not feeling well. Are we to believe him or are we to think that perhaps he just doesn't want to eat?

The reasons may be limitless why he doesn't wish to eat. This depends upon the age of the child, his general health, the regularity of habits already established and other factors. Many children desire attention. They get it by staging a tantrum. Mother gets scared and excited, the child doesn't eat his food and he wins out. Next time he tries the same tactics and he has made the beginning of a very firmly fixed and bad habit. As was mentioned before, habits are easier to make than to break.

Many children refuse to eat because they have played so hard up to the time they are called in to a meal that they are too tired and excited to eat. They much prefer playing to eating, no matter how good the food is. Is the child to be coaxed or bullied into eating because the parent does not call him in early enough to have a short rest before he eats? I remember one poor, little, thin girl who was a very active child. She loved to play out of doors.

She played all day long and yet she never seemed to work up enough appetite to be hungry at meal time. When she was called into her meals, she always said, "Yes, I'm coming. Just a minute." It required several trips on the mother's part to finally get the child to the table. Usually the food was on the table before Mary arrived. This meant that she washed quickly and went directly to the table. She was tired from playing so much. She was too excited about the games she had just left to be interested in sitting still long enough to eat. It wasn't that she really minded the food. It was that she wasn't in the right frame of mind or rested enough physically to eat.

What should the mother have done? Instead of forcing her to eat, Mary might have been called early enough to come in and washed, combed her hair and played quietly with her dolls, books or toys, or even rested a few minutes before eating. This can be done if the child is trained to expect it. There are many ways to bring this to pass. Ask her to come in to help mother set the table. A little child feels that she is very grown-up and has a big responsibility if she is allowed to help mother. This will help to quiet her before eating, It is a good time to read a story or to play quietly. Don't let the child think that he needn't come in until the very minute the meal is on the table.

This kind of a habit started in early years is one of the most dangerous ones we have. Such a habit is nearly always accompanied by underweight, lack of appetite and irritability. Have you seen a child who was up to normal weight, of cheerful happy disposition, with a good appetite, who had to be coaxed to eat at meal time? These characteristics are built upon a foundation of regular habits. None of us receive the most benefit from our meals if we eat them when we are tired, excited or irritable. Children are not the only ones who react in that manner.

THE atmosphere of the room should be cheerful at meal time. Children are great imitators and, if mother is fussy, they may react against their food. If mother comes to the table and says, "I'm just too tired to eat," the child may take his cue from her. Mother may insist upon the child eating, even if she herself doesn't wish to eat. Is this consistent? Should we expect our children to do what we will not do? Some adults figure that children are too young to understand, but we do not give them credit for understanding as much as they do. This is another reason why children are better off at a table of their own during meal time. Otherwise mother may have to eat prunes to be a good example to Mary, who has her watchful eye upon her every move.

Children sense it when the atmosphere is cheerful and cosy. They respond to it much more quickly than to scolding or scheming. See that only cheerful topics of conversation are discussed at meal time. It is better for adults as well as for children. If a child is particularly fussy about his food, he may eat without thinking much about it if the conversation is interesting and it is directed away from food. Talking about how good the food is and coaxing him to taste some of it will make a finicky child more determined not to eat it. Take it for granted that he is going to eat his food and like it.

Children are one of the best subjects on which to apply all the psychology we possess. They guess things intuitively. They know when they are being managed, coaxed or wheedled, and like any self-respecting person they resent it.

FAVORITES

YOU HAVE a favorite program, one that brings you more enjoyment than any other one thing on the air. Would you like to help bring national honor and recognition to this program, which has given you so much pleasure? Turn to page 3 of this issue of Radio Digest—read the details of the Diamond Meritum Award Contest and send in your nomination and votes for your FAVORITE PROGRAM.

Presenting the new

LEONARD ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR LINE

NEW LEONARD "FOODMASTER"
NEW FROST-STEEL–STEEL DE LUXE
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Door opens at touch of foot-pedal. Daylight Base.

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First complete All-Steel All-Performance line of ice refrigerators on the market!

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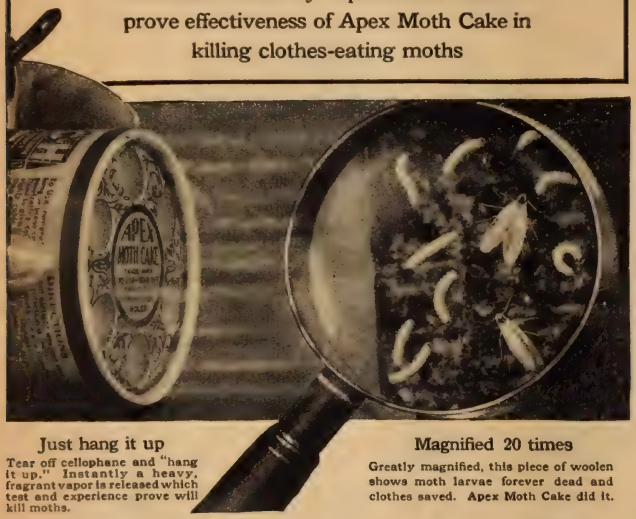
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If the child is very easily upset and has many food notions, he may have to be treated more as a sick child than a normal, healthy one. But that does not mean that he should have tricks played on him or be bribed into doing what he should. As soon as a child finds it out —and he always does—we have lost more ground than we have gained and the love and respect of our children besides.

Do everything in your power to make each meal placed before a child attractive, and nicely served on bright dishes which add to the cheerful atmosphere of the room. Many a carrot or serving of spinach has been willingly eaten when served on pretty dishes in an attractive room. Make the surroundings appealing to a child. A vase of flowers on the table, a colored tablecloth and other bright colors will put all of us in a good frame of mind for a meal. How many times have you sat down to a meal when you were tired and thought that you didn't want a bite to eat, to end by eating a good meal and relishing it because it looked so good?

IS MEAL time a pleasant one in your home or is the dinner bell the signal for the war to commence? Many mothers have such a hard time to get their children to eat. They wish to play and dawdle with their food. Mothers resort to many schemes to get young Bob or Edith to eat. If she is tired before she begins this battle, think how much benefit and enjoyment she will get from her meal after she has had a tussle to get her child to eat.

What shall we do with the child who will not eat? We have asked mothers to tell us what they did when they were confronted with this problem. This is what one mother replied to the question. "Is it wrong to play with my baby in order to get her to eat? I think it is wrong to play with a baby while she is eating to get her to eat. It may embarrass the mother at some time in her home when there is company or when she is invited out.

"I think children should be taught to feed themselves as soon as they are able to hold a spoon in their hand. There are high chairs and bibs for this very purpose. Of course they will make a mess and spill the milk at first, but they will soon learn and they should be taught to respect their meals and learn that meal time is the time for eating and not for playing. When there are many children in the home, and a mother has a great many things to do, children have to be taught to do things for themselves. I am the mother of six children, all under twelve years of age and they are all fine, healthy children."

I think that this mother has touched upon the vital spot. Isn't it true that mothers of large families generally have less trouble with the management of their children than mothers of only one child? Less attention is paid to them. They are not apt to be spoiled and catered to and as a consequence they are much healthier and happier.

ISN'T it annoying to a family and guests when a child won't eat and he displays his temper at meal time? It tries one's patience and takes away the appetite. Many mothers are handling this problem very capably. Each prob-

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lem is an individual one and needs individual handling. Remember that a show of temper may be more deeply rooted than a mere behavior problem. He may be ill or just plain naughty or the parent may be at fault. How can that be? A parent may pamper, threaten, or bribe or otherwise scheme to get her stubborn child to eat his food. She may play with him.

Each time this occurs and the child does not eat, it shows that the child has the upper hand and is in control of the situation. Does that mean to use force? No, not at all. But it does mean that we must discover first of all the cause. Consult a physician and see if there is anything wrong with the child. If he is in good health, then resort to other means. One method which has been found to work very satisfactorily is to cut off all the food supply.

THESE methods used in nursery schools are not some teacher's ideas that are not based upon actual experience. These mothers are the teachers under the careful guidance of a child training expert. The mothers try the methods with their own children at home and find them to work most successfully. Part of the success of these methods is due to constant vigilance, patience, perseverance, will power, good temper and poise of the director and all the student teachers.

Each problem is taken up, and solved, in a friendly understanding way, with the child concerned. They are never erratic in their handling of the children. They do not tease, bribe or scold to get the results they desire, and as a consequence the children never go into tantrums or display fits of temper. Little attention is paid to the child in a personal way to make him conscious of himself. Friends, teachers and parents make no personal remarks about how pretty a child is or how smart or anything of the sort. No attention is paid to a child when he does not eat. The other children even ignore him. He is never coaxed to eat.

The other children leave the room when all of them finish eating and if one child refuses to eat his spinach or carrots, he remains. Nothing is said, but he knows why he is there. He usually gets lonely and eats the food the minute the rest are gone. Often he is very proud to show one of the teachers a clean plate when she returns. The children are not required to eat all of the food but they must taste it at least so that next time it is easier to get the child to eat more of it. One refusal makes it doubly hard the next time.

Let us think of some of the "Do's" to remember in dealing with these child feeding problems.

1. Serve the food attractively.
2. Serve small portions.
3. Create a cheerful atmosphere.
4. Discuss interesting subjects at meal time.
5. Be patient, calm, firm, good-natured and in command of the situation.
6. Serve meals regularly. Discourage piecing between meals.
7. Be a good example yourself.
8. Develop a child's independence by encouraging him to feed himself at an early age.
9. Praise, do not scold or threaten.
10. Parents should agree on the method of handling the situation—have no divided authority.
11. Remember that good habits are formed slowly and in early childhood.

Begin now!

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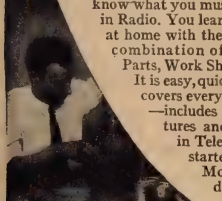
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Answer to Daily Problem

(Continued from page 78)

the Libby general offices so that one steps from clicking typewriters and jangling phone bells into the compact kitchen—only a step or two in distance, but steps which take the visitor almost into another world.

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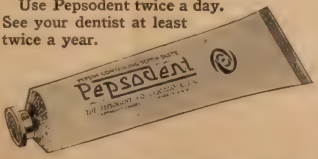
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June, 1930



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CHARLOTTE WOODRUFF, WABC star, made her fame in musical comedy and on the concert stage before coming to Radio. You may remember her in the Gold Seal Hour of a Thursday night on the CBS hookup.



NINA LAWRENCE is a great favorite with WLS listeners for her various parts in Radio plays. She is a graduate of Northwestern University, Sargent School of Dramatics, and has had two seasons in vaudeville.



YVONNE DuVALLE is reall one of the most beau tiful Radio singers i the country, althoug this picture would n prove it. She is in Lo Angeles, of cours and she has a deligh ful lyric voic (KFI.)

Editorial Office: Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Phone Superior 7323.
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Fans Nominate 185 Favorites for Diamond MERITUM AWARD

Unprecedented Enthusiasm in Race to Pick America's Most Popular Program

EXHIBITING unprecedented enthusiasm in the Radio Digest contest to select America's Most Popular Program, listeners and readers have already nominated 185 favorite programs, organizations or artists. Expressing fervent admiration for and loyalty to the program of their choice, letters have poured in to the Contest Editor nominating programs originating at small stations, medium size stations, large stations and heard on the great chain systems.

Although the number of nominations has been unexpectedly large in this contest, in some cases individual programs receiving several scores of coupons, the voting has been comparatively light. Listeners are saving their vote ballots so that they may send them in at the end of the contest and thus receive the bonus allowed, as outlined in the rules and conditions on page 101.

It is, of course, impossible at this early date to even hazard a guess as to the ultimate leaders in the Diamond Meritum Award race. Complete tables, showing the standing of the contestants, are printed on page 112. Remember, that anyone has a chance, it all depends on the loyal support of the listening public. If your favorite has already been nominated it is not necessary to send in the nomination coupon. Merely fill out the vote ballot at the bottom of this page.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

It is by no means the program from the most powerful station that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the program, organization or artist that has the stanchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite entertainer.

TO THE program, organization or artist in the United States which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold mounted Diamond Meritum Award. This trophy, as illustrated on this page, will be in the shape of a gold medallion emblazoned with a diamond and will be engraved with the name of the winning program, organization or artist.

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite program, organization or artist in each section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, five Gold Awards will be presented in the sectional races. These trophies will be similar in every way to the Diamond Award, except that the diamond will be omitted from the design. They will be presented to the most popular program, organization or artist in the following divisions of the country: The East, South, Middle West, West and Far West.

To the individual program, organization or artist winning the Diamond Meritum Award will come recognition of inestimable value. No one thing is worth more to a broadcast program than the expressed admiration and preference of the listening public.

No individual can tell with any degree of accuracy how any given program rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each program heard on the air.

Read the rules and regulations, then clip the ballots at the bottom of this page. Act today. Help to bring recognition and reward to the program that gives you so much happiness and entertainment. Hundreds are writing in every day in eager support of their favorites.

"I am very much surprised to see that Floyd Gibbons is not on your nomination list of America's Most Popular Program Diamond Meritum Award. We do not feel that we can go to bed at night until we have heard his wonderful fifteen-minute broadcast, and we have numerous friends who feel as we do. He is the most intelligent, most instructive and most interesting person in the Radio field, and the best speaker on the announcers included."—Emeline Williams, Hughes, [illegible]

"I nominate Little Jack Little. I think his progr[illegible] best on the air, and my dial is always set for him. [illegible] my votes so that they will count for more. Here'[illegible] wins the Diamond Award."—Mildred Bradley, Cinci[illegible]

"PLEASE accept my nomination for the Smith [illegible] station WENR. We sincerely hope that [illegible] Family, which we believe to be the best program [illegible] air

(Continued on page 110)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate _____

Station _____ (Call Letters)

in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Number 4

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

_____ (Name of Program) _____ (Call Letters)

_____ (City) _____ (State)

Signed _____

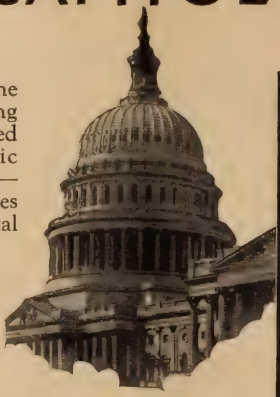
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WEDNESDAY EVENING, 7:30 to 8:00 (Eastern Time) KDKA.

THURSDAY EVENING, 7:30 to 8:00 (Central Time) WGN.

SATURDAY EVENING, 8:00 to 8:30 (Pacific Time) KFRC, KMJ and KHJ.

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Two articles with new sidelights showing Romance of Their Sudden Rise to Fame.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE

Colonel O. N. Taylor presents an amusing article on the development of the new fad of music while you ride.

SEEING THINGS

Doty Hobart tells you in a non-technical way about Radio-Vision as it is today, and relates humorous incidents with photos.

LOST STARS

E. E. Plummer is hunting up some of the Stars of yesteryear and will tell you what they are doing now.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Famous author brings another incomparable romance in his story of The Experiment of Stephen Glask.

DANA GATLIN

One of America's best known fiction writers will have a story called Incompatible, that should be read by every married person or one who hopes to be married. It may help to smooth many lives.

RADIO STORIES AND HUMOR

From the studios of the larger broadcasting companies will be found in our July number.

* * *

And of course a great many other supremely interesting subjects will be found in the

JULY RADIO DIGEST

By Subscription or at Your Newsstand

Advance Tips

WHERE, oh where are the Stars of yesteryear? The fixed stars of Radio are few and far between. Probably we can all look back a year, two years, three years or more and remember names we so eagerly hunted night after night on the old battery set. Now, we hear them no more. They have vanished from the sky. Evans E. Plummer, who airly tells you in this issue about Pay Day in Radio Town, has old WU and PO on the wire trail, combing the country for this information to be placed at your service in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

Practically every magazine you pick up has something in it about Amos 'n' Andy these days. The newspapers are syndicating biographical material. And still Radio Digest continues to supply you with new stories as it has done beginning with the January issue six months ago. Then their wide Radio popularity was practically unrecognized by any other publication. You will find another interesting Amos 'n' Andy story in July Radio Digest.

* * *

Radio is becoming more and more a national factor as it originates on the Pacific Coast. Dr Ralph L. Power, our correspondent for that region, will have a brightly illustrated and informative article on the subject, The Talkies Take the Air.

* * *

Taking Radio for a Ride, an article by Colonel O. N. Taylor, Radio editor of the Chicago Times, will surprise you on the prevalence of this latest fad. Just because Mr. Taylor is a Chicagoan, draw no hasty conclusions about the "ride." He is very literal. Now that Mrs. Hoover and other Washington notables are equipping their motor cars with Radio the practice must be recognized as having some social standing. And there is opposition to the movement, too! Radio in cars is being prohibited in some states by laws! Well, well, but we'll read all about it—a non-technical discussion, of course—in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

Next month you are going to get a delightful bit of country romance in The Experiment of Stephen Glask, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It's brisk in action, a little humorous, and the dearest kind of a sweet little love story all intertwined in a garden of roses. Stephen's aplomb will make you gasp—an ironmonger, a baronet and a lady! You will find it in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

WHAT a heart stirring word is that legal term "Incompatible!" Dana Gatlin has chosen that word for a title to a new story of American domestic life which will appear in the July Radio Digest. Dana Gatlin knows us all intimately. He knows the ingredients of blind, irresistible love; the storms of jealous frenzy, the sweet recompense of trust, and all those passions that make us live from day to day in a world of expectancy. If you are married or ever expect to be married, read this remarkable analysis of love and marriage in the July Radio Digest.

Across the Desk

THE Gads and the Goits are going again. Just as the solemn historians were about to put pen to paper that this was the era of the "back to the home movement," accrediting Radio as the factor to be thanked or cursed, according to the point of view, the unexpected, as might be expected, happened. It was only the other day, you know, that the Gads and the Goits and you and I all put our hats on immediately after dinner and went out. But a new comer crowded itself into the orderly array of parlor furniture and we suddenly remembered that the Rainbow Revue from Broadway, New York, would be on the air at 8 o'clock. So the hats went back up on the pegs. We turned to the dial and spent the evening home. Incidentally we discovered we had a family and got acquainted with each other; the Gads, the Goits, you and I, and our respective families. In the midst of this beatific situation we began straining our necks for a glimpse of this here now television which we have been assured over and over again was right there—"just around the corner." And zoopie! While we are in this expectant posture up come the Gads and the Goits from behind in their new Sic-em Twin Twelve with a band concert going full tilt direct from Washington, D. C. Is the back to the home movement at an end now that the Gads, the Goits (and presently you and I) are going to take our Radio as we go?

* * *

Greetings to little Virginia Marie Gosden, who is 24 hours old as these lines are written. She was born at 8:15 p. m. She was very obliging to come between the 6 o'clock and 10:30 broadcasts of Amos 'n' Andy, but you can imagine somewhat the real anxiety Amos felt the evening of April 23rd with the knowledge of such an event so close at hand. Freeman F. Gosden, Jr., two years old, is reported very happy. Virginia is chosen for the home state of her father and Marie for the middle name of Mrs. Gosden and her maternal forbears.

* * *

Patriotic Kentuckians have sent us a state magazine with an interesting account of the scarcely recognized work of Nathan B. Stubblefield, who, it is claimed, is the real father of broadcasting. Stubblefield died a lonely hermit in a desolate hut near Murray, Ky., two years ago. A memorial was recently dedicated to him there with this inscription, "the first man in history to transmit and receive the human voice without the use of intervening wires." Professor L. J. Horton, of Kentucky State Teachers College personally remembers a demonstration by Stubblefield before a thousand local citizens on January 1, 1902. Another demonstration before a group of scientists took place on March 20, 1902, from the steamer Bartholdi on the Potomac river. R. P. Clarkson, in the New York Sun, does not take this claim seriously. He says there had been a number of occasions previous when the voice was transmitted through space and cites one as that of A. F. Collins, now living a little way up the Hudson, who successfully transmitted the voice before 1900. A Chicago newspaper recently reprinted an article it had published in the sixties wherein it was stated that the time was not far distant when people on the mountains of the Pacific coast would be able to talk through space to the people on the mountains of the Atlantic coast. All of this is of interest because it shows that Radio of today was born not by accident nor by the thought of one mind, but by independent thought of many minds in all the civilized world. Every little improvement has come as the result of distilled thought from many minds. Probably the greatest improvement of all will be the perfected Radio vision, the focus point of the greatest amount of scientific research along Radio lines today.

* * *

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Triumph Over Adversity

By Frederick Palmer

BRAIN ana muscle grow strong in overcoming obstacles. The best triumph is over environment or adversity. A good job with poor tools is more credit than with good tools.

The youngster who buys a discarded car for a few dollars from the junk heap and makes it run knows more about cars than the youngster whose smart new roadster runs silkily. He is a better friend in need if he happens along when your car is broken down on a lonely country road.

Where does this moralizing lead? To Rochester, Minnesota, and Vienna, Austria. They are linked in a triumph that attests the moralizing.

We go back to the days when most of our great medical schools were in the East, most of our eminent surgeons and specialists in the big cities, A strange thing happened. Telegrams more beseeching than those asking favor of the White House, or of the greatest banker, were going to that little town of Rochester, Minn.

If the answer were "Yes," rich relatives speeded westward in private cars and poor relatives speeded the best way they could with desperate cases whose lives might be saved by a critical operation. In Rochester were two marvelous surgeons, the Mayo Brothers. They did not have to go to the world. It went to them. They were great in themselves, not in choice of residence. Surgeons came from all over America and Europe to study their methods.

And we go back to the days when Vienna was Europe's great medical center. Doctors travelled far to sit at the feet of its group of medical professors.

Of all cities Vienna was the hardest hit by the world war. The empire of which it was the capital was lopped off to make new nations. It was a city without a grainary, a city of misery on the breadline.

The professors returned to their antiquated buildings and equipment. In ragged coats, lean phantoms from hunger, they kept on doing what they were trained to do. Unable to pay skilled mechanics, they robbed junk heaps to make research apparatus with their own hands.

Eight years after the war a delegation of eminent American doctors went to Europe on a tour of expert observation. They came to Vienna. They listened to apologies for antiquated buildings and poverty of entertainment. Then they were absorbed in wonder.

They found that some of the makeshift apparatus might well be copied in new buildings in other lands which had rich endowments and they recommended that American students who wanted to learn what Europe had to offer should go to Vienna.

"What is important is not new buildings but men, and Vienna has the men."

When Dr. L. B. Wilson, of the Mayo Foundation, said this it was a final praise for the triumph over adversity coming from that far away town in Minnesota.



TED HUSING in this somewhat grim and dignified pose has a voice that is 99.9 per cent mike perfect. (The perfect voice has not yet been heard.) He is best known for his rapid fire and accurate sports announcing, although he fits well into soup and fish and can do the classics full justice. You know, of course, that he is the CBS star announcer.

Husing Is Big Out-doors Man

SHOOTS 400 Words a Minute in Microphone When Describing Football Game—Knows Technique from Personal Experience

National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
GENERAL LIBRARY
711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

By Robert S. Taplinger

ON THE opposite page you see Edward B. Husing. Elsewhere in this magazine you will see Ted Husing. Of course they are one and the same except for the first glance appearance. "Ted" is the name and character by which the CBS popular announcer is best and preferably known. There's a certain masterful brilliance in the pose across the page. Mr. Husing might be a brother of Benito Mussolini, a sharp dominant intellect shines out of the dark eyes, and there's power behind the broad mouth. This is a picture that gives a glimpse of the reserve force that will become more evident in the man as he grows in years.

Ted Husing as you see him across the page is not the Ted Husing you will meet in the Columbia studios in New York—the man I see almost every day and know as Ted. With his fellow workers Ted is always Ted. He is always approachable and likable. Perhaps one of the supreme reasons for his success is that he has such a likable nature. He has no room in his heart for cynicism or sourness. He is fond of people, his associates, his Radio listeners. He is really a man's man and woman's choice. I have never heard of him having an enemy. Ted loves a prank and if some of his monkeyshines around the microphone ever got out on the air it certainly would create a surprising diversion from the regular program.

BORN in a part of the country where there is more out-of-doors than anything else you naturally would expect Ted Husing to grow up an out-of-doors man. And so he is. Why he takes a deep breath in New York and they hear him expel it in San Francisco! Of course it takes the Columbia Broadcasting System to prove it to you—but Ted comes honestly for his outstanding reputation as one of the very best of sports announcers. He has been through it all himself, won honors playing the games on gridiron and diamond and in the water. Speaking of water, note him a la soup and fish across the margin to your left. Aha! Bet you never saw him that way before! Bob Taplinger takes this big shot announcer apart and gives you the low down right here. Read it.

Getting into biography we find Edward B. Husing was born twenty-nine years ago in Deming, New Mexico. Deming is a town just nicely inside the border from old Mexico. You go down the main street and out through the rather desolate stretch of land southward for about twenty miles, and you come to Columbus where the late Pancho Villa is accused of having made the raid and massacre that started General Pershing and the American punitive expedition into the land of tortillas, rattlesnakes and charming senoritas of moving picture fame. However, Ted and his family had trekked north and east long ere this. But the locale of his birth may have implanted something of the warmth of his nature that makes him so popular today.

THE Husings settled in Gloversville, New York. As the young son developed sturdy legs and an active body he found plenty of room to grow. There was the Erie canal built at great expense for shipping but serving excellently for swimming and skating. And it was but a step to the banks and a swimming hole. Youth was virile in Gloversville. Out door sports had the whole town agog. Ted was in the midst of everything; swimming, wrestling, boxing, football and baseball. He became the leader of a gang that won all events coming and going.

Then the Great Metropolis beckoned and the Husings moved again. Young Ted looked over New York and liked the place. He continued his education at the Stuyvesant high school. It was quite different in many respects from Gloversville, but he felt that he had nothing to lose. He had to study a little harder but not too hard. He graduated and continued with a post-graduate course in commerce. Throughout the high school course he did not neglect his athletic proclivities. In fact, he was rated as a star at football, baseball, basketball and soccer. Football was his favorite diet. Twice in succession he was selected as the all-scholastic center.

College plans were disrupted in 1917 by the German Kaiser. Ted lied like a gentleman and told the recruiting officer around the corner that he was 19 when he was just barely 17. Finding the world war on his hands he was thoughtfully advised by certain officers in the American army who suggested Ted could best reek vengence on the imperial potentate across the Rhine by serving in the intelligence department. He got as far toward the front as Governor's Island, where he distinguished himself so notably and fiercely in boxing that the government retained him there to teach other soldiers. With such training it was surmised they would be able to outhun even the modern disciples of Attila.

The war ended too soon and Ted came out of it somewhat disorganized as to his future plans. His aggressive spirit tuned to high efficiency headed him toward professional football and baseball, but one season of that proved too tame so he turned to salesmanship. This kept him on his mettle for a while but he had not yet mastered the quick jab and thrust of a fighting tongue so he drifted into various activities. Once he took up the task of teaching the New York police force aviation. This looked hopeful until one of his flying ships slipped out of his control and dove into a marsh. Dripping with mud and pollywogs Ted waded out of the slime and decided he had not yet arrived at the right vocation for a long and useful career.

YES, he lived and went to Florida where he did not engage in the real estate business. Consequently he had plenty to do teaching gymnastics. As a sideline to his athletic activities he also taught the Charleston dance, then quite the vogue. But his restless soul found no peace and he headed back to New York where he applied for a job as an announcer at WJZ. There were 609 other applicants after the same job. But when it came to a mike test there could have been a million and Ted would have been hired, of course. He joined the famous Four Horsemen of the Mike, Norman Brokenshire, J. Lewis Reid, Milton J. Cross and Herbert Glover.

At last he had found his Calling. His success was immediate and profound. Within six months he was introducing the President of the United States, the vice-president and other notables to the people of the nation. It was Major J. Andrew White who brought him eventually to the Columbia Broadcasting System. And the major made him what he is today, according to Ted's own reverent confession. Major White was a stern drill master and instead of patting Ted on the back would pin him through the eye with a cold penetrating stare as much as to say, "bought you books and can't larn you nothin'."

There are many colorful incidents that stand out in the Radio career of Ted Husing. One of the classics tells of his "diplomatic conversations" between the Queen of Roumania, who became lost on her way to the Columbia studios, and a tensely waiting audience of several million Americans at their receivers across the continent.

The widely heralded moment for the appearance of her majesty narrowed down to seconds and NO WORD OF HER ARRIVAL. Ted hovered over the mike. The second hand of the studio clock raced to the black dot that meant ZERO. Where could the famous Queen be? Ted pictured in his mind the myraid of men, women and children listening intently for the voice of royalty. It was Zero! The silence had to be broken. He tried to explain that Queen Marie had come too early for the national hook-up. Meanwhile there would be some Roumanian airs by the band. Here was the test for nonchalence, so Ted lit a—an—Old Gold and carried on. It was finally explained the queen was indisposed.

This fact may be challenged, but I believe Ted Husing can speak faster into a microphone without losing his clarity

(Continued on page 99)

AMOS and ANDY



True Story of Actual Experiences of Black Face Artists as they Visit Harlem and Meet "Natives" Face to Face

By Albert R. Williamson
National Broadcasting Company

IT WAS one of those enervating July days in 1929. The sun moved like a great brass gong through a copper-colored sky. Asphalt pavements were soft and sticky. New York seemed dazed in the heat.

Down on Lenox avenue and off on West 137th, 135th, 134th and in practically every other street in the neighborhood black-faced, ragged urchins seemed unmindful of the heat as they screamed and dodged in the street. On the stoops sat row upon row of dusky humanity of various ages and sects. Down in front of a corner pool room a boisterous crowd of young bucks were watching a lanky youth chalk up baseball scores. Harlem was enjoying the summer.

A taxicab stopped at the corner of Lenox and 137th street. Two young white men got out, paid the bill, and stood for a minute gazing about them.

"Well, son, here we are," exclaimed the taller of the two, a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Um huh. You guessed it," replied the stockier one.

Amos 'n' Andy had arrived in Harlem!

But to the multitude of dusky inhabitants they were just two white men looking around. Even had they told anyone their names, Correll and Gosden wouldn't have meant a thing. For that matter, neither would have Amos 'n' Andy at that time, unless the colored listener had happened to be from Chicago's south side or from one of the towns in which the names were already magic. To New York in July, 1929, Amos 'n' Andy were just names—common names to Harlem, but that was as far as it went.

TO CHARLES J. CORRELL and FREEMAN F. GOSDEN, however, this arrival was something more than an incident. It was an event.

Without a doubt you will remember what led up to their being in Harlem. They had just signed to work under the exclusive management of the National Broadcasting Company, and had then decided to move the locale of their story from Chicago to New York. The only catch was, neither had been to New York's negro section. Neither had the slightest idea of the actual topography of the district, nor whether the New York negro was a creature of different habits from the dusky inhabitant of Chicago or of the old South. Then there was only one way to find out—and that was to make an intensive study of their new locale and of the characters there.

"Gosh, it's hot," remarked Correll, he of the husky build.

"Yes, and it's not goin' to get cooler fast," retorted Gosden, removing his hat and revealing a thatch of blond, curly hair "But that's not goin' to stop us. Let's get going."

Just then an outburst of cheering came from down the street where the youth of Harlem, and some of its adult population, was gathered about the score board.

"Look thear, Charlie," Gosden exclaimed. "Let's mosey down there and see what those boys are all doin'. Looks like a fight or somethin'."

"Naw, that's no fight," said Correll, peering down the street. "They're watching baseball scores. But that's all right. We ought to be able to pick up some color."

THE TWO new-comers edged their way into the crowd. Gosden turned to a black husky in a pair of faded overalls.

"How's she goin', son," he inquired.

"De Babe jest klucked 'nother one," the six-footer replied with a grin and chuckle. "When that boy sock that 'ere ball it sho does sta socked."

"Ain't dat the truf."

"He's mighty nice fella, too, I know," the husky youth vouched.

"Yea?" from Correll.

"Yas, Suh! Ah used to work ovar in de Yankee stadum and some days Ah'd talk to him almost ever day."

The boys winked at each other. The conversation continued. Eventually the game was over and they drifted into the pool room and found chairs ranging along the walls behind the tables. Conversation ran rapid and colorful. The visitors were all ears and eyes.

After a while they drifted outside again and down 137th street. About 150 feet west of Lenox avenue Gosden stopped. Six-story, dirty, brown-stone buildings crowded each other making a steep man-made cliff punctuated with parallel rows of opened windows. A bus roared down the street. Leaning against an iron railing that projected up from the sidewalk, he gazed about.

"Say, Charlie, this would be just about the right place for the Mystic Knights of the Sea."

"Um," Correll commented, sweeping his gaze up and down the street. "Wouldn't be so bad, would it?"

"Of course, we couldn't give it any exact address, but we could keep this street along here in mind. It looks like the kind of a place the Kingfish would pick out."

And so it was decided, and there the lodge remains.

BY THE time the boys had walked back to 135th street the afternoon was growing late. The sun had dropped into the Hudson somewhere in the distance—a sizzling ball of fire—but the heat of it still remained.

Harlem seemed to take a new lease on life, if anything The basking groups on the stoops, on fire escapes and in the street offered a changing, shifting, background for the two visitors. A street car clanged down 135th street, making slow progress because small boys and girls with rubber balls would fearlessly dash out in front of the car; older boys halted their game of "catch" or one-old-cat only long enough to dodge the clanging monster. The big parade was on. The flashily dressed "dice men" and habitants of Harlem's night life were just emerging from building entrances, still sleepy-eyed, on their way to breakfast.

Black laborers, overall clad, some with muddy boots, powdered with lime and cement; chauffeurs, teamsters, and all that the colored worker stands for, mingled with buxom "momma" types, wheeling picanninies, "high yallers" casting sheep's eyes at the younger bucks, as the home-coming crowd jostled down the wide street.

Walking along the north side of the street, just a short distance from Lenox, Correll remarked that this would be a good place for Amos 'n' Andy to locate their taxicab office.

"Sure ought to be plenty of business in this section," he pointed out.

"Yea," Gosden retorted. "And poor old Amos will get a work-out looking for it."

IN THEIR prospecting for these business and club locations in Harlem, as in all of their daily conversations, Correll and Gosden referred to Amos 'n' Andy as one might to two friends. They are separate personalities to their creators, and Correll never says "as Andy I do this or that," but "Andy does this or Andy does that." The same is true with Gosden. In his conversation and daily life he is never Amos, but always Freeman Gosden. Amos is another person whom he knows very well, but who lives a separate life.

Now with the site of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated, already chosen, there only remained the location for Madam Queen's beauty parlor and where Amos 'n' Andy themselves would live.

Madam Queen had not yet forced her personality into the nightly episodes, but good showmen that they are, working out ideas in advance, the boys knew that she would be on the scene soon after their arrival in New York.

"Well, let's see," Gosden mused. "You all meet her when you go out of the office for something or other, don't you."

"Yea, I guess that would be about the best way."

"Um-aw, I got it! It has to be close here then. Let's make it across the street and down a little ways. That way, you see it would be natural for you to walk out of the office—say for a manicure—and look up and down the street for a beauty parlor, and spot this one across the street. See?"

"Atta boy, Gos, that's a great idea. Across the street then it is. Now the only thing left is to pick out where we're gonna live."

THAT wasn't decided just then, however, for it was growing near dinner time and the boys had been walking and talking for several hours. Their stomachs told them that it was time to eat. Someone had told them that "Connies" was a popular eating place in Harlem, but they didn't know where it was, so they stopped in at the first restaurant that they came to.

"The food was good, and the ideas and local color we picked up was better," Gosden recalls. "Chicken with hot biscuits—the small, flaky kind that you usually don't find anywhere but in the South—soaked in gravy, with mashed potatoes and all the fixin's on the side. Then good old Southern bread pudding and honest to goodness coffee for dessert. It was quite a feed."

There they had an opportunity to study close-up Harlem's prototypes of the blustering Andy and the wily Madam Queen; lovelorn Amoses and Ruby Taylors. They were all there—in prototype—although they didn't know it, and Correll and Gosden found their conversations, their gestures and their mannerisms, after all, but little different from the colored folk on Chicago's south side or in another colored section wherever you might find it. People are pretty much the same the world over, and it wasn't going to be as difficult for Amos 'n' Andy to get along with their new friends in Harlem as they thought it would be.

After dinner they strolled down Lenox avenue. At 134th street they paused, and turned.

"Say, this looks like a good place for the boys to live," Gosden remarked. "Looks like about their speed. What do you think."

Correll peered about, and then put in his assent.

So Amos 'n' Andy came to live on 134th street, the East side, between Park and Madison avenues.

THE BOYS wandered about until about 11 o'clock. It was an "off" night for their broadcasts, so they had plenty of time to peruse their studies. Loafing in pool rooms and barber shops, standing on street corners and chatting with whomever they could engage in conversation, they had new ideas already forming in their minds.

But they had not yet seen another phase of Harlem's life—the night life. So about 11 o'clock they wandered into one of those famous "clubs" for which Harlem is renowned.

Blue smoke—cigarette smoke—so thick that the newcomer had to wade through it like a heavy fog. Somewhere in the room a jazz orchestra was blaring. The moan of the saxophone, the blare of the trombone and the incessant boom-boom-boom of the drum assaulted one's senses like strong drink. On a patch of open floor, crowded to the edges, couples were swaying. There wasn't room to dance. A spotlight from somewhere up above made a sickly attempt to penetrate the fog and half lighted the floor.

Someone found the newcomers a seat across the floor from the orchestra. To keep in common with the throng they ordered ginger ale and White Rock. Singing waiters, their trays held high above their head, swayed between the tables. An incessant chatter, high screaming voices, rumbling voices, smooth guttural voices, added to the bedlam.

"Looks something like the old Plantation in Chicago," Gosden remarked, looking around as best he could.

"Boy," Charlie came back, "if this is the old Plantation they sure have moved it to town and done things to it."



Here is one of the best pictures ever taken of Mr. and Mrs. Correll (front) and Mr. and Mrs. Gosden.

CORRELL and GOSDEN spent many days in Harlem. They knew that it was vital to keep their story accurate as to location and that everyone in New York who had the opportunity would be waiting to catch them in a slip. There just couldn't be any mistakes.

Even now whenever they make a trip to New York they try to find some time to run down to Harlem, although that is growing into a more and more difficult task.

We know from the nightly episodes just how Amos 'n' Andy spend their time each day and night, but a calendar of an actual day spent in New York by Correll and Gosden is a different thing. It is much different from those days some six months ago before they were known.

Whereas six or seven months ago the name Amos 'n' Andy or Correll and Gosden meant little or nothing to the average New Yorker, and the boys could come and go without creating any more disturbance than the average Chicagoan visiting New York, today the reverse is true.

Even though they try to slip into town without being known and put up at a hotel where they are only two of thousands of guests, by early the following morning word has somehow drifted around that Amos 'n' Andy are in town and at a certain hotel.

Even before 9 o'clock crowds are collecting in the lobby. There are the perpetually curious, the Amos 'n' Andy fans, ranging, perhaps, from big business men to shop girls and laborers. Then there are the promoters, each with an idea of how he might cash in on the fame of the two entertainers. These range through every idea that a human being could have in connection with the famous pair.



BEHIND the sedate walls of the hotel office another scene is being enacted. On a table by the mail boxes, stacked high, are telegrams, memorandums and letters. At the switchboard two girls are kept constantly busy answering calls for Mr. Correll, Mr. Gosden or just Amos or Andy.

"I'm sorry, but I can't ring them now. No not until 11 o'clock."

It almost becomes a formula. Over and over they repeat it.

"Yes, if you will leave your number I will tell Mr. Correll to call you."

"No, I don't know whether or not they will see you."

"Yes, I'll take a message for them."

Since early morning this has been going on, and from the looks of things it will never stop as long as the boys are in the hotel.

Meanwhile the crowd in the lobby grows. Now it is overflowing into the street. Newsies, colored folks from down in Harlem, clerks, stenographers, idlers, they have somehow found that their favorites are here, and they must see them.

High up in the building in their own modest suite the two boys are bewildered. Here come more letters, telegrams and memos. They are stacked high on a table and overflow to the floor

"What'll we do?" Correll finally asks.

"Let's try to find out if there's any that need to be answered right away," Gosden answers, starting to sift through the pile.

But after a few minutes he gives it up as a hopeless task. Just then the 'phone finally rings.

"MR. SO AND SO is calling from NBC," the telephone operator tells him.

"All right, put him on. Hello. Yes, this is Gosden. What? Well, do we have to meet him? All right. How soon. Oh, well, we'll be over. Okay."

The receiver is returned to its cradle and he turns to Correll.

"Some big shot from Pittsburgh is in and we have to go over and meet him."

"How about the episode?"

The episode is the daily routine that must be written without fail.

"Let's do it before we go."

Just then the 'phone jangles again.

"Mr. So and So calling again," the girl says.

"Hello. Yes. Why, we can make it in an hour or two. He does? You're sure it won't take any longer than a minute? All right."

He turns from the 'phone, shrugging his shoulders.

"There you are. He wants us to come over right away."

"Well, we'll make it snappy and write the episode as soon as we get back."

"Okay, let's go."

Shouldering their way through the crowd in the lobby, they are unrecognized. People do not imagine Correll and Gosden in real life as a general rule. They have definite mind pictures of the appearance of the dusky characters, and are usually surprised when they see Amos 'n' Andy as Correll and Gosden. Were the hundreds in the lobby and on the street to recognize the boys as they are they probably wouldn't get to the NBC before night without a police escort.

ONCE over to the NBC headquarters at the National Broadcasting Company building, 711 Fifth avenue, the boys meet the man from Pittsburgh. About that time the 'phone on the department head's desk rings and another officer of the company asks for them. They then go up to his office to meet another important man.

And so it goes through the day. They don't get a chance to get away all morning. By noon someone has made a luncheon appointment with them. And again, late into the afternoon. Finally they break away by sheer force, go back to the hotel and start in on the episode.

"After this we'll write it before we leave the hotel," they tell themselves.

By the time the episode is finished it is time to go back to NBC studios for their first broadcast of the evening—not even time to eat before that.

By 7:20 they are leaving the studios and must shoulder their way through crowds again in order to get to an elevator. It seems all New York wants to be near Amos 'n' Andy when they broadcast from there, despite the unbreakable rule that no one ever sees them work before the microphone.

They have dinner with another group of officials and then must meet friends, newspaper men, magazine writers and what not between that time and their second broadcast. Usually they try to get down to Harlem sometime in the evening if possible. In all, they are on the go not less than eighteen or twenty hours a day with Amos 'n' Andy work. Even the trips to Harlem must, primarily, amount to work, for on all of these they get fresh ideas, and sometimes new characters.

IT WAS during one of these trips that the pair met "Big Boy," whom you may remember as the loquacious adviser who knew more about Manhattan than a Tammany precinct worker. They were coming out of "Connie's" in Harlem when there stood "Big Boy" in the flesh.

Correll, whose knowledge of the South and of the colored people in general is inexhaustible, drew him into a conversation. His expansion on how much he knew about the city so amused both of the boys that they never forgot him, and eventually used him in some of the episodes.

That is one of the reasons that the characters which Correll and Gosden portray in the Amos 'n' Andy episodes are so true to life—they are real.

Like everyone who is constantly in the public eye, the boys, as has been indicated before, are constantly beseiged with "propolitions." Every morning the mail is laden with them. They range from invitations to appear before the annual dinner of the local Elks club to offers for long-time stage and motion picture contracts.

These propositions come from many sources. The most of these are sincere and legitimate, but many border on the ridiculous, when one stops to consider how busy the boys are.

For example, one person writes:

"The Young Men's class of the Baptist church here is giving its annual banquet next Friday night in the church to raise

funds for new basket-ball uniforms. The food will attract many, but what we want is about a half-hour act from Amos 'n' Andy to assure us a good crowd. This is a worthy cause and I am sure that you will be glad to appear."

THE NEXT of the days messages is a telegram.

"LYTILVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT GIVING ANNUAL DINNER TONIGHT. STOP. PLEASE SEND GREETINGS DURING YOUR BROADCAST."

The next one on the list reads:

"I have just written a book on Amos 'n' Andy, but need some more pictures which I want you to send me. This book is to sell in 10-cent stores, but I have a larger one to sell from house to house for a quarter."

Another writer wants to manufacture Amos 'n' Andy ash trays, another toys, another to run a contest. Literally hundreds of letters ask to use their names in advertising.

Of course, all of these letters are turned over to the National Broadcasting Company as managers for the duo, and are read and answered as necessary. Of course, it is impossible for the boys to appear at benefits or socials unless it reaches almost national importance and is booked far enough ahead, or otherwise works into their schedule, so as not to interfere with their work on the air each night. Many theatrical offers are turned down each week because they are not in a position to appear in a certain place, or for various other reasons.

The boys appreciate the following they have and are just as sorry as the members of the Young Men's Class of the Baptist church that they can't attend their function, or that of any of the thousands of invitations that they receive—but there is a limit to physical possibilities.

Neither do the boys feel "high hat" about such things. For years they worked in small towns throughout the United States directing and coaching home talent shows, and they feel that all of these people are their friends and they are the friends of all of these people.

THEIR years in the towns of the nation has also given them the "feel" of the people, so keenly, in fact, that they can tell when something in their episodes "clicks" and when it does not.

The most important of the business propositions they go over together with the officials and attorneys for the NBC and give them full consideration. A few are accepted. For example, a prominent manufacturer is now bringing out an "Amos 'n' Andy Candy Bar," another will build an Amos 'n' Andy toy. But most of the ideas are too far fetched or promise too little from any angle to go into.

Some of the theatrical offers are refused because the boys feel that it might do the theatre managers an injustice, because the time "isn't ripe" for their appearance.

For example, they made an appearance in one of the largest mid-west cities, breaking all house records. A few weeks later they received a wire offering them a return engagement. They refused because they didn't want to "wear their welcome out" and felt that it might prove unprofitable for the theatre. And, after all, that isn't bad business.

Outside of this great rush of business, which employs more people than one would casually believe, the boys have their own enjoyments. But a word about the number of people required to handle their business.

At the National Broadcasting Company a host of girls are kept busy sorting Amos 'n' Andy mail—and this is exclusive of the force kept busy at the Pepsodent Company. It keeps two or three press men, their stenographers and mailing room boys busy handling the stories requested on the pair. They have three attorneys themselves and the NBC has its counsel, which is kept well occupied.

THE NBC Artists Service, both in New York and in Chicago, where Alex Robb, the boys' old manager, is in charge has its hands full of "propolitions" each day. Then there are the engineers and musicians and announcers who work each night to aid in the success of the broadcast—and out over the United States—yes, from the wilds of upper Canada, where the winter lasts well into the summer, down into the barren deserts of Mexico and from the snug homes of Back Bay in Boston to the Barbary coast of San Francisco there are the uncounted millions who wait each night by their loud speakers listening for their words. These two boys seem to cut quite a swathe in the U. S. A. these days.

But to get back to what the boys do in their spare time. In the afternoons, when the episode is out of the way, Gosden likes nothing better than slipping away to some swimming pool and imitating a fish at home in his element. Charlie Correll is, however, a member of that same club to which probably three-fourths of his male admirers belong—he has golfitis. The sight of a little white pellet skimming straight down the fairway toward the red flag in the distance is a sight sweet to his heart—even if it does fail to do it most of the time.

Both of the boys, too, are baseball fans and sunny afternoons in the summer time often finds them either in the stands at the Cubs' park or down in the home of the White Sox if either team is in Chicago . . . and the boys are home. Another very natural hobby with them is the theatre. Like the great majority of old troopers, they love the smell of grease paint and the thrill of the footlights, so they are inveterate first-nighters whenever their schedule permits.

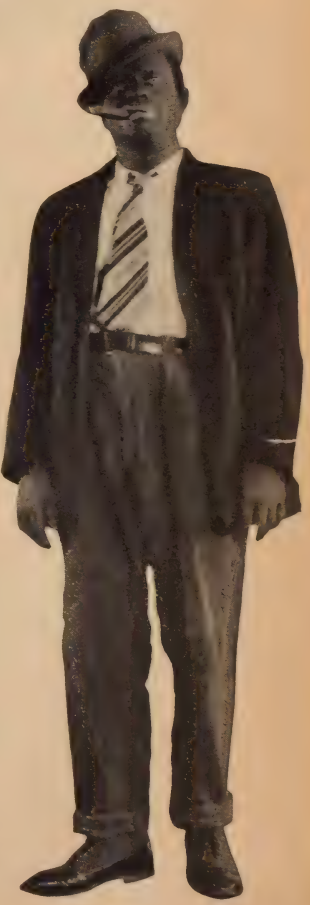
ONE night this enthusiasm almost caused them to miss an appearance at the microphone. It was during one of their New York visits. Their early broadcast over at 7, they didn't have anything to do until 11, so they decided to see "Flying High!" The broadcasting time drew near before they knew it and they shot out of the theatre before the finale and hailed a cab. But they hadn't reckoned with New York traffic. Minutes passed at stop lights and in traffic jams. They finally made the studio with a minute to spare—but it was too close for comfort.

But, when all is said and done, the real hobby of Correll and Gosden is Amos 'n' Andy. This is natural. Amos 'n' Andy are more than just a job to these two young men. They are living, breathing, very much alive and active brain children that a nation has come to love.

While business worries and domestic problems must be faced each day, and with the plaudits of a nation to be answered, probably the greatest recreation the boys get is going down to Harlem or down on Chicago's south side, mingling with the hearty, sincere colored folk, to whom Amos 'n' Andy mean just as much as to anyone else in the country, and meeting the counterparts of their own characters.

Just what their popularity is going to do for them, where it is going to lead, even the boys themselves do not know and don't dare to predict. Out of the maze of propositions that are offered each day, there may be something that they accept, in addition to their broadcasting, but that remains largely up to the boys and the NBC.

In the meantime, they themselves do not quite realize how popular they are. If they did it would probably frighten them.



WELL, here you see Andy Brown just after he has been approached on the "propolition" of making a talking picture. What a time he is going to have figuring out his income tax next year! The Pepsodent company pays the boys $100,000 for a thirty-minute day. The picture people are going to pay the boys $1,000,000 for part of their spare time during two or three months. After they get through with that they get back to their fresh air taxicab and pick up a few nickels from the folks who want to see the sights of Harlem while enjoying the full ozone privileges available only in the Amos 'n' Andy fresh air taxicab.

Mr. Williamson will have another first hand story in our next issue.

BOYHOOD DAYS of AMOS and ANDY



"Must I stab de worm wid de hook, Andy?" "Sho! Sho!"

DOWN in Richmond the Gosden boy found life a serious proposition at an early age but he knew what he wanted and he went after it—now he's got it. There didn't seem to be much of a chance for a young fellow in Peoria but Chuck Correll laid bricks in the daytime and played the piano at night until he found his opportunity and took it. Now they're a million dollar Radio team working together.

By W. T. Christian

Special Correspondent for Radio Digest

FREEMAN FISHER GOSDEN, "Amos" and supernumerary of the nationally-famous team of "Amos 'n' Andy," has spent almost all his thirty-one years entertaining others. And from a negro mammy and her son, once attached to the Gosden household here in Richmond, Va., has come the dialect that Gosden and Charlie Correll have made bywords wherever an antennae sways over the roof of an American home.

Anywhere you may go in Richmond you will find men, some in business, others in some profession, and a few just getting along who have known "Curly" Gosden all their lives. And they still know him, few realizing the important figure he now cuts in the broadcasting world, because he has changed so little from the days he and the "other boys in the gang" here used to put on amateur shows in the surrounding counties.

"Curly" was born on Marshall street, in Richmond, not so far from the Virginia capitol. He came of distinguished forbears. His father, Walter W. Gosden, Sr., is listed in the annals of the Confederacy with that hardy group of "rebels" who refused to surrender to the United States after Appomatox had ended the War Between the States because the federal government had refused amnesty to their idolized leader.

In fact, "Curly's" father, who died in Richmond in 1911, was one of the outstanding figures of "Mosby's men," as that world famous band of uncommonly brave men and boys (Gosden enlisted at the age of 16) was called, which Colonel John S. Mosby, the most daring raider this country has ever known, led to many victories over the Union forces.

This anti-climax to the war ended two months later, but it was reflected later, perhaps, in that rebellious spirit of the Gosdens that kept young Gosden in the face of many obstacles to keep pursuing that avocation for which he felt (and subsequently proved) he was best fitted.

UPON the death of his father, Freeman came into the care of his mother and an older brother, Walter W. Gosden, Jr. Only the brother was destined to see him on the way up the steps leading to national popularity. An automobile accident caused the death of his mother and sister during the world war, and the brother died just about the time "Amos 'n' Andy" were becoming a nightly attraction in every home that boasts a Radio.

He attended the public schools in Richmond, where he was regarded by his teachers as a good student applying himself seriously to the task of learning the three "Rs." He was not athletically inclined though he did go in for the usual backyard and vacant lot football and baseball when just a kid.

It was in those days that his impressionable mind picked up from the son of the negro mammy, an Ethiopian of about Freeman's age, the dialect he learned and taught Correll after their famous team had been organized. From this ebony youth came the traits, dialectical accomplishments and even some of the "gags" that keep us near the loudspeaker every evening.

Quite naturally, now that he has become a person of national prominence, Richmond people attempt to bask in the light of that reflected glory. There is, for instance, the school teacher who said to his sister-in-law: "Do you ever hear from Freeman now."

"Oh, yes," was the obvious reply.

"Be sure and remember me to him when you write. I feel that I had such a part in shaping his career." And this teacher had been his instructor when he was 6 years old, in the first grade at school.

"CURLY," as he still is known to his Richmond friends, quit school before his graduation, and went into the shipping department of a local shoe manufactory.

In those days he used to "hang around" with a bunch of boys who were interested in singing, dancing and minstrelsy. One of them, Lewis or "Slim" O'Neil, enters the picture at this time. He it was who got Freeman interested in tap and buck dancing. They made up the dancing team in this minstrel show that played one-night stands almost everywhere around Richmond that boasted a hall large enough to play the show.

O'Neil and young Gosden would go to the vaudeville show in Richmond, watch the dancers closely and then return to the basement of a store in the West End or to some fellow's home where they would emulate the steps until they had them completely mastered. Thus it was that their routine grew almost weekly.

He was still in the employ of the shoe company, but only the good offices of his friends, plus the good-natured disposition of his employer, kept "Curly" there. Up in the office where he was supposed to check bills of lading and other office detail, young Gosden would be found humming or whistling to himself, and going through a dance routine. Then would come warnings, apologies and promises, to be followed a week later by repetition of the same incident.

When the war came on, Gosden finally obtained permission of his elders and enlisted in the navy. He wore the sailor suit, but wasn't suited by nature for sea duty. Shortly after his enlistment, along with O'Neil, he was sent in a big dory across a small and calm arm of Hampton Roads to row from the naval base to a point about a mile away.

Going over and coming back, Seaman Gosden knew all the physical unrest that accompanies *mal de mer*. "No sea duty," was the verdict of his commanding officers, and he was ordered to Boston to study Radio and other communication means at Harvard. O'Neil received similar orders, and "Curly" found it the nicest sort of service. With their ukeleles, songs and dances they became as popular in Boston as did those sea-faring lads who dumped the tea into that harbor.

Having learned naval communications as his command officers thought they should be learned, Gosden was sent to Virginia Beach, the government at that time fearing attacks by submarines and privateers. Both came by at one time or another, under cover of the night, but that is irrelevant.

AFTER the war Freeman came back home. In the navy he had met a number of "boys" who, like him, confessed a desire to do something on the stage. Several of them did in later years, and so did Gosden, but at this time his ambition had not caused him really to pull away from home ties for a try in theatricals.

He did some dancing and "gag" work in several amateur shows, and worked as a tobacco salesman. Later he went over to Petersburg for a try at selling automobiles. Finally, the break came. He got a chance to work with a Chicago production company. Gosden removed to Chicago, and it was in that city that he won his spurs, applause mail or whatever you call it that makes you worth $500,000 a year as an ether entertainer.

He and Correll were both employes of the same production company and, due to their ability as "directors," won posts as office managers. They came together in Durham, N. C., and the friendship started there that led to their teaming up into one of, if not the greatest, teams in the history of Radio.

His Richmond friends who knew him when and have seen him since, delight in telling you that he still retains the naive manners that were characteristic of his boyhood and early manhood in this city in the days when he was a gay young trouper, and a regular attendant at any dance in town.

When Freeman made his first featured appearance in a show promoted by a fraternal organization here, he urged his friends who were going not to save their applause until the end of the dance number. They consequently burst forth at every step, and he and his partner, the same "Slim" O'Neil, were so overcome with sheer juvenile exuberance that they came out on the stage and shook hands, instead of, in the more professional manner, taking their bows.

GIRLS who knew him in Richmond say that "Curly" was a fine dancer. In those days he did a "little" gag work, never sang any, and it consequently was a surprise when he became famous for his funny cracks in that high-pitched broadcasting voice of his. Not only, his old girls say, was his rhythm perfectly attuned to the music, but, as they put it, "he always looked good on the floor." Curly and his friends took in all the subscription dances, and he was one of the most popular boys at these parties.

Young Gosden was a natty dresser, combining with the up-to-date cut of his clothes an instinctive neatness of attire. His hair was curly almost to the point of kinkiness, but had a way of staying in place without resort to the various "keep-the-hair-in-place" greases so popular nowadays. Young Gosden was always cleanly shaved, with his tie correctly and fashionably knotted, clothes clean and pressed, and his hat at the currently proper angle.

"Curly" in those days was tall, up-standing, blond, wavy hair, a broad brow and wide-set eyes, with one eye-brow brown, the other white. That is a birthmark that people will tell you of when they've forgotten other characteristics and events in his more youthful days.

It was after the war that he gradually broke away from home ties. His elder brother reluctantly gave him permission to join the production company after employees of that firm had seen him dance, and asked him to join with them. He went to Chicago, and from that point produced amateur shows. About four years ago came the breakdown of that theatric industry, and Correll and Gosden joined up for a team act. A friendly announcer gave them a chance to go on his program at WEBH and you know the result. The brother never lived to see Freeman win nation-wide acclaim

Here in Richmond people were a bit amazed. "'Curly' wasn't much of a singer or minstrel," they would say. "I thought he was a dancer." They had overlooked the fact that his pleasantly soft Southern voice was excellently adapted for carrying the melody of almost any song.

"Curly" married in 1927, as did Correll for that matter. The former Richmonder took as his bride Miss Leta Marie Shreiber of Chicago. There is one child, Freeman Jr., who already looks like "Amos" without the make-up that one can almost see when his voice is coming in over the loudspeakers.

FREEMAN still writes to his friends here, and they write to him. And when they go to cities where he happens to be broadcasting or playing in vaudeville—one of them went to New York not long ago, and her hopes of seeing him were dashed to the ground when she was advised he was too busy to see anybody. So she telephoned him personally, told him who it was and Freeman said: "I'll be right over in a few minutes. I want to see you and talk about Richmond."

People here pay their greatest tribute to Gosden because they like him for what he has made of himself, in the face of many obstacles, rather than just for the fact that he's a local boy. They appreciate the uphill climb that led to his success, and rejoice in it with him.

So in the near future, when he comes home for a visit, as he has promised to do, he'll get the same heart greeting he received when he showed up the last time, just a few hours after he had been heard over the air, as they imagined, from Chicago. Here in Richmond, how were we to know he was being heard from wherever he happened to be engaged with a stage presentation.

* * *

DID you ever know a kid they called "Curley" and another neighborhood chap known as "Chuck"? Well, this is a story of "Curly" and "Chuck"—"Curly" Gosden and "Chuck" Correll—as the Amos and Andy you hear over the Radio were known in their boyhood days. The stories were especially written for Radio Digest by local newspaper men who are familiar with all the home background of the world's most famous Radio team. They were just a couple of youngsters any of us would be likely to know in our own community. Of course they did show predilection for the show business. "Chuck" was at the home piano whenever he got a chance. "Curly" loved to dance and put on shows. His employer forgave him many sins of omission. Read this sixth chapter in the story of Amos and Andy as it has appeared monthly, beginning with last January. Next month you will find still another interesting episode. Keep the series complete.

By Robert Roland Goldenstein

Special Correspondent for Radio Digest.

WHEN Charles J. Correll, known as Andy of "Amos 'n' Andy" to millions of Radio fans, laments to the ever sympathetic Amos that Madame Queen wants him to go to a dance, he is really acting—because, according to his family and boyhood pals back in Peoria, where he was born, dancing has always been a second nature to him.

Also they say, the slow, lazy nature of the President of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorpulated, is a cross grain to the real Correll that they know. That Andy has always been vivacious and ambitious, we shall soon see in the story of his early life as told by his family and early chums.

The story of Mr. Correll's life is in accordance with the formula of the lives of most of our men. He did, for instance, begin his career as a newspaper carrier. He realized his ambition at an early age, worked toward that goal, and now that he has attained it, he is working harder than ever.

Mr. Correll was born in Peoria, Ill., February 3, 1891, the oldest of three children. His inclination for drama was apparent at an early age. When in the second grade of the Greely grammer school he was given a minor part in a school production. He had his lines memorized perfectly and when the play was presented he did so well that throughout the remaining years of school the name Correll always appeared in the cast of characters.

His boyhood friends say he was the "life of any party." He studied the piano, under a professor of classical music, and finished up playing popular stuff that distracted his teacher, but delighted his friends. Having learned to play jazz, it was quite natural that he would learn to dance. Buck and wing and tap dancing were learned and he sought new fields to conquer.

An incident told by an uncle, Joseph Fiss, floorwalker for a Peoria department store, sums up Mr. Correll's early character.

"THERE was no peace and quiet around the house when Charles would come home from school," he said. "As soon as the front door opened, books and cap were tossed on a table and Charles began hammering at the piano. He was full of pep from morning to night. You couldn't feel melancholy under the same roof with Charles. He wouldn't stand for it."

(Continued on page 104)

TWO GANGSTER GUNMEN
Try Hunting
The HUNTERS
Bees, Snakes and Alligators Not Reckoned in Deal to Kill Their Man

By Will Payne
***Illustrations by* W. H. D. Koerner**

HELTER and Colisemus were hunting a man. The price was to be four thousand dollars. Never before had they been offered such a sum. Once they had done it for only a hundred and fifty dollars apiece—Helter firing with a sawed off shotgun from an automobile. The third time they had been paid seven hundred and fifty dollars. But four thousand was unheard of.

In this case they were obliged to hunt on strange ground and to bear considerable expense—railroad fare from Chicago to Florida and return, hotel bill and the hire of an automobile. But they calculated upon at least three thousand net.

No one, seeing Helter and Colisemus in Florida or elsewhere, would have paid especial attention to them. Both were around thirty years of age. Colisemus was thick set, beginning to get fat, round headed, rather sleepy looking, for his eyelids were thick. Modestly dressed, he looked as good natured and harmless as the next man.

Helter was shorter, spare and dark, with a thin, high bridged nose and nervous looking eyes—altogether a nervous looking man, with quick movements and speech. His speech, slang riddled, was the American equivalent of cockney—a city slum product. But he dressed neatly, never obtruding himself upon anyone—except in a professional way.

The man they hunted was named Bodet, a detective. The trial of Graw and Loman was coming on, at Chicago, in a fortnight. Bodet was the star witness against them. A person who was perfectly dependable in such cases had offered four thousand dollars—besides, it was in the nature of a command. Helter and Colisemus did not much like hunting on this strange ground, far from familiar hiding places, friends and alibis. Yet for three thousand net one could afford to risk almost anything, and it was a sort of command, too. Having accepted the engagement they would feel deeply disgraced if they should fail. The actual moment of shooting was always disagreeable—like shutting one's eyes and swallowing a bitter draught. But twenty-four hours after the getaway they would meet and discuss the details much as hunters talk over how they brought down the big buck.

For four days they'd had no luck. Bodet was staying at Bocaganza Hotel on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The landscape was disconcertingly flat and open, flooded with sunshine—all so different from the big hive on Lake Michigan where one could whisk 'round a corner and be lost, with always a crowd to swallow one up and as many dark runways as in a rabbit warren. This lack of luck chagrined them and put them on their mettle.

They were not staying at the big hotel. Thrift alone would have prevented that. But the big hotel veranda was free to anybody who had the nerve. There Colisemus heard Bodet say: "No; tomorrow Mr. Dorman and I are going hunting. We'll start early and may be all day in the woods."

Off in the woods with guns—and the more shooting the better!

Hopefully Helter and Colisemus laid their plans. And this morning, having been up and alert early, they felt that luck was with them full tide, for Bodet was in that car ahead. There were two other men in the car; but one was the chauffer who would presumably stick to the machine while the other two—who were dressed in overalls—struck into the timber. Usually hunters separate more or less. With good visibility, Helter would have staked his neck on a shot anywhere up to a hundred yards. One good shot from behind a tree or bush would settle it—the shooter scurrying away in the brush and very likely getting back to town before the corpse was discovered. They were bound to settle it today. Another chance so favorable as this might not come up.

MEANWHILE, rolling briskly over a good brick road in the small car they had hired, Colisemus driving, they admired the weather and the strange scenery. It was genial and cloudless like a fine June day in Chicago, although this was February. Now and then they saw a buzzard sailing high. Now and then they caught a glimpse, at the left, of the serene blue sea. The landscape was quite flat, with tall pines in open irregular order. They passed some orange groves, the shining dark green trees hung thick with golden balls. As fine a setting for their engagement as one could wish, and the little car spun off mile after mile of smooth brick road . . .

The car ahead was turning from the brick and bounding off through open pine woods, with an undergrowth of green palmetto. Colisemus halted two rods beyond the turning and they watched the other car as it went twisting and bouncing over a rude wagon track that wound in and out to avoid trees and palmetto clumps.

"Drive on up the road two miles and come back slow," said Helter. "Look for me all along the road when you come back."

That seemed good strategy—to keep the car on a good road for the getaway—although it might involve considerable walking for Helter. A car off in the woods was a rather conspicuous thing while a man afoot could slip through the undergrowth unnoticed. On foot, therefore, Helter followed the quarry—the road so rough and sinuous that he could make almost as good time on foot as their car. The dense clumps of shoulder high palmetto made very good cover.

Presently he sighted the other car; three men standing beside it. He dodged nearer and squatted, watching. The two hunters were leisurely getting out their paraphernalia. Together they walked away to the south. The chauffeur climbed back in the car, disposed him-



Men he would have faced with courage — but these loathy, scaly crawling things!

If comfortably there, lighted a pipe, took a magazine out of e car pocket—prepared for a long wait. That was good! A zen rods south of the car a green mound of tangled vege- tion ran through the woods straight as a ruler and as far one could see in either direction. Helter recognized it as e bank of the big drainage ditch which the brick road ossed at an angle near a mile below.

Toward it the hunters walked; but their paraphernalia puz- ed Helter. Bodet was carrying a little wooden box and a le like a broomstick. His companion was carrying a small t of white mosquito bar and a cane. There was no sign of firearm. Wondering, slipping forward a bit under the screen palmetto, Helter watched them. What were these hunters to?

ODET'S companion was instructing him gravely: "We may find 'em on any kind of a flower or blossom, you know—those thistle blossoms, or these pale yellow palmetto buds; but they like wild grape blossoms pretty well. We'll look along the vines on the bank of the ditch."

The companion was not quite so tall as Bodet but of a vital stock—broad shouldered, thick chested, a solid head on a short neck. The point of his fleshy nose depended hook-like. The thin hair beneath his plaid cap was gray; he wore spectacles; his leather colored, rough hewn face was seamed. But out here he appeared to have sloughed off the years.

"There's one! And there's another. See? See?" He pointed eagerly to a cluster of wild grape blossoms, advancing like a hunter, net in hand. He made a quick sweep of the net and clapped it against his yellow-clad leg, saying: "Yep! I got him! Fetch your box."

The captured game was a honey bee. The captor dexterously released it into Bodet's box which contained honeycomb saturated with syrup. He caught two other bees and popped them into the box; then set up the pole on a comparatively clear spot in the mound of sand along the ditch and put the box on it, opening the lid so that the bees, syrup laden, could fly home. The trick was to determine their line of flight and follow it up to the bee tree.

The older man explained the meaning of each move, expounding the art of bee hunting, anxious that the novice should miss no point.

"There's one on the side of the box. He'll fly in a minute. Watch now. Try to keep your finger pointed at him. That helps. There—there he goes. Watch now." With leveled forefinger he sought to follow the bee's flight as the little creature rose, darted to right and left, circled—finally got between them and the sun so that, in the glare, they lost him. The second bee they lost also. And Bodet soon lost the third; but the older man's waving finger kept moving against the sky . . . "There—there he goes—off there toward that thick timber. Now they'll all come back for more syrup. We'll see how long it takes the first one. If he's back in fifteen minutes the tree'll be not much more than a mile away."

The absorbed bee hunter's name was Dorman—"Dorman Gloves; They Last." Bodet knew that he was sixty-five years old and had heard that he was worth a dozen millions. But just now he was a bee hunter and nothing else.

In half an hour or so bees were coming and going in steady flight. Bodet himself could easily see that they flew toward the line of thick timber on the other side of the drainage ditch, half a mile away.

"Better get a new line," said Dorman. "This one runs to that bay head yonder; but we don't know how much farther they may be going. We'll set up the box over that way and get a new angle."

By that time the saturated honeycomb was covered with bees and they were thick on the sugary side of the box. Dorman invited Bodet to come up close and watch them at work.

"Don't be afraid they'll sting you," he counseled, "for they never do if you let 'em alone. I've had dozens of 'em on my hands and face at once." With a muffled sort of chuckle he explained:

"It's about like everything else—you won't get hurt unless you're afraid. Man sees a bee near him. It scares him and he makes a crack at the bee. That scares the bee and it stings the man. Pretty much that way all around, eh? Snakes, now. I carry this stick to rustle up the leaves with. But snakes don't bite unless they're scared. Man's scared of the snake, he scares the snake and the snake bites him, eh? About that way all around.

"I've been in business, boy and man, about fifty years. Made quite a reputation at it that I don't much deserve . . . A lot of people always looking around for things to get scared of, you see. Of course you can see plenty of things to be afraid of if you look. You can go down cellar with all the doors locked and scare yourself stiff if you want to. Same way in business. Those New Jersey fellows came along with some new machinery, you know, and it looked kind of dubious for us in Chicago—if you wanted to look at it that way . . . There was the leather trust. Some men in my line got goose pimples about that. Two years ago—Lord, it looked as though in a little while you couldn't buy leather for its weight in gold. Then the bottom all fell out and for a spell it looked as though you couldn't give leather goods away with a premium . . . "

His chuckle was only a kind of inward commotion that escaped, just a little, in sound. He gave it again.

"There are rattlers and moccasins in these woods—not many at this season, but some. And thundering big alligators in the swamps. But I bet you don't know the worst thing in the woods—very worst thing here." He waited an instant for an answer. "Worst thing in these woods is a little devil of a red bug not as big as a pin head. Gets under your hide and itches like fury. The way you get those bugs is by sitting down. See? Same way in business. I used to say to my partners: 'The devil! If we sit still we're going to get stung plenty. Let's move on.'"

For more than half an hour Helter, behind a palmetto, had been watching the strange proceedings on the mound. Nearly all that while he had an easy, fairly sure shot at Bodet. But there was Bodet's companion and the chauffeur lounging in the car not far off. Of course he couldn't get away without being seen. There would surely be a better chance later on. He saw them descend into the ditch.

FROM the top of the embankment to the bottom of the ditch was twenty feet or so. There was plenty of moisture and the gullied declivity was a tangle of rank vegetation. With a woodsman's skill Dorman led a zigzag course down. In that midwinter season only an irregular little stream, a foot deep and a yard wide, flowed through the bottom of the ditch. He found a narrow spot where they could spring across, and fought his way up through the green mat on the other side. On that south side of the ditch the land had recently been burned over.

Helter crossed the ditch some distance below—lest the chauffeur might glance up and see him on the mound. On the bank he peered down into the green tangle with aversion. It looked like snakes and poison ivy and wet feet and unknown perils. Grasping a bush he slid into the web of growing things. Briars tore his clothes. Malevolent vines, tougher than ropes, wrapped around him and when he pulled them away thorns pricked his hands. Twice his cap was jerked from his head—as though an invisible hand had plucked it. He got to the bottom and jumped the stream, but the soft bank gave way and he slipped back—both feet in water up to his ankles. Being wet already he waded along the stream looking for an easier place to climb the farther side. There seemed to be no easier place. He stepped up on the low bank and his nerves thrilled with fear, for something hissed and glided beneath the dense leafage. He was not afraid to kill a man—but a slimy, poison snake!

He waded on a little distance. Not a breath of air stirred down there. Sweat dripped on his lean face and his soggy shoes felt like mud. He struggled up through the tangle to the farther embankment and looked out with dismay. The two hunters were in plain sight, over there toward the timber line; but the burned ground, sparsely set with tall, mast-like pines, was practically as open as a billiard table.

Already he was cursing to himself—illogically charging up the discomfort to Bodet, whom he would fairly have killed gratis for his own satisfaction. But the distance was much too great for a pistol shot. He mopped his sweaty face on a handkerchief and considered.

The hunters were setting up that funny little box on a pole again. The dense green line of tree and brush over there ran nearly parallel to the drainage ditch. The burned area seemed to extend a good way eastward; but in the distance he could see the low green of palmetto underbrush. Up there, apparently, he could cross from ditch to timber line under cover, then skulk down through the timber to shooting range.

He scrambled back into the ditch and plodded eastward—soon discovering a sort of patch that ran sometimes on one side of the tiny stream, sometimes on another. He sweated stumbled, plodded; climbed the bank and found afternoon's



Two-thirds of the way over they saw a man standing in the brush ahead, peering at them. . . . He was a stoutish man with thick lips, his aspect inhospitable.

gone far enough; returned to his plodding. City blocks were his only familiar measure of distances; but when he finally came out at a spot favorable for crossing to the thick timber he thought he must have gone a mile. He could still see the hunters.

His immediate objective was a long belt of thick timber and dense brush. Up to this point, since leaving the car, the trees had all been long leaf pine, quite wide apart, with palmetto underbrush. But when he had skulked across to this timber belt he found the character of vegetation completely changed. There were no pines at all, but live oaks and various other trees whose names he did not know. They stood much closer together than the pines, and the tall underbrush was thick as the ground would bear. Although he did not then know it, this timber belt bordered a long, shallow lake. The difference in moisture made the difference in vegetation.

He struck into the timber belt and found going even worse than in the ditch. It was impossible to keep anything like a [illegible] line. A fallen tree, an impervious mat of branches, a tangle of vines or a puddle appeared. He twisted and turned to find a way through and soon quite lost his sense of direction. Twice he found himself peering through the brush at the muddy lake when he should have been over at the farther side of the timber. Always he was cursing to himself.

Eastward the timber ran out to a point, roughly like the nose of a flatiron. Two or three hundred yards off the nose the hunters set up their box. When Dorman lifted the lid the imprisoned bees, already laden with syrup, swarmed out darting and circling.

"Not much use to try to follow 'em now," Dorman explained. "They've been shut up, you see, and we've carried 'em half a mile or more. They'll circle to get their bearings; but in ten minutes, unless I'm mistaken, we'll have a new trunk line established from here to the tree." He took out his watch to time the bees' return.

"From over yonder, you see, they made for this bay head." He nodded toward the nose of the timber. "What we've got to find out now is whether they go beyond it. That 'bee line' business is all buncombe. They don't always go straight by a long shot. Seem to take the path of least resistance."

"See that fellow? He's coming back." He looked at his watch. "Hardly eight minutes! We're close to the tree. Now watch and you'll soon get the new line."

In half an hour bees were swarming to the box and home again, syrup laden. For the first time since entering the woods, Dorman seemed overcast.

"Well, that's poor luck," he said, long faced as though his dividends had stopped. "That's poor luck. They're going over to the island, sure pop—too bad!"

Through a rift in the trees, above the reeds and brush which choked it, Bodet could see a mass of farther tree tops—evidently on the island in the lake to which Dorman referred.

"I know this lake right well," he went on. "Caught two alligators in the upper end of it three years ago. Guess I've hunted about everything in the United States that walks, flies or swims, at one time or another. I used to be quite active you know. When I was a youngster my father hadn't sold the farm yet."

He chuckled. "Sometimes wonder now, if I should drop off and go to heaven, whether it'd look half as good to me as that farm used to look when I was a boy—especially the pasture

d wood lot . . . Yes, sir; those bees are going to the and, sure pop. Suppose we step through this belt of timber w and have a look over there. Might be that we could spot n from this bank. It's only a little walk."

They went up a little way, therefore, and struck into the mber—the same timber through which Helter was toiling nuously, with curses and distraction. Where they struck in ere were the same impediments to locomotion as elsewhere. orman went ahead, turning to right and to left, here crushing wn a mat of thick vines, there thrusting aside tough branches th his walking stick, climbing over a tree trunk or going ound, always picking the easiest way without haste or pause, viating from a straight line at every step, yet always holding the main course. It was not much more than the "little lk" he had spoken of until they came to the thick brush that ed the water. He followed that a rod, found a place to get rough, and they stepped out on a boggy hummock in the ddy lake. It was perhaps two hundred yards across to the nd.

Dorman leveled his stick. "'Gator over there. See him?"

The alligator, a dozen feet long, lay sunning himself on a id bank at the shore of the island, three or four hundred rds east of them.

"Apt to find 'em anywhere around these ponds," Dorman mmented. "Once I found one in the woods quarter of a mile so away from water. Shame the way a lot of blockheads oot'em with a rifle and leave'em to rot. Only decent way to hunt 'em is the way the natives do. You find their hole in the mud, you know, and stick in an iron-shod pole. The 'gator'll bite that and hang on like a bull dog. Couple of men can draw him out. Soon's he gets his head out you jump on his back and bind his jaws with rope. Then you pull him out farther and tie his tail and you've got him. Seeing one in a tank you wouldn't imagine how fast they can move. That fellow's tail would knock in your ribs or break your leg. Of course there's no real danger hunting 'em the way I speak of; but you get in mud up to your ears and have a tussle. Something like sport, eh? Sitting snug in a boat and shooting 'em with a rifle . . . Huh! Might as well turn a machine gun on a cow and call that sport!"

(Continued on page 120)



"Ought to have a boat here," Dorman sang out to him; "good place for a ferry line."

afternoon's



True Radio Romances

With CUPID

Betty Finds Many Love a Microphone, Find Thei Cites Many Case

By **Betty**

DO YOU believe in a playful little fellow with dimpled cheeks and mischievous eyes, a bow in his hand and a quiver of darts slung over his shoulder? Perhaps, you're one of the scoffers, and don't believe in fairies. But have you ever had a sharp, tingling pain through your heart and discovered yourself moving about in the haze of a strange new elation? . . . Ah, and you dared to scoff!

This elusive little reveller in mysteries and surprises has been in his element during the last six or seven years. He has discovered the tremendous romantic possibilities of ether waves and has actually been detected at work in the broadcasting studios. Perhaps, you've caught him, on a low wave length, chortling in glee at the havoc he's wrought.

For instance, some two or three years ago Dan Cupid released an avalanche of darts in the Omaha range, impaling thousands of feminine hearts. A certain velvet-voiced announcer at WOW was the object of all this affection and the recipient of such a host of missives that he was forced to the expediency of answering with a system of mimeographed letters, each form suitable to the type. That is, reply No. 4 was used for an aggressive blonde, and No. 5 for a more modestly seductive brunette, and so on.

But often a more serious purpose in the machinations o Cupid is evidenced. Sometimes out of the legion of heart set aflutter by an unseen voice one arouses a similar flutterin in the cardiac regions of the possessor of the charmed voice Cupid has cleverely pierced them with the same arrow. An when they meet! Take the story of Sen Kaney, veterai announcer at the NBC.

ONE SUMMER night in 1925 Miss Vera De Jong of St Louis, one of the belles of that old metropolis and th daughter of a socially prominent family, was listening in o a KYW, Chicago, program, when she become captivated b the voice of the chief announcer of the station. The damag was done, then and there, and, although she didn't write t him, she did tune in religiously when he was on the air. The she came to Chicago to visit friends. There was an evenin party and the hostess suggested Radio music. She aske what station Miss De Jong preferred to hear.

"KYW," was the prompt reply. "There's an announcer there that I am wild about."

The next evening the hostess, who knew the staff at the station, invited the St. Louis belle to a dinner, and next to her sat Sen Kaney himself.

A few days later Kaney called the studio director and said he would not be at work that day, maybe, if it was all right.

"What's wrong, Sen? Not under the weather?"

"Naw," came the rejoinder over the wire. "Married."

That was July 14, 1925, and today the Kaneys have a beautiful apartment home almost overlooking Lake Michigan in Rogers Park, and spend their home hours playing with golden-haired little girl who has since become a very importar member of the family.

Or, again, Cupid is whimsical. He allows a "Nit-wit" t



Sen Kaney

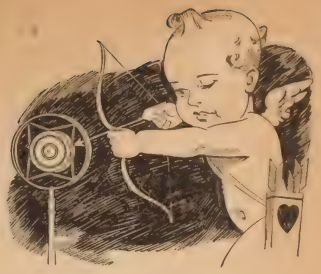


yard and [illegible] Allan was winged by Baby Dan at KYW.



Marjorie McClure was nipped by James Melton's voice.

...and Wedding Bells on the AIR



Darts Zip Through Mark and Stick—and Proves It

McGee

marry a program director, and then anything is liable to happen! Perhaps both of the principals realized this, for when they said their "I dos" about a year ago they kept the affair secret. However, such things have a way of leaking out and today Bradford Browne and the lady, who was Peggy Young, have the cutest little apartment in New York.

Miss Young, program director for station WABC before the Columbia Broadcasting System bought it for its key station, had never heard of Bradford Browne. And Mr. Browne, the well known announcer, had never heard of Peggy Young. Their knowledge of each other's existence being mutual it was only natural that when they met it would be a case of love at first sight.



Brad Browne

There is no real foundation to the rumor that she held aloof from him or visa-versa. In fact, no one knew they were married until someone in the office noticed that Mr. Browne parked his shoes under her desk at all hours of the day. Yes, his feet were in them.

Just to show you how truly romantic this match is, we must explain that when the newspapers published the story it was illustrated with a picture of the groom in his famous "Nit-wit" characterization. The picture was captioned "Bradford Browne, who was secretly married to Miss Peggy Young three months ago." Immediately Miss Young's lifelong friends either called up on the telephone or wrote letters asking the most important question: "Good heavens, Peggy, what kind of a man have you married?" And Peggy doesn't know yet!

AND NOW it is June, 1930, the time of moonlight and honeysuckle—and weddings. We follow this little sprite of romance down to St. Joseph, Missouri. There's to be a wedding on June 14th—but, here we are getting ahead of our story. Little "Tillie the Toiler" who sings so tantalizingly over KFEQ every noon didn't live so very far from Oda E. Fankhauser in the suburbs of St. Joseph, but these neighbors never knew each other till after Tillie began broadcasting.

Tillie, whose real name is Lillie Mae Frizell, has had a busy little life chock full of variety. Early in the morning before leaving for town she used to help her mother a bit on their seven-acre farm. Then off on a twenty-minute drive to town, where Tillie sold music in the five and ten. But from 11:30 to 12, noon, came the big moments of Tillie's day. Then every inch of her seemed music and rhythm. Incidentally, this half hour each day has brought her a thousand letters each month.

Came night and Tillie loved nothing more than to go to dances. So it was at a dance one night that Oda, who had been listening to her and idolizing her, met the girl of his dreams. And after that it didn't take long.

So on the night of June 14th the wedding bells will ring for Tillie at her home in the country, located not far from the St. Joseph Country Club. Clarence Koch, manager of KFEQ, thinks a Radio wedding would be most appropriate,



Chatterbox Tillie at KFEQ sounded good to Oda E. Franhauser.



Elsie Mae Look looked and listened adorable afternoon's

but, to date, the bridegroom has stage fright.

And here's something a little bit different, too. George "Doc" Watson, staff announcer, was master of ceremonies during a program in which KSTP was "putting on the air" all long-distance phone calls received. The long-distance operator in charge of these calls was Miss Lillian Orr, of St. Paul, and "Doc" permitted her to say a few words over the air via the telephone line before the program came to an end. Lillian's sudden interest in Radio—and Mr. Watson—finds this couple spending their evenings together, when the KSTP announcer is not at the microphone.



Lillian Orr

Michael J. Fadell, manager of the KSTP news bureau, was ill. He was at St. Mary's hospital in Minneapolis and, ardent Radio man that he was, he had a portable Radio receiver installed in his hospital room. Many request numbers came through the loudspeaker from the KSTP studios as the staff members cheered him up, and Miss Edna Haight, of Seattle, head nurse, made frequent visits to his room to listen in. Before long other request numbers were broadcast, but these were for Miss Haight. Now the latest word is that they expect to be married in the near future.

If we were trying to make generalizations about Cupid and geography (which really we are not) we would find the East well represented. There is the wedding last December of May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, who have been sweethearts on the air for six years. The Ukulele Lady and her song-writing partner announced their engagement through an NBC network about two years ago, but the wedding was solemnized without benefit of microphones.

These two met for the first time in the old WEAF studios in 1923 and soon after that they went on the air together and have been partners ever since. This seems to have been one of those long drawn out affairs as far as Cupid is concerned, but they are reported to be a very happy couple.

Pondering on the strange, unaccountable ways of Cupid we thought of Denver with its pine-scented air, its clear moonlit nights and the mountains. And what did we find but the story of a charming young newspaper woman who came to KOA some three years ago to conduct the station's newest matinee feature, microphone snapshots of human nature.



May Singhi Breen



Peter De Rose

Her Radio name, and the name at the head of the newspaper column, was Cynthia Grey. Her real name was Marjorie Bond. Everybody called her Margie. It was necessary, of course, for Margie to be instructed in microphone technique—where to stand and how loudly to speak and such things.

Her instruction was in the hands of a serious eyed, lean faced young control room operator whose red hair always needed pushing back from his forehead. Margie liked that hair. She wondered how it would feel to run her fingers through it. And somebody ought to show him how to take care of it. Why, she could tell that the poor chap needed someone to take care of him.

The poor chap was Clarence A. Peregrine. Everybody called him Perry. He suddenly discovered that he wasn't a poor chap at all, but the luckiest fellow in the world. The most interesting girl in all creation was interested in him. And they discovered they both liked to write short stories and to take outings in the nearby mountains.

And so they were married, almost two years ago. Margie's aunt turned her palatial home over to the newlyweds for the biggest party of the year. All the Radio and newspaper people in Denver were there, and you know how they can party!

There's a cabin just completed up in the mountains and it's just the place for summer living. Margie isn't on the newspaper any more. She's busy being a good wife. Of course, between times, she writes pieces for trade journals. And Perry has made some nice contacts with action magazines. It's been a wonderful two years. They haven't spent much time chasing around to parties. They're still honeymooning.

THERE were others, too, at KOA who found they were not immune to the dangerous little darts. Robert Hancock Owen, engineer in charge of technical operations, found it a [illegible] bore to have to compose smoothly flowing letters. The [illegible] his letters was tall and blonde and she had a nice smile and she knew how to take care of her complexion and she knew how to wear her clothes. Her name was Evelyn Stevens.

One thing led to another. There was Bob's dog and Evelyn thought he was too cute for words. Then there were sunsets. Bob and Evelyn would drive out to some high plateau of evenings and there would be dreams in that rainbow of colors washing the sky as the sun went down behind blue mountains.

There was a new house going up, not far from the station. It was a ducky little house, built in one of the new modes and it had a nice yard for a dog to run in and a basement room where Radios could be taken apart and put back together.

And along about Christmas time last year, there was a quiet ceremony and Evelyn found she had about the best Christmas present in any girl's world. Bob blushed in his pride. And they moved in.

Will 'o the Wisp-like this same little fellow made his presence felt out on the West coast in San Francisco when he ensnared the heart of Harrison Holliway, station manager and master of ceremonies of the Blue Monday Jamboree. About four years ago Juliette Dunn, an attractive soprano, sang on KFRC programs. Harrison was certainly not oblivious to her charms at that time; they were good friends but the friendship seemed a rather casual one. Indeed, they occasionally went out together, but they didn't stay out late enough to start tongues wagging or anything like that.

But evidentally there must be something about absence and the heart growing fonder, for when Juliette left the studios of KFRC to sing at another station the situation took on a decidedly different cast. Before the studio staffs of the two stations, KFRC and KPO, had time to fully realize the seriousness of the situation, they were married, two years ago this June. There is only one unfortunate aspect of this romance, however, Mrs. Holliway has forsaken Radio.

It was a year ago the 29th of this month that James Melton, tenor of the world-famous Revelers Quartette, took unto himself a bride.

When they were known as the "Seiberling Singers," Mr. F. A. Seiberling, the rubber manufacturer, invited the quartette to visit him at his home in Akron, Ohio. The boys visited the tire town and while there gave a private recital in their host's home. Miss Marjorie McClure was present as a guest.

Then and there the romance started. When the pair announced their engagement the following year a masked ball was given at which Mr. Melton and his fiancee were guests of honor.

After their marriage the bride and groom went on a honeymoon trip to Europe—accompanied by the other Revelers! You see, this popular organization had contracted for several continental concert engagements which had to be fulfilled.

In speaking of this honeymoon the bride's mother, Marjorie Barkley McClure, the novelist, was heard to remark that she felt as though her daughter had married a quartette instead of just a tenor!

THEN there is another story of one of those protracted engagements. An announcer of a certain program met a singer appearing on the same period away back in 1925. The announcer was also a Radio singer, having been a member of the original Eveready Group, one of the pioneer organizations in broadcasting. He was Arnold Morgan. Marjorie Horton, the lady in the case, is very well known to all Radio fans who are familiar with NBC broadcasts. Perhaps someone will recall a program called "At the Baldwin," on which both of these artists were heard singing together.



Marjorie Horton

But it took Cupid three years to convince Mr. Morgan and Miss Horton that neither could possibly get along without the other. They were married in the spring of 1928.

MICKEY GILLETT, saxophone tooter supreme, whose reputation landed him the new sax job with the San Francisco Symphony, is another KFRC staff member whose marriage was the result of his broadcasting. Bernice Baldock, after hearing him from her loud speaker at home, was so happy

(Continued on page 97)



Graham McNamee at the Yale-Harvard boat races a year ago. Shows Mac, the observer peek-abooing around tree, and the control engineer.

Sitting in With the Announcer Where

SPORT WAVES BEGIN

By Doty Hobart

"STAND BY!"

The speaker wears headphones and holds a telephone transmitter in his hand. In front of him sit two other men. All three are in a mezanine box overlooking the playing field of a baseball park. The tallest of the party is sorting over a bunch of papers on which all sorts of baseball information has been jotted in pencil. As he hears the warning he rises and stretches. Then he seats himself as comfortably as the cramped quarters permit, and pulls on a leather helmet with a tiny microphone attached. The third member of the trio sits at the left of the helmeted one. He is busily engaged with something that might be mistaken for a breadboard, several small name cards and thumb tacks. He stops his work long enough to adjust a set of headphones to his ears.

"Cigars, cigarettes, peanuts!"

"Aw, he don't compare to Johnny Evers. Why I saw Evers go over to his left after a ball one day—"

"I'm sorry, but you're in the wrong section. This gentleman holds the ticket for the seat you are in."

Butcher-boys, patrons and ushers mill about behind the three men in the box.

Three men in a box. Reminds me of an old nursery rhyme. Let's bring it up to date. Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a box, and who do you think they can be? Announcer, observer, control engineer; bring Sport Waves to you and to me.

"Station announcement." The control engineer is speaking. "Watch it, Herb."

The observer nods understandingly.

"Five cents more, mister, and don't call me a robber. I don't set the price of cigarettes in this ballpark."

"And when the Babe came to bat in the ninth inning—"

"Third and fourth seats—right in there."

"No, dear, the game hasn't started yet. The players are only having batting practice."

The three men in the box pay no attention to the confusion about them.

Again the voice of the control engineer as he speaks into the telephone, answering a query from the key station, "Okeh. All set."

The observer picks up a second telephone transmitter and repeats the announcement being made at the key station as it comes to him through one of his earphones, "And now we take you to ——. Hear me alright, Ted?" The helmeted one nods and the observer picks up the broken sentence, "where the next voice you hear will be that of Ted Husing. Take it away, Ted."

And Husing begins his colorful chatter of the afternoon's



...mbination helmet

happenings with a cheery greeting to the unseen listeners.

A little farther away, in another mezanine box of the great horseshoe, Graham McNamee is also speaking into a microphone. The two major broadcasting chains are filling the air with sport waves.

LAST month I remarked that quite a bit of preparation was necessary prior to the zero hour of a reportorial broadcast. At the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System I checked up on the backstage activities before the loud speakers were given Ted Husing's voice describing, from the Stadium, the opening baseball game of the season for the American League in New York. For your edification I'll unroll a few yards of red tape.

Early in April the Secretary of the American League Baseball Club of New York receives a letter from Herbert Glover, director of news events for CBS, requesting permission to broadcast the opening game of the Yankees. The secretary replies—by letter. He grants the request and also assigns the box from which the broadcast is to be made.

Simple enough. But now we strike a peculiar situation. The Western Union Telegraph Company holds the franchise on all wire lines for communicating play-by-play description of games from the ballpark. The CBS contract for line service is with the telephone company. For this reason the Western Union official in charge of wire lines is requested, by letter, to permit



Mr. Hobart obtained much of his material for Sport Waves from and he shows these most celebrated sports broadcasters under various aspects. He is shown below with his wife (see Marcella note this issue) getting ready for flight to a ball game.



No, Mr. McNamee has not been knocked out, regardless of appearances, but he may be worried over the tight squeeze on his friend, mike, in the mighty fist of Jack Dempsey. Dempsey proved himself a top-notch fight announcer in Chicago.

Carl Menzer, star college sports announcer WSUI.





Another view of Ted Husing posed especially for Radio Digest. Experts declare Ted world's greatest football announcer.

the telephone company to place three lines, for broadcasting purposes, in the specified box at the Yankee Stadium. A favorable reply on the official letterhead of the telegraph company is received by CBS.

Armed with these two authoritive letters Herb Glover instructs the telephone company to install three lines of direct communication from the designated box at the Stadium to the key station, WABC. This the telephone company agrees to do, the agreement being in writing. "Check and double check," as Andy would say.

SO MUCH for outside activities. Now for the inside dope. Ted Husing is officially notified of the date. Unofficially he has known about this assignment ever since the football season closed. However, he hasn't taken it too seriously during the winter months and now it is up to him to dig up all the interesting information possible pertaining to opening games of other years, baseball in general, and the participating players in particular.

The records in the Yankee office, newspaper files and chats with sports writers, give the announcer the historical data. In order to become familiar with the looks of the players in action Husing sees two pre-season games; one in which the Yankees play and one in which the opposing team (the Athletics, this year) show their wares. Both games are exhibition affairs with opponents from other leagues.

Before and after these exhibition games Husing meets the players of the two teams who are to open the league season. He talks baseball, food, weather,

(Continued on page 94)

Chicago sport fans give first place for clear intelligent unaffected announcing to Hal Totten, WMAQ.





Bill Munday with his Southern drawl and quaint expressions proved such a card for the NBC they arranged for him to cover some of the more important football games. He's a lawyer, too.

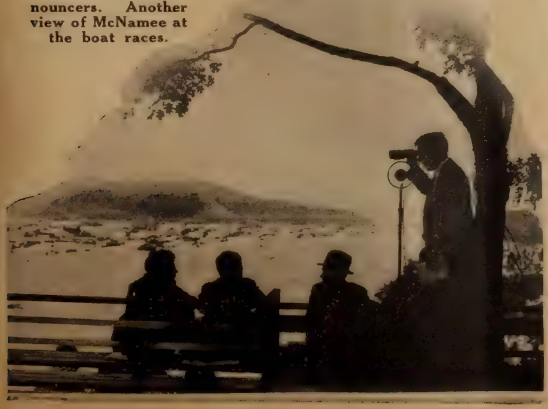
Pat Flanagan is a particular favorite with the feminine fans who become deeply interested in baseball and other sports so long as they can hear Pat's magnetic voice. He is located at WBBM, the CBS Midwest key station, Chicago.



Clem McCarthy Radio reporting Kentucky Derby.



Open air and fine vistas are some of the rewards for the Radio sports announcers. Another view of McNamee at the boat races.



The Turning Wheel

To Live, Love and Get Married on $28 a Week Is Problem Enough for Anybody. The Boy Leaves London for a New Try in America —and When He Comes Back He Finds It's a Different Proposition

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

***Illustrations by* Dudley Gloyne Summers**

"YOU may be satisfied with your life," he said, "but I am not satisfied with mine. Something is wrong with the way we live. We work for a weekly pittance and somebody else reaps the harvest. It can't go on forever this way. Three times I have improved the machinery in my shop so that the owners have been able to save thousands while I continue to drudge along—"

"At $28 a week," she said, concluding his sentence. They sat on the grass on the little knoll just outside the crowded city streets of London. His head was resting on her lap. They had come here on their rented bicycles for a breath of fresh air and to adjust their perspectives on the way of life. "You get $28 a week, which is something, while many, many others do not even have a chance to earn that. It may be all wrong, but what can one do about it?"

They were both very young, and the moment had come when they suddenly caught a vista of the years stretching out before them. To the girl the future had very much the aspect of the past. She saw no reason to expect that it could be altered to any advantage.

A magnificent motor car came to a halt in the road below. The boy recognized his wealthy employer who had come for a drive with his comely daughter. They were near enough to recognize [illegible] The car rolled on, and soon the boy and girl had mounted their bicycles and continued their way.



"She stopped her carriage and came up to me."

It was nearly a year later the boy stood up in court to answer a charge of theft. He was accused of stealing $870 of his employer's money. He made no defense except that he believed he had earned it many times over, was entitled to it, and saw no other way to get it than to take it as he did. He was sentenced to six months in prison. Twenty-four hours after he was released he was haled into the same court again, this time accused with having attempted to drown himself.

Unknown to the boy a friend had taken an interest in him. The magistrate told him if he would promise to leave the country and not attempt again to end his life a sum of $100 would be given to him with which to make a fresh start. The boy promised, and soon was aboard ship on his way to New York.

EIGHT years later Sir Henry Rathbone and his daughter stood talking together in the reception room of one of London's principal restaurants. The eight years had dealt kindly enough with the girl, who had become a beautiful woman. The man had not improved. His face bore the marks of a life of pleasure. Here and there were lines which seemed to indicate anxiety. Just at present he had very little the look of a prosperous man.

"You can have the car for Ranelagh, of course, Violet," he said, "but I am quite sure that I shall not be able to go. My luncheon appointment here is a very important one."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I wonder you men don't do all your business in the city," she remarked.

Her father laughed heartily.

"My dear girl," he said, "it is only with the utmost difficulty that I have managed to get this fellow Selwyn to meet me at all. He declined to come to the works, and it is only to oblige Haregood, his solicitor, that he agreed to lunch here today."

"I really cannot understand," she remarked, watching the people as they came in, "why a little machinery should be so important to you."

Her father frowned irritably—his temper had not improved during the past few years.

"You don't understand anything about it, you see, Violet," he declared. "This man has invented some machines by which he can make my screws at about half the price it costs me to turn them out. Unless he'll lease me some machines, or sell me some, or amalgamate, Messrs. Rathbone and company may as well close their doors."

"WHAT does it matter?" the girl answered, carelessly. "You have plenty of money."

Her father seemed to grow pale underneath his flushed cheeks.

"Plenty of money," he agreed, "but every penny in the business. Here they come."

"And here," the girl remarked, "is Lady Angerton. Goodby for the present, then."

She went forward to meet her hostess at the same time that her father shook hands with his two guests. Selwyn had changed beyond recognition, yet as they took their places at the table Sir Henry was conscious of a vague sense of familiarity.

"Where did you learn the practical part of our industry, may I ask, Mr. Selwyn?" he inquired, as soon as it was possible to turn the conversation toward business.

"In your workshops, Sir Henry," the young man answered. "I was there eight years ago. By the by, perhaps I ought to have reminded you before I accepted your invitation that I have been in prison. I stole eight hundred and seventy dollars of yours once, you know. You got the money back again, but some people have prejudices about that sort of thing."

Sir Henry shook in his chair.

"Of course," he muttered, "I remember. I remember you now."

There was an awkward pause.

"I ought to have explained before," the young man murmured, with a quiet smile.

"Not at all—not at all," his host declared, hastily. "These things are best forgotten. This is a business meeting, Mr. Selwyn. I want to talk to you about those machines of yours."

"I shall be glad," the young man said, "to hear what you have to say."

THEY talked throughout luncheon, and in the smoking room afterwards, and Mr. John Selwyn only resisted with



"I did not expect to see you here again, Mr. Selwyn," she said, . . . you might have stayed away."

difficulty an attempt on the part of his host to take him round to his club. He declined politely to pledge himself to anything. His idea in coming to England, he admitted, was to set down the machines to manufacture screws for himself. Sir Henry felt the perspiration break out on his forehead at the mere idea.

"Between ourselves," he said, "we need not mince words. You know, and I know, that if you do so, and if you refuse to sell or lease your machines, my firm will have to close their doors."

"Precisely," Mr. Selwyn admitted. "The fact had occurred to me."

"You mean to make us do it, by God!" Sir Henry exclaimed, suddenly.

"If you want the truth," the young man answered, "I do."

Sir Henry went away from the interview disturbed and uneasy. Nevertheless, negotiations were not wholly broken off. There were times when Selwyn seemed on the point of accepting some of the offers which the solicitors of Messrs. Rathbone and Co., Limited, were continually making him. Sir Henry himself spared no effort to win the good will of his former employé. He invited him to his house—an invitation which, curiously enough, John Selwyn accepted. On one of these occasions he met Violet, and their mutual interest was so obvious a thing that she was feverishly incited by her father to take a hand in the game. Mr. Selwyn listened to all that she had to say, and was very polite. He even accepted further invitations, and more than once he was seen about with Violet Rathbone.

They sat together one Sunday morning in the park. Her father, at the first opportunity, had made some excuse to hurry off and leave them alone. They talked the usual banalities, watched the people, and made remarks about them. Finally, Violet rose a little suddenly.

"Come and sit farther back, Mr. Selwyn," she said. "I want to talk to you."

He obeyed at once. No one could have judged from his face what effect her words had upon him. They found two seats a little apart from the others. She looked for a moment at the lace of her parasol and then into his expressionless eyes.

"MR. SELWYN," she said, "I am beginning to fi..d the present position embarrassing. You know very well why my father leaves me alone with you, why he is always asking you to the house. I do not see why we should play at misunderstanding one another. My father tells me that it rests with you whether or no he is to lose the whole of his fortune and to watch the ruin of his business."

The young man nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Your father is quite right, Miss Rathbone," he said. "It rests entirely with me."

"There are ways," she continued, "of avoiding this, are there not? Compromises, I mean, which could be made? You would lose very little, for instance, if you leased your machines to my father or went into partnership with Rathbone and Co., Limited?"

"So far as the financial side of the matter is concerned," the young man admitted, blandly, "it would be a very reasonable and satisfactory settlement."

"It does not appeal to you, though?" she continued.

"It does not," he admitted.

She raised her eyebrows. They were coming to it at last, then!

"From your manner," she said, "one would imagine that you had some grievance against my father."

"I have," he admitted. "Not a personal one altogether, and yet, perhaps, it is a personal one. I have been in prison, you know, Miss Rathbone, for stealing from your father."

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"You must not talk about it, please," she said. "We have forgotten all that."

She did not move her fingers for a moment. She was twenty-six years old, very beautiful, but as yet heart-whole. She was beginning to feel that there was something remarkably attractive about this young man, if only he would be reasonable

"I wonder if you remember," he said, "something about nine years ago, driving through Richmond park and stopping on the hill?"

"I remember perfectly," she agreed. "You sat on the grass with your head in a young woman's lap. I considered it at the time most shocking behavior."

"It was the way of the world in which I moved," he answered, "the way of the world in which Fate and your father kept me. It is not that I have a personal animus against Sir Henry. He was my employer in those days, and he only did what others did and are doing, but, none the less, the wealth he is so anxious that I should preserve for him has been built up on the bodies and the souls of hundreds such as I. Labor to him was labor, a weapon towards his end—some dead, inanimate thing, to be used as cheaply as possible and as effectively as could be. I had my brains picked week by week for your father's benefit. Those days are hard to forget, Miss Rathbone."

"I AM not a political economist," the girl said, "but you must surely understand that it was not my father who fixed the conditions. What he did, he did because others were doing it. It is not possible, Mr. Selwyn, that you bear him a real and personal grudge for those days?"

The young man looked out across the park, but he said nothing.

"It is the opportunity which makes the employer," the girl went on. "You yourself speak of starting great works. Will your men be better treated than my father treated you?"

"I intend to make some efforts, Miss Rathbone, in that direction," he remarked.

She looked down at her little patent-leather shoe and beat the ground impatiently for a moment or two.

"You are so enigmatic," she protested, softly. "Can't we



"I have just come to ask you to marry me," he said. "Well, if that isn't just like you," she answered.

understand one another, Mr. Selwyn? Please speak out and tell me what is in your mind."

He looked at her thoughtfully. She represented the last word in wealth and elegance and education. Her delightful carriage was the outcome of her healthy, untrammeled life. No trouble had ever dimmed her beautiful eyes or carved a single line upon her still girlish face.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "you and your father are both anxious to know my plans. It is better, perhaps, that I should tell you them. I will not admit that I have any personal feeling against your father. On the other hand, I hate, with a hatred which has been absolutely the mainspring of these recent years of my life, the means by which he made his wealth, the means by which he holds it. You have been very kind to me. Perhaps I have not deserved it. You beg for peace and I tell you that it must be war. I am here for that purpose and no other. Already the plans are out for my new factories. In two years' time—before, if your father is wise—he will close his doors. I shall find employment for his work-people, and I promise you that I shall find it on very different conditions to any that Messrs. Rathbone, Limited, ever offered."

She looked at him, suddenly pale to the lips.

"Is this final?" she whispered.

"It is final," he answered.

They were very nearly alone, and she leaned so closely towards him that her soft breath fell upon his neck.

"You are very hard, Mr. Selwyn. Could nothing—could nobody move you?"



She was offering herself to him—he knew that quite well.

"Nobody," he answered. "Not even the woman whom, in a few weeks' time, I hope to make my wife."

For a moment she neither moved nor spoke. Then she drew away and rose to her feet with a little shiver. Amongst

(Continued on page 112)



LUCILLE WALL appears here in answer to the prayers of many interested listeners who have often inquired for a picture of "that fascinating young woman who takes the part of the girl in dramatized stories heard during the Collier Hour on Sunday nights." Her pictures are rare. Imagine, so lovely and camera shy!



SENORITA MELVIDA BOYD, Panama, zoomed up from the tropics to take part in a beauty pageant at Miami some months ago. She was christened Miss Latin-America, and all Latin-America was listening in when she appeared at WQAM to voice her appreciation of the honors. Her welcome home was a national event.



AILEEN FEALY and PHYLLIDA ASHLEY appear here at the same piano, but when you hear them from KGO, Oakland, and KHQ, Spokane, they have a pair of pianos under their hands. Aileen and Phyllida understand the mike as well as their baby grands (or grandfather grands) so that gives listeners the full benefit.



ALMA PETERSON is esteemed one of the very best of Radio sopranos on the NBC Artist Bureau program. You may have heard her over the network on a Sunday afternoon. Her voice is peculiarly adaptable to the microphone, which faithfully transmits the youth, fire and spirit that sparkle from her eyes in this picture.



LOIS BENNETT is one of the bright new luminaries of the air, although she has been singing with great success in light operas on the stage and in concerts for several seasons. She was born in Texas, and gained her first Radio renown as the Quaker Girl.



IRMA DE BAUN is very well known to the Radio public as Peaches in the Evening in Paris program heard over the Columbia system every Monday night at 9:30 EST. She is gifted with an exquisite soprano voice as well as with clever dramatic ability. She makes the illusion so perfect that you feel you are really in Paris, en verite.



Fred H. Huntley is quite enthused over a new song and is telling his fellow Aerials of WMAQ, Frank H. Collins, bass; Paul Mallory, tenor; and Eugene Dressler, tenor, what he thinks about it.



Here he is, fans, th
is Walter Winche
who originated t
expression "ma
whoopee." He's o
of America's be
known columnis
and he airs h
Broadwayisms ov
the CBS system.



It takes a go
shoemaker to p
real sole in
ukelele so here
Earle Nelson, o
of the Dougl
Shoemakers
the Columb
chain, who c
put sole and
swift kick in h
half-pint guita



Oh, Mr. Jenkins, please hurry along the Radio, hear-see to make the evening at home perfect with these two lovely Hollywood ladies to please the eye and the ear. Miss Dorothy Lee (left) comes through RKO and Miss Cora Bird through KMTR.





Until the talkies came very, very few people were aware of the lovely voice Bebe Daniels had concealed about her person. Now she is hailed as a joy not only to picture fans but to Radio listeners who hear her in such broadcast extravaganzas as Rio Rita. And whatta HAT!



Big Brother Bob Emery at WEEI, Boston, always has a gang of little brothers and a sister or so to help him out on the programs for the children. Bet you didn't see the imp back there in the corner who slipped into the picture unobserved.



There's danger in their eyes, cherie. But you are safe if you sit down by the old set and tune 'em in when they are on KFWI, San Francisco — Oh, yes, they are the Nearing Sisters. Look cute, don't they?

Marian Hansen, 18, is a queen of the air in a double sense. She is a licensed aviatrix, and she broadcasts from KSTP, St. Paul. The listeners awarded her this loving cup.



Front and center comes now Mr. Edmund Cruse of Atlanta, Ill., who is heard at intervals from WMBD, Peoria. "Oha," says the belt, but that may be in reference to the glittering guitar with unique ventilation and cubistic lines. Mr. Cruse is an able instructor.





Cross section cut shows Dr. Cross' cross-cut saw sawing not the knot across the cross cut sawed log, but illustrating Dr. Cross' cross-cut of the news in the Log of the Day at KGO, Oakland, Calif. "Don't be cross," say Lon Protteau and Herb Sanford, "this is not a knotty knot nor as naughty a knot as it seems."



When Gus Gustafson and Mike Wrhm get together at the Andrews Hotel, Minneapolis, the whole world is going to know all the most sacred secrets of the Somebodies family. Gus glories in the title of the Town Gossip.



Mouthorgans, drums, jewsharps and now the BIG BASS VIOL have claimed the spotlight with the multiplied demands of broadcasting. Dainty Mary Brian whacks out a few deep zooms from this one at KNX to the evident surprise of Naylor Rogers.



Two new Hooters practicing up for their initiation into the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hoot Owls at KGW, Portland, Ore. Forrest Bere (left) and George Smith, sometimes known as the Village Blacksmith.



"Hello, Dad. Got here OK. See you next year." Perhaps that was the baby's message at KOMO when her mother, Mrs. Oliver D. Morris, came to send the news to her husband, cut off from all other communication on E-tip-ta Island in the Arctic.



Wouldn't you almost say that Ole is a heck of a name to hook onto a feller whose real name is Dick La Grand? This is the Ole and Girls Trio, Imelds Monagne (left) and Marjorie Brimley, NBC, Pacific Coast.



These are the pickin' Cotton Sisters—and you can hear them pickin' their nifty little ukes at WWNC, Asheville, N. C.



You've read some fine stories about Radio stars in Radio Digest by Peter Dixon—one was a nice little chat about Aline Berry. And here they are getting ready for the NBC broadcast of the Cub Reporter—they are Mr. and Mrs. Dixon now.

THIRTEEN and ONE

True to Savoy's Prediction Two Strange Men Arrive Out of the Night—Their Presence and Activities Further Complicate the Murder Mystery

By Jackson Gregory

***Illustrations by* Dudley Gloyne Summers**

A MOST unusual company of connoisseurs, adventurers and mystics had been summoned to Mainwaring Parks' gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were interested in precious stones. Paul Savoy, traveller and student of the *genus homo*, had been the first to arrive, followed closely by Captain Arthur Temple, world traveller, who had come with his military orderly.

Doctor Andregg, a sallow and saturnine guest, permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. Then there was Amos Laufer-Hirth, renowned jeweler, Herman Dicks, a famous detective who came with Mr. Parks, and Will Little who had come to look after the comfort of his employer, Laufer-Hirth. A mysterious East Indian, Mr. Nemo, was the last to make his appearance, accompanied by a servant. Savoy counted noses, and by including two Filipino servants found there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

In the early days of the great log house where this company had gathered in the dead of winter there had been a mysterious tragedy. The great opal, known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought there for the consideration of the builder of the house, Thraff Willcyzinski. That same night the jewel merchant and a foreigner who was with him were stabbed to death and the supposed Nonius opal, in a little wine-red silk covered case, disappeared. A little later Willcyzinski disappeared, a raving maniac.

Dicks apparently considered the story, as related by Parks at the dinner table, a fairy story. Savoy referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. Presently they came to the question of what had brought them together. Mr. Parks produced a purse which he said contained $1,000,000 in bills, stating that he was going to place it in the safe, at the same time inviting the guests to place their valuables in the same place. Soon the entire party retired to their rooms, by common consent deferring their discussion to the next day.

THIRTY minutes later there was a high, strangling cry, out of which only one word, "Murder!" could be distinguished. A hasty search by the guests resulted in the discovery of the bodies of Parks and Dicks. As Dr. Andregg stooped to examine the body of his host he picked up a bright object, putting it quickly in his pocket.

Just as they were about to search the house a dull explosion drew them all to the living room, where they found that the safe had been blown open. Again starting their search, they found that the two bodies had disappeared.

Discussing the situation with Laufer-Hirth, Savoy outlined something of his studies of mankind, and announced that he believed he could locate the Nonius opal. At his direction the jeweler searched on a table and discovered the gem.

At breakfast the next morning Captain Temple attacked Dr. Andregg, accusing him of the murder. He was interrupted by the appearance of Savoy, who pointed out that he was perhaps the most to be suspected, since he was not at all sure of his actions the previous night.

Once more Temple attacked Andregg, only to be thrown off the scent by Mr. Nemo, who, after a brief conversation with the doctor, vouched for his innocence. Savoy, after the others had left, questioned the Filipinos concerning a neighboring house, which Temple and his orderly explored.

Savoy, after another session with himself, appeared before the others announcing that he had the solution in an envelope, which he proceeded to nail to the ceiling. Asked if he could perform any other wonders, he predicted that within a short time two men would appear at the door and ask for Mr. Parks and Mr. Dicks.

Some four hours later there came a loud knocking at the door, and with the knocking a loud voice, shouting. "Shall we let it be Captain Temple who goes to the door?" cried Savoy, springing to his feet. "For here already, my dear captain, come our expected guests."

IV

CAPTAIN TEMPLE jerked the door open. Two men came surging in from the dark, scattering loose snow, followed and surrounded by flying snowflakes. They set down their snowshoes and began divesting themselves of their outer garments.

"Well?" Temple remarked curtly.

"Got lost," puffed one of them. "Saw your light and made for it."

"Ah!" said the captain, suspiciously. (Here was something in the way of an explanation already hinted at by that absurd Savoy.) And Temple added with a challenge in his voice "So you got lost, did you?"

Never had men passed under a sharper scrutiny than was the captain's now. Exactly as that eternally, colossally absurd Savoy had predicted of them one was stamped unmistakably by the cities, the other as being a man on whom the outdoors



At this moment Paul Savoy burst in on them, wild eyed, face white and haggard.

had in many a way and many a place set its undeniable seals.

In an altogether changed tone, brisk and business-like, the city man demanded: "This is the Mainwaring Parks' place, isn't it? You're not Mr. Parks? Perhaps I may make my explanations to him?"

"Unfortunately you cannot," said Temple, curt and watchful.

"Not in?" and a sharp tone sharpened still more: "Is a man named Dicks, Herman Dicks, here?"

Heads were shaken, some hastily, others in the manner of men wondering.

"Dicks isn't here, either?" sharper than ever, then ducked his head, considered briefly, and drew out a card and presented it to Savoy.

"My name's Gateway; my friend's is McIntosh."

SAVOY read the inscription on the card. Business-like and plain like him who had presented it. "Charles P. Gateway." Nothing further.

"Exactly," he smiled. "Mr. Gateway; Mr. McIntosh. You tell us everything—yet nothing."

"Something has happened here, hasn't it?" he said sharply. "And neither Parks nor Dicks is here to tell about it? Suppose you put a name to it!"

Savoy considered the long ash of his cigar.

"It's not exactly a pretty name," he said mildly.

"It's murder!" cried out Gateway. "Who? Parks or Dicks?"

"Both!" burst out Captain Temple.

"I'd like to know more about this and who you men are," he said.

"May I present them?" asked Savoy imperturbably. And one after the other he named them, introducing himself last.

"And it's murder?" he said the secondtime. "Double murder!"

Temple shrugged. "I think it's time you two explained yourselves!"

"Why not throw back your coat and show them?" said Savoy lightly.

"You seem to know a whole lot." And then with an abrupt gesture Gateway did what Savoy had requested, giving them a glimpse of the shining badge of his authority. "I'm Detective Charles P. Gateway. And I'm a friend of poor old Dicks—and I guess I'll take charge of things right now!"

There was a little gasp of satisfaction from Laufer-Hirth.

"When did this happen?" asked Gateway. And when he had his answer, "You've notified the authorities? San Francisco and the local officers?"

"The telephone line went down in the storm—"

"Ah, that accounts for— Show me the rooms where the happened."

GATEWAY, accompanied by Temple and Tom Blount, went out and up the stairs. Laufer-Hirth, quite ignoring McIntosh, turned astonished eyes on Savoy.

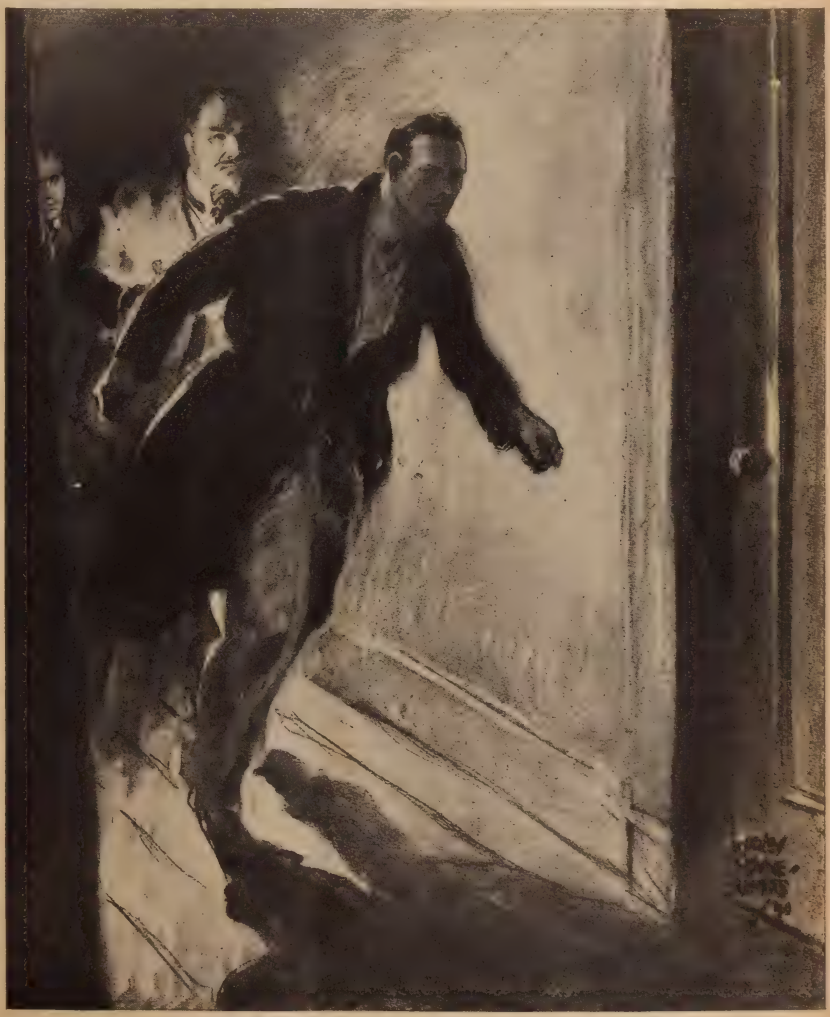
"How'd you know, Paul? And how much more do you know?"

Savoy returned to his chair, settled himself and answered indifferently.

"Just a guess, as I told you. A surmise, rather, based on a series of earlier surmises. We know well enough that Parks scented tragedy. Why did he bring Dicks along? Let's say that Dicks knew danger lay across the path he was treading. What more natural than that he would talk things over before leaving San Francisco with some friend and co-worker? Such a man as Gateway. What more likely than that he would arrange to keep in touch with him by telephone? And, finally, what more logical than that his friend, not hearing from him, should follow him here to lend a hand?"

"And—ah—and Mr. McIntosh?" demanded Laufer-Hirth.

"Mr. McIntosh, I am sure," returned Savoy, "could tell us how Mr. Gateway asked him to guide him on so difficult and, to Mr. Gateway, so novel a journey. That, I think, explains



"They ran on, following Savoy, Temple's candle streaming smokily."

... McIntosh quite naturally."

"Right you are," said McIntosh. "I happened to know this country, and seeing how keen-set he was, agreed to come along."

"It grows late," suggested Savoy. "How about bed?"

He went out with a general good-night, and they heard him going to his room. The last glimpse they had had of him was when in the doorway he had cocked a curious eye at his own secret paper nailed to the ceiling beam and directed a second meditative cloud of cigar smoke toward it.

THE others followed presently, leaving the big living room to stillness and a dying fire. And the three who had gone upstairs to the rooms vacated by Parks and Dicks had shown no haste in coming down again. Their voices were heard now and then in little lulls of the storm.

When at last they did come down, Gateway and Captain Temple were side by side, talking earnestly, done entirely with their initial bristling truculence. Evidently the captain had told the detective much that had happened; certainly he had made mention of Paul Savoy and of Savoy's envelope. For on the threshold Gateway's quick eyes went straight to it, and he said briefly:

"That's it, eh?"

"I've a notion Savoy's mad," cried Temple under his breath, yet sharply. "And I'm going to know what he's written."

Without more ado, Temple got up on the table and began yanking at the strips of wood nailed over the paper. Tom Blount handed him the fireside poker and he used it to pry the bits of box shook away.

The detective made no comment, but watched narrowly and stepped closer as Temple read the few lines. With a grunt, in which there was a note of smothered fury, the captain made a wad of the offending sheet and hurled it toward the fire.

"A cursed mountebank—"

Gateway, as quick as a cat, sprang forward and rescued the paper. He opened it carefully, smoothing it with very gentle fingers and read:

"Temple, his enormous curiosity rampant, investigates my inspired notes! A ludicrous incident, surely! Plainly, a rather knotty situation has embittered individual, stimulating animosity. Look inward. Vastly educational."

And that was all; all, rather, set down in Savoy's notes. But from Savoy himself came a soft, delighted chuckle. He was



at the door, looking in from the dim hall, a thin, tall form in a long red dressing gown.

"And you did investigate, didn't you?" he said pleasantly while Temple, still red-faced, choked on words. "Guessed right again, didn't I?—Good night, gentlemen."

And moving as softly as a ghost in his soft slippers he vanished down the hall.

A MOMENT later, Gateway stood up.

"I've got this case pretty well in hand. Inside thirty minutes or an hour, anyway, long before the household comes trooping in for morning coffee, I'll have this dirty mess cleaned up—and will be ready to go."

"You mean—Andregg?" demanded Temple.

"Andregg, without the least shadow of a doubt. I'm going to pounce on him now while he's asleep, and I'm going to have the truth out of him so quick it'll make his head swim."

"I don't see—"

"Of course you don't! But I do. That's my business, to see. And you will in a minute, if you care to stick around."

"Lead the way," said Temple, "and we'll follow."

They made little sound, only the sergeant's heavy shoes, in which he walked on his tip-toes, creaking dismally. Temple carried a candle and led the way. He turned from the main hall into a smaller, narrower hallway, and stopped before a closed door. Gateway stooped and put a professional eye to the keyhole, then listened a long while.

He withdrew eye and ear and noiselessly inserted a key in the lock. Slowly and noiselessly the door opened. Temple lifted his candle; the three peered into Andregg's room. Gateway stole forward. Captain Temple blew out the light. Once more in the room all was silence and dark.

Then the silence itself seemed to be set shivering under a slow harsh whisper. Gateway, on the crest of his melo-dramatic moment, was at the bedside now; his hissing whisper filtered terribly into Andregg's sleep-benumbed ears.

"Murder—murder—murder! Andregg! Andregg, murderer!" yelled Gateway.

Bedsprings creaked as the sleeper, abruptly disturbed, started up wildly. There was a sobbing gasp—a whisper again—a shriek of sheer terror.

THEN all of a sudden and without warning Andregg relaxed, and fell back against the pil-

(Continued on page 114)



"How does it happen that while we battered a door down you slept through it all?"

Pay Day in

Better You Like Them

By E. E.

"BLESSED are the poor, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," and at the same time not worry about what Jones is making in the way of salary nor the proper way to fill out all the blanks in an income tax return.

The peculiarity of the lead to this snooping article devoted to what the big shots are making from their Radio activities is accounted for



Countess Albani, NBC Star, in the "Going Up" Class.



Paul Oliver of Palmolive fame has golden voice.



James Melton, NBC, has high tenor voice.



Floyd Gibbons doesn't sing, but gets most money for his voice. (NBC).



Hugh Barrett Dobbs and his $250,000 smile. That's his pay for making Pacific Coasters get out of bed and exercise while he talks Shell oil. (NBC).

Radio Town

The More They Can Get

Plummer

by the difficulty the author had in digging up the facts of the matter.

It seems that the networks, both National and Columbia, are very secretive about the dollar marks surrounding their pet microphone blasters, and the main reason given out is that the temperamental satellites would simply lay down and quit on the job if it were announced inaccurately that Soprano Soandso made ten cents more per annum



Lovely Jessica Dragonette is worth her weight in gold as singer for NBC.



Jesse Crawford, "Royal's Poet of the Organ" draws a royal stipend, CBS.



Mary and Bob are doing well.





Will Rogers started out as a $10-a-month cow hand. His personality won him fame on the stage, then in the pictures, and now he is one of the highest paid Radio stars.

Figuring income tax on their $1,000,000.

Contralto Suchandthus. Other jealousies also abound.

On that account, then, I will apoligize in advance for my inaccuracies prevalent in this story. The figures are mostly heresay, listen, snoop and guess. Still, I've been given credit for being a very fair guesser. Just to reassure you, I'll promise that I'm not off more than one decimal point in any of the forthcoming statistics.

OUT of Peoria, Ill., and Richmond, Virginia, came two minstrels who four years ago started off Sam 'n' Henry on a meteoric career only to require a legal re-christening party two years later of the feature under the now internationally illustrious names of Amos 'n' Andy.

How much do they make? Well, a little bird whispered to me and said that Amos 'n' Andy would be paid by the NBC system a minimum of one hundred grand, Chicagoese for $100,000, the first year with Pepsodent.

That figure is quite accurate and represents only their microphone work. To it must be added an additional income of an indefinite amount for their theatrical appearances, royalties from phonograph records and books, syndicate (coming soon) rights and other miscellaneous small revenues. Lumping the second money-making group together, Correll and Gosden should realize close to $200,000 from these things this year.

But the crowning blow is their debut in the talkies. They have recently signed a "propolition" with R-K-O Radio Pictures to produce a film, "Check and Double Check," next August which is not to interfere with their nightly broadcasts and which, on the share basis agreed upon, should net the pair close to ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

Amos 'n' Andy are under the management of the NBC Artists Service, and that means that NBC will draw ten per cent commission on their broadcast, show, film and other engagements booked by the bureau. But still, what is ten per cent when a fellow is making $650,000? And that is what each member of the team should earn annually once the film revenue starts coming in. And five years ago they were anxious to broadcast just for the experience and without pay!

IN 1907 a Washington, D. C., lad took Horace Greely's advice, went West and North, found a seven-dollar-a-week job as a reporter on the Minneapolis Star, and shortly thereafter was fired for incompetency. His name was Floyd Gibbons, but that didn't help him in those days.

Gibbons got back into the newspaper business and made an outstanding name for himself, you all know, as war correspondent from the 1914 Battle of Naco, on the Arizona-Sonora front, on down through bullets and shrapnel shells at the rate of at least one war a year until 1929, when he met M. H. Aylesworth, NBC's chief executive, and decided to give up newspaper work for the microphone.

Now his income is said to be in excess of $5,000 a week, he is reported to employ eight secretaries—and, imagine their trying to take his dictation—he was recently clocked on the air talking at the rate of 217 words a minute. Incidentally, he is probably one of the few Radio stars to sport the croix de guerre, the Italian war cross, and be a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

HUGH BARRETT DOBBS, "Dobbsie" as he is known, five years ago had no other claim to fame than a highly varied career and a cousin by the name of Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero of the Merrimac sinking in Santiago Harbor during the Spanish-American War.

Born in 1885, like his cousin, Dobbsie also went to Annapolis, but his putting glue on the instructor's chair was not overlooked, so he changed schools to Johns Hopkins. At the Baltimore medical school Dobbsie studied to be a physical culture instructor, and was one for several years. Hopping about the country he also designed and built outdoor playgrounds; then turned surveyor in 1905, going to Alaska to help run a boundary between Canada; took a fling at the commercial side of motion pictures, came to San Francisco in 1924 and engaged in selling musical instruments, and in the Summer of 1925 walked into the studios of KPO and asked for an audition.

His voice registered and he was scheduled for a broadcast known as the Health Exercises period. He "clicked." He conceived the idea of staging mythical cruises to the ports of the weary, the shut-ins, the convalescents, and carrying to them cargoes of happiness and gloom chasers.

A Shell Oil executive heard and engaged him for the Pacific Coast NBC network. Over 1,000,000 letters from fans soon proved him the West's greatest mike personality. Last January the same Shell executive, E. H. Sanders, decided it was time to sew up Dobbsie, so he got his name on the dotted line beneath a contract which will net Mr. Dobbs over $250,000 during the next three years. Not bad!

SO FAR, you will note, the big stars mentioned were made by RADIO rather than the STAGE. That is interesting. But to vary the order a bit, let's talk about Will Rogers and Harry Lauder. The stage gets credit for their original successes.

Will Rogers was just a $10-a-month cow puncher on the 101 Ranch before he got to roping so well he was permitted to take the annual tour with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show.

It was the closing of the season one year in old Madison Square Garden, New York, when a freightened critter of a steer broke through the arena gate and headed for the massed crowd of women, children and men. In the dust-laden air a lariat snapped out, circled the beast and brought him to the ground. The rope was Rogers'.

He was New York's hero. Every night the crowd gave him an ovation. A vaudevile manager attended one night, heard the applause, and thinking it was for Rogers' skill, decided to sign him for a vaudevile act. Will was to receive $50 a week. The timidity of Rogers almost made the act a flop. The manager moaned.

Then one night Rogers entangled his feet in the rope. The audience chuckled. Will blushed and stewed. "I'd a heap rather have this rope aroun' my laigs than aroun' my neck," he cracked. The audience roared. That was Will Rogers' first extemporaneous comment, and from then on he fought his shyness, made more comments and soon became a famous vaudeville headliner. Magazine writing, a newspaper syndicate proposition and the movies followed.

About a year ago you could get him to officiate as toastmaster at a banquet for $5,000 and transportation (airplane). Up to recently he was on the air rarely. His Radio fee, according to several sources, for those "single shots" was around $12,000. Recently he began a thirteen-week contract with Squibb hour. The remuneration is in question, but consensus is that it is around $7,500 a week.

HARRY LAUDER was making records for the phonographs when they had big horns that hung from stands such as now support bird cages, so I really can't remember how this Scotch comedian and songster got started.

The only point I wish to make is that twice he has come to the States for farewell tours and taken back with him juicy fees for broadcasting. His rate seems to be $1,000 a minute. He was paid $15,000 for his first fifteen-minute program over a year ago and this year took home $30,000 for thirty minutes.

MARY AND BOB, whose Radio tours for stories have now been going on two years to the delight of millions of listeners, are also in the big money class. Their sponsors were very kind in giving me much information, except the amount each received weekly for their parts in True Story hour.

Let's guess. One informant who has no especial reason to know said he thought $75 a week each. I'm positive that is way below the mark. They must get $150 or more, but I'm guessing, too. Both Mary and Bob, however, add greatly to their incomes by theatrical and club work.

For example, they charge from $400 to $500 for appearing at a Radio show. They have a vaudeville act which is essentially a True Story Radio drama. This books for $2,000 a week.

"Mary," as you've probably already read in this magazine, is really Nora Sterling, twenty-two years old, born in Atlanta, Ga., and a sister of Alexa Sterling who was four times national women's golf champion. Nora attended schools here but finished off her education in Scotland.

"Bob" is William Brenton, twenty-three years old, a Princeton graduate and son of a clergyman. No, they aren't married.

By way of interest to those who tuned in the True Story radarios, in 1929 this program employed seven hundred Broadway actors and actresses of more or less renown. Some of these are paid as high as $1,000 a week in the theaters. The Radio salaries paid depend entirely upon the importance of the part assigned and the ability of the performer.

GRAHAM McNAMEE is a name to conjure with in broadcasting. Eight years ago he hadn't seen his first microphone. He studied singing and cultured his voice from boyhood on but when it came time to earn a living he became a wheat salesman for a firm in St. Paul, Minn.

Of course, he was keeping up his singing, but his voice needed more training in order to reach the top in his chosen career. Hence he went to New York. It is said his wife, herself an accomplished musician whom he had met on a concert engagement, was the person who urged him to get into Radio.

She probably had singing in mind. As it developed, however, WEAF employed him primarily as announcer because of his resonant baritone voice and, of course, his knowledge of musical selections.

The income wasn't much to start. Chain announcers even now are paid only about $75 a week to begin. But today—

McNamee charges $250 to announce a commercial program. He is reputed to earn more than $1,000 a week from Radio alone. He is sought after for concerts and as soloist at churches. Radio shows pay him well for appearances. In addition he is paid for the use of his name by the newspaper syndicate which prepares a weekly Radio column, "Graham McNamee Speaking." His latest revenue producer is in the capacity of announcer on a talkie news film release.

Phil Cook, Radio's Clown who is heard six mornings a week in songs and dialogue as the "Aunt Jemima Man" is another star who has cultivated the Midas touch.

(Continued on page 92)



Cast of the Henry and George One Minute Dramas. From left: Dave Elman, Harriet Lee, Brad Browne, Georgia Backus and Don Clark.

Henry and George Introduce

RADIO BLACKOUTS

Minute Dramas Born of Double Inspiration

By J. G. Gude

HENRY and George, the two theatrically minded bellhops now on a good will tour of the country, were created by the two people who fill their roles every Monday evening at 8 o'clock (EST) over the Columbia network. They are Don Clark, chief continuity writer for CBS, and Dave Elman, of the same department.

Like most famous characters of stage and air, Henry and George came into being through a curious combination of circumstances. Dave Elman had an inspiration one hot day last September for something new and different in the way of Radio entertainment. Now, if you've never seen a continuity writer with a new idea for a program, you've never seen anyone really worked up. When the idea hit Dave, he bit off the end of his pipe and swallowed it, and knocked over a chair and three people as he dashed for Don Clark's office.

"Don," yelled Dave, "I've got a new idea for—"

"Dave," said Don, "I was on my way in to see you. I just thought of a swell—"

"Now, hold on," begged Dave. "My idea is—"

"Yes, but listen," insisted Don. "This thing that I have in mind is—"

"RADIO BLACKOUTS," they yelled simultaneously.

THEY looked at each other for a second, each wondering whether his ears had deceived him, and then burst into laughter.

"Holy hat!" said Don. "One of us must be psychic."

"Yea, verily," assented Dave, "great Radio minds doth work on the same wave length."

And without more ado, our heroes sat themselves down, and together worked out a rough draft of the first Radio blackouts in the history of our fair land.

"Done," grunted Don, a little later. "There's a sustaining program scheduled to go on in about a half hour. Let's try 'em out on that."

"Swell," agreed Dave. "All we need is five people to take the parts."

"Oh, Lord," moaned Don, "I never thought of that. Come on, let's hunt for artists."

Followed a mad dash through studios and reception rooms until they came upon Georgia Backus, Harriet Lee and Ted Husing, just minding their business in a quiet corner on the twenty-second floor.

"Surround 'em, Dave," ordered Don. "Don't let 'em go."

"What, may I ask, is this?" demanded the jolly Husing. "A raid?"

"The heat," murmured Harriet, sympathetically.

"Stewed," said Georgia. "Don't pay any attention to them."

"Come on," said Don, "you're all going to work in a new script act."

"Yeah, but how about two more people," Dave reminded him.

"Never mind. No time," said Don. "You and I will have to take those parts."

AND that, children, is the story of how our heroes, whose business is writing continuity, became Radio entertainers. That they were successful in this new field of endeavor is evidenced by the fact that they are still doing Radio blackouts.

In the case of Dave Elman, ability as an actor was no surprise, for before going into Radio Dave was an "old stager" if ever there was one. His histrionic career includes experience in about every line of theatricals one can name—vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy, tent and traveling medicine shows, and even show boats. Don Clark confesses to two weeks' experience in a Broadway show—name unknown.

But to get on with the story: Just about the time Don and Dave were trying out their new idea, the Consolidated Cigar company was looking for a comedy team for a new program that was to feature its product, the Henry George 5c cigar. The plan, of course, was to make the tie-up by naming this team Henry and George. Fourteen comedy teams, including some of the best known in New York, had been tried—and found wanting.

"Why," says Mr. Clark to Mr. Elman, "couldn't this new and wonderful idea for Radio entertainment be adapted to meet the demands of this client?"

"I'm esking you," says Mr. Elman to Mr. Clark, "why not?" And they forthwith betook themselves to the sales department and formally presented themselves as the answer to the Consolidated Cigar company's prayer.

Skeptical, but ever willing to cooperate, Columbia sales boys invited the client's representatives to an audition. In the meantime Don and Dave got to work on the task of applying the idea of Radio blackouts to the requirements of the Consolidated Cigar company.

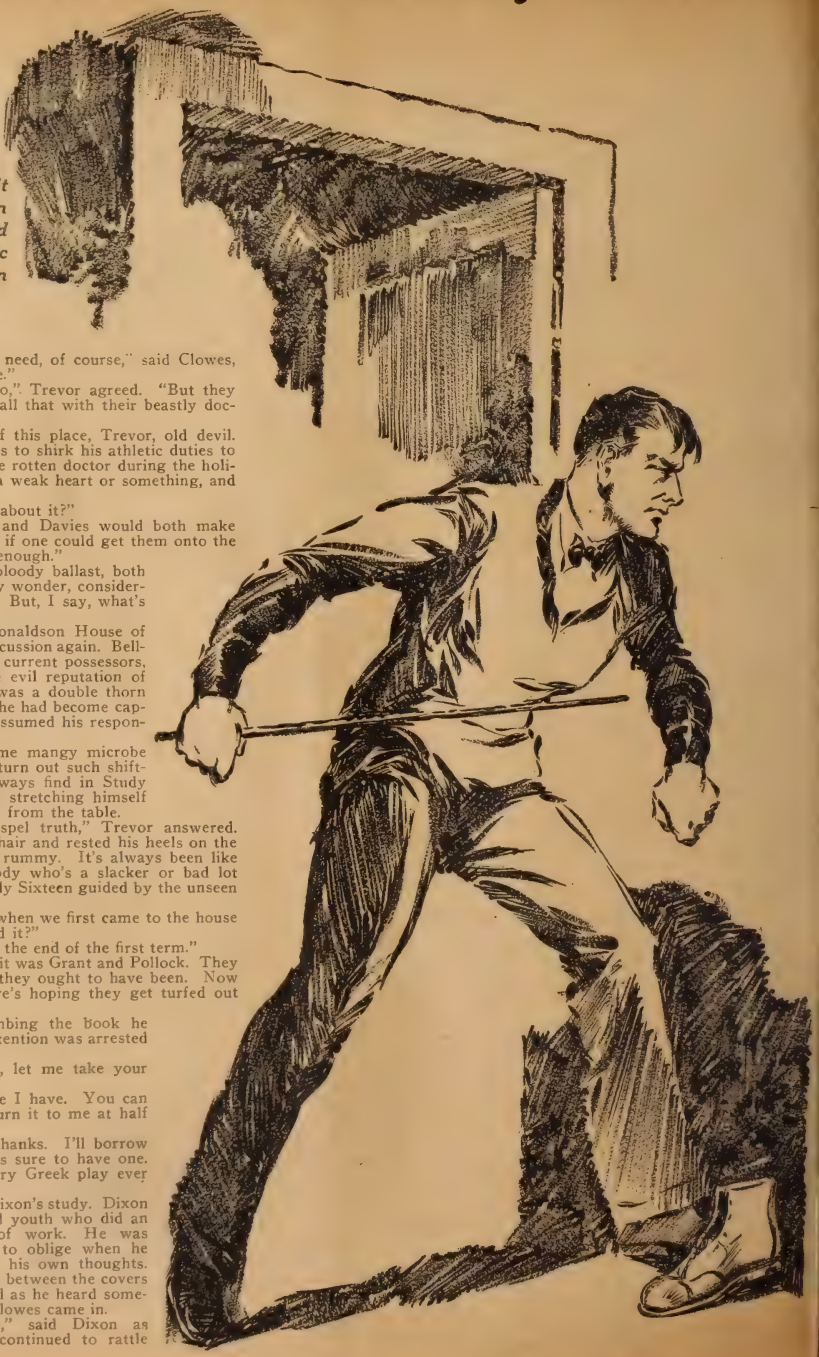
IT HAD already been tentatively decided by the client that the characters, Henry and George, should be bellhops. A Chicago hotel was decided upon as the locale. Now, how about the other characters that would be necessary to these one-minute dramas? The girl in charge of the cigar counter, of course. She would be called Maizie, and be played by Harriet Lee.

But another female part would be essential. Why not the

(Continued on page 104)

The Reformation of Study Sixteen

Young America has accepted P. G. Wodehouse as one of the most popular fiction writers of the day. This is a bit from old Wrykyn and presents a vivid glimpse of public school life in England.



"WHAT they need, of course," said Clowes, "is exercise."

"Right ho," Trevor agreed. "But they get out of all that with their beastly doctor's certificate."

"That's the worst of this place, Trevor, old devil. Any slacker who wants to shirk his athletic duties to the house goes to some rotten doctor during the holidays, swears he's got a weak heart or something, and you can't get him."

"What's to be done about it?"

"I swear Bellwood and Davies would both make good enough forwards if one could get them onto the field. They're heavy enough."

"Fairly bulge with bloody ballast, both of them. And is it any wonder, considering the way they eat! But, I say, what's to be done about it?"

Study Sixteen at Donaldson House of Wrykyn was under discussion again. Bellwood and Davies, the current possessors, had not improved the evil reputation of the room. This fact was a double thorn in Trevor's side since he had become captain of football. He assumed his responsibilities seriously.

"There must be some mangy microbe infesting the place to turn out such shiftless fellows as you always find in Study Sixteen," said Clowes, stretching himself and picking up a book from the table.

"A mouthful of gospel truth," Trevor answered. He leaned back in a chair and rested his heels on the desk. "It's positively rummy. It's always been like that. I believe anybody who's a slacker or bad lot naturally drifts to Study Sixteen guided by the unseen hand of fate."

"Do you remember when we first came to the house Blencoe and Jones had it?"

"They got sacked at the end of the first term."

"Yes, and after that it was Grant and Pollock. They didn't get sacked, but they ought to have been. Now it's these two and here's hoping they get turfed out without further ado."

Clowes began thumbing the book he had picked up. His attention was arrested by the contents.

"Oh, I say, Trevor, let me take your Agamemnon."

"That's the only one I have. You can take it if you will return it to me at half past nine sharp."

"No, it's all right, thanks. I'll borrow one from Dixon. He's sure to have one. I believe he's got every Greek play ever written."

Clowes went off to Dixon's study. Dixon was a mild, spectacled youth who did an astonishing amount of work. He was nervous and anxious to oblige when he was not in a haze of his own thoughts. He lifted his face from between the covers of a book and frowned as he heard someone rattle his door. Clowes came in.

"It's rather shaky," said Dixon as Clowes entered and continued to rattle

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrations by **Winston Haberer**

the door on its hinges.

"Wobbly, I should say," said Clowes, "what have you been doing to it?"

"Some fellows have been running against it."

"Indeed! Running against it? And what did you do?"

"I—er—well, the fact is, I didn't do anything. You see, it was an accident. They told me themselves that it was."

"It only happened once then? Must have been a good strong chap to rush a door off its hinges at one shot."

"No. They stumbled against it rather often."

"Stumbled is good," said Clowes. "I suppose they didn't say how they came to stumble? Who are the unlucky trippers?"

"Well, I don't know that I ought to say, but I suppose it will be all right. They were Davies and Bellwood."

"So I should have thought," said Clowes. "How do you find that sort of thing affects your work?"

"I must confess," Dixon replied, nervously twisting a pencil between his fingers and nibbling at the end of it, "I do find it a little hard to concentrate myself when I am constantly interrupted by bangs on the door."

"So should I." Clowes tested the door on its hinges again.

"You see how it is," said Dixon. "I wonder what could be done about it."

"Now, why did you ask that particular question, old man?"

"I'm sure, I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"It strikes me the question seems to be getting to a point where it requires a definite answer. By the way, I popped in just to see whether you would mind lending me your Agamemnon?"

"Oh, certainly, I'll be more than glad to. Splendid play, isn't it?"

"Not bad. I prefer 'Charlie's Aunt' myself. Matter of taste, though. Thanks. I'll return it before I go to bed."

And he went back to his own study.

IT WAS in the afternoons, after school, that Bellwood and his companion Davies found time hang so heavily on their hands. To lounge in one's study and about the passages was pleasant for a while, but it was apt to pall in time, and then it was difficult to know how to fill in the hours.

On the afternoon following Clowes' conversation with Dixon, Bellwood found things particularly slow. In ordinary circumstances he and Davies would have been at the school shop eating a heavy, crumpety tea. But today an unfortunate passage of arms with his form-master had led to that youth's detention after school; and he was not yet out. Bellwood was one of those people who do not like to tea alone.

Besides, it was Davies' turn to pay; and to go and have a meal at his own expense would have been so much dead loss.

So Bellwood haunted the house, feeling very much out of humor.

After wandering up and down the passage a few times and reading all the notices on the house notice board, it occurred to him that the half hour before the return of Davies might be well



. . . the door opened . . . "Oh, I say, sorry," gasped Bellwood. "What the blazes are you playing at?" snapped Trevor.

spent by ragging Dixon. It was for the purpose of keeping their betters from becoming dull that people like Dixon were put into the world; and Dixon would in all probability be working—which would add a spice to the amusement.

He collected half-a-dozen football boots from the senior day-room. The rule of the house being that football boots were not to be brought into that room, there was always a generous supply there. Then he lounged off to Dixon's room.

The door, as he had expected, was closed. He took a boot and flung it with accurate aim at one of the panels. There was a loud bang, and he grinned as he heard a chair pushed back inside the study and somebody jump up. Dixon was in.

(Continued on page 98)

Cugat Presents Review of



It took ten years for that champion of all barber shop rhapsodies, Sweet Adeline, to become a national hit. The melody was written some thirty years ago by Harry Armstrong, delineated by Senor Cugat at the left. The lyrics were by Richard H. Gerard. They first intended to call it Sweet Rasalie. Armstrong was glad to get $1,000 for his interest when it appeared the song was a flop. Gerard held on until he got $2,200. When it did go it spread like the Maine Stein Song, after its long obscurity. Armstrong sang his creation over a national hookup recently and related these facts.

A caricaturist hesitates to apply his art in depicting feminine celebrities, so many are violently unappreciative of his efforts. But there are exceptions and Cugat presents at the right the high-speed motoring soprano Miss Muriel Wilson of the National Light Opera company. Broadcasting is just one of her many activities. Swimming, riding, golf and her peppy coupe provide an outlet for exuberent spirits. Ralph Powers says, "She loves scallops. Well, who wouldn't be a scallop for Lady Muriel anyway!"

Today's Radio Headliners



Spanish don kidnaps our dainty Lillian Roth from Fair of the Air for caricature! Her career: Born Boston 1910. Fort Lee kid pictures 1916. Vaudeville star 1925. Florenz Ziegfeld lead 1928. Paramount Talking Pictures 1929. Radio star 1930.

Dale Wimbrow is mentioned elsewhere in this volume as one of the favorite thrum and hummers of the day. Doc Powers predicts he'll soon give the world a new croonsong called Radio Rube.

"What mus' I do? Awa!" "Yo' don' has to do nothin', Amos, da cir—carlicularis — he's de one what has to do things." "Well I be doggone! Look heah, Andy, what he done to us!"

LOYALTY OF FANS IS



"Hello, World," W. K. Henderson speaking, is at the left; just below is Irish and His Uke, next door to Mrs. McChesney.





Friends of KFKB Roll Up Quarter Cup to Their Favorite Post Letters Received Lauding

By Donald

"THIS is the World's Most Popular Station, KFKB, at Milford, Kansas," is the announcement that Dr. J. R. Brinkley's 5,000-watt broadcaster has been privileged to make since the results of the Radio Digest Gold Cup contest to determine the World's Most Popular Station were announced last month. Listeners rallied to the support of KFKB with splendid loyalty, piling up more than a quarter of a million votes for their favorite, thus bringing to Milford a truly enviable honor and recognition as the one broadcasting station on the North American continent boasting, perhaps, not the largest audience, but certainly by great odds the most loyal—listeners willing and eager to get out and fight for the honor and success of their favorite.

Many other stations besides the Gold Cup winning KFKB and the Silver Cup winners in the six geographical divisions of the continent may be truly proud of the loyalty of their friends of the air. Literally thousands of letters were received by the Contest Editor from listeners, lauding the merits of their favorites.

The number of individuals casting ballots for WENR exceeded by a large majority those voting for any other station, even the Gold Cup winner. Their support, however, was in the shape of single coupons, but little advantage being taken of bonuses allowed for groups of consecutively numbered votes, and for subscriptions. Consequently when all of these bonuses had been allowed those stations whose friends had been out working hard for their choice were up

Right, A. A. Murphy, CFQC; below, Rosebud Kids, WNAX.









One of the most popular programs, The Sunshine Coffee Kids of WNAX make a nice looking couple. At the right the young gent in his shirt sleeves is Roy Faulkner, one of the KFKB staff.







At the left is Jimmy Weldon, engineer and announcer, KFKB; above is the justly famed studio orchestra of CFQC, while at the right is a typical scene taken of a visiting crowd at Henry Fields KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa.

A REAL INSPIRATION

of a Million Votes to Give Gold of Listening; Thousands of Merits of Broadcasters

Burchard

Gold Cup Winners

FINAL returns in the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest show that Station KFKB at Milford, Kansas, is the winner of the trophy by a large majority, polling 256,827 votes. Winners of Silver Cups in the six geographical divisions of the continent, and the title of Most Popular Station in their respective Districts, are shown at the left in the table below. At the right are shown first seven stations, in the order of votes received and with no reference to their location.

Gold Cup—KFKB	256,827	KFKB	256,827
East—WJZ	4,210	KFOX	64,557
South—KWKH	19,514	KFNF	46,556
Middle West—KFNF	46,556	WENR	24,711
West—WNAX	17,031	KWKH	19,514
Far West—KFOX	64,557	WNAX	17,031
Canada—CFQC	3,842	WLS	14,872

in the win column while WENR, although registering a larger listening audience, had to be satisfied with second place in the Middle West, and fourth place in the national standings.

Another station, WLS, which polled a large vote from

Hal Nichols, right, is the big boss out at KFOX. Below, Brown of KFKB.







Right, in diamond, Howard Wilson, secretary-treasurer of KFKB.



Above is Chan Gurney, known to everyone in the West who tunes in on WNAX.





Little John Brinkley of KFKB. Anna Case, WJZ pioneer.





Uncle Dutch and his Gang.

Below are a few of Henry Field's guests having a big time while visiting the station. This is one of Henry's stunts to entertain his friends.



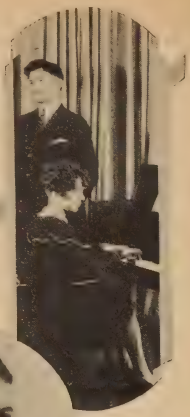




Above, Steve Love's popular band, or rather his bandsmen, from KFKB. At the right is the always smiling Dee D. Denver, KFKB announcer.



Major J. Andrew White, left, first famous sports announcer.





J. Chandler Gurney, manager of WNAX, twice winner of Radio Digest popularity contests. Herbert Tempko and Hazel "Tilly" Olson in panel.





Dutch, the Boy Blues Singer, KFKB.





In the champion KFOX Group of Long Beach, Calif., we find these cup winning entertainers: The Sunset Harmony Boys, guitar trio, and Miss Doris Dolan, staff pianist, below. McCree Sisters, KFKB.

individual listeners, was "out of the money" and registers in seventh position in the order of ballots cast. Here again the greatest response was in single votes, but few extra bonuses being recorded.

As was explained in announcing this Gold Cup Contest, it was not necessarily the station with the largest audience, but rather the one with the stanchest friends that would win the title of the World's Most Popular Station. Doctor Brinkley's KFKB, on the strength of its whole-hearted reception by its listeners, and the enthusiastic work done by its friends throughout its listening territory, is richly deserving of the designation of World's Most Popular.

ASKED to explain to what they attributed the tremendous popularity of KFKB even in competition with larger stations, station directors declared that "KFKB has a personality, a Soul, if you please." J. R. Brinkley, M. D., founded KFKB in 1923, "just as a novelty." His primary object was to entertain patients in his hospital at Milford, Kansas, and to teach these patients prevention of disease while they were convalescing.

The doctor spent considerable time listening to other broadcasters during the early days of his own station, determining just what policy would be best for him to follow. At first the chains seemed to be the thing, but individuality seemed to the doctor more desirable. During this time KFKB was on 1,250 kilocycles with twelve other stations, so he waited for the reallocation of November 11, 1928, before adopting a program policy.

By the time the new allocation came his policy was very nearly worked out and ready for adoption: "Humanize" KFKB, give it a personality, make it different. Regardless of revenue, certain policies were adopted to do and die by.

First: No price quotations whatsoever. The doctor said: "I own the station. I have a hospital here. I will not ask people to come to my hospital, and if I will not ask for patients, my advertisers shall not make pleas to purchase.

Second: "No records shall be played. Records are cheap, but full time talent is far more valuable than its great initial outlay.

Third: "The station shall never become an advertising or selling medium. No merchandising shall be conducted from it.

Fourth: "The station shall never be used for controversies, but all organizations shall be permitted a hearing, regardless of creed or beliefs. The station shall be an open forum.

Fifth: "KFKB shall not be a chain station unless the listeners demand it. A recent poll showed that they did not.

Sixth: "The station shall be kept clean, so that none shall be offended. No suggestive language or risque music shall be permitted. The programs shall all be of such a nature as to be welcomed in every home."

AFTER a policy of "dont's" was worked out, it was easy to find a program of "wills" and the first was SERVICE. Under "Service" we find the following to be a few of the outstanding features and policies of KFKB:

Religious: Regular Sunday services by various denominations, all being welcome. Also week-day services.

Fraternal: There being many fraternal organizations of outstanding merit, a certain amount of time was allotted to fraternalism.

Educational: It was determined to offer a comprehensive course in French, so a Count and Countess were induced to come to Milford. In addition the "Tell Me a Story Lady" hour was financed and immediately proved its popularity.

Agricultural: Since KFKB is located in a predominantly farming area it was natural that this subject should receive serious consideration. All market quotations are given, with the usual weather reports, conditions of roads and so forth.

Health: This was the big problem. Having an excellent staff of trained medical workers in connection with his hospital it seemed to Doctor Brinkley that he was in a position to give real service. The Medical Question Box was inaugurated. Letters poured in and thousands have been given practical advice and help in their problems of health. Soon the Cooperating Druggists' association was organized to handle the Doctor's prescriptions. The Doctor writes prescriptions and puts numbers on them. Diagnosing individual cases from letters received, he instructs his "air patients" to ask for such and such a numbered prescription at his druggists. This plan met with such success that Doctor Brinkley now receives about 3,000 letters per day. This service is free to druggist and the public.

Service: A short time ago an effort was made to have KFKB's license canceled. Tens of thousands of letters poured into the offices of the federal Radio commission protesting any such action. Such was the appreciation of the listening public for the service rendered by Dr. J. R. Brinkley.

Entertainment: Doctor Brinkley believed that the public liked a little of nearly everything, but not too much of anything. Stanley's orchestra of eleven pieces has been playing popular music since the fall of 1927. Arthur Pizzinger has an orchestra rendering the classics and semi-classics. Novelties are offered by the McCree Sisters, while Uncle Bob and

his fiddle and Uncle Sam and his Old Time orchestra have been hits since the early days. Other popular entertainers and announcers too numerous to mention in detail are: Dutch and Irish; Evans Brown; Albert Fenoglio; James Weldon; Dee D. Denver, and Doctor Brinkley himself.

Doctor and Mrs. Brinkley are the proud parents of an only son, John Richard the third, named after his father and grandfather. The Brinkley family is one of doctors, as that of Mrs. Brinkley. The family group consists of the Doctor's pets, his wife, boy and faithful dog Prince, now nearing old age in dogdom.

"Good Old WJZ"—East's Favorite

MANY years ago a Radio listener coined the phrase "Good Old WJZ." The phrase is fitting, for WJZ, voted by listeners the East's Most Popular Station, is one of the oldest stations in the country, and the oldest on the Atlantic seaboard. It will be entitled to nine candles on its birthday cake when its anniversary date rolls around October 7. The "good" part of the phrase is testified to by the Radio listeners who have selected WJZ as the most popular broadcaster in the East.

September 9, 1921, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company was granted a license to operate a broadcasting station in Newark. After the 500-watt transmitter was installed an old cloak room was swept out and converted into a studio. Old rugs were used as wall drapes, a piano was rented and there was an old-fashioned phonograph with a large horn. A few discarded chairs, a table and WJZ was ready to go on the air October 7, 1921. Thomas J. Cowan, none other than the Tommy Cowan of WNYC, threw the switch that put the new station on the air. There were only four people in the organization, which was headed by the late Charles B. Poponoe. Cowan was announcer, master of ceremonies, artists' contact, program supervisor and general utility man. No funds were available for talent and Cowan had to talk them into making the trip to Newark to broadcast.

But WJZ went on the air with programs of one sort or another, and people began to write letters. The organization expanded. Bertha Brainard came to work as assistant to Mr. Poponoe. Today she is eastern program manager of the National Broadcasting company and one of the outstanding executives of Radio. Cowan discovered a singer named Milton J. Cross and induced him to sing for the then small Radio audience. Cross became interested in the new business and when there was an opening for a second announcer he got the job.

Broadcasting grew and WJZ's quarters became cramped. In the spring of 1923 they moved to the old Aeolian hall, staying there until September, 1927, a year after its operation was transferred to the newly formed National Broadcasting company, where it shares with WEAF.

Before moving to Aeolian hall WJZ's staff accomplished many things. In the summer of 1922 a broadcast of the New York Philharmonic was successfully engineered and the same year a program from the stage of the Capitol theatre was put on the air. June 7, 1923, was another red letter day in the station's history, when WJZ became one of the four transmitters on one of the first networks. The broadcast was in connection with an annual meeting of the National Electric Light association, and Anna Case was featured as soloist.

THE first broadcast from an airplane came the following summer. In 1925 2LO in London was picked up and rebroadcast. Engineers now admit that the quality was terrible, but it was a big event in the early days of Radio.

In 1924 and 1925 Radio personalities began to develop. Previously WJZ's announcers had been identified by letters. In 1925 there were identified with the station such widely known celebrities as the late John B. Daniel, Andy Sannella, Keith McLeod, Ted Husing, Major Andrew White, Ed Smalle and Godfrey Ludlow.

In November, 1925, the WJZ transmitter was moved to New Jersey and the old 500-watt plant went by the board. With the new power plant of 50,000 watts WJZ became the first regular super-power transmitter. In the meantime the quality of programs had been steadily improving. The Democratic convention had been put on the air, the inauguration of President Coolidge was described to Radio listeners, and many international celebrities had appeared before WJZ microphones. Sponsored broadcasts improved steadily, and more and more money was available for talent. Network broadcasting became an accepted fact.

Then came the organization of the National Broadcasting company, and as a result WJZ, which has been taken over by the Radio Corporation of America when the station was moved from Newark to New York, and WEAF, formerly operated by the A. T. and T., were put under the NBC banner and became the key stations of coast-to-coast networks. Though identified as an NBC station from then on, WJZ kept its own personality and to millions of listeners it still is "good old WJZ."

(Continued on page 105)

John Sloan, below, Scotch tenor at WNAX.





Milton J. Cross, above, winner of diction award and long identified favorably with WJZ winner.



Stan Clifton, chief announcer and program director CFQC.



Dr. and Mrs. Brinkley, their son and Prince, who brought the gold cup to KFKB.







Bertha Brainard, oval, eastern program director of NBC, whose intelligent supervision had much to do with WJZ success. Anna Maud Morath, small panel, character comedienne at KFOX.

Albert Fenoglio, one reason why KFKB won Gold Cup.

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By JEAN CAMPBELL

LUCILLE HUSTING is a little girl who pursued success into young womanhood, then felt it turn to ashes in her mouth. And yet she had the courage to carve a new career from the wreck of the old. Gene Mulholland, her close confidant, is responsible for this story, which shows the rare characteristics of Lucille Husting, NBC's dramatic actress, as she is known to a few long time intimates.

* * *

The tallow candles sputtered on the floor. They dripped grease on the rug. Some of it flowed to the polished floor.

These candles separated a five-year-old girl from a critical audience of dolls. There were rag dolls, china dolls, dolls with real hair and dolls that cried "mamma" and "papa," and two that closed their eyes and went to sleep even while they sat there arranged in that semi-circle which was an imitation "parquet," of this little parlor theatre, the first to witness Lucille in performance of her "art."

On the other side of the candles was an over-stuffed sofa. And on this sofa Lucille was "acting." Back and forth from it she pranced, and then she used it as her stage and pranced back and forth upon it. Her hands were clasped dramatically. She was reciting all that she could remember of a play that she had seen and heard the week previous. The mud from her shoes slowly began to show itself in great smears on the cherished and otherwise spotless couch.

Lucille did not hear the front door open, she was too far lost in her dramatic playing. She did not see her mother's horrified expression as the latter took in the scene before her. She did, however, hear her mother's very dramatic gasp of dismay, and feel the grasp of the hand that caught her by the shoulders and, yanking her from the now damaged silken couch, did other things, only to be guessed. Poor Lucille!

Half an hour later, after the grease from the candle "footlights" had been cleared away and the sofa brushed, the rug sponged and chairs dusted, she listened resentfully while her father was given an account of what had happened.

"We'd best not take her to any more shows; our Lucille must not grow up to be an actress," the mother told R. M. Husting, circulation manager of a Mayville, N. D., daily.

* * *

Ten years later Mrs. Husting sat in the auditorium of the Fargo, N. D., high school and saw a committee of judges award Lucille first prize in an oratorical contest.

No mother was ever more proud than she when the daughter went on to win the inter-state finals in a declamation contest. The gold medal was taken home and proudly displayed.

For "Lucille doesn't want to be an actress any more. She has decided to teach school."

LUCILLE still retained her interest in the theatre. Her father's position as circulation manager of the Fargo Forum enabled her to see every play that came to town. And she was in constant demand to play leads in every home-talent production. Usually she directed them and was a final voice in the selection of others in the cast.



Joe White

This had been true almost since the Husting family moved to Fargo and Mayville when Lucille was six. Shortly after her North Dakota debut the little girl made her first public appearance. The play was one sponsored by a Fargo organization, and the acting of little Lucille was considered by local critics as one of the bright spots of the piece.

* * *

William Hodge, the actor, sat in his dressing room backstage of a Boston theatre. He smiled as he read a letter, and turned around thoughtfully.

"Please call a Miss Lucille Husting at Emerson college and tell her to call here tomorrow at five," he asked his secretary.

Thus did Miss Husting make her first visit into that magic land, that realm of mystic charm and enchantment, "backstage."

Timid and hesitant she came. Stumbling over electric wiring, heavy curtain ropes and carelessly dropped "props," and bumping into scenery, she groped her way to the actor's dressing room.

Romance, she thought, was in the very air she breathed. To be able to work back here was to be able to live life to its fullest extent.

Ushered into the presence of the actor she had summoned the courage to meet, she found him all that her dreams had told her he would be, kindly, sympathetic and helpful.

"ACTING, to those on this side of the footlights is little like many of those on the other side imagine it to be," he told her. "It is composed primarily of work, the hardest and most exacting type of labor there is.

"The reward of self-satisfaction and fulfillment of ambition is large, and in many instances the financial returns are ample. But I wouldn't advise you to become an actress unless you are sure your heart is set upon it. If such be the case, I am willing to help you. For, if you apply the same perseverance to your chosen calling as you did to seeing me, I know you will be a success. And the great actor was sincere."

With these words ringing in her ears, Miss Husting returned to her studies. She studied so hard that she finished her four-year course in three years. Then she began scheming to get on the stage.

A letter to Crawford Pepper, president of the Redpath chautauqua, resulted in an interview. The interview resulted in an engagement in "It Pays to Advertise." A sales talk to her mother, pointing out the educational angle of the production, and explaining that it really "wasn't theatrical," resulted in permission to play the engagement.

Three months of being a French maid through the New England states, and Lucille Husting had convinced her mother that being an actress wasn't so terrible after all.

When the season ended she secured an engagement with the Bainbridge players at the Shubert theatre in Minneapolis. Two years with this stock company, playing everything from little girls to grandmothers, and the young actress was ready for Broadway.



Here is another, and unusually attractive picture of the girl on this month's cover, Rosaline Greene. Rosaline is a teacher, author and dramatist as well as a Radio luminary. Jean Campbell has an awfully interesting story to tell you about her.

During this period she had kept in touch with Hodge, and when she came to New York he was expecting her. He had nothing in his company for her, but introduced her to Walker Whiteside, who gave her a part in "The Hindoo." Two coast-to-coast tours followed with this great actor, in that play and in "Mr. Wu." Those tours almost convinced her she had made a mistake, almost made her think she should have become a teacher.

Outstanding in her memory of that time is the kindness of Whiteside, long cold train rides, theatres where huge rats ran across the stage while the play was going on, and of theatres so cold that her breath fogged as she talked.

"The audience always laughed when they saw my breath in the warm Chinese setting in which the play was laid," she recalls.

FOLLOWING this experience in 1924, Miss Husting played Broadway with Hodge in "For All of Us," later going to Chicago and Boston with the same company. That experience, she thinks, was the most enjoyable of her entire theatrical career.

A season at the Belasco theatre in New York with Nance O'Neil in "Stronger Than Love," and Miss Husting was ready for her Radio debut in 1927.

"Once I had faced the microphone, I knew that my stage work had ended. The glamour of being an actress vanished like mist before the sun. Only Radio held any appeal for me."

* * *

Miss Husting worked around the station through which she made her initial microphone appearance for two years. She was made assistant to the manager, and did everything from booking talent to hearing auditions and singing solos. Then came an opportunity to work with the late Colonel C. T. Davis in Collier's Hour. That was before the NBC was formed. But broadcasting was already becoming the established and business-like profession it is today and the young actress found that her air engagements more than filled her time.

The longer she worked before the microphone, with its demands for a new technique and exacting voice requirements, the more convinced she became that stage work was to be her lot no more.

"And now I don't even go to the theatre any more, except as the tired business man does. Just an occasional musical show. The rest of my spare time I spend at home listening to the Radio," the girl who realized her ambition to become a stage favorite declares.

* * *

Miss Husting still "lives in Fargo." There she keeps her automobile, her favorite Radio receiver and her circle of school day friends. There she kept her two Scotch terrier puppies until they died of over-eating during one of her frequent visits.

It is in Fargo that she dances to her heart's content.

And it is from Fargo and the mother who once was horrified at her ambitions to act that she expects the real criticism of her Radio roles. "Believe me, it isn't always pleasant criticism, either. Mother always listens to the Radio Guild plays, Empire Builders and Penrod.

"Mother thinks she knows more about acting now than I do, and doesn't hesitate a moment to offer advice on how a role should have been played," the girl says.

* * *

JOE WHITE, sometimes more familiarly recalled as the Silver Masked tenor of NBC, has a "jinx song". Just this one song, beloved and requested by many of his admirers, he will never sing again. And Joe says: "Ordinarily, I'm not superstitious, but dire things did happen to me every time I sang that song." Strangely, his "jinx song" is Ethelbert Nevin's My Rosary, and an old favorite with Joe, as with us all. But here's the story.

Four times in his life has the Silver Masked tenor sung My Rosary, and each time with disastrous results.

The first time was long before his Radio warblings for NBC networks began. He was without fame then, as just plain Joe White, a tow-headed little youngster playing with his pet goat in the back yard of the White's New Jersey homestead. The goat was, also, just a baby, and little Joe hugged it tightly in his arms as he sang with tearful feeling the song he had heard his mother sing, My Rosary.

His proud old Irish grandmother overheard this effort, and beckoned his parents to listen and watch. "That child is a born singer," said grandma White. "We must put him in the boy's church choir right away." They did. But little Joe was sorry for singing the Rosary that first time, for it meant choir prac-

(Continued on page 118)

Early American For BOY'S ROOM

STURDY, Colorful Things Should Be Used in Furnishing New Quarters for Growing Youth

By Ethel Lewis
Home Interior Authority, WOR

NOT long ago I received a letter from a woman who said that each morning when I was talking over the Radio she sat in her rocking chair near the window, and near the loud speaker. As I described different rooms or suggested improvements which might be made in any room she would look about her and see the direct application of what I was saying. Now that seems to me the very best way to get real help out of a Radio talk on interior decoration. Of course, there will be times when the subject has no direct interest for you, but nearly always there is some part of it which can be applied to your particular case.

The woman who sat in her rocking chair and listened was interested in one particular question and it seemed that I never quite answered it, so she sat down and wrote to me. She described the room in detail and, therefore, I was able to give her real help. Unfortunately, I have many letters that say "send me advice on interior decoration." They give me no idea of how they live, one room or twenty, whether the rooms are large or small, light or dark, for general living or for one person. You see how difficult it is to do anything for a person who is so indefinite. So when you write in to your favorite speaker on interior decoration be sure and give her plenty of information so she can really help you.

One of my regular listeners wrote in and asked for assistance on the following room: "It is 9 feet by 13 feet large, has two windows, is painted in a very light green color. The furniture is maple (early American)—consists of a chest of drawers, four poster bed, night table, chair and a desk. It is for my son, who is eleven years of age. Now, the thing that puzzles me is the coloring. I want it to be a real boy's room and yet I want to carry out the early American period in every detail. Could you be kind enough to suggest kind of curtains, also draperies and bedspread? The room gets plenty of sunshine."

AND I suggested as follows: "As long as you want to keep the early American feeling, and as long as this room is for a small boy, you are fortunate that the two combine so well. For boys like sturdy things, colorful but not dainty, and that is exactly what one would say of the early maple furniture. For the curtains I would use a toile de Jouy, possibly one with American scenes. Make them very straight and plain, hanging from under a simple painted cornice. If the young man does not like the idea of toile, get an early American chintz that combines many colors in a quaint pattern. The design must be strong and not too intricate. Be sure that some of the maple color is included and some of the green, as well as the blue and rose and yellow which usually appear in any floral chintz. The glass curtains should be simple marquisette, pushed back a little from the center, for all children like to look out of windows.

"The bedspread in such a room is always a serious problem, for you don't want to repeat the chintz, and you don't want to use plain white. If you can find a woven cotton spread in a good tone of green, that will solve your problem. Do not try to use any rayon spread or any spread that is trimmed with feminine frills. If you don't find the readymade spread you want, you can make one of rough, homespun-like material, either in green or in a light maple tone. Using the rough texture keeps the whole room keyed together in spirit. Another alternative is the really old patch work quilt with a good deal of brown in the mixture and odd bits of other bright colors that are harmonious with the wall and the chintz curtains.

"For accessories use pewter lamps with simple parchment shades and possibly a piece of colorful glass for an old-fashioned nosegay of flowers. For the rest let books and toys and banners and the usual collection a boy makes provide the interest." And so the boy gets his early American room, and I hope you agree with me that it would be an altogether pleasant place, full of color and life.

Quite different was a plea from another one of my audience. The letter sounds a bit like a first home to me and I do love to help out a bride whenever I can. She is puzzled about her kitchen which is "light green tile with dark green linoleum, and I had planned on ivory furniture. There is a breakfast room adjoining with two windows and built-in closet. I had decided on a gate-leg table with two ladder back arm and two side chairs in ivory, but the merchant showing me the pieces suggested I get a butterfly table instead of gate-

(Continued on page 120)



Advice to young brides and experienced housekeepers that helps iron out many a perplexing problem is the forte of Ethel Lewis, Home Interior Authority at WOR.

SIMPLICITY ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDE FOR REFRESHMENTS

IF YOUR FOOD and service is simple, yet dainty, the guests will be satisfied, says Evelyn Gardiner, for they are more interested in how the bride looks than in what they eat. Arrangements depend on the size of the wedding party.

By Evelyn Gardiner
Director KDKA Home Forum

PAUSE for a moment, all you June Brides, to heed what we have to tell you about refreshments for your wedding. You are busy with your teas, parties, new dresses and the hundred other things there are to look after when a wedding is to take place. But how successful would your wedding be if you did not serve suitable refreshments to your guests?

Let us be sensible this year and start off the season in simple style. Of course, a bride is a law unto herself and she may make the plans for her wedding as simple or as elaborate as she wishes. If she decides to have a simple wedding and simple refreshments, she will be less rushed before the wedding and less worn out afterwards. Brides, remember that your guests come to see you and to wish you health and happiness. They do not wish to see a weary bride but a radiant one. I wonder if people really know afterwards just what they have had to eat at a wedding? They are so much more interested in how the bride looked, how everyone was dressed and if the general effect was right. So if your refreshments are simple, yet dainty, your guests will be satisfied.

Whether your guests sit down or stand up for refreshments, depends upon the number of guests, the size of the house, the number of servants and the wishes of the bride. If you have but a few guests they may easily be seated at one table. If there are many, you may have a bride's table and a parent's table for immediate relatives and friends and let the rest stand. This may not seem hospitable but it is correct at large functions where it is impossible to seat everyone.

The bride and groom sit at the bride's table with a few invited guests. The table decorations are generally in white and the bride's cake occupies the center of the table, at the small home wedding. The bride sits beside the groom to his right at the head of the table. The best man sits to the right of the bride and the maid of honor to the left of the groom. Other members of the bridal party and intimate friends of the bride and groom are invited also to sit at this table.

If you wish you may have a parents' table with the bride's mother presiding at the head of the table. The groom's father is to her right. Opposite the bride's mother is the bride's father with the groom's mother to his right. Then the minister and his wife as well as other close relatives may be seated at his table.

SOMETIMES there is but one table and this is usually the bride's table. It is correct for the bridal party to be seated while all the others are served standing. Tables may be set for all guests if you wish, or all the guests, including the bridal party, may be served standing up. The service then becomes buffet service and is a form of service quite commonly used.

Buffet service is easier for the bride and her mother. There is much less work in the preparation and serving. The bride's table then becomes a buffet table. The bride's cake may still be the center of this buffet table. It is the feature of the wedding and no matter what method of serving the refreshments is used, the bride's cake should have a prominent position.

This is a white cake with a white frosting. It may be made in one layer or in several. If but one layer, the center is often left open and filled with small flowers on a standard. If there is a second layer or more, figures of various kinds may be used on the top. These are usually tiny figures of a bride and groom or of a bride alone. The stand on which the cake rests should be decorated with roses and lilies of the valley or some suitable bridal flowers. On either side of the bride's cake are low bowls of white flowers, such as roses, sweet peas, gardenias or lilies, or candle-sticks with long candles to match the color scheme used for the wedding.

Perhaps the bride has a particular color scheme she is carrying out in her decorations and bridesmaids' costumes. Select your flowers, candles and food to blend with this color scheme. Silver or glass candle-sticks of varying height may be attractively used with colored candles. If candles are used on the table with the bride's cake, flowers may be used as a background or placed on other tables in the room.

Besides the candles, flowers and cake you will, of course, make a careful selection of the cloth used. Nothing is in any better form at a wedding than a snowy white cloth of linen or linen and lace. This may be a large cloth to cover the entire table or you may use runners or a smaller luncheon cloth to show some of a highly polished table.

We do not wish the bride's cake to repose in lonely grandeur on the buffet table, so we will add a coffee or chocolate urn, at one end, platters of cold meats and salads and plates of sandwiches, candies and nuts.

(Continued on page 108)



This is a picture of a real bride, Miss Josephine Fresh, as she is about to cut the first slice of the cake. Miss Fresh was assistant to Miss Gardiner at KDKA until she resigned to be married this spring.

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

A DARK eyed young man is speaking into the microphone of the Westinghouse Station KDKA, Pittsburgh. His stature is erect; his bearing graceful; his manner gracious. His is a pleasant baritone voice, gentle but firm, carrying clearly to thousands of listeners. He is Louis L. Kaufman, chief announcer.



When Kaufman returned to his home in Pittsburgh after attending Penn State College for three years, he intended to enter educational work. He knew no more about Radio broadcasting than any other occasional listener, and so far as announcing was concerned, why, that hadn't even entered his head. But the man to whom he went in search of a teaching position sent him to a Radio station in Pittsburgh, where he announced programs three nights a week for nearly a year. Meantime he studied law.

It was five years ago that he went to KDKA where he quickly achieved wide popularity. His voice was unusually good, his enunciation precise without sharpness, his aptitude and adaptability are extremely unusual. He knew literature and language—he had gotten a fellowship in Spanish at Penn State. Louis admits that when he started announcing he knew very little about music. But constant contact with the soloists, bands, orchestras and symphonies which have played over KDKA during the past few years has brought him a liberal education in music and music appreciation.

"Oh, I still like jazz—for dancing and the like," he says, "but for real enjoyment I like nothing better than to listen to the symphony orchestra—the KDKA Little Symphony orchestra, if you please."

Broadcasting of banquets and dinner programs from points outside the studio are the most trying of the announcer's tasks, Kaufman believes. But he says of Radio. "It's work that I like; it fills my nights, it keeps me in touch with what's going on, doesn't give me a chance to feel that I'm going stale."

* * *

According to most recent news, M. D. G., the King Taste Trio still sings over WLW. The names of these youngsters who came from a small town to sing in a night club are Bill Hibbs, Johnny Free and Vic Armstrong. These three used to harmonize around the high school piano in Urichsville, Ohio, until their friends started them out on a tour of Radio stations. Having appeared at several in Ohio they mustered up courage enough to set out for Cincinnati for a try-out at WLW. That was their lucky day. The sponsors of the King Taste Night club happened to be at the Crosley station. They heard the trio audition and immediately signed up the boys for exclusive appearances on their program.

* * *

Tell me where Tommy Christians and his orchestra play, Rose. Then I'll go ahead and answer the rest of your questions. Fair 'nuff?

Robert Brown, most loquacious of WLW announcers, is an extremely attractive and charming young man. Beginning at the more superficial aspects, he's six feet tall, has a Grecian nose (and doesn't mind admitting that), blue-blue eyes, a nice mouth, and dark brown hair combed slick as a waxed floor. He insists on washing his face with soap and going outdoors immediately so that his skin is always pink and shiny.



And as to clothes, he's a fashion-plate of neatness. He drives a roadster of the type generally referred to as "a small light car" and drives it 70 miles an hour. It's pearl gray and rakish as the angle at which he wears his hat. Since he drives always with the top down, after two weeks of summer sun, he'll be as brown as an Hawaiian boy. Comes the summer sun, too, and Bob will spend every free hour in a swimming pool where he can out-dive, out-swim all others. He holds various swimming records and medals that prove his prowess.

He plays golf, shoots, flys, and does anything else what anyone else can do or wants to do. Before he became a Radio announcer, he was a pilot on a lake boat sailing out of Buffalo. Before that, he had done a little bit of everything, from waiting on table to being a chauffeur.

And, oh yes, Ruth, he's either this side or that side of twenty-five, but not very far away in either case.

* * *

We hear of a great many Radio weddings these days, but here is a Radio funeral. Mrs. Flora M. Holmes, wife of P. E. Holmes, of Kincaid, Kansas, had been hopelessly ill for three years. During that period of time Radio was her constant solace and joy, hardly a waking moment passed that did not find her listening. It was her wish that her funeral should be broadcast over her favorite station, KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. This wish was granted. Her service was broadcast at 3 o'clock on March 25th by remote control from H. O. Sidenfaden's Chapel, St. Joseph.

* * *

The Ashley Sisters, Thelma, Lorraine and Irma, better known as the "Prairie Daisies" over WLS have joined the staff at KMOX where they will be heard regularly for an indefinite period. They really are sisters, you know, and it's lovely Lorraine whom you see here. Irma has big brown eyes with the nicest long lashes and bobbed brown hair—a pleasing foil for the blond attractiveness of both Lorraine and Thelma, for Thelma is just as golden haired and blue eyed as Lorraine, only a trifle more subdued and pensive. Before joining the staff at WLS they were featured over KFI, KFWB, KNX, KTMR and other Pacific coast stations.



* * *

Found! Another reticent Radio idol. Of course there may be plenty of them, but when we do come up against an honest-to-goodness one we girls get all nervous and try and try to find out everything. The newly discovered is professionally known as "The Vagabond of the Air" and personally as Jerry Wilford, and his remarkably deep bass voice is heard announcing at the hour of midnight at KSL, Salt Lake City. He is now generally spoken of as "The Man Who Keeps Western America Awake." He was born in Juneau, Alaska, some thirty odd years ago, but please don't ask if he's an Eskimo, for he's very much of an Englishman. His eyes and hair are brown and he's a little over six feet tall, weighing 185 pounds. He goes in for hunting, fishing and golf in a big way, and has only one aversion—"Radio sopranos." He came to Radio from the advertising business and boasts no previous broadcasting experience whatever. Do you remember him, Louise, in connection with "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" and "The Utah Trail"?

* * *

The Prince of Wales' "uke" teacher—that's Kelvin K. Keech, staff announcer for the NBC. It was when he was an entertainer for the British Broadcasting Corporation and ukulele instructor that he was called upon to initiate this youthful member of royalty into the intricacies of ukulele playing.



Keech has a deep rich baritone singing voice and comes rightly by the fame he has gained for himself for the manner in which he renders old Hawaiian tunes. In fact it's his birthright, for Kelvin was born in Honolulu and it was there that he developed a love for the ukulele and learned to master it.

He was married in Constantinople in 1922 to a Russian girl.

Remember the Paul Christensen orchestra, winners of the poular orchestra plaque for the Middle West, season 1927-28? Some of the fans have wondered where they were, and I'm glad to tell you that they're back on the air to be heard regularly over WKY, Oklahoma City.

* * *

You wouldn't think it, would you, Dee, to look at this picture, that Al Bernard has a daughter seventeen years old? Al is famous as end man of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program. He is a native of New Orleans, La., which may account for the native skill of his blackface stuff.



He made his Radio debut in 1922 over WEAF and since that time has been before the microphone regularly. Prior to that he was on the stage for many years. In addition to his theatrical career and Radio experience Bernard has to his credit the composition of a number of songs. He's recently returned from a trip to New Orleans, where he visited his mother and father.

* * *

Antony Wons, more commonly known as Tony, has closed his Scrap Book for the summer, according to the latest news from WLW, and gone to northern Michigan for a four-month vacation. So that's why you're not hearing him, XYZ and St. Kitts. (Strange are the nom de plumes of Marcella readers! But what's in a name?)

* * *

Seaman and marine engineer with more than a quarter-million miles on the sea to his credit, is the record of Patrick Kelly, staff announcer and tenor on NBC programs. Despite his name, Mr. Kelly was born far distant from the Emerald Isle. North Queensland, Australia, was his birthplace and home during the first years of his life. Later he received some of his education in Sidney. His appearance suggests the distinguished gentleman that he is—five feet nine inches of well proportioned flesh and muscle, dark hair slightly grayed and flashing brown eyes. His personal interests which include flying, boating, boxing, language, opera and composition even cover a wider range than his record of past experience, but his one outstanding objective is to become a leading factor in Radio broadcasting. He is married to Yolan Poszanyi—a Hungarian girl he met in Budapest. Quite a man, wouldn't you say, G. S.?

* * *

If you looked in the May issue, Lucille, you undoubtedly saw the nice big story about the Lombardos. Isn't that the break you wanted?

Complications following an operation early in April resulted in the death of William S. Lynch, "Flying Announcer" of the National Broadcasting company. Many exploits were credited to this young executive of the NBC before he became assistant eastern program director, and later sponsored program director. As the Washington NBC announcer he introduced Calvin Coolidge to the microphone on more than a score of occasions. His last microphone assignment was to cover the 1930 New Orleans Mardi Gras.

Theodore Poister is the young man who plays piano and organ at WTAM. Like most successful musicians he began the study of music at an early age. His brother gave him his first lessons on the organ and later he studied with Cleveland instructors. His first job as organist was in a little church in his home town, Galion, Ohio. He attended Allegheny College; Meadville, Pa., where he played the chapel organ and directed a dance band on the side.

Later he studied in Paris under Isidor Phillippe and played solo organ at the new Paramount theatre and the Champs-Elysee theatre. On his return to the United States he was engaged as organist at the Palace theatre in Canton, Ohio. When the talkies ruined the theatre, Ted entered Radio and has been at WTAM since last May. He has acted as accompanist for some of the leading musical stars of the country, including Julia Claussen, Paul Althouse, Roland Pease and others.

And he really looks the part, Rosamond, with his heavy, curly blond hair that's just a *tiny* bit long.

* * *

Betty, you'll just have to wait for something more about Pat Flanagan. You've got to be content with looking up your November copy of Radio Digest and looking on page 70, and your February issue on page 49.

* * *

This young innocent is Claude Morris, announcer at KDKA. To get into the Radio profession was early his ambition. So when he graduated from the Peabody high school at Pittsburgh he went about fitting himself for the furthering of his ambition. He enrolled as a night student in the School of Drama, working in the daytime to put himself through school. After three years in drama school Claude made his Radio debut as a member of a group of players making a presentation before the mike. This gave him the courage and experience to apply for a position as announcer with KDKA, which he did. And that's the story, Imp. Don't you think it's worth both a Lucky and a sweet?



* * *

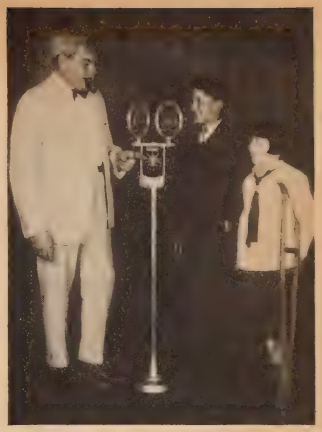
Dynamite Jim, Florence, is a youngster not yet 20, whose home is in Walkerton, Ind. Up until recently he fiddled, sang and played the guitar and harmonica at WLS. However, he lost his voice for a short time and, although it is all right now, he has decided that he needed some more book larnin' and has gone back to school. But no doubt you'll hear him at WLS sometime in the future.

* * *

Jerome DeBord, known as the Yodeling Troubadour, has been entertaining Radio listeners of the Middle West for the past seven years through KFEQ and KGBZ at York, Nebraska. Old time songs and yodeling numbers are his specialties. He is 31 years of age, five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, has brown eyes and black hair and is of French descent. That's about all we can tell you, Jay Hawker of Kansas. Hope it will fill the bill.

* * *

Here's news, Fredericka and L. W. B. Otto Gray and his Cowboys have recently been heard at KMOX and at WTAM, which seems to indicate that they're still traveling around. (Thank you, Mrs. J. H.) And have you heard that Polly and Anna are located at WLW? If you'll look on page 39 of the March issue of Radio Digest you'll see their pictures.



For your information, A. U. V., Dixies' Circus, with Bob Sherwood, comes over the NBC chain on Saturday nights at 7:15. This program was of Bob Sherwood's own origination. Which brings to mind the romantic fact of Uncle Bob's own life. He was a protege of Barnum; was with the Barnum show for twenty-four years; knew Tom Thumb and Dan Rice and all the old ones who made the circus a thing of wonder and witchery. For many years he was himself a clown of the first order, the first to clear the backs of six horses and two elephants and two camels.

This little Dorothy, who appears with him on Dixies' Circus, is only twelve years old and was discovered by Uncle Bob in a very destitute portion of New York City about three years ago. When she was seven she was playing in the street and a big heavy loaded truck suddenly came around the corner, and, well, they picked up Dorothy's leg in one spot and her body about fifty feet away. Uncle Bob tells us that she is a wonderful, lovable little thing, despite all her long suffering.

* * *

Here you are, Mildred, with the picture you wanted of "Little Boy Blue." His real name is Ellis Foster and he's just thirteen years old. You can hear him regularly over WGN every Thursday at four o'clock, for he's signed up there for the next year. He sang for the first time way out in Englewood, Calif., three or four years ago. He was the only juvenile used on the programs down at KMBC at Kansas City. His youthful career has also included singing over KFOX, KVOO, KFEQ, WLS and KMOX. Of course he is busy all day going to high school, as all good little boys should. And would you believe it?—this child singer has never had a singing lesson in his life.



* * *

Since you're all so interested in Graham McNamee I'm sure you'll like knowing more about Mrs. McNamee. You know she was Josephine Garrett, a popular and successful church and concert singer. She had a voice out of all proportion to her size and was determined to go on the operatic stage. And here, let's pick up the story as told by Helen Hulett Searl in the May issue of McCall's:

(Continued on page 108)

Gossip of Friends of the Air

Chatty News of Broadcasting Plans People Whose Greatest Pleasure Ether Waves from Stations Both

Gossip of the Stations

GOSSIP—who doesn't like to hear the latest gossip of what is going on around him? What his friends are doing, where they are, and what their new clothes look like? Your friends of the air are very real people, they like to do what you like to do, and they like best of all to entertain you.

In this section of Radio Digest are sixteen pages crammed jam full of pictures and brief, gossipy items of what these friends of the air are like and what they are doing. If they have a birthday you can read about it here.

This section is edited for you and your friends at your favorite stations. If you have any suggestions to make the editors will be glad to receive them.—D. B.

A First Night on Time!

A BROADWAY "first night" for which it was physically impossible to be late! It's hard to feature, but such was, indeed, the case when the National Broadcasting company marked the formal opening of the new Times Square studio. Six hundred millionaires and notables from all over the nation gathered in the former New Amsterdam Roof for the occasion.

They started when the curtain went down, to reverse the usual procedure of the theatrical presentations. Without being aware of it, the "noble 600" were all fifteen minutes early. Before the broadcast began Phillips Carlin talked about the new studio and its objects. Then the six-ton glass curtain went down and the new studio on the stage went on the air for the first time, in full view of the guests.

By the glow of colored "baby spots" the gathering of celebrities had a foretaste of television. Loud speakers in the auditorium brought the audience every sound beyond the glass curtain, just as it was heard through the NBC networks, and they were able to see everything that went on before the mike. Collier's Hour was the featured presentation.



These four Apollos constitute the Foursome Quartet, heard on the Paramount hour over the CBS. They have invaded every corner of the entertainment field. Left to right: Ray Johnson, L. DwightSnyder, J. Marshall Smith, Del Porter.

Music, Universal Tongue

MUSIC is the great universal international language, according to Senor Alejandro Padilla, Spanish ambassador to the United States. "I wish we could have an international written language such as music," said the ambassador in a talk over the CBS system. "Seven little notes, combined in different ways, are understood and interpreted the world over in the same way." Tracing the history of Spanish music, Senor Padilla said, "the majority of composers from most of the foreign countries went to Spain for their inspiration.

Voice Soothes Storm Fear

THROUGH storm tossed atmosphere the voice of Edward Johnson traveled one night to bring peace to a tortured group on a pleasure yacht hove to during a severe Atlantic gale. The yachtsman, a personal friend of the great Metropolitan tenor, and a companion found themselves 100 miles off their course from Newport News to Miami.

The night was pitch dark and the wind was howling through the cordage of the yacht when the receiving set was tuned in. Clear and without the slightest static, despite the weather conditions, came the voice of Edward Johnson. It gave the yachtsmen renewed hope and courage, and the first thing Johnson's friend did on reaching port was to write him about it. That letter is one of the tenor's most prized possessions today.

Johnson began his operatic career as Eduardo di Govanni (the Italian translation of his name) in Italy ten years before he was recognized in America. He was proclaimed as a "find" all over Europe before making his debut with the Chicago Civic Opera company.

Bori Is Proudly Spanish

A PRIMA DONNA with the Metropolitan Opera company, and a personage who has been featured in Radio entertainment, Lucrezia Bori, is a native of Valencia and is thoroughly and proudly Spanish. Remotely of Italian descent, she pursued her early musical studies at Milan. Her opera debut was made in Rome, as Micaela in Carmen.

Mme. Bori began her American career as one of the youngest singers ever



Here are the people who make things go out at KGU, Honolulu. Front row: H. N. Tyson, assistant manager; M. A. Mulrony, manager and chief engineer; Webley Edwards, program director. Back row: Herman Bueller, musical director; Dorothy Ellen Cole and Bruce McDonald, assistant program director.

As Favorite Stations Parade

and Interesting Bits About Studio Is to Entertain You and Yours on Great and Small Everywhere

heard in opera in this country, and her youth and beauty, together with her lovely voice, made her an outstanding favorite.

During her association with the Metropolitan, and with summer operas at Ravinia Park, Chicago, she has been heard in many interesting roles, her most recent interpretation being that of the heroine of Charpentier's opera, Louise.

* * *

THE Hoovers seemed destined to feature in the limelight, in one way or another. Herbert Hoover, Jr., eldest son of the President, has filed applications with the Federal Radio commission to operate experimentally on a series of frequencies in the long and short wave bands. He also seeks authority to install a new transmitter of a portable type for operation in California. He is technical assistant in charge of Radio communications for the Western Air Express.

Bagley "Talkingest" Man

CELEBRATING his sixth anniversary on the air April 1, Arthur E. "Doc" Bagley, boasts the reputation of the "talkingest" man on the air. His friends claim that title for "Doc" on the estimated 675,000,000 words he utters annually during the 300 days he is on the air each year.

In addition to acting as director of the Tower Health exercises six mornings a week with Will Mahoney, pianist, Bagley has created such characters as the "Goofus Bird" and made his program a household word all over the country.

Bagley himself is an early riser. Every morning that he is on the air he arises at 5:45 o'clock and is in the studio at 6:15. He personally answers 25,000 pieces of mail every month. His present ambition is to remain another five years on the air.

Finds Truth IS Strange

EVELYN DE LA TOUR, heard each week in "Show Folks" skits over the Columbia Broadcasting system, has become convinced that truth is stranger than fiction. A few weeks ago she played the part of Marie Lavelle, one of the principal characters in a heart-interest story. After the broadcast a telephone call was received at Station WABC from someone who demanded that Marie Lavelle be summoned to the phone. The telephone operator informed the caller that there was no such party in the studio. After quite an argument with the insistent fan, Evelyn De La Tour, who had been playing the part of Marie Lavelle, was asked to speak to the telephone caller. She did so, and was accused of being not Evelyn De La Tour, but in reality a Marie Lavelle who had left home some fifteen years ago to go upon the stage, and who had never been heard from since. The caller insisted that she recognized the voice and the name, and could not be fooled. The odd part of it all is that the name "Marie Lavelle" was strictly imaginative, and came from the mind of Dave Elman, the writer of the "Show Folks" sketches.



Yasha Bunchuk, conductor of the famous Capitol Grand orchestra, is also a 'cellist of some renown. You have heard him in both capacities when Major Bowes' Capitol Family goes on the air.



Many unique features are included in the new Times Square NBC studios besides the six-ton glass curtain. Here you see the cast of "The Family Goes Abroad" enjoying itself in the luxury of the Chinese room, where artists await their time to go on the air.

CY and ZEB, Now at WDRC, Travel from House to House Drawn by Napoleon, Singing Requested Old Time Numbers

Critic's Brain Produces

Buggy Riders Skit

By **C. B. Kingston**



Talking to you as he plays the piano in the studios of WLBZ is Norman Lambert. Looks like a nice boy, doesn't he?

Philadelphia Likes Hays

PHILADELPHIA—sophisticated, high-brow Philadelphia, has awakened to the fact that a young jazz maestro has descended in their midst to win the plaudits of even the most skeptical in musical entertainment.

He is heard every night over stations WLIT, WFAN and WCAU. Billy Hays came to the Cathay Tea Garden five years ago unheralded and unsung. He was popular with the set that patronized the Cathay, but outside of there he was practically unknown. Luckily for him he started broadcasting early. From then on his future was assured. Women who heard his melodious voice yearned for him—music connoisseurs realized that here was a new voice in jazz music.

A local newspaper had a contest in which the people voted for their favorite Radio entertainers. Bill Hays left his nearest rivals so far back as to make them appear ridiculous.

THREE and a half years ago when broadcast stations were presenting various novelty features a Radio critic got the idea of a novelty in the way of presenting songs of years ago. One night, after the usual broadcast of WCWS, which was then located in Bridgeport, he asked the station director if the station would remain on the air fifteen minutes longer so that he could try out the idea he had in mind.

At 11 o'clock on a Monday evening, three years and a half ago, the following words went out on the air by their own director: "Ladies and Gentlemen, 'The Buggy Riders,' a feature full of fun, nonsense and quaint farmer talk, presenting old time songs." On the air it went, and before five minutes had elapsed the station was swamped with telephone calls. Telegrams began to arrive.

Since their appearance at WCWS the Buggy Riders have stepped high, wide and fancy. They have appeared at all of the Connecticut stations, were at two of the major stations in New York.

Today, we find them as a sponsored feature for the next six months at WDRC in New Haven. Each Monday night, and they have always asked for a Monday night at every station, they are now known as the Emanuelson Buggy Riders, and appear at 9 o'clock, eastern standard time.

How the feature is presented is interesting. The two characters in the novelty are known as Cy and Zeb (their real names have never been made public). Many times they are announced as "the Mysterious Buggy Riders." Whether in the studio or on personal appearances they always wear masks, and this added mystery as to who they are has helped their program a great deal.

They open their program with the tune, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride," and close it with the same melody. During their time on the air, which now is a half hour, they travel around the country in their imaginary buggy, to which they have a horse known as Napoleon. In the east he is the most famous horse of all. In their travels they stop at the homes of Radio fans who have sent in requests for old time numbers, and then sing them.



You may have seen other pictures of Frances Doherr, director of WCAE, but this one is especially charming. Miss Doherr was, at last reports, in charge of the commercial and publicity departments.



"Thanks for the Buggy Ride," warble Cy and Zeb as their horse, Napoleon, stops before the home of a listener who has requested an old time song. They're appearing at WDRC now under a six months' contract

* * *

BEING a concert singer is one thing, but being a Radio singer is something else again, according to Frederick R. Huber, Director of WBAL, and Municipal Director of Music for the City of Baltimore. While the two types of singers have always been associated in the public mind as being identical, such is in reality very far from the actual truth of the matter for the technique of Radio singing is vastly different from the methods employed by the concert artist, says this widely known musical authority.

"The very methods the concert singer must use to get his or her best dramatic effects, the Radio singer must avoid. Concert singers, like tennis players who put the whole force of their bodies into their strokes, are wont to step into their songs, so to speak, and gain their dramatic climaxes through putting the full force of their voices into their songs. With the Radio singer it is just the opposite.

McCormack Has Knack for Foreign Tongues

By **George A. Harder**



WHETHER it's singing a heroic bass in Verdi operas in Milan, pleading his cause before the prefect of police to escape a jail sentence in Venice or just pronouncing names like Saint-Saens, Tchaikovsky and Scriabine on the Radio, Malcolm L. McCormack, WBZ-WBZA announcer, has always had the canny faculty of capitalizing his foreign tongues. Probably few erudite linguists, certainly not many Radio announcers, can boast so many colorful adventures as are attached to McCormack's fluent and timely use of an alien language.

He describes gleefully these exploits abroad, referring to them as "linguistic feats," for McCormack has an incorrigible sense of humor. He beams when relating how he and an Australian friend, returning to Paris one evening too late to dress for the opera, "crashed" the gate in their travel-stained clothes. Politely but firmly they were told that they were persona non grata at the opera except in formal attire. Undismayed, McCormack opened fire with his most forensic French. Later, when the curtain rose for the performance, the two "crashees" were seen sitting unconcernedly in a box, while all of fashionable Paris stared!

Only once does McCormack recall that his linguistic powers failed. Even then he got his demands, but not without resort to the favorite American expedient of the "strong arm." The impresario of an Italian opera company with which he was singing was never too punctual in paying off his troupe. McCormack, low in funds, demanded his salary. The impresario demurred. "Americans have much money," he argued and remained adamant. Finally, seeing his cause lost without some heroic measures, Mac seized the musician and literally "shook him down" for all of the back pay.

McCormack comes of Yankee stock with strains of Scotch and Irish seeking supremacy in his blood. However, in most of the adventures which he has had in his fascinating Don Quixote travels, it is the Celtic strain, one should suppose, which was dominant.

His musical career dates back to the days when, at the age of 12, he sang soprano in the boys' choir at St. Mark's, in Dorchester. In later life his natural artistic bent was lost sight of while he went in for insurance business. Soon he went to Italy where he studied for a time with Lucenti and because of the high regard in which this great teacher and his protegés were held, found work with numerous opera companies. Returning home after three years of study and travel to find that Radio had effected a vertiable musical renaissance. Mac decided to plunge into the broadcasting game at once.

* * *

Antique furniture entered the field of Radio topics when the NBC inaugurated a new daytime program series. The new series is in the form of fifteen-minute addresses by Major Arthur de Bles.



Those Wanderlusters who are accustomed to gathering at WBAL every Thursday night and taking a stroll down Memory Lane are Gustav Klemm, Henriette Kern, Philip Crist, Walter Linthicum, Maud Albert and John Wilbourn.

Programs for Seal Fleet

ANOTHER group of men separated from the civilized world by icy wastes and miles of open sea is the object of special broadcasts by KDKA. Captain Bob Bartlett and his associates, on the Ungava, are engaged in making sound and motion pictures of the activities of the seal fleet somewhere off the coast of Greenland. Bartlett, who was the skipper for Admiral Robert E. Peary on the expedition to the North Pole in 1909, requested the same service as that which Commander Byrd received.

Presents Broadway Stars

A NEW midnight program, featuring headliners from Broadway shows, has been inaugurated by WCDA. Each Saturday night from midnight to two in the morning performers featuring in New York attractions will appear before the mike at the Italian station. A. J. Palange will be master of ceremonies.



Here is a corner of the reception room at WHAM on audition day with a group of broadcast aspirants awaiting their turn for auditions and a chance to appear regularly before the microphone.



Standing at the piano is Fortune Gallo, the only man to put grand opera on a paying basis, now president of WCDA. Maestro Carlo Peroni is playing the instrument.

Luminaries Make Way for Dog Performer

STUNNING beauties, startling brilliant infant prodigies, luminaries of the legitimate and concert stage as well as grand opera stars are common in broadcasting studios so that they cause no comment, but when five-year old Peggy made her debut at WNAC the staff outdid itself with appreciation and admiration.

Peggy is particularly winning in her ways, and has a degree of intelligence that is amazing. Peggy is a beautiful sable and white collie, with a magnificent coat and the ability to answer accurately many difficult mathematical problems, as well as perform tricks and instantly obey orders given by her master.

One of the questions which Peggy correctly answered for the Radio audience was: "How much is ten times 5, divided by two, less two, plus one, divided by two?" Not only does Peggy solve such problems when given by her master, H. Otis Swain, of Lynnfield, Mass., but is quite agreeable when responding to strangers.

The one exception is when anyone countermands an order from Mr. Swain. Peggy has received a number of vaudeville offers, but prefers to lead a contented life in Swain's sandwich shop.

* * *

SCOTLAND has made its contribution to the excellence of American Radio programs in the person of Lex Holmes, leader of the Scottish Symphony orchestra at WAAM. He is also leader of the Scarborough orchestra. Formerly a director of many well known orchestras in Glasgow, Mr. Holmes has broadcast from most of the leading Radio stations in Scotland.



Isn't this little lass a typical Tomboy? That's what she is, on the air and in real life. She is one of Big Brother's Gang heard regularly from station WEEI at Boston. It's quite a gang—ask anyone who has heard them.



Bill Wallace, announcer at WDEL, has gained great popularity with his original comedy skits and novel presentation of song hits.

That Soothing Baritone at WCSH Is Belyea

NEXT time you tune in WCSH at Portland, Maine, and you hear a soft, soothing baritone getting real confidential with you and selling you something on the air . . . That is probably Harry A. Belyea, who is fast getting the reputation of being the cleverest salesman on the air. But Harry is sincere in his selling and has refused to announce programs that seemed to have no real merit. He has that ability to get chummy with you and before you know it you are drawing a little closer to your loud speaker to talk back to him.



Harry's training for Radio work started in a newspaper office where he sold advertising and spent his spare time in conducting a humor column.

Here's another bit of information: The next time you hear the "Phantom of the Air" singing on WCSH, that, too, is Harry, for he possesses a beautiful tenor voice with a haunting quality and a range that is exceptionally deep for this quality voice.

Harry has two hobbies, his wife and four-year-old daughter and his typewriter, and even though he is a busy announcer he still finds time to conduct a humorous column and feature articles for several publications.

Localization at WNBO

A NEW policy of localization of programs to the point where they are designed to interest especially the people of southwestern Pennsylvania has been instituted by WNBO, Washington, Pa.

One step in this aim to give the listeners of that region a service especially adapted and adjusted to their needs and desires has been to organize community broadcasting clubs in each of the cities and towns within 100 miles of the station. These clubs, made up of local talent, have a regular hour on the air each week, and thus exploit the community in a wholesome way.

The closest co-operation with all the civic agencies, newspaper clubs and semi-public institutions is being cultivated and a real service is given the Chambers of Commerce, Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A.s and public schools.



This is Peggy, New England's popular broadcasting dog, noted for her mathematical brain, and broadcasting from WNAC.

Old Voice on Air, New on Chain

MARDI GRAS Festivities Introduce Clyde Randall to NBC Audiences

By Dianne Dix

WHEN the internationally famous New Orleans Mardi Gras was put on the air early in the Spring a new voice was heard on the NBC chain, but it was an old voice on the air. It was Clyde Randall, announcer of WSMB.



Randall is one of the oldest fish in the ether waves, he has been at it so long that he sometimes confuses kilocycles and bicycles. He is so set in his ways that he still signs off with his initials instead of the new-fangled way of giving the full christening details. So far back in the dim ages of antiquity does his origin date that on April 7th, this year, he celebrated his eighth year of broadcasting, most of this time having been spent at WSMB.

Before the Saenger-Maison Blanche combination opened the first of the large broadcasters in the South, April 21, 1925, Randall had his own private station in his home. It was little but 'twas wise. It was a terror for its size—which is how Kipling might say it.

Down in Randall's part of the country the good old "daddy of waters" doesn't always stay put, and hurricanes go on a bender every once in a while. One day a few years ago ol' Mississipp went on a rampage following a 'cane. Clyde had the hunch to tell the world about it, broadcasting every word he could squeeze out of the weather bureau until that hurricane and flood were robbed of every bit of privacy.

All this at a time when Radio was largely a matter of music and an occasional speech. The 400,000 anxious residents of New Orleans didn't have to wait for their newspapers, the hundreds of thousands on the Gulf coast were able to plan their actions by the hourly reports of progress of the deluge. Randall continued this service in other events of importance or emergency.



When Plug Kendrick started looking around for an orchestra to make up his Rhythm Millers he called in Bob Archer, Dewey Shaw, Roger Border, Commercial Manager Kennedy and his blues singer, Katherine, and there you are.

Plug, Band Make Good

IF YOU are at all familiar with the queer and interesting things that happen in the broadcasting world you will enjoy this story about an orchestra that "made good" over night.

Some months ago, when WFIW became an associate member of the Columbia Broadcasting system, Director Plug Kendrick felt that his large orchestra was no longer necessary. But all was not well after the musicians were disbanded—vacant spo's appearing.

Plug called in Bob Archer, chief announcer, who plays a very totsy fiddle, Announcer Dewey Shaw, who is a hot banjoist, Barn Dance Announcer Roger Border, who toots a clarinet and tenor sax, commercial manager Kennedy, and his blues singer, Katherine, who knows her ivories. The conference resulted in the formation of Plug Kendrick and His Rhythm Millers.

With Plug at the drums this band began entertaining daily with popular dance tunes.



The long and short of it at WQAM visited the photographer so you could have a look at them. Officer John H. Webber, of Miami, sings a mean bass. His size is almost enough to inflict an inferiority complex on Fred Mizer, WQAM senior announcer.



Hawaiian in everything but nationality and name, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gustafson and family are popular with all WHBQ listeners. In the right foreground you see Prof. H. G. Haili.



One day two gangling mountaineers ventured to Charleston, West Virginia, and were initiated into the intricacies of broadcasting. Now the Kessinger brothers, Clark and Luke, are weekly features at WOBU.

Johnny Frenkel's Pay Check Shows Naughts

***By* Lysle Tomerlin**

BEING director-announcer for WCOA, Pensacola's municipal broadcasting station, is just a lot of fun to John E. Frenkel, who has nothing else to do except serve as city treasurer and clerk.



Johnny, as nearly everyone calls him, will tell you that the extra work incident to operating the Radio station is the more attractive because of the additional salary, which runs to five figures annually—all naughts.

"People always look skeptical when I tell them I do all the work of directing and most of the announcing for nothing," Johnny says. "I don't blame them. But since it's for the old home town, I'm glad to breeze along as best I can."

Besides staging auditions, directing rehearsals, supervising the routine of the station and announcing, Johnny is often called upon to sing, filling in on a program. Under his guidance WCOA has been not only a "life saver" in affording diversified entertainment, but has in reality been a life saver more than once. Johnny broadcasts weather reports each day to countless ships.

Variety in entertainment is obtained not alone through encouragement of private talent, but by regular programs from the large army and navy detachments stationed near Pensacola.

Johnny Frenkel has had opportunity more than once to capitalize on his Radio popularity, and since as a youth he had some stage experience he could cash in even more readily. But he has turned down every chance. He is content to stay with the station he has fostered for so long, helping make Pensacola known to the world.

Hot Music by Firemen

UP IN Asheville, North Carolina—and northerners needn't sniff at that "Up" as an error, just check it up on some map that shows altitudes as well as locations—there is a string band outfit that broadcasts regularly from station WWNC, and that has 'em all stood up in a corner when it comes right down to pedal inciting activities.

This is the fire department string band, as likely a looking bunch of smoke eaters as you'll find anywhere, and a ripsnorting, peppy playing aggregation that has captivated the fancy of thousands who tune to their programs every other Monday night. They confine their output to no certain type of melody. Unlike many fiddle bands in the mountain country, they can do as sweet a job with a current favorite as they can with Birmingham Jail and tunes of like vintage.

They are always accompanied to the studios by their Chief, A. L. Duckett, a veteran fire fighter, who has attracted much attention because of his intelligent handling of fire prevention programs. The Asheville fire department won the North Carolina State prize for fire prevention work for 1929, and much credit was given to the fact that through the use of their string band, they had broadcast regular fire prevention programs. The instrumentation of the band is peculiar, in that, contrary to the usual string band equipment, they include a bass violin.



Here's quite a complete collection of band instruments, and the boys behind them know how to play them. It's Short Oser's orchestra, heard over WCOC, at Meridian, Mississippi.

Dedicated to Great Middle West

New WENR Studios

CHICAGO Civic Opera House Boasts Magnificent $150,000 Station Quarters on Top Three Floors; Modern Trend Is Carried Out in Rich Furnishings

By Dianne Dix

DEDICATED to Chicago and the great Middle West, Station WENR's new $150,000 home atop the Civic Opera House is a new jewel in Chicago's crown of achievements. Occupying three floors in this newest skyscraper in the City-by-the-Lake, the new home was formally opened to the public April 25th and 26th with a gala reception attended by luminaries of every walk in life.

The beauty, efficiency and magnitude of the new studios unmistakably indicate the future trend and importance of broadcasting as one of the paramount factors in American life. Executive offices are located on the forty-first floor, studios, reception rooms and visitors' galleries are on the forty-second, while the ventilating equipment, battery room, etc., are on the forty-third.

Chief interest centers in the main studio, which is two stories high. It is a modernized adaptation of a roof garden, and gives the effect of being in this garden at some elevation with the blue of night outside. The walls are formed by a series of twenty parabolic arches between which are conventionalized palm trees done in the modernistic manner. At the ceiling the palm branches spread out in a radiating design, which is echoed in rectangular panels thus forming the ceiling pattern.

The color scheme is white, suntanned ivory, blue and lacquer red. There are seven parabolic arches on each side and three arches at each end. In these are hung dark royal blue velour curtains extending from top to bottom. One of the features of this studio is the lighting plan which gives illumination corresponding to actual daylight. In the main studio, in addition to two grand pianos is the console of the Wurlitzer organ.



Here's another picture of Gene and Glenn, who are making themselves daily more popular in their broadcasts from WTAM at Cleveland.

Accommodations for visitors are provided by a gallery back of both the main and number two studios, each being lined with upholstered theatre chairs and being furnished with loud speaker amplifiers so that the audience may both see and hear the programs as they are put on.

Studio number two is a rectangular room at the opposite end of the floor, slightly smaller than the main studio. The general color scheme here is buff, rust coral, olive yellow and gold.

The main reception room is in the center of the floor midway between the two main studios, the basic color being soft, pale green. The second reception room is immediately outside of studio number two. From it are doors leading to studios three, five, six and seven. In addition to the two main studios there are six other sound-proofed rooms that may be used as studios, audition or rehearsal rooms. These are all located at the south end of the forty-second floor.

The general plan for the complete new home was worked out by Morgan L. Eastman, E. H. Gager, of the WENR organization, Alfred Shaw and S. E. Naess of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, architects.

* * *

"THERE'S gold in them there notes," is a fan's pharaphrase of the famous dramatic lines of early blood and thunder days, as applied to Jules Herbuveaux' KYW studio orchestra, and he spoke the truth when the cost of instruments in the orchestra is considered.

With the recent addition of four members to the organization in the string section, the value of the instruments rose $33,000. The musicians and instruments are: Ben Senescu, violin, $15,000; his brother, George, violin, $7,000; Dan Garimoni, violin, $7,500, and Theodore Ratzer, 'cello, $3,500.

Harry Budinger, drummer with Herbuveaux, is an orchestra all in himself. This talented member of the KYW staff plays, besides his allotment of drums, all effects from the closing of a door to the surge of the surf.



These six natives of old Russia present a group of their own native songs, marches and dances during a new series of all-Russian programs from KSTP.

Beauty and Acoustics Vie at WLW Studios

***By* Natalie Giddings**

TECHNICIANS and entertainers are at daggers' points in spite of the otherwise beatific calm that surrounds WLW since the eight new Crosley studios were occupied March 23. The technical staff sees only the acoustical and mechanical perfection of the new rooms and equipment. They speak of the soundproof walls and doors in terms of decibells and telephone units. The polished control panels with their multitude of twinkling colored signal lights mean only the absolute acme of efficiency in the production of programs.

The beauty of the new studios is all the entertainers talk of, however. They "oh" and "ah" at the gorgeous coloring of the modernique decorations and the elaborate grill that conceals the pipes of the mammoth new organ in studio A where 300 musicians will be able to play together. They admire the intricacy and beauty of the electric lighting fixtures while the engineers consider the lights only in relation to "foot candles of illumination."

Where the technicians point with pride to the sound treatment of the checkered floor covering, the musicians comment on its resilient feeling beneath their feet, and its subdued coloring.

For technical purposes, the studios will be designated alphabetically. It is safe to wager, nevertheless, that the entertaining staff will refer only to "the great big studio," "the green room," "the blue room," "the rose room," etc.



Mrs. Melvin Beaver, who gives the bridge lessons over WOWO, is also well known as Connie Beaver at the piano. She takes part in studio programs as well as piano solos.

Turner Is a Family Man

JACK TURNER, who croons captivating melodies over WTMJ, is distinctly a family man. "My Kid" and "Good Night, Dear, Good Night," with which he begins and ends every one of his weekly broadcasts, are messages to his son and wife, 60 miles away in Fond du Lac, Wis. When another son was born to the Turners, Radio fans said, "Name him Jack II." So Jack II it was.

Far from disillusioning the sweet young things who flutter around the Radio when Jack's on the air, this knowledge of his marital status actually seems to augment his fan mail

This brown-haired, brown-eyed dispenser of haunting ditties knows his notes. He never uses a score for the music, but always has to have a copy of the words before him to refresh his memory. Besides singing in that "different" way, he plays his own piano accompaniment and strums a ukulele with the best of them.

Jack calls La Crosse, Wis., the old home town, and started on his road to 'ether fame through Chicago stations four years ago.



The Matinee Players of WLW don't mind coming to work in the afternoon now that they can play in the gay new Crosley studios. Joe Lugar is conducting and Sydney TenEyck is announcing in Studio C, more apt to be known as the Blue Room since the predominant color is cobalt blue. Panels of this color separate the mosaic designed panels in which are combined silver, blue and saffron. The same color is repeated in the ceiling. The basic color in all the studios is the natural beige of the acoustic wall board which has been applied to the floating walls of the studios in large blocks. A darker beige has been stippled onto the lower walls and is repeated in the floor.



ABOVE is a glimpse into the main studio at the new home of WENR, Chicago. It has been declared by competent authority the finest broadcast studio in the country. The builders designed into it the best of everything that is known to date in the way of studio beauty and efficiency. Station WENR employs a number of other studios in this superb skyscraper dedicated to music as the home of the Chicago Civic Opera. The building, costing $20,000,000, is in the heart of the city at the head of Wacker Drive and on the east bank of the river. The studios are on the forty-second floor. Across the river on the opposite bank is the new Daily News building with WMAQ. Around the bend of the river to the north is the new Merchandise Mart building —the largest building in the world—almost completed. In its loft will be located the new NBC studios, planned to mark still another step in advance for broadcast studio designs. Until then, at least, the above studio of WENR doubtless will hold the palm as the finest in America.

Mark Sixth Birthday for WLS Broadcasts

SIX years ago, on April 12, 1924, Station WLS went on the air with a 500-watt transmitter, sending out a program from the Tower studio at the Sears-Roebuck plant in Chicago. Later many of the nation's most popular entertainers of the air became familiar in person as they appeared in the WLS studios on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Sherman. In 1925, just a year after its inception, a 5,000-watt transmitter was installed at Crete, Ill., and the studios were moved to the sixth floor of the Sherman.

Following out its destiny of being the farm station, in October, 1928, WLS passed into the hands of the Prairie Farmer. Two years later, in January of this year, it became a key station for the NBC farm network.

Celebrating its sixth anniversary, WLS artists and officials were hosts at a special party and broadcast one warm April night this spring. Edgar L. Bill, director and veteran with the station, was master of ceremonies, with many of the old favorites who first made themselves known in Radio from WLS back for the occasion. The party presented in miniature each of the principal programs of the day's schedule.

Numbers were given from the Barn Dance, with Steve Cisler as master of ceremonies; Show Boat, the Little Brown Church, and other features. Among the luminaries who started at WLS are Ford and Glenn, Jack and Gene, Bradley Kincaid and Ruth Etting.



"Two little Office Girls out for some fun" might be said of the Office Girls of WHBU. In the 'phone book you will find them listed as Verne and Eloise Van Hoy.

Sunday WSMK Hymns

"GOOD MORNING, everyone. Let's all join in singing an old hymn." Anyone who tunes in WSMK any morning, except Sunday, at 9 o'clock, will probably hear something like the above. Mrs. Lois Spitler is in charge of the devotional services at WSMK, and she has proven herself quite efficient. Mrs. Spitler is one of those good-natured, "full of ideas" persons who does her bit in giving out the "old time religion" through the mike just as she used to do with Billy Sunday's party.

KMOX Players Veterans

THE Radio stock company organized and presented by KMOX is made up entirely of players who have had stage, chautauqua, concert or movie experience. The scripts used are furnished by continuity writers in New York and Chicago, according to a quotation from George Junkin, managing director of the station. "With our own company we can present the best of Radio sketches, and as many as we feel like, without depending on the chains. These arrangements provide for the best of talent and insure the high standard of quality for which KMOX is famous."

LOCAL Origin Programs Featured Over Chains Under Policy of Dallas Station

New WFAA Voice COVERS NATION

By John Rosenfield, Jr.

A BRAND new group of entertainers was heard by the nation when the new WFAA transmitter, with its 50,000-watt voice, went on the air early in May. This Dallas station, the first south of the Mason-Dixon line to use super-power, has been in operation for eight years, operating most of the time on 500 watts, serving the nearby territory.

Many of the NBC features will continue on WFAA programs, but will not interfere with many hours of programs of local studio origin. One of the first steps taken when laying plans for operation of the new station was the engagement of a musical director, Alexander Keese. Keese is a Southerner, boasting Chattanooga, Tenn., as his home town. He has spent ten years of his life at the head of important theatre orchestras from Boston to Dallas, achieving wide popularity wherever he appeared.

The studio director of WFAA is Robert S. Poole, who is also frequently heard as a tenor, singing under the name of Dude Cochran. Adams Calhoun is chief announcer, one of the first to sign off with happy verses and bits of philosophy.

Engaged for five appearances a week is the Bel Canto quartet, a male ensemble that has dedicated six years to the proper matching and blending of voices. Another popular entertainer is Daisy Polk, a soprano, who has captivated both New York and Chicago with recitals of negro spirituals and Southern songs.

The Dallas Symphony orchestra, one of the few all-paid professional orchestras in cities of 300,000 and less, is heard from WFAA once a month.



Three Southern Belles, the Carson sisters' trio, entertains regularly over KSAT. Dorothy is at the left, Nadine in the center and Elsie at the right of the picture.

Dramatize a Serial Story

DRAMATIZATION of the serial story appearing in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram is being carried on by WBAP. The opening chapters of the novel by Anne Gardner were dramatized by Robert Randol and presented under his direction.

Clyde Kraft and Mrs. H. B. Stevens, prominent in the Fort Worth Little Theatre, play the leading roles. Broadcasts of the play-novel occupy thirty minutes of the station schedule.

In presenting the story in this way enough incidents are given to present the main outline of the story and arouse reader interest without going into detail enough to make the story uninteresting when read later.

* * *

Giovanni Martinelli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, when singing before the microphone, loosens his collar and tie, rumples his hair and then grins in a good natured way at everyone.



The Accordion Kings, Jimmie Atkins and Johnny Kiado, open these squeeze boxes as far as they will stretch when they appear as featured artists on the Red and White serenade on Tuesday and Friday evenings over KTSA in San Antonio.



Students who keep KOB on the air at State college, New Mexico, work under the direction of this man, Prof. Evan Carroon, whose title is general manager of the station.

Warm Mexican Melodies Are Popular in U. S.

By **Gertrude Thornhill**

THE warm, sweet melodies of Old Mexico, though sung in a foreign tongue, still speak a language Americans can understand, according to Senor Jacobo Vinton, entertainer over KSAT in Fort Worth, Texas, who sings them in a rich, lyrical tenor.



"They like my Spanish songs best," he will tell you in a voice that is musical even in speech and still, for all of his schooling in the United States, has a charming trace of Old Mexico. And Vinton has a right to know what his audiences like, for he made a number of tours and stage appearances before he started singing for the silent audience.

"I don't know what it is about them they like especially," the dark, slender young man will say. "But I'm glad they do, because I like to sing them more than anything else."

Vinton learned most of his songs back in Mexico when he was a boy, though he then had no idea that he would one day sing them for thousands of listeners. It was not, indeed, until he came to the United States to go to school that he discovered that anybody but himself liked to listen to his songs. In San Antonio he started singing with the Glee club and with a quartet, which later made several tours over the country. He was encouraged to cultivate his voice and began to plan to be a singer.

He attended Southern Methodist university at Dallas, continuing his study of music and then went on the stage for a time. "They liked me to wear the Mexican costume—you know, the serape and all," he said, his face lighting up, obviously pleased that Americans like his songs.

The young Mexican—he is Mexican, not Spanish—first was introduced to the mike in Dallas. Later he went to Chicago to study voice and there sang over WMAQ and WCFL.

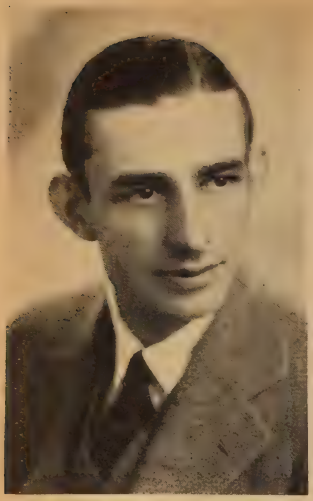


In front of the garden gate, beside the piano and facing the mike you see the members of WYAD's studio trio. Left to right they are: Duke Jacklin, Norman Ostby and Clyde Herreid.

THE Nite Owl program on Saturday nights from KGIR has proved to be one of the more popular features from that western station. One of the features of the program is the broadcasting of two-way telephone conversations from distant listeners. Old Dirty Hoot talks to 'em and both sides go on the air.



Mexico goes on the air from KPRC. Here is the Torres-Tipica orchestra, heard every Tuesday night on an all-Mexican program. Alfred Daniel, KPRC program director, is at the mike. Behind him is Curtis Farrington, who announces in both Spanish and English. Albino Torres, leader of the band, is at the piano.



This good-looking lad with the serious expression is Albert Gillette, baritone on the staff of KGW, Portland.

At last a Radio entertainer who admits that "Singing in the Bath Tub," is not only his favorite song but also his favorite hobby. Meet Jack Parker, twenty-five year old songster for KECA, who migrated from KYW a year or so ago.

Melodies of Plains Win

FAN AFFECTION

They May Be Only Drug Store Cowboys, but the KTM Ranch House Gang Looks and Sings Just Like a Real Bunch of Western Waddies

***By* Dr. Ralph L. Power**

ALTHOUGH the lads in the picture at the bottom of the next page look pretty well citified, they are the cowhands who perform on KTM's ranch hour week days from 7 to 8 a. m. and on Friday nights at 8 o'clock.

Even though they may be a bunch of drug store cowboys, their haunting melodies of the plains have won for them a warm spot in the affections of the Radio audience.

Besides their own ranch chants, hundreds of listeners have sent in manuscripts which the boys sing in plaintive mood.

Arkansas Johnny (Johnny Luther) is the stellar performer. He announces all the acts, does a little singing and saws away on the old fiddle, which is a family heirloom. Still in his teens, Johnny takes it all very seriously. He was born in Monett, Mo., not far from the Arkansas line. A year ago he trekked to Colorado long enough to herd a few cattle and brush up on cowboy lingo before startling Los Angeles by his presence.

Frank Gage (known as Foreman Frank on the hour) used to play in student productions at Boston Tech (M. I. T.). He was in production work at NBC's Pacific coast division before coming to KTM as studio director. He sings and plays the oversize uke but wears the soulful expression only when on duty.

Then there is Tom Murray . . . stern visaged, dashing sideburns, dignified and portly. He is, by the way, the father of the Murray Sisters, famed vaudeville duo. Lots of times he takes parts in pictures.

Al Hull, ten gallon hat and all, is the sheik of the crowd. He saw what a ranch looked like once when working on a farm in Imperial Valley, but turned a cold, disdaining shoulder on it and hiked along to the big city.

Besides massaging his educated tonsils in song, he also plays a favorite guitar and has a harness for the harmonica and a jews harp handy in the vest pocket.

Jimmy Adams has been a character actor for many years and has been on the Radio practically since it started. He had a small part in the Grand Parade, released recently.

On the KTM ranch hour he sings and strums away on the string instrument and takes the part of Lena, the cook . . . slender, with a trim blonde mustache.

So, now, whenever you hear KTM's ranch hour percolating out with its 1,000 watts power you will know who these boys are from the wide open spaces of



As soon as Billy Page learned he had been cast as the Tarkington boy hero, Penrod, to be broadcast over the Pacific division of the NBC, he turned to and read the novel.



Heating the ether waves at KPO, Jess Norman and Elaine Tickner are tooting, playing and singing some mean blues for Pacific Coast listeners.



"China Town, My China Town,"—remember the song popular many years ago? Doesn't this trick little pagoda full of pretty girls in Chinese costume fill you full of vague longings? It is the Playgirls' orchestra, who broadcast from KFWI every night except Saturday and Sunday.



A real "Forty-Niner," Paris Jasper Ferguson traveled to California in a covered wagon when only six years old. During a recent broadcast of Romantic Forty-Niners from KFRC Mr. Ferguson sang "When Nellie Was a Lady," popular in 1849. After the rendition the orchestra members broke into spontaneous applause for his able rendition. Mr. Ferguson is 86.

Beverly Boulevard where the studio is located.

* * *

Bill Ray, neatly seated before one of Warner's new desks, becomes commercial manager for KFWB. But he still announces and causes feminine hearts to flutter as he speaks the latest Hollywood lingo.

* * *

Kenneth Niles and Ray Foley, two enterprising KHJ-ers, went fishing on the Olympic barge, located two miles offshore, the other day.

Ken caught an even dozen mackerel while all Foley caught was more cold. However, Foley wrote a masterful dissertation the next Saturday which he read on the KHJ Merrymakers frolic.

Moral: You don't hafta be an expert to explain about something or anything.

* * *

Just as Joe E. Brown, homeliest of the homely, told his now famous mouse story at a meeting of the music and Radio people of Southern California, a sleek black cat crossed the stage before him. There must be a moral in this somewhere, but we haven't been able to figure it out yet.

* * *

Harry McKnight, tall and stately . . . some folks might even call him thin . . . is the stellar light among the lyric tenors of KTAB. In fact, he is the only lyric tenor on the staff at this writing.

For the past four years auditors around the bay region of San Francisco have heard Mac over various wave lengths belonging to KFRC, KGO and KPO, but he seems to have roosted more or less permanently on KTAB's pet frequency.

Specifications, including chassis, wheelbase and so forth, follow: weight, 150 pounds; hair, brown; eyes, gray. Hurry up with the mash notes, girls, he's still single.

* * *

How about a nifty chicken dinner with all the fixin's? All you have to do is get acquainted with Gene Perry, of KFSD, and pull the old sympathy gag about being alone in the great, big city and lonesome for home cooking.

Gene is one original handy man about the station . . . relief announcer, continuity scribbler, tenor and pianist. How's that for a many-sided career?

When day is done . . . for the broadcaster this means midnight and then some . . . he winds up the flivver and chugs out to the suburbs of San Diego, where he raises chickens for a hobby.



Here are the boys who perform on KTM'S ranch hour. Left to right: Jimmy Adams, Arkansas Johnny, Tom Murray, Al Hull and, seated, Frank Gage.



It's really a shame that the person responsible out at KGB didn't tell the names of all these pretty girls. Wouldn't you like to know them? They play in the KGB Little Symphony orchestra, one of the outstanding classical groups on the coast.

Food Craving Starts Sax

***By* C. Thomas Nunan**

NECESSITY made a saxophone player out of Jess Norman, KPO's handsome sheik of reed instruments. "It was during my Stanford days," says Norman Jess Nathanson, for that is his true monicker, "that a craving for food made me forsake the violin and take to the sax. Why did I give up the fiddle? —lack of time for practice—and in those days the saxophone was in great demand. I had had a few lessons on the clarinet so that the saxophone was easily learned. That was back in the days when the Stanford campus resounded to the tramp of trudging feet—when the shadow of war cast a shroud of expectancy over embryo officers—and what's more, that was my chief ambition—never realized because I was a musician."

"It was like this," says the stalwart Jess, who measures six feet in his stockings, has intriguing brown eyes and weighs 200 pounds, showing the result of being a corn-fed "cornhusker" from Omaha, Neb., the place he was born—the 8th of September, 1899. "Down on the campus Major Parker sent out a call for band players—I didn't respond because I wanted to receive a commission—but Major Parker ran across me during inspection, remembered my name was not included in the list of available musicians, so he ordered me to organize a band and organize it I did and there I remained until the end of the war 'tootin' the sax' and leading the band.

"Perhaps it was just as well," says Jess, reminiscencing. "I might have received worse casualties than I did." You were a casualty, he was asked? "Oh, yes. We were loading cases of pineapple for the commissary one afternoon when a case dropped on my foot, mashing my big toe and putting me on a different footing for a time."

* * *

KEJK, Beverly Hills, threw its old call letters, KEJK, into the ash can the other day and brought a spic and span, new set, KMPC. Glen Rice, formerly of KNX, is the new manager. He has created the Beverly Hills Hill Billies, a frolic stunt. The Hill Billies hibernate in the citadels of exclusive Beverly Hills by day and at dusk return to the studio with news of the day's exploration by the various clans. Ah, mates, what'll it be next?



This little lady, Jane Morse, has the distinction of having been on one program for three years. She is heard singing blues from KMO at Tacoma, Washington.



Fans like this little girl. Her name is Ann Grey, and she is heard singing popular songs from KFWB. Don Warner is the accompanist.

RADIO Holds Lure for Borrett

Director of CHNS Active in Field Since Early Days; Built First Transmitter in Dartmouth, N. S.

By Verner A. Bower



For years the fame of the barber shop quartets as music makers has rung throughout the world. Now the "Novia Scotian Harry Lauder," Sammy Shields by name, is adding new laurels to his profession as a barber one-man combination.

RADIO has always held a peculiar fascination for Major William Borrett, station director of CHNS, Halifax, N. S. It was early in the twenties that the bug bit him first and he became a member of that world wide fraternity, the "hams."

Over across Halifax harbor in Dartmouth, the Major's home town, he enjoys the distinction of being the second Radio owner. But he was not satisfied to stop there. In a little while he pushed his investigation further afield and constructed the first "ham" transmitter station ever operated in Dartmouth. With this transmitter he worked all over the American continent and sometimes in the "wee sma'" hours he talked with England and France. He attended a gathering in France of the American Relay league, of which he was a member, and came home filled with a desire for still greater Radio knowledge.

A long wave Radio broadcasting station was his dream, and finally on May 12, 1926, due in no small part to his own efforts, he saw CHNS opened with studios in the Carleton hotel. Major Borrett was station director, a position which he has held ever since.

Truly the Major was now majoring in Radio. He served, not only as director, but also as chief station announcer, and Nova Scotian fans speedily came to listen for the Major's voice each night from behind the mike.

Radio broadcasting went forward by leaps and bounds under Major Borrett's guidance, and, when in 1928 the new Lord Nelson hotel was completed, CHNS moved its complete plant into the top of the hotel.

So closely interwoven has been the advance of CHNS and Major Borrett in Radio that the story of his career reads almost like the station's history.

One would think here was the pinnacle of success. But not so the Major. He was still majoring in Radio. As long as there were fields left to conquer he must go forth to conquer. He mastered in quick succession the announcing from the players bench, football and hockey. Especially successful was he in the broadcasting of this last sport of the Canadians. At all the championship playoffs the Major is in demand, not only in Nova Scotia, but in New Brunswick. And on occasion his voice has been heard from American stations, announcing the play by play. What will be his next contribution? Who knows? Television perhaps.



Another of the big class of newspaper men making good in Radio is Harry G. Link, program director of CJGC, the Free Press station at London, Ontario.



Fred Carleton, manager of the Calgary Herald station CFAC, has been in charge ever since its inception nine years ago. From 1910 to 1914 Mr. Carleton was with the Marconi company in London. Later he was with the wireless section of the Canadian army, until 1919.

Fans Tune in Pollyanna

BED time in any land now that Radio has come to stay and has taken its place in almost every home can only mean one thing. The evening bed time story. So it is that down in Halifax City and out through the Maritimes and even further abroad wherever CHNS is heard, when the day begins to turn to night, little hands begin to turn the dial of daddy's Radio to CHNS to hear Pollyanna.

And wonderful are the tales of doggies and kitties and all the other little playfellows that are so dear to the little tots; and really, too, quite dear to the older folk; that Pollyanna tells of. And then there are the two station canaries of CHNS. Very aptly named are these two songsters "CH" and "NS." They were presented to the station by the Lord Nelson hotel but they seem to feel themselves the special property of the Pollyanna hour; and they mingle their voices with the program.

Now for a peek behind the scenes. The Pollyanna hour is on the air. Come with me up to the topmost floor of the Lord Nelson hotel. There is a very attractive brunette young lady seated at the table talking softly to the mike. Can this be Pollyanna? One always associates bed time stories with a matronly sort of a person. But the young lady turns the pages of a book before her. There is the sound of musical notes. It is Pollyanna! And the book is the magical Birthday Book.

Miss Dorothy Henrion, Pollyanna, the story teller of the bed time hour and the lecturess of the Talkie Topics, the review of the current photoplays showing in the various theatres in the city, is one of the youngest members of the staff.

Huntly Is True Canadian

A TRUE Canadian of English-Scottish ancestry, and of direct United Empire Loyalist descent, Gertrude Huntly has been exceedingly popular when appearing as a guest artist on CNR chain programs.

Miss Huntly was born in St. Thomas, Ontario, and began her musical studies at an early age, winning one honor after another. Graduating from the Conservatory of Music at London, Ontario, she went to Paris, where she became a pupil of the famous Polish composer and pianist, Moszkowsky.

The interval following her return to Canada was enriched by association with such world-renowned pianists as Godowsky, Rosenthal, Paderewski and Medtner. She now makes her home in picturesque western Victoria.

* * *

Geza de Kresz, first violin of the Hart House String quartette, has had an interesting career. For some years he was in charge of court music at Bucharest, at one time playing before Queen Marie.

Real Home Making in the Studio

Research and Experiment Important Matters at CBS Home Club—All Advice Carefully Tested

By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The Radio Home-Makers broadcast programs on every topic of interest to women between ten and twelve every weekday morning, except Saturday, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.*

RADIO home-making means much more than the talks which reach your ear from the Radio Home-Makers' studios over the Columbia Broadcasting system's network. On my weekly visits (they're becoming bi- and tri-weekly, because I have a weakness for Grace White's waffles) which are usually after the morning broadcasting is over, I always run into a great deal of practical home-making at the club. Real home-making, at that; no "let's play house" up at Ida Bailey Allen's!

When an advertiser inquires about broadcasting through the Radio Home-Makers' club, his product is first tried out in their laboratories before any contracts are made. You're just as likely as not to see a new laundry machine being used in the kitchen, some sort of vacuum cleaner doing amazing things in the living room, and one of the girls being given a massage with a special kind of face cream in the beauty boudoir, if you run up to the studios in the afternoon. And always you'll find Grace White busy around the stove, trying out new recipes sent in by fans or concocting new methods of using the food products they advertise.

Since the Home-Makers moved into their gorgeous new headquarters in March, there's been an exquisite fresh-cut rose on Mrs. Allen's desk each time I've been up. When I mentioned this to her the other day, she told me one of the 300,000 members of the club sent her a check to be used to keep a fresh flower on her desk all the time. That's just the sort of friendly feeling the Home-Makers inspire in everyone who comes in contact with them, even when it's only "air contact."



When the morning broadcast is over at the Home Makers' club of the CBS there is a concerted rush to the studio kitchen. Here is Grace White, dietitian, preparing for an onslaught of waffle friends from about the studios.



Actually carrying out the work as it is described to the listening audience, you see Ida Bailey Allen describing the handiwork of Joan Barrett, who is painting a metal lamp.

Listeners send in all sorts of proo of their appreciation of the programs and they use Mrs. Allen, who is th founder and president of the club, as sort of combined mentor and mother confessor. Among the fifteen hundre letters received each week, a great man contain the life history of the writers who know they will receive helpful sympathetic advice in return. Last weel there was a letter from a woman i Ireland who wanted to join the club.

IN THEIR new reception hall, com fortably furnished and equipped wit loud speakers for the convenience o guests, Joan Barrett, the pretty youn interior decorator, has installed a spe cial cabinet which contains samples o all the materials used in the new decora tions. You see, there are about fiftee windows, each one treated differentl to show visitors various ways of cur taining at moderate cost. Samples o the upholstery used are also in this cab net, each sample marked with width an price so they can be rummaged throug to heart's content.

(Continued on page 118)

Voice of the Listener

"Hick Hams" Title to Lucy

You sure have started something by publishing the letter of Lucy Barrett, under the heading of "Doesn't Like Amos 'n' Andy." It sure must be tough for one to be entirely out of line with the rest of the world, especially when they lack that "real sense of humor." It is not Amos 'n' Andy who are the "hick hams," that title belongs to the critic. It certainly is too bad that there are so few people "who wouldn't have the sense to appreciate real humor." I had no idea that the Radio public was so ignorant of a "sense of humor," thanks to the enlightening letter of Lucy Barrett.

It is quite evident that the critic of Amos 'n' Andy has never been in direct contact with the negro race. I was born in the South and the dialect of these two popular actors is typical, together with the desire to use "big" words. If it is a mark of ignorance to enjoy Amos 'n' Andy programs, then I wish to be known as very illiterate.

I am greatly surprised that such an intellectual person as Lucy Barrett would attend a gathering containing such a riff raff of "old fogies" and people "who wouldn't have the sense" and, especially her remaining, after she discovered herself in the midst of such a low-brow element.—Dennis Jones, Banning, Calif.

* * *

R. D. Has Two Out of Six

My entire family look forward to Amos 'n' Andy. We do not answer the telephone, or let anything interfere with it, and are very much upset when an electrical interference fixes the Radio so that we can not get it from any station. There are six outstanding features that I like: Amos 'n' Andy, Radio Digest, Literary Digest, Health, Wealth, Happiness.—E. M. Hunter, Richmond, Va.

* * *

A. and A. Are "High Class"

I'm a reader of the Radio Digest and think it's great. I notice in the April issue a letter censuring Amos 'n' Andy. In the letter the writer states that only old fogies care to listen to them, which is all wrong. I know many educated and cultured people who anxiously await the Amos 'n' Andy programs. I believe I am quite capable of understanding and enjoying high class entertainment and I consider them a bit of very good, clean amusement for young and old.

Kind hearted little Amos sets a wonderful example with his honest ways and love for dumb animals, and Andy, though a bit egotistical and not overly ambitious has a kind heart and always comes through clean. Their announcer, Bill Hay, can't be beat.—Mrs Frank Sherwood, Fort Madison, Iowa.

* * *

Lives There a Soul So Dumb

Lives there a soul so dumb they cannot appreciate the Amos 'n' Andy program? I am surprised you would even print such an insulting letter of them as Lucy Barrett, of Chicago, sent in. I think every admirer of the boys will feel as I do that it is a personal insult to us as well as the boys and it is away beneath Amos 'n' Andy's notice.

Please send us all the news possible of these artists. They are selling Radio Digest above everything else. Lucy Barrett is the one tiny grain of sand in their ocean of admirers and we are not all old fogies or fools either, and have sense enough to appreciate humor, humanity, and art when presented to us. If Lucy was half as clever as they she would not have to knock people all over the United States to get her name in print in a first class magazine. So, Mr. Editor, please forget Lucy's request and print plenty of Amos 'n' Andy and if she falls out I will buy an extra copy. It is a fine magazine, we have only been taking it since February when we heard of Amos 'n' Andy write-ups. I missed March copy and tried every way to get one here and failed so they are selling alright to bright or senseless people.—Mrs. W. B. Neese, Auburn, N. Y.

* * *

Telling Lucy a Few!

This letter is an answer to the one in your April issue, written by Lucy Barrett of Chicago.

First, I want to tell her that it takes some intelligence to appreciate Amos 'n' Andy's programs. Perhaps that is why she does not like them. Then she says that there are many other Radio stars who deserve publicity more than "those two hick hams." Of course, there might be. Why don't you write a few articles about them, Lucy Barrett, and send them in. I am sure that the Radio Digest would be glad to publish them.

Taking it all in all, I do not believe there are two other entertainers "on the air" who have the talent of speaking for so many different characters, and doing it so well and with such rapidity that they "fool" many listeners into thinking that "the Kingfish," "Landlord," "Lightning," "Big Boy," etc. must be played by entirely different persons.

The letter says that Amos 'n' Andy do not talk like the real southern negro. I want to ask you, Lucy Barrett, were you born in Virginia and raised with a negro boy? No? Well, Freeman Gosden, who takes the part of Amos, was. —Winifred Binder, Jackson, Michigan.

* * *

For Sake of Better Critics

I have just purchased my April issue of the "Radio Digest." It was really a pleasure digesting all its contents. All with the exception of Amos 'n' Andy being criticized by Lucy Barrett, of Chicago. May I use Mr. W. K. Henderson's words of station KWKH, when he says, "Dogone ya. If you don't want to listen to me, turn your dial." So be it with Lady Barrett. I for one sincerely hope her arm is not broken. As Andy says, "I'se regusted," to hear of such a critic.

Mr. Editor, may I state that due to the late war, I had the pleasure of spending 23 months and 24 days in the Southland. Regardless of its ups and downs I surely enjoyed every day I spent in the South. Though my duties were to participate in the welfare of sick, I also found time to interest myself in the Southern people, mostly the negroes, as they were the most amusing.

To be brief and frank I shall say for the benefit of Lady Barrett, that Andy has the dialect of a Northern negro, while Amos, in reality, is a Southern born lad, could not do better with his Southern dialect if he were really a negro.

Mr. Editor, for the Better Critics' Sake **please continue** with more space for such a good pair of entertainers.—Geo. R. Edwards, Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Floyd Gibbons Forever

Won't you please give us a new article each month by Floyd Gibbons?

Really without his stories I don't care very much for your magazine; too wishy-washy, like a motion picture magazine, all high lights and no character. You make your Radio people sound as if they were anything but real, and it's very empty reading.

As for Floyd Gibbons, that's a man after my own heart. He has a voice. Oh, well, what's the use. I can't describe it, only I know it commands one's attention and his stories are something that all the men, old and young, look forward to. It brings into their life a romance that they cannot get themselves.

Just between you and me and the gatepost, those two funny birds, "Amos 'n' Andy," are far from popular here. I think they will go the way of the "Two Black Crows," in another year. That brings me back to Floyd Gibbons. I've been trying to get a book of his from the library for three weeks and the librarian tells me it will be two more before I can get one.

I often wonder just how many letters Mr. Gibbons receives a day and if they are mostly from men or women. For my part I much rather write to you, as I don't think you are quite as popular as Mr. Gibbons, and therefore much nicer. Then, too, I plan on seeing you at some future date at the newspaper men's convention, or is it called the Editor's Convention?

But in the meantime really do give us Floyd Gibbons back and ask him to write a story of his life up to the present time. What interesting material for a story that would be.

I just happened to think that you are not with a newspaper any more so I probably shant see you at a convention after all.

Before I close I want to assure you, Mr. Brown, that I am not Mr. Gibbons' press agent (not that I wouldn't like to be), but as I don't know Mr. Gibbons and Mr. Gibbons doesn't know me; and besides, he doesn't need a press agent. There is very little chance of my meeting him, or being his press agent.

But if ever there is another war I'm going to be the first Red Cross nurse to enlist so I can go along with Floyd Gibbons.

Yours sincerely for a bigger and better Radio Digest. My Boston terrier is helping me write this so please excuse whatever mistakes you find. —June C. Wellington, Batavia, Ill.

Best Days Today's Days

Hurrah! The April issue of Radio Digest was an extra good one in my opinion. It had several features that I had been waiting for—the article on Coon-Sanders, Harry Reser, the photo of Jim and Bob, the guitarists, and, well, the whole magazine was a prize as usual.

I do not like to hear people mourning for what they term the "good old days." It is true that when our favorites are off the air we miss them terribly, quite the same as we would miss an absent, much loved friend. I certainly miss Jack Grady (of Jack and Gene), Harold Safford, and Eddie Peabody, who used to be at KMOX, 'member?

But Gee! Whiz! think of all the good "stuff" that's on now. Just this week I heard another new program inaugurated, a very entertaining one, I think. Why sigh for the past, when the present and future hold so much. Three cheers for our Radio programs of today and tomorrow!! —(Miss) Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.

* * *

Suggests Program Service

I was disappointed with the April Radio Digest. As a helpful suggestion I would urge you to come back to a RADIO paper. Give us complete logs, as complete programs as possible, more information about programs, short newsy sketches (as you used to do), and pictures?

In addition to the fact that there isn't enough RADIO in the April issue, that the sketches "run on" for too many pages, that there is too much fiction, I would emphasize that the pictures are not clear. Do you use a cheaper grade of paper?

The Radio Digest was always the best Radio paper. Let's keep it such. I remember the clear pictures, the neat lay-out, and the short and interesting sketch.

I would like to have you consider the following suggestion seriously: Since it is difficult to get advance information on Radio programs (even the newspapers are cutting down on this), including European broadcasts, will you not consider sending out weekly sheets to your subscribers?—William Van Vliet, Hull, Iowa.

* * *

Gibbons Offers Best Program

I first started reading Radio Digest the first of the year and will continue from now on. I get it every month at the newsstand. I consider this magazine the best authority on Radio news. It sure is a Whiz. There are things in it that a Radio listener would never know about those who broadcast the different programs were it not for Radio Digest.

My opinion of an evening well spent is hearing a program on which Floyd Gibbons is the speaker. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the man I elect to broadcast some of the big league ball games and also this fall the football games. What do your readers think of this? Next on my list is Yolonde Longworthy and Raymond Knight. What is finer than a program of this kind.—Arthur C. Brinkman, Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

Regret Missing Copies

I bought my first issue of Radio Digest in November, and though I tried several times and places could not get an October issue. The January issue got away from me, too, due to illness in the family. If it were possible to get the two missing issues I would surely do so.

Please put in lots of pictures as we like to look at people we know over the "air." I have a Radio scrapbook of pictures cut from local newspapers, that includes nearly 400 pictures. There are very few that we haven't heard often. I know nearly all the announcers voices and very few times make a mistake as to who they are, that is of the larger stations in Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and Kansas, and the chain programs.

Send me the magazines if possible, and if not, boost WENR as much as possible.—Irene Mueller, Wood River, Ill.

* * *

Best Magazine Edited

Having become, only recently, a reader of your splendid magazine, have found much of great interest between its covers. In my opinion, you have the most complete, as well as most clearly and concisely edited magazine covering the present day Radio activities as has yet been published.

I have been especially interested in Mark Quest's interviews with Correll and Gosden.

A magazine, such as the Radio Digest, which so thoroughly covers the favorites and person-

alities of the Radio field, is deserving of unlimited measures of success. Keep up the good work!

And still another angle which has not, probably, heretofore been presented. I notice on the back cover the imprint of Cuneo Press. It is my understanding that this establishment employs members of and carries contracts with the International Typographical Union, of which I am a member.

The Radio Digest is to be congratulated upon its selection of this organization as their printers, and are deserving of the support of each and every member of the International Typographical Union.—Lewis L. Brunnemer, Kokomo, Ind.

* * *

Help for R. B. Ward

In the March issue of your magazine I see a letter from Robert B. Ward, Jamestown, N. Y., asking for a station between WOR and WLW, coming on at 3 a. m. This is likely VAS (The Voice of the Atlantic Seaboard) at Grace Bay, N. S. This is a Marconi station located at the Marconi Wireless Towers here. They broadcast the government weather report at 1 p. m. and at 4 a. m. (AST) for the benefit of Canadian fishermen. They also broadcast record programs at different times. The announcer is Daniel Murphy. Their frequency is 690 kilocycles (power, 5,000 watts).

In closing, may I say that we enjoy your magazine a great deal—M. Hull, Glace Bay, N. S.

* * *

Too Much "Old Country"

Can it be found possible to give the National Hockey games and outlook of competing teams for the Stanley Cup or World's Championship. All we hear on our own local station is Old Country football, Bridge Whist talk, Russian noise or some Sparrow gargling about "How they do it in the ould country." In fact we must listen to the U. S. to hear English which one can "savey." And that is general on all Canadian stations. I am an eastern Canadian in this city twenty years, but we Canadians will soon be pushed over the line to make room for more Lords, Dukes, Counts, etc., according to them. Enough said.—L. A. Ranson, Winnipeg, Can.

* * *

Won't Miss a Copy

I think the Radio Digest is the best Radio magazine ever printed. The first one I bought was January number, I liked it so well that I haven't missed a copy since. I also sent for back numbers. I don't intend to miss any in the future if I can help it.

* * *

Strong for Station WENR

I am a regular reader of the Radio Digest ever since I found out about it in February. I think it is a wonderful magazine for people who have Radios. I can hardly wait until I get the next number and I especially enjoy the news about the artists and different stations. WENR is my favorite station and Everett Mitchell is my favorite announcer. I wish that I could see his picture in the Digest, and some more of the artists of WENR. The dials of my Radio are never turned from WENR when it is on the air. The Air Juniors children's program, a club for happy boys and girls, conducted by Everett Mitchell and Irma Glen, is just wonderful. I never see anything about it in the Digest, and it is a wonderful program for children and Everett and Irma are so nice with the children and have such nice programs. The Smile Club conducted by Everett Mitchell for shut-ins is another wonderful program on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. The Smith Family and WENR Minstrels are wonderful also. I like to have the pictures of the artists and when they are on I can look at them. Best wishes and good luck to the Radio Digest.—Miss Jean McKinzie, Elizabeth, Ill.

* * *

In Defense of Rudy

This letter is to ask you if you won't, please, publish the enclosed little poem I composed, to Rudy Vallee, in your next Radio Digest?

It is in defense of him, an answer to all the cruel and unjust criticisms the motion picture magazines have been hurling at him. I sent it in to the "Fans' Department" of one of those leading magazines, but, of course, as I half expected, it was ignored.

I have always been an enthusiastic motion picture fan, in the past. But, I declare, the petty, childish jealousy of the whole industry, of one young man, has certainly disgusted me. And, many of my friends. I might add, they were not ALL girls, either. Many fellows, I know, admire him, and enjoy his singing.

So I ask you, once again, in all fairness due Mr. Vallee, will you please publish my toast to him? This letter, too, if you like. Just to tell the whole waiting world what one farmer picture fan, including numerous friends, thinks of their "fair?" method of fighting keen competition.—Miss Mildred MacKenzie, Oakland, Cal.

TO RUDY VALLEE

Here's to the one and only Rudy Vallee,
Who's captured our hearts in his own charming way.
Not handsome, perhaps, in the accepted sense,
But has charm, a rare voice as recompense.
Who cares for beauty in a man, I say
Intelligence, manliness, only counts anyway.
All these gifts does he possess to such an extent,
That the vacant "beauty" of all the rest
Pales beside the genius of his talent.

* * *

Advice Wanted About a Station

The writer has decided to install and operate a 250-watt Radio broadcasting station at San Juan, Porto Rico, and would greatly appreciate all the possible information you can give me in this respect. I am interested in the purchase of a new or used broadcasting station complete or in building one from standard parts. Please refer me to manufacturers, design engineers or laboratories that might have these stations or that could build one for me.—Julio R. Bruno, c/o Bruno & Gonzales, Ltd., San Juan, Porto Rico.

The editors are passing this letter on to V. O. L. club members in the hope that some one may be able to help Mr. Bruno in his enterprise.

* * *

Finds Interference Bad

Three cheers for Radio Digest. I think it is the best Radio magazine I have ever seen. I had not seen one for four or five years until last January. I bought one and have not missed one since and don't want to miss any in the future. I even sent for three back numbers. A person can get so much good out of one. I like the pictures best, everyone seems better acquainted.

I surely agree with Mrs. Wm. Riley, in the April number. I too, think if the Federal Radio Commission would visit some of the homes and listen in I think they would try and arrange it so there wouldn't be so much interference. When I want WABC, WENR is always right there. WLW and CKGW can hardly be separated. It sure is disgusting. Then there are lots of others I could name that bother each other.

Another thing, I wish every station had to announce their call letters after each selection. I have waited from 15 to 20 minutes and then not gotten the call letters.

I wish WLS could have more power. They are the best on the air. Wish them all kinds of good luck in getting back their full time.—Mrs. Wayne Sylor, Fillmore, N. Y.

* * *

Finds Log Indispensable

When we bought a Radio set back in November, 1929, I began DX'ing in a couple of nights, but most of it was guess work. I then began fishing around to find an appropriate log book or magazine to aid me in DX'ing. The first try was unsuccessful and then one lucky night I heard the announcement about your Radio Digest magazine and I decided to try it. After I had had it for a week I knew this was the book for any Radio listener. I enjoy the Voice of the Listener very much and I will be more than pleased if my letter is published in this section. Another thing that I enjoy and appreciate is the abundance of photographs of Radio artists, etc. I would be glad to see a write-up on the "Henry George" program over CBS on Monday night at 8 o'clock (EST) with a few photographs, because that's where my votes are going in the popular program contest. I am just fifteen years of age, but I enjoy every bit of your magazine. In closing I would like to be entered as a member of the V. O. L. club. Wishing your magazine the best of luck.—E. Rosati, Toronto, Ontario, Can.

* * *

One DX'er to Another

I purchased my first issue of Radio Digest on Sunday, past, and immediately became interested. Having immediately read all devourable news (nothing to get fed up on, either) and facts, up to and including page seventy-eight, I have become a booster and friend of Radio Digest. (This all happened through Amos 'n' Andy.)

Now I see myself as particularly eager to become a member of the V. O. L. club. Kindly accept my nomination. Now for a question, please. I would like to inquire of a Joseph Baskys, of Chicago, as to the make and the model of his set with which he has such good DX fortune? I find myself eager to become a DX fan and am about to purchase a set, and would certainly appreciate any advice on the matter. If this cannot be answered in your V. O. L. column I would have my address printed in case Mr. Baskys would be kind enough to answer a fellow reader, new to DXing as any helps or hints will be graciously appreciated.—Frank Dougherty, 150 Union Ave., Bala, Pa.

First of Everything

I am not certain if you are the one to carry the burden of my complaint, but I choose you to plead my cause.

This happens to be my first of everything; first purchase of your magazine, first letter to a Radio Editor and first complaint.

The Radio Digest is the only magazine I lacked and whatever kept it hidden from me this long is still a mystery. The station news, personal notes and photographs are a source of keen pleasure. As yet I haven't tried the fiction as my reading has been confined to the special articles which proved so interestnig.

And now for the impulse which prompted this letter. Vaughn De Leath is one of my favorite favorites and really my reason for this first purchase of Radio Digest. When I saw her photograph nothing short of solitary confinement could interfere with the possession of that issue. But as humble Radio fan to worthy editor I ask that you glance at the enclosed photo of my favorite clipped from your magazine and weep with me. How can I frame a picture with two such smudges as disfigured so beautiful a face?

I know you won't fail me and will remedy this seeming error. If only you could have arranged those smudges for some other photograph.

Have you by any chance already published a photo of Miss Olive Palmer? If so I'd like awfully to secure a copy of whatever issue it appeared in.

If my supplication proves fruitful I shall no doubt deluge Marcella and "D. B." of "Gossipy Items" about my victims of favoritism.

I'm afraid you shall hear from me again but please believe I will appreciate whatever you do for me.—Mary Jane Ryan, Hartford, Conn.

* * *

All for Gibbons' Talks

I am writing in answer to your request in the April issue of the Radio Digest for letters asking that Floyd Gibbons' Radio talks be published in your magazine.

I'm for it! Floyd Gibbons is the most interesting speaker I have ever heard. His Armistice Day program—yarns about the soldiers in the hospitals of France—was a masterpiece.

About the Diamond Award Contest, I'm going to save my coupons and send them all in together. Just now my votes would go to Gene and Glenn, but I may feel differently by the end of the summer. Al and Pete's "Try and Stump Us" program, "Penrod," "The Smith Family," and, of course, Floyd Gibbons' war yarns are great favorites with me, too.

One of the most interesting daytime programs in these parts is the "Try Out Hour" every Wednesday from WCAU. Anyone who thinks he or she has Radio talent is given an audition. They try out from thirty to forty would-be Radiolites every week, calling them by number instead of names, and the Radio audience is the judge.

As the public is allowed to view these try-outs there is plenty of razzing and lots of fun. The announcer reserves the right to cut any number that is especially poor, and he exercises that right incessantly, which causes much glee among those present.

I think the Radio Digest is fine and I always look forward to the next issue.—Miss Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

WJZ Beaucoup Avec Monsieur

Rivière du Loup Station, 16 Avril, 1930.—Reception très bonne ce soir. La chanteuse de 6:30 a 7 p. m. ce soir vous a fait autant de plaisir a entendre que nos favorites du Radio de WJZ a la devine heure; Armstrong Quakers, Mary Hopple et Lois Bennett.

J'ai du sortir de chez moi avant 7 p. m. Quand Je suis revenu un accordeoniste que J'ai cru etre le fameux Joe Biviano a Joué un "medley" d'airs Canadiens pour une compagnie de boulangers a 7:15 J'ai entendu la plus belle musique Hawaiienne Jusqu'ici entendre au Radio. Le Morceau d'accordeon accompagnie par le pianos etait aussi tres bon. —C. J. Lencoque.

The bread might be better than what is served us here, but I would not care for it if it is sliced up.—C. J. Lencoque.

* * *

We Have Asked WMAQ

Am a regular reader of your magazine and like it best of all Radio magazines as it is up to the minute with Radio news, and wonder why with you here in Chicago you don't give Dan and Sylvia a write-up. There are few programs that surpass them and think they deserve a write-up. —W. G. Kennedy, Chicago.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.

Sunday

Eastern 9 a.m. — **Central** 8 — **Mountain** 7 — **Pacific** 6

The Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
341	1000	WJZ	508.2	590	WOW
454.3	660	WEAF			

Morning Musicale.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WFBM
201.3	1490	WLBL	243.9	1230	WSAC
202.6	1480	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WBRC
212.8	1410	WHCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	509	590	WREC
215.8	1390	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
234.4	1280	WDOD	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WFAA

1 p. m. — **12 n.** — **11 a. m.** — **10 a. m.**

National Light Opera.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

215.4	1460	KSTP	312.5	960	CKGW
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC
224.3	1240	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
242.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW

Roxy Symphony Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)

215.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
224.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KFAB
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WJZ	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA

3 p.m. — **2** — **1** — **12 n.**

Columbia Male Chorus.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
202.6	1480	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WFIP	319	940	WFIW
212.6	1410	WHCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	370.2	810	WCCO
220.4	1360	WFBL	395	760	KVI
223.7	1340	KFPY	447.5	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WSPD	475.9	630	WMAL
227.1	1320	WADC	483.6	620	WLBZ
230.6	1300	KFH	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	KMJ
232.6	1290	KDYL	500	600	WREC
234.4	1280	WDOD	516.9	580	WIBW
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	KWCR
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	536	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAE	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

National Youth Conference.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
245.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KPRC
252.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	KFAB
267.7	1120	WISN	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	429	700	WLW
277.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WPTF
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA			

4 p.m. — **3** — **2** — **1**

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFIC	361	830	KOA
225.6	1330	WJAS	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WFAA
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.1	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	KOMO	509	590	WHO
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEFI
331	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

Cathedral Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW
212.8	1410	WHCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAE	526	570	WKWC
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

5 p.m. — **4** — **3** — **2**

Devey Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

206.9	1450	WFIC	380	790	WGY
225.6	1330	WSAI	497	600	WDAF
245.9	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
270.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
337	890	WJAR	545	550	WGR
345	870	WENR			

Recommended

AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for June:

Sunday

Roxy Symphony
Will Rogers

Monday

Voice of Firestone
Ipana Troubadours

Tuesday

Around the World With Libby
Florsheim Frolic

Wednesday

Mobiloil Concert
Coca Cola Program

Thursday

RCA Hour
Maxwell House Melodies

Friday

Cities Service Concert Orchestra
Nit Wit Hour

Saturday

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra
Del Monte Program

Eastern 5 p.m. — **Central** 4 — **Mountain** 3 — **Pacific** 2

McKesson News Reel of the Air.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	KFJF	275.1	1090	KMOX
208.2	440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
215.6	950	KMBC	319	940	KOIN
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WJJD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
230.6	1300	KFH	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	KTSA	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	497.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238	1260	WDSU	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WNAC			

7:35 p.m. — **6:35** — **5:35** — **4:35**

Major Bowes' Family.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WEAF
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WJC	535.4	560	WIBO
318.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ			

8 — **7** — **6** — **5**

Enna Jettek Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WJKY	325.9	920	KPRC
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
221.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB
263.1	1140	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1020	WFAA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 8 — **Central** 7 — **Mountain** 6 — **Pacific** 5

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WSHP	370.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

8:15 p.m. — **7:15** — **6:15** — **5:15**

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

212.7	1480	WJKY	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.3	1120	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			

8:30 p.m. — **7:30** — **6:30** — **5:30**

Around the Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WHP	319	940	WBRC
215.7	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WAB
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
230.8	1300	KFH	399.7	750	WJR
232.4	1290	WJAS	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.6	1290	KDYL	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	500	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	KLZ
243.8	1230	WNAC	535.4	560	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	348.6	860	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD

9 — **8** — **7** — **6**

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	374.8	800	WFAA
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
227.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
300	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WIBO
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267	1120	WDEL
49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN
49.5	6060	W3XAU	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KFJF	309.1	970	KTR
204	1470	KGA	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KSMB
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	ABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
238	1260	WDSU	384.4	780	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	410.7	730	CKAC
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAU
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WHBP
254.1	1180	KEX	535.4	560	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC

9:15 p.m. — **8:15** — **7:15** — **6:15**

Atwater Kent Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660k

205.4	1460	WFIC	383	780	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	385	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	KPO
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	469	640	KFI
300	1000	WJC	484	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEFI
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WFI
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI			



Inga Hill, who came to New York from a small prairie town in Illinois to pursue a musical career, is now featured on the O'Cedar Times program broadcast every Sunday evening by the Columbia system.

Monday

Eastern 8:30 a.m. Central 7:30 Mountain 6:30 Pacific 5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WWJ
202.7	1480	WMAL	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WFIT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WEAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

10 a.m. 9 8 7

Ida Bailey Allen.
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	WNAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSN
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

12 n. 11 10 9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	333	930	WDBJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KFH
212.8	1410	WRCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WIOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFNF
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDRC	536	560	KLZ

1:45 12:45 11:45 10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.3	1320	WSMB	345	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WERC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
294.1	1020	KFXX	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

7 6 5 4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:35 6:35 5:35 4:35

Roxy and His Gang.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.2	740	WSB
245.9	1220	WREN	440.9	680	WPTF
260.7	1150	WHAM	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.9	990	WBZA			

8 7 6 5

The Voice of Firestone.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSN
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WMAL
283.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIJT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

8:30 7:30 6:30 5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Alternate Weeks
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	260.7	1150	WHAM
227.1	1320	WSMB	270.1	1110	WRVA
234.2	1280	WEBC	277.6	1080	WBT
245.8	1220	WREN	288.3	1040	KTHS
252	1190	WOAI	293.9	1020	KYW

Eastern 8:30 Central 7:30 Mountain 6:30 Pacific 5:30

Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Alternate Weeks
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
302.8	990	WBZ	389.4	770	KFAB
302.8	990	WBZA	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA	399.8	750	WJR
325.5	920	KPRC	405.2	740	WSB
333.1	900	WJAX	428.3	700	WLW
333.1	900	WKY	461.3	650	WSM
361	830	KOA	483.6	620	WTMJ
365.6	820	WHAS	535.4	560	WIOD
384.4	780	WMC			

Ceco Couriers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

A and P Gypsies.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

9 p.m. 8 7 6

Maytag Orchestra.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA
209.7	1430	KECA	306	980	KDKA
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	361	830	KOA
245.9	1220	WREN	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ

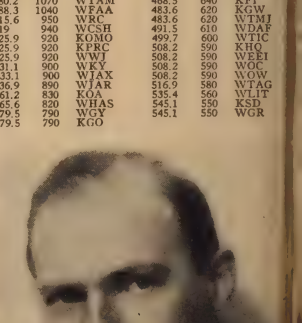
Physical Culture Magazine Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	WNAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
226.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	554.1.	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WGL			

9:30 8:30 7:30 6:30

General Motors Family Party.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
331.1	900	WOC	508.2	590	WOC
333.1	900	WJAX	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			



Here is Rudy Wiedoeft, world saxophone virtuoso, who has appeared on Major Edward Bowes' Capitol Family program of a Sunday night.

Tuesday

Eastern 8:30 | Central 7:30 | Mountain 7:30 | Pacific 6:30

Chesebrough Real Folks.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

"An Evening in Paris."
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
233.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			
		9	8		7

Robert Burns Panatela Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
233.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
	10:30		9:30		8:30

Empire Builders.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
249.9	1200	KPRC	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KEH
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

Gold Strand Crusaders.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

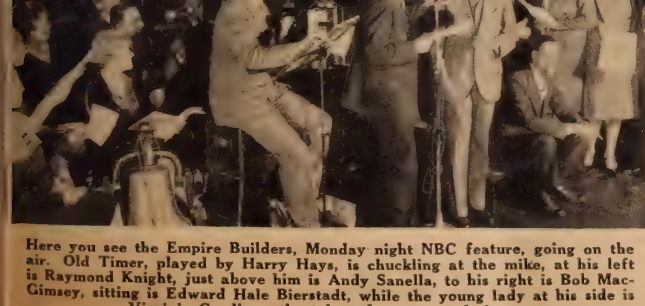
49.02	6120	W2XE	250	1200	WMAQ
201.3	1490	WJAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	258.6	1160	WOWO
204.1	1470	KEJF	267.9	1120	WISN
208.3	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHP	288.5	1040	KRLD
215.8	1390	WHK	316	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFIY	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WGHP	333	900	KHJ
227.3	1320	WADC	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	WJAS	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	WDYL	391	940	KOIN
232.6	1290	KTSA	476	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236.2	1270	WDSU	500	600	WREC
236.2	1270	WDSU	500	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238.1	1260	WLBW	536	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WFBM			
	11		10		9

Lonsine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studio.

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			



Here you see the Empire Builders, Monday night NBC feature, going on the air. Old Timer, played by Harry Hays, is chuckling at the mike, at his left is Raymond Knight, just above him is Andy Sanella, to his right is Bob MacGimsey, sitting is Edward Hale Bierstadt, while the young lady at his side is Virginia Gardiner, the talented actress and singer.

Eastern 8:30 a.m. | Central 7:30 | Mountain 6:30 | Pacific 5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
	10		9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
	11:15		10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	434.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR
	12 n.		11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WCSH	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC
	1:45		12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5—760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	332.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WIDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KYW	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			
	2:30		1:30	12:30	11:30

American School of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	223.7	1340	KVI
201.3	1490	WLAC	223.7	1340	WSPD
204	1470	WKBW	227.1	1320	WADC
209.7	1430	WHP	230.6	1300	KFH
212.8	1410	WHCM	232.6	1290	KDYL
215.7	1390	WHK	234.2	1280	WDOD
215.8	1390	KLRA	238	1260	WLBW
223.7	1340	KFPY	241.8	1240	WGHP



A portrait of Harry Horlick, popular director of the A and P Gypsies. His Gypsies are heard every Monday night at 8:30 o'clock (EST) over a NBC network.

Eastern 2:30 | Central 1:30 | Mountain 12:30 | Pacific 11:30

American School of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
243.8	1230	WFBL	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.9	1230	WNAC	491.5	610	KFRC
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WMT
275.1	1090	KMOX	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	516.9	580	WIBW
322.4	930	WDBJ	526	570	WKBN
323	930	WBRC	526	570	WWNC
333	900	KHJ	535.4	560	KLZ
370	810	WCCO	545	550	WEAN
384.4	780	WEAN	545.1	550	WKRC
	5 p.m.		4	3	2

Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
209.8	1430	WHP	492	610	WFAN
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WKBN
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.9	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ
	7:00		6	5	4

Voters Service.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
	8:00		7	6	

Pure Oil Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WIDX	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD
	8:30 p.m.		7:30	6:30	5:30

Romany Patteran.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WLAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1090	KMOX
204.1	1470	WKBW	316	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WHCM	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	WHK	476	630	WMAL
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	KFPY	500	600	WREC
227.3	1320	WADC	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	WJAS	526	570	WKBN
234.4	1280	WDOD	526	570	KLZ
238.1	1260	WLBW	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	KOIL	545	550	WKRC
241.8	1240	WSPD			



John and Ned—that's the team. Pictured, you see John at the right. The boys are John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, but they don't use their last names except when signing checks. They're heard Tuesdays and Fridays over the NBC Pacific Division.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

"Around the World With Libby."
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
252.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
252.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	359.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
296.8	1000	KFCA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			

Flersheim Frolic.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
225.6	1330	WSAI	375	800	WBAP
230.0	1300	WIOD	380	790	WGY
252.4	1190	WEBC	417	720	WGN
265.3	1130	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	492	610	WDAF
277.8	1080	WBT	509	590	WEEI
306	980	WHO	509	590	WOW
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
333	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
333	900	WKY			

9	8	7	6

Eveready Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
225.6	1330	WFIC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
236.1	1270	WIDX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1150	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9	8	7	6

Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	KFIF	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KOA	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WHCM	309.1	970	KJR
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	323	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	KFH	337	890	WGST
232.4	1290	KTSA	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KDYL	385	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	WIAS	390	770	WBRM
234.2	1280	DOD	391	940	KOIN
236.1	1270	WDSU	492	610	KFRC
236	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	KXA
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKJN
243.8	1230	KYA	536	560	KLZ
254.1	1180	KEX	545	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

Wednesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	KPRC
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	WGR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHQ	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—WZXE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBBM
245.6	1220	WCAD	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333	900	KHJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WJDD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
323	930	WBRC			

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	KHJ
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WIDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.6	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WFIF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	KDKA	440.9	680	WFIF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 9	Central 7	Mountain 6	Pacific 5

The Yeast Foamers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	293.9	1020	KYW
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
244.2	1380	WEBC	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
263.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW

5:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA
253.0	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WEAA
261.1	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
265.1	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

Sylvania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
262.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

Forty Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	WJXE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Halsey, Stuart Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.1	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR



Miss Patricola likes to cook. She invariably cooks special dinners for entertainers with her on special occasions like Christmas, New Years and other holidays. She was lately a guest artist on the Wednesday Van Heusen program.

Eastern 9:30	Central 8:30	Mountain 7:30	Pacific 6:30

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	WJXE	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WREC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Coca Cola Topnotchers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCSH
209.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOMO
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WJJ
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	KGW
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
283	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHQ
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	517	580	WTAG
300	1000	WOC	536	560	WLIT
312.5	960	CKGW	545	550	WGR
316	950	WRC	545	550	KSD

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WEAA
234.2	1280	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—WABC (348 6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Busy Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL
201.2	1490	WLAC	245.6	1220	WCAO
204.0	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
209.7	1430	WHP	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.6	1300	KFH	389.4	770	WBBM
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ
225.4	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY
227.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WJAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.5	1040	KTHS	492	610	WFI
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI
300	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Du Barry Beauty Talk.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WAIU
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			



Known as the "Whoopee Woman" Texas Guinan's familiar "Give This Little Girl a Great Big Hand" was heard on a Thursday broadcast of the Alemite program over the CBS.

Eastern 11:45	Central 10:45	Mountain 9:45	Pacific 8:45

Columbia Review—Tropical Tramps.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	500	600	KFEC
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	535.4	560	KLZ
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
227.3	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
238.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252	1190	WOAI	340	770	KFAB
260	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
263	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WEAA
270.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW

2:30	1:30	12:30	11:30

American School of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
201.3	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	315.6	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WHCM	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	KHJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
230.6	1300	KFH	491.5	610	WFAC
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WCAO
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WMT
234.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
238	1260	KOIL	516.9	580	WEBW
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBL	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WFBM	535	560	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD



BENNIE KRUEGER, popular sax artist and band leader, does his stuff on the Gold Seal program Thursday nights from WABC and the Columbia Chain.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8	7	6	5

Fleischmann Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFIC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KOW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
9:00 p.m.		8:00	7:00		6:00

Harbor Lights.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

227.3	1320	WSMB	380	790	KGO
230.6	1300	WIOD	380	790	WGY
236.1	1270	WJDX	441	680	WPTF
245.9	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
263.2	1140	WAFI	484	620	WTMJ
270.3	1110	WRVA	509	590	KHQ
300	1000	WHO	509	590	WOW
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	KSD
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

True Detective Mysteries.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
264	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
268.3	1440	WHEC	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WFBL	288.3	1040	KRLD
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	370	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	WFIW
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
223.7	1430	KECA	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KOMO			
10		9	8		7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
252.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			

RCA Victor Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	280.2	1070	WTAM
206.8	1450	WFIC	282.8	1060	WTIC
225.4	1330	WSAI	292.9	1020	KYW
227.1	1320	WSMB	299.8	1000	WHO
234.2	1280	WEBC	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KOMO
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	KPRC
263	1140	KVOO	333.1	900	WJAX
265.3	1130	KSL	333.1	900	WKY
270.1	1110	WRVA	336.9	890	WJAR
277.6	1080	WBT	361.2	830	KOA

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:00 p.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00

RCA Victor Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

365.6	820	WHAS	483.6	620	WTMJ
374.8	800	WBAP	491.5	610	WDAF
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	WEEI
379.5	790	KGO	508.2	590	WOW
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	KHQ
405.2	740	WSB	516.9	580	WTAG
440.9	680	WPTF	535.4	560	WFI
454.3	660	WEAF	535.4	560	WOD
461.3	650	WSM	545.1	550	KSD
483.6	620	KGW	545.1	550	WGR
11:00		10:00	9:00		8:00

Longine's Correct Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

260.7	1150	WHAM	302.8	990	WBZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	302.8	990	WBZA
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
326.5	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Friday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	360.6	820	WHAS
253.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAFI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	KGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			
10 a.m.		9	8		7

Ida Bailey Allen. National Home Makers' Club.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120) ; WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.3	1390	WHK	272.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
234.4	1280	WJOD	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
245.6	1222	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			
10:15		9:15	8:15		7:15

National Home Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.9	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.6	1222	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR
12:00 n.		11:00 a.m.	10:00		9:00

Columbia Revue.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDRJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333	900	KHJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	476	630	WMAL
223.7	1340	WGHP	492	610	WFAN
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WJOD	500	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
256.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN
243.9	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
316	950	KMBC	536	560	KLZ
319	940	WFIW	545	550	WEAN
1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
260	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WBAP
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB
294.1	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WTPF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
8		8	6		5

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
232.4	1290	WJAS	374.8	800	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KHQ
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00

Nit-Wit Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFIW
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDRJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.2	1340	KFPY	333	900	KHJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ
230.8	1300	KFH	492	610	KFRC
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WCAO
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	WIOD
243.8	1280	WFBM	535.4	560	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

True Story Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGHP
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.8	1230	WNAC
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	WIBW	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.4	1290	WJAS	395	760	KYI
232.4	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.2	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236	1260	KOIL	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	WLBW	545	550	WKRO
239.9	1250	WDSU			

Interwoven Pair.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc

222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WHAM	365.6	820	WHAS
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	KGO
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	428.2	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	630	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

Cliquot Club Eskimos.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30

Armour Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
263.2	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD



This is how John Rogers, the artist, sees winsome Jessica Dragonette, who sings on the Cities Service hour via the NBC on Friday evenings.

Eastern 10	Central 9	Mountain 8	Pacific 7

Armstrong Quakers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
468.4	1460	KSTP	355.9	920	KOMO
465.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
422.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
422.1	1320	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
374.8	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WFAA
374.8	1280	KREM	379.5	790	KGO
374.8	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
258.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
258.7	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
264.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
282.9	1020	KFW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ

11 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Will Osborne and His Orchestra.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	315	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
215.7	1370	WCL	323	930	WDBJ
217	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	WJPD	500	600	WMT
227.5	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
230.6	1300	KDYL	526	570	WMSC
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC
250.7	1120	WISN			

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longine's Correct Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
250.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WTDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Saturday

6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

Tower Health Exercises.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

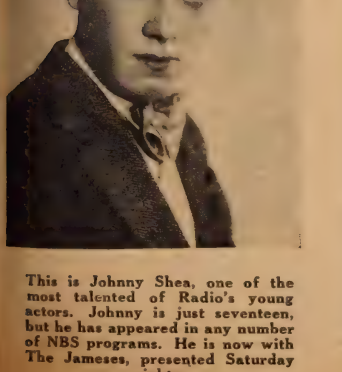
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
454.3	660	WEAF			

8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15

Morning Devotions.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTF
315.6	950	WJAR	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR



This is Johnny Shea, one of the most talented of Radio's young actors. Johnny is just seventeen, but he has appeared in any number of NBS programs. He is now with The Jameses, presented Saturday nights.

Eastern 8:30	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30

Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.6	960	CRGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
230.6	1300	WIOD	345	870	WLS
232.4	1290	WEBC	361	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WTDX	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	399	770	KFAB
263.2	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM
303	990	WBZ	469	640	KFI
303	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590	KHQ

6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	312.3	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD

7:15 p.m.	6:15	5:15	4:15

RCA Theremin Ether Wave Music.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.5	1460	KSTP	288.5	1040	KTHS
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA
230.8	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	385	780	WMC
246	1220	WREN	390	770	KFAB
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	KVOO	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT			

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Del Monte Program. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333	900	WKY
206.9	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
225.6	1330	WSAI	337	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA
230.6	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WBAP
236.1	1270	WTDX	380	790	WGY
245.9	1220	WCAE	385	780	WMC
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	462	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT	484	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	492	610	WDAF
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WOW
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WTAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WFBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WHAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	447.5	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKBN
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WMSC
258.6	1160	WOWO	536	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN			



This winsome lady is Bessie Wynn, the protege of Victor Herbert who was heard in a group of songs that made her famous twenty years ago. The occasion was one of the Enna Jettick Melodies of the NBC.

Eastern 10 p.m.	Central 9	Mountain 8	Pacific 7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WTAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.

Key Station—WZXE (49.02m-612kc) WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFEQ	285.7	1050	KNX
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	KOL	475.9	630	WMAL
236.2	1270	WDSU	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longines Correct Time.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WMAL	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) WZXE (49.02-612)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WBBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	KFRC
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	536	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	536.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

12:30	11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WTDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Who's Who in Broadcasting

ABERCROMBIE, Jack, Operator, KFEQ.

Abram, Clara, Soprano, WAIU. Local winner of 1929 stwuster Kent contest.

Achle, Elise, Violinist, KMOX.

Aiken, Louis, WLW, Bass Soloist.

Ainsworth, Arthur, Announcer for WLW and WSAI. Ainsworth was one of the first Radio listeners to become interested in Radio as a business and later as a profession. In 1923 his company built and installed a broadcasting station on the Hotel Alms; its call letters were WMH. Then Ainsworth realized his cherished ambition of becoming an announcer. Although he never had seen the inside of a broadcasting station until WMH was completed, he filled the position of studio director, program arranger, and announcer. Later, when his company felt that their station had filled its mission of arousing interest in receiving sets, WMH was sold and Ainsworth decided to give up his announcing to devote all his time to Radio sales. It was only a few weeks, however, until the wishes of his many Radio listening friends became clearly evident in the offer of a position with WSAI, then operated by its original owners. Ainsworth then announced for two years in Cincinnati before spending a year in Inglewood, California, as announcer for station KMIC. When he returned to Cincinnati, he was hired by the Crosley Radio corporation for its two stations.

Alabama Whangdoodles, Stan and Marlin Clements with Hot Guitars, WLS.

Albert, Maud, Contralto, WBAL, is a concert singer of wide experience, having appeared to audiences in New York, Atlantic City, Montreal, Chicago, and elsewhere. Studied at the Peabody Conservatory of Music and in New York with Buzzi-Peccia, the celebrated teacher-composer. Was made a member of WBAL'S staff over three years ago and has in that time endeared herself to the radio audience so that she is counted among the most popular Radio contraltos of the day. Is soloist at one of the Baltimore's largest churches and has also appeared as soloist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and other large symphonic groups.

Alberty, Bob, Announcer, WREC.

Albrecht, Gustav, WLW, French Horn Player with Reo Flying Cloud Hour. Member of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

Alexander, Joe, Organist and "Joy Boy," WHEC. A native of Chicago, Alexander began his musical career at the age of six with the study of violin under the supervision of Ralph Michaelis, soon also taking up piano. When fourteen he added the organ to his studies, turning a few years later to the theatrical world, playing in moving picture houses. He played at various theatres in different parts of the country, constantly improving himself, joining the Publix staff. He has made Radio appearances on numerous occasions, and is now heard regularly over WHEC.



Allan, Eddie, Dixie Harmonica King. From down South and now at WLS each Saturday. Has 600 numbers on the end of his mouth harp.

Anderson, Alice, Director KDYL Concert Orchestra.

Anderson, Gaylord, WLW. "Red Hat" as end-man of K. J. O. Minstrels. (See also Red Hat and Golden Rod.)

Anderson, Harry, Commercial Manager, Pacific Division NBC at San Francisco.

Anderson, "Rags," Zylophonist, WAIU, formerly at the Capitol theatre, New York.

Andree, Billy, Tenor, WAIU, formerly with Metropolitan Opera company.

Arion Trio, NBC Instrumentalists. A trio of young women who have played together since they attended Oakland High School. They are Josephine Holub, violin; Aurora Cravcrro, cello; Joyce Barthelson, piano. They receive much praise in their musical illustration of a music appreciation course adopted by Pacific Coast schools and broadcast from NBC San Francisco studios.

Armchair Quartet, NBC, New York.

Armstrong, Ruth, WLW, Pianist for the Absorbine, Jr., Setting-Up exercises broadcast from Monday until Friday inclusive at 8 A. M. Radio listeners too lazy to swat a fly say they get up just to listen to Ruth's music. She also plays for the Devotional Exercises broadcast by WLW at 8:30 A. M.

Ashbaugh, Paul, WLW. Member of the Crosley Players cast. Appears in Historical Highlights and Great Adventures.

Ashcroft, R. W., Station Manager, CKGW.

Ashley Sisters, Irma and Lorraine, Harmony Duo, KMOX. Sing and play popular hits in a breezy style.

Atkinson, Eva Gruninger, NBC Contralto having a vast following on the West Coast, where she sings every year with the San Francisco Opera Company.

Attl, Olga, KFRC. Harpist, KFRC Concert Orchestra. Born in Odessa, Russia, and grew up to be first harpist in the Odessa Symphony Orchestra. Plays with S. F. Symphony Orchestra.

Aunt Sammy, KSTP, Radiospokeswoman United States Department of Agriculture, gives recipes, menus, and valuable hints to Northwest housewives.

Austin, Peggy, Program Director, KWK.

BABCOCK, Frances, Soprano, WHAM.

Baby Grands, Piano Duets, WGHF, Helene Wyman and Marjory Nivens. Play both popular and classics. Both are prominent Detroit musicians.

Baggette, Mrs. K. E., Organist, WJBY.

Baie, Rudy, "The Crooning Tenor," KMOX.

Bails, James L., Saxophone, WJBY.

Bakaleinikoff, Vladimir, WLW, Conductor of the Radio ensemble of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra in its weekly Selby Symphony Hour (Sundays at 9:30 P. M.). After an education in Europe under the greatest masters, Bakaleinikoff toured the United States as musical director for the Moscow Art Theatre in its famous productions of "Carmencita and the Soldier," and "Lysistrata." He also was musical director for Mordkin's Russian ballet. In addition to his executive duties with the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, he is a skilled viola player.

Baklor, Elsa, Soprano. Born in Virginia, but has spent most of her life in Baltimore. Widely known in musical circles, having appeared as soloist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and other large and important musical organizations. Has also appeared in operatic singing as guest artist with the De Feo Opera Company a few seasons ago. Now devoting her talent to teaching and concert work.

Baldwin, Carolyn Cone, Pianist, KPO. Made her first bow at age of seven. Has made a number of recordings.

Baptist Quartett, WFLA.

Bark, Eric, Announcer, WDAY.

Barlow, Clyde, KFRC, Percussion, KFRC Concert Orchestra. Formerly with many different Theatre Orchestras. Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Plays par golf.

Barnett, Stanley W., Station Manager, WBAL. A native of Pennsylvania. One of the few men in Radio broadcasting who knows both side technical and the studio sides of Radio. Served in the Radio Corps of Uncle Sam's Navy during the war; later served as studio manager and announcer at a leading Western station. Has been with WBAL since the station first came on the air in 1925.

Barnum, Merle, Soprano, WFLA.

Barrett, Nita, Violinist, WFLA.

Barry, John D., NBC Lecturer at San Francisco, heard every Thursday morning. A columnist and critic also.

Barry, Robert, WLW-WSAI Transmitter operator.

Bartholomew, Roy, Crooner, WTMJ. Has grand opera ambitions.

Bassford, Jessie, Soprano, KMOX.

Baughman, Elmer, WLW. Member of the Crosley Players theatrical company.

Baynes, Dorris, Contralto, WFLA.

Beadles, J. Robert, Chief Announcer of WRVA, affectionately known to his friends as "Bob." Being an accomplished pianist his recitals are frequently heard over the air. Mr. Beadles is a great lover of outdoor sports, and when not engaged in the studios may be found tramping in the or on the banks of some inviting stream. The sports that appeal to him most are golf, hunting and fishing. His friends say he pulls a quick trigger in the hunt, swings a wicked club on the golf course, and casts a mean downright when fishing.

Beban, Walter, Director "Musical Musketeers," NBC Dance Band at San Francisco.

Beck, George, Announcer, WTAR.

Becker, Don, WLW and WSAI. Becker started his Radio career as a ukulele player. How he has changed. Now he is still a ukulele player (nothing can break him of the habit) but he also sings (viz., The Harmony Team That Knows One Tune, the Motterolos, and the Yodeling Harmony Team of Little Bear Face and his Cousin, Hanging Sock"), writes continuities, and is the creator of the Don Becker Original Weak End Satires. From his brain have sprung, fully equipped, the Irrational Broadcasting Company and its one-piece Lavendar Network (of which WLW is the only outlet). Chief characters in these burlesques of broadcasting are J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, Jr., president of the Irrational Broadcasting Company; the announcers, A. Large Gorilla, Graham Smackatmee, Fullof Carbon, Fence Picket, and Kinda Kross (and how strange it is that these names suggest the cognomens of several famous Radio announcers); and the entertainers include Jessie Godrage mout, and Calla Somerset, and various musicians who appear under such firr names as "Dolly Dimple's Own Fifi Hor Artist," the "Silver Flask Tinner," and many others.

Beckman, Anna, Soprano, KMOX.

Beddoe, Dan, WLW, famous Welsh Teno one of the most noted oratorical singer in the world. Most recent appearance a WLW was as one of the featured artist on the series of Sohio programs in whic Ohio artists were presented.

Bell, Aylesworth B., Assistant Manage WHEC.

Bell, Ray, WLW-WSAI Transmitter Operato

Bell, William, WLW, Bass Horn Soloist wit Henry Fillmore's concert band. Bell, member of the Cincinnati Symphony or chestra, spent the past summer in Ne York playing occasionally with Edwar Franko Goldman's band for Radio broad casting. During his summer Radio seaso he repeated his success in playing hi "Fantasy on Nautical Airs," a bass hor solo he wrote for himself. It so pleased th WLW audience when he played it with Fill more's band that several of his hearers wer inspired to write poetry dedicated to him

Bellson, Julius, Banjo Players, KSTP.

Bellstedt, Erwin, WLW, Violinist in Crosle orchestra. When not engaged in Radi work, Bellstedt is head of an orchestr booking agency.

Benden, Frances, Organist, Secretary, Hos tess, WREC.

Benning, Bill, Musical Director, WTMJ Quite a prodigy, Benning became a directo at the age of 19 while attending the Uni versity of Wisconsin. The Orpheum thea tre manager at Madison engaged the youth ful student to wield the baton and pla the piano in the intermissions between classes. Since then Benning has been di rector of every orchestra with which h has worked. He likes best to direct sym phonic orchestras, although he's alway happy with the baton. He is the head six WTMJ musical units, three concert or chestras and several dance aggregations Married and the proud papa of Miss Ben ning.

Benton, Sam, Announcer, WAPI. Also staf tenor.

Bergquist, Helen, Accompanist, WFLA.

Bergman, Harold, Announcer, WCAD.

Bernhardt, Elmer F., Baritone, WBAL, has natural baritone voice of exceptional qual ity. He has always sung, ever since h was a boy, and the natural quality of hi voice has attracted wide attention, so tha he has been appearing in concert work an as guest soloist for various organization and musical events for number of years He is also soloist at one of the largest an most fashionable churches in Baltimore. H appears every Saturday night as solois with "The Marylanders" and is frequentl heard with other artists as well. Joine the staff of WBAL about a year ago When not singing somewhere, Mr. Bern hardt may be found in the City Hall wher he spends his working hours as Chief o the Central Payroll Bureau. He studie piano for two seasons at the Peabody Con servatory of Music, and frequently accom panies himself in his songs.

Bernie, Ben, and His Orchestra, NBC.

Berrett, Antoinette, Soprano Soloist, KSTP Has taken leading roles in Northwest opera for many years. Choir singer and leadin soprano, St. Paul municipal choir.

Berwin, Bernice, Leading Woman for the Na tional Players at the NBC San Francisc studios.

Best Sisters, Harmony Team, WIL.

Besuden, Howard, WLW, Director of th Crosley Players. Besuden directs th Historical Highlights and Great Adven tures, the latter made in WLW's Sunday night Angelus Hour, and is the reader in the Marmon-Roosevelt program in which the regular announcer largely i dispensed with.

Betts, Robert, Tenor, KMOX.

Biggar, George, an old-timer at WLS. I supervising productions. Started with WL five years ago, then went to WFAA, Dallas over to Atlanta to direct programs at WSB and finally back to the Middle West at KMBC, Kansas City. Has charge of the Checkerboard Rooster on the early morning broadcasts from WLS.

Bill, Edgar L., Director of WLS. Is a veteran in the broadcasting field, having started with WLS in April, 1924. Was director of Sears, Roebuck Radio service over stations WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WFAA, Dallas, and KMBC, Kansas City, until Prairie Farmer weekly bought WLS from Sears. Knows farmers and their work as he has been associated with farm organizations and Illinois newspapers all his life. Believes that Radio should be "a handshake and a smile" and sees that WLS holds to that belief.

Billings, I. Will. Director of Crosley broadcasting. Concerning Billings goes the distinction of dreaming the activities of the most powerful broadcasting station in America—WLW the Nation's Station, the most powerful independent station, the most expensive station as to the price of its air time. He came to Cincinnati on May 1, 1928, to take charge of station WLW. Twelve days later, the Crosley Radio corporation took over the control of station WSAI and Billings was faced with the task of building up the programs of two Radio stations instead of one. How well he has done this is evidenced by the prestige and popularity of station WLW. His unbounded energy and creative imagination now is at work on the building of a wired program exchange that will give variety to the programs of the largest Radio stations without confining them to a permanent network. So far, he has sent programs from WLW to WOR, WLS and WBBM. One of his largest contributions to broadcasting has been his idea for the School of the Air which was arranged by the state of Ohio and broadcast by WLW during the second semester of the 1928-29 school term. Well over 400,000 children in Ohio and 29 other states tuned in and have listened regularly to the hour-long Radio classes broadcast by WLW. In preparation for his career as a Radio entertainment expert, Billings points to a varied past that combined both show training and business experience. While still in high school, he traveled as pianist with the evangelist Billy Sunday. While pursuing his college education, he earned his living by singing, playing, and entertaining. When stock company director for Schubert road shows before he settled down for a successful business career. At last, however, he hit upon broadcasting as the only practical combination of business and showmanship and he has been at it since then for five years.

Bishop, Walter R., Program Manager of WRVA. From the farm and a mercantile establishment in Southwest Virginia to program manager's desk at WRVA may or may not be a long way, but Walter R. Bishop has traveled that route, first becoming connected with the Richmond station when it began broadcasting in 1925; at that time doing the duties of assistant to the studio director. Despite the realm of Radio he is interested in law and politics. It might be added that Walter is the surviving bachelor on the staff of WRVA, and he insists that he is not a candidate for matrimony any future rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. He is a "six footer" with two and a half inches extra for good measure.

Bittke, Frederic, Baritone, KPO. Has sung in grand opera, concerts and recitals. Has recorded for American and European firms. Sings in English, German and Italian. Native of Hamburg, Germany.

Biviano, Joseph, Accordion, Biviano and Pecorara, NBC.

Blackburn, Merle, "Singing Announcer" of WTMJ. Combines singing with sales for the station. Announcer the Morning Parade program.

Blake, Ann, Soprano, WFLA.

Blanchard, Barbara, NBC Soprano at San Francisco.

Bloom, Abe, KFRC, Jazz Singer, known as the "Joy Boy of KFRC." Been with the station eight months. San Francisco representative of Irving Berlin publications. Was with Gus Edwards revues for six years. Featured in the Blue Monday Jamboree. Born in England and came to Philadelphia, Pa., when a child.

Blue, Alice, Organist and Pianist. Was formerly a theatre organist and also had stage experience, including considerable time on the Pantages circuit. Her style of playing is distinctive, novel and interesting. Attended University of California. Favorite composers are Chopin, McDowell and Grieg.

Blue Monday Jamboree. All of the regular KFRC artists appear on it, in addition to occasional acts brought in from the outside. "Mac" and his hay-wire orchestra, Victor recording artists; Bob Olsen and Norman Nelisen, tenors; Alice Blue and Virginia Spencer, pianists; Jean Wakefield, vocalist; Pearce Brothers, harmony team; Micky Gillette, jazz band leader and saxophonist; Juanita Tennyson, soprano, and Lucille Atherton Harger, contralto; Harold Dana, baritone; Raymond Marlowe, tenor; Frank Watanabe, Simpy Fitts, Pedro and Dippy, comedians, Ona O'Keefe, baby songs; and Abe Bloom, KFRC Joy Boy, are some of the regulars.

Bobbie and Robbie, Harmony Team, KMOX (Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Broyless).

Bomford, Ruth, Contralto, WFLA.

Bontsema, Pete, CBS, of Al and Pete. Born in the Netherlands but in the United States when five years of age. He calls Kalamazoo, Mich., his home town. Entered broadcasting with WCX back in the days of the "Red Apple Club," being one of the five original members of that popular group. He first teamed with Al, his present teammate, in "Show Me the Way to Go Home," entirely by accident, and they have been together ever since.

Boothby, Laura, Soprano, WFLA.

Bories, Merton, Pianist, composer, KPO. Over four and a half years ago Merton Bories began his broadcasting career, which was also the start of his musical career. Many of his songs have achieved great popularity.

Borjes, Henry, Crosley Orchestras. Violinist. Station WLW.

Borowsky, Serge, Baritone, WFLA.

Botts, Rudolph, Saxophone, WFLA.

Boulton, Robert L., Announcer and Productions at WLS. Directs his WLS Showboat hour production every Friday night. Is a former track star of Carthage college and holds several state records for running. Announced football games at WCAZ. Conducts the Town Crier cooking school from the Hotel Sherman kitchens every Friday morning. Also the Coleman Kitchen club. Knows his recipes and continuities.

Boynton, Wesley L., Lyric Tenor on the NBC staff. Born and brought up in Lowell, Mass., just on the outskirts of Boston, this 25-year-old artist received most of his music and stage training in that latter city. He has sung leading juvenile roles in a number of musical shows, and has made many appearances in vaudeville and stock companies throughout the East. His voice is round and full and possesses pure quality of tones, perfect diction and artistic taste in interpretation and feeling. He sings both ballads and current musical comedy song hits.

Bradley, Wallace E., Pianist, NBC, Chicago.

Brambrilla, M. G., KFRC, First Violin, KFRC Symphony Orchestra. Five months with the station. Formerly musical director of the West Coast St. Francis Theatre. Born in France, studied in Italy.

Brasch, Walter M., Conductor of the Crosley Presentation Orchestra at WLW. Brasch, assistant librarian of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, was musical director for the Cincinnati Art Theatre.

Breen, Mary Sinclair, Ukulele, Soprano, Breen and DeRose, NBC.

Breen, Thomas, Jr., Announcer, NBC, Chicago.

Brennan, Jim, Melody Musketeers, NBC.

Brian, Arthur Q., Announcer, WOR.

Brickson, Herbert O., Engineer and Market Announcer, WTMJ.

Briers, Larry, and Orchestra, NBC.

Brinson, Miss Edith, Secretary to the Program Manager of WRVA. Although WRVA is a Virginia institution, the owners and members of the staff with one exception, being natives of the Old Dominion, the neighboring State of North Carolina contributes her part toward the success of the station located "Down where the South begins" in the person of Miss Edith Brinson. Although among the latest additions to the staff, her secretarial duties are by no means less arduous than those of the other members, and, regardless of the pressure of activities at the broadcast station, she is ever gracious and still always greet visitors with an engaging smile.

Bronson, Phil, Sports Announcer and Continuity writer, KSTP. Editor, St. Paul magazine.

Brown, Emerson, Tenor, KMOX.

Brown, Frederick, KFRC, Tenor. Featured soloist and member of KFRC vocal ensemble. Does dramatic work. Connected with station for a year and a half. Broadcast for the first time over WHK, Cleveland in 1923. Born in Fargo, N. D., and graduated from Oakland, Calif. Technical High School.

Brown, John, Pianist, WLS. Was a trombone player in Kansas until he found a piano. Favorite accompanist of WLS singers, and likes his piano novelties.

Brown, Mary Ann Kauffmann, WLW Soprano. Heard as solo artist on various major programs.

Brown, Robert, WLW Announcer. Claims to have announced from every point of vantage except a diving suit, and his adventuresome soul yearns to complete his record. He has hung out of a nineteenth story window to describe the Lindbergh parade in Buffalo; was one of the first announcers to describe a city through a microphone in an aeroplane; he so successfully broadcast the progress of the race between the Tom Greene and the Betsy Ann, Ohio river packet boats, that passengers on the Greene preferred to gather around WLW's portable transmitter on the boat rather than to watch the Betsy Ann alongside. He was the first announcer to introduce Queen Marie of Roumania to the American Radio audience. He also has presented four of the most famous flyers to the listening world: Colonel Lindbergh, Ruth Elder, Eddie Rickenbacker, Clarence Chamberlain. At WLW he announces such programs as the Cincinnati Symphony hours, the Perfect Circle program, for which he drives to Indianapolis, Ind., every week, the Enna Jettick Dance, and the Crosley Presentation Hour.

Brown, Rose, Dramatic Soprano, NBC Soprano at San Francisco studios.

Brownfield, Harvye, Accordionist at WLW and WSAI.

Broyles, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Harmony Team, KMOX (known on air as "Bobbie and Robbie").

Buck, Charles, Director, WNAC.

Bunnie Club, of Uncle Bundy, Children's Hour, WGHP.

Burck, Charles, WLW Bass Player.

Burdette, Robert, WLW assistant program director, sports announcer, director of Absorbine, Jr., Setting-Up Exercises. Burdette is a graduate of Wittenberg College and holds the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Illinois, where he majored in English. Curiosity first led him to the studios of WSAI, where a high school chum was then director.

Bursey, Captain Jack, Aviation Programs, KMOX.

Butcher, Blayne R., manager WLVA; former program director and chief announcer for WTAR, Norfolk, Virginia. Three years of Radio work has led him through the announcing, continuity, publicity and production ends of the work. He is also a popular entertainer. Born in Blackwell, Oklahoma, Virginia has been his home for the past ten years, where he developed a championship athletic reputation. A yen for sound effects makes production work a special hobby. He has toured most of the Radio stations on the Atlantic coast, and has developed many new Radio ideas in Virginia.



Byron, Edward A., Head of the Continuity Department of the Crosley Radio stations, WLW and WSAI.

CALDWELL, Eleanor, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Cameron, Al, CBS, Al of Al and Pete. Born in Anderson, Ind., Al was a star athlete in basket ball and football. Shortly after school days were over he started out on the vaudeville stage, eventually winding up in Detroit, at WCX, where he became a member of the "Red Apple Club" and met Pete to form the present comedy team.

Campbell, James E., Musician, WJBY.

Campbell, Phyllis, NBC Contralto who sings mostly Negro spirituals.

Campbell, Walter N., Manager of Radio station WAPI, the "Voice of Alabama in Birmingham." Campbell went to Birmingham to take charge of WAPI when it became a 5,000-watt station, December 31, 1928. Having been previously with WCLAC at Pikeville. He has, since going to Birmingham, made an enviable place for himself in the affections of his Dixie audience, for he is also the announcer in addition to being manager of the station.



Carey, Norwood, WLW Staff Orchestra Joseph, pet Player.

Carhartt, Ruth, Member of the National Barn Players at WLW.

Caron, Opal, Pianist, WFLA.

Casem, David G., Publicity Director Concert Orchestra KFRC.

Casler, Grace, Pianist, WFLA.

Celeste Bengtson, Pianist, whose playing is always Joy Boy, WIL, for over the air. She pre team of Lang and able organ recitals di torium of the Emman Announcer, KMOX. Rockford, where she ully of four athletes. ist, and, aside from experience as a coach is accompanist for all, baseball and basartists at KFRC, having starred himself

Chaffee, Floyd, WLW T

Chaliff, Louis, WLW S Born in North Carolmerly one of the prin rkansas at age of Sousa's Band. Solo C debut as an enterman Beilstedt's band. urnt cork skit with

Chambers, Arabelle, Soprai boyhood town, KYW. two bits for the

Chandler, Arthur, Jr., WLW Or world during year-long career as a theat near a half served only to convince Arthur tauqua, that he prefers Radio playing to any seven work. While still a student of the Cincinnati College of Music, from which he graduated, Chandler demonstrated his ability by playing the difficult Schuett "Concerto in F Minor," and the Mozart "D Minor Concerto" with the college Symphony orchestra.

Channey, Willard, Cornet, WFLA.

Chapman, Mrs. C. F., Pianist, WFLA.

Chapman, Peggy, NBC Contralto known to Radioland as "Coolie, California Sunshine Girl." Heard nationally with the Pacific Vagabonds.

Cheatham, Carmelina Lucide, Soprano, WFLA.

Church, Wilda Wilson, First Woman to present a complete play through the air. Now at the NBC San Francisco studios directing dramatic productions.

Cino Singers Quartet, WLW. The quartet includes Richard Fluke, director; Russel Dunham, Fenton Pugh, and Ralph Hartzell. Walter de Vaux accompanies.

Clark, Illiah, WLW Soprano. Recently married to Howard Fieldner, bass soloist.

Clark, John, Commercial Manager for WLW.

Clarke, Margaret, "Singing Pianist" of KMOX, Popular Songs.

Clauve, Carl, WLW Banjo Player. Brother of Grace Clauve Raine, director of vocal music for the station.

Clevenger, Barbara, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Cloutier, Norman, Director of Dance Band, WTIC.

Cloyd, Blanche, Soprano, WFLA.

Cohen, Elsie Lee, Afternoon Program Supervisor, WBAL. Is a well known recitalist, both here and abroad. Miss Cohen, a Baltimore girl, studied voice culture and dramatics in this city, New York and London. While abroad, she was frequently the guest artist at fashionable teas and salons, one of her European appearances having been made at a large tea given by Lady Beck at Monte Carlo. Miss Cohen has charge of all the afternoon programs broadcast from WBAL in addition to which she herself frequently appears on the air in dramatized short stories and in tabloid presentations of various plays, poems, etc. Besides studying in this country and abroad, Miss Cohen has also taken several special courses at the Johns Hopkins University.

Cohen, Norman, Xylophonist. Is the youngest member of WBAL's musical staff, and is believed to be the youngest xylophonist on the air, being just 17 years old. Comes of a very musical family, his father playing the trumpet and a younger brother being one of this city's most promising young pianists. Joined the staff of WBAL last year, and since then heard as soloist every Saturday night, and is on the air other nights in the week as a member of the various dance orchestras. Recently he wrote a ballad entitled "Ra-Jean," for which he wrote both words and music.

Columbia String Trio, WHAM.

Conlon, Dave, WLW and WSAI Operator. Conlon was the first WLW operator. He rang the station through the "23 notes for Underwood" spiel that was the Democratic National Convention back in 1924. Conlon also announces the programs of Henry Thies and his orchestra broadcast from Coney Island by station WLW.

Connette, H. C., NBC Continuity Writer at San Francisco.

Content, Mona, Concert Pianist, KHJ, the Don Lee Station in Los Angeles. Born in Florence, Colo., several years ago. Educated in Los Angeles, which may or may not explain favorite hobby. Staying up nights until ten o'clock. First discovered Radio at Denver, Kansas City, points east while playing Keith time on one night stands. Joined KHJ in 1922—let no man put asunder. A winner of gilded medals, scholarships and Rudolph Friml's protege. Wanted to be actress while but child in arms. Now, her favorite book is "The Green Hat," her pet composer, "Tschaikowski."

Ace, George, WLW Tenor.

Aiff, Alice, Blues Singer, WFLA.

Club Trio, KMOX. Composed of Larry th, saxophone; Gordon Jenkins, pianist, ray Lee, trombone.

Alexand, E. L., Program Manager, WOR. WHEC. Tenor, WBAL. Formerly sang cago, A with the Play Arts Guild, one musical ful "Little theatre" groups of six wit work. Also has done conviolin under and concert work. Soloof Ralph Micha more's churches and is taking up piano. as guest soloist by orteen he added sical groups. Has been his studies, tu 's staff about a year, years later to gram Director, WFBL. world, playing with picture houses. If imitation really is at various theatre flattery and a true country, constar ation, then Hink and joining the Fu of the Crosley Burnt Radio appearanc , surely can boast and is now hea ation. Off the air, Hink

Allan, Eddie, Di to the names of Elmer down South rge Ross. Hinkle is the day. Has Western College at Oxford, mouth bats a barber. Both are public-

Anderson, Zens of Oxford, a fact that must chestioned, since it explains their en-Andee into minstrelsy. Their first appear-nce as end-men came two or three years ago, when they consented to don the burnt cork for a minstrel show in behalf of the Parent-Teacher association.

Crosley, Powel (Jr.), President of the Crosley Radio Corporation, which owns WLW and operates WSAI. He is a pioneer, both in broadcasting and in manufacturing. Having decided to make Radio reasonable enough for the masses, he then proceeded to entertain the masses with one of the first broadcasting stations which since has developed into the 50,000 watt WLW.

Crowe, Jean Campbell, Program Director, KPO, Piano Soloist, has been accompanist for some of the greatest opera and concert stars. Former director of the National Board of Music Clubs, and one of the founders of the American Music Society.

Croxton, Charles, Program Director, WBAP.

Croxton, Frank, Bass-Baritone, NBC, New York.

Curtis Major's Joy Boys Orchestra, WAPI.

Custer, Vernon, WLW Trombone Player.

DALE, Sylvano. Only Tap-Dancer on the air in the West at NBC, San Francisco.

Dana, E. Harold, KFRC, Baritone. Work is outstanding on the Pacific Coast. Featured soloist and member of KFRC vocal ensemble. Eight months on KFRC, formerly with NBC. Studied with Louis Graveure, Georgianna Strauss and Arthur Babcock.

Dancho, Margarett, Soprano, WFLA.

Daniels, Rebecca, The Fashion Girl, WFLA.

Dare, Dorothy, Fifty Per Cent of Dare Sisters, Harmonists, KHJ.

Dare, Mary, Fifty Per Cent of the Dare Sisters, Harmonists, Soprano, KHJ.

Dayton, George C., Violinist, WFLA.

Deane, Bobbe, NBC Actress.

DeBona, Frank, Harpist, WTMJ. Studied under the masters of Europe, played with the Milwaukee Symphony orchestra, and was first harpist for the Cleveland symphony.

Degan, Eddie, Singer of Ballads from the Emerald Isle, KFEQ.

De Lasaux, Harry, NBC Continuity Writer at San Francisco.

Delemater, Mrs. Frank, Contralto, WFLA.

DeKoche, June, is a Comedienne at KFRC who writes and enacts her own clever and original skits. She is married, has three children, and once had a prominent part in the Grand Street Follies of New York.

Detamore, Iva, Dramatic Soprano, WFLA.

DeTurk, Leroy (Ted), WLW. If Ted DeTurk had not done every kind of entertaining from church social to vaudeville, he might not now be the "jack of all trades" for the programs of the Crosley Radio station, WLW. According to his own admission, at WLW he is utilizing all the training he has gained in years of burlesque "bits" and comedy character roles. DeTurk has no regular title to distinguish him as an entertainer because his pliant and adaptable voice enables him to appear as a soloist, or as a part of duo, trio, or quartet. His cleverness at the piano lends itself to solo appearances in any kind of a song, be it ballad, comedy, or character.

DeVaux, Walter, WLW. Organ and Piano. Accompanist for the Cino Quartette.

De Vol, Eva, Coloratura Soprano, WPO. In real life, Mrs. Frank Wellington Avery. Two children, Eloise, 16, and Avis, 11, the latter a pianist of great promise. Educated to play the violin but preferred singing. After a child career she married, and then continued her musical education, singing in grand opera, and later appearing on the vaudeville stage.

Dice, Francis R., Announcer, WBAL. Was born in a little village in Pennsylvania and, as his father was a minister, he says he has lived "most everywhere." He is a graduate of St. John's College, at Annapolis, and is a member of the teaching faculty of one of the city's leading private schools. He joined the announcing staff of this station last winter.

Dickman, Nedra, Pianist, WFLA.

Dieckmann, Herbert, WLW Flutist.

Dillon, Zita, KOMO's Staff Accompanist; also plays violin, xylophone, vibraphone and mandolin; directs dance orchestra; born in Butte, Mont.; is a true Western girl.

Dodd, John, WLW's Baritone. Member of Crosley Burnt Corkers quartet, and interlocutor.

Doherty, Mel, Senator Roody of the WLW Variety Hour. Generally known for his dry and deliberate humor. Formerly directed the Orchestra that bore his name and broadcast every week at WLW.

Dolberg, Glenn R., Manager of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Michigan was probably not aware of what was going on when this fine baritone was born in 1896. Assaulted his first microphone in Seattle, 1926, KJR, KEX, and KXL turns him loose on listeners. Work on concert stage made name of Dolberg notorious in many large cities. Especially distinguished in field of oratorio. Seven years in the photography business in Canada, 1913. Has worked every angle of Radio—announcer, singer, program director, commercial manager and business manager. Names Beethoven, swimming, golf, fishing, and would look younger if he had more hair.



Dolin, Max, Musical Director of the Pacific Division of NBC, at San Francisco.

Donaldson, Grace, WLW. One of the Rhythm Rangers trio (also known as the Donhalrose Trio) and one of the Maids of Melody. Has been heard at both WLW and WSAI for the past four years.

Dougherty, Martin, Baritone, KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Born at La Junta, Colo. Radio career: KOA, KLZ, KFEL, Denver, 1922 to 1927; KFRC, San Francisco, 1927; KHJ, Los Angeles, 1928 and 1929. Was a boy soprano. Attended Wilder School of Music, Burlington, Vt., in 1911; Bush Conservatory of Music, Chicago, 1916, 1917. Educated—not a doubt of it—at Regis College, Denver, and University of Chicago. Eight years in lithograph business with Columbian Bank Note Company of Chicago. Change of voice diverted him to business world. Organized a trio at Denver in 1922 and was brought to California by Piggly Wiggly Company. One of the famous Two Boys of KHJ. Martin traveled West Coast Theatre circuit. Favorite composer—Victor Herbert. Hobby—swimming and mountain driving.

Doyle, Helen, Member of the at WLW.

Dozier, Lydia, WLW. Soprano the Cincinnati Zoo Opera Comp

Drake, Emily, Lyric Soprano, WFLA.

Drexilius, W. G., WLW. Tenor in C. Burnt Corkers' Quartet.

Duell, Arthur, Tenor, has won a large following in Radio land for his excellent singing of the lighter recital compositions and ballads.

Dunham, Russel, WLW. Tenor in Cino Singers quartet. Also a member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera Company and of the faculty of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Dunn, Ralph, WLW, Tenor.

Duroe, Joel, Trumpet Player in KHJ orchestras. Born, New York, 1905. First worked Radio over Eastern stations while on tour with Vincent Lopez Junior Orchestra. Has had vaudeville, theatre, dance, movie studio and Radio experience. Was the high school drummer boy. Cornetist quit and boy hero learned to play cornet to fill the gap. Worked in butcher shop to pay for lessons. Also quite a farmer and merchandiser of merchandise. Quit music to work in Vincent Bach's trumpet factory. Re-entered show business and came to California in 1927. Hobby—Aeronautics. Favorites—Tschaikowsky, Mark Twain, "Silas Marner."

D'Voir, Vanita, NBC Actress at San Francisco

Dyer, Pearl, Assistant Program Director and Organist, KFJF.

ECKLAND, Margarett, Pianist, WFLA.

Edwards, Mrs. I. C., Ballads and Sacred Songs, KFEQ.

Ellis, Pauline, Pianist, WFLA.

Eltermann, John H., Organist. Came to WBAL just a few months ago; is now heard on the air every Sunday evening during the Evening Vespers broadcast, and once a week when he himself presents a half hour organ recital from the concert hall of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, where the famous James Wilson Leakin Memorial organ is located. He is organist at one of this city's largest churches, and has been heard in concert in various cities throughout the South. He received his musical education at the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

Emmel, Lou, Singer, NBC, San Francisco.

Eppens, Phil, Baritone, WAIU, local winner of 1929 Atwater Kent contest.

Erdman, George, Announcer and Manager, WOMT.

Evans, Le Roy, Pianist. A member of the WBAL ensemble, "The Calvertons," and frequently on the air as soloist and with other musical organizations. Has been a member of this station's staff for three years, and is a pianist of exceptional ability. He is a Baltimorean and received his musical education in this city.

Ewing, P. K., Announcer, WDSU.

FINCH, Bertha, NBC Actress, San Francisco studios.

Fitts, Simpy, KFRC. Real name is Monroe R. Upton. Humorist and comedian; continuity writer and announcer. Conducts early morning 7 to 8 Seal Rocks program of cheer. Featured weekly on Blue Monday Jamboree, 8 to 10 P. M. Three years with KFRC. Born in Bandon, Ore. Followed the sea for six years as Radio operator.

Flagler, Robert, KOMO's Relief Announcer; born in Seattle; also control operator and technical assistant; crashed into Radio at the age of 12 by building one of the first experimental Radio sets in Seattle.

Flohri, Virginia, Soprano, KFI.

Forster, Gertrude, who plays Trixie in The Gossipers, is Secretary to Hugo Mariani, general musical director of the NBC.

Foster, J. R., Manager, CKLC.

Fowler, Edesse, NBC Actress, San Francisco.

Fuller, Georgia M., Program Director, Hostess, WSUN.

Fuller, Gorden, Announcer, WNAD.

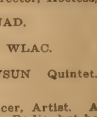
Fuller, R. W., Bass, KFDM.

Fulton, Mrs. Henry O., Pianist, WLAC.

Fulton, Sue, Contralto, KFH.

Futch, Freeman, Tenor, WSUN Quintet. WSUN.

GARDNER, Carroll, Announcer, Artist. A newcomer to WAPI and to Radio, but he says he's a "man that just loves his work." He is identified with two branches of studio activities; he is heard in dual role, being both an announcer and artist. Probably he should be called instead of artist, percussionist, for he is a marimba soloist, chimer, pianist, and frequently handles the drum section of the WAPI Concert Orchestra.



Gardner, Leon, "The Joy Boy," WADC.

Garlock, Harry, Tenor Soloist, WADC.

Billings, J. Will, KHJ Singing Coach, Accompanist, Concert Pianist. A distinguished organ program produced by Pittsburg on Nofertuber 1, 1889. Took the Radio plunge WJ KFI in 1926 and swam from there to KNX, KMTR, KFWB, and KHJ. Taught piano, coached singers, played concert and theatre, taught languages and traveled Europe and America. Los Angeles High School, that hotbed of education, helped make him what he is today, and he hopes it's satisfied. Hobby—food and friends. Favorites—Chopin, Anatole France, Wasserman, Eugene O'Neill, James Huneker.

Gaston, Lela, "Cheerful Chatter" heard over Columbia systems. First on Radio recognition through stations of the Middle West as "Mimic of the Mike." Author of a number of stories and poems for children.

Geise, Happy Harry, Now Program Director, Announcer, Continuity Manager, KMTR, Hollywood, California. Everyone knows Happy Harry.

Gibson, Ed, Ballad Singer, WWNC.

Gibson, Olin, Announcer, KWK.

Gillan, John J., Jr., Announcer, WOW.

Gossett, Carl, Irish Tenor, WWNC.

Green, Dorothy, Pianist, WGHP.

Greib, Herbert C., Organist, WAPI. Also Organist and Choir director at the Church of the Advent, as well as head of the organ department at the Birmingham (Ala.) College of Music.

Griffin, Bobby, Announcer, WHO. Has been back on the air at WHO since May, 1929, after fully recovering from his last trip to the hospital. Formerly with WBBM, and other stations.



Griffin, Howard, Concert Violinist of KHJ, Don Lee Station in Los Angeles. One of Radio's fine fiddlers and an outstanding artist. Has been featured by KHJ, KNX, and KMTR. Pupil of Calmon Luboviski. Played in Luboviski's Russian String Quartet. Concert master of Adolph Tandler's Little Symphony. Born in Chicago, 1901. Wanted to be a writer. Educated in Los Angeles Schools. DX fans can hear him several nights weekly on Wesley Tourtelotte's midnight organ recital by twisting dial KHJ-ward. Elbert Hubbard, his favorite author. Mr. Beethoven well thought of. Football and horseback riding named as hobbies. An artist to the tip of his hair, which is quite long. Brilliant future has not blinded him.

Griffith, Claire, Blues Soloist with George Black's Ohioans, WADC.

HALLADAY, Jack, Announcer, WDSU.

Hamilton, Gene, Chief Announcer, Guitar and Vocal Soloist, WAIU.

Hansen, Harry, Junior Announcer, WSPD.

Harger, Lucille Atherton, Contralto, KFRC. Has been steadily building up a legion of followers on the air since 1926 with a voice that is sweet, clear and full of feeling. Likes Radio better than concert work because, when singing into a microphone, she can concentrate on tone quality and interpretation. Began studying music at five years. Favorite composers are McDowell, DeBussy and Victor Herbert. She likes Jazz, too.

Harline, Leigh, KHJ Organist, Arranger, Composer, Singer. Born in Salt Lake City, 1907. First Radio work at KSL and KDYL in 1923. Had own orchestra. Partially educated at University of Utah. Bulk of education acquired while reading in bed. Went from KPLA, Los Angeles, to KFRC, the Don Lee station in San Francisco. From there back to KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. His music is subtle, dreamy, easy to whistle and hard to forget.

Harmonica Twins, WBBZ, Charles and Babe Westgate.

Harris, Richmond, Announcer, Program Director, KDYL.

Harrison, Charles, The American Singers, NBC.

Hartrick, George, Baritone, WWNC.

Harvey, Morton, "Rolling Stone," WBBZ, Managing Director of station.

Hayes, Bernadine, Blues Singer, KMOX, known as "The Red Head of the Air."

Hays, Art, Organist, WMC, also Art Hays and Salesman Sam.

Hayshakers, Old Time Dance Orchestra, WGHP.

Hebert, Buddy, Announcer, WREC.

Hewlett, Miss Bertha, Hostess, identified with WRVA since the opening of the station on November 2, 1925, her first duties being those of musical secretary. Later she became hostess, and her charming manner and graciousness in putting the timid broadcaster at ease has insured in no small way an even broadcast. Miss Hewlett also has entire charge of "The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Dutch Gap Center," which is one of WRVA's most popular features.

Heyes, Herbert, Dramatic Star of the legitimate stage, who appears with his Players in "Great Moments from Great Plays" every Tuesday night at Warner Brothers' Radio Station KFWB, began his stage career with the famous Baker Stock Company. He supported James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Don Caesar de Bazan" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," and operated his own dramatic stock companies in the East. He made his screen debut opposite Theda Bara in "Under Two Flags," followed by "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Salome" and others. He was leading man with Constance Talmadge, Betty Blythe in the "Queen of Sheba," Helen Keller in "Deliverance," co-star with Anna Q. Nilsson in Rex Beach's "The Heart of the Sunset," appearing in over a hundred screen productions as leading man. Mr. Heyes was starred at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles in "Civilian Clothes" during its record-breaking run of thirty-nine weeks, later appearing in Boston in this play. For Belasco and Mayer he starred in a revival of "Civilian Clothes," "Main Street" and "Blind Youth" at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco. He has played opposite and directed Madame Nazimova, and has appeared opposite Marjorie Rambeau on both coasts. His most recent appearance with her being in San Francisco in "The Pelican" and "Daddy's Gone a Hunting."



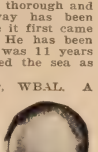
Hicks, Romola Latchem, Studio Hostess, Secretary, "Nancy Lee." Romola Latchem Hicks is a professional actress, and is now the KFLV studio hostess, secretary, and director of the Homemaker's hour, when she is "Nancy Lee." Mrs. Hicks fills numerous engagements during the fall and winter months as a dramatic reader and interpreter, and is often heard in dramatic sketches before the KFLV microphone.

Hoeker, Lois, Dramatic Reader, KFEQ.

Hoggard, Frank, Announcer, WJBY.

Holliway, Harrison, Manager of KFRC, conducts the Jamboree in a very thorough and interesting manner. Holliway has been manager of KFRC ever since it first came on the air, six years ago. He has been interested in Radio since he was 11 years old, and at one time followed the sea as a Radio operator.

Huber, Frederick R., Director, WBAL. A Baltimorean; Municipal Director of Music for the City of Baltimore, as well as Director of WBAL. He is considered one of the country's musical authorities, and, in addition to directing the affairs of WBAL, he also is in complete charge of all the city's musical activities and organizations, such as the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, the Municipal Band, the City Park Band, etc. He is also actively connected with the Peabody Conservatory of Music, being Director of the Summer School for that institution and in charge of its publicity; he was formerly head of the organ department at the Peabody, and at one time was organist at one of the city's largest churches. He has been Director of WBAL ever since this station came on the air in November, 1925.



Hutchinson, Joseph. Plays mean trombone for KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Produced by Trenton, Mo., 1902. Wanted to be electrical engineer, and is. Graduated from Colorado Aggie. Was assistant city engineer at Ft. Collins, Colo., and later worked in Long Beach oil fields. Turned from engineering to playing in dance bands. Worked Radio and KHJ since 1928.

Ipana Troubadours and Sam Lanin, NBC, New York.

JESKE, Fred, Announcer-Director, WGES, Chicago. In his short Radio life, which really only constitutes two years, Mr. Jeske has done some traveling around. For a year he was with WBBM. The next thing Radio fans found him at WTMJ, Milwaukee. But when he discovered that Milwaukee has lost its flavor, he consented to return to WGES, where he is now. He has a fine Radio personality and a nice voice and has many friends. He is planning to use many new features at WGES. He is always good as an entertainer himself and has a very pleasing voice, and doubtless will be one of the leading voices of the future.



Jones, Dr. Leon, Tenor, who sings frequently for the KFLV audiences, was formerly tenor soloist for the First Congregational Church, of Chicago, a position that he held for 17 years, and he was also a member of the Apollo and Opera in English quartets. Dr. Jones is also well known as an oratorio singer.

KADOW, Francis, Chief Announcer, WOMT.

Keith, James, KSTP, Member Harmony Team, Marian and Jimmy Radio Rascals of Northwest.

Kendrick, Roberta, KSTP, Member National Collegiate Players, KSTP Players.

Kerner, Bill, Violin Solos, KFEQ.

Keyes, Baron, Famous Story Man of KHJ and the Don Lee Broadcasting System. Called the most original, versatile and spontaneous mind in Western Radio. Born Greenwood, Wis., 1898. Chicago Art Institute and high school at Monte Vista, Colo. Played and directed motion pictures. Produced own musical comedies in Chicago and Milwaukee. Has written several hundred popular songs, many great in their day. Radio debut at KPO in 1923; KFRC, 1924-25; KGO, KFWI in 1926; KFI, 1927; KPLA in 1928. Established the "Air Castle" at KHJ in 1928. It became outstanding children's program of nation. Keyes' hobbies are painting, designing, sculpture. His work in "keeping small children entertained with the unimportant things they love." His marionette shows—introducing the characters of his "Air Castle"—are playing to packed houses thrice weekly at the Don Lee Beaux Arts Theatre, Los Angeles.

KFEQ String Quartet.

Kieny, Marie, Commercial and Program Director, WOW.

Kincaid, Bradley. One of the best known mountain ballad singers in the Middle West. Is better known as the "Mountain Boy" of WLS. Accompanies his hill folk songs with the "Houn' Dawg" guitar. Has a large collection of old time songs. First saw light of day in Kentucky. Was discovered singing in a YMCA quartet. Is interested in character building. Married and has twins named after his most popular song, "Barbara Allen."

King, Gerald, Manager, KFWB.

Kirkpatrick, Eloise, KHJ's young, beautiful but not dumb star of coloratura. Product of Nashville, Tenn. First Radio work at KHJ in 1925. Hollywood High School gets credit. Sang with Los Angeles Grand Opera Association. Has numerous grand opera roles. A distinguished concert artist who makes occasional sorties into the talkies. Hobby is painting, husband and home making. Papa and mama intended her to be a concert pianist.

Kleiner, Gustav O., Violinist, WGHP, First Violinist Detroit Symphony.

Koch, Clarence, Chief Announcer and Manager of KFEQ, which he helped organize nine years ago. He has been back of the mike all that time with the same station, which moved from Oak, Neb., to St. Joseph, Mo., three years ago.

Kovarik, Frank, KSTP, Violin, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Kransgrill, Walter, and Orchestra KFRC.

Kriens, Christian, Director of Concert Orchestra, WTIC.

LANG, Billy, Radio Joy Boy, WIL, for many years half of team of Lang and Ray.

Laux, J. Francis, Sports Announcer, KMOX. Oldest boy of a family of four athletes. Has had considerable experience as a coach and official of football, baseball and basketball, as well as having starred himself in all these sports.

Lucy, Thos. Elmore, Born in North Carolina, migrated to Arkansas at age of seven, and made his debut as an entertainer in an amateur burnt cork skit with a medicine show in his boyhood town, Russellville, and collected two bits from the act. Has toured most of the world during the past twenty years, covering near a half million miles, in lyceum and chautauqua, drama and vaudeville. Author of seven volumes of prose and verse, much of which he has been broadcasting, from coast to coast in the United States and Canada, appearing on about forty of the stations. Made his debut on the air with WMC, appeared on first programs of KMOX, and has written continuity sketches for Radio. Is a singer of ballads, as well as actor, mimic and impersonator.

MANSELL, Margarie, Crooning Love Melodies, WGHP.

Maslin, Alice, Program Director, KMOX. In private life the wife of George Junkin, managing director of the station. Also serves as a concert pianist, accompanist, narrator, booker and continuity writer.

McDonald, Elmer E., Staff Scout, KMOX. Has sung over 276 Radio stations in the United States, known as The Old Timer on the air.

McGray, Malcolm, Soloist, WGHP.

McIntosh, Erra, Announcer, WOW.

Mooney, Hugh J., Salesman Sam, WMC.

Mork, Norman, Whispering Baritone, KDYL.

Myers, Clarke, Banjo, WENR. One of the first entertainers to sing vocal choruses with an orchestra for broadcasting. Also performs on saxophone 'cello. Formerly with Jack Chapman.

NELSON, C. W., Director, Chief Announcer, WDSU.

Nichols, Harry O., Organist, Dust to blaze

Northup, Agnes C., Program Dir

Northup, Dwight, Director of Broadcasting. Announcer, WSPD.

Owens, C. F., Announcer, WDSU.

PARKER, Jack, Tenor. Happy Wonder Bakers, NBC, New York.
Phillips, Charles F., Assistant Manager, WFBL.
Pollard, W. C., Director-Manager, KFEQ.
Priest, Ward C., Announcer, WCAD.

RAUSCHELBACH, Rev. Oscar, Assistant pastor, St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Detroit, Mich. Broadcasts over a large group of stations.
Reed, Dell, "Dixie Tenor," KMOX.
Reid, Crawford, Violinist, WBRC.
Reid, Dorothy, Book Reviews, Publicity, WADU.
Rendleman, L. L., Director Rendleman's Alabamians, WBRC.
Revoir, Floyd G., Announcer, WFBL.
Richardson, Joe, The Sweetheart of WBRZ, just past four years old, sings popular songs.
Riggins, J. B., Manager Riggins Quartet, WBRC.
Rippon, Willard, Junior Announcer, WSPD.
Roehr, Fred, Pianist, WLW.
Rolfe, B. A., and His Lucky Strike Orchestra, NBC, New York.
Rubens, Maurie, Musical Director, WMCA. Has composed over 700 popular numbers for musical shows. Studied medicine for two years, stepped up to a piano one night on a party, and the management signed him up. He never went back to medicine. Wrote "Over the Hill," earliest of movie theme songs.
Rushing, Willie, Pianist, WBRC.
Russell, Will, Baritone, WBRC.

SALESMAN SAM, Hugh J. Mooney, WMC.
Schroeder, Carl G., Announcer, WFBL.
Shannon, Cecil, Vagabond Tenor, WBBZ. Program Director and Announcer.
Stamford, John, Chief Announcer, WCHI. Formerly with WGN, WMBB, WBBM. One of pioneers in Radio, having broadcast over KYW during its first week on the air. Has been singing since just a youngster, appearing on vaudeville stages all over the country. Sings in churches, and renders both classical and popular songs in a tenor voice on the air.



Sunshine, Doc, Announcer, WREC.

TAYLOR, Glenhall, Station Manager, KTM.
Tenney, Florence, Soprano, NBC, New York. Made her debut over the old WBBM, Chicago, on the same program with Correll and Gosden. Before her marriage sang under the name of Florence Arlen.

Uncle Ben, Chief Kangaroo of famous Kangaroo Club at KDYL.

WHAM Ensemble.
WHAM Male Quartet.
Woodworth, Samuel F., Manager, WFBL. Operated the first Radio station in Onondaga County, New York.
Wooten, Hoyt B., Director, WREC.
Wooten, S. D., Jr., Studio Manager, Chief Announcer, WREC.

Pay Day in Radio Town

(Continued from page 46)

Just how long Phil Cook has been singing and joking into NBC microphones I have no idea. I don't even know if that is where he started. I believe, however, that essentially he is a star made by Radio.

Phonograph records aplenty carry Cook's singing voice. The royalties from these alone represent a splendid income. To show how hard he goes at his work, the story has gone the rounds that on one recording assignment in which he was to record eight songs a day for six days, he just couldn't see the need of spending a week at the task, so he turned out 48 perfect recordings in one day!

But what you want to know is how much he makes—yes? Well, it comes from an authentic source that his income is somewhere between $75,000 and $100,000 a year.

JESSE CRAWFORD, the "Poet of the Organ," is another air luminary who is reported to be giving President Hoover a race for first honors in the big Eight-with NBC. income. Crawford was not Georgianna Radio. The motion picture palace elevated him to the pinnacles of fame.

Not many years ago he was just a young fellow trying to play the piano and get along on twenty-five dollars a week in a Spokane, Wash., cinema, admission ten cents. Then he heard about a smaller house in the city which had installed an honest-to-goodness pipe organ, an innovation in those days to say the least.

So Jesse hot-footed it over to the manager of the smaller theater and made a proposition. It was to play the organ. He didn't tell the manager he hadn't played an organ before in his life. So he slashed his budget down mercilessly to the $10 a week the theater could afford to pay, and took the job. From that time on Crawford spent every waking minute studying the intricacies of the pipe organ and mastering new effects aided only by his knowledge of the piano.

One of his first big positions was as organist of the then (and still) palatial Chicago motion picture theater. He was always considered Chicago's foremost motion picture organist. While in Chicago he married and his wife, incidentally, is a skilled organist who aids him in his work.

Not long ago he was transferred by the Publix theater chain to New York, and his fame is greater than ever. His name being featured on a commercial program over the CBS chain came only last year, but millions of people heard him and asked for more. This, fortunately, they were able to get in the form of phonograph records, and thus swell his rising income, for Crawford was one of the first organists to make records.

Between the theater, records and Radio, Jesse keeps himself quite busy. So busy, in fact, that he has never bothered himself to take an organ lesson!

BILLY JONES and Ernie Hare, known as the Happiness Boys in times gone by and now as the Interwoven Pair, were originally sheepherder and salesman, respectively. They both turned to the stage individually and sang popular songs so well that they were asked to record.

It was in a phonograph recording studio eight years ago that they first met and "clicked." Since that time they have been busy teaming together and clicking with the public, and their voices, under varied and sundry names, have been on every make of phonograph record ever pressed.

For five years they were paid to broadcast on the Happiness commercial program. For almost two years now they have been the feature of the Interwoven broadcast. They claim to be the first Radio act to have been paid, and I can't remember any to predate them.

I even recall scorning them the first time I heard the pair because they were on "commercial" program, tsktsk! And now look at the ether!

Jones and Hare believed in the business of broadcasting. To aid them in their work of singing new popular and parody songs between gags, they set up an office. Here they worked hard and long together. They still do. Their daily routine spreads over the clock from 9 in the morning until 2 o'clock or later the next. They create their own gags.

Every gag they have ever used is filed away in the office. Their routine calls for eighteen new ones each week.

And for all of this hard work they paid $1,800 apiece income tax in March, 1929, for their 1928 income. This, I am told by tax experts, would indicate an income of around $30,000 each. But 1929 and this year, like the others, have been on the steady increase, so I should not be surprised if now they are each making $50,000 a year.

BEFORE going into the subjects of popular orchestras, prima donna sopranos and contraltos, and a few other odds and ends of air notables whose approximate Radio fees have become known, I'd like to consider one more Radio favorite whose fame has been accumulated entirely through the microphone and whose admirers are mostly young and sweet—the children.

He is "Uncle Bob" (Walter) Wilson, since April, 1924, the Radio uncle, counselor, safety guardian, welfare worker and entertainer of the youngsters of KYW, Chicago. Shortly after going on the air he conceived the idea of a safety organization for children which he named the "Curb Is the Limit Club." Today nearly 500,000 girls and boys hold membership cards in that club!

Uncle Bob received no pay for four years of six half-hour broadcasts each week. He liked the children and his work. He had saved his money and could make ends meet. In fact, he deserted his position as western manager of a music publishing house in order to give more time to his safety club.

It didn't take long, however, until theaters came to him and made attractive offers for personal appearances. He accepted all of these he could, but refused to allow any of the show engagements to interfere with his broadcasts. Large stores appealing to the children's trade demanded him. Uncle Bob made many appearances (and still does), but on every occasion he took the opportunity to preach safety to the kiddies present and get them all to enroll in his club.

Two years ago several advertisers demanded the privilege of sponsoring Uncle Bob Wilson's work. They were permitted to do so, and asked no change in his routine. More followed rapidly. One, the Grennan Bakeries, put him on the NBC chain and this year modified their plan to record his work in special broadcast transcriptions. Yes, the advertisers are fighting today for the right to sponsor Uncle Bob!

And he, the big cheery fellow who dropped one paying business at the age of 41 "just to entertain the kiddies, God bless 'em" with no pay in sight, is now earning about $500 a week and more every time I check up on him!

RADIO has made many bands, among them Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. I hardly need to go into the much-published life of the young leader who formed an orchestra and literally played himself through Yale. Suffice to say that the band's slow tempo, his crooning voice and the convenient presence of a microphone of one of the Manhattan stations were important factors in putting over Vallee and his musicians.

In a surprisingly short time Vallee's orchestra was the rage. Now, between an exclusive commercial broadcast, talking pictures, phonograph records and the income from the Villa Vallee night club, he should be making enough. Some guess this to be $250,000 to $300,000 a year. But I do know exactly what he PERSONALLY receives for his exclusive contract on the Fleischmann Yeast hour. That is $1,500 an hour for the program lasts an hour each week. There is also said to be $1,000 paid for the rest of the band.

Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, it is claimed, are paid the same as Vallee for their sponsored broadcast. Lopez was the toast in the young years of Radio with his "Lopez speaking" from the

Casa Lopez over WEAF and chain. Then you didn't hear so much about him. Of late his comeback has been terrific.

Paul Whiteman's father and mother, brothers and sisters wanted him to be a concert violinist. The family leaned to opera. Paul went in for operatic jazz and almost became an outcast. Result, he and his band, according to rumors, top the list with $5,000 paid for each Old Gold hour broadcast of sixty minutes' duration.

What Rolfe, Lombardo, Fiorito, Bernie, Wayne King and some of the other popular bands are reaping must remain a secret. I can make guesses, but I'm apt to hurt feelings by inaccuracies. What the outside income of a big time orchestra reaches is also a highly problematical figure. There are so many sources of revenue—and so many places to spend it, such as in booking fees, transportation and advertising.

THE SOPRANOS now come up for audit. I'm quite sure many of the fairer sex will be indignant at my audacity in having their and my friends guess at their salaries. I apologize, but my readers just have to know. So charge off any untruths to curiousity and publicity.

Olive Palmer, otherwise Virginia Rae, exclusive coloratura soprano of Palmolive's weekly sixty minutes, won laurels on the concert and grand opera stage 'ere Radio. Many were her phonograph records, too, before she gave up the footlights for the microphone. Now Palmolive pays her (1) $750 or (2) $1,000 a week. My two spies didn't check.

Jessica Dragonette, born in Calcutta, India, was educated in Georgian Court convent at Lakewood, N. J., and steered her lyric soprano voice right into a stage career on Broadway. Four and a half years ago she was cast for the only solo role in Reinhardt's "The Miracle." Two more leads in Broadway operettas followed. Then Radio, in the person of NBC program directors, discovered her and she discovered the microphone. The mutual love stuck and she gave up the stage for good.

Remember her in Philco's "Theater Memories?" Then, early this year Cities Service took her under exclusive contract. No. 1 guesses $500 a week. No. 2 guesses an income of over $700 weekly. As the second guesser may be including record royalties or club work revenues, both may be right. At any rate, Cities Service won't tell.

One of the most pleasing voices on the air is that of Vaughn de Leath, contralto and song composer with about 300 lyrics or tunes to her credit. The biggest thing about Vaughn, outside of her earring collection, is that she was the first woman ever to broadcast and therefore within her rights in billing herself "the original Radio girl." Vaughn was on the stage while waiting for Radio to grow up, but even then she kept close to mike. Now Firestone—it is rumored —pays her $500 a week for exclusive Radio rights. Jab me with a hatpin if I am wrong.

Lois Bennett, a Houston, Texas, girl, started singing in public at the age of five. Later she made her concert debut at Aeolian Hall with the Schumann Club, was acclaimed, turned stageward, and first of all toured vaudeville with Carrie Jacobs Bond. Next she went the route alone and finally Gene Buck, then Ziegfeld's right-hand man, spotted her and next thing she knew she was singing in the Follies. After that came a long-term contract in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals under Winthrop Ames, and at its expiration, Radio.

Among other hours, you've heard her in Philco's last series on Columbia and you still hear her weekly as the Armstrong Quaker girl on NBC. Not to date signed exclusive, I believe her unexclusive rate per program is $250, the amount Philco is said to have paid her.

Countess Olga Medalago Albani, Spanish soprano, is also claimed on a par with Lois Bennett. That is, she charges $250 per broadcast unexclusive. Welcome Lewis, a crooner, rates $200 per program, while Elizabeth Lennox, another star you often hear, gets $150 for each broadcast, so the guesses go. I won't bother you with the history of these girls. It's mostly the same story—hard work.

Song Prize Winners

Results in the Most Popular Songs Contest are as follows:

First prize—Mrs. Roy B. Lockett, Pittsburg, Texas.

Second prize—Miss Bess Heaton, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Third prize—Mrs. Joseph Rickel, New Castle, Pa.

The prize winning lists were those which included the greatest number of those songs appearing most frequently on the majority of lists.

The trend in favorites was decidedly towards the more recent song hits. Among the individual songs that appeared most often on the lists were Happy Days Are Here Again, The Stein Song, A Cottage for Sale, Cryin' for the Carolines, and Sweet Mystery of Life.

AMONG the male singers of the semi-classical and ballad repertoire we find Franklyn Baur, exclusive Firestone tenor, Paul Oliver, exclusive Palmolive tenor, and James Melton, free lance tenor and member of a male quartet.

Baur is said to receive $1,000 weekly, Oliver $500 a week, and Melton $250 for each program. The sources of the figures, however, are not necessarily accurate.

In this connection it may be interesting to know that, generally speaking, tenors receive higher pay than baritones. The more a musician's training, the higher the fee. Take the concert and operatic stars, for example.

First there is John McCormack, noted Irish tenor. He is said to receive $10,000 for each broadcast, but he doesn't broadcast often. He has only been before the microphone for Victor hour twice in three years.

Mario Chamlee, Los Angeles born Italian tenor and member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is down for $1,000 each broadcast. Brailowsky, the eminent pianist, receives a like fee.

Renee Chemet, internationally famous French violinist, will broadcast for you if you pay her $650, and so will Merle Alcock, American born concert and Metropolitan Opera contralto, for the same amount.

Alois Havrilla, concert baritone, charges around $300 for a broadcast performance. Havrilla, as most of you know, is also a free lance announcer or master of ceremonies who handles the English language much better than some of our best American announcers.

The famous Brahms Quartet is a reasonable broadcast investment costing but $350 for its four well-balanced female voices. The International Quartet charges $400 for each broadcast.

PERHAPS you'd like to know what some of our "occasional" microphone visiting celebrities, such as Al Jolson, are paid for doing their bits. Well, Al will mammy his best for you and wring you wet with tears for Sonny Boy if you dig down deeply, find $8,000 for him and don't speak too gruffly.

Fanny Brice of stage and vaudeville fame rates $1,500 per broadcast, while Sophie Tucker, "last of the redhot mamas," will coon-shout at the mike for $1,000. Tex Guinan, so I hear, is much more reasonable and will master-of-ceremony a bill with her best night club manners for a mere $500. Walter Winchell, N. Y. Mirror columnist whom Broadway is said to ask before it does anything, sets his fee at $400 and so proves he isn't as smart a broadcaster as a writer by the mere fact that he ends this list.

But these celebrities made their fame elsewhere before turning to the microphone. The microphone sought them BECAUSE they WERE celebrities. It gives me a far greater thrill to see how some of the purely Radio acts and performers are becoming so famous through Radio ALONE that the talkies and other amusement fields are seeking them out for the big public cash-in.

Enough of big money. Where does the beginner fit in?

I THINK the sketches herein of some of the famous Radio stars' lives give a general idea of how entry can be made. Broadcasting stations and the networks are generally happy to give auditions to aspiring talent. Probably the best policy of a performer network bound is to gain success and experience first at a local station. Climbing the ladder by easy stages is better than trying for the top first and falling down.

After making a big go of it at a fairly large station, an artist or announcer may be offered a network connection at a monetary loss. He or she perhaps will not be paid at first as highly by the chain organization as by the individual station. This is just one of the sacrifices to be made on the way up. Devotion to hard work and study to further one's career is another.

Pay at local stations varies greatly depending on the size of the city, the station's magnitude and financial condition and the local musicians' wage scale. The governing factors are so many and variable that an attempt to give even an approximate tabulation of salaries paid would be ridiculous.

As for the networks, however, here are a few averages. An announcer is seldom paid more than $75 a week to start. What headway he makes will depend upon his popularity and the demand of sponsors for his services. In time he will be paid large bonuses, as is McNamee, for his officiating on commercial programs.

A network vocalist will be paid perhaps $50 to start. When medium popular the remuneration will be raised to about $150. His or her greater revenue will again depend on the demand of commercial sponsors.

Quartets, male and female, are paid from $100 to $500 top; orchestras earn from $500 to $2,000, and a Radio actor or actress will receive perhaps but $25 for his or her first radario part.

There you have it and I shall sign off firm in the belief that countless thousands of microphone aspirants will rush to the studios tomorrow for auditions. But of course, you really don't have to do a Floyd Gibbons and be fired from your job for incompetency just to blaze the trail of your Radio success.

Sport Waves

(Continued from page 25)

dog racing, dance orchestras and what have you (?) with the ball-tossers. It is in the nature of an interview with all formality thrown in the ash can. These meetings make it possible for him to bring you a genuine word picture of the personalities of the players obtained first hand. He also makes it a point to get the minor league records of the rookies from the coachers.

The morning of the broadcast arrives. The CBS engineers go to the ball park and make the setup. Now this setup is a bit complicated but I'll try to make it as clear to you as I possibly can without becoming technical.

LET'S get rid of the eight microphones first. That's right, eight. Count 'em. Number One is installed in the field-box from which the first ball is thrown to the field by a celebrity; Number Two at the flagpole in center field to pick up the band music during the parade across the field for the flag raising; Number Three in the grandstand where the band sits and plays between the half innings; Number Four by the dugout to pick up the voice of the field announcer's "batteries for today's game" and other announcements; Number Five just behind the wire netting directly in back of home plate, to pick up the crack of the ball against the bat and the thud of the ball as it slaps into the catcher's mitt; Number Six suspended from the upper tier boxes to pick up the crowd noises; Number Seven attached to the helmet which the announcer wears, and Number Eight is held in readiness as a spare for the announcer. The wires from these microphones all lead into the field control board (which is also a mixing panel), this board being set up in the mezanine box where it is operated by the control engineer during the broadcast.

Then there is the announcer's helmet. It looks like those worn by aviators and is Husing's own invention. The earflaps are held against the head by straps which fasten under the chin. As I have already explained a small microphone is attached to the helmet. This arrangement gives the announcer an unobstructed vision and also leaves both hands free. At the same time it permits him to move his head at will without losing his distance from the mike. The right earflap contains an earphone through which the announcer hears the broadcast just as it is sent to the key station after passing through the mixing panel. The left earflap contains an earphone connected by wire with the observer's telephone transmitter, making it possible for the latter to communicate with the announcer at all times, without a second voice being audible to the microphone.

EACH earphone of the observer's headset has a separate communication channel. In one ear he hears the broadcast while with the other ear he catches any orders that may be telephoned from the key station.

The control operator's earphones are wired in the same manner as those of the observer. His telephone is in direct communication with the key station.

The three lines from the ballpark to the key station are used as follows: one from the mixing panel of the control board to the control room in the key station for the broadcast, one spare in like manner and one for telephone communication with the key station.

As soon as this setup is installed the engineers give it a thorough rehearsal after which Glover is told that the game can start any time—as far as the installing engineer is concerned.

Glover now turns over to the telephone company the list of stations who are to broadcast the game and at the headquarters of the long distance lines the work of assembling the network is completed.

If this were a World Series broadcast there is one other detail which must be cared for before any announcer is permitted to approach a microphone. Judge Landis, the czar of baseball, names the announcers! Believe me, this white haired gentleman knows his baseball. When Husing was scheduled to broadcast his first World Series the Judge, who had named Major White as the official announcer for CBS, demanded a dress rehearsal. Ted quickly proved his ability and was permitted to take the place of the man named by the Judge. Broadcasting interests Landis to such an extent that he seldom fails to visit the broadcasters at some time during every series game.

An hour before he is to take the air Husing is at the Stadium chatting with the players, getting more last minute information for the loud speaker fans.

DURING the game the object which I previously referred to as looking like a bread-board is always before the announcer. On this board two miniature playing fields are outlined, one on each side of the board. Below each field the box score is kept. One side of the board is uppermost when the home team is at bat and when the opposing team is up the board is reversed. It therefore is turned every half inning. Small cards bearing the names of the players are clipped to the miniature playing fields in their proper places.

Let me illustrate how the announcer uses this board, which is operated by the observer after each play. The home team is at bat. In this instance it is the Yankees. On the actual playing field the opponents have taken their positions. A glance at the cards on the board will give the announcer the name of every player on the field. The leadoff man for the Yankees comes to bat. A card bearing the name of Combs is thumbtacked to the homeplate of the diagram. If Combs gets a single, is walked or reaches first on an error the observer moves this card to the initial sack and checks the play in the box score. The next batter is Koenig. A card bearing his name is clipped in position at homeplate. If he strikes out the card is removed and the strike-out recorded in the box score. The Babe is up. If Ruth singles, advancing Combs to third, the cards are moved to correspond with the location of the baserunners after the play. With so many things to think about the name of a player temporarily may escape the mind of the announcer. With this ready reference board the chance of making mistakes is minimized.

However mistakes are made. The observer always has one ear primed to catch these. Herb Glover does the observing for Husing and whenever he hears Husing make a misstatement of minor importance Glover makes a penciled note of it for Husing to read. Ted corrects himself at the first opportunity to do so without breaking into the continuity of the game. If the misstatement is of major importance Glover passes his hand before Husing's face. The announcer immediately stops his talk and Glover informs him by telephone of the slip-up, which Husing corrects at once.

EVERY little while I am asked what sports event was the first one to be broadcast. The answer to this question is the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, July 2, 1921.

There is much of interest in the story of how the first sport waves percolated through the atmosphere. Plenty of trouble other than red tape had to be overcome by the man who made this broadcast possible. His name? Major J. Andrew White, at that time acting-president of the Amateur Wireless Association and editor of The Wireless Age.

Everyone thought White was crazy when he suggested the idea to them. A capital of $15,000 was necessary with which to build a station and towers. The Major had but $1,500 in available cash, this sum being advanced by a man by the name of David Sarnoff who was, like White, a "Radio bug." It was all the money Sarnoff had. Today this man is president of the Radio Corporation of America.

Let me tell you the story in Major White's own words.

"In looking over the ground at Boyle's Thirty Acres I saw the Radio towers of the Lackawanna Railroad over in Hoboken. This company was using Radio as a means of communication in an experimental way, over their rail system. I went to the officials of the company, told them my story and obtained permission to use the towers on July second.

"My next difficulty was that I had no transmitter as powerful as I desired. I wanted my broadcast to carry as far as Washington and Pittsburgh at least. However, I did know of the existence of the very equipment I needed. The General Electric Laboratory in Schenectady had a continuous wave transmitter which had been built for a battleship. The Navy Department gave me permission to use it providing I paid for its transportation to Hoboken. That was easy. I hunted up a friend who owned a tug and he brought it down the Hudson River.

"I had been giving the broadcasting of this fight a lot of publicity without getting much response from the public. People simply were not Radio minded in those days. Suddenly the tide turned and ten days before the big event my office was swamped with telephone calls and telegrams. Amateur operators reported that they were going to set up crystal and one tube sets in halls and public places. Phonograph horns attached to an earphone were the up-to-date loud speakers at that time. It is difficult to realize now how crude everything was only nine years ago.

WORKING day and night with me was J. O. Smith, another nut on Radio. We made a good team, and pushed our plans right along as though we were already assured of success, even though we had no idea at the time where we would set up our battleship transmitter. It was less than a week before the fight when we found our temporary studio. The railroad company turned over to us one end of the porters' hall in a railroad yard building and here we installed our improvised station. Incoming porters questioned this invasion by 'crazy white men who thinks they's goin' to talk over the air!' The fact that we were using part of their quarters didn't bother them half so much as did the seeming foolishness of what we proposed to do. When we tried to explain anything we always met with the same reply, 'Hit ain't possible. Ain' nobody goin' to talk over this contraption an' be heard over in New Yawk lessen they's some wires hid some'ers. Didn't the Lackawanna try it and give it up?'

"We let all the amateur operators know when we would start making tests and asked them to wire us about recep-

tion. Our first few tests were pretty discouraging. The return messages indicated that receiving sets everywhere were able to pick up only a few scattered words now and again. It looked as though the porters were right but we kept right on working. Over and over again we checked out installation connections and the result was always the same, correct.

"And then, right out of a clear sky, our transmitter perked up and started to deliver the goods. Good reports came in by the dozens. This happened the night before the fight. Smith and I were elated.

ALL we had to do now was make arrangements for continuous telephone service from the ringside to our Hoboken station. I applied to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for a direct wire only to be told that the line would be furnished for communication of one person to another but that their property must not be hooked up to any Radio transmitter!

"For a few minutes I was licked. To receive a jolt like that made it look as though all our work had been for nothing. But when I thought of all the amateur operators who were counting on my going through with the promised broadcast I determined to keep faith with them to the best of my ability.

"I gave the telephone company my written guarantee that I would not connect their wire line to the transmitter. Then I obtained the services of a high speed telegrapher who was also a high speed typist. We arranged that I was to describe the fight from the ringside, blow-by-blow; the telegrapher, wearing headphones, was to take my description down on the typewriter as it came to him over the telephone wire; and Smith getting it hot off the paper on the typewriter carriage was to read it into the transmitter at Hoboken.

"I bought a gong and set it up alongside the transmitter and instructed Smith to ring it every time he saw the word 'gong' appear on the typewritten report. At least, I thought, this would give the listeners a thrill.

"For the broadcast I was placed alongside the gentlemen of the press, right at the ringside. And there I sat, under a red hot sun, talking away for four hours into the mouthpiece of a telephone. I had no one to help me and there was no way in which I could be assured that my description was even reaching the telegrapher-typist in Hoboken. But I kept right on talking and trusting to luck that things were going alright at the other end.

"After the knockout I gave a brief resumé of the fight and today I can distinctly remember my final words as I signed off. They were, 'Dempsey is still champion of the world.'

"IT WAS some little time before I got in communication with the telegrapher in the improvised Radio station and during that period of uncertainty I had visions of having talked for four hours over a dead wire. Or perhaps our transmitter had failed us. All sorts of reasons for the broadcast having been a failure came to my mind. After banking everything on the success of this broadcast to awaken public interest in the future of Radio I was spending some very unpleasant moments. Finally I got in touch with my man. His report assured me that every word had been taken down on the typewriter and that the voice of J. O. Smith had given a faithful broadcast of the event just as I had described it.

"A steady stream of telegrams and over four thousand letters came to my office the following week. The amateur operators everywhere were enthusiastic. So was every other listener. It was the first time the air was used for the voice as a direct carrier of news. I had won the gamble. The future of Radio was never in doubt from that day on."

A few days later Major White met the late Tex Rickard, who promoted the fight. "I've been wanting to see you," said Tex. "I understand your description of the fight was the sensation of the afternoon. Some of my friends tell me even the gong was audible."

There was no doubt about the gong being audible to the listeners. In the porters' hall in the Lackawanna railroad yards at Hoboken, some miles from the ringside, J. O. Smith rang it as per instructions from the Major's typewritten report.

Here's a peculiar twist to that broadcast. Actually a timely news event it was, at the same time, in reality a studio program, read from script, with sound effects! It probably is the only broadcast of its kind on record. Unquestionably no one event in the history of Radio ever meant so much to the industry as did that etherized description of a heavyweight championship battle.

HERE'S a little yarn of the announcer's mistake. Major White tells it on himself. During one of the early broadcasts from the Polo Grounds, the home of the New York Giants, the Major described a close play at the initial sack and finished the episode with, "—and so the man reached safe firstly." At the Press Club in downtown New York several newspaper men were gathered about an improvised loud speaker, among them Frank Sullivan of the New York World. There was no sound other than the reproduction of White's voice. The listeners hardly dared to breathe for fear of missing some of the none too loud reception. But the "man reached safe firstly" was too much for Sullivan who chirped up with, "Charge White with an error."

Of course you know that Graham McNamee has gone "talkie"? Believe me, that boy is as busy as a bird dog trying to point two coveys at the same time. I caught him the other day with a few minutes to spare from his broadcasting and recording duties. We started right in to reminisce and, without knowing it, Mac gave me a lot of good copy. I'm going to pass it on to you.

Twice a week he goes over to the Victor studios in Camden, N. J. where his descriptive talks for the Universal news reels are synchronized with the finished picture. It takes one day to complete the work on each reel, which, when you see it run off in your favorite movie theater, lasts about thirteen and a half minutes. Many times it lasts but ten minutes.

THE silent picture is screened four times to give Mac a chance to become familiar with the scenes and to frame his accompanying monologue. When it is run the fifth time Mac describes the action of the scenes as though he were broadcasting the various events. A stenographer takes down his every word in shorthand. When this is typed Mac tries reading the script with one eye and watching the picture with the other! Eliminations and additions are made in the script so that the voice will time correctly with the action on the screen. One thing in particular he must watch, that his voice never carry over into a title. All titles have musical accompaniment. Finally a wax record is made with Mac at the mike as the picture is thrown on the screen. A playback of this record is run with the picture and further corrections are made. It is now time for lunch.

In the afternoon the orchestra is brought into the studio. A score for the music, which is to be played when the titles appear on the screen, has been timed and rehearsed the previous day. A wax record with Mac and the orchestra on the job is made and a playback run for everyone to see and hear. Last minute changes are made in the routine of the script and score. Then both a film record and a wax record is microphoned.

If, by any chance, the control operator, who watches the picture on the screen and hears the microphoned accompaniment through headphones just as it is being recorded, should give this take his okay—then the day's work is over. Mac says he has yet to hear a first take given even a pleasant word, to say nothing of an okay.

Over and over the picture is run and over and over Mac and the musicians strut their stuff before the microphones. The announcer declares that this is the toughest assignment he ever tackled and I can well believe him, having had my own experiences with synchronization work. It's a difficult task to keep the enthusiasm present in one's voice after having witnessed the same scenes a few dozen times. And for these news reels the listener must believe that Mac is describing the scenes just as though he were broadcasting events which he himself is witnessing for the first time. If you have seen any of these news reels you will agree with me that Mac is doing a mighty fine job.

McNAMEE gets his greatest kick when on the air out of the drama connected with the events he is broadcasting. He'd much rather talk about the way Walter Johnson won a World Series after being knocked out of the box in two previous series games than discuss personal experiences. But he did tell me how he unintentionally cheated the telephone company out of a long distance call.

The Washington-Pittsburgh World Series looked like a walkaway for Pittsburgh and when the teams went to Washington everyone thought Pittsburgh would win the necessary game to end it. But when the Washington team started to do a bit of crowding on its own hook it meant that the playoff would take place back in Pittsburgh. Of course Mac knew that he must return with the teams. Feeling sure that the series would end in Washington Mac had failed to make hotel reservations for himself in the smoky city. In giving a resumé of the last game-to-be, in Washington, the announcer laughingly said, "Well, I've got to hurry away and catch a rattler for Pittsburgh. I didn't expect to have to go back there so I have no hotel reservation. Here's hoping the manager of the hotel where I stopped when there during the other games will hear this and save my old room for me." Signing off he rushed to his hotel in Washington and was hastily packing when a telegram arrived from the hotel manager in Pittsburgh. It read, HAVE SAVED YOUR OLD ROOM FOR YOU. The kick to this story is that the manager did not hear the broadcast but later told Mac that he thought everyone in Pittsburgh who did hear it started calling the hotel to tell him about Mac's request. The switchboard operators were snowed under and in self defense the wire was sent so that all who called might be told that the room was reserved for the returning announcer.

"Remember that day during the same series when the rain interrupted the game for over an hour?" Mac asked. I

nodded and he went on, "We didn't go in much in those days for research work and I'm here to say that that hour was the longest hour I ever put in at a mike. I didn't have a thing to talk about but the weather! Believe me, any time it looks as though rain might interrupt a game now I'll have plenty of talkable material on hand. I'll not spill all the dope about past performances, old series games and such things before the game starts if there is so much as a tiny cloud in the sky. I sure learned my lesson that day."

"It was during that same game that I nearly put my mike out of commission by yelling in it," Mac continued. "I'm naturally of a nervous disposition and the long wait during that rainstorm didn't help quiet my system any. You know how some men are always drawing designs when they telephone? When I'm at the mike I get rid of a lot of surplus energy by fumbling something —a pencil or a scorecard. Well, I dropped the pencil under my chair and couldn't stop talking long enough to pick it up. The scorecard got soaked and I threw it away. Unconsciously my left hand sought for something to busy itself with and of all things it had to pick out a wire under the table. My first knowledge of this fact was when I got a peach of a shock. And did I yell! My hand was wet from the driving rain and made a fine carrier when I unwittingly used it to make a short circuit across some of the open connections. There was nothing to do but explain the situation to the listeners. Even that helped pass the time away. That was one bad hour for this announcer."

OVER the CBS network Ted Husing is conducting a weekly half-hour program which he calls "Sport Slants." Ted reviews current sports and brings well known people connected with sports activities before the mike. He also digs into the history of all sports for interesting information and the other day he told me that the first book ever printed about sports was written in 1618 by King James I of England. It was banned by the clergy and most of the copies destroyed. However, Ted is all enthused right now because the officials at the Public Library have promised to borrow one of the few existing copies from a private collection in order that he may have the privilege of reading it.

So you may be hearing about the literary endeavors of a sports writing king any day now on the "Sport Slants" program. This half hour has been assigned a bad time on the air, Saturday, at 6:30 eastern time, and I sincerely hope the CBS officials will realize the value of this program and push it ahead to a later period of the evening.

I wonder if any of you caught Perry Charles, sports announcer for station WHN, pinch-hitting for Husing on "Sport Slants" during the latter part of March? Ted was in Washington that same night broadcasting a rather unusual sporting event—the congressmen's spelling bee. When he called on Perry to substitute for him on the regular weekly program Husing certainly knew the man he had picked for the job.

Perry is called the Walter Winchell of the air. Like Winchell, who runs a column in the Daily Graphic, Perry has a line of chatter that is all his own. He rattles away at the mike, spilling slang all over the carbon and giving his listeners an earful of spontaneous wisecracks. His best work is done when miking a boxing contest. Once a week he lets off steam over WHN from the ringside of the St. Nicholos Arena and for these broadcasts Perry has a tremendous following of Radio fight fans. Once a person hears his merry chatter he or she is sold on the boy.

HERE'S a little yarn about one of Perry's fans. This announcer has no secretary to read his fan mail. He reads every letter himself and the other morning he found one in feminine handwriting which read: "Dear Mr. Charles, I have been listening to your weekly descriptions of fights with a great deal of pleasure. In fact, you are responsible for making me a fight fan. It may interest you to know that I am 62 years old, and I have never seen a boxing contest."

What would you do if you were a fight announcer and received a letter like that?

Radio Goes Bye-Bye

Colonel O. N. Taylor pictures the latest sport as you find it awheel on the boulevards and highways.

Talkies Take the Air

Dr. Ralph L. Power shows how closely akin the two great industries have become with the same artists serving Mike Radio and Mike Wax.

Stars of Yesteryear

E. E. Plummer, Radio editor for eight years, will recall some well remembered voices that you don't hear today and tell you what has become of them.

Just three of a bookful of timely and interesting articles that you will find in the

JULY RADIO DIGEST

Well, that's just what Perry did. And when he called on the lady he found her to be a very sweet, charming motherly character. Perry invited her to be his guest at one of the fights in Madison Square Garden and the invitation was accepted. He has ordered ringside seats and, as he does not broadcast these fights, Perry will explain the technique of boxing to his guest of the evening. A personally conducted blow-by-blow description as it were. I am going to try to get a picture of this Radio fight fan and Perry Charles the night they attend the Garden fights and if I do you shall see it in a later issue of Radio Digest.

Perry is also a research worker. Even though his fight broadcasts are heard only by local fans he spends a great deal of his time looking up historical data on fights with which to interest his limited audience. As he is a graduate from the newspaper world, where he worked for several years as reporter, the newsgathering instinct is natural and not acquired. It will not surprise me if you hear Perry Charles over the networks occasionally.

WHEN he started to broadcast fights Perry used to visit the dressing rooms of the fighters before taking the air. He felt that his listeners would like to feel that he was personally acquainted with the men in the ring. He soon quit this procedure. When some of the boys gave him the raspberry for trying to interview them he decided that fighters were in no mental condition to talk at a time so close to their ring appearance. It got under Perry's hide at first to think he had been handed the berry. But he finally concluded that he was wrong and they were right. They wanted to be let alone and took their own sweet way of letting him know it, that's all.

Perry was at the mike when Jack Delaney fought "Sully" Montgomery back in 1927. Delaney came out of his corner at the opening gong and danced around his opponent until he reached a neutral corner. Glancing down, Jack saw the announcer at the mike. He leaned over the ropes and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hello, Helen!" Then this mike-wise fighter waded into his man and delivered a ten-strike.

Eighteen seconds after the start of the first round Jack was at the microphone for a second time saying, "Hello, Helen." This time he gave his wife, who was listening to the broadcast at home, more than just a greeting as he added, "I won the fight and I'll be home in an hour."

"Buck" O'Neil, sports writer for the New York Evening Journal, is another good fight announcer. It's pretty difficult for "Buck" to keep from showing partiality. Not that he ever makes the mistake of expressing it in words, but it creeps into his tone of voice. As far as that goes, if you listen closely you can detect it in the voice of every good sports announcer.

A year ago "Buck" was pretty keen about the way a certain youngster was showing up in the ring. He looked good to "Buck." It was just this announcer's luck to get the assignment to broadcast an event in which this boy was getting a severe licking. "Buck" was feeling pretty low. "I don't believe the kid can last much longer," he said into the mike. "He's been down three times already in this round. I only hope he's wise enough to take the count of nine before getting up this time. Yes. He's on one knee now listening to the count. At nine he's up, but he's awfully groggy. And here comes his opponent all set to finish him I'm afraid." Just then the groggy one let go a roundhouse swing aimed in the general direction of his opponent. The latter, coming in wide open, all intent on finishing the groggy youth, ran his chin right into the blow and went down—and out!

"Buck" could hardly believe his eyes and for a split second he forgot all about the microphone in his enthusiasm over the turn of the battle. His voice was high pitched with excitement as he yelled, "Blankety-blank! What a wallop!"

Instantly he remembered that he held a microphone in his hand and in the same breath he added, in a natural voice, "Please do not use profanity near the microphone! Ladies and gentlemen, the most surprising thing has just happened and I do not blame the gentleman next to me for forgetting himself momentarily. Let me tell you . . . Which goes to prove that one qualification which every sports announcer must have is a fast thinking bean.

What makes a good sports announcer? That's an easy one. A thorough knowledge and a love of the contest he is broadcasting, the ability to translate in colorful easy-flowing language, the honest details of every action as he sees it, and the faculty of keeping his description alive with an enthusiasm tempered with intelligence. Outside of that it's a cinch to make sport waves vibrate the loud speakers. Ask Husing or McNamee if you don't believe it.

Cupid On the Air

(Continued from page 22)

to meet the jazz master. Mickey couldn't resist her charms and after a fitting lapse of time they were united in the usual bonds. The marriage took place on December 18th, 1929.

Now our scene is laid in Chicago. A blue-eyed Irish lad, Frank Haben Clark, Jr., by name, used to attend masses with all due regularity at St. Patrick's. And there in the shadowy recesses of the church, while the masses were said, Cupid lurked, smiling, and young Frank quite unaware. Frank at this time (the spring of 1924) was a director at KYW, and was planning the broadcast of an Ash Wednesday program. He had noticed the fine quality of the voice of the soprano soloist, Sara Ann McCabe. So it was that Frank made arrangements with Miss McCabe and Dr. J. Lewis Browne to furnish the music for this program. Came the night for rehearsal and Sara Ann had a little disappointment in store for Frank. The music she brought along was copyrighted by the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers and Mr. Clark had neglected to get a license from this organization. Frank was a bit provoked at this hitch in his plans and Sara Ann (whose name was McCabe, you remember) flared up in displeasure at Frank's negligence.

That was all until the following October. Frank arranged for another program which proved entirely successful. After that Sara Ann sang frequently over KYW, and meanwhile Cupid's darts had struck home.

There was a big church wedding at St. Patricks on August 12th, 1925. And, although there is a little two-year-old Frank Haben Clark, the third, Mrs. Clark, who professionally is still "Sara Ann McCabe," is frequently heard on NBC programs and on the concert stage.

We haven't said much about New York studios, but, of course, they are brim full of tales of romance. They would have to be—there are so many people who flock there to fulfill their life's ambitions.

AFTER an adventurous career on the Continent, a violinist, twenty-nine years of age, landed in America with a Stradivarius worth $30,000 and 24 cents in cash. He wouldn't pawn the Strad, he wouldn't play in an orchestra, he wouldn't take pupils. He was a concert violinist.

For three days he wandered around New York hungry. He finally agreed to play concert numbers before the microphone. This was at Station WJZ in 1923. He has been connected with the National Broadcasting company ever since. The violinist's name is Godfrey Ludlow.

Madame Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg, the widely acclaimed concert pianist, played the accompaniment for Mr. Ludlow and a lasting friendship was immediately established.

One day the sister of Madame Gainsborg, Blanca Cabrera, was present during a rehearsal. This was in 1927. The real romance of the violinist's life started at that rehearsal. They were married August 10th, 1929.

Mr. Ludlow's fan mail is tremendous and this applause is enough to make him respect Radio as a medium of expression for his talents. But the violinist has something other than fan mail which binds him to Radio. Let us quote his exact words, "If it hadn't been for Radio I would never have met Blanca. I owe Radio everything."

Still looking down New York way, we discover a young lady who wanted to become a dramatic actress. Her name was Florence Pierce. She studied for the stage and went so far as to work for several months with a stock company. Then, because her father requested her to quit the stage, she applied at the studios of the National Broadcasting company for a job.

Keith McLeod, in charge of the music department, needed a secretary and Miss Pierce was given the position. This gave her an opportunity to see what Radio was all about and when the press relations department was enlarged, two years ago, Miss Pierce was transferred to that department to become secretary to Walter Stone, press representative for WJZ.

As Mr. Stone's secretary Miss Pierce found herself doing most of the work assigned to her boss. Mr. Stone says: "It looked as though she was going to take my job away from me, so I married her and fired her in order to keep my position!" We rather doubt that statement, for Mr. Stone, recognizing that Miss Pierce had a genuine talent for dramatic work, frequently permitted her to leave her work at the desk to rehearse and appear in sketches before the microphone.

Mr. Stone and Miss Pierce were married April 19th, 1929, and since leaving the duties at husband's desk to assume the responsibilties of a homemaker Mrs. Stone had found time to carry on her dramatic work in the broadcasting studio. At present she is portraying the character of "Lizzie Peters" in the Thompkins' Corners mirth-provoking half hour.

NOTICING a dreadful commotion one evening this spring when the dial was turned to 1460, we investigated to find an amazing state of affairs at KSTP. The census takers have recorded two surprise marriages, three weddings to take place during the summer and fall, and the announcement of two engagements.

Dr. Paul Johnson, studio director and announcer of this station, and Mrs. George Richardson, who was Hazel Claussen, director of fan mail, told no one of their marriages, but were found out by inquisitive members of the staff. Dr. Johnson asked for a short vacation and left recently for St. Joseph, Mo., to marry Vera Selma Gibson, whom he had met while announcing a program in a Northwest studio six years ago.

Miss Claussen, in going over the fan mail, paid particular attention to the frequent letters of a certain George Richardson—for he was a rabid Radio fan. She dared to inject a bit of the personal in answering them, and from correspondence grew the friendship, and you know the rest of the story. The wedding of the Richardsons took place at a small church on the outskirts of St. Paul and it was not until a week later that the news leaked out.

ANOTHER case of Cupid doing damage with an unseen voice is that of Don Guthrie, known as the "Gene Austin of the West," who came to KSTP from the Pacific Coast. It was his crooning voice and his piano syncopation that won the heart of Vera Norton of St. Paul as she listened at home. She was interested in music herself and one fine day she gathered up all her courage and dared a trip to the KSTP studios, where she asked Mr. Guthrie to give her sing ing lessons. She is still studying and he is still singing to her, and there's to be a ceremony some time before long.

Dan Cupid has not been satisfied merely to tamper with the ether waves around this station. No one knows *why* he has concentrated his efforts there, but he has manipulated two within-the-studio romances. Irvin Maher, bass soloist, discovered that Mary Hartigan, known to Radio listeners as "the Peter Pan of the children's hour," was in truth the Peter Pan who never failed to charm his heart. They announced their engagement in March and are to be married this month. They plan to make Chicago their home.

Then there is an inter-department romance which developed between members of the engineering and the continuity departments, when Miss Mabel M. Zabel, continuity writer, was anxious to know something of the mechanical workings of the station. She made a visit to the KSTP transmitter, at Wescott, thirteen miles south of St. Paul, and here John Klug, her future husband, took special pains to show her every section of the machinery and explain the entire working of the broadcasting equipment. Her sudden interest in the transmitter was explained when their engagement was announced to the staff early in April and the wedding date set for some time in June.

Cupid has also been profligate with his darts around WLS, Chicago. During the last few years four romances have culminated in weddings at this station, the most recent of which is the marriage of "Hiram" of the comedy team, "Hiram and Henry," alias Trulan C. Wilder, and Miss May Oliver of Topeka, Kansas. It was when Mr. Wilder was a staff entertainer at WIBW, Topeka, that Miss Oliver heard him on the air. She became a frequent visitor at the station and that is how it all started. Theirs was a Radio wedding broadcast from WLS at 11:30 Saturday night, March 15th. Ralph Waldo Emerson, staff organist, played the wedding march. All of which brings us to more romance.

Four or five years ago, when Mr. Emerson had not been staff organist at WLS for so very long, an attractive young girl, Elsie Mae Look by name, joined the staff as a singer. Of course, Ralph and Elsie worked together in one way and another, and besides she was taking lessons from him. They planned programs, romantic programs, you know, and in no time at all, a wedding. That was in 1926, and it was a Radio wedding, with Ralph playing his own wedding march. Elsie Mae is now Mr. Emerson's substitute at the organ at WLS, so theirs is a dandy little partnership in every sense of the word.

There's the story, too, of John Brown, WLS staff pianist, and Juanita Rae, who was "June" of the popular "Mae and June" team. John used to come up to the studios before he ever was a staff member just because, well, just because "June" was there. Then John, too, became a staff member and the friendship progressed. But when things run along too smoothly nothing really happens. So it was only after John left the studio that an approaching marriage became obvious, and John and "June" decided to start the new year right. They were married on January 1st, 1927. Harriet Lee, who was "Mae" of the same team, also met her husband in the same studios. And now that we've said "husband" the story's told. The lucky man was Koby Sirinsky, talented young violinist, one-time staff member of WLS and more recently a member of Paul Ash's orchestra.

WE'VE called Cupid "whimsical," "mischievous" and other things meaning "not serious," but a horrible doubt comes to mind. Is it possible that

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Reformation of Study 16

(Continued from page 49)

HE WAS stooping to pick up another missile, when the door opened. It was only when the second boot got home on the shin of the person who stood in the doorway that he recognized in that person not Dixon, but Trevor! It was just here that he wished he had tried some other form of amusement that afternoon.

And, indeed, the situation was about as unpleasant as it could be. Even in moments of calm, Trevor was a cause of uneasiness to Bellwood. Here he was unmistakably angry! It so happened that Bellwood's boot had found its billet on the exact spot which a muscular forward from Trinity College, Cambridge, had kicked Trevor in the match of the previous Saturday.

"Oh, I say, sorry," gasped Bellwood.

"What the blazes are you playing at?" asked Trevor.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the demoralized Bellwood; "I thought you were Dixon."

"And why should you fling boots at Dixon?"

Bellwood, not feeling equal to the explanation that it was the mission in life of people like Dixon to have football boots thrown at them, remained silent; and Trevor, having summed up Bellwood's character in an address in which the words, "skunk, worm" and "disgrace to the house" occurred with what seemed to the recipient of the terms unnecessary frequency, dragged him into the study, produced a stick, and taught him in two minutes more about the folly of throwing football boots at other people's doors than he would have learned in a month of verbal tuition.

BELLWOOD slunk away down the passage, and halfway to his own study met Davies, released from the form-room and full of his grievances.

To judge from his remarks, Davies did not think highly of Mr. Grey, his form-master. Mr. Grey, in his opinion, was a person of the manners-none-and-customs-horrid type. He had a jolly good mind, had Davies, to go to the headmaster about it.

In a word, Davies was savage. Bellwood, eyeing his wrathful friend, was struck with an idea. Trevor's stick had stung like an adder.

"Beastly shame," he agreed, as Davies paused for breath. "It was jolly slow for me, too. I've been putting in the time having a lark with old Dixon. I can't get him to come out, though I've been flinging boots. And his door won't open. I believe he's locked it."

"Has he, by Jove!" muttered Davies; "we'll soon see about that. Stand out of the way."

He retired a few paces and charged towards the door. Bellwood took cover in study twelve, the owner of which happened to be out, and listened.

He heard the scuffle of Davies' feet as he dashed down the passage. Then there was a crash as if the house had fallen. He peeped out. Davies' rush had taken the crazy door off its hinges, and he had gone with it into the study. He had a fleeting view of an infuriated Trevor springing from the ruins. Then, with Davies' howl of anguish ringing in his ears, he closed the door of study twelve softly, and sat down to wait till the storm should have passed by.

AT THE end of a couple of minutes somebody limped past the door. The remnants of Davies, he guessed. He gave him a few moments in which to settle down. Then he followed, and found him in a dishevelled state in their study.

"Hullo," he said artlessly, "what's up? What happened? Did you get the door open?"

Davies glared suspiciously, scenting sarcasm, but Bellwood's look of astonishment disarmed him.

"Where did you go to?" he inquired.

"Oh, I strolled off. What happened?"

Davies sat down, only to spring up again with a cry of pain. Bellwood recognized the symptoms, and felt better.

"I took the beastly door clean off its hinges. I'd no idea the thing was so wobbly."

"Well, we ragged it a bit the other night, you remember. It was a little rocky then. Was Dixon sick?"

"Dixon! Why, Dixon wasn't in there at all. It was Trevor—of all people! What the dickens was he doing there, I should like to know?"

Bellwood's look of amazement could not have been improved upon.

"Trevor!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Am I sure! Oh, you —!" words failed Davies.

"But what was he doing there?"

"That's what I should like to know."

IT WAS really quite simple. Clowes had told the head of the house of Dixon's painful case, and suggested that if he wished to catch Bellwood and his friend "on the hop," as he phrased it, an excellent idea would be to change studies secretly with Dixon. This Trevor had done, with instant and satisfactory results. The ambush had trapped its victims on the first afternoon.

Study Sixteen continued to brood over its misfortunes.

"Beastly low trick changing studies like that," said Davies querulously.

"Beastly," agreed Bellwood.

"That worm Dixon must have been in it. He probably suggested it to Trevor. And now he'll be grinning over it."

This suspicion was quite unfounded. Dixon had probably never grinned in his life.

"I tell you what," said Bellwood suddenly, "if they've changed studies, Dixon must be in Trevor's den now. He's always in the house at this time. He starts swotting directly after school. What's the matter with going and routing him out and ragging him now? He wants it taken out of him for letting us down like that. Come on."

"We'll heave books at him," said Davies with enthusiasm.

And the punitive expedition started.

TREVOR'S study was in the next passage. They advanced stealthily to the door and listened. Somebody coughed inside the room. That was Dixon. They recognized the cough.

"Now," whispered Davies, "when I count three!"

Bellwood nodded, and shifted a Hall and Knight's algebra from his left hand to his right.

"One, two, three."

He turned the handle sharply and flung open the door. At the same moment Bellwood heaved his algebra. It was a snapshot, but Dixon, sitting at the table outlined against the window, made a fine mark.

"Oh, I say!" cried Dixon, as the corner of the projectile took him on the ear.

"Go on," shouted Davies from behind the door, as Bellwood paused with Victor Hugo's "Quatrevingt-treize" poised. "Sling it in!"

But Bellwood did not throw. The book dropped heavily to the floor. Just as his first shot found its mark he had caught sight of Trevor, seated in a deck chair by the window, reading a novel.

Finding Dixon's study somewhat uncomfortable after Davies had removed the door, he had taken his book to his own den, where he could read in peace (so he thought) without disturbing Dixon's work.

This third attack was the last straw. The matter had become too serious for summary treatment. He must think out a punishment that would fit the crime.

It flashed upon him almost immediately.

"LOOK here," he said, "this is getting a bit too thick. You two chaps think you can do just as you like in the house. You're going to find that you can't. You're no good to Donaldson's. You shirk games. You do nothing but eat like pigs and make bally nuisances of yourselves. So you can just choose. I'm going out for a run in a few minutes. You can either come, too, and get into training and play for the house second against Seymour's, or you can take a touching-up in front of the whole house after tea."

Davies and Bellwood looked blankly at one another. Could these things be? For three years they had grown up together like two lilies of the field; they had toiled not, neither had they spun. For three years the only form of exercise they had known had been the daily walk to the school shop. And here was Trevor offering them, as the sole alternative to a house licking, a beastly, violent run. And Trevor was celebrated for the length of his runs when he trained, and also for the rapidity of the same. The thing was impossible. It couldn't be done at any price. Davies bethought him of the excuse which had stood by him so well for the past three years. This was just one of those emergencies for which it had been especially designed. But even as he spoke he could not help feeling that Trevor was not in just the proper frame of mind for medical gossip.

"But," said Davies, "our doctor's certificates. We aren't allowed to play footer."

"Doctor's certificates! Rot! You'd better burn them. Well, are you coming for the run?"

Bellwood clutched at a straw.

"But we've no footer clothes," he said.

"You'd better borrow some, then. If you aren't back in this study, changed, by half past five, you'll get beans. Now get out."

At ten minutes past five a tentative knock sounded on the door. Trevor opened it. There stood the tenants of study sixteen garbed in borrowed football shirts and shorts.

OF THE details of that run no record remains. The trio started off in a south-easterly direction, along the road which led to Little Poolbury. From this it may be deduced that the spin was not a short one. Whenever Trevor had chosen this direction for one of his training runs on previous occasions he had

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM will present you with the Experiment of Stephen Glask — no shooting, no bloodshed. It's a peachy little story with a peachy little girl and a man—Oh whatta MAN!

JULY RADIO DIGEST

worked round through Little Poolbury to Much Wenham by road, then across difficult country (ploughed fields, brooks, and the like) to Burlingham, and then back to the school along the high road, the whole distance being between four and five miles. There is no reason for supposing him to have chosen another route on this occasion.

At any rate, as six struck from the college clock, a procession of three turned the corner of the road which ran past the school. Bellwood headed the procession. He was purple, moist and muddy, and he breathed in heavy gasps. A yard behind him came Davies in a similar condition, if anything, a shade worse. At the tail of the procession came Trevor, who looked as fresh as when he had started. He wore a pleasant smile. They passed in at Donaldson's gate, and were lost to view.

Study sixteen was subdued that night, but ate an enormous tea, and looked ninety per cent fitter than it had done for years.

And in the last paragraph of the one hundred and eighteenth page of the eleventh volume of the "Wrykynian," you will find these words to be written: "Inter-House Cup (Second Fifteens). Final. Donaldson's v. Seymour's.—This match was played on Saturday, March 10th, and resulted in a win for the former, after a good game by one goal and two tries to a penalty goal. For the winners Kershaw played well at half, and Smith in the center. The pick of the forwards were Bellwood and Davies. The latter's try was a clever piece of play. For Seymour's . . ."

But that's all.

Ted Husing, Out-Doors

(Continued from page 9)

of diction than any other man alive. One of the New York dailies conducted a contest for the best transcription of a broadcast of Ted Husing's running report of a football game. It was the Army-Notre Dame game. The fleet-fingered contestants had thrown up their hands, unable to record the 400 words a minute which Husing reeled off during the hottest action. If he had shown such ability during his try-out as a salesman the world might have lost a champion announcer—and commerce gained just another salesman!

Outstanding over all the other notable accomplishments of his Radio experience, Husing regards his broadcast of the Floyd Bennett funeral as the high point. It appeared almost an impossible task at the beginning. The plans to permit the nation to join in tribute to the brave airman were formulated only the evening before the burial. There were still many obstacles to surmount before this could be done. Grants were necessary from Government officials, the director of the Arlington cemetery and the widow. Husing arrived in Washington at 8 o'clock the next morning. Two hours later he communicated with ten Government officials, many of whom he disturbed from their slumbers. He received permission to proceed providing he received Mrs. Bennett's consent. After she wired her permission he dashed out to Arlington cemetery to supervise the laying of 17,000 feet of wire over stream, hill and forest to the nearest transmitter.

It was only after hours of continuous work in a cold rain that this was accomplished. Then, from a small tent which hardly offered shelter from the wind and heavy rain, he began his vivid and impressive description of the ceremonies. The canvas leaked so badly that the safety of the microphone was threatened until he covered it with his hat. Thousands of appreciative letters were received from listeners, but for two weeks Ted was confined to bed with a severe attack of the grippe.

HUSING achieves his tremendous rate of speed by speaking very softly. He likes to adapt his speed to the tempo of the event he is describing. In doing a basketball game, a fast sport, he can keep right up with the ball.

When he told the Radio audience all about the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin last fall his knowledge of the German language served him in fine stead. Eckener and the other members of the crew spoke only in that tongue when introduced, but Ted gave a very fine interpretation of each talk.

Once he did an "ad lib" description of an imaginary prize fight on a program that had everybody around the studio in a feverish state of excitement.

In broadcasting the world series last year he called every play correctly. In fact, he shaded the official scorer on one important decision.

Ted does not remember details of the game unless a particular play happens to be exceptionally spectacular. A friend once remarked, "Why, you saw it, Ted: you described it beautifully." But Ted had to explain that he has to translate the action into words so speedily that it makes no lasting mental impression.

Recently he invented an electrical board for use during football games that provides an efficient, silent and accurate signaling system between his observor and himself. He is having it patented.

Ted is a great traveler. One of his outstanding records for fast ground-covering was made during the last presidential campaign when he made a hurried trip to the seat of the Republican convention in California to introduce Mr. Hoover to the air for his formal acceptance of the nomination. That same day he left the coast and rushed to Hot Springs, Ark., to introduce Senator Robinson. After an appearance in New York City he dashed to Washington where he opened the Republican Radio campaign. During the last football season he traveled 13,000 miles to broadcast thirteen games.

He is married and has a five-year-old daughter. They are both listed among his severest critics.

WHEN Helen Morgan came into the studios for a program a short time ago she appeared quite ill at ease. Ted was not long in finding the trouble. After introducing himself, he ordered a piano moved over to the actress, assisted her on it, and then offered his handkerchief. Part of his duty is to know as much as possible about celebrities and their idiosyncrasies, and he believed Miss Morgan would feel much more at home when sitting on a piano with a handkerchief in hand. It worked.

He calls Major J. Andrew White the "dean of all sports announcers." Of Graham MacNamee he said over the air: "No one, in my opinion, will ever approach his tremendous record of broadcast achievement." He gives due credit to Jack Filman, Pat Flanagan, Ernie Smith and other leading announcers.

Trick clothes, including double-breasted vests, prominently striped suits and shirts, pleated trousers, blue tuxedos, a beaver coat and brilliantly hued ties are all to be seen in his wardrobe.

He is witty. Always knows just what to say no matter what the situation. Hates puns. Leaves the room whenever anyone makes a play on his name. "Shake well before using" is the one most frequently used.

"You rat," is his usual greeting to friends with whom he is particularly intimate. Coming from Ted, it is regarded as a term of affection.

The young man takes great delight in mimicking announcers and artists to the subject's complete satisfaction. He is often called upon for a series of his famous imitations. Incidentally, he is the only one who can "kid" Paul Whiteman and make the "king of jazz" like it. They are great friends.

"Ted Husing's Sportslants" is the name of his program in which he presents leading figures in the sporting world. It is his favorite broadcast and is popular with all sports lovers, who have already listened to Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker, Vincent Richards and others during the series.

Paul Whiteman gave him a portable phonograph. He plays the records of Duke Ellington and his band on it, and is passionately fond of their blatant music. Ted always takes great pleasure in going up to the Cotton club to announce their programs.

Erect and courageous, he has the carriage of a West Point cadet, the physique of a well-trained athlete, the features of a young toreador, and exudes an air of success with natural aplomb.

Ted admits he is conceited. But it isn't conceit in the true sense of the word. It is a man laughing as a means of keeping his perspective after he has cleared a lot of hard groundwork in a short time and become thoroughly expert in his chosen field.

If he is as conceited as he claims to be, what of it?—aren't we all?

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answer to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who was the first Radio pastor?

2. What well known singer heard on NBC programs is of royal lineage and married to a count?

3. Who is the originator of the crooning type of broadcasting?

4. On what instrument did Jimmy Melton begin his musical education?

5. What young Radio singer possesses a repertoire of songs in Italian, German and French?

6. When did Cooney and Joe of the famous Nighthawks first meet?

7. How did Tom Breen, well known NBC announcer, "break in" to the announcing end of Radio?

8. Of what college is Rudy Vallee a graduate?

9. In what profession did Frank Knight gain fame before he started broadcasting?

10. What are the call letters of the only Radio station owned and operated by a women's club?

* * *

Answers to questions in May issue:

1. Don Becker. 2. Poetry. 3. Vincent Lopez. 4. Her father was owner of Andrews Opera Company and her mother an actress. 5. Paul Specht. 6. Golf. 7. Harry Reser. 8. A sea captain. 9. Jack Shannon. 10. WCDA.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 102 and 103 of this Issue

K

KAC..... Enid, Okla.
KDB...Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK...Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW..... Burbank, Calif.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK.... Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB...Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI..... Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR..... Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
KFKB..... Milford, Kans.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.
KFLX.....Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX...Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
KFPW..Wilson Tags, Ark.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD...Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC..San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM..Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
KFVE.....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM.....Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM...San Bernardino, Calif
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO.....Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ.....York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCN.....Concordia, Kan.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
KGDA....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC..San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX....Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO.....Oakland, Calif.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Tex.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR.....Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
KOCW....Chickasha, Okla.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
KONO....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF..Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
KREG....Santa Anna, Calif.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD.....Dallas, Tex.
KRMD....Shreveport, La.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
KSAC....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO.....Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
KTAP....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
KTHS....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT.....Austin, Tex.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS....Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA....Shreveport, La.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
KWWG....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Haywards, Calif.
KZRM....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
WADC.....Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Baton Rouge, La.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
WASH..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA..West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
WBAP....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY.....Charleston, W. Va.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS....Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC....Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Bilton, W. I.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
WCAP....Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU....Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
WCBM....Baltimore, Md.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
WCCO....Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
WCGU...Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridan, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
WDAF....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
WDEL....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY....Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD..Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN....Providence, R. I.
WEAO.....Columbus, O.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
WEBE.....Cambridge, O.
WEBQ....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
WELK....Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC..Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
WFAN....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
WFBI.....Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM....Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
WFDW....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW....Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFIC.....Akron, O.
WFIL....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
WGH....Newport News, Va.
WGHP.....Detroit, Mich.
WGL.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS....St. Paul, Minn.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP....Savannah, Ga.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
WGY....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
WHAD....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
WHAT....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL....Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY....West DePere, Wis.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
WHDH....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK.....Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP..Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
WIBG....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
WIBR....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
WILM....Wilmington, Del.
WINR....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN....Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR....Providence, R. I.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX....Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY.....Cleveland, O.
WJAZ.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
WJBO....New Orleans, La.
WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburgh, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD.....Chicago, Ill.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
WJSV.....Washington, D. C.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio.
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ..San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB.....Dubuque, Ia.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.....Webster, Mass.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN.....Youngstown, O.
WKBO....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP...Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV....Connersville, Ind.
WKBW....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, O.
WKY..Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF..Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL..Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL..Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
WMBD.....Peoria, Ill.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM....Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ....Brooklyn, N. Y.

WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX..... Yankton, S. D.
WNBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH..New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR..... Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ..... Newark, N. J.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greenboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN.Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI..... Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR..... Newark, N. J.
WORC.... Worcester, Mass.
WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV..... New York City
WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
WPSC....State College, Pa.
WPSW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.

WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.
WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Tifton, Ga.
WRBJ....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY.....New York City
WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
WSBT..... So. Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS..... Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
WSPA....Spartonburg, S. C.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN...St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.... Worcester, Mass.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
WTAW.College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.

WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N.B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B.C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 297.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHML, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 297.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.

CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.

CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1- and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Official Wave Lengths

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOFI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWSW	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTNS	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTTC	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXC	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEOH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		500	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		50	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WJBK	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WMAN	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KTCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGIR	Eaton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KNEO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVI	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		100	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diega, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		100	KGIO	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls (night)
		1,000	KFEC	Santa Ana, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRC	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-KTSM	El Paso, Texas
		250	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WMAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	1,000	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Grleat Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	100	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska.
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatche, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernadino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
248.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okolona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
253	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
256.3	1,170	500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WGDY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		20,000	KOB	State College, N. Mex.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
258.5	1,160	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Ia.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
263	1,140	50,000	KYW-KFKX,	Chicago, Ill.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KVOO,	Tulsa, Okla.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Tex.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
		1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	5,000	KCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Addison, Ill.
		5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia.
		10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honoluiu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.

READ NOW

Trail the Two Gunmen *in* — WILL PAYNE'S *The* Hunters

SCARFACE himself gave them their orders out at Grogan's in Cicero. Detective Bodet had been sent to Florida to wait in hiding until the trial. He was the star witness, so the Big Shots decreed his doom.

"Now youse two go on down to Florida where I tell yez, and bump this guy off. Blot him out clean before he can open his trap — yunnerstand?"

"Yeah. What's the kick-in?"

"Four grand for the job, kid, and that's a plenty."

And so the two of them went straight to the Bockaganza Hotel, where Bodet imagined himself secure.

Will Payne gives you a thrilling tale of a pair of hunters being hunted in the Florida swamps. It is a thrilling short story in two parts starting in this issue.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS,	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WFCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas.
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas.
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WCBE	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Cleaawater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEEW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

Amos 'n' Andy's Boyhood

(Continued from page 15)

"Chuck" Correll attended Peoria High school. Here again he demonstrated his ability as an actor and took part in many of the high school amateur productions. The last two years of high school he was leader of the school orchestra.

He had his first insight into professional drama while employed at the old Main Street Theatre as an usher during his high school years. Before and after the show he would be found backstage conversing with the actors and actresses. From them he learned considerable that helped him in his later years.

The elder Correll never attempted to advice his son as to a career. "Charles was interested in plays and dancing and I let him work out the problem for himself," he said.

When young Charles graduated from high school, he learned the brickmason trade from his father. His friends tell of an amusing incident that occurred when his father was superintending a construction job near the Illinois river.

Old Jake, a lanky superstitious negro hod carrier working with the crew was afraid of snakes. One day the younger Correll found a garter snake and decided to have some fun with the negro. He climbed to the second story of the building, which was under construction, to a position directly above the darky. Jake was stirring a mixture of lime with a long hoe when Correll dropped the snake. It caught Jake on the arm and encircled itself there. Jake, terror-stricken, dropped the hoe and held his arm out straight from his body. When convinced that the snake had no intention of leaving but was wriggling toward him, he shook his arm vigorously and as the snake dropped to the ground he cried out, "My Gawd, it's rainin' snakes!" Jake wouldn't return to work for the rest of the week.

WHILE learning the brickmason trade, however, the future Andy's interest in dramatics never waned. He took part in most of the home talent plays and had more prizes to his credit than any other man in the city. He was ever ready to take part in plays, without pay, and to lend a hand at directing them.

About that time, the piano player at the Columbia theatre married and quit her job. Correll's application as her successor was accepted. He worked at the brickmason trade by day and played the piano in the theatre at night.

Although Correll and Gosden write their own scripts, Correll showed no particular talent for writing as a youth. He was blessed with a natural talent for being funny and was a student of reactions. He studied people carefully and knew what was needed to make them laugh. He seldom missed a show that came through Peoria, and it is said he never forgot the jokes that were recited.

About 17 years ago he left Peoria for Rock Island, Ill., to work as a brickmason. He worked there a few years and then went to Springfield, Ill., where he became associated with the superintendent who was in charge of constructing the supreme court building.

One day, while appearing in a home talent play, a representative of a Chicago Production company discovered him. He joined the company, which traveled the country supervising home talent productions. He appeared sometimes in blackface and made a great hit in that selfconfident drawl that is now so familiar to millions of persons.

His friends, back in Peoria, hear from him occasionally and whenever he visits there, he makes it a practice of visiting some of them. Graduating to one of the highest paid Radio entertainers hasn't changed Correll the least in the eyes of his old friends, and when they tune in on "Amos 'n' Andy" each night, it's the same old "Chuck" doing the same stuff for a handsome salary now that he used to entertain them with years ago for nothing.

Mr. Correll is so busy now, that he sometimes doesn't have the opportunity to see his family here in Peoria, more than once or twice a year. He keeps them informed with letters and telegrams, however, and they know every day in what part of the country the boys are appearing. When he does visit Peoria, it is only for a few hours on Sunday night, the only night when the Pepsodent program over the National Broadcasting Company is silent.

Amos 'n' Andy
"Join the Show"

Miss Ann Steward has obtained a remarkable interview revealing early experiences of famous pair and how they "got their start."

Read it in the JULY
RADIO DIGEST

THE senior Correll has visited the WMAQ studios only once since the death of his wife, two years ago. Charles Correll conducted his father through the studio and introduced him to his friends. Gosden is a warm friend of the Correll family and has on several occasions come to Peoria with Mr. Correll.

All through his life Mr. Correll has shown an interest in everything he has been associated with. As a boy he was congenial and rather sensitive. He never purposely offended anyone and because of this there is a strong bond in his friendships.

At an early age he selected his own career. While in the early stages, he devoted his time and energy willingly and without remuneration. His rise to fame has been gradual and over a not-too-smooth path.

And now, even after years of separation from his boyhood pals, he is the same person to them. When he comes to Peoria, it's "Hello Charlie."—"Hello Bill." Not "Hello Mr. Correll."—"Hello Mr. Harvey." He shies at publicity and his home newspapers never hear of his visits, until he has gone.

His family is as proud of him as are his friends. His father hears the program twice each night; once at 7 o'clock Eastern Standard Time and again at 10:30 o'clock Central Standard Time.

His father now says he is glad he permitted the boy to choose his own profession. "But if he had continued with the brickmason trade," his father said proudly, "he'd be the best bricklayer in the country now."

Besides his father, Mr. Correll has two younger brothers and a sister living at Peoria. The youngest brother "Tommy" is athletic coach at the Averyville High School. The other brother, Joseph B., is a foreman. His sister is Mrs. Alice Roszell.

Henry and George

(Continued from page 47)

switchboard operator? She would be called Flo, the telephone girl, and be played by Georgia Backus. Now, one more male character. Not another bellhop. That would weaken the two featured characters. Let's see—ah, Dan, the house detective! And who could play the part more effectively than the inimitable Brad Brownie? Oh, and music. Why, the hotel orchestra, of course, and Pete, the orchestra leader, will serve as an additional character for the minute dramas.

There would be some introductory announcements and humorous dialogue and then they would go into the blackouts. A rehearsal showed that there would be time for five little playlet blackouts on each program, none to take more than a few minutes.

The first script was written, tried out in a private audition for the client, and was pronounced so satisfactory that it was used for the first actual program broadcast without a line being changed. Not only that, but this new idea in Radio proved so popular from the very start that the general scheme adopted at the beginning has never been changed. Listeners-in won't allow it to be changed.

Both Don Clark and Dave Elman modestly insist that the idea of blackouts is a simple and fundamental form of humorous entertainment, and that they were merely the first to think of adapting it to Radio broadcasting. Blackouts are nothing more nor less than the dramatization of humorous incidents. They are jokes, acted instead of told, and free therefore, from the dull exposition that frequently ruins a good joke in the telling. Here is the way it's done on the Henry-George program:

HENRY: Well, Pete, that makes three times tonight that we've hit the old gong. If we can do it twice more the manager will let us put on a show for the guests in the ballroom next week.

PETE: Yeah—that's what he says. Listen, fellows, you know the manager told me the sort of dramas he likes. He likes a drama with a moral to it. Have you any like that?

DAN: Pete, you ought to know Henry and George have some or will write some—ain't that right, Henry?

HENRY: We don't have to write any—we've already got one. And we'll do it now.

GEORGE: Which one do you mean, Henry?

HENRY: The one that contains that recipe for marital happiness.

GEORGE: Oh, I know the one. We ought to be able to ring the gong with that one.

HENRY: Sure we will. Now listen, Maizie, and you too, Flo. You're the principal characters. Maizie, you're the happy wife, and Flo, you're the unhappy one. George, you'd better be the husband.

PETE: I got just the music to set this scene.

GEORGE: O. K., Pete, let's hear it.
MUSIC: Few bars of "JUST A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KISS."
MAIZIE: Agnes, the trouble with you is you don't know how to handle your husband.
FLO: Oh, I've tried everything, and I just can't make him stay home nights. I've scolded him, I've threatened to divorce him, I've threatened to go home to mother—there isn't anything I haven't tried.
MAIZIE: Ah, that's just it. You don't know how to handle him. I never have that sort of trouble with my husband.
FLO: How do you avoid it?
MAIZIE: I make my husband feel welcome at home. I never scold, I never torment. And that's why he comes home from work promptly every night.
FLO: I wish I knew your recipe for marital happiness. My husband's always drinking and carousing until all hours of the night.
MAIZIE: And there's a reason for it. He doesn't feel welcome when he's at home. Why don't you do what I do?
FLO: What do you mean?
MAIZIE: Well, when he comes in the door, the first thing to do is greet him with a nice sweet kiss, then help him off with his coat and hat, hang them up, get out his dressing gown, help him into it, then bring him into the parlor and make love to him just the way you did in the days of your courtship. Put some romance into your marriage. That's all it needs.
FLO: Maybe you're right, Maizie. I've never tried that.
MAIZIE: I thought so. That's why so many marriages go on the rocks. The romance is taken out of them—and real love feeds on romance.
FLO: Maizie, I want to thank you for your advice. I'm going to try it.
MAIZIE: Flo, it's not too late to try now. You owe it to yourself to give my recipe for happy marriage a real tryout.
FLO: I will, Maizie.
MAIZIE: Well, it's late and I must be going. Goodbye again, Flo.
FLO: Goodbye, Maizie. And thanks. From the bottom of my heart.
(DOOR CLOSES. SHORT PAUSE. THEN HUSBAND STARTS SINGING AS THOUGH DRUNK.)
HENRY: (IN DISTANCE.) They were only only foolin'—they were only only foolin'—they were only only foolin'. Hello, dear.
FLO: Hello, Jimsy, dear.
HENRY: Jimsy, dear? Well—
FLO: Give me a good kiss, dear.
HENRY: A kiss? Sure. (SMACK.)
FLO: Now, Jimsy, dear, let me help you off with your hat and coat. That's right. And now, here—here's your dressing gown. Let me help you on with it.
HENRY: That's sweet of you.
FLO: Now, Jimsy, dear, come on into the parlor. We'll sit there awhile and make love. Just you and me.
HENRY: All right. I might as well. I'll get killed when I get home anyway.
(CHORD IN "G")
BIZ: (GONG RINGS ONCE.)
MUSIC: "SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL."

NEEDLESS to say, a blackout such as the one just used as an example, doesn't read as well as it acts. But read it to yourself, as you can easily imagine it would be presented by the cast, and time your reading of it. You will find that it is truly a "minute drama"—and therein lies the secret of the success of Radio blackouts: they are sheer action. The Henry-George program has been called one of the fastest moving on the air.

It has also been said, and truly, that the members of the cast of the Henry-George program are the most versatile Radio entertainers on the air. There are five minute dramas on every program. Figure for yourself the number of characterizations that each one in the cast has had to do. Four of the original members—Don Clark, Dave Elman, Georgia Backus and Harriet Lee—are still doing Henry-George blackouts, which is enough of a compliment to their ability.

Gold Cup Winners

(Continued from page 55)

W. K. Henderson Wins

NOW that "Hello World" and "Dog-gone your buttons" have become almost national by-words, and station KWKH has been selected by its listeners as the South's Most Popular Station, it is, perhaps, well to tell the world a little about W. K. Henderson himself.

The principal topic of interest at KWKH is the fight against the chain stores. Mr. Henderson, the "Shreveport War Horse," comes by this campaign as a deeply rooted heritage from his father, who appealed to people to buy from home institutions. As the moving force of his inner feelings starts him on his nightly tirade, Henderson gradually gains force and sometimes has to punctuate his remarks with a pointed adjective or noun.

When he steps before the microphone he is in his element. Approaching 50, still he gives the impression of a serious, yet prankish boy having a whale of a good time pouring hot lead onto the backs of the "chain gang." Born to be a leader, his Radio station has unexpectedly offered itself up as the ideal medium for his aggressive leadership. He has a happy way of indulging in the love of play, held over from his boyhood.

As a matter of fact, Station KWKH at first was a hobby and a plaything for him—nothing more. He liked to draw up close to the mike and drawl out, "Hello, W-o-r-l-d, don't go 'way-y-y," and then poke a little fun at something or somebody. He was astonished after a time to hear those words echoing back from different quarters of the globe. It was then that Mr. Henderson realized his station might be of world service and a mouthpiece for the people, as well as for himself.

He first began attracting widespread attention during the last presidential campaign. Radio fans were highly amused at his apt stories, his queer pronunciation of the names of some states, his Southern drawl and the vigor of his defense of his chosen candidate. Some of the evidences of his unconventionality began to appear at that time, and he was seen as a person who could speak without fear of anyone.

The true spirit of Southern hospitality is in evidence the moment you meet Mr. Henderson or step through the door of the KWKH studios. Daily hundreds of visitors from all over the country are welcomed at the studios at Shreveport, Louisiana. Any time they arrive coffee and sandwiches are awaiting them and the large office force is courteously on hand to meet them.

Now that "Hello, World" is convinced that the offensive against the chain stores is a true mission, he literally lives, eats and sleeps on that subject. Once a side line, his Radio station is now his chief interest. The policy of that station is reminiscent of the old days of journalism when one man was the soul of his newspaper. Although KWKH has expanded so rapidly that a large staff is now employed, Henderson is still the heart and soul of the enterprise.

How well he has been received by the listening public is demonstrated by their loyal and enthusiastic support in the Radio Digest popular station contest, carrying him to victory in the South by a large majority.

Midwest to Henry Field

OUT in Shenandoah, Iowa, there lives a man who is a real character in the business as well as the broadcasting world. Henry Field is a credit to the world as well as to his home town and his station, KFNF, which now is privileged to announce itself as "The Middle West's Most Popular Station."

"I sent a message over the air;
It was heard by many—but who?
And where?"

That isn't the way the poet wrote it, but it expresses Radio's chief program problem. Station KFNF, Henry Field's voice of the air, has met the problem of pleasing the public by selecting a specific audience, the rural and small town folks of the Middle West, and presenting programs to appeal directly to these people.

Therein lies one reason, at least, for the fact that almost a million people personally visited the KFNF studios last year to meet and shake hands with the folks who had entertained them over the air. Probably no other station in the world can boast of such an enormous visiting list. And by the same token it is doubtful whether any other station knows so definitely who its listeners are, or where they are.

City dwellers may prefer grand opera, jazz music or book reviews to the homely family parties and the "over the fence" talks about hogs or hens or corn or alfalfa which characterize KFNF programs. If he does, KFNF should worry! The broad acres of the Midwest are dotted with thousands of homes where a brood sow with a newly arrived litter is of more interest than the day's horse races, and where the scraping of an old-time fiddler's bow is more appreciated than an operatic aria. KFNF presents home-grown programs to a hand picked audience. The entertainers are "just folks" known to listeners by their first names, and untainted by the tinsel glitter of "Stagiana."

The spirit of friendly, unaffected hominess which pervades the programs is genuine; otherwise, it might easily seem a strained effort at "talking down" to listeners. A dance orchestra, fiddle, accordion, piano and rattle-bones, perhaps, plays Turkey in the Straw, a college glee club sings with amateur verve, a small town choir renders old-time hymns to organ accompaniment, the lowly harmonica vibrates reedily to the strains of Old Folks at Home. Then a short talk—"Well, now, I tell you. About plantin' onions . . ."

EVERYTHING seems more or less impromptu. Listeners may hear an occasional snatch of conversation which is not on the program. The rendering of a humorous ballad may be interrupted by the laughter of performers and announcer. It is somewhat as though a bunch of the boys and girls had just dropped in and were being called upon to "sing that cowboy song of yours, Bill," or "Eli, play the Virginia Reel for us." The entire program is presented with a spontaniety which never suggests rigid professionalism or exacting program etiquette.

KFNF is owned and operated by the Henry Field Seed company of Shenandoah. Henry himself is chief announcer. He is the presiding genius, the soul—in short, he IS KFNF. The station is simply a mechanical multiplication of his own personality. Understanding something of the man, it is not difficult to understand the unique character of his alter ego, KFNF.

First, the station gives Henry Field a thousand tongues. And, gosh! how he does like that! He was born with the gift of gab and his greatest pleasure seems to lie in giving farm folks advice about growing things. He is a farmer himself and has sold farm and garden seeds all his life. With every sale he has always thrown in a lot of suggestions as to how best results might be secured from those seeds. In advising his customers, he wanted to build up his seed business, of course, but above everything he delights in making two blades of grass grow courageously where only timid aridity reigned before.

WNAX West's Popular

IN THE great District of the West, Yankton, South Dakota, is the home city of the West's Most Popular Station, WNAX. To many this station is an old friend. Owned and operated by the Gurney Seed and Nursery company, it has been entertaining a large slice of the Radio audience since November 1, 1921. Let's see what constitutes the personality of this broadcaster which has aroused the enthusiastic support of its audience.

First, there's Chan Gurney—Announcer Chan. Then we meet Happy Jack, an old standby of WNAX, an old time fiddler full of merry sunshine and as Irish as Murphy's pig. His real name is Jack O'Malley, and before he found the ether waves he was just a garden variety of dairyman. And here comes John Jensen with his strumming guitar, singing a ballad as he comes. Fleming Allen is on his way to play his morning organ numbers. Before Allen came to Yankton he was organist with WLS and WCFL, and appeared at Chicago theatres. He has written several song hits, and just completed "The WNAX March."

The harmony team announced as the Sunshine Coffee Kids is made up of John Sloan and Verna Nelson, tenor and pianist-soprano. Verna is a student at Yankton conservatory, while Sloan is a Scotchman of more than a little renown. And now let's look over the backbone of WNAX programs, the concert orchestra.

One of the groups of entertainers that has proved very popular from the Gurney station is the Rosebud Kids. This group is made up of one family, ages of the "Kids" ranging from four to thirteen years. There is George, violinist and director, 13; Margaret, aged 12, who plays the piano; Alice of 9 summers, the wildcat drummer; Harlen at the sousaphone; Waneta with her kitty songs, aged 4; and dad and mother of the "Kids," banjo and guitar, respectively.

Irene O'Connor Crumpacker is soprano soloist at the station. For three years Irene was second in Nebraska in the Atwater Kent contest. During the noon hour Chan Gurney steps to the mike for a half hour of news flashes, hot off the wire, including market reports, weather forecasts. Following Chan's reports D. B. Gurney, president of the corporation, uses fifteen minutes to give an interesting and valuable talk to the farmers.

Harv Nelson is program director. Harv comes of a family of musicians; his father is an old time fiddler, sister Verna is one of the Coffee Kids, and Harv himself plays the violin and sax in the studio orchestra. Then there is E. R. Gurney, who twice a day speaks on philosophical subjects to everyone from the children to the old folks.

Another interesting personality is announcer Emil Reutzel. Emil is the man with the million dollar smile, and it's always working. The Rev. D. E. Cleveland, Radio pastor of WNAX, conducts what he calls "the friendly service" every morning. At 5:30 every afternoon a Kiddie's Hour is conducted by Uncle Dutch, who is none other than Roy Eastman. Roy can do things with a harmonica. The popular Meridian Trio is made up of Harvey Nelson, Corenne Horst and Nancy Wyborny, who is also known as Aunt Sammy, in the latter character conducting a program for the women listeners.

Among the listeners to WNAX are many whose native tongue is German. For these people every evening Herbert Lemke sings German songs, and is assisted at the piano by Hazel Olson. Hazel of the sunny disposition is also pianist for the concert orchestra and accompanist for other organizations. Several times during the week are heard the trumpet notes of Art Haring on his cornet, accompanied by Corenne Horst at the piano. Art is also director of the orchestra. Every Saturday afternoon little thirteen-year-old Margaret Graman is heard.

Among the soloists singing popular numbers over WNAX is Mrs. Don Gurney, familiarly known as Edith. Her rich soprano voice is in constant demand. Perhaps one of the hardest working men on the staff is Charlie Steinbach, trap drummer and vibraphonist. Then there is the voice of Uncle Phil, another of the Gurney brothers. Uncle Phil has been a farmer himself and tells the farmers something of his experiences and discoveries that may help in their work.

The men behind the guns are Harry Seiles and Ivar Nelson, the Radio engineers for WNAX.

KFOX Wins in Far West

SECOND only to KFKB in final standings of winners in the Radio Digest Gold Cup Contest, Station KFOX at Long Beach, California, is by an overwhelmingly large vote the Most Popular Station in the Far West.

Formerly operating as KFON, KFOX is listed as one of the five pioneer broadcasting stations on the Pacific Coast. From the time of its inception in 1924 it has grown from a studio personnel of one technician besides the owners to an important industry employing a permanent staff of 45. It is owned and operated by Nichols and Warinner, Inc.

Hal G. Nichols and C. Earl Nichols, two of the owners of the station, are pioneers in the broadcasting profession and were the original owners of the ninth oldest station to be licensed in the United States, KDQZ at Denver, Colorado.

Much of the success and popularity of KFOX is attributed to the policy of Hal Nichols, studio director, in giving the listeners a wide variety of entertainment, and to the "homey" atmosphere emanating from the studios. A genial informality exists at all times, which gives the listeners a personal interest in the program. Every one is called by his first name. Hal personally conducts many of the programs and possesses, to a large degree, that rare ability of making his audience "see" as well as hear the programs.

A variety of more than forty programs are heard from KFOX each day during its twenty-two hours on the air. These programs include the old time music, which was acclaimed one of the most popular forms of entertainment according to a questionnaire sent out from the station. From 20,000 of these questionnaires 8,000 were returned, an unusually high percentage.

One of the most popular features at the Long Beach station is Percy at the Telephone. This is considered one of the most original programs presented. Percival Aloysius is a shy, seemingly backward youth who calls people on the 'phone and recites to them some of his latest poetical compositions. This boy is really clever and his entertainment isn't of the usual stereotyped variety.

Canada's Popular CFQC

FARMERS of Saskatchewan, world's greatest wheat growing area, residents of Saskatoon, central city of this vast agricultural province, and thousands of other Radio listeners from more distant points are pouring their congratulations into the studio of CFQC, the Dominion of Canada's Most Popular Station.

From out the entire Dominion, stretching 3,000 miles from coast to coast, the spotlight of popularity hovered and finally turned its attention to this messenger of cheer and goodwill in Radio Digest's popularity contest just concluded. The pioneers of Radiocasting in this section of the continent, owners, announcers, technicians and artists of CFQC are receiving the handshakes of thousands of fans with justifiable pride and waiting the day when another Radio Digest popularity trophy will adorn the studio walls.

The voice of CFQC, while it primarily serves the agriculturists of the prairie west, is nevertheless versatile, and thus city residents of three provinces and several of the northern United States receive its bright and educational programs with equal enjoyment. Incidently, the best the Dominion has to offer in musical entertainment is carried to listeners by way of chain broadcasts. CFQC is linked with every chain broadcast in the Dominion and, perhaps, one of the greatest tributes the station and the city of Saskatoon have received, lies in the fact that recently the Canadian National railways chose Madame Helen Davies Sherry, Saskatoon prima donna and CFQC artist, to feature its coast to coast network.

CFQC has had an interesting career, and while the details of history are not always the most interesting, a word or two about the station's progress might not be amiss.

CFQC first took the air on July 1, 1923, Dominion Day, as a 50-watt transmitter. Radio was then, one might say, in its infant stages and the local station met with instant success. The next two years saw its output increased to 250 watts and finally to 500 watts, which is the present rating.

Originally plans were on foot to considerably increase the output but these were cancelled owing to the unsettled state of broadcast throughout Canada.

WHAT is the secret of CFQC's success? It is difficult to lay hands on any one feature which finally proves the popularity of a broadcasting station. More likely it is a combination of efforts

Cupid On the Air

(Continued from page 97)

the little fellow plays favorites? It seems that he has tossed his head, turned up his little nose, and declined to cast a dart in the direction of certain stations. Perhaps the situation has been exaggerated, and perhaps he's only biding his time, but at any rate some of the most important stations have confessed to being sadly slighted by Cupid.

We are led to this conclusion when we discovered another station, only opened last October, particularly favored by the little god. The station is KSAT at Fort Worth, Texas. Here three romances have developed in those few short months with a startling rapidity.

The station was new and all was sailing along smoothly. They were almost ready to go on the air. There was an attractive young woman, Elizabeth Munns, engaged as studio hostess—but not for long! Deane Davenport, formerly of the Universal Division of American Airways, made a business trip to the studios. And three weeks later, when the station was ready to go on the air, KSAT was in the market for a hostess. Miss Munns was now Mrs. Davenport and left for more domestic occupations.

About the same time, Mr. Arthur W. (Tiny) Stowe, station manager, signed up Miss Velma Dean on a life-time contract. Several years before Mr. Stowe had known Miss Dean and had persuaded her to go on the air over his station in Dallas. Miss Dean became well known as a blues singer and traveled far from the station in Dallas. Last summer she was headlined in the WLS Showboat that toured the country as the Southern Crooner. When the bill came to the Majestic Theatre in Fort Worth "Tiny" met Miss Dean again and a few days later they were married in Marietta, Okla.

The most recent romance that this station boasts is that of Pem Davenport, young pianist, and Evelyn Woodward, diminutive violinist. This was something of a whirlwind affair, the young couple merely taking the afternoon off to run over to Marietta, where the ceremony was performed, then back to the studio the next day.

BACK in Chicago again we find another station where Cupid has been busy. Nubs Allan, winsome little blues singer on KYW's staff, met Johnny Wolf, NBC star when he was playing with Art Kahn's orchestra at WGES. For a long time Nubs had wondered what made this band's tunes sound sweeter than any others that came over the air, and after a visit to the studio decided that it must be because the trumpet player had such curly, black hair.

Anyhow, it was love at first sight—violent enough to make Nubs send back the diamond to the young man to whom she was engaged (who didn't even play a harmonica) and thereby give Johnny a chance to do his stuff with the wedding band. The outcome of it all is a brown-eyed little-miss named Joan, who started broadcasting (after hours mostly) just about four years ago.

It must have been his hearty laugh that made Lola Fischer of Davenport, Iowa, sitting before the loud-speaker, fall in love with Uncle Bob. You can't blame her at all, for it's the nicest, most contagious laugh you ever heard. Uncle Bob's real name is Walter Wilson, but he is simply "Uncle Bob" to the 470,000 youngsters who belong to his "Curb Is the Limit Club" and listen to his program over KYW every night.

Anyway, whether it was his hearty laugh or his kind, friendly voice, Lola was all ready to like Uncle Bob very, very much when she came to Chicago and met him through the good graces of a mutual friend. Not many months after they met they ran up to Waukegan one day and were married.

Since there has been a Mrs. Uncle Bob the safety club has increased about 500 in membership, for she takes care of all Uncle Bob's correspondence, and the youngsters love to get her letters.

HERE, here, what is this about a CBS executive losing an efficient secretary because the system moved into their new offices and studios on Madison Avenue in New York last fall? It happened this way. Among the managers of the various stations in the CBS network who attended the dedication ceremonies was one Gaston Grignon, manager of station WISN, Milwaukee.

Mr. Lowman, the CBS executive referred to, in showing the visitor about the new home of the system, introduced Mr. Grignon to his secretary, Miss Haggerty. Mr. Grignon remained in the city for three days and we are told that two of the evenings of those same days were spent at the theatre with Miss Haggerty. Be that as it may, when Mr. Grignon returned to Milwaukee he discovered he had left something in New York. His heart. There was only one thing to do about it. He put in a long-distance call for Miss Haggerty and asked her to return it to him.

Rumor has it that he called up every night for a month or more, or until such time as Miss Haggerty (who was not the type of girl to keep stolen property) agreed to return it to him in person. She did this last winter and, while Mr. Lowman of CBS has lost an efficient secretary, Mr. Grignon has acquired a charming wife.

It is really amazing to see to what uses Cupid has put Radio. For instance, there was lovely Mary Georgia Gleason, way down in Augusta, Ga., who had known Wallace Rushing of Millhaven, Ga., for some time. But they were "just friends" till Cupid and the mike took a hand.

Wallace, who had a weakness for puttering around with electrical gadgets, left Georgia to seek his fortune up North. Eventually he became a member of the engineering staff of WTIC, Hartford, Conn. In the wee morning hours when the Connecticut station was broadcasting a test program, Wallace got a chance to make an announcement of the call letters. It gave him quite a thrill, and he wrote to Mary about it. Mary listened in one early morning shortly thereafter and heard her fellow-Georgian's voice.

For her it was more than a thrill. It brought her to a realization of how she really felt about Wallace. And very soon the bells were tinkling merrily in an Augusta church. But, according to Mrs. Rushing, the honeymoon was not what a girl would call an unqualified success, inasmuch as Wallace insisted on sitting at the Radio during most of their honeymoon trip.

CUPID, of course, is not partial to southern climes or to these United States. Let's follow him across into Canada. The girl's name was Jessie M. A. Dickson, and she was a cute little thing, but of proud New England extraction. He was then just a Radio entertainer to her—"Faith" of Hope and Faith, a comedy and melody team broadcasting from CKCL. His real name was Joe Allabough, and he was one of those unusually good looking chaps with dark hair and rosy cheeks. They met at one of those informal little gatherings to which we all are invited from time to time, Radio entertainers and listeners.

The weeks went by and he forgot that he met such a person as Jessie Dickson, so fleeting had been their meeting. But she remembered, and every evening that Joe was on the air found Jessie before the loudspeaker. More weeks passed and came a day in the spring when three staff members of CKCL set out to survey one of Toronto's golf courses with the idea of broadcasting a tournament to be held there. A fourth person was wanted to make a foursome to play over the course, and Jessie Dickson was invited by the other young lady of the party. Then and there the spark was touched to the other half of the romance and Joe fell and fell hard.

Last Christmas Joe took Jessie home to Chicago to meet his parents. Things went so well that one Saturday night they eloped to Waukegan and were married. Jessie had to return to Toronto to pack up her things while Joe stayed in Chicago on a new job. Now they are together again, and Jessie says she loves it as well as Joe says he does, but Joe must sing to her over the air every day or she won't love him any more, for she first fell in love with him because of his voice.

We were just about ready to push back from our typewriter and call it a day, when there was an insistent tugging at our elbow. Apparently there was no one, but all the same our eyes strayed to the wall map and there on the California section was a little heart with an arrow straight through it. It seemed to be pointing to Los Angeles. And then we thought of it! KHJ has been simply bursting with romance this spring. The new studios may have something to do with it, and, at any rate, it seems as though few can withstand the dreamy pipe organ melodies of Wesley B. Tourtellotte, the balmy, zither-like atmosphere of the country round about, and the fact that summer is well on its way.

WHILE there are many budding romances about ready to burst into bloom, it remained for one of the instrumental and one of the vocal soloists to start things off with a bang.

Jeannette Rodgers, KHJ's prize staff flutist, and Robert Bradford, the studio baritone, were married—the first of the spring couples to take the fatal step this year. They just went away to a quiet spot to have the ceremony performed and didn't tell people about it until afterwards.

The little romance started when the two young people met at the studio when they began to play and sing at KHJ. Out in that country folks "want to go places and do things," so the romance madly raced along for barely two months before the peal of wedding chimes.

Some three and a half years ago KHJ was the scene of another romance. In fact, it was of importance to all Southern California, for it turned out to be a Radio wedding, and one of the first in that part of the country. "Uncle John" (John Stewart) Daggett, then KHJ manager, was the groom and his bride a young girl just out of high school, Marguerite Lynn Bunton by name.

He's led us a merry chase—Dan Cupid, from East to West, from North to South, and, of course, we haven't been able to anywhere near keep track of him. On the air and in the studios we've found him bobbing up unaccountably. And doesn't this little romantic journey leave you, too, with a feeling of pleasant expectancy?

which brings the result. From its inception CFQC has striven to provide both amusement and education. Through the medium of daily service programs its listeners are kept in touch with the world's news, grain and stock markets. The University of Saskatchewan, situated in Saskatoon, has willingly cooperated at all times in providing both educational and interesting lectures on all matters closely related to agricultural problems. Furthermore, in the realm of entertainment, it may be said that Saskatoon is one of the leading cities of the West in musical interest, and numbers in its population many artists of high rank. CFQC has chosen them for its performers.

Studio programs are varied in nature, one of the secrets of successful broadcasting, and range from jazz numbers, provided by the city's best bands and through recordings, wisely chosen old time selections to the works of the great masters. An efficient studio orchestra is maintained under the direction of Arthur McEwing, conductor and teacher of ability and well known throughout western Canada.

Perhaps the most important personality in any Radio broadcasting station, with regard to contact with the vast public which it serves, is the announcer. Especially on the prairies where Radio has conquered time and space, his voice is eagerly awaited as a welcome break in many a monotonous day. Stan Clifton is chief announcer and program director of CFQC; also a Radio technician of experience and ability, with a long record of service both in England and the Dominion. Clifton has gained for his station and himself an enviable position in the hearts of his western audiences.

CFQC is owned and operated by the Electric Shop Wholesale Supplies, Ltd., Saskatoon. Its managing director is A. A. Murphy, B. Sc., A.M.E.I.C., who is thoroughly conversant with Radio technicalities.

It is perhaps a foregone conclusion to say that civic pride will reward an effort which has drawn the eyes of a continent to the Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt. Lest that statement appear sweeping, let it be known that the files of CFQC contain letters from listeners whose distance from this section of the continent is measured in the thousands of miles.

And in the words of Stan Clifton, "CFQC is now signing off, to be with Radio Digest another year in the popularity race."

Marcella

(Continued from page 61)

"That what seemed to be the opening wedge to this stage career proved, instead, to be the beginning of a vicarious Radio career is only one more of those queer twists that fate delights in giving to the threads of our lives. A church in Westchester county decided to put on Gilbert and Sullivan's Gondoliers for their annual musical fete. Miss Garrett was chosen for one of the principal parts in this delightfully tuneful operetta.

"'When I told a friend of my grand opportunity,' Mrs. McNamee said, 'she remarked, 'Oh, now you will meet Graham McNamee! He has sung in those festivals for five years. You two will adore each other!' I sniffed rudely and said that I hoped never to set eyes on Graham McNamee. I had heard that he was horribly conceited. My friend only laughed. The first night of practice Mr. McNamee was not there and I was received with great warmth. The second night, as soon as I entered, I sensed a chilled atmosphere. I told myself that I was going to have to win these people all over again. The next moment I was seated next to Mr. Graham McNamee and forgot everything else. From that evening we were never any farther apart than we had to be. Within that week he confessed to me that he had put me under a heavy handicap with the rest of the singers by telling them that he was sorry I had been engaged for the part; while I had a fine voice and could play the part all right, I had the reputation of being horribly stuck up and conceited!'

". . . Mrs. McNamee said that she is always torn two ways when she is invited to go to a big game. 'I'm wild to go and have the fun, and it's pretty hard to refuse. But if I go, I miss hearing the broadcast and afterward when the crowd discusses it I miss points.' Only once was this difficulty solved. That was on the occasion of the New Year's game in the Leland Stanford stadium two years ago. The broadcasting company arranged that Mrs. McNamee, who accompanied her husband to California, should have a portable Radio in the stand.

"'They called it portable, but it took two big detectives to carry it and made me feel very important. It was like television. There I sat and watched the game and looked at the gorgeous mountains and heard Graham give the broadcast that made people say that he must be trying to sell California real estate! He really is mad over scenery. And I nearly cried because he forgot to put in the definition of Sierra Madre that we had looked up.'

". . . Mrs. McNamee's only experience before the microphone was on the occasion when she did some pinch hitting for her famous husband one night in Omaha. They had flown in a big passenger plane from Kansas City. . . .

"As Mrs. McNamee describes it, 'The rest of the program was over, the musicians had gone and it was time for Graham to speak and he hadn't come. The air was tense. Millions of people were tuned in waiting to hear his speech. The program director was stalling. Finally someone whispered to me and asked if I couldn't talk until he arrived. At first I thought I couldn't. Then I said I'd try. I would describe our flight. I stepped in front of the microphone and didn't feel nearly the stage fright that I do when I am waiting for Graham to begin a World's series. I talked as long as I could and was just saying, 'I think that is all I have to say to you,' when I looked up and there stood Graham on the other side of the other glass partition where the audience sits!'"

* * *

Robert Finley, the blind "Bob" who is a soloist at KTNT in Muscatine, Iowa, is a rather remarkable boy, Bess. He has been totally blind since birth, and those who know him well say they've never seen him with a frown. He learns his songs from phonograph records or by some of the artists reading him the words, which he cuts on pasteboard by means of a slate that embosses dashes and dots. He reads with his finger tips with an uncanny rapidity while singing. He is a fine looking lad, 26 years of age, and is certainly deserving of the popularity he has won for himself.

* * *

The Nit Wits are, Alan, stage and real names, as follows: Chief Nit Wit, Bradford Browne; Lizzie Twitch, the cooking expert, Yolande Langworthy; Professor R. U. Musclebound, physical culturist, Harry Swan; Aphrodite Godiva, Georgia Backus; Eczema Succotash, accompanist, Minnie Blauman; Patience Bumpstead, the interior desecrator, Margaret Young; Madame Mocha de Polka, operatic slinger, Lucille Black; and Lord Algernon Ashcart, Chester Miller.

* * *

Remember Sarge Farrell, composer and guitar artist that the kiddies love? He was in the office the other day and reports that he has been touring the country making personal appearances before high schools and children's institutions. He has broadcast from 67 stations while on this trip, which seems to be something of a record. Yes, Sarge and Gerty (his guitar) are still going strong.

* * *

A man with many duties at the NBC is one Marley R. Sherris who, besides being an announcer, is night program representative, an accomplished baritone, and a reader. He is a member of the original Armchair Quartet. Before going into Radio he lived in Canada, where he had an extensive career in business and as a singer. His home is in New York now, and he is married, Hortense, but he's old enough to be, so I wouldn't worry about it.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

Simplicity for Brides

(Continued from page 59)

AT LARGE weddings where a large buffet table is used, the bride's cake may be placed upon a small table with rollers and brought in when the bride is ready to cut it. The center of the table then is decorated with a vase of flowers. When many guests are seated at the bride's table and it is inconvenient for the bride to cut the cake if placed in the center, it is well to follow this plan also. If your buffet table is large enough all the refreshments may be served from it.

It will be equipped with silver, china, plates of food and napkins attractively arranged so that the guests may help themselves. If there are many guests you may need several tables or one large one for serving the refreshments. Arrange these tables with a centerpiece of flowers and with the food placed to add to the general decorative scheme. You will need enough help in the kitchen to keep the plates filled, the soiled plates removed, the beverages hot and the table should always look attractive.

The wedding cake and the bride's cake are two important features of the wedding. The wedding cake is a dark fruit cake which is made at least a month before the wedding and frosted a day or two before it is to be used. It may be used as a centerpiece on the table on the wedding day, cut and served, or it may be cut and put into small white boxes and given to each guest. A tray of these boxes may be arranged on a tray at the entrance and the guests help themselves upon leaving. If the guests are seated to be served refreshments the boxes of wedding cake may be placed at each place as favors.

The first slice of the bride's cake is always cut by the bride herself. She serves herself and then the rest of the bridal party. If there are many guests the bridal party alone is served the bride's cake. In the cake are placed a ring, button, a piece of silver, a thimble and a horseshoe.

There are many suitable types of menus which may be served for the wedding breakfast, supper or reception. A wedding breakfast is served up to 12:30 o'clock. From 12:30 to 2:00 a luncheon menu is served. Up until 6 o'clock, after-

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noon party or tea refreshments are served. From 6 to 8 o'clock, a dinner is served and after 8 o'clock, similar refreshments to those served in the afternoon are served.

We are glad to hear that social customs are changing and that all functions are becoming simpler. We are told that in New York City the bridal table is often eliminated and the refreshments are simple and served from a buffet table. This should be welcome news for the bride who wishes to do the correct thing and yet not have an elaborate or expensive wedding.

Here are some menus for the wedding breakfast, supper or reception. Some are simple and some are more elaborate. There is no set custom which decides just what food or how many courses may be served. You may use your own discretion in this matter. Plan your menus to fit into your color scheme, the number to be served, the amount of help you have, the method of serving you choose and the amount of money you wish to spend upon the wedding refreshments.

MENU 1
Tomato Bouillon
Saltines
Chicken and Pineapple Salad
Olives Hot Rolls
Lemon Sherbet
Coffee Bride's Cake

MENU 2
Watermelon Balls
Broiled Lamb Chops
Buttered Peas Creamed Potatoes
Rolls—Jelly
Nuts—Raspberry Ice Cream
Frosted Mint Leaves Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 3
Bouillon
Chicken a la King
Celery Olives
Buttered Rolls
Jellied Fruit Ginger Ale Salad
Pistachio Ice Cream
Candies Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 4
Creamed Lobster, Anchovy Sauce
Asparagus Tip Salad Hot Rolls
Strawberry Mousse
Candies Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 5
Molded Chicken Salad
Olives Mayonnaise Dressing
Radishes Buttered Rolls
Frozen Pudding
Mints Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 6
Chicken Bouillon
Celery Olives Radish Roses
Creamed Mushrooms and Sweetbreads in Croustades
Small Buttered Finger Rolls
Molded Ice Cream (Bride and Groom, Lily or Slipper)
Mints Bride's Cake
Candied Rose Petals
Coffee

MENU 7
Caviar Canape
Slice Lemon Olives
Celery Radish Roses
Chicken Croquettes
Green Peas in Paper Cases
Crabmeat in Aspic Salad
Strawberry Ice Small Biscuits
Glacé Nuts Bride's Cake
Preserved Ginger
Coffee

MENU 8
Jellied Chicken Consomme
Olives Celery
Creamed Oysters in Timbale Cases
Avocado Salad Rolled Sandwiches
Wedding-Bell Ice Cream
Mints Bride's Cake
Coffee

We have included a few recipes which will aid you in the preparation of the wedding refreshments.

Bride's Cake

¾ cup butter
2 ¼ cup sugar
4 ½ teaspoons baking powder
3 ¾ cups flour
¾ cup milk
9 eggs
½ teaspoon cream tartar
¾ teaspoon almond flavoring

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, beating constantly. Mix and sift the baking powder and flour and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Beat the egg whites, add the cream of tartar and fold into the cake mixture. Add the flavoring and bake in a moderate oven 350°F. for forty or forty-five minutes. Frost with a white frosting and decorate. This recipe makes one good-sized cake.

Chicken a la King

1 ½ tablespoons chicken fat or butter
1 ¾ tablespoons flour
½ cup scalded milk
¼ cup scalded cream
½ cup hot chicken stock
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup cold boiled fowl
½ cup sliced mushroom caps
¼ cup canned pimentos
1 minced green peper
1 egg yolk

Melt the chicken fat or butter, add the flour and stir until well blended. Pour on gradually while stirring constantly the milk and cream which have each been scalded and the hot chicken stock. Bring this mixture to the boiling point, then add the salt, butter which has been cut in small pieces, the boiled fowl, which has been cut in strips. Sauté the mushroom caps in butter for five minutes. Add this to the mixture, also the pimentos cut in strips, and the minced green pepper. Bring to the boiling point again and add the egg yolk, which has been slightly beaten. Cook for a minute stirring constantly. Serve on squares of hot toast with almonds sprinkled over the top, in croustades or patty shells. This recipe will serve six persons and may be enlarged as you desire.

Strawberry Mousse

1 cup strawberries
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 pint whipped cream
½ cup chopped pecans
¼ cup macaroon crumbs

Mash the strawberries, add the lemon juice and sugar. Soak the gelatine in cold water and then dissolve over boiling water and add to the first mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray to freeze. When it begins to congeal, beat until light and add the whipped cream, pecans and macaroon crumbs. Return to the refrigerator or molds. Freeze until firm. This recipe will serve ten persons.

Raspberry Ice

1 pint canned red raspberries
⅔ cup granulated sugar
½ cup cold water
2 tablespoons orange juice
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
pinch of salt

Crush the red raspberries, add the sugar and cook for five minutes. Remove from the fire, add the cold water and run through a fine sieve to remove all the seeds. Cool and add the orange juice. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. This requires about forty minutes. Remove from the tray and whip until very light. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites and pinch of salt. Keep on beating until the mixture becomes light after the eggs are added. Return to the tray or put into molds and allow it to finish freezing without stirring. This will require about one and one-half hours. It may be served without freezing in a sherbert glass.

Jellied Fruit and Ginger Ale Salad

3 tablespoons granulated gelatine
4 tablespoons cold water
½ cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
1/16 teaspoon salt
1 ½ cups ginger ale
⅔ cup white cherries
2 oranges
4 tablespoons sliced canned pineapple

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, then dissolve in the boiling water. Add the lemon juice, sugar, salt and ginger ale. Cut the cherries in halves and remove the pits. Peel the oranges, separate into sections, and discard the membrane. When the ginger ale mixture begins to stiffen, fold in the cherries, oranges and sliced pineapple. Turn into individual molds and chill thoroughly. Two or three rubyettes are very attractive placed in the bottom of each mold. Place them in the mold first with a little gelatine. When t hardens, pour the rest in and chill. Unmold on a lettuce leaf and serve with a fruit salad dressing. Place the dressing in a small mound to one side of the molded fruit and on the lettuce leaf. This recipe fills ten to twelve molds.

Diamond Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

today, wins the Diamond Meritum Award. I shall save all seven of my votes and send them in together so that WENR and the Smith Family will get 75 votes."—Mrs. Frank Weel, Alexandria, Minn.

"I hope that I may be the first to nominate Marc Williams of KSAT. He is the man who gives the greatest service and the best entertainment. His wonderful voice, heard on the Sunrise Trail programs, is an inspiration."—Mrs. Charles Farrow, Elizabeth, La.

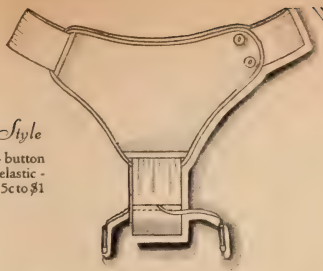
"Here is my nomination blank for the National Barn Dance at WLS Saturday nights. I have had my Radio for a year and a half and I haven't missed more than one or two Barn Dance programs in that time. All of the artists appearing on this feature are outstanding and do their parts well. I always listen until Steve Cisler says 'good night.' If WLS was on the air until Sunday morning I would listen to them."—Mrs. Joseph Denton, Valparaiso, Ind.

Dating her letter April 1, Adelaide Porter of Black Mountain, N. C., writes: "I am sending in my nomination for the Fleischman hour, the best ever, and it is no April fool joke, either! I am waiting for all the coupons to appear before I vote."

"Here's our nomination for Gene and Glenn at WTAM. They are our ideal

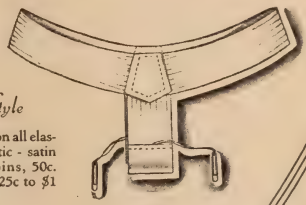
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Shield Style

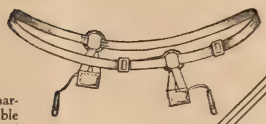
Shield style - button belt - wide elastic - taped pins. 35c to $1



Curved Style

"Shaped-to-fit" slip-on all elastic style - wide elastic - satin trimmed - taped pins, 50c. Other elastic styles 25c to $1

All Hickory Belts are ideal for use with any pad or protection you prefer



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The Belt Petite - of ⅜ inch narrow rayon elastic - adjustable - with taped pins or patented clasps. 25c to 50c

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Shaped Shield Style

Sateen cloth style - button belt. Waist measure sizes - taped pins, 50c. Others to $1

An interesting and inexpensive test — which will mean much in health and comfort to you later—is to try several Hickory styles. No one but yourself knows so well which is the best belt for *you*. You can easily find out for yourself—once having done so, just remember *your* Hickory number. In superfine creations at $1—others as low as 25c.

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on the Radio, and we sincerely hope they will win the Diamond Award. Wishing your contest and our favorites all the success in the world."—Frank Rehberg, Maytree, Mich.

"As far as we are concerned Art and Billy Spreading are the most popular program. Art is Arthur Kirkham and Billy is Billy Emerick, and they are a scream and jolly good fellows."—Berye Crator, Newberg, Ore.

"I believe Charles Wellman of KHJ deserves the Diamond Meritum Award. Here is my vote for the best entertainer in the United States."—Arline Louise Bond, Los Angeles, Cal.

185 Programs Nominated

AT THE last minute before going to press the Contest Editor had received 185 nominations in the race to select America's Most Popular Program. Scores of nominations for each of a number of programs have been entered, but the fans are holding their votes to the last minute so that they may count for more in the support of their favorites. Read the rules and conditions on page 101 of this issue, turn to the front of the book and see the latest developments in the contest. Then clip the coupons at the bottom of page 3. If your favorite has already been nominated, it is not necessary to send in the nomination blank. You may send in the voting coupon now, or save it to send in with coupons in future issues, thus receiving a bonus as shown in the rules and regulations.

East	Station	Votes
Glenn Riggs	KDKA	5
Louie Kaufman	KDKA	7
Guy Lombardo	CBS	18
Mary and Bob	CBS	4
Paul Tremaine Orchestra	CBS	3
Gypsy Nomads	CBS	7
Mr. and Mrs. (Joe and Vi)	CBS	2
Henry Burbig	CBS	11
H. Salter and Orchestra	CBS	4
Norman Brokenshire	CBS	30
Grenadiers	CBS	10
Arabesque	CBS	12
Nit Wits	CBS	9
Interwoven Pair	NBC	17
Empire Builders	NBC	12
RKO Theatre of Air	NBC	11
Fleischman Hour	NBC	14
Amos 'n' Andy	NBC	42
Jack Albin Orchestra	NBC	5
Seth Parker	NBC	19
Atwater Kent Hour	NBC	8
Palmolive Hour	NBC	11
Smith Brothers	NBC	6
Graham McNamee	NBC	12
Floyd Gibbons	NBC	16
Rudy Vallee	NBC	15
Clicquot Eskimos	NBC	7
Vincent Lopez	NBC	10
Collier's Hour	NBC	16
Band of Thousand Melodies	NBC	24
Cheerio	NBC-WCAE	21
Two Troopers	NBC	6
Lucky Strike Orchestra	NBC	16
Jessica Dragonette	NBC	20
Maxwell House Melodies	NBC	9
Phil Cook	NBC	4
Seiberling Singers	NBC	5
Pickard Family	NBC	4
Bill Coak	NBC	2
Real Folks	NBC	3
Morning Showers	NBC	2
Roxy and Gang	NBC	8
Melodeons	WBAL	2
Alfred W. McCann	WOR	1
Albany Dance Hour	WGY	3
Hayden Quartet	WNJ	2
Enchanted Hour Ensemble	WTIC	6

South	Station	Votes
Fiddlin' John Carson	WSB	9
Old Dominion Orchestra	WRVA	7
W. K. Henderson	KWKH	66
Caroline Lee	WFLA	4
Bill Nye, Jr.	WWNC	2
Staff	WAPI	12
Frances and Harry	WREC	13
Staff	WREC	6
Beale Street Hour	WREC	3
Ray Bahr's Orchestra	WHAS	4
Diamond Oilers	WHAS	9
Grand Old Opera	WSM	12
Ed Poplin's Band	WSM	6

Middle West	Station	Votes
Staff	WDAF	4
Dr. Walter Wilson	WDAF	2
Smith Family	WENR	62
Marian and Jim	WENR	7
Edison Symphony	WENR	15
Staff	WENR	56
Mike and Herman	WENR	12
Weiner Minstrels	WENR	45
Sunshine Hour	WENR	22
Paul McCluer	WENR	19
Gene Arnold	WENR	14
Smile Club	WENR	10
Al Cameron	WENR	2
Everett Mitchell	WENR	2
Utility Program	WENR	3
Variety Program	WENR	8
Henry Field	KFNF	17
Staff	KFNF	30
Andy Martin	KFNF	3
Coffee Club Program	KFNF	1
Edith Smith	KFNF	5
Gene and Glenn	WTAM	49
Staff	WTAM	17
Sunshine Hour	WTAM	4
Farm Hour	WAIU	4
Joe O'Toole	WJAY	15
Staff	WLW	6
Little Jack Little	WLW	11
Tony's Scrap Book	WLW	4
Aladdin Hour	WLW	7
Arthur Chandler, Jr.	WLW	2
Studio Party	KMOX	9
Willy and Lilly	KMOX	5
Staff	KMOX	14
The Anybodys	KMOX	12
Blue Steele	KMOX	6
Rambler's Orchestra	KMOX	8
Pat Barnes	WGN	10
Famous Operas	WGN	2
East and Dunkee	WGN	6
Louie and Weasel	WGN	3
Larry Larson	WGN	2
Amos 'n' Andy	WMAQ-NBC	74
Coon-Sanders	WGN-NBC	27
Hiram and Henry	WLS	6
Merry-Go-Round	WLS	5
Bardley Kincaid	WLS	11
Arkansas Woodchopper	WLS	8
Homemakers' Hour	WLS	4
National Barn Dance	WLS	94
Steve Cisler	WLS	45
Staff	WMAQ	7
Bill Hay	WMAQ	23
Three Doctors	WMAQ	18
Whitney Trio	WMAQ	4
Staff	WKRC	3
Jack Douglas	WJR	2
Harold Keane	WJR	5
Fitzpatrick's Scrapbook	WJR	4
Old Time Tunes	WOS	4
Pied Pipers	WTMJ	6
Margaret Starr	WTMJ	5
Emil Cords	WTMJ	2
Gypsy John	KMA	3
Cornpickers	KMA	6
Dixie Girls	KMA	11
Pat Flanagan	WBBM	30
Bobby Brown	WBBM	16
Thomas Patrick	KWK	7
Al Carney	WOWO-FT	14
Morning Music Box	KMBC	30
Montana Flour Mills	WHO	18
Corine Jordan	KSTP	11
Mellotone Quartet	KFLV	8
Tillie the Toiler	KFEQ	3

West	Station	Votes
Staff	WFAA	3
Matinee Program	KFKB	7
Benny White	WIBW	2
McGree Sisters	KFKB	4
Dutch and Irish	KFKB	12
Staff	KRLD	4
Steve Love's Orchestra	KFKB	34
D. D. Denver	KFKB	14
Dr. Brinckley	KFKB	69
Old Timers	KFKB	7
Bob Larkin	KFKB	7
Sunrise Trail	KSAT	8
Master Singers	KFAB	3
Happy Jack's Orchestra	WNAX	7
John Sloan	WNAX	9
Rosebud Kids	WNAX	4
Staff	WNAX	12
Esther Smith	WNAX	30
Battery Boys	WNAX	5
Henry and Jerome	KGBZ	3
Cowboy Singer	KGBZ	6
Henry Peters	KGBZ	2
R. R. Brown's Radio Chapel	WOW	4
Nat'l Farm and Home Hour	WOW	5
Mark Williams	KSAT	6
Sleepy Times Gals	KSAT	4
Herb Cook	KCRC	3
Gage Brewers	KFH	30

Far West	Station	Votes
Em and Clem	KFOX	7
Percy at the Phone	KFOX	2
Staff	KFOX	12
Doris and Clarence	KFOX	8
Jimmy and Eddie	KFOX	5
Buttercream School Kids	KFOX	30
Hooligan Club	KFWI	5
The Ne'er Do Well	KFWM	4
Vagabond of the Air	KSL	32
"Simpy Fitts"	KFRC	5
Happy-Go-Lucky Hour	KFRC	6
Blue Monday Jamboree	KFRC	2
Charley Kamp	KHJ	3
Charley Wellman Orchestra	KHJ	11
Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie"	KPO	38
Rhythm Makers	KGER	8
Tom Breneman	KNX	6
Earl Anthony	KFI	4
Tom Mitchell	KFI	3
Art and Billy Spreading	KOIN	11
Rose City Beavers	KOIN	6
Staff	KOIN	14

The Turning Wheel

(Continued from page 29)

the crowd at the corner came her father. She hurried towards him.

"Please leave me," she begged her companion. "I am going home. I have taken too much of your time already. Forgive me."

LATE on the following afternoon, John Selwyn set out to pay a call which he had already delayed for several weeks. He found his way to a certain address in Hanover street, mounted to the first floor, and knocked at the door. A young woman dressed in black, with pins and needles stuck all over the front of her dress, threw it open. She stared at the visitor in surprise.

"The shop's downstairs," she remarked. "There's no one allowed up here. Madame is very strict about it."

John Selwyn's eyes traveled down the room. There were at least twenty girls sitting there at work—twenty girls with pale cheeks, and only one small window open. His conscience smote him because of those three weeks' delay.

"I am sorry," he said. "I came to make inquiries about a Miss Agnes Carton."

"Agnes Carton!" the young woman exclaimed. "Why, she left nearly four years ago. You'll find her at No. 55, Grosvenor street."

John Selwyn raised his hat and departed.

"I ought to have come before," he said to himself repentantly. "Perhaps it is too late."

He walked quickly to No. 55 Grosvenor street. The appearance of the place was a distinct relief to him. It was a neat little milliner's shop, clean and smart. He opened the door and found himself in a cool, handsomely furnished apartment, which to his inexperience seemed almost like the drawing-room of a private house. A young lady came hurrying forward.

"I am in search of Miss Agnes Carton," he announced. "I was told that I could find her here."

The girl was puzzled for a moment, then she smiled.

"Why, you mean madame!" she exclaimed.

"Madame?" he repeated.

"Certainly," the girl answered. "That was her name before she was married. Here she is. It is a gentleman, madame, who asks for you."

A tall young lady, very elegant, very stylishly dressed, and apparently very prosperous, came towards him with an inquiring smile. John Selwyn recognized her with a little gasp.

"My dear Agnes!" he exclaimed.

"Why, it's—it's John Selywn!" she declared.

The assistant slipped discreetly away. They shook hands a little perfunctorily.

"I have just come to ask you to marry me," he announced.

She laughed heartily.

"Well, if that isn't just like you!" she answered. "You haven't changed a bit."

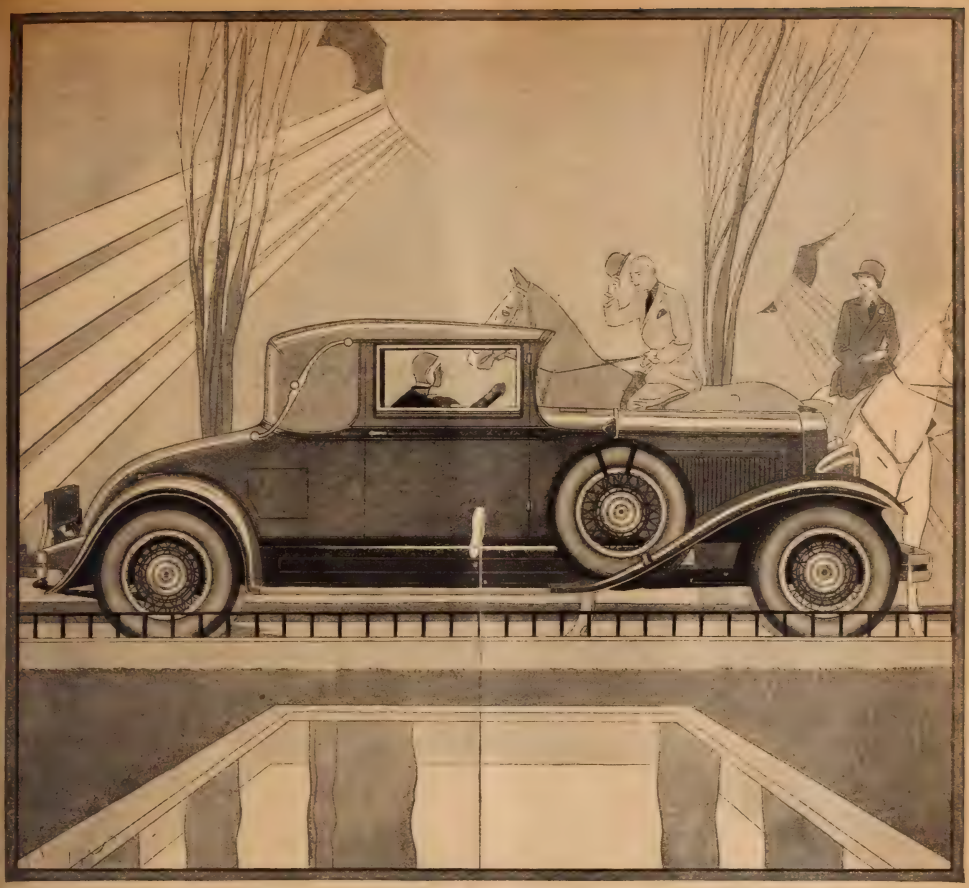
"I mean it," he assured her.

"BUT you're three years too late," she laughed. "The idea of going away like you did and never writing me a single line, and then walking in one morning and expecting me to marry you offhand!"

"I had no time for letters," he said. "I have been working hard."

"From your appearance. I should say that you've been making money," she declared.

"More than I shall ever be able to spend," he assured her. "If only you'd waited!"



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She laughed again.

"Don't be foolish," she said. "I want you to meet my husband. He's such a dear. We should never have been able to marry, though, but for—"

A sudden change came into her face.

"Why, of course," she continued, "you were there. Let me tell you of my adventure. About a year after you left for America I was called down into the showroom one day and found a young lady there, looking at evening gowns. I was very tired—we had been up late the night before—and she was very impatient and hard to please. Well, I got trying on things for half an hour or so, and at last I fainted. I couldn't help it, but madame was very angry."

"And the girl?" he asked.

"Madame sent me away the next day, and I saw her in the street on my way home. She stopped her carriage and came up to me. I told her that I had lost my position, and she was so angry that she went straight back to madame and told her that she would never set foot in her shop again. Afterwards she sent me to Hastings for two months, and when I was quite strong again she lent me the money to start in business here. I am proud to say that in less than eighteen months I was able to pay her back every penny."

"But what about this husband?" he asked.

"You remember my telling you about Mr. Mallison," she said. "He used to travel in silks, and I saw him now and then at madame's. He called here when I started and was very attentive. In a business like this, you know, one needs a man."

John Selwyn laughed. He was astonished to find how relieved he was.

"That's all very well," he said, "but I consider you've treated me shamefully."

"You shall tell my husband so," she declared. "He'll be here in a few minutes."

"We'll all go out to lunch," he suggested.

"And in the meantime," madame said, "let me tell you something strange. Do you know who the young lady was?"

"How should I?" he asked.

"Do you remember sitting in Richmond park one Sunday afternoon when two people went by in a motor car—a man and a girl? We all stared at one another rather strangely, and you told me afterwards that the man was your employer."

John Selwyn stood perfectly still.

"I remember," he said. "Go on."

"That was the girl—Miss Rathbone—who has done all this for me," madame declared, with tears in her eyes.

John Selwyn sat down in one of the padded chairs.

"Upon my word," he said, slowly, "in those days I used to admit that I couldn't understand life. I don't understand it now."

LATE that afternoon he called at Berkely Square. Miss Rathbone was at home, the butler thought, after a moment's hesitation, but she had gone to her room with a headache, and was refusing to see callers. Selwyn persisted, and twenty minutes later she came to him in the darkened drawing-room. He was standing when she entered, and she did not ask him to take a seat.

"I did not expect to see you here again, Mr. Selwyn," she said. "Under the circumstances, I think perhaps you might have stayed away."

"I could not," he answered simply.

She gave a little start.

"Perhaps it was my father whom you wished to see?" she murmured.

"No," he answered. "It was you."

She came a few steps farther into the room. He saw then that she was paler than he had ever seen her. It was the beginning of trouble, this—the beginning of the blow which he had dealt.

"I do not know," she said, "what you can have to say to me."

"You look tired!" he exclaimed, abruptly. "Won't you sit down?"

She hesitated and then obeyed him, sinking on to a couch with a little gesture of weariness.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "I have come to thank you for your kindness to the woman whom I was expecting to marry."

She looked at him for a moment without comprehension.

"I mean the young lady," he reminded her, "whom you set up in Grosvenor street, whom you saw with me nine years ago in Richmond park."

She suddenly understood.

"It was she, then, whom you spoke of in the park yesterday?"

"Of course," he answered. "I was going to marry her. It was only right. She and I were sufferers together. We belonged to the same world. My prosperity was to have been her prosperity. You know," he continued, with a sudden smile, "even among the lower orders you can't sit in Richmond park with your head on a girl's lap for nothing."

"You were going to marry her, but you didn't care," she said, in a broken voice.

"I certainly did not care," he admitted. "I did not know," he continued, coming close to her, "that I cared for anybody. I did not believe that there was any room in my life for that sort of thing. I rather fancy I have been mistaken."

"It's horribly like the end of a story," she murmured.

"Not the end, sweetheart," he answered, drawing her close to him, "the beginning."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 43)

low, lying so utterly still that Temple muttered:

"Dead! The shock has killed him!"

While Temple scratched a match for his candle, Gateway lighted the small coal oil lamp on a table against the wall. The light revealed Andregg lying on his back among disordered covers, his face as white as death, the cold sweat still standing in glistening drops on his brow. Of the three men looking down on him it was Tom Blount alone who appeared to regard him with something akin to commiseration.

"Looks sick and weak and—and helpless," he said, staring in fascination. "Looks harmless and—and broken."

Gateway stooped very close, making the keenest and swiftest and most thorough of examinations of all that he could see. "Had a gun under his pillow," he said over his shoulder. "It fell behind the bed. Better make sure of it."

Meanwhile he evidently meant to make sure of other things. He began an immediate rummaging of the room, going through the clothes thrown untidily here and there about the room, taking time to mark in what feverish manner they must have been discarded. He dived a hand into pockets, kicked things out of his way, jerked drawers open and ransacked them hurriedly, yet expertly, tumbled out the contents of a suitcase and peered into closets. Also during his questing back and forth there was at least one article which went into his own pocket.

He fell silent after the search and watched Andregg stonily. And when the unconscious man showed no signs of stirring Gateway lost patience and went for a glass of water which he flung into the white, haggard face. Andregg at last with a preliminary sigh returned to a world of troubles. He stared dully a moment, looking questioningly from face to face. Then the faintest flush stained his sallow cheeks and he reared up in bed.

GATEWAY stepped closer and thrust his face close down to Andregg's, lower jaw set pugnaciously, his attitude from the first word that of the master who meant to dominate. The breath of his words fanned Andregg's face.

"You killed Herman Dicks. He was a friend of mine. You killed Mainwaring Parks."

"It's a lie!" screamed Andregg. "I know what you mean," his eyes bright with fright. "I don't have to stand any third degree from you; you've no authority—"

Gateway laughed at him.

"So you know what the third degree is, eh? Well, call it that if you like. We're going to have a heart to heart talk, you and me. I'm going to ask the questions. You're going to give the answers."

He turned away a moment to catch up a writing tablet on the table. He flopped it open, exposing a clean sheet of blank paper. This he put close to Andregg's evasive eyes.

"See that?" he demanded. "See it? Nothing on it now, but before I'm done with you it's going to be scrawled full and in your handwrite. Signed, too, in the presence of witnesses. A full and complete confession!"

Andregg's teeth, sadly in need of decent, ordinary care, were exposed as his lips drew back in a snarl. Still he made no answer. For Gateway held the tablet in his left hand and the right remained clenched, lifted a little, at his side.

"You killed Parks and Dicks. Parks for his money and, no doubt, for other purely personal reasons; Dicks because he stood in the way."

Andregg had grown very still, listening intently. He spoke now, defending himself excitedly.

"You weren't here or you'd know that's impossible. Didn't I run upstairs with the others when Parks called out—"

"So it was Parks then who yelled!" cut in Gateway quickly. "No one seemed sure; I thought so, and you confirm it. Thanks. As for running upstairs with the others, who says so? Just you. The rest will swear that the first they saw of you was when you were down on both knees beside Parks' dead body!"

Again Andregg listened intently. He licked his parched lips, pondered a long moment, then spoke again.

"And while I was upstairs," he sneered, "it seems I was also downstairs, blowing open a safe!"

"Ah, there I've got you, you gallows bird! Oh, you had everything nice and ready. You were alone in the house here for weeks, eh? And you knew what was up; that there'd be a fortune in jewels under the roof and that Parks would, without a doubt, come heeled in ready cash to make a handful of crinkly bank notes tempt some man to pry loose from some gem he had set his heart on. So what do you do? While you are all alone here you go to work. You have your charge of powder all set weeks anyway, days ahead. You'd done some sort of a little piece of carpentering that explains the tools you had in your bag!"

"Then tell me," panted Andregg, his body shaken under his attempt at control, "why I should kill Parks if I was after what was in the safe? Why

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FOR years we ate oranges because we *liked* them. Then came the scientific discovery that orange juice supplies vitamins and minerals which everybody needs. *Now* we prize the orange as a health-builder as well as a delicious fruit ⁂ For years good housewives have used Carnation Milk because it does such good cooking, takes the place of cream so acceptably and economically, and is such a convenience to have on hand ⁂ *And now comes the scientific discovery that this selfsame milk is a wonderful milk for babies—that it is easier to digest than milk in any other form* ⁂ Some of the most eminent baby feeding specialists in America are now using Carnation Milk in preference to the finest bottled milk. They find that its heat-treated casein and finely divided or "homogenized" butter-fat are easily assimilated by the most delicate baby stomach ⁂ Ordinary milk forms tough, solid curd-lumps in the stomach. Its coarse fat globules resist digestion. But clinical experience with thousands of babies has shown that Carnation Milk almost magically conquers these digestive handicaps of bottle-fed babyhood ⁂ Besides, Carnation Milk has *all the nutritiousness* of pure whole milk.

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"from Contented Cows"



Cornstarch Puddings

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with ½ cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded with rest of water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.
BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.
CHERRY PUDDING ¼ cup cornstarch, ½ cup sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ½ tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. cherry juice, ½ cup sliced maraschino cherries, ½ cup cocoanut, 2 egg whites.	Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, cocoanut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.



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Simply perfect for all cooking

Try one of the recipes at the left. You will discover that Carnation does better cooking for the same reason that it is better for babies—because it is "homogenized." The butter-fat, instead of being in coarse fat globules as in ordinary milk, is ground up into tiniest particles and mixed evenly all through the milk. Hence the *cream-smoothness and butter-richness* of Carnation dishes.

Another thing—Carnation takes the place of cream in thousands of homes. Use it for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and cut your cream bill nearly two-thirds!

should blow up the safe when I was upstairs with the others, with no chance of getting what was in the safe?"

"Ask him," put in Temple, "what it was he picked up on the bathroom floor."

GATEWAY allowed himself a chuckle. "Don't have to ask; I know," he said, his eyes turned mockingly on Andregg's face.

Andregg started and stiffened at that, pricked by fresh alarm.

"You devil!"

"You'll think so before I'm through with you! I'm beginning to get you all 'round, Andregg-that-you-call-yourself! Oho, make you wiggle, do I? You've got a photo hung up in the rogue's gallery down in L. A., haven't you? Doctor? If you've been practising medicine, you could be railroaded for that. I don't recall your other monniker just now, but we'll get it in due course. Druggist, that's what you were before the ground began slipping under foot for you. Oh, you've got a record, and I'll get it in no time."

Andregg collapsed, falling back and covering his face with hands which trembled violently. Gateway tipped a wink at the mystified Temple and Blount. An eloquent wink it was, as much as to say: "I've got him where I want him, on the run with greased skids under him."

"Give me a drink of water," gasped Andregg lifting his white drawn face.

"I'll give you nothing," Gateway snapped, "unless it's a swat in the jaw—or a cup of water with salt in it! That is, until you've spilled all you know. Then you can have your water by the gallon—and anything else you ask for."

Andregg merely closed his eyes and fought with the tremors which threatened now to shake him from head to foot.

Gateway resumed, "I'll give you a choice. You can write your confession now, or an hour from now, if you want. At the most, twenty-four hours—and if you've lasted that long you'll have gone through a longer stretch of hell than I think you've got the nerve for! But don't forget for one split-second that I've got the whip hand of you! Know what I mean, don't you?" he ended with a snarl.

The sergeant coughed under his hand. Gateway whirled on him, snapping out: "If you haven't got the stomach for this, beat it! I don't need any help!"

AT THIS moment Paul Savoy burst in on them, wild-eyed, face white and haggard.

"Who's here?" he demanded anxiously. Then, a glance about the room having answered for him, he exclaimed hurriedly: "Mr. Nemo! Where is he? Has anyone seen him?"

"Why, he went to bed hours ago," said Temple wonderingly. "You knew—"

Savoy spun about and ran out, calling over his shoulder:

"Come with me! Hurry; for God's sake hurry."

"What is it?" shouted Temple, and leaped forward.

From the hallway down which Savoy had sped came his troubled voice:

"Pray God it isn't murder again! And hurry!"

"Coming, Gateway?" demanded Temple, already at the door with Tom Blount at his heels.

"Not for a million," retorted Gateway. "Any time you want me you'll find me right here."

They ran on, following Savoy, Temple's candle streaming smokily. Gateway pulled up a chair and sat down close, yet not too close, to Andregg's bed.

"I guess there'll be no more murders pulled in this shack," he said confidently, "as long as I've got my eye on you."

But something of that confidence was shaken as Captain Temple came hurrying back, demanding:

"Your keys, Gatewood. His door's locked and we can't rouse him."

When they found Mr. Nemo's door locked, and knocked, louder and louder and then called out and had no answer, the three stood looking fearfully into one another's eyes which shone strangely in the uncertain candle light.

"Fool! *Fool!*" stormed Savoy. And, understanding his own ambiguity, he elucidated only to the extent of adding: "Fools, all of us, when we might have foreseen—where's an ax?"

HE WENT in haste, seeking an ax or hatchet, striking matches to light him on his way. In the kitchen he found both a candle and a broad bladed hand-ax.

"Stand back!" he commanded on returning.

"We're sure raising merry hell with Parks' home," snorted the captain, and was the first through as the splintered door gave way.

The candlelight but imperfectly illuminated an exquisite Kirman rug of soft gray with its tender pink bordering and its glowing roses; a silk-clothed table bearing tray with bottles and glasses; a cushiony chair and, at the far side of the room, an old four-poster bed. The bed coverings dragged the floor; the bed itself was empty.

The three men hastened through the room to a further door, closed now, but discovered to lead to the bath. There was no one there and they hurried on to still another closed door. It opened readily and they found themselves in the bedroom of Mr. Nemo's servant, Mohun. And here, fast asleep, they found Mohun himself.

Savoy hastened to wake him while Temple turned back into Mr. Nemo's room seeking some detail to point to an explanation of his absence. First of all he came upon a broken glass, discovering it by the sound of crunching particles underfoot; the fragments lay scattered between the table and the empty bed. Evidently the glass had fallen from the table's edge.

He sought on, not tarrying to read any message the broken glass might hold; gather your clues without delay, was Temple's motto, and decipher them when you've time for it.

"I say, Blount," he called. "Look, he went to bed, didn't he? He lay there a while with his lamp burning and smoked cigarettes, half a dozen of 'em; he had a drink or two, as witness the table drawn up handily and the glass that must have stood close by. Then, all of a sudden, he made up his mind. He jumped up, piled into his clothes—and sneaked out of the window!"

"If you've got all this right, sir," said Blount, his eyes round and bright with admiration, "then all I got to say is you could call that roughneck Gateway in and teach him his own trade."

"Clear as a crystal, Tom," said Temple earnestly. "Look for his clothes and you don't find 'em. Look now on the floor, under the window."

Blount looked.

"MELTED snow. He got the window open, and the wind whipped through, spraying snow on the floor; even the rug over yonder is damp. He went out, got his window shut—and has gone about his business, whatever that may be. He went fast and made no noise about it; even Mohun in the next room—I wonder if he's only playing possum? What Mr. Nemo does, I've notion his right-hand man knows."

"Whether he knows or not makes n difference to me," snapped Temple. only know that that infernal blunderin Savoy has happened to stumble jus close enough to the truth to scare tha rare white bird clean off."

"How's that, Captain?"

"Nemo has sneaked off somewhere, tell you, and for reasons of his own. we'd got an inkling of that and ha watched for him, we might have learne something. Now what? We smas down his door, and he'll see that fir of all when he comes sneaking in agai He will then realize that it's up to th devious Oriental mind of his to cook u up a nice little lie by explanation. We get the lie, and that's all we'll get."

"But how did Savoy—"

"Sheer guess work, blind luck scoffed the other.

Now for the first time they hea Mohun's voice. Savoy had him awak and was firing questions at him. Ten ple and Blount passed back through th bath to lend their two pairs of incredu lous ears to whatever Mohun might h of a mind to say.

Mohun, never so squat and ugly as now, sat humped over on the edge of h bed, looking up at the trio with que intentness.

"HOW does it happen that, while w battered a door down, you sle through it all?"

Mohun blinked and considered.

"Maybe you are quiet at that, breal ing a door," he said at last. He picke his words carefully; an odd inflectio gave them a foreign flavor, yet one n easily labeled. He paused to ponde then emphasized his thought by remar ing; "The other men, they sleep lil me."

But while he was making his conte tion those "other men" spoke for ther selves, setting his argument at noug by beginning to trickle into the roo Laufer-Hirth and Will Little were fir among them, the jeweler in an aw wardly donned overcoat and slippe his secretary in flamboyant dressi gown and bare feet, both startled a alarmed. Beyond them one saw t shadowy forms of the huddling Filipi boys. And presently came McInto with a very business-like forty-five C in his hand.

"It's murder again!" moaned Litt "Oh, you'll see. This house—"

"Why should it be murder?" snapp Temple. "And where's your dead man

"Where are the others?" whisper Will Little, eyes staring.

The newcomer among them, Mcl tosh, shouldered forward then and manded:

"What tipped you off that there w anything out of the way going on he How'd you happen to get the hunch break into this room?"

"I'd been thinking," Savoy return coolly. "I'd intended going to bed a to sleep, but I couldn't get my mind what has happened since we came in this ill-starred house. I realized that game wasn't played out with Parks a Dicks down. Where would the ess tial, chief blow be struck? Where, deed, if not at the man who carried w him the Flower of Heaven."

"But you heard what Mr. Nemo sai cried Mohun eagerly. "How he d not bring the jewel with him!"

"And we all know he lied," said Sav and others nodded.

"YOU mean, Savoy?" asked Tem slowly, "that you think Nemo h been the victim of the same sort of thi which happened to the others?"



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"Why isn't he here?" asked Savoy.

"I wish I knew! But you don't mean that he's been murdered, his body disposed of—"

"Where is he?" asked Savoy stonily.

"He's right! Mr. Savoy's right!" came brokenly from Will Little. "It's murder. It's the house of the mad man, Thraff Willcyznski! The house of the Opal!"

"Confound you, Will Little!" roared Laufer-Hirth, shaking him in both chubby hands. "Stop that nonsense! Stop it!"

"Let go of me!" cried his secretary hysterically. "You—you've got the cursed thing in your pocket. Go throw it into the fire; better, into the lake. Let it go down with dead men's bodies."

McIntosh looked on curiously.

"Better get that guy to bed," he advised off-handedly. "He's all set to fly to bits."

"It's an evil place," continued Will Little, his voice sounding far away and thin. "The Opal; it vanished years ago when murders were committed here. It came back with other murders." And suddenly his tones strengthened and grew clear as he pleaded vehemently: "Oh, go throw the infernal thing into the lake."

After that they simply ignored him. McIntosh observed that right here was the place for Gateway.

"Gateway's an ass," muttered Paul Savoy. "If he were of any account he'd be here, while the trail is hot."

Temple eyed Savoy curiously.

"Did you notice how Nemo stepped in when at the table I was set on making Andregg come clean with what he knew? How Nemo whispered in his ear? And how, later, they had their secret conference and Nemo then declared himself satisfied?"

"Oho! So it's both Nemo and Andregg, working together?"

"Well, and why not? I've felt all along it was a two-man job. Andregg's one, for certain. From what I know—*know*, mind you—of this mysterious Mr. Nemo, I wouldn't put it beyond him to be the second of the duo."

"What in the world are we to do?" asked Laufer-Hirth.

SAVOY laughed aloud and rubbed his hands.

"What's so funny?" snapped Temple.

"I was afraid at first that we'd find the most excellent Mr. Nemo dead in his bed," returned Savoy. "Now we know that it's no such tragedy as that. He's alive and well, without a doubt. But I very much suspect that he has lost his Flower of Heaven— By the way," eyes twinkling, "you've remembered all the while that most conveniently located house on the lake shore nearby?"

"I have that, and I don't need reminding, thanks. And McIntosh and I are on our way there just as soon as we can get properly dressed. If Nemo has gone that way—and where else could he have gone—there'll be his track from the water's edge through the snow."

"Exactly. Well, good hunting. But, lest you should miss it in the dark, I'll tell you of something. Of course you won't find any tracks in the snow at the other house. But, if you look carefully, you'll see a pier on the shore, and you'll find a steel cable reaching for it to the house itself—"

Temple gasped, then cried softly:

"How do you know?"

"I asked the Filipino boys if there wasn't some such arrangement and they cudgelled their brains, and told me there was."

"Why, that cable may explain everything—"

"No; I'm afraid the cable's no good, Captain. And so," with a queer flicker of his eyes, "I give it to you."

Savoy looked intently at Mohun.

"Shall we have a little talk now?" he invited.

Mohun stood stiff and solid.

"Me, I must think," he observed gravely.

"Good!" cried Savoy. "That's man's work. Sit down here where it's warm. I'll join you—at thinking. And, while the good Captain Temple, Tom Blount, and Mr. McIntosh emulate arctic explorers, maybe we, here, can get forward with this pretty puzzle."

"If anybody ever finds out who killed Parks and Dicks," began the Captain.

"Oh, that! That's easy enough, to tell you who your super-criminal is. All that we need think on now, Mr. Mohun and I, is: Where are the bodies? That's the only mystery; we've had no other mystery at any time. Good night, gentlemen," as the door slammed.

What will Paul Savoy and Mohun think about to aid in the solution of this enthralling mystery? What will Captain Temple discover about the cable? Where is Nemo, dead or alive? Don't miss the thrills in the next installment of Thirteen and One in the July Radio Digest.

Real Home Making

(Continued from page 78)

Wherever you look in the new Home-Makers' studios, you see evidence of a desire to serve. The long reception hall walls are decorated with colorful and amusing French and Chinese prints, correctly framed and hung. Joan Barrett will tell you with justifiable pride that not one of these pictures cost more than a dollar, including the frame, and, even nicer, she'll tell you where you can duplicate them for your own home.

There are fascinating details enough to satisfy the eagle eye of the most ardent home-maker. In the main foyer, for instance, the lovely crewel-work drapes are hung from decorative wrought-iron fixtures that look like medieval spears; in the kitchen there is the usual cabinet for pots and pans beneath and dishes above, but this one attains the proportions of a piece of fine furniture because it has open shelves, just like an old Dutch dresser.

The walls of the ultra-modern living room are hung with monk's cloth to take up any extraneous sound. But it is a very particular kind of monk's cloth, manufactured especially for the Radio Home-Makers by an enthusiastic Southern mill owner who had heard Mrs. Allen speak about the new studios. The material is very soft and pliable of a blue and silver checked design, which harmonizes beautifully with the blue and silver painted furniture. The most unusual detail of this room is the silver stencilled corners of the dark blue floor border, an original decorative note of Mrs. Allen's invention, carried out by Joan Barrett.

OF COURSE, the room that most intrigues my feminine heart is the combination boudoir and bedroom, from which the talks on beauty and health are broadcast. It is of an intimate size, unlike the other rooms which, are very large, resembling a fresh spring daffodil in its green and yellow color scheme. The window treatment is unusual and effective—yellow celonese voile is pulled tautly from top to bottom of the panes in the modern criss-cross style, while green and yellow monk's cloth fashion the tie-back drapes. The thing that "sold" the room to me, however, is the palest yellow organdie spread on the green wooden bed. It fits smoothly on top over a thin silk foundation and beneath the finely corded edges it hangs around the bed in fluffy scalloped petals. I'm not good at describing such things, but I assure you it is just like a lovely daffodil in the midst of a lush green field, which, in this case, is the deep-piled velvet rug.

And now we come to the Home-Makers themselves: Mrs. Allen, a charming hostess with the loveliest voice imaginable, who seems to know everything in the world; Grace White—she of the waffles and other delectable dainties—who prepares all the foods while Mrs. Allen describes them over the air; Joan Barrett, in her smart peasant smock, who can tell you all about interior decorating and France; Louise Baker, a tall, dignified lady with a melodious voice, who tells mothers how to bring up their young hopefuls sensibly and scientifically; Carolyn Cornell, whose clothes mark her the fashion expert that she is; Helen Chase, a beautiful contradiction of the old saw that beauty experts are always old, ugly women; and Janet Lee, whose petite youth would never let you suspect that she is up on such things as diet, etiquette and every imaginable form of entertaining.

There are lots of other Home-Makers, too, who don't come on the air but who do a thousand and one necessary things to make those twenty-six broadcasts each week the smooth, perfect things they are. But they all insist modestly on being background material, so you'll have to wait until another day to hear about them.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 57)

tice and less play, and, besides, in less than a week the lonesome little goat died. It was the fault of My Rosary. And when the goat was buried with honors and solemn ceremony and sung over by all the children of the neighborhood little Joe cried and refused to sing or to let them sing what had been his favorite song, My Rosary.

The second and third time that the Silver Masked tenor sang My Rosary, he was on his way to France to spoil a perfectly good war. By this time the childish incident was forgotten; his voice had settled into a rich tenor under the guidance of Charles Abercrombie, former court tenor to Queen Victoria, who had become White's teacher, and Joe was a private in the army and called upon to sing in the amateur shows of the famous 27th Division. In this outfit his buddy was Judson House also, today a famous Radio tenor soloist.

Their transport ship was the Pocahontas. When halfway across, the doughboys insisted on a concert. Joe White could sing, and Judson House would play the piano. The first number on the program was My Rosary. Nobody knows whether it was the song that finally goaded a German submarine beyond endurance or whether it was planning to attack anyway. At any rate the concert was informally postponed. The audition chose to repel submarine instead.

Later the same day, they tried again to stage the concert. Once again Judson House played the opening bars of My Rosary, and Joe White sang the first few notes. Again a submarine popped up.

The fourth and last time he tried My Rosary was in Beauval, France. A German plane flew over the sector and applauded by dumping a high-powered "ash can" square on the roof. It totall

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LISTED below are some of the many Columbia artists whose names and fame are household words in millions of radio-loving homes. Some of them are your favorites. You're sorry when their program ends, you anticipate their next appearance. Lots of times you'd like to hear them when they're off the air. And you can! Columbia records enable you to hear any or all of these artists when you want to, where you want to, and for as long as you want to—each exactly "like life itself."

Ted Lewis and His Band	Constantly sought for broadcasts, but as yet too busy in Keith-Albee circuit, musical comedy, and Warner Bros. films.	
Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra	Old Gold Hour	N. B. C.
Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians	Robert Burns Hour	C. B. S.
Ben Selvin and His Orchestra	Wahl Pencil Hour Kolster Hour Beginning Feb. 1st— DeVoe & Reynolds Hour	C. B. S.
James Melton	Seiberling Singers Palm Olive Hour	N. B. C.
Ipana Troubadours	Ipana Hour	N.B.C.

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that he's by, Radio had no terrors for
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"Wh... This was the first voice picked up
"H... Radio in England from the United
br...tates, when one of his concerts over
WEAF was heard clearly in London
in 1923.

When the Goodrich company went on the air, White was picked as the outstanding Radio soloist to grace their program.

The "Silver Mask" idea was Philips Carlin's, announcer of the program in its early days. One night, while on the air, Carlin waxed poetic about the silvery aspect of the troupe. "All the instruments are of silver," said Carlin. "Even the drummer has silver drumsticks, and the tenor wears a silver mask. He is a man of mystery; no one knows who he is!" Next day the mails brought 10,000 letters of inquiry. The singer has been the "Silver Masked Tenor" ever since.

The original performers were heard over NBC networks every week until October, 1927. Since then, they have toured the entire country in vaudeville—with their names in electric lights in all the biggest cities.

And now Joe White, the Silver Masked tenor, is back on NBC programs.

ROSALINE GREENE is a school teacher. She is also an author and dramatist, and the tomboy sister of a family of athletes. Three of her brothers are champions, and she managed the boys' track team at high school.

She left the New York State College for Teachers at Albany with the strangest honors ever conferred upon an embryo schoolma'am. Miss Greene finally took with her not only the usual degrees and honors, but also the unexpected rank of First Lady of Radioland.

Between classes she stole away to don grease paint and make-up, and played in the stock company at Proctor's in Albany, and in Troy. Classmates and professors commented on her striking resemblance to the new leading lady, but no one suspected the truth. And still she passed all her courses at school, *cum laude*.

Now the tomboy-schoolma'am-actress-author is leading lady of the air in National Broadcasting company dramatic programs, and the same Rosaline Greene who created for Radio audiences the classic characters of Joan of Arc and Josephine in Napoleon, two outstanding triumphs of the Eveready hour.

The year Rosaline Greene was graduated from State College a full-fledged school teacher, she was dragged off to New York and crowned "America's most perfect Radio voice." And it all happened by accident.

She was only a sophomore at State College when the invitation came from WGY offering auditions to members of the senior class. She was only taken along as supercargo, but Edward H. Smith, the director of WGY and creator of Radio drama, gave her a "mike test" along with the rest—and thereby became the discoverer of "America's most perfect Radio voice."

It wasn't proclaimed such at first: Smith merely recognized an unusual quality especially adapted to Radio, and she was the only one from the school invited back to play with the professional cast broadcasting The Merchant of Venice and other productions of the early days.

SHE found the subject fascinating, and wondered if a dramatic career was better than teaching school. But she completed her studies, "just in case," and meanwhile joined the stock troupe for additional experience. She was genuinely embarrassed every time a classmate or instructor commented on her striking resemblance to the new leading lady.

The year of her graduation she was feted at the Radio World's Fair in New York, and was formally awarded the silver cup as the possessor of "America's most perfect Radio voice." She left the WGY players to face the microphones of metropolitan stations.

Lee Shubert personally called upon "the perfect voice," and offered her the lead in his new production, Pearl of Great Price, at the Century theatre. She tried it for a while, but at the end of two months had made her decision. Radio should be her own personal field, with the Broadway stage or the little red school house to fall back on only in case of need.

Since her successes in the Eveready hour, Miss Greene has signed a contract with the NBC artists service to play only in dramatic broadcasts through National Broadcasting company networks. She is now featured frequently in programs ranging from pure melodrama to the musical offerings of the RCA hour, the fantastic sketches of The Silver Flute and the straight productions of NBC's Miniature theatre.

Meanwhile Rosaline Greene keeps her snug apartment near Riverside Drive and Columbia university, where she continues to study the art of dramatic writing for further Radio plays of her own. She rides in Van Cortlandt park and plays a slashing game of tennis, under the expert eye of her champion brother. Another brother, who holds swimming records, supervises her ocean dips near the family home on Long Island.

For traveling between the NBC studios on Fifth avenue and her uptown apartment, she rides the subway. "Every trip means a new idea," she says.

Planning Boy's Room

(Continued from page 58)

leg, stating it is stronger. He also advised they be finished in black and gold, as they could then be used elsewhere in the home. The table and chairs cost $125, unfinished, which does seem expensive, but I know it is not too much for such beautiful pieces. The stove is black and old ivory and the refrigerator ivory, faucets and soap dish at sink are black so I am puzzled. Will you please help me?"

"It seems to me that the merchant's logic is not all it should be, for the furniture that is bought for use in the breakfast room is not going to be transferred to any other section of the house. If it is selected for that place, then surely it will stay there and not go wandering about. With the green walls and floor in the kitchen I believe your own inclination to use ivory is quite right. Paint the table and chairs a rich, warm ivory and trim them with green, a fairly deep green, just between wall and floor color. You can use little flat seat pads of green on the chairs if you like.

"FOR curtains for the two windows why not get one of the very smart modern designs in a semi-glazed chintz or percale, something combining ivory and black and a little coral color. It need not necessarily include green. If the coral color is not too dominant the curtains might be edged with that same tone. If you feel the lack of green, perhaps a fine line of green on the edge will do the trick. Colorful china, black glass if you like, or the very popular combination of black and crystal will add a bit of sparkle to the table.

"As to the respective merits of gateleg or butterfly table, I think one is just as strong as the other. It is a matter of individual preference. In some cases the butterfly table looks heavier and is more comfortable because there are no extra legs to get in the way. On the other hand the gateleg is more graceful, seems to hold the leaf up more firmly and is seldom clumsy looking. Decide which one you like best and go ahead.

"In the kitchen you might add a little black stool, which would give a smart appearance and be a great convenience as well. You can use the same curtains there if the two rooms really seem like one, or you can use an ivory white curtain trimmed on the edge with green and black. You might even use green and white check roller shades for the kitchen windows, which would add a lively touch. Green and white and black in the kitchen, and green and white and coral in the breakfast room will give you two gay rooms that are livable and friendly to each other, though not just alike."

This gives you just a little idea of some of the problems that come to me. I am asked about houses inside and out, how to remedy this or that, what to do when the room seems all wrong and so on and on. They are all interesting and vital questions for, after all, what is of more importance than a comfortable, livable room? Listen in and learn all you can about making your home beautiful, for you will surely find some suggestions that are applicable to your own particular problem.

The Hunters

(Continued from page 19)

HAVING dismissed the alligator he turned his attention to the island, scanning the tree tops, and leveled stick again as he said half to himself:

"I'll bet a cookie they're in one or the other of those two big live oaks there—one or the other of 'em, I'll bet a cookie." He was obviously downcast about it, as one within sight of the prize yet unable to reach it.

"Water deep?" Bodet asked.

The question seemed to cheer Dorman. "Oh, no, not deep at all!" he replied brightly. "I've waded over twice when I was hunting alligators . . . It's just a step, you see . . . " He rubbed his chin; then, hopefully and half apologetic:

"I tell you, Mr. Bodet. You can find your way back without any trouble. You just go back to the car and make yourself comfortable. Don't wait lunch for me. Jim's got everything in the car. You see, I've been over there before and I'm used to it. No use your getting yourself all muddied up . . . "

His shrewd eyes searched Bodet's face a moment. And Bodet couldn't help thinking of a youngster yielding to temptation with a somewhat uneasy conscience. Dorman chuckled softly and confessed:

"I'm an obstinate old devil—hate to be beaten, you see. I'm more or less on the shelf already. If I begin giving up Lord knows how it will end. I've got a son and two sons-in-law up in Chicago you know. They want to wrap me up in cotton batting—so I won't be in their way." He chuckled again. "If I was to let a little honey bee, no bigger'n the end of my finger, beat me out down here, why when I got back to Chicago those three wolves would swallow me in one mouthful. Bad tactics to begin letting go. But you go back to the car and make yourself comfortable."



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"I'm only forty-four," Bodet replied. "What's to become of me if I begin letting go at that age? You show me the way over."

IT WAS clear that the answer pleased Dorman much. He beamed satisfaction at his companion, then surveyed the water.

"Guess one way over is as good as another. The water's shallower up there"—pointing to where a ridge of somewhat higher ground ran between mainland and island, as one could see because rushes grew thick all the way across. "But if you got less water up there you'd get more mud. I'd rather go in the open. In hot weather there's likely to be quite a few moccasins in a place like that. Probably wouldn't see any now; but there's bog holes—nasty walking. Best way's to plug right across in the open."

With that the man who was no longer very active stepped off into the muddy water, feeling ahead with his stick. They went slowly, their feet clogged with mud, the water finally rising to their hips. Two-thirds of the way over they saw a man standing in the brush ahead, peering at them. His color indicated a fraction of negro blood. He was a stoutish man with thick lips, in overalls and calico shirt; his aspect inhospitable.

"Ought to have a boat here," Dorman sang out to him; "good place for a ferry line."

Helter, beating tortuously through the woods, heard that hail. He thought he had got turned around again, for as he had it in his mind the location whence the voice came should be the water side and it did not occur to him that anybody would be speaking from the water. Silently cursing, he toiled toward the sound and gained the brush on the bank of the lake in time to see Dorman and Bodet climbing up the farther shore. They had left their coats in the car, wearing only overalls, dark shirts and caps. There was no mistaking the two figures; and sweaty Helter cursed again. If he had got there a minute and a half earlier he would have had a fair target at a range of two hundred yards, and he was now exasperated enough to take a considerable chance on getting away. But the two figures were disappearing into vegetation on the other bank.

Helter didn't know that the land over there was an island. It seemed to him that the mysterious business on which the two men were bent was carrying them farther into the woods. This jungle was a wonderful place for hiding and getting away; five yards in any direction would take a man completely out of sight. He must get near enough for a shot while Bodet was still in the woods. That was in his mind as he peered across the muddy water. Then a movement on the opposite bank, some distance away, drew his attention, and his eyes bulged.

THE 'gator on the mud bank had lifted his head and looked around. Finally his primitive nerves had received an impression that something or other, which might be inimical, was troubling the water and making a noise. Helter, turning his eyes in that direction, saw a big scaly form, with fearsome jaws, sliding smoothly into the lake. There was hardly a ripple. As Helter stared, pop-eyed, something like a big piece of bark came to view on the surface of the water—a nose, a long strip like the top of an old log, then two eyes under penthouses. In a moment the apparition sank. Helter's flesh crept. He looked up and down, and, off to the left, saw the belt of rushes between island and mainland.

That would be a place to get across.

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It meant beating back some distance through the woods, for he was already below the crossing; but there was no help for it. On his own ground he had sufficient nerve, but not for anything would he have walked out into the water where that fearsome, scaly shape had disappeared. Besides, if he tried to cross here and they should happen to look out from the opposite shore he would be in plain view. Desperately he turned to toil back through the tangle of tough, impeding, pricking things, twisting this way and that to find a path.

At length, perspiring, he came to the belt of rushes. It was a repulsive place—hummocks of dank earth sticking up through the muddy water, overgrown with reeds taller than his head. He hung on the bank by a tree whose roots were half exposed, staring at it, his face puckered with revulsion. By now a great rage possessed him as though the man whom he followed had been maliciously tormenting him by these impediments—all so utterly novel to him. He felt as though he had got into a kind of hell where everything conspired to harass and retard and startle him.

He sucked in his lips, stepped over to a hummock, poised and sprang for another. It gave way like dough under his feet and he slid off, floundering, into a boggy hole. The water came half way from his knees to his thighs, his feet sinking far into the mud. He could feel its soggy grasp on his ankles, like a formless hand dragging him down.

THE mishap shook his nerves. An instant later he saw a sullen stir of the water, off to the right, as though something moved below the surface. His flesh shrank as though teeth were already fastening in his leg. He lunged forward and scrambled up on a hummock, first on his knees in the mud, then on his feet, and as he got to his feet he drew a heavy automatic pistol, dead black, the butt sticking out beyond the handle. A little later he wiped his brow with his left hand, his fingers trembling slightly, his nervous eyes glistening.

He was quite unreasonable now—panicky; but subconsciously trying to get his nerves untangled. Men he would have faced with courage—but these loathy, crawling, scaly things! With despair, he wished that he had never undertaken this, even for three thousand dollars net and upon a command.

Then a new depth opened within him and he felt an access of hate such as he had not known before; thirsting to kill this man. Killing became a sort of necessity, like breathing. To do it anyway—fire point blank at five paces and trust to luck—anything to kill him. For he charged all his perturbation up to Bodet.

It seemed that he had been in the woods for hours, toiling back and forth. To gain this reedy cover he had gone nearly a mile from the place where Bodet and Dorman had waded straight across—slow going, too, with all the twisting and doubling and climbing over obstacles. Bodet might get away from him unless he hurried. Quite unreasonable, like a drunken man, gun in hand, he lunged forward, climbing, wading, mud clogged, suffocated in the rushes, always with nervous eyes alert for an alligator or snake. He got across and reached out to a hanging limb by which to help himself up on the muddy bank.

THEN something long and brown moved on the bank under his eyes, swiftly forming itself into a coil, a diamond shaped head erect at the front, with darting tongue; a tail erect, oscillating briskly. There was a sound as of dried peas shaken in a box. Helter had

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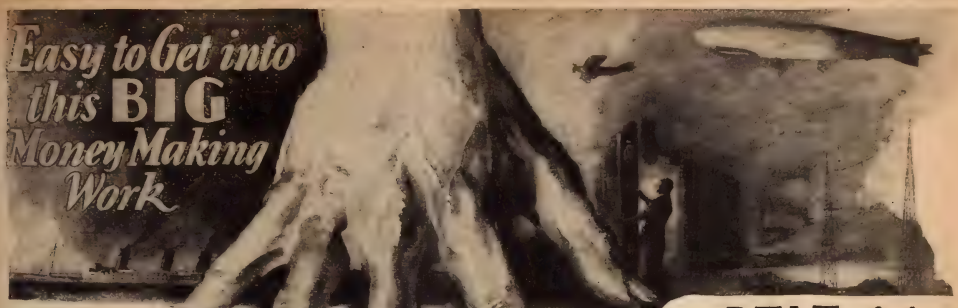
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FOR JULY—Many big things in the way of Special Features and Fiction—Don't miss this issue of Radio Digest.

never seen one before but he knew it was a rattlesnake, under his eyes. He leveled his weapon and fired quickly at the head. The snake leaped in a horrible convulsion, writhing and bleeding, and slipped off into the muddy water . . . But that shot! In the solitude it had roared like a crack of doom.

Helter cursed anew. Of course they would have heard that shot. Everything within a mile must have heard the roar: and after all he might have leaped back, out of the snake's reach, without shooting. Of course he must get away from the spot where his presence had been so advertised as quickly as possible. With that idea, helped by the limb, he sprang to the bank and lunged into the tangled brush, gun in hand, ready, peering ahead with nervous, glistening eyes and dripping with perspiration. It was infamous going, vines and branches impeding him, so that he had no free movement of his arms and legs. He lunged at it desperately, seething with unspoken curses.

The ground seemed clear to the left. He pushed that way. Then through the thinning screen of underbrush he saw a man in the little clearing; a dark, stoutish man with thick lips, in overalls and calico shirt, whose aspect at once appeared to be hostile. The heavy automatic pistol in Helter's right hand moved upward. A pistol shot again rang again in the still air.

FOLLOW the gangsters hunting The Hunter in foreign territory. These adventures, with many thrilling details, will be concluded in the July Radio Digest.

Youth and Pep at WACO

TED JENNINGS and his WACO staff orchestra have gone over with a bang in Waco. Their pep, and unfailingly good music have made this a very popular dance orchestra, and when the placards go out "Music by Ted Jennings and his WACO Staff Orchestra—that peppy bunch in person"—the crowd is assured.

One of the featured entertainers on WACO is Sammie Knox and his marimbaphone. Sammie is able to get more and better music out of his marimba than any youngster has any right to expect he can do; this marimba furnishes a musical background for all announcements on the station—Sammie taking up the melody of the number just finished and playing it softly while the announcer talks. Then as the next musical number begins he fades out. Sammie's "ear-to-ear" grin is the studio decoration.

"Time to hit the air!" is the cry that goes up in the studio when Howard Simons walks in; he always gets there and begins tuning his banjo, just ten seconds before time to hit the air. He is the studio clock. Never was known to be over ten seconds early, so his arrival heralds the approach of the opening announcement. Si is one clever banjoist, and plays a mandolin in his own inimitable manner.

Louie Burns, he of the smart little mustache and sheik-ish atmosphere, is not only staff pianist but a composer. Louie has written some beautiful melodies and one of the jazzier numbers which is enjoying quite a little run in Texas, is his "Bug Shuffle"—just as peppy as it sounds. Louie's pet hobby is a woman—or she will be in another fifteen years; at present she is about the cutest little bundle of baby charms ever seen in any studio—and she's Louie's daughter, Patricia.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Radio Digest, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1930.

State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Cook, }

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. C. Rayner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Radio Digest, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, E. C. Rayner, McCormick Hotel, 616 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Harold P. Brown, 6361 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) E. C. Rayner, McCormick Hotel, 616 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois; George Seaman, 2350 Parkway, West Chicago, Illinois; F. T. Ryan, 510 North Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois; D. R. Seaman, 49 Cedar Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; the state of Joseph Seaman, 411 W. Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois; V. E. Huffer, Hotel Elms, 53rd and Cornell, Chicago, Illinois.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

E. C. RAYNER.
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1930.

(SEAL) Irene Lauer.
(My commission expires Sept. 6, 1932.)

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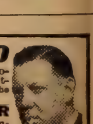


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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown, Editor

July, 1930



AN accomplished vocalist with a lovely contralto voice, Veronica Wiggins may be heard regularly when the Gold Strand Crusaders broadcast their melodies over CBS.

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DEVORA NAL WORNEY fir won her fame on t operatic stage. As t contralto lead Charles Skilton' American Indian ope "Sun Bride" she wa further distinction on NBC a few weeks ag



IF Betsy Ayres could not sing she could most likely act: she is evidently the artistic and apparently temperamental type and has the necessary looks. But she can sing and every Sunday evening at eight o'clock EST is featured over the NBC network.



YOU probably kno Yvonne Larue KYA as Babs of t team of Toby and Ba in the tri-weekly live episode "Colley Daze." She was grad ated from the Unive sity of Washington a is said to retain good deal of the co- vivacity.

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Diamond Award Contest Brings New NOMINATIONS AND VOTES From Enthusiastic Readers—Everywhere

See Rules and Conditions on page 83

THEY ARE beginning to come in now with a vengeance—the nominations and votes for favorite artists, announcers and programs in the Meritum Diamond Award Contest as announced in the April issue of Radio Digest. From 185 nominations announced last month, the number has jumped to 256 at the present, and the end is a long, long way off. The pile of letters which accompanied the ballots lies on the desk before us, and we should like to read every one of them to you here on this page; save that the exigencies of time and space prevent.

Running through those which lie on top of the pile, one is able to get an idea of the extreme diversity which has prevailed in the voting—diversity as to the type of artist or program voted for, and diversity as to the reason for voting for them. For here is a gratifying fact: The majority of voters in casting their ballots gave the *reason* for their choice!

Already—and the contest is just beginning—there seems to be hardly a nook or corner of this wide land which has not a Radio favorite of some kind and wants to vote for him, her or it!

Picking up the first letter, we find that Al. Walker, Birmingham, Ala., entertains not the least doubt in his mind (and there are many who agree with him) that Coon Sanders and his Nighthawks are champion entertainers of all time.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

"I wish you much success, Coon!" says Mr. Walker, "for you have worked hard to become the success you are . . . You are doing more for mankind than can be explained. You'll get every vote I can corral for you!"

"The delightful humor of Joe and Vi," writes Algira Truska of 196 New York Avenue, Newark, N. J., "is unapproached by that of any other comedian or comedienne, regardless of fame, fatuousness or frivolity. With so many artists and programs, it is hard to make a selection of a favorite dramatist, humorist or musician. BUT, in the case of Joe and Vi it is different: when such boisterous facetiousness is conveyed into our homes through the medium of Radio, and with such a predominant abundance of unusual predicaments so compatible and appealing to our avarice for unique amusement, they must 'receive such typical and applicable laudations as these.'" (Whew!) Reduced to the least common denominator one would rather guess that the writer of that letter likes the artists in question—Joe and Vi. And there are lots of others who do, too.

Gene and Glenn on WTAM are the ideal entertainers of the Radio world for Mrs. Frank Rehberg, Maybee, Michigan.

In voting for the Willy and Lilly, the KMOX stars of St. Louis, Charles H. Foley, 5303 Landsdowne Ave., Kansas City, Mo., thinks these two entertainers are a better team than Amos and Andy, the reason being mainly that "having a woman character so cleverly impersonated together with the clever, snappy singing, makes Lilly and Willy's act not so dry as the Amos and Andy episodes."

From way down South in old Vicksburg, Miss., Mrs. L. A. Ledbetter, 912 Belmont St., wishes it generally known that the Interwoven Pair, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who broadcast over the N. B. C. chain should "take the cake."

"There are many good programs to be heard," says Mrs. Ledbetter, "but I could lose them all if Jones and Hare continued to give us such versatile entertainment."

And here, among these first few letters in the pile, is one from Anne Woods Hymel, 918 E. 104 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., which shows that among the favorites who broadcast, all are not merely fun makers. Mrs. Hymel thinks that the Pure Food talks of Dr. Alfred W. McCann of WOR, Newark, N. J., are earnest, full of important information and delivered in a most pleasing heart-to-heart manner. Best of all, Doctor McCann's food talks, when taken to heart and acted upon, do lead to improved health. Now that is what we call a most logical reason for voting for one's favorite!

"I tune in nearly all stations," writes Miss Ruth Palmer of Breckenridge, Tex., "but I always dial back to KMOX, St. Louis, to pick up 'Blue Steele.' Enter my nomination for him."

Here is a nomination for Harold Keane, the sunshine boy of WJR, Detroit. Although Harold is blind, he seems to radiate sunshine through the waves of the ether, according to Mrs. J. R. Franco, Detroit.

"Please let us have a picture and write-up of the Smith Family of WENR, Chicago," writes Miss Augusta Collins of Talequah, Oklahoma. The Smith Family's picture was carried

(Continued on page 61)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

*I Nominate*_____

*Station*_____
(Call Letters)
in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

*Signed*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Number 5

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

_____ _____
(Name of Program) (Call Letters)

_____ _____
(City) (State)

*Signed*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Advance Tips

WE ARE pleased to announce and introduce to you Mr. Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, distinguished author and journalist from West Virginia, who joins the editorial staff of Radio Digest. Mr. Eskew's latest book, "The Pageant of the Packets," is one of the current contributions of the New York publishers, Henry Holt and company. Book reviewers throughout the country have unanimously praised his literary talent. He will conduct Indi-gest, station features and contribute special articles.

* * *

And because of Mr. Eskew's special qualifications we have shoved over to him the mountain of manuscripts that came in for the Amos and Andy sketch contest. It was and is a big job—too big and too important to be decided hastily. But Mr. Eskew says positively that he will be able to award the prizes and announce the winners in the August number of Radio Digest.

* * *

Amateur literary aspirants have just about swamped us. Besides the Amos and Andy sketches we also received something like a thousand final chapters to the Dubronsky mystery story that appeared in the April number. The winners of this contest and the final chapter will be decided in time for the August number.

* * *

OPINIONS of representative negroes, including those of preachers, lawyers, doctors, barbers and just every day black folks concerning the effect of the Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts on the colored people of America will be printed in the August Radio Digest. Also new stories about the comedians themselves, in addition to the contest results. Keep up with Amos 'n' Andy in this series.

* * *

Evans E. Plummer, who has been writing and editing Radio subjects since the beginning of broadcasting, brings you a gossipy story of some of the old timers in Old Home Week in this issue. Next month he will tell you where Graham McNamee, Jessica Dragonette, Olive Palmer and many others are spending their vacations and what they are doing to spend them. It will be intimate and especially interesting.

* * *

When Will Rogers was a boy—well, that's promised to us to begin in the very near future. We have arranged for a series of articles about Will Rogers and we hope to have the first installment in August. The writer has known the cowboy philosopher ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper.

* * *

"Terror," and that is the title of a short historical story by Rupert Hughes which you will find in the Anniversary Radio Digest next month. Did you ever hear of the time when there were slaves in New York? Did you know that the city was terrified by the suspicion that the slaves were going to rise up, overthrow the whites and take possession of the city? Read about those tumultous times in the next Radio Digest. Remember, Rupert Hughes is the author.

Across the Desk

RADIO DIGEST has always maintained a jealous integrity in the awar of its prizes. There are no wishes to be considered except the wi of the reader and the pronouncement of his vote. The magazine can onl fulfill its promise. Sometimes, to be sure, it has been secretly hoped tha certain results would eventuate whereby the achievement of the winne would reflect a certain amount of prestige and glory on the doner. In fac it has been known to happen that such hopes have come within bounds c reasonable expectation so that plans were formulated for a ceremoniou presentation before dignitaries of state and nation. But the voters decree otherwise. Their choice indicated a winner more or less remote from th bright lights. The rules were specific. Their decision was inexorable. Th prize was awarded accordingly. Whatever of criticism or obliquy migh fall on the winner outside the honorable compliance of the rules of th contest had no bearing on the just award of the prize. Radio Digest ha had only one certain course to pursue. It has no protest, defense or apolog to offer, not even a regret that it could not carry out the gala event tha had been proposed.

* * *

Dr. Powers tells us in these pages that the darlings of the talkies ar fairly tumbling over themselves these days to be heard on the continenta programs. Now wouldn't you expect them to do just that! It's perfectl all right and as it should be. We must smile, one teeny weeny bit thoug because it seemed to take them so long to wake up to what it was all abou How well we recall the embarrassed or perhaps a trifle bored accents of th great screen deities piping out at us from the loud speaker. Such inanities Such condescension! "You have been used to seeing me but not hearin me, and now you hear me but don't see me, ha, ha, ha!" Idols with feet c clay! Profiles of the gods, clacking tongues! But mike walked right up o the stage hand in hand with the camera and gave orders. Skilled continuit writers have rushed to the rescue. The earth moves. The little discs an dials of adjustment click into place. Tranquil ecstacy resumes, the Talki Stars are in their heaven and all is well with the world.

* * *

One of the things that the popularization of Radio has accomplished i to bring into existence a new technique of literary expression. And thereb is offered to aspiring writers a new field of endeavor. For readers it afford a new grasp of what the author has in mind—a device conceived and fostere for Radio dramatics.

In short, the new medium is the direct result of Radio and talking pic ture methods. As tangible evidence of this fact, a new book done in wha might be termed "popularized continuity" has just been published by th Talking Pictures Publishing Co. of New York. Its author, H. J. Spivack in a foreword, explains his endeavors as follows:

> In presenting this book to the reading public the author is making an experiment in an entirely new form in the new moving picture medium of sound. It is believed that the photoplay, now that it has achieved dialogue, can well take its place beside the printed play in literature, lying somewhere between it and the novel. This book has been prepared with a double purpose in view: The prompt book idea of the separate paragraphs for each action, movement and sound. Stage direction has been employed as an aid to the director, but the numbering of scenes has been avoided lest it confuse the reader.

In this way the author "sets the stage" so that the play may go forwar in just the proper way to carry the tale. The new book (it is calle *The Broken Melody*), is handled so that readers by the simple use of printe stage direction may "get" the scene as well as the talk.

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The Youth, Radio

By M. H. Aylesworth

President, National Broadcasting Company

RADIO BROADCASTERS are a little bit touchy about one phrase so often heard. That phrase heard a dozen times a day from people outside of the studios is, "Well, Radio is just in its infancy." Relatively when one considers the development of such industries as steel making, transportation, and construction work, Radio is a mere infant. Radio broadcasting as we know it is just past its tenth birthday but it is a veritable gargantua among the industries.

While frowning upon the implication that the business is an infant the broadcasters admit and proudly admit its youth. It is one thing to be an infant—crawling aimlessly about, but it is another thing to be a youth stalking purposefully toward achievements and laughing at the idea of, "It can't be done because it has never been done before." The spirit of Radio is the spirit of youth. It is a spirit of try anything once. It is a spirit that combines imagination and vision, a love for hard work, and an unconquerable enthusiasm.

The persons who do the work in Radio are young in years and spirit. It is true that the age of the average employee of the National Broadcasting Company is many years below forty and it is likewise true that regardless of actual age each worker has the vision, ambition, and enthusiasm that is in harmony with the entire enterprise.

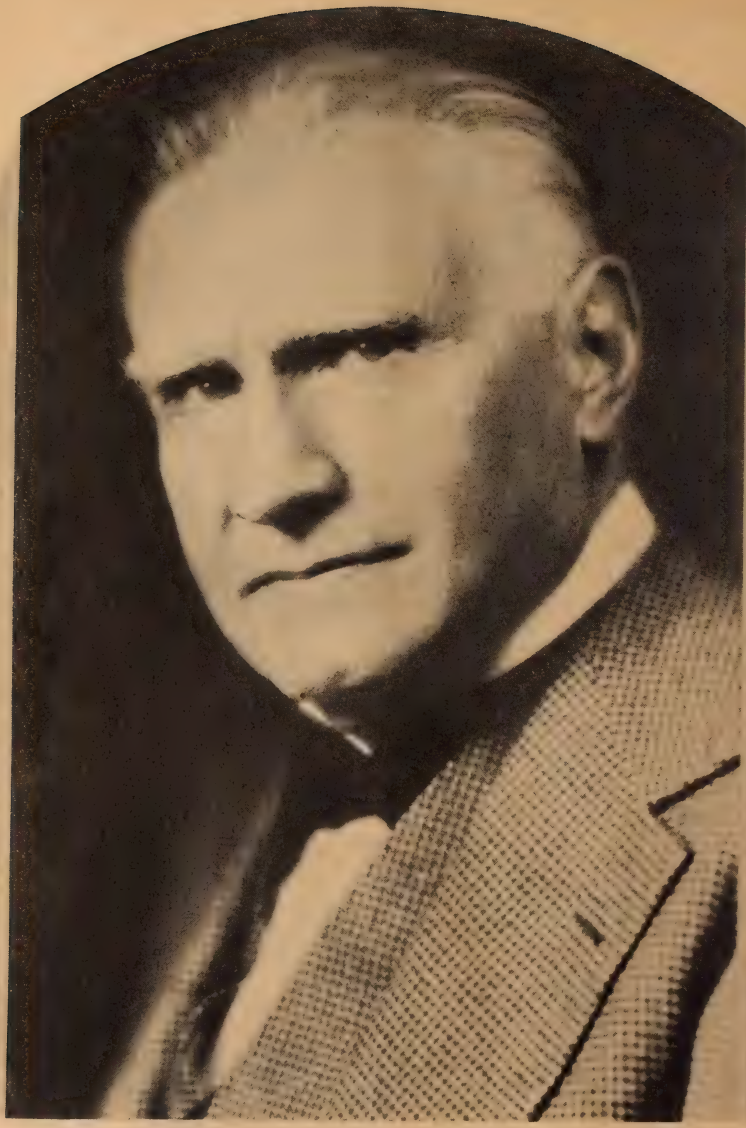
Youth is a creative age. It is an age when precedents are disregarded, old forms are scorned, and amazing experiments are conducted. Radio is an industry in which precedents are disregarded for there are no precedents, where old forms are scorned because they do not fit the new medium, and where amazing experiments are conducted because no man can predict the limits of the force that makes broadcasting possible.

It took vision and youth to launch the series of arduous experiments and tests that culminated in the international exchange of Radio programs.

It took courage and vision to take a Radio transmitting set thousands of feet above the earth in an airplane and to broadcast successfully from that point.

It took faith and foresight to invest millions of dollars in the thousands of miles of specially engineered wire lines that make possible network broadcasting.

It took every virtue of youth and some of youth's criticized recklessness to do what has been done in the past ten years to create the greatest system of giving to all the world the best in education, the best in culture, and the best in amusement and entertainment.



WALTER DAMROSCH, premier of American maestros, was the first composer of an intrinsically American opera. He is a born musician. He is fond of people. His Radio school thrills him. On the opposite page David Ewen who told you about George Gershwin brings you a close-up view of Dr. Damrosch.

Aids Your Music Appreciation

Walter Damrosch Enthused Over Radio Facilities by Which He Teaches 5,000,000 Young Americans in One Class—Study of His Personality

By David Ewen

TWO years ago, Walter Damrosch was approached with two flattering contracts. Acceptance of one precluded, of course, acceptance of the other—and both were of a sufficiently attractive nature to encourage considerable vacillation. One of them came from the offices of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, offering him the enviable post of principal conductor at a still more enviable salary. The other was sent to him by the National Broadcasting Company of New York, where he has been identified.

The one appealed strongly because it brought with it the prestige of conducting the world's greatest and most celebrated orchestra; the other offered an infinitely larger audience than any concert orchestra could and, therefore, brought with it limitless educational possibilities—possibilities which Walter Damrosch, ever the messenger of good music, was keen enough to perceive at once.

Instinctively, however, Damrosch was far more attracted to the educational possibilities of the Radio than to prestige. For prestige no longer held that glittering attraction for this silver-haired, pleasant-faced musician who, at twenty-three, conducted in one of the greatest opera-houses in the world, who had been friend to Liszt and Wagner and who, for forty years, had walked at the side of musical immortals. Prestige no longer seemed so enticing, especially since he had already so very much of it. And so, a signed contract was returned to the National Broadcasting Company—and the Philharmonic had to satisfy itself with a gentle and benign refusal. Sincere regrets were mutual.

DAMROSCH loves leisure and yet he is always busy with a day that is chronicled with active work. His habit is to arise at 7, dress precisely (with preference for a plain yellow tie) and start out for a stroll through Central park. He walks for an even hour before sitting down to a hearty breakfast. Then comes the morning paper and at 9 o'clock he is ready for business which begins with the mail. He reads every letter sent to him by Radio listeners from all sections of the country. Callers are received at 11 o'clock—embryo philharmonic conductors, composers, interviewers, young musicians trying-to-get-along and social representatives. Afternoons are devoted to quiet study and reading. In the evening he goes to a concert, a theatre or is at home with congenial friends. Mr. Ewen presents you with a most intimate introduction to this great maestro who was one of the first of the most distinguished artists to recognize the art of Radio.

Today, Damrosch will tell you—and his pleasant smile will emphasize the fact that he speaks truthfully—that he has never regretted this decision; that, on the contrary, his work in the field of the Radio has given him far more happiness than it would ever have been possible for him to attain even at the head of such an orchestra as the Philharmonic. If you care to listen, he will recite to you a series of figures, figures which mean so very much to him that he has engraved them indelibly upon his memory and that he is always spouting at the slightest encouragement, figures which, in truth, speak far more eloquently than any words.

It is estimated that 8,000,000 people throughout the country listen in every Saturday night to his weekly broadcast. As the head of the Philharmonic, if he were to conduct every one of the 100 concerts the orchestra gives during a season and to a capacity audience of 3,000 at each concert, *he would have to conduct 26 years before he reached the audience he reaches during one Saturday night broadcast!*

This, of course, does not include the 5,000,000 children who listen to him eagerly in schoolrooms every Friday morning. And when one remembers—Damrosch will continue as an enthusiastic epilogue to his enthusiastic recital—that these concerts are listened to, for the most part, not by trained music-lovers, but rather by novices, people who are now being introduced to good music for the first time, then do we realize the true importance of his work. Through the microphone Damrosch is making America a country of music-lovers!

WALTER DAMROSCH is now sixty-eight years old—and except for his silver hair, age has not left any fingerprints upon him. He has the indefatigable energies, the buoyant enthusiasm for his work, the zeal and the ideals of a youth. And he looks as young as he acts. His skin is smooth and healthy; his eyes are bright, sharp and kind; his physique impressive. He dresses immaculately. His yellow tie (he has a preferance for bright one-colored ties) blends with his blue suit, which is always neatly pressed; his shoes are always shined—dark black with decorative perforations in the front. He seems, indeed, to be in the very prime of life.

He comes from a family of musicians. Dr. Leopold Damrosch, his father was one of the greatest conductors of his time—the founder of the New York Symphony Society and the Oratorio Society of New York the first conductor of Wagner at the Metropolitan Opera House, a musician of international repute. His older brother is Frank Damrosch (christened by none other than Franz Liszt) who is now head of the Institute of Musical Art, New York. He was born, not in America as so many believe, but in Breslau, Germany, and on the day of his birth the foremost musicians of Germany were at his home to commemorate the event. Richard Wagner was supposed to be the godfather but at the last moment Wagner demurred because, having christened another son of Dr. Leopold, a son who died shortly afterwards, Wagner firmly maintained that the same misfortune that followed him throughout life would curse whomever was near him—and so he would not blight the life of this newcomer. A substitute was hurriedly procured—and the babe who was supposed to have been called Richard Wagner Damrosch was now named Walter.

When Walter was five years old his family migrated to America where Dr. Leopold hoped to attain a musical connection equal to that of his acquaintance, Dr. Theodore Thomas in Chicago. They lived in a small and cramped apartment on 23rd Street near Third Avenue and Walter was sent to Public School 40, on the same street, to acquire his early education. It was shortly after his arrival in America that he made his debut, somewhat inauspiciously to be sure, as an orchestra-member. His father was at that time rehearsing Schubert's "Die Hausliche Krieg" and a passage in the March of the Crusaders required the crash of a cymbal.

To hire a man merely to crash a cymbal once was, of course, out of the question—and so Dr. Leopold enlisted the services of his bright six-year-old son. For hours the father trained Walter how and when to crash the cymbal and then, at last, he felt that young Walter had learned his lesson well. At the performance, however, something inexplicable occurred to shatter all of Dr. Leopold's confidence in his son. The excitement was of such a great strain to the young musician that, when the strategic moment arrived for him to crash his cymbal, his hands simply would not move. He saw his father give him the signal once again, looking at him with fire in his eyes—but nothing, not even the greatest effort on Walter's part, could raise those two stiff hands to crash that cymbal. After that performance, Dr. Leopold mumbled angrily that Walter would make a far better shoemaker than musician in later life!

IT REQUIRED a tragedy to give Walter his first great opportunity to reveal his talents as conductor. Dr. Leopold Damrosch died in 1885, in the midst of launching the first Wagner cycle at the Metropolitan Opera House. A hurried substitute was needed and young Walter, then in his twenty-third year—known to all of them to be a good musician with a sound training—was asked to take the baton for a short while until a permanent conductor could be found.

But there was found in his baton something of the power and magic of Dr. Leopold's conducting and so the bewildered officials happily and unanimously decided that the son was fully capable of carrying on the work of the father.

He was offered $8,500 a year—and he accepted eagerly. His unique success as the head of the Wagner forces at the Metropolitan soon inspired him to continue his father's work in other

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WILL ROGERS TAKES MIKE in HAND

Famous Cowboy Humorist Laughs at Wild Bulls and Crazy Horses—Tin Ear Mike Makes Him Sweat and Chew Gum

By **Dr. Ralph L. Power**
Special Representative of Radio Digest

WILL ROGERS, the fearless wise-cracking genius of the age takes mike in hand—AT LAST! And there's murder in his eye.

He stalled, he wouldn't, he ducked and dodged, swore to high heaven he would have nothing to do with the bloody thing, money couldn't hire him, and all that—but at last it got him. Will Rogers and Squibbs tooth paste!

Poor William. At last he has met his Waterloo. The homely philosophic sage has clasped hands with royalty and has hob-nobbed with the elite. He is equally at home in Palm Beach, Florida, or Palm Springs, California.

Before the footlights nothing daunts Professor Rogers. He can grasp an educated pen in his pudgy fist, or coax along an intelligent typewriter, and produce gems of human literature. When it comes to lassooing wild cayuses or taming garter snakes he is undoubtedly without a peer.

But when it comes to the microphone . . . Oh, boy, he's lost, and how.

You can dash around to the corner newsstand and buy a paper with Will's daily dope in it, or maybe a magazine in which he exposes sundry glances at the world's famous. Or you can blithely trip into the town picture palace and see Will's noble physiognomy in his first picture, "They Had to See Paris," and possibly his latest, "The Connecticut Yankee." If the mood just can't be shaken off, you can go to the village library and read one of his books.

BUT even if you do any or all of these things you will discover nary a line about his Radio performances. So this little yarn will tell you something about the human side of this fine American who always does things in a large way—gum chewing, rope throwing Will Rogers.

No matter how much he writes and talks about airplanes, he can't use one to get in the middle of the metropolitan area, so he rides in the family motor car, one of 'em, at least.

You know Will used to live in Beverly Hills. If you read up on history you will find that he was mayor. In back of his mansion was a low rangy stucco building with red tile roof.

"Come on out in back, boys, and see the barn," Rogers used to say to visitors, and they'd go back into the fine up-to-date structure. But, instead of cow ponies or cattle, there would be a flock of motor cars.

Will would shut his eyes and chant . . . eenie, meenie, minie, mo . . . open the orbits and pick out one to use for the day.

But some time ago the noted philosopher-humorist sold the place and moved down towards the ocean where he has a ranch in Santa Monica Canyon. Of course, it wasn't much use to stay around Beverly Hills. Will swelled the population of the town until it got in all the papers and the census gave it a big boost.

Then the realtors put up large signs "Will Rogers Lives Here" to let the tourists know it was a good place to settle down in. So, having been mayor with no local honors left, and the folks settling 'round about too close for comfort, Will herded his kin on a cart and rode down to Santa Monica Canyon.

Maybe he'll get into politics in Santa Monica and run for mayor there. If he does, it will be in a large sized way. First he will run for official dog catcher, then for truant officer and gradually work up the scale of political plums.

JUST at the present moment the ranch is getting settled and only the help stay there regularly. "Just goin' to build a little shack there this summer," confides Will, so we can rest assured that his new home will not run over a couple of million dollars and with not more than thirty rooms and sixteen baths.



"Did you ever notice that when you hear about the Prince of Wales falling off his horse the horse falls too? How ken you blame the Prince?"

Right in the center of the rancho he plans a polo field, for polo to Will Rogers is about like golf to the rest of us. He takes his game seriously and every few Sundays he plays at the Uplifters Club field down near the beach. And of course a good many of you who read this will remember that exactly a year ago he played in an exhibition game in Los Angeles at night time in the Coliseum during the electrical pageant of the Shrine Convention.

While this story is being written his boy is playing at the Uplifters Club and the old man is cheering wildly from the little grand stand.

Perhaps I ought to stop the story long enough to explain two things. The chambers of commerce will want me to explain that the word "realtor," means real estate expert. and thus definitely setting aside any and all rumors that it is a word taken from el toro, the bull.

Then let me say, for my own satisfaction, that anything in Southern California with more than two things is a rancho. In the early days of the dons it took at least 40,000 acres to call a land grant a rancho.

But nowadays two acres make a rancho, two banana palms a banana rancho, two chickens a chicken rancho . . . but why prolong this. You must get the idea by now or you never will.

So, to go back to the story. The past few months Will and his family have had a little bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I wouldn't want to get the manager of the hostelry thinking that I believe his place isn't quite ritzy, but the fact remains that Will's bungalow isn't so very much.

It is a small five or six-roomed affair . . . one that could conceivably be rented for about forty dollars.

THE Rogers heirlooms are crowded in the place just now and not the least is his pet collection of paintings and statues of cowboys and range life. He has spent a round sum of coin to gradually gather the assortment from various places. Works by Russell are chiefly featured, and I hope Will leaves provision for sending this collection over to the Huntington Library and

Art Gallery when he no longer needs it, for the material forms the nucleus of a genuinely worthwhile collection.

The children have been going to school, of course, in the winter months, so this make-shift bungalow life has served its purpose. But they will soon go to the rancho. That is where they have been spending the week-ends all through the spring and the place from which Mr. Rogers sets forth on a Sunday night for KHJ, the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System for his Sunday night talks.

I'd like to be able to say that he nonchalantly signals Jevnes, the chauffeur, squeezes into the rear compartment of the imported machine and speeds silently along the smooth highways and byways for which the golden state is noted.

But as a matter of fact, Mistuh Rogers does nothing of the sort. He jumps in a two-year-old car that has seen much mileage and better days and steps on the throttle and chugs away. Of course he has some extra fine cars, but he likes to take the older models and drive himself.

If you arch your eyebrows and mutter anything, Will says sort of sheepish-like, "Lousy old boat, isn't she? But, say, you oughta see her go."

So at last we have him on the way to the big city. Will, after all, is intensively, almost fiercely, interested in people. True, he frequently isolates himself for days at a time to keep his distance from curious sightseers.

BUT Broadcaster Rogers takes keen delight in studying facial types . . . the whims and fancies of folks . . . their apparent trends of thought . . . what they eat . . . how they dress . . . how they spend their time.

How could he write so simply and yet so enlighteningly on problems of the day without being of and among just folks? On the way to the city he doesn't think of his notes or the speech for, he says "'Tain't no use. I wouldn't remember it nohow." But he does look around and sees the ritzy hot dog stands fashioned in architectural style of old Normandy, the gasoline stations designed to simulate feudal castles, the ice cream palaces built to resemble the Eskimo igloos, the wayside orange drink stands erected to look more or less like a real orange . . . and all the other sights that the billboards do not hide. And so he is finally up at the corner of Seventh and Bixel streets at the Don Lee building . . . an eight-story affair with a couple of sub-basements given over to Cadillacs and LaSalle sales and service.

Does he amble into a parking station? He does not. The family bus is all right on the side street and anyway it's insured. Still, for fear you may think him too frugal, he winks an eye and says, "You needn't think I'm the fellow who spanked his cow so as to get whipped cream."

Into the building he walks briskly and takes the elevator to the second floor. Once in awhile he walks up, but mostly the lift is ready and palpitating to go. Invariably he steps down the stone stairway on the return trip.

On the second floor he wends his way carefully through the cars on the showroom floor and peeps around to see what's what and who's hooey. If the station manager is around he says "howdy," and then goes into the studio a full half hour before time to go on.

YOU ought to see the way they rig the place up for him. He doesn't stay put, so they place two condenser microphones on stands and let him stay between them. He can look into either or neither and yet his voice carries out okeh.

Directly in front of where he stands a music rack holds his notes. Then in front of this there is a table on top of which a piano bench rests and on top of that a desk lamp to shine down and light up the manuscript pages.

In case you want to know what the studio itself looks like, I'd say it is about 15 feet wide and a bit more than twice that in depth. At the end is the organ loft separated by an ornate black and silver grill. The studio decorations are lavender and a jade green.

There are deep, plush carpets, inverted lighting, a Theremin, and a baby grand and upright piano. In such surroundings you'd think Will would be at home. But he isn't.

Don't think for a moment that he would admit it. Never. "Never felt more at home in my life. Great place this," he says, but it's pretty hard to believe it.

"You see," he says, "I have all week to think up these gags and when Saturday night comes, just before the weekly bath, I sit down at my rusty old typewriter and punch out these here notes by the one finger system. Maybe you think I'm not good on that typewriter. Man alive, I can make that machine talk.

"Then I don't have to think about it any more until I get up here in old KHJ."

All over the county broadcast men are ready and waiting. The zero hour, or whatever it is they call it, approaches. In KHJ's rooms two telephone men are waiting. They have tested and have been in touch with New York. The lines are all clear. The program goes out directly from KHJ and at the same time goes to the Columbia chain . . . breaking off at points to various stations west of Chicago, while from there it goes to New York and goes back to the stations.

AT ANY rate that is the way it has been explained to me. The original scheme used to be for the broadcast to go to New York and then come back, and I believe this is still the case in some of the network events, but for the Rogers program, at least, this "tricky" method, as the engineers call it, works out rather well.

So Will by this time has about twenty minutes. Witness the scene . . . he madly chews gum generously provided by the gum magnate . . . taps the carpet with his feet . . . stands before the microphones . . . begins his speech for rehearsal, at this time being along in studio "A" with the doors locked, but he never takes the precaution to look in the organ loft for a possible audience.

So he recites to himself. At crucial moments he arches the eyebrows, still chewing choice morsels of gum. Every third minute he changes the script by making a mark or underlining some paragraph. Through all this the rakish hat stays on.

For mannerisms he places hands on hips . . . then in pants pockets . . . still later in coat pocket, reversing the process during the rehearsal and also on the broadcast.

More mannerisms . . . rubs left eyebrow with left hand . . . scratches right ear vigorously . . . pinches nose nervously . . . and goes through these motions five times during time on the air.

"Naw, sir, I'm never nervous," says Will. But he tells the announcer to keep everybody out and the doors locked. However, about five people at a time can peek through the curtain on the door.

The first night Will was downright nervous. The cues were missed, and the first and last part of his speech missed the air. "Most important," says Will. "You gotta hit 'em a punch at the beginnin' and end. Awfully sorry those folks didn't git to hear it all."

Freddy Rich and his orchestra played the overture, or whatever it is the symphonic dance orchestra is supposed to play for the big shots of vaudeville like Rogers. Rich, by the way, played for the King and Queen of England so nothing would do but that he must play for Will, too.

THE orchestra is well along to the end of its twelve minutes of playing. Will looks wildly around the sheltered, cloistered walls, at the deep plush carpet, the futuristic decorations on the wall, at the furniture fashioned in modernistic trend.

On the first night of the series he gasped once, gulped twice, fluttered his hands in a silent gesture of despair and finally waddled to the door and beckoned to a group of studio habitues and the idly curious to come on in and get an earful, to say nothing of good-sized eyeful.

So in they trekked. That was what he wanted. He could look 'em over and get reactions, he thought. But they applauded so wildly and generously that the announcer had to shush them up for the commotion created confusion, sounded terrible over the air and shortened the actual program.

So they stayed shushed. Since then Will does his talking in solitary confinement. "I don't want folks to think I'm highbrowing 'em," he says, "but you know they get in here and sit still and dumb . . . no facial expression at all.

"I spring a good gag and they're afraid to laugh. So I think it's no good and feel bad all over it. It affects my expression, that's what's the matter."

Maybe it is, but just the same Will has a pretty bad case of microphonitis. He's afraid of poor little mike who wouldn't hurt him a bit even if it could.

The last broadcast of the series he's going to have in studios B and C, he says, where they can crowd two or three hundred people in to see the show. "Then I'll watch their faces," he explains, "just like at the show and if my line doesn't go over I can switch around and make 'em laugh. But this here microphone, you can't tell how it's goin' over.

(Continued on page 68)

NEXT month Radio Digest will begin a series of close-up views of Will Rogers by a writer who has known him all his life. You will see him and watch his development from a ten-dollar-a-month cowboy to a five hundred dollar a minute Radio broadcaster.

Read About Will Rogers in August Radio Digest

Amos and Andy JOIN the SHOW

Some of Their Early Experiences on the Stage as Told by Joe Bren Who Hired Them

By Ann Steward

WHY is it that one feels kind of a shivery intoxication when treading close to the pathway that has led others to adoration and great fame?

Still you could scarcely say that Joe Bren is really famous. I only knew that it was his executive acumen—or perhaps a God-given instinct that caused him to pick Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll out of the crowd, teamed them together, and that from this contact there came to be Amos 'n' Andy, the most popular Radio show ever produced.

Joe Bren—not Amos 'n' Andy—was the man I had come to see. Who was Joe Bren? I didn't know—just one of the big guns of the Music Corporation of America. But he had discovered Correll and Gosden—and Correll and Gosden were Amos 'n' Andy. How had he come to do it? How did it happen? What could he tell about it? Did they just naturally take to each other right from the start? What—what—how?

"Mr. Bren, will see you in a minute. Please sit down."

"Thank you." I was in Mr. Bren's office on the nineteenth floor of the Masonic building, near Randolph and State streets, Chicago. It was a large and rather luxuriously furnished room. In the subdued light I could see the man I assumed was Mr. Bren talking on the phone at his desk. I gave a momentary glance to the moving, surging scene far below the window and then turned to a red leather chair. It was restful and suddenly I felt at ease.

The receiver clicked slightly and Mr. Bren faced me inquiringly. "You want to see me?"

"Mr. Bren, I understand that you are the man who brought Amos 'n' Andy together. If that is so, I should like to hear about it." I saw that time was precious to this busy man and that direct questions would please him most.

"Yes, I was more or less responsible. What in particular do you want to know about it?"

"Perhaps it would be best to tell me how you met the boys and then what happened." I was giving a big order, but it was amply filled. And this is Mr. Bren's story in practically his own words:

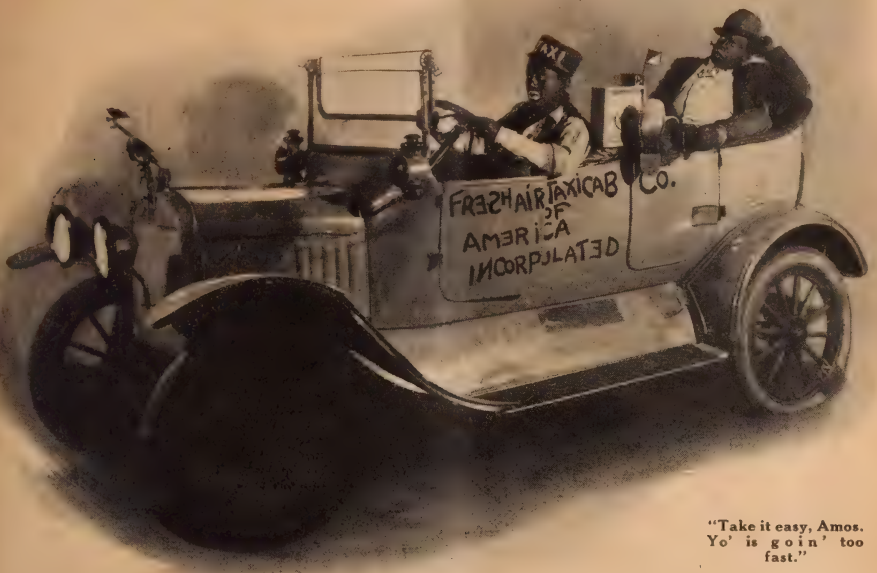
"ABOUT eleven years ago I was in business as a manager of home talent shows. I had under my direction, young men who traveled the country and were called producers. It was their duty to enter a town where a show was to be given, arrange for the talent amongst the people of the town, line up the show itself, produce it and then go on to the next town



"Eight milliun, nine milliun, 'leven milliun"—"How much is dat, Andy? Ain't yo' skip a milliun or two?"

and repeat the same procedure. When unusual talent was discovered amongst the amateurs, the producers usually wrote to me and I investigated the matter. If the performer proved especially good, I would add them to my troupe of regular performers or producers.

"One of these letters came from Davenport, Iowa, telling of a man by the name of Charles J. Correll who was a wizard at the piano and who had some acting ability. I followed up this information and urged Mr. Correll to join my forces.



"Take it easy, Amos. Yo' is goin' too fast."

He accepted and came to Chicago with the railroad fare I wired to him. I put him to work on his arrival and instructed him, in the meantime, to put on plays and in short to become one of my producers. He was a clever fellow and one of the finest men I have ever met. He learned the busines easily and soon found himself on the road producing shows for me. From the very first, he was successful and popular. His easy good nature got him across more hard places than I have time to tell of and made him a host of friends as well.

"Just about this time another communication reached me from Richmond, Virginia, telling of the extraordinary ability of a man by the name of Freeman F. Gosden. I repeated my former procedure and soon found that Gosden was also an able producer and another man of the highest type. He was especially clever as a black face end man in minstrel shows and his negro dialect was enviable. I put him down as a chap who would make something of himself before long, but I never foresaw the lasting brilliance of fame that surrounds Amos 'n' Andy.

"I put Correll with the straight theatrical productions and his work there was more than laudable. It might be interesting to know that he was so well liked wherever he went, he found himself the recipient of a host of wonderful gifts from the towns folk. Sometimes he would come back to Chicago looking like a walking pawn shop, covered with watches, rings, pins and other gifts. Each article was an expression of good will from the people he worked with, but it never went to his head. He was always pleased, but his natural role as a hard worker was never deserted.

"SOMETIMES mayors, senators, governors and men who have since distinguished themselves in the affairs of the world, would take part in the shows Correll produced, but these big men shared alike with the lesser known people under Correll's management. When they were doing good work, they were left alone, when they made a mistake they were called to account in no uncertain terms, but they took it good naturedly. I might say that Charles Correll has reprimanded, bossed and called down more famous people than most of us shake hands with in the space of a lifetime. But it made no difference to him. When he was working there was no class distinction amongst the people with whom he worked.

"Gosden was very much the same way. However, he had many funny experiences, due to his inability to play the piano. One almost got him into serious trouble, but when I recall it, I can't help laughing. It shows Gosden in his true light, earnest, eager to please and forever funny, no matter how serious the situation. He was to produce a show in Taladega, Alabama, a little town just a few miles from Birmingham. On his arrival in Taladega, he searched immediately for a piano player. That was always his first move, for he would rehearse with the pianist in the afternoon and that evening he would begin practice with the home talent. Of course, if the pianist was poor, he was practically handicapped from the start.

"In Taladega it seems there was a peculiar scarcity of people who could manage a piano and the only possible applicant was a young lady who was not so good even though she was the best available. That evening after the practice, Gosden was talking to a group of townsmen about the show. Someone asked him how he liked the pianist.

"'Oh, she's terrible—simply awful,' Gosden replied and immediately received a gentle kick in the shins from one of his listeners. 'I mean she's pretty bad,' he amended.

"A burly fellow glowered at him and asked: 'What did you say, young man?'

"Again the kick in the shins. 'She's not so good,' Gosden replied, smilingly.

"'What do you mean?' growled the amateur strong man menacingly.

"After the faithful, friendly kick had been received, Gosden said: 'Oh, she'll do.'

"'She's no good, huh?' The pugnacious customer began to roll up his sleeves and thrust out his square jaw.

"The answering kick from the solicitious listener was by no means gentle. Gosden swallowed a yell of pain. 'Say, she's the best piano player I ever had. She's wonderful—great!'

"Wreathed in smiles the big one departed with a chuckled, 'that's better.'

"Gosden wiped the sheepish grin from his face and turned to the energetic administrator of shin kicks. 'What's the big idea?' he demanded crossly, rubbing the sore leg.

"'Wal, that guy was the girl's brother. He's a tough one and he would have killed you if you had said anything bad about his sister.' Gosden looked speculatively at the broad back



"Taxi, mistah? Whah yo' wanna go? De fresh air don' cost no mo'."

retreating down the street and rubbed his chin reflectively.

"'Aw, she's not so bad,' he was heard to murmur.

"THE SHOW went on in time and Gosden escaped from Taladega with no broken bones. Thereafter, it might be well to remember, he took great pains to investigate the probability of interested relations before he publicly slandered any of the talent. Had he not, I am afraid there would have been no meek Amos to annoy Andy.

"But Correll and Gosden not only saved the day for themselves often enough, they did several good stunts for me. One time the boys and I were together playing a show in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Just after the show went on a tornado with all the accompanying stage affects burst into town with angry persistance. The lights went out, the storm raged and the audience was panic stricken, but Correll and Gosden took matters in their own hands and saved lives as well as the show. For one hour they cracked jokes, sang songs and entertained generally to a crowded gathering of terrified people in a pitch black house. When the storm had blown itself out, the show went on. Correll and Gosden slipped back into their parts and five minutes later no one would have known that anything unusual had happened. Good troupers, they were.

"Well, about this time, I put Correll in full charge of the theatrical line and took Gosden with me to Nashville, where I was planning to add a circus department to my routine. Neither one of us knew a thing about circuses, but when we got there, we put on a brave smile and promised a full fledged circus to the inhabitants of Nashville.

"That night we went to our hotel room—we used to bunk together on these trips and sit up half the night discussing our plans—and Gosden smiled at me gloomily. 'Well, Joe, we promised them nothing more impossible than the city hall, why not throw in the hotel and make a real splash?' I don't remember what I replied but it was sarcastic and indicative of very low spirits. Undismayed, Gosden drew up a chair, leaned back and grinned. 'Let's go, Joe. We can do it, we only have to find out how. Now, we can—' and we were deep in plans, no matter how inadequate they proved to be later on.

"We put on the circus in time and, though it was a big loss to us, we stuck to the idea and Gosden figured out our mistakes. We worked on circuses for a long time and finally we found what we could do and what we should not try to do. The main and most important result was that Gosden was put in charge of the circus department and he made a big success of it. Never in my contact with the two boys, and I had plenty of it, did I have a disagreeable moment. They were always optimistic, good natured and resourceful. Needless to say, they were my two best men.

"I SOON found that they both had a bottomless fund of human nature information. We used to write many skits, plays and acts together and what we wrote was alway sure fire. Though both the boys were naturally clean minde it was then they learned that only clean humor would b allowed in the shows, and that only the clean stuff was wort using in the long run.

"Sometimes men would come to them and say: 'Liste I know a grand gag, it's a little off color, but it's good. Onc there were two traveling salesmen, see?' They'd listen re spectfully to the joke and then they would reply: 'Sorry, w can't use that unless Mr. Bren at headquarters passes on i We'll telegraph him, if you like.'

"Of course that was only a stall, because they knew as we as I what was acceptable and what was not, but that repl usually called an end to the matter. The joke never wen on, and I don't think either Correll or Gosden ever, befor or after their work with me, put a slightly suggestive jok before the public. That is one of the things that is ou standing in their Amos 'n' Andy. It's always good clea humor that no one criticizes and everyone with a normal min can get a chuckle out of.

"My own two kids won't go to bed until Amos 'n' And are on and off the air. It makes their bed time rather lat but that can't be helped. I don't care what those two blac face comedians say, in character or out, my kids can take all in, laugh and go to bed, so much the better for what the have heard. I'm sure parents all over the country feel th same way as I do about it. Clean fun is always acceptabl everywhere. It's something I have always maintained in m own business, but I don't want any one to feel that I wan credit for that or any other feature of Amos 'n' Andy. M influence may have been helpful, although they had the good before I ever saw them.

"But to get back to my story. All this time I was workin with the Shriners and Elks. Practically all of the things put on, shows, circuses or minstrels, were either Shriner o Elk performances. It was through the two brotherhood that I really came in contact with the boys, you know.

"Well, I made plans to put on a show in Minneapolis whic was the outstanding lodge in the country, the outstandin Elk lodge, I should say. Their Glee Club was the priz winner that year, 1920 or '21, I think it was. Nevertheless, was one marvelous Glee Club. I planned to use this choru as a background to the minstrel show in which I was to us my very best performers. Correll and Gosden were the en men and I led the orchestra. It turned out to be a wonderfu show, too.

"MINNEAPOLIS took the show so well, I decided on course which, though at the time seemed pretty much o a gamble, turned out to be one of the best pieces of busines I had done up to that time. The Elks National conventio was to be held in California that year and I decided to tak my Minneapolis show intact to California, Glee Club and al and give four performances there during the conventio Those shows were to be gratis. The expenses for the tri I hoped to make by giving the here and there along the route both out and back.

"We chartered a special train of fourteen cars for th whole thing, which was a big expense, but it was the onl possible way we could attack the job ahead of us. It was splendid season. We scraped through finances rather we and we came back from California with real cheer in ou hearts. One memorable experience with the boys, I cannc help but relate. I don't think their past financial difficultie will have much bearing on their present. While we were o the trip, I used to settle my expenses immediately after th show every night so that I would know just where we stood The performers used to line up outside of my office car an wait anxiously for their money—we never knew just hov much or how little it would be.

"After three or four of these pay days, I learned to expec Correll and Gosden at the head of the line, always broke always cheerful, always ready to spend their whole earning each day and trust to luck for their next day's meals. don't think that I ever saw the two boys at that time whe they weren't either broke or about to be broke. Of cours it is a very different story now, but never once did I hear word of complaint out of either one of them. They tool what was coming to them and when that was gone the waited patiently for the next stipend. That very seldon made an important touch for cash.

"And then soon after that came the Radio and its popu larization. It was the beginning of the end for our roa shows. Even then, I don't think I foresaw what would happe to my two best end men, and perhaps if I had, I wouldn't hav been so eager and ready to push them into their first Radi appearances which so quickly changed their careers. Al though I should hate to think back now and realize that I ha deprived America of two of its most popular and best like comedians.

"But it's remarkable how unexpectedly and quickly thing happen. It is popularly known that the boys first appeare over WEBH then owned by the Herald and Examiner news paper. That is not exactly true. I had made an appoint

ment for the boys to give an audition before Mr. Boneil, who was the manager of the station, the Thursday of that particular week, but they went on the air for the first time earlier in the week. We were playing in Joliet the first part of that week. There was a Radio station there then, so small a one that I don't even remember the call letters. At that time, when Radio was really in its infancy, the studio managers were often hard put to it to find people who could and would broadcast. They often asked players in shows or vaudeville to appear before the microphone to fill up the gaps in their programs. So it was through this medium that the boys first went on the air.

"THE MANAGER of the Joliet station came to me and asked me if I had any talent that I would care to loan him. With the future audition of the two boys in mind, I offered the services of Correll and Gosden, for I realized it would give them a chance to familiarize themselves with playing to an unresponsive mike. Of course, the boys were more than glad to grab at any chance to get on the air and they went, calmly serene, to the little Joliet station to put their voices on the air for the first time in their lives.

"They only knew one song well enough to put on the air, so they sang that. It was a medley starting with some sort of a verse about everybody happy or something to that effect and then swung into a number of popular songs of the day. Correll played the piano and Gosden strummed the banjo. They seemed to have mike sense naturally and they went out very well. The Thursday of that week they played and sang the same number for Mr. Boneil and it was the song that put them on the air every week through that spring and summer as Correll and Gosden on WEBH.

"I think most everybody is fairly familiar with what happened after that. The fall of their first year on the air, Correll and Gosden conceived the idea of Sam 'n' Henry and WGN accepted it with some misgivings, perhaps, but accepted it nevertheless. I had nothing to do with this skit. Correll and Gosden originated the idea, wrote their own lines and planned their own methods of deliverance. I knew of the plan and the boys consulted with me, but Sam 'n' Henry and the subsequent Amos 'n' Andy belongs to them alone and entirely.

"The day after WGN accepted Sam 'n' Henry, Gosden walked into my office with his characteristic smile and remarked: 'Well, Joe, I guess we've struck oil.' He said it simply and quietly, without the slightest boastful swagger. Little did any one of us realize how deep and full that oil well was destined to be.

"While at WGN the boys continued with their singing as well as the Sam 'n' Henry act. Their programs were all tremendously popular, but after a while they gave up so much singing. Prior to their break with WGN they held a weekly feature called the Pepper Party that was mostly dance music interspersed with bits of their own humor, they did the announcing and some of their songs. But Sam 'n' Henry demanded more and more of their time and they finally gave everything else up in favor of the comic strip of the air.

"FOR a while at WMAQ the boys put on a clever minstrel show. Of course, they had all the experience they could use to draw from and they did their job particularly well, but Amos 'n' Andy will always be the best work they have ever done, and if anyone thinks they don't work, try it some time.

"No, I don't think there is any limit to the length of time Amos 'n' Andy will be popular. It will live as long as the boys care to have it and it will always be clean, human and funny. I don't hesitate to say that Amos 'n' Andy are the most popular entertainers on the air and I predict that their place as a feature will never be usurped by anyone.

"The people are beginning to look on Amos 'n' Andy as friends and intimates. You may hear someone say: 'They've been awful the past week.' But go over to their house and if ten-thirty comes in the middle of a potential grand slam at a cent a point, the bridge game is overlooked while the Pepsodent Tooth Paste feature wanders deliberately into the room and presents Amos 'n' Andy for fifteen minutes. It happens in the best regulated families.

"I want to say a word about Correll and Gosden themselves. Each has always been the highest type of man. They haven't forgotten old friends and acquaintances. They still drop in on me and talk over old times. Their success has certainly not gone to their heads, and that proves more than anything does, the kind of men they are. Some are quoted as saying that they don't realize what they have done. They realize, but they don't go around with their heads in the clouds over it. The public only sees the gravy, but they do the work, and when two men work as hard as they do, they aren't apt to be completely unconscious of or bewildered by success. It was coming to them and they're taking it like men. All in all, they are the two finest men I have ever worked with or, for that matter, come in contact with, and I have seen a good deal of the world's population."

As a last question, I asked Mr. Bren: "Do you think Correll and Gosden will ever run out of material for Amos 'n' Andy?"

"No. They will never run out of material as long as there is news in the world. They use current events of interest in their sketch, such as the census takers, for instance, or income tax worried them a short time ago and so on forever. If there is a war, they will enlist their colored characters and continue the sketch. You might as well ask if there is a chance of Sid Smith running out of material for Andy Gump. It isn't possible. As long as the Tribune wants Andy Gump, Sid Smith will write it. As long as the air wants Amos 'n' Andy, Correll and Gosden will write it. And it looks as if these features grow more popular each time one turns around. No, I think Amos 'n' Andy are here to stay. We'll hear from them for some time, I should say."

And so ended my interesting conversation with Joe Bren, the man who knew them when—, the man who worked with Correll and Gosden before they were immersed in the intricacies of the lives of two colored boys and an appallingly open aired taxi cab.



"I is Andrew Brown, president of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated."

Amos and Andy's Dialect—Is It Real?

Going over the hundreds of papers submitted in Radio Digest's Amos and Andy Contest has been an illuminating affair. Probably the most interesting phase of the business has been the diversity of dialects which the contestants put into the mouths of Amos and Andy. And that automatically brings up the question of whether Amos and Andy, in their nightly "spiel" over WMAQ, speak real negro dialect or not. We have some letters on the subject.

"If Amos and Andy would only speak *real* negro dialect," writes Miss Margaret Johnston of Brunswick, Ga., "the illusion of sho' 'nough colored folks talking over Radio would be greatly enhanced. For my part, I have never heard negroes (and I was 'fotched up' among them) talk as these two comedians talk."

Similar protests have been received from dwellers in Virginia, Louisiana, Mississippi and elsewhere. Particularly do the correspondents say that "Andy" Correll's use of the letter "r" in place of "d" (*regusted* instead of *disgusted*, for example) is out of place.

Now that we're on the subject of dialect, just what *is* the genuine brand? There are four distinct types of negro talk spoken in the United States. One—which we can dispose of at once—is the usual stage dialect. It is as unreal and artificial as possible, the blackface comedian usually saying "ah" in place of "I," and similar fictitious words. Then there is the straight ordinary brand of negro dialect, such as is spoken by the negroes who hail from Virginia, Tennessee, Carolina and the Mississippi Valley. This is by far the most prevalent. Varying somewhat with the locality from which the negro comes, it is recognizable wherever spoken by real

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The Experiment of STEPHEN GLASK

An Ironmonger, and a Lady—Could They Meet Socially?

An Unforeseen Circumstance Adds Complications

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

***Illustrations by* Joseph L. Sabo**

SIR AUSTEN MALCOLM was sitting in the middle of the public seat, his legs crossed, his attention entirely engrossed by the small volume of poems which he held between his shapely and well-manicured fingers. He had the air, perhaps justifiable, of being perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings. He was dressed in all respects as a country gentleman of studious tastes should be. From the tips of his polished brown shoes to the slightly rakish angle of his Homburg hat, he was entirely satisfactory. His air of patronizing the seat upon which he had ensconced himself was also, perhaps, in order, as it was he who had presented it to the town.

At his feet—he was sitting on the summit of a considerable hill, crowned by a plantation of fir trees—was an old-world market town, a picturesque medley of greystone buildings, red-tiled, melodious, without a single modern discordancy. Beyond, yellow cornfields and green meadows rolled away in billowy undulations to a line of low hills fading into a blue mist. It was not a landscape, perhaps, to excite rapture, but it was typical English country, serene, well-ordered, peaceful.

Up the hill, a little breathless, climbed Stephen Glask, a young man of somewhat pleasant appearance, humbly dressed, as fitted his station, but carrying himself with a certain not unbecoming ease. After a moment's survey of the view, he sank with a brief exclamation of content upon one end of the seat occupied by Sir Austen Malcolm. There were other vacant seats not far away—and the baronet was obliged to uncross his knees. He turned and glanced at the newcomer. Sir Austen was, without doubt, as his appearance indicated, the great man of the neighborhood; but he was a reasonable person, and his glance was not one of annoyance. It was not, however, altogether free from a certain mild surprise; he was accustomed to a great deal of respect from the townspeople. He was perhaps satisfied to observe that this intruder was a stranger to him.

"QUITE a climb up here, isn't it?" the newcomer began, affably.

The voice was pleasant enough, but its affability seemed to Sir Austen Malcolm a little uncalled for. He answered without removing his eyes from the pages of his book:

"It is certainly a considerable ascent."

The young man very properly remained silent. The affair might reasonably have ended there. A slight liberty had been taken and a slight rebuke administered. Sir Austen should have gone on with his reading and the young man, after a few moments' uncomfortable reflection, should have passed on his way. As a matter of fact, however, things turned out differently. Sir Austen Malcolm, after a vain effort to return to his former train of thought, glanced a little irritably towards his interrupter. Entirely unabashed, the young man smiled blandly at him.

"Awfully good of you to give these seats," he remarked, in a conversational manner.

"You know who I am, then?" Sir Austen inquired, dryly.

The young man's eyes twinkled.

"Doesn't every one in Faringdon know Sir Austen Malcolm by sight?" he answered.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," Sir Austen declared, with some slight emphasis on the last word.

"Naturally," the young man admitted, briskly. "I have only been here a week or so, and you have been up at Oxford most of that time, haven't you? My name is Stephen Glask. I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. Bad egg, I am afraid, unless things alter."

SIR AUSTEN dropped his eyeglass and polished it for a moment. It was quite absurd, of course, but he was conscious of a feeling of positive toleration towards this young



"Why you're the new ironmonger!" she exclaimed.

man, for which he was entirely unable to account.

"Johnson, I am afraid, neglected his business sadly," he said. "He unfortunately developed bad habits towards the close of his career."

"Drank a bit, you mean?" Stephen Glask remarked. "Poor old chap! I don't wonder at it. You all of you bought your things from the Stores, sent to London for your cartridges, and got your gas from Swindon. Glad I've met you, Sir Austen. I am a local man now, and I want some of your trade, please."

Sir Austen stiffened a little.

"My chauffeur buys his own gasoline," he said, "and my cartridges are specially filled for me by my gunmaker. As to domestic articles, my sister keeps house for me."

"I'll call in and see her," Stephen Glask declared promptly.

Sir Austen opened his lips—and closed them again. Why should Eve be deprived of an encounter with this extraordinary young man? It would certainly amuse her. It might also be good for the young man! Sir Austen resumed his reading without remark. Mr. Stephen Glask, however, had not finished with him.

"Poor stuff, that," he pronounced, nodding his head towards the volume which his companion was perusing.

The latter stared at the young man, this time in real surprise.

"A POETASTER," he remarked, with faint satire, "as well as a specialist in hardware?"

Mr. Stephen Glask was unabashed.

"I've read those verses, if that's what you mean," he answered; "and you'll think the same as I do of them when you've finished. There are a few pretty thoughts—the snowstorm in the cherry orchard, for instance; but most of the things are too florid, and the fellow hasn't a single original metre. It's the music of Swinburne and Keats to an inferior and uninspired setting—*vide* the *Athenæum*."

"You find time to read the *Athenæum*?" Sir Austen inquied, slowly.

"And the *Ironmonger's Weekly Record*," Stephen Glask admitted, cheerfully. "I have a catholic taste in literature. Good afternoon, Sir Austen. I wish you'd speak to your chauffeur about the gasoline. I'll call in and see your sister myself about the other things."

Mr. Stephen Glask strolled off, not by



"And I do hope," he begged, "that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson."

any means an unpleasant figure to watch, although his blue serge suit was ready-made, his boots thick, and his cap shabby. He was certainly a most original young man, and an exceedingly difficult one to put in his place. As he disappeared Sir Austen suddenly smiled; his eyes positively twinkled.

"I would give," he murmured to himself, "a great deal to be at home when he calls on Eve."

Sir Austen returned to his very delightful home about an hour later. He passed up the beautifully kept avenue, lined with handsome shrubs, and adorned with a wonderful border of scarlet geraniums, entered the long, whitestone house through some open French windows, looked in vain into one or two of the charmingly furnished rooms, and finally made his way out again into the gardens.

ATTRACTED by the sound of voices, he crossed the tennis-lawn and turned into the paddock. Here he came to a sudden and stupefied standstill. Eve, with her sleeves rolled up and a mashie in her hand, was obviously receiving a golf lesson from—Mr. Stephen Glask!

"Look out, Sir Austen!" the latter exclaimed, pleasantly. "We're approaching on to the lawn there, and you're just in the line."

Sir Austen stepped mechanically out of the way. He was too surprised to make any remark.

"Lucky thing I happened to call in just now," the young man continued, with satisfaction. "I chanced upon Miss Malcolm just as she was developing the very worst possible fault in golf. Now, a little more over the ball, please," he went on, devoting his attention to his pupil. "Wrists quite stiff, and the heel of the club well on the ground. Learn this stroke and shorten your swing a little, and you'll be a scratch player in a month. Now, then."

The young lady—she was exceedingly good-looking, and much younger than her brother, of whom as yet she had scarcely taken any notice at all—gave herself up once more to her task. Her instructor, who greeted her efforts with only a moderate amount of approval, finally took the club from her hand and himself played a few masterly shots. Sir Austen, who was beginning to recover himself, joined them.

"APPARENTLY," he said dryly, "you are a young man of many accomplishments."

"Oh, I like to understand something about the things I sell," Mr. Stephen Glask answered, carelessly. "We used to get through a lot of golf clubs at my last place. I am so glad to find there's some sort of a course here. I can get the agency for Merton's clubs—best irons in the world—and I shall order a mashie down purposely for Miss Malcolm, if she'll allow me."

"I should love you to!" the young lady exclaimed eagerly. "You seem to know exactly what I want, Mr. — Mr. —"

"Glask—G-l-a-s-k," her visitor interrupted. "The name's being painted up today. And you won't forget the other things you've promised to buy from me, Miss Malcolm?"

The girl smiled at him in a somewhat puzzled manner.

"Certainly not, Mr. Glask," she assured him, stiffening slightly. "I will speak to the housekeeper. I am sure—we are always most anxious to procure things locally when possible."

The butler opened the paddock gate and walked towards them. Like everything else associated with the Malcolms, he was a most correct and dignified appendage.

"Tea is served, miss," he announced.

They all turned together towards the house. The young man, who had lingered for a moment to pick up the golf balls, walked between them. His ready-made clothes and many other slight evidences of his station were there, but never in this world did any young man seem so unconscious of them.

ON their way out they had to pass the tea table. Stephen Glask was obviously hot with his exertions. Sir Austen glanced stealthily at his sister, and found his sister stealthily watching him. Sir Austen coughed. The slight smile which had flickered for a moment at the corners of his lips vanished. He spoke with perfect gravity.

"You must let my sister give you a cup of tea after your exertions, Mr. Glask," he said.

"Yes, please do stop," she begged. "It is so hot this afternoon."

The young man accepted the suggestion without hesitation. Further, he accepted it quite naturally and, as a matter of course. He sat in a wicker chair between the brother and sister, and consumed bread and butter with an appetite which he took no pains to conceal.

"Rather scamped my luncheon today," he remarked. "I was busy opening some cases—a new sort of lamp, Miss Malcolm. I hope you'll let me show you when you come in. Do you mind if I have some more tea?"

Then, without any warning, the vicar's wife descended upon them. Mrs. Randale was stout and middle-aged. Her complexion was florid, and she wore a *pince-nez* which seemed always balanced on the extreme tip of a rubicund nose. She greeted Austen Malcolm and his sister with the easy familiarity of old acquaintance. It was just about this time that a long-dormant sense of humor in the former leaped permanently into life.

"AND WHO," the newcomer asked, smiling graciously, "is our young visitor? We see so few strangers in Faringdon."

"This is Mr. Glask—Mrs. Randale, our vicar's wife," Eve hastened to explain. "Mr. Glask cannot properly be termed a stranger. He has come to live in Faringdon."

Mrs. Randale's features exhibited the liveliest interest. She also seemed a trifle puzzled.

"To live here!" she repeated. "How delightful! But whose house have you taken, Mr. Glask? Curiously enough the name seems familiar."

"Have you been in the town this morning, Mrs. Randale?" the young man asked.

"I—yes, I have been in the town," Mrs. Randale admitted.

"That's it, then," Stephen Glask declared, helping himself once more to bread and butter. "I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. You very likely saw them painting the name up."

Mrs. Randale was not used to shocks; neither had she any idea how to deal with situations. Consequently she stared at this cheerful young man with her mouth open, and she looked neither agreeable nor a lady.



"A poetaster," remarked Sir Austen . . . "as well as specialist in hardware?"

"Why, you're the new ironmonger!" she exclaimed.

The young man smiled genially.

"And I do hope," he begged, "that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson. I may as well tell you at once that I shall expect your custom, Mrs. Randale. Miss Malcolm has promised me hers."

AT THIS precise moment Sir Austen strolled away, with a muttered excuse about fetching some matches. Eve always insisted, however, that she heard his chuckle as he went, and loved him for it. Mrs. Randale was still unable to cope with the situation.

"I leave such matters with my husband, Mr. — er Glask," she said. "By the way," she added, as the thought struck her, "you are, of course, a member of the Church of England? I do not remember to have seen you in church."

"To tell the truth," Stephen Glask explained, agreeably, "I haven't been anywhere yet. I've scarcely been in the place three weeks, you know. Mr. Wills, the Wesleyan minister, has just ordered a cooking range from me, so I did think of looking in there next Sunday night. I've got that order, though, so I don't know that I need bother. Call me Church of England, if it makes any difference, Mrs. Randale. I am all for business."

Eve's face had temporarily disappeared behind the shelter of an illustrated paper which she had picked from the lawn. She had met the young ironmonger's eye, and there was something there which was certainly most out of place.

"I am afraid that I can make no promises, Mr. Glask," Mrs. Randale said, stiffly. "We deal with the members of our congregation so far as possible, but we prefer to believe that it is their religious impulses, and not their self-interest, which brings them to worship."

"Capital!" Stephen Glask declared. "Good sentence, that. You're quite right, Mrs. Randale. We'll leave my church-going alone for a time. It will pay you to patronize me apart from that. I want you just to notice my prices, and the way I'm going to cut oil—especially kitchen oil.

"I'LL guarantee to save you a good deal a week before you know where you are. You'll excuse me now, Miss Malcolm, won't you? I must hurry along, or there will be no one to close the shop. Good afternoon, ladies!"

The young man took an easy and not ungraceful leave. Mrs. Randale stared after him blandly.

"Eve!" she exclaimed. "Why on earth — what on earth — your brother, too! Sir Austen — the most exclusive man I ever met! For goodness' sake explain! Has Austen turned socialist?"

Eve was wiping her eyes.

"I don't know," she murmured, weakly. "Austen found him on a seat on the hill. He tried to sell him gasoline and cartridges and household things. Austen told him I kept house, so he called in here and stayed to give me a golf lesson."

Mrs. Randale became very severe indeed.

"My dear Eve," she said, firmly, "Austen ought to be ashamed of himself! No wonder the lower orders forget themselves! Austen, too, of all men: the most punctilious, the most aristocratic person. He ought to be ashamed of himself!"

"He is good-looking, though, isn't he?" Eve faltered, still wiping her eyes.

"Who? Austen!"

"No, the ironmonger!"

STEPHEN GLASK pushed his assistant out of the way. He had seen the pony-cart stop outside, and he was behind the counter, ready to greet Eve, when she entered.

"Good morning, Miss Malcolm!" he exclaimed heartily. "I am glad to see you. I thought you'd be coming in one morning."

Eve looked at him steadfastly. She wore a fresh white linen dress, a charming straw hat wreathed with flowers, and white buckskin driving-gloves. Her shoes and stockings were, as usual, perfection. She looked exactly what she was — a thoroughbred young Englishwoman with an unusual knack for wearing her clothes: a trifle spoilt, a trifle supercilious. The young man behind the counter was wearing the same ready-made suit of clothes, his hair was tumbled, for he had been in the cellars, and there was a smut upon his cheek. She fully meant, when she came in, that he should be abashed, and she was a young woman of resolution. Nevertheless, although she looked at him for several sec-

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"So you've come after all!" he exclaimed. "I'm to be forgiven then?" She gave him her fingers and smiled . . .

Effect of Pinch Hitting for

FLOYD GIBBONS

By **H. I. Phillips**



Famous New York Sun Dialist (left) and Floyd Gibbons.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Following is the deposition of H. I. Phillips, more or less known as a Radio announcer and substitute for Floyd Gibbons. Mr. Phillips also conducts "The Sun Dial" in The New York Sun.

THEY tell me I spoke, or nearly so, on the Radio. In the Literary Digest hour . . . or something. I can't say, personally. I dunno anything about it. I remember being escorted down a cold corridor, taken through a little green door into a brilliantly lighted chamber . . . there was a chair . . . I sat in it . . . I don't recall being strapped. . . . Then everything went black, your Honor!

My name is Floyd Phillips . . . beg pardon . . . H. I. Gibbons. . . . No, that can't be right, either.

The following is a true confession:

A fellow called me on the telephone. He said his name was Sullivan. He was an official of the National Broadcasting company, he said. He wanted to know if I would take Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest program. I looked at the calendar. It was too late for April Fool's day. I asked him to repeat what he said. He said: "Will you take Gloyd Fibbons's—my mistake—Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest hour?" I said: "I can't."

He asked me why not. I said I was busy every night taking the place of Amos and Andy. He said they don't amount to anything. I said I know, but if I ever give up being Amos and Andy I will be Graham McNamee.

(At this point the confession was halted while the accused took a glass of water.)

"Well," he said, "will you take Harry Gibbons's—excuse it—Floyd Gibbons's place first and then go on with your Amos and Andy? Floyd comes first, anyhow?" I had never thought of that before.

I SAID: "How about Rudy Vallee?" He said: "What do you mean about Rudy Vallee?" I said: "I take Rudy's place, too. I thought you knew it." He said he didn't know it for a fact. He said would I manage to take Floyd Gibbons's place as a special favor? I said as a favor to who? (Or to whom? I'm not quite sure about that.) He said as a favor to the Literary Digest. I said what's the matter with Gibbons? He said he talked so fast last night he stripped his gears. I said how do I know I won't strip my gears? He said what difference would it make? He had me there.

* * *

I said: "How much do I have to pay?" He said you don't have to pay. He said we pay you. This sounded interesting, if true. I came up for air and asked: "How much do you pay me?" He said $500. I said no. Not a cent less than $300. He tried to argue with me. I stuck to my figure.



I didn't realize I had done a great wrong at first. Not unt the day before the first broadcast. Then I got nervous. couldn't sleep, eat or drink. I lost thirty-five pounds betwee sunrise Sunday and sunrise Monday. I thought of running awa

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AND SUCH IS FAME

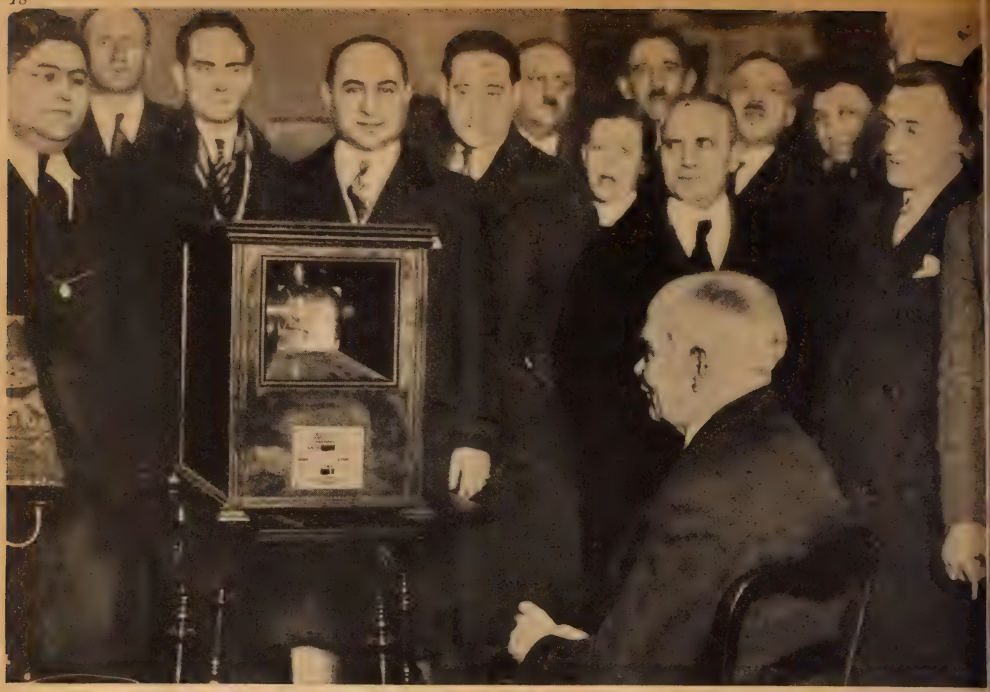
Senor Cugat Scans the Radio Scene and Selects These Three for His Pen This Month

Sir Walter Raleigh as Alfred Shirley sees him. You hear Shirley doing Sir Walter in one of the continental hook-ups.

Elsewhere herein you'll see a photo portrait of Grantland Rice, the great sports writer, but this is the way Cugat sees him.



The angular pen of Senor Cugat gives straight lines to Miss Ann Leaf, who for the past several seasons has delighted New York audiences with her WABC organ solos. Now she is on the Columbia chain and Cugat finds her famous.



When we begin going places and SEEING things by air our first set will look something like this one used by Dr. DeForest.

It Won't Be Long Now Until

We'll Be SEEING THINGS

By Doty Hobart

"BABIES will be born from glass bottles within the next hundred years. This ('ectogenetic birth') is neither incredible nor, indeed, impossibly remote. Research shows that the connection between the mother and the child is purely chemical and there is no reason why one day biologists should not be able to imitate that chemical connection in the laboratory."

This startling prediction is made in all seriousness by the Earl of Birkenhead, British scholar and diplomat, in his new book, "The World in 2030." The Earl makes a great many other predictions of the progress we may expect along scientific lines. While the above is unquestionably the most startling of the lot he has something to say which will be of interest to all Radio fans. He claims that television in natural colors will be with us long before the century mark is reached.

About the time the Earl's book came out Joseph Burch, transmission engineer of the Jenkins Television Corporation, at a hearing before the federal Radio commission, made the prediction that *baseball games will be heard and seen over the air by means of television within the year!*

Lieutenant E. K. Jett, engineer for the commission, testified, at the same hearing, that he did not share the optimism of Mr. Burch and indicated that he considered television in the experimental laboratory stage as yet.

Between the statements of the two engineers and the Earl of Birkenhead I became all steamed up about television. Never having witnessed either end of a television performance I determined to go on a scouting expedition. I wanted to find out "what all the shouting was about" and give the readers of Radio Digest a first hand report on what present day television has to offer the general public.

AT THE laboratory I visited I was escorted to the transmission room of Station W2XCR. (For the uninitiated let me translate W2XCR. W stands for United States. 2 means Second District. X is for Experimental. CR are the call letters of the station.) The transmission equipment, to the eyes of a layman, is quite similar to that of a Radio broadcasting outfit, though I suspect an electrical engineer would be able to point out a few hundred details which were quite dissimilar. One feature which caught my attention was the humming or droning sound always present in the control room during a television broadcast. This sound, absent in Radio control rooms, varies in tone according to the density of the light waves created by the subject broadcast. The control operator told me that he could tell by the pitch of tone the number of persons in the close-up scenes being broadcast. This ever-present hum of course does not reach the television receiving set as that machine picks up only the electric impulses carrying light rays. The television receiving set is practically noiseless when in operation.

From the transmission room I was taken to the broadcasting studio where I met the chief announcer for Station W2XCR, John Glyn Jones, and the program directress, Miss Irma Lemke. It was afternoon and a program of silent motion pictures was being put on the air. This I learned was the usual daylight broadcast. Every evening a program of living entertainers, whose vocal and instrumental efforts are microphoned as well as televisioned, is sent out. The microphoned part of the program is sent by wire to a nearby Radio broadcasting station for air transmission. This means that anyone owning both a Radio receiving set and a television receiving set can see as well as hear the broadcast.

AS THE motion pictures are televised by specially constructed machines the studio proper was not in use. However, for my benefit, Miss Lemke took up a position in front of the big studio television camera while I peered, with much curiosity, into the business end of a receiving set. The image I saw was unquestionably a reproduction of the features of the dark-eyed Miss Lemke. For a moment or so the image smiled at me. Then, to my great astonishment, the image started making faces at me! Returning to the studio I learned that Announcer Jones had been kidding the young lady, who, in the spirit of self defence I suppose, had resorted to face-making. I must say that it recorded perfectly. Only I wonder what those owners of television sets who happened to be tuned in on the program thought? Believe me, this test I witnessed proved one thing: that when television comes into its own the concert artists who now enjoy the privilege of removing collars and ties when appearing before the mike will be out of luck.

The motion pictures which are now being broadcast from Station W2XCR are all short subjects of the silent variety with subtitles. In the laboratory there is under construction a projector for the broadcasting of any standard make of talking pictures. Who will finance the rental of these films for broadcasting? Will the picture producers permit their films to be broadcast? Those are questions which at present are unanswerable. In the early days of Radio the question of who was to finance the broadcasting of expensive sound programs was asked. This problem was solved when the commercial advertiser used the microphone as a medium of sales promotion. The answer to the two above questions in some way will be found as soon as public demand forces the television broadcaster to give it something other than experimental programs.

DURING the month of April Station W2XCR installed a broadcasting studio and a reception room in Lincoln Park, New Jersey. In the reception room several television receiving sets were in operation. The studio officials named the quaint stone building housing the studio and reception room "The World's First Television Theatre." The public was invited to come and witness both broadcasting and reception of television. The public came and so did many men with scientific minds. For one week the "Standing Room Only" sign was hung right along beside another which read, "The Line Forms On the Right." Every night a three-hour program featuring Broadway stars, lecturers, aviators, concert singers and instrumentalists was broadcast from the theatre while in the reception room General and Mrs. Public saw and heard the program in reproduction.

Among those who appeared before the pick-up camera were Eunice Howard and Larry Bolton of musical comedy fame, Ruth Elder, Clarence Chamberlain, Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins and Major George Vaughn. To Earl Carroll, the well known producer of the "Vanities," goes the distinction of perpetrating the first television kiss. And the young lady who assisted in making the distribution of this feature on the airwaves possible was Doris Lord.

Anticipating your many questions regarding this new art now making its bow to a startled public, I will try to give you my honest opinion of television as it exists today.

Is it practical? Yes. But it still is in its experimental stages. I would say that television is in much the same stage of development that Radio was in prior to the memorable broadcast of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in 1921. The only broadcasters in 1921 were amateurs and experimentalists. Television needs to broadcast an outstanding event of national or international importance to awaken public interest. All that is necessary to make it forge ahead is a little push from the ultimate consumer.

How many television stations are in operation today? I do not know the exact number but there is hardly a section of the country which is not covered in an experimental manner at least. Stations W2XCR, Jersey City, and W3XK, Washington, are on the air several hours a day.



Home of the first Radio Vision Theatre, Lincoln Park, N. J., where practical television had its birth.



Sir Hubert Wilkins, the polar explorer, his bride and Miss Ruth Elder, aviatrix, on a Radio Vision program, witnessed by Radio Digest correspondent.

HOW does one tune in on a broadcast with a television receiving set? In much the same way one tuned in a Radio program in the early days. At the studio I visited the announcer gave out the following statement: "This is Station W2XCR, Jersey City, New Jersey, operating on a wave-length of 147 meters by authority of the federal Radio commission. We will open our program this afternoon with a test picture so that you may adjust your receiving equipment. As soon as this picture has been broadcast the announcement of our regular program will be made."

Yes, these are the days of television pioneering—but it won't be long now before we'll all be seeing as well as hearing via Radio.

Just the other day someone popped a question at me that made me sit up and take notice. It was a simple question. Just the sort of query I imagine has been asked by thousands of Radio fans. Here's what it was, "How old is Radio?"

Can you answer it? I couldn't at the time it was thrown at me. And it took a lot of digging to unearth the data which finally gave me the answer, or I should say, answers, for there are three.

As you probably all know, Radio is the child of wireless telegraphy, not a step-child either, but the legitimate off-spring of a very hale and hearty parent. So, if you would know the age of the family tree, the exact date of the planting of the seed, we will have to confess our inability to make a positive statement. However, this much I can say, that in 1867 "James Clark Maxwell, of Edinburgh, read a paper before the Royal Society, in which he laid down the theory of electro-magnetism and predicted the existence of the electric waves that are now used in wireless telegraphy." This is quoted from the Year-Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1867) one answer to "How old is Radio?" can be "At least a hundred years old!"

If your question refers strictly to broadcasting, the answer can be made quite specific. "Radio broadcasting is between twenty-three to twenty-four years old." The answer to this is based on the date of the first experiments of Dr. Lee de Forest to broadcast phonograph music and music furnished by an electric organ.

FOR the third answer I am assuming that you mean, "When were receiving sets manufactured for the general public and placed on the market." Here you have it—September, 1920! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1921, that purchasers in any appreciable numbers were really attracted to this new-fangled plaything. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the thrill they got out of those first crystal sets. And the headphones. The hours we spent with those things on were as a string of DX pearls!

We had no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcasting studio was in those happy days. All we knew was, "There's music on the air and we're hearing it." And the announcements!

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INCOMPATIBLE

Parties, Clothes, Little Rifts, Mistaken Motives, False Conclusions—Disaster

By Dana Gatlin

***Illustrations by* O. J. Gatten**



"That was a silly feeling," murmured Amelie.

THE actions and reactions of marriage are beyond any psychologist's prophecy and perhaps young people in love know as much about it as anyone else, though that is saying little. But when Sid Fletcher and Amelie Boyd got married there was an auspicious agreement between the principals and all the world, their world, as to the happiness before them.

Everyone termed it an ideal match. Everyone liked Sid Fletcher; he was the unassuming, companionable "good fellow" that people find it easy to like. Had plenty of ability, too, and everyone felt he was rich in that sound responsibility that is the best backing ability can have. He was an up-and-coming young engineer, already marked for success at making money, who had practically welded his technical knowledge and abilities on to a solid business base; it was while he was in the Long Island suburb supervising a big construction con-

tract for his company that he met Amelie, a daughter of one of the "old families" of that section, one of those highly respected families which have nevertheless a little "gone to seed" with dwindling fortunes.

Amelie was unusually pretty, beautiful even, in a softly sparkling way—darkish hair with bright chestnut lights, large eyes also dark and bright, and a complexion which her outdoor pursuits seemed to enhance rather than mar. And she was not only lovely to look at; even matter-of-fact, prosaic people were moved out of their usual ruts of expression to try to say things about her lovely nature and gracious charm; how she was not just like the other girls; how "fine as silk" she was; how others might be as pretty—though not many of 'em—but she stood out from all the rest.

And above all the obvious suitabilities of the marriage, these same prose realists were moved with everyone else to believe this couple would live happy ever after because they were so tremendously, romantically, in love with each other. Such suitability and such a big love-affair was a combination Fate does not grant very often.

SINCE the beginning of time poets have sung of love and men have tried to define it and analyze it. But little do words ever tell of that ecstatic tumult which two can create for each other. The things that can happen at the sudden meeting of eyes, at the touch of a hand—when merely to be in the same room together is to surcharge the air with invisible and tingling currents, is to feel the air thicken with invisible and fluttering pinions. Strange enough; strangest to the lovers themselves. But it is enough, for them, that the shining wonder exists. And for these two, Sid and Amelie, that spring they met, the Spring was like a call to them and they had to answer. At first it was enough just to be together, to meet by day and to know, by night, that the same great canopy of stars roofed them both in the same hushed world. Then, after awhile, this wasn't enough. And then came the moment, breathless, importunate and never-to-be-forgotten, when he gathered her into his arms—when she knew that all her world was bounded by his arms and he knew he held heaven and its stars. All the reverence in Sid's honest soul went out to his sweetheart, and in deep, genuine humility, he wondered that he had been able to win her.

When they set up their home in a delightful little house, a short distance out of the town and overlooking the waters of the Sound, it would seem that every good fairy had come to help weave a spell of blessing. It wasn't a big house and it was furnished without any extravagance, but Amelie had succeeded singularly in imparting to it her own sweet charm. Every room, every object, every vista seemed mutely but eloquently to say: "Here is a home—here is Amelie's home." But it was not of herself she was thinking as she worked to build that little shrine of beauty and comfort and rest; she was thinking of Sid; she wanted to make a sweet place for him to come home to, wanted to make it good enough for his amazing goodness.

AND as for Sid, always inarticulate where his emotions were concerned, what coming home to this home meant to him, during that first halcyon time, was the climax of the unutterable. At night, the clanging city and the tension and problems and buzzings of the working day behind him, just to enter the door and to stand with her within those dear familiar walls, just to sit at table with her—then some strange alchemy seemed to transmute to gold the most ordinary things.

One evening as he sat with his pipe by a window, watching the dusky Sound with its lights like spangles on satin, she came into the room and spoke some trivial thing, putting her hand on his shoulder.



Bess was the professional vamp of the club . . .

He caught her hand and held it against his cheek, pressed it there tightly. Then, with a half-embarrassed little laugh, he said:

"D'you know, I had the funniest feeling just then—a kind of kink, for a minute."

"What was it?" asked Amelie.

"Oh, I don't know—it seems silly." He sounded somewhat sheepish, being ever slow and shy at revealing his emotions; but he held tightly to her hand. "When you came in just then, when I heard your step and your voice, all of a sudden it sort of flashed over me how it would be if you *never came*. If I were just sitting here, alone, and knowing that you wouldn't be coming—not coming at all! For a second the feeling gave me a sort of turn."

"THAT *was* a silly feeling," murmured Amelie, the fingers of her free hand stroking back his hair. "I'm very much here!" Then, wonderingly: "It's not like you to let your imagination run away like that."

"I know. But it got me—for just a second." Then suddenly he caught her to him, held her close. "Oh, Amelie!"

That was all he said, but the husky vibrance of those two words, the jealous intensity of that embrace, with mute eloquence told her many things; it told her how utterly unbearable was the thought of her not always being there where he could see her and hear her; told her how amazingly barren now appeared those past days, once deemed happy enough, before he had had her; and told her how, henceforth, her love would be the one lamp to guide and cheer him down the otherwise dark path of Life.

And Amelie, divining all the things he did not say, holding him even dearer for this panicky little "kink" which was so unlike him, answered only with a closer pressure to him that spoke more than many words.

This was the way they loved each other, what their mere presence meant to each other. And sitting there in the soft summer darkness, while the soft night and the walls of their little home seemed to creep tenderly close to fold them in, they built dreams, as young lovers will, and talked in hushed voices of wonderful things to be. . . .

THIS exquisite happiness continued essentially theirs for several years; even after they had made the inevitable discovery that the most perfectly mated pair in the world are not perfectly matched at all points, that deep unities do not give the same tastes at all points. Their tastes in society and social life were not the same, and that is a pretty big item to differ on, but for long it did not matter; and then, neither of them could have told how or when, it began to come up, this

difference, as if it did matter. Little rifts and politely suppressed and soon forgotten chills and strains began—and as time went on these did not get better, and periods of alienation were not as soon over nor quite as fondly compensated as of old. When you have heard more about them you will understand, except that it is always hard for lookers-on to comprehend other people's blind foolishness—or one's own, for the matter of that!

Our pair were far from being able to fathom what was the matter with them, though a wise observer would have helped pretty clearly in working out the problem; seeing that they truly loved each other, he would have been a long time suspecting that such childishness could make grown-up, seemingly reasonable people so much trouble. He might have set them right if he had been such a miracle of tact that he could safely "butt in" at all. But there was no one intimate enough even to suspect there was trouble. They had been too all-sufficient to each other in the early time to have other close intimates.

BUT they did have a "set"—the Country Club crowd. It was not an untowardly "speedy" set—in its liveliness and sophistication and extreme modernity merely typical of the kind of people who make, and who aim to make, their special suburb a "peppy" place to live in. It was a "peppy" age; but Amelie chanced not to care for "pep." She liked dancing and golf and riding and bridge, but this endless and fevered pleasure-questing she considered abnormal, frittering, inane. And these people, too, with their familiarities, with their unreserved, free-and-easy contacts giving opportunity for continuous and broad gossipings, these people seemed to her pretty shallow and futile. Though, as they were the people Sid's business and their general position and fortunes naturally threw them with, she was content to play with them—when such gayeties were in order. And had a fairly good time, too.

But, after two or three years, Sid was showing more interest in the Country Club crowd and all its doings than he had at first. Amelie saw that he really enjoyed them—and with a pleasure of enjoyment that disturbed her increasingly. He had waked up just about that time to the way he could put business over by fraternizing with these rich men of the club, and he told Amelie they must go out more—it was good policy.

"And," said Sid, "it's not only good policy, but it's good for us. We mustn't get so taken up with each other that we have no sociability. And I like the bunch myself."

"Then I'll have to like them, too," said Amelie.

"Don't you, anyhow?"

"Oh, yes, only a little of them goes a good way with me," she smiled on him.

BUT he knotted his brow and looked oddly discomforted for a moment. "I know how you feel," he said, "but they liked me and I like them." And then he swung out of the room, and there was a faint discord sounding somewhere. What *about?*—both of them were rather miserably wondering this. For surely they were not going to care, at this late date, for a variation of taste that they had always known well enough!

Indeed the bunch did like Sid; and, yes, they liked Amelie, too. That is, the men liked her, and the women liked her well enough. Men not only admired her looks and charm, but called her "square"—a word they do not use about many a woman they admire for quite other reasons. The women admitted her charm, but they divined some subtle reserve of spirit, something withheld and inaccessible under that gracious veil. The women, amongst themselves, said that Amelie Fletcher "felt herself superior."

One thing every one was sure of was that the Fletchers were the happiest married couple in sight. And every one had been right. But Amelie felt they had ceased to be right long before any doubts came to outsiders.

But there was no friction of any kind.

. . . On a June evening when the Fletchers had been married nearly seven years, Amelie, sitting waiting for Sid and watching the sun sink beyond the Sound, for the thousandth time asked herself a thousand unanswered questions.

THE sun was stretching a carpet of ruddy gold across the water; the lawn with its brightness and long stretching shadows told of peace and leisure and beauty; the soft liquefaction everywhere which comes on a summer evening, and the branches and leaves responding gently to the gentle evening breeze—the friendly trees which had kept them company for seven years! The breeze touched the curtains, stirring them, making them, too, seem somehow extra companionable. And behind her, all around her in the darkening room, she had the sense of dear and intimate and familiar things. Her home and Sid's—the home they had built together.

She was in a mood that almost ached in its yearning tenderness. Sorting out some odds-and-ends she had come upon an old photograph of Sid—taken when he was scarcely more than a boy, before she had known him. It was rather funny-looking in the way old photographs, with their *passé* clothes and hair, are funny-looking; but, gazing at those honest boyish eyes and that honest boyish smile, she had felt a sudden wistful tug of loss because she had never known the boy of the photograph—regretted, lamented the years before she had known him. And that rush of tenderness toward the boy she never knew brought with it a wonderful feeling of tenderness toward the Sid she did know—toward the Sid who shared this home with her, Sid her husband.

With an odd sort of hunger she wanted to see him just then, wanted him to come home. Hard that he must be late tonight—he had phoned that a business conference was detaining him in the city till a later train; some rather important man from out of town. Specially disappointing that he must be late tonight, but, her softened mood lingering, she sat by the sunset window waiting for him; thinking of him.

THINKING of him she glanced round the familiar room; then pulled her chair a little nearer the window and leaned forward to the familiar vista of lawn and trees and water. What memories inanimate objects can gather into themselves! Everything she looked at spoke of Sid—seven years here with Sid, seven years this very June.

Seven years. . . .

Those first days and weeks and months seemed to rise again before her. Those first days of ecstacy and sweetness unalloyed. Before the little complications of everyday living, little difficulties and contentions and readjustments, all seemingly inevitable, had begun to mar that first blinding glory of their love. Love! A strange, baffling, inexplicable thing was love—so woven of ecstacy and torture! A thing beyond reason and without coherence. Of a sweetness more poignant than anything on earth—and of an all-devouring despair that consumes every hope and dream in your heart. Without coherence and beyond all reason. Bringing happiness, of course—endless little quivering fights of happiness—but bringing unhappiness, too; oh, such terrific unhappiness.

And then, for the thousandth time, she asked herself why all had changed—and not merely changing from spring to summer; she knew there was a change that was inevitable, and that true lovers took the changes of Love's seasons with-

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California's Own Son's Son



The gentleman about to light his cigar is none other than Tom Gerun, director of the famous orchestra known as "California's Own Sons." His suave melodies have been broadcast regularly from KFRC in San Francisco, KMOX in St. Louis and now KDKA has command of his air appearances. It is said of Tom and the boys that they are the only dance organization so far that has managed to wheedle an extra half hour daily from KDKA, but they can get around anything. Their dance rythms are that kind.



Dick had slipped the will in his pocket.

THE CABIN'S SECRET

By Marie K. Neff

(From the original Radio production by Carlyle Emery, heard every Friday night at 10:00 to 10:15, central standard time, from the Chicago NBC studios.)

"WELL, the worst is over, Dick!" exclaimed Julia Patterson to Dick Marston, her fiance.

"The climb certainly was steep. I'm just panting for breath." She looked all around and finally spied a path.

"Here's the path we must follow and if I remember correctly it's just about half a mile from here."

Julia and Dick followed the jaggy path over the edge and into a virgin forest. For a moment they almost forgot their mission, so entrancing was the beauty of this mountainous sanctuary. The stately evergreens interspersed with the graceful boughs of the oak swaying in the breeze, the tiny Indian Pinks dotting the moss and the startled twitter of birds made a picture of harmonious melody. The very atmosphere seemed to call for meditation, and as Julia and Dick stopped to glance around in admiration they sensed a contentment which abides only in nature.

Arm in arm they walked on until they came to a clearing. By this time twilight was just hovering over the horizon and on the edge of the clearing a small cabin was discernible. Julia's hand tightened on Dick's arm.

"There it is, Dick! It seems as if it were only yesterday that daddy sat on that little stoop with me beside him and told me stories about the forest birds. We'd watch the trees when the wind played through them and sometimes it just seemed as if they really were embracing one another. This place is full of the most beautiful memories." And as Dick watched her he knew that in this brief time she was living over again the days



Marie K. Neff

of her childhood. Breaking from her reverie, Julia realized it was getting late.

"Dick, we must hurry."

HE TRIED the door and found it unlocked. As he pushed on it the wood, rotted by many winter snows and spring rains, seemed to separate from its nailings and the hinges hardly held. Their nostrils were filled with an odor of age-old mustiness.

"Oh, Dick! Hurry! Do light a candle."

"Just a minute, dear," and the flame of a lone candle lit up the weather beaten shack.

Julia surveyed her surroundings.

"The atmosphere has changed. It hardly seems that this is the place in which I played and romped when a child. Why, it's taken on an almost spooky glimmer in the candle light. Just look at the dancing shadows on the wall."

Dick looked at her with an almost pitying smile on his face. It was sad to think that age had disillusioned her memories.

"So this is where your dad used to come when he wanted to be alone? My! It's a regular hermit's abode, isn't it? It doesn't look as though a soul had been here for years."

"Dear old dad! My memory of him is the dearest possession I have. He built this cabin up here twenty years ago — just after mother died. I was just a baby then. Mother is buried up here, you know, and dad used to like to come up here and be near her—alone."

"How strange that your father didn't leave a will. You say

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"Received a letter from the Hired Hand," said Ev Plummer to Bill Hay (left) as they met in Dutch Room of Hotel WMAQ LaSalle. Many shadow faces of old favorites were their guests.

OLD HOME WEEK

Radio Veterans Sit at Memory Feast and Bring Back Familiar Names of Yesterday

By Evans E. Plummer

"WELL, hello there, Bill Hay," I almost shouted as I spied the beaming Scotch face of WMAQ's commercial manager and the nightly introducer of Amos 'n' Andy strolling down Madison Street toward me. "Seems as if I hadn't seen you for months—not since we bunked together down at the National Association of Broadcasters convention at West Baden Springs Hotel last September.

"How've you been feeling since they subtracted your appendix?"

"First rate, Ev," the burly and burry voice that first made itself famous at KFKX, Hastings, replied. "And how have you and the wife been? We shouldn't let a dirty little thing like the Chicago river separate us so long. How about having lunch together? Have you an engagement?"

"Bless you, no," I answered. "That's a capital idea. Just headed out for lunch alone when I spotted you. They keep me pretty busy writing Radio yarns for The Herald and Examiner, but I always manage to take time to eat. The wife and family are great. I trust Mrs. W. G. is likewise, and that her lemon fluff pies are still up to standard."

"They sho' are, check and double check," Bill replied. "Mrs. Hay has been feeling quite well lately, thank you. Let's drop down to the Dutch Room here at the Hotel LaSalle."

And so it was that a pair of Radio's old timers went to lunch together and reviewed times gone by for Radio Digest's *"Old Home Week"* issue.

"YOU know, Bill," I said, "I had an interesting letter the other day from Harold Hough, the 'Hired Hand' 'substitute announcer' of WBAP, the Fort Worth Star T gram. I asked Hal Brown, the editor, to wire Hough and him to write a piece about his activities of late. I have reply in my pocket. Listen to this:

"Dear Mr. Editor:

"I see where you have also caught the fever of asking so one to write for you. You sound just like one of the prese day Radio announcers who say, 'Please write and tell us w you think.'

"Last night I got out the old crystal, dusted her off a bit listened through the night's entertainment. Immediately lowing the signoff, I commenced to write letters as reques by the cream puff, silver throated batch of announcers. still writing!

"These days you don't need a loud speaker. All you need a typewriter. Every once in a while you hear a little mu but mostly it's listening to an appeal to write for someth Even the Old Fiddlers—of which the woods are full, and w in the old Dark Ages of Radio a few years ago charged studios in such tremendous numbers—even they have gi way to the modern age of Radio correspondence.

"As I look back and note the vast improvement in the pr ent-day broadcasting, I can't help but congratulate the pen and pen manufacturers, to say nothing of Uncle Sam who 'em the stamps. We may not have advanced very far in

tainment, but we have certainly made great strides in penmanship. A lot of Radio listeners who have forgotten their letters have had to get out the old copy and spelling books before they could enter the Battle for the Samples. If all the stations were to shut down for thirty days, Uncle Sam would have to take off half his mail cars, so there's no question about the educational value of Radio.

"As for me, except on a few special occasions, I haven't annoyed the fans over the country for a year or two. I backed away from the mike before they shoved me away. It just seemed impossible for me to get the right sort of lace on my consils, which would enable me to pet and purr in the present-day style of coaxing for mail.

"Somehow or other I rather reckoned that the duty of the Radio announcer was to try to tell the listeners what the birds in the studio were going to do next, but modern advancement soon showed me that I was entirely mistaken, so I have retired back to the boiler room, waiting for the wave of Chesterfieldian Grammar to subside. Maybe I can get back and maybe I can't, but some day all of the Radio fans will have the writer's cramp, then maybe there won't be any more Radio, and when the station is dark, I will probably be asked to reurn and take my place at the mike. Therefore I have hopes.

"And say, I can remember way back in the Dark Ages when even the reliable old Radio Digest told us more about programs and circuits and less about angles and curves.

—The Hired Hand of WBAP."

"AIN'T that sumpin'? You know, Bill, I've always had a sneaking idea that Harold Hough was as good or better a wisecracker than a certain other fellow by the name of Will Rogers. I'd sure like to get them cracking at one another some day and see which one would win. Radio always was sort of an avocation with Hough. His big job is treasurer and circulation manager of the Carter Publishing Company which publishes the Star-Telegram and other papers. I'm not surprised he has so little time for Radio these days."

"That reminds me," said Bill, "of Leo Fitzpatrick, once the Merry Old Chief of WDAF, the Kansas City Star station, who used to make whoopee with Coon Sanders' Nighthawks on their late pickups. He's vice-president of WJR, Inc., of Detroit now, although he's seldom on the air. As half owner in the station I hear he is doing quite well for himself. The Patt brothers, too, who took charge of WDAF after he left, have been working for him at WJR."

"And say, Bill, you know of course about 'Tot' (Lambdin) Kay, the drawly 'Little Colonel' of WSB, the At-lan-tahhh un-nul? He's still piloting the Radio affairs there but there has been a big change. He got married a year or so back. And now, I hear, that fruit jars full of sweet corn are a thing of the past. In the meantime Tot's proteges have been showing that they had good training. Look at Bill Munday, the Atlanta Journal sport writer and broadcaster. He's quite a crutch for NBC these days."

"Have you heard from the 'Solemn Old Judge,' George Hay, lately?" Bill asked.

"I sure have. Brown wired him for me too. You know, of course, that he's been director of WSM, Nashville, ever since he left WLS, and that puts him right back in his old stamping ground, for he first made his name for himself at WMC, Memphis, before WLS imported him. I'll read you his letter:

"YOUR wire arrived just a little while before I was scheduled to take a trip to Dallas for the opening of the 50,000-watt transmitter of WFAA and WBAP. You asked for some greetings for your 'Old Home Week' article which is being prepared by my good friend Evans Plummer.

"Tell him, Buck Rayner and all the gang at the Radio Digest that there is a very warm spot in my heart for all of you. Mr. Plummer will remember that we had quite a time in the Fall of 1924 at the finish of the first Radio Digest Gold Cup Contest. Buck, no doubt, will have fond memories of the presentation in New York. (*George Hay won the cup in 1924.—Editor's Note.*)

"Radio is progressing so rapidly that the best we can do is to try to keep up with it. There isn't much doubt in my mind that it is the biggest publicity medium in the world today. While we are all young in the business, let's pause a minute to pay our respects to the old boys who did some excellent pioneering—the Hired Hand, Lambdin Kay, Leo Fitzpatrick, Bill Hay, first at KFKX, later WGN and now WMAQ and NBC, A. W. 'Sen' Kaney who helped KYW along and is with NBC in Chicago now, Graham McNamee and Phillips Carlin in the old WEAF days when they read the whole list of chain tations tied in, Milton Cross at WJZ, and many others.

"Most of the boys had to work single-handed back in those days. They not only announced the programs, but they got them up, wrote the stories, ad libbed the announcements and, in a pinch, had to supply the entertainment themselves.

"Radio Digest was the first paper that offered any solace to the poor old Radio announcer. We saw pages on pages of pictures on how to make up an XYZ circuit with an ABC transformer in it, but the program was an incidental feature. Of course, they were right. But gradually the boys and girls who appeared before the microphone came into their own.

"Let's take off our hats to the old timers, but let's also be sure to keep on with the good work so that we may be able to live up to the old proverb, 'And the air shall be filled with music, and the night shall be filled with song,' or whatever it was that the Old Prophet wrote. —George D. Hay."

"WELL, Bill, I might as well read this telegram from Orson Stiles, director of WOW, ever since it first came on the air as WOAW, and a letter I have here from E. H. Gammons, vice-president of WCCO. I asked Mr. Stiles about Lester and Harold Palmer, the two announcing brothers. Here's what he says:

"LESTER PALMER PROMINENT OMAHA MUNICIPAL JUDGE STILL ON WOW'S ANNOUNCING STAFF STOP HAROLD PALMER WELL-KNOWN YOUNG OMAHA LAWYER.—ORSON STILES."

With that combination The Woodmen of the World station should be able to stage a good mock trial broadcast, and I'll bet Lester Palmer has his hands full fixing tickets for the station operators who somehow always have a weakness for watching meter indicators and speedometers swing over as far as they will go."

"WOAW was where Gene Rouse made his name, wasn't it?" Bill asked.

"Gene really started at WAAW, Omaha," I answered, "but WOAW soon picked him off. Since leaving Omaha he announced for and directed WJJD while Bob Boneil had the duplicate position at WEBH when both stations were under the management of The Herald and Examiner. Then in September, 1928, the paper merged WEBH with KYW and KFKX and made Gene chief announcer and, of course, he's still with us in that capacity. Boniel was put in charge of the artist's bureau but soon afterward resigned to become commercial manager of WTMJ, Milwaukee.

"Remember the old days when WLAG, Minneapolis, 'The Call of the North,' came rattling in so strong? Eleanor Poehler was director of the station and she had a good announcing voice. Paul Johnson was another popular figure in the Northwest Radio circles. His announcing voice set many a feminine heart aflutter. First he was heard over WBAH, then WLAG, next WCCO and finally KSTP. He was studying medicine and Radio was only a part-time job with him. You know Gammons, don't you? He writes:

"'Regarding Eleanor Poehler and Paul Johnson, I can tell you little about either. Both are out of Radio. Johnson completed his medical course at the University of Minnesota about two years ago, is married, and I believe serving as an interne in some hospital, although I don't know where. Mrs. Poehler, I hear, has not been well, and has retired from any kind of public activity during the last two years.'

"YOU know Bill, when Harold Brown asked me to rake my memory and see how many of the old favorites had left the mike, I thought I had an easy assignment. Instead, the more I investigated, the more I learned were STILL AT THE MIKE or perhaps more or less directly still connected with Radio.

"I uncovered a few old timers, however, who have been absent from the waves for some time. There are the Harmony Girls, Ruth Carpenter and Grace Ingram, for instance. Last time I saw or heard them they were entertaining right here in the dining room. Since then they've been doing a lot of vaudeville trouping for Radio-Keith-Orpheum, but their contract doesn't allow broadcast appearances. Incidentally, I saw a harmony girl team at the Granada theater the other night billed as the 'Harmony Girls' and for an instant was thrilled to the core until I saw they were not the originals.

"Then there's the Ford and Glenn, Gene and Jack affair. The former duo was started off on its way to fame by WLS, and after they left there, Jack and Gene took the vacant place. Well, all of a sudden Jack Grady lost his voice. Paralyzed vocal chords. That misfortune broke up the team. Ford and Glenn, hearing about it, invited Gene into their act.

The three toured the stations a bit and the next thing I knew Ford Rush was out. All I can learn is that he and Glenn just got tired of one another. Anyhow, Glenn and Gene are now headquartering at WTAM, Cleveland, and packing the theaters when they make personal appearances. Ford is in Chicago right now 'for an extended loaf' he says. But I think he's looking for a new buddy. He and Bradley Kincaid did a double the other night at WLS and sang old hymns. Jack Grady, incidentally, is still unable to work, but I hear that treatments are bringing his voice back gradually.

"SPEAKING of lost voices, remember Lew Farris? Who doesn't! He was one of Radio's first travelling entertainers. Worked for a music publishing house and, he claims, visited every broadcasting station in the United States, Canada and Mexico. And he was tall as he was travelled. Stood six feet eight inches in his sox and appropriately billed himself as 'The Eiffel Tower of Radio.'

"Here's an excerpt from a letter he wrote to Radio Digest about six months ago:

"'I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but the war played H—— with a lot of us. I am an inmate of the National Military Home, Sawtelle, Calif., fighting the old T. B. Lost my voice and haven't talked above a whisper since January, 1929, but am a long way from "out." Am feeling fine, beating the old bug, and expect to be back before the mike in a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang. The little Pink Wife is still the best Pal I ever had and joins me in sending you and Buck Rayner and all our old friends the best. Address is, besides just the Home, Annex 2, R58.—Lew Farris.'

"But when I tried to learn by wire a week ago how he was coming along, the institution said he wasn't there and didn't know where he had gone. Perhaps this 'old home week' story will draw a line from him. Here's hoping he's licked the 'bug' and is microphone-bound once again!"

"Say, what's become of Harry Snodgrass, the 'King of the Ivories,' who used to twist all dials to WOS when he and Announcer Witten got together?"

"I've conflicting reports, Bill. One source told me he was prospering as proprietor of a music store somewhere in the South. Then just the other day an Associated Press story came through saying Harry was running a chili parlor at Girard, Ill., and that he was open to a network broadcasting nibble, providing he didn't have to do his turn from New York or Chicago, which cities he admits he hates."

"Lee Sims, the other ivory masseur who does so well, is hanging his hat in the WBBM cloakroom these days, and of course you know he's teamed on the air, in vaudeville, and likewise for life, with Ilomay Bailey, a tall, good-looking soprano.

"SPEAKING of team splits, here's one. Recall the Ray-O-Vac Twins, Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan? Haven't heard them lately, have you? Well, the boys signed their separate maintenance papers about sixteen months ago. Billy went to work here in Chicago for the Cudahy Packing Company in its advertising department. Russ remained professional and took a fling at the B. & K. Publix theatre circuit with no microphones in shouting distance.

"Well, less than six weeks ago who should I see but Russ Wildey in the KYW offices with Freddie Fisher, songster for the past several years on the station. Now it's Russ and Freddie, piano-song duo, on KYW Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons. They're going big, too.

"Say, I heard a bit of news about Wendell Hall, too. You know since he left the production job for Majestic hour, he's been away from the mike entirely. Living in Wilmette, Ill., and doing a bit of magazine scribbling. Well, a friend of mine told me just last week that it looks as if the Judson Radio Program Corporation Chicago office were about to employ him on the manufacturing end of commercial programs.

"That's where Jack Nelson is, you know. Jack, the pioneer announcer of WDAP, 'We Delight All People,' and later WJJD, was with the Kastor agency here as broadcast executive before the Judson connection, you remember. And of course you know that he collaborated with two other chaps in writing the Broadway melodrama, 'Remote Control,' a play woven about a broadcasting studio. Understand the movies bought film rights to it for $50,000.

"Speaking of movies reminds me that N. Dean Cole, the one-time popular announcer of WHO, is away from the Radio mike, but close to one hitched to a talkie recording machine. He's with Warner Brothers' Brooklyn studio.

"And two of Jack Nelson's buddies, Paul Neal, who operated WDAP for a long stretch, and Ralph Shugart, once the 'sheik' announcer of WDAP and later engineer for WJJD, are well fixed in the technical end of sound films in Hollywood. Neal is a 'mixer' with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer while Shugart is manning mikes on the Paramount lot.

"That seems to me like quite a few have deserted radio," Bill remarked.

Wait, the list is longer than that. I still have to strike out Harold W. Arlin, KDKA's pioneer voice, Nate Caldwell, originally billing himself the "Joy Digger" and warbling ukelele ditties, and Val MacLaughlin, "Sandman" for the children of WOC, WOAW and WLS.

Arlin was one of the first to see that there "was no future in Radio." Given an opportunity to enter the commercial end of Westinghouse, he deserted the KDKA studios for their Mansfield, Ohio, branch in December, 1925, and hasn't been back since. Wonder if he shouldn't have stayed in the game?

Nate Caldwell, after putting the worn ukelele in its case, in turn became announcer for WBBM, KMOX, WBBM, WTMJ and WBBM. He sort of revolves around WBBM, as you will note. But during the past year he has quit the applause mail to get on the producing end. At this moment he is broadcast adviser for the Blackett-Sample-Hummert agency here and an expectant papa.

Val MacLaughlin got to liking the children so well that she married R. P. Van Zile, Fada Chicago branch manager, and set about to raise three of her own. Right now I am informed by Stuart Dawson, WIBO director and cousin of the lady, that she feels she has tended her own children long enough and is looking for a radio outlet to find others to tell bedti stories to.

Talking about Nate reminds me of Charlie Garland a Charlie Schultz, "the (2)80-pound tenor". They are rath mike shy these days. The pair have a Radio skit for the sta which keeps them quite busy and has had no trouble getti bookings. And Fred Jeske, another whoopee lad who tam down to singing and announcing. Know where he is? W right now you can tune him in on WTMJ, Milwaukee. He h been vibrating between there, WBBM, WGES and WIB these past few years.

Say, I saw Harriet Lee's picture on the May cover of Rac Digest. That reminds me—the old girl duo of Mae and Ju once so beloved by WLS fans, is no more. Mae's right nan of course, was Harriet Lee and June's was Juanita Rae. Juan married John Brown, WLS staff pianist, but that didn't cau any trouble. What split them was Harriet's being engaged CBS New York sudios. Result was that Juanita is now one the "Chicagoettes," a girl trio which may be heard harmonizi in the Publix movie theaters here. Harriet has been featur on a number of Columbia programs. Nearly every week s is scheduled for the Paramount hour on Saturday nights alo with Paul Ash and his troupe, and they show her off at t Paramount theater, too.

Incidentally, Paul Small is one of the Ash troupe. I c remember when he first plugged songs years ago at the c KYW Hearst Square studios. His right last name is Lough Why he changed it is interesting. Here's the story.

Tommy Malie used to be a partner of Little Jack Little years growing fainter in my memory. A team split up caus Jack to look about for a new partner, and Paul Lougher w elected. To make a good team name he adopted the nar "Small" so the act could be known as "Little and Small." M Tea Little decided Jack could do better all alone, except f her, so when she married him and had the right to make su gestions, she took over Jack's management, budget, etc., a put Paul Lougher-Small out "at first," so to speak.

But they both got ahead, together and separated. Whe Tommy Malie is no one knows. Some say he is still singi down East.

The wedding bells stop some of the girl stars, and others right on ahead. There doesn't seem to be any sort of ru There's Marie Tulley, of WENR fame, and Ruth Etting, w was started on her way by WLS, to prove my point. Mai left Purdue university with a diploma, a good voice and knov edge of the piano. She was one of WENR's most popul stars. Well, when cupid changed her last name to Fendle Marie deserted the mike and is now home-making down Danville, Ill.

Ruth Etting, few people know, was already married wh she came to Chicago from David City, Neb., a little city abo ninety miles from Omaha and seventy from Lincoln. I thi her first Radio bow was at WLS. Meantime her main purpo in life was to complete a course in stage costume design at t Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Her blues songs were st clicking at WLS when she finished her course and took h 112 pounds of blondness and blue eyes to the "Marigold Ga dens" and other night club shows here and began creati costumes for them.

One night they needed another chorine in a show, so Ru obligingly stepped in as a chorus girl at $25 a week. She stuc Already she was quite popular on the Radio. Paul Ash, th here at the Oriental, spotted her and put her on his stage. S decided stage costume designing was all right but being a sta star was better, so she signed for vaudeville and movie tou from coast to coast and began making phonograph recor Radio didn't see much of her those days.

Her next big break came when Flo Ziegfeld heard one of t records, summoned her to appear before him, and starred h in the Follies of 1927 and 1928. Then she blossomed out "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor and now she's right hand lady Ed Wynn in his latest edition.

The networks nowadays have a habit of getting her "guest star" on some one of their big commercial hours, so late she has returned to her first love, the microphone.

"Say, Ev," Bill remarked, "what ever became of the 'Silv Masked Tenor,' one of the first big favorites of the chains?"

Joe White is his right name, he's married and has thr children. Just added the third last month—a boy nam Graham after McNamee. Since Goodrich quit the air Whi has been a sustaining or non-commercial star on the NB payroll. He is featured in at least one program a week o of WEAF with a limited Eastern network. I'd like to s him on some big program again, wouldn't you?

Godfrey Ludlow is another old favorie who is just comi back into the spotlight, although he's not been off the NB chain. If you will remember, he was "Don Amaizo," the wa dering violinist, "wizard of the bow and baton" as the co tinuity said. The sponsor went off the network and onto w transcriptions, taking Ludlow's skill and the Amaizo charact along. But now a very similar continuity brings Ludlow the fore again. He's cast as a struggling young violinist in t

(Continued on page 90)

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

Gangland's Gunmen Trail

The HUNTERS

Man-Eating Alligators, Rattlesnakes and Bullets Add to Mystery

By Will Payne

***Illustrations by* W. H. D. Koerner**

"GO GET Bodet!" demanded the gang chief in Chicago. He talked to his gun team of Helter and Colisemus—a ratty pair of killers familiar enough with Chicago alleys and cellar holes to shoot, run nd get away.

"An' what do we get?" demanded Helter.

"Four grand," said the chief in the language which they nderstood to mean four thousand dollars.

"What's phoney about it?" asked Colisemus.

"Nothing phoney, kid. You gotta travel. This Bodet is the ey witness in our case and they have him stashed in the ingles down in Florida, see? You got to go down there an' nock him off. No bungling, a clean job an' you'll get your ack on the barrel. Bodet is a big sheel an' we gotta get rid f him."

They found Bodet at the Bocaganza hotel, but it took four ays to get him into any kind of a position for a target. And ien Bodet went out with the old millionaire Dorman, also a uest at the hotel, for a bee hunt. Helter and Colisemus ailed the two men into the swamp as they set up their traps o catch wild honeybees, let them go and trail them to their idden hives.

Helter and Colisemus followed them in a rented car. Helter, an and sallow, took up the trail on foot. Colisemus patroled he side road waiting for the sound of guns, a quick dash from he underbrush and a fast run into town and away. But it was strange game to Helter. His path was beset by alligators nd rattlesnakes. He discovered Bodet and Dorman carried o firearms so there could be no alibi of an accidental shoot-ng. Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up distant bank, too far away for a good shot. He plodded hrough mud and slime to get at them from another direction. uddenly he found himself face to face with a stout dark man n a calico shirt who eyed him suspiciously. He had no time or argument. A gun cracked.

BODET and Dorman stood beneath a giant live oak—one of the two whose lofty tops Dorman had marked from the open. He had come to it a few minutes after they limbed up on the bank of the island. For twenty feet or so round the huge trunk the ground was quite clear as though ll the smaller growing things respected the monarch and tood back from him. The shaggy trunk upbore a world—uge limbs as large as trees of a half century growth spread-ng far over the jungle, and still other limbs, the size of young hade trees, springing from them. Looking up, it seemed a orest world, spreading far and towering into the blue. Long urtains of gray moss hung from the lower limbs; birds flitted.

Where the lowest great limb branched from the trunk there vas a blemish—a long, gnarled crack, to and from and around vhich winged dots were darting. Toward that spot Dorman vas looking with an expression of deep satisfaction.

"Yes, sir," he repeated presently, with a little sigh of con-ent, "there's the hive; that's our tree." After looking his fill e went forward and laid his hand on the trunk as though eeling of it gave him some mysterious pleasure—verifying he testimony of his eyes by the sense of touch.

They had been afoot more than three hours under a genial un or in close places where there was little breeze. Perspira-ion dripped from Dorman's big hooked nose and glistened n his tanned cheeks. They were in mud and water up to their ips; their shoes squelched at every step. They had been ricked with thorns, scratched with brush, hanged in vines. They had come through poison ivy, past snakes and alligators. At the end they had found a hole in a tree, in an island jungle, vith some bees buzzing about it.

Looking up at that delectable reward of their labors, Dorman got out a crushed paper package of cheap cigarettes, offered one to Bodet, lighted one himself and smoked, in satisfaction, like a man whose race, for that day, had been won.

"Splendid tree," he commented . . . "Well, I suppose we best go back to the car now and get some food—and a drink of water. I am dry . . ." Apparently it occurred to him that his companion might not find the reward of their labors as rich and complete as he himself found it. He chuckled and laid a hand on the companion's shoulder.

"I'M AN obstinate old cuss, you see. It would have stuck in my craw to beat the band if I'd given up just because those little devils flew over a couple hundred yards of muddy water . . . More you know of bees the better you'll like 'em; but it spoils the joke if you let 'em fool you. Gotta find 'em every time you set out to or you wouldn't be fit to associate with 'em—see? We're good friends with those bees now; they couldn't fool us. Professional bee hunter chops into the tree and gets the honey; but I can buy plenty of honey—tame bee honey's better anyway. I want to find 'em. Keeps a man out of doors—in the woods where he ought to be . . . Well, we set out to find a bee tree and we've found one. It's been a fine day for me."

The last statement seemed to imply a question and Bodet answered in utter sincerity, "One of the finest!"

"Good!" said Dorman. "Everybody satisfied, including the bees. We'll go back to the car and have some grub—and a drink. I am dry." He looked at his watch. "Half-past one now, but that's plenty of time for a hunter to eat."

They waded the lake, struck through the belt of timber, recovered their pole and box and started across the half mile of open, burned over land between the timber and the drainage ditch. Then they heard a shot back of them and to the east.

"Dunno what anybody'd be shooting over there now," Dorman commented. "Swamp hawk, probably."

They walked on a few moments and heard another shot. That was all from that direction; but a little later Dorman remarked, "Hello! Company coming."

Six men in a body were advancing rapidly toward them from the drainage ditch. It occurred to Bodet that they looked militant. As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes which suggested that he meant business.

Bodet and Dorman wore only heavy shoes, overalls, dark shirts, caps. Anyone could see at a glance that they were unarmed, carrying only a pole and a little box. The man who had stepped forward glanced at those objects and asked brusquely, "That your car back there?"

"Yes," said Dorman.

"Bee hunting, eh?" said the man.

"We found the tree, too." Dorman assured him; adding, not without vanity, "over on the island."

BODET caught a surprised glance among those who formed the background. The man ahead rubbed his chin and replied: "Island, eh? See anybody over there?"

"Why, we saw one chap," Dorman explained. "Quadroon or something like that, I take it. Surly sort of customer, looked as though he might bite. I thought maybe we were poaching on his preserves so I asked him if he had any claim to a bee tree there. He said he hadn't and I told him we were going to find one and he could come along if he wanted to and claim the honey. He did follow us to the tree. Then he went off somewhere. That's the only man we saw. Heard a couple of shots back there a minute ago."



Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a good shot.

The sultry-eyed man rubbed his chin a moment and remarked: "We heard the shots, too. We're hunting some ourselves. Not bees—moonshine. There's a still over there. Wonder you didn't get plugged or cracked over the head and tossed into the water for alligator meat. We're down here to clean up this country. It's getting pretty hot, too. We cleaned up a still north of here last night and had to shoot two of 'em. One of my men shot, too. It's getting pretty hot and ugly all around. We're going to clean it up if it takes a regiment. They know it now, and they're ugly. Wonder you didn't get plugged. Better keep on the other side of the ditch and don't mind if you hear some shooting."

The men moved on. A moment before Bodet had seen the chauffeur on the embankment by the drainage ditch, as though looking for them. But he now disappeared. Dorman moved toward the ditch very thoughtfully and after a moment he made a sort of confession:

"Guess there is moonshining around here. I've heard so anyway. Moonshiners, now . . . I knew an old fellow in Tennessee—crafty old chap . . . Oh! I suppose he'd shoot if you attacked him, or if he was afraid you were going to—same's a bee or a snake, you see. Anything'll strike when it's afraid. But otherwise he was an agreeable old chap . . . Then some of 'em, I guess, are ugly customers—don't mind knocking a man over."

HE LOOKED around at Bodet rather uneasily as though there might be some misgivings in his own mind and he needed to justify himself. In that spirit he explained: "But we go openly, you see. Any idiot can see at a glance we're not armed. If we did run into a moonshiner he'd be a fool if he didn't see we weren't after him. There was that chap on the island. I thought pretty likely he had something to hide—looked surly and suspicious. But we just went right up to him in the open and spoke friendly and there was no trouble at all . . . The devil! Why, if a man's going to sit down and think up all the things that may hurt him he might just as well crawl in a cave and pull the cave in after him! Seems to me the only sensible way is to go oper about your business wherever you wa to go—and probably nothing at all w happen. Eh?"

Bodet saw that he was trying to ap ogize for having led his guest into da ger. So the detective laughed from t bottom of his heart and clapped companion on the shoulder, repeatir "It's been a fine day!"

When they reached the car the cha feur had the seat cushions on the grou for them and the luncheon hamper w open. But he was much annoyed wh he found they had been to the isla and let his employer know it in bro hints as he sat to one side for his o luncheon.

"Wouldn't catch me on that island he declared, shaking his head. "It'd the very place for a still. Too easy 'em to shoot a man in the brush knock him on the head and dump h into the water for the alligators. If was to do it, I'd call it reckless!"

With care Dorman selected the larg dill pickle, speared it, laid it on a san wich and extended it to the chauffe saying, "There's a fine pickle for y Jim." The chauffeur was especially fo of dill pickles; but he would not let Bo man know whether or not the bri softened his heart.

They ate leisurely and lighted pip gossiping wood lore. Then they hush in a sudden arrest.

"By George!" Dorman exclaim "Shooting for fair!"

They had heard three shots, in qui succession, from the direction of t island.

COLISEMUS also heard those thr shots. Nearly five hours had th elapsed since Helter left him to foll their quarry into the woods afoot. the dingy little car which they h rented at Bocaganza for the adventu Colisemus had cruised slowly up a down the brick road, always listeni for a shot, always looking off to t east, expecting to see Helter's sl figure gliding out from behind a clu of palmetto. Hours passed, the high s shedding down strong rays. Colisem was hungry, having eaten nothing sin a hasty early breakfast, and he was t mented by thirst. Moreover, for mi this narrow brick road ran throu woods or swampy wastes, a ditch either side of it, with a poor farm hou at long intervals and now and then rough, sandy branch road suited to team and wagon but dubious for automobile. Only at a rare farm hou or such a branch road, was there a place to turn a car around without da ger of going into the ditch or getting stuck in the sand.

Presently Colisemus was plagued by the notion that he w becoming a conspicuous object steadily cruising back a forth along that highway—other cars passing him every m and then. Perhaps people at the occasional farm houses w noticing him also. That was bad. And what had become Helter? What was happening? Why this monstrous dela To avoid being too conspicuous, he lengthened his beat, go farther both to the north and to the south before turni finally covering six or seven miles.

Not far south of the burned over tract stood one of t several poor farm houses—a warped and unpainted fra dwelling with ramshackle outbuildings. A man and a w grown boy were at work there, building a primitive lean-shed at the end of the barn. There was a well in the yard wi a little rusty iron pump and a tin cup. At the hitching po in front of the gate stood a bony and melancholy horse, drow ing in the heat, attached to a topless buggy. But it was t well that fascinated Colisemus, for he was parched with thir Pulling up at the side of the road he went into the yard a called out to the man:

"Can I have a drink?"

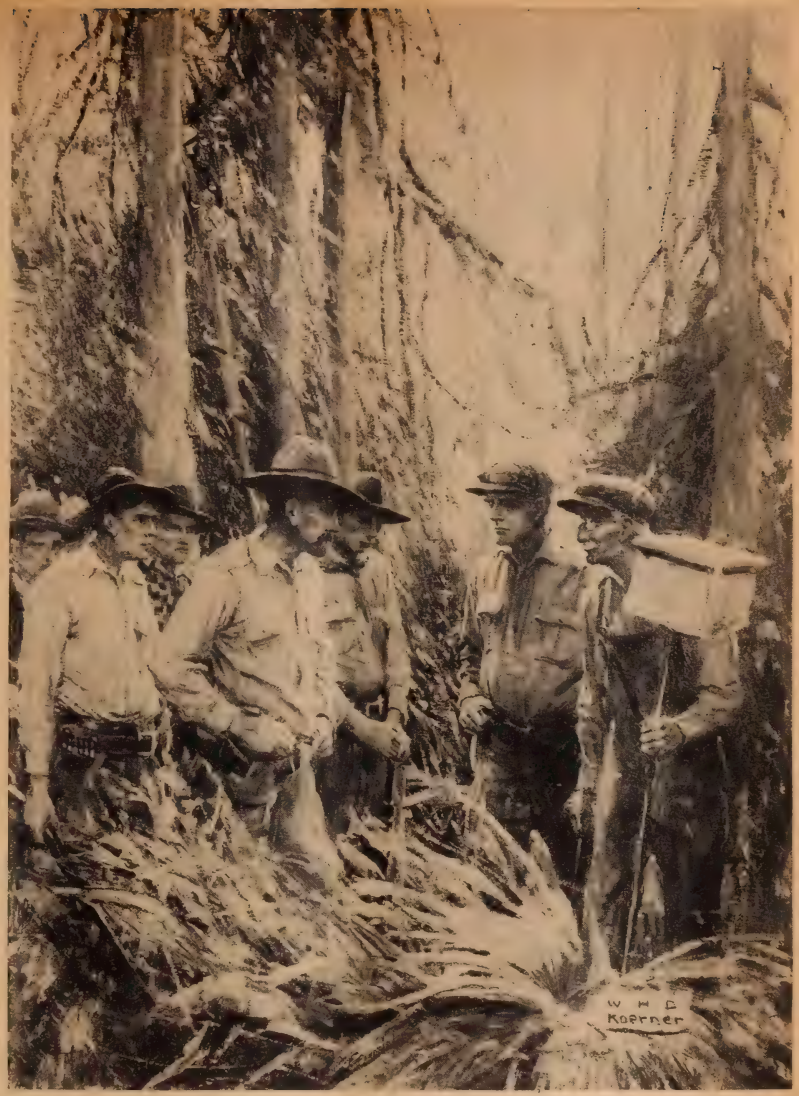
"Help yourself," the man called back.

Stooping to the little pump Colisemus filled the tin cu twice and wiped his wet lips with deep satisfaction. Acknow edging the hospitality with a "Much obliged," he returned the car and drove away.

THE man—lank, round shouldered, un baked and with a pat of short grizzled beard—had scarcely looked at him, being busy with his rude carpenter work. But the boy had been more curious and observed to his father, as Colisemus drove away: "He's got one of them automatic guns. I seen it in his hip pocket when he was pumpin' gas—a big one."

His father, who was evidently of a grim habit, replied casually: "Them as wants newfangled shootin' irons can have 'em. If I gotta shoot I'll take a double-barrel shotgun and two fingers of buckshot. Where's that saw?"

Colisemus drove on to the northern limit of his beat and so missed the two first pistol shots which Bodet and Dorman had heard from the island. Coming south again he was much irritated and perplexed. Why this endless delay? And he had been cruising up and down this road for hours. People must be noticing him—although there were only a few people to notice anything. Coming south again he passed another of the poor farm houses. A sun-bonneted woman in the dooryard looked up at him curiously—he thought. Certainly they were beginning to remark him. Fifty rods south of this house one of those dubious wagon tracks branched off into the woods. It led southeast—that is, in the general direction of the man hunt. Colisemus decided to follow it for a short distance at least. That would get him away from this main road. He turned off the brick and in a moment his wheels sank in the dry, loose sand. Before he could shift gears the engine gurgled and died.



As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes.

He started it again, opening the throttle, trying to go forward in low or to back. With every attempt the convulsed little car merely sank deeper into the sand. The radiator was boiling when he gave up and climbed out. On his knees, with his hands for a scoop, he dug the sand away from each of the four wheels—hot and maddening work, for the sand ran back into the tiny excavations like water seeking a level. At length, it seemed, he had the wheels sufficiently free so that by a powerful effort in reverse he might get back to the brick. He climbed into the car again but the self-starting apparatus refused to function. Evidently something had given way under his violent attemps to pull out of the sand. He looked under the car seat and found a starting crank; but his attempt to get the engine going with that was futile also. The machine had broken down.

COLISEMUS, running with sweat and tormented with thirst again, stared at it in a kind of furious incredulity. Had it been alive he would have beaten and strangled it with joy. There it stood under his eyes, a dingy black contrivance with every appearance of a mechanism that will go. Only twenty minutes before it had been going. Its rear wheels were not five feet away from the good brick road. Yet it simply wouldn't go—although even at this moment Helter might be leveling his pistol to fire; then scurrying to the road, his neck depending on finding a car there . . . But it simply wouldn't go! The colossal stupidity of that congested Colisemus's brain. The thing had simply got to go! Yet it wouldn't! A slight trembling affected his big frame; he yearned to fall upon the car with this iron crank and beat it . . . Why had he and Helter been so canny? Why hadn't they spent more money to hire a better car?

A small brand new green car came along the brick road and stopped. It contained only the driver, a lean and coatless man whose leathern face was deeply wrinkled. He surveyed Colise-

(Continued on page 88)

PROUD Hollywood, Becoming Mike-Wise, Has Made a Rush for the Broadcasting Studios for Big Time on the Listeners' Circuit

TALKIES

Eighteen Months Has Wroug
of Picture Stars Toward Radio
Radio Syndicates Indic

***By* Speci**



Ramon Navarro started it with Pagan Love Song.

TALKIES are taking to the air with a new rush. F celebrities vie with one another to make the best spe sing the sweetest song, play the hottest instrume tunes. But it was not always thus.

In the early days of public broadcast, the stars of filml took a long time to find out what Radio was all about. T showed station favoritism for a newspaper tie-up. Nowad you can hear them, however, from practically any of the tions at one time or anot

Among the people who their first broadcast experie in front of the old button carbon microphone in our s dio was Frederick War distinguished interpreter Shakesperean roles; Eug Biscailuz, then county und sheriff but now chief of state motor patrol; One-E Connelly, professional g crasher; Harlan Fengler, rac driver; Jack Dempsey, pugi of parts; Georgia Bullock, t police judge; G. Gordon Wi nall, director of the City Pl ning Commission, and others

But the movie talent predo nated. For two or three ye we had the thirteen Wam Baby Stars to introduce and



Alexander Grey and Bern Claire singing from Moviela over the continental syst stimulate the desire to see a hear them on the screen.



Luscious Clara Bow is a natural when it comes to Radio. When she snuggles up to mike audiences are thrilled. Her voice has a magnetic lure.





Vivienne Segal (above) was first glorified by Ziegfeld and one of the very good reasons why visiting buyers paid $8 for eye treatment at the Follies. Her excellent voice is now broadcast from Hollywood.

Mary Brian has been making pictures for years—sweet, dependable and always attractive but not so prominent until she became acquainted with mike.

TAKE THE AIR

a Miracle of Change in the Attitude Merging Interests of Sound Pictures and Huge Entertainment Trust

Correspondent

hem lisp a few feeble words through the air.

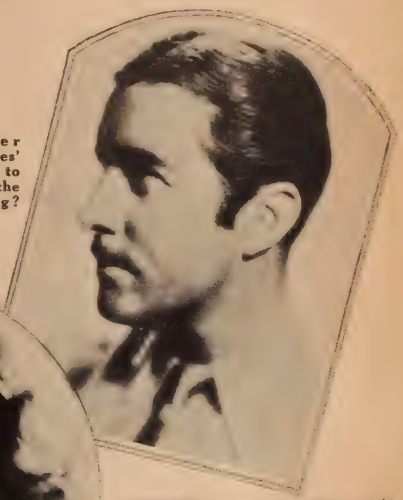
What a change has come about in the last few years . . . lmost the last few months. Poor, old, much-maligned Radio ets a tender hug and caress from its old-time rival and is agerly welcomed into the fold to help make more dough for he gouty gentlemen who do business in the crevasse known s Wall Street, in Gotham town, in the far, far East.

Radio experience has been a tremendous boost to screen elebrities and would-be stars. n earlier days they were plumb oolish . . . blowing kisses to heir friends over the air . . . hanting platitudes about "wish ou were here, dear public," "oh, ay, I'm thrilled," and other neaningless phrases.

BY THIS time, however, they take the Radio much more eriously. Perhaps the box of- ice angle has something to do vith it. At any rate, their boss ays "get them on a Radio pro- gram," and it's done.

Stars are reaping a much ricber harvest through their alkie performances than in the ilent films. Good speaking nd singing voices enhance their alue considerably. And in the

Remember John Boles' skyrocket to fame in the Desert Song?





Remember Bart Wheeler (left) and Bob Woolsey in Cucoos? Their air venture entitles them to membership in any local branch of the great American Radio Cucoo club.



Nancy Carroll has just been going through her Most Wonderful Year with one success after another. The fans cannot see her enough, so she broadcasts regularly.





Lovely Marilyn Miller, star of stars of Ziegfeldom, has made her bow to the Radio audience and been accepted as one of the air divinities.

Being married has not put any serious crimp in the career of Joan Crawford (above), who is the beloved wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She comes to you on the screen and then purrs to you from invisible clouds of Movieland.

process of course it was but natural that a few should fall by the wayside.

There was Elinor Glyn. Born in Toronto, educated in England, one must address her by the French title of "Madame." Ritzy to the extreme in dealing with us in the studio, her initial Radio efforts bored the audience to distraction through the use of flossy words, extreme emphasis and provincialism of speech.

Renee Adoree was a trifle better. Then, too, she didn't have to depend on the speaking voice, so she played a tiny ukulele and sang a couple of French songs. They were folk songs, but the audience thought maybe they were risque, and so, not understanding them, thought they were the berries sure enough.

Carmel Myers was terrible when she sang something about the lonely old shack! But she was very modest about it all, and was one of the few who really could stand constructive criticism. You ought to hear her now. She has been taking vocal lessons for three years and does extremely well.

In the juvenile line little Baby Peggy was about the most unspoiled in the field of youngsters in the films. Some of her Radio work was too mechanical. She did everything exactly as the parents admonished her. But at least she was simple and natural and never had a silly smirk on her facial expression like some of the child performers of today.

Little Johnny Fox was the easiest of the boys to handle for microphone work. It is surprising how these kids have certainly grown up the last few years! Johnny now lives with his mother down below in Highland Park (which the writer can see as these lines are being written) in a little cottage on top of an overgrown hilltop.

He has graduated into long pants and has been going through high school. No, he didn't chaw terbacca in "The Covered Wagon," nor has he picked up the habit since then.

THE ORIGINAL mike appearance of Marion Davies was widely heralded for our little studio. We made extensive preparations by thoroughly cleaning out the tiny quarters and showering the place with so many flowers that our expense accounts were drained flat for some time.

"We," includes the able technician, Bert Heller, who later bought the old KWH, jazzed it to 500 watts and called it KPLA. He passed away early in life before his career was really started.

Then there was our promotion manager, David Swing Ricker, who was well groomed for the arrival of the famous visitor. Swing, too, has passed to the great beyond after an eventful and hectic career.

By this time the old KWH was off the air and we were running as a remote to KFI. After anxious moments of waiting, Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, mushed in with a lady whose face was covered with a black veil. The introductions were made. She did a fair job at the speech.

But, alas, it was the wife of the late Holbrook Blinn, famous actor, who doubled vocally for Marion although since that time Miss Davies has actually condescended to make a Radio appearance once or twice.

We had pretty good luck with scenario writers, particularly Carey Wilson and Eve Unsell (Mrs. Lester Blankenfield). Both had an extended series on how to write scenarios. Perhaps it didn't encourage anybody to start writing, but it did a lot of good if it discouraged some.

Then there was Herb Rawlinson. He used to play the much maligned uke out at Universal in '10 or '12. So he tried it over the Radio several times. Of course it was awful, but Herb was so frank in saying that it "really wasn't so much" that folks didn't seem to mind.

There were more than a hundred in all who broadcast from the old place. Lew Cody was never known to tell a new story in those days but the old ones were so ancient that to many they were new.

Ralph Lewis would nervously pace up and down the room. Hobart Bosworth would pester us with questions on Radio deportment. Anna Q. Nilsson was a big flop the first time because of nerves. So also was Adela St. Johns, a Cosmopolitan writer. Adolph Menjou must have anticipated television for he was awfully fussy about his personal appearance.

Francis X. Bushman took the most pains of all to have something new every time. This was likewise true of Monte Blue, Milton Sills and Bert Lytel. Then there was the late Larry Semon, who liked to gag in front of the mike; Norma Shearer, who was always somewhat dazed and nervous; Betty Blythe and Katherine McGuire (now Mrs. George Landy).

HOLLYWOOD did not take Radio seriously until a year or eighteen months ago. Whether in the studio or later at premieres which were broadcast, a score would pass in review before patient old mike, all saying the identical thing:

"So glad to be here. Wish you were here, too." "Oh, I'm so thrilled. Isn't this too wonderful for words." "Do you know, on the screen you can see me, but can't hear my voice. And now you can hear me speak, but can't see me. Isn't that so funny? Ha-ha-ha."

Then the announcer would repeat, kind of sotto voice, "So glad to have you with us. Thanks."

This kept up for hours at a time. The audience was bored to tears and distraction. They ceased to dial in for the junk. Radio editors began to pan the broadcast of premieres and Radio appearance of stars.

Thus, although Will Hays refused to be drawn into the controversy, public opinion molded a little sense into a few publicity agents. They began to write some pseudo-continuities and to scribble out notes for the talks.

Things began to be on the up-and-up. The public learned to tune in again. Talkie magnates learned the box office value of Radio propaganda. The subtle method of having the stars as guest artists grew in proportions to real, honest-to-goodness talkie star programs.

Few, if any Radio artists, have had much of a break in the talkies. A good deal of this is traceable to the fact that they lack the poise and the general histrionic ability of the professional.

But certain it is that the film people have learned a wealth of experience from the Radio activity. Their talkie duties have helped them become amenable to discipline in the Radio station and inversely their Radio work has made them considerably more valuable on the film lot and at location.

So this has been the gradual evolution of how and why the talkies have taken to the air.

The talkie stars now, instead of being tuned off, are eagerly awaited by a large sized country-wide audience, which has already become familiar with their faces and voices through the screen.

THERE is KFWB's First National-Warner Brothers hour on Sunday nights with a galaxy of stars and starlets at 8 p. m., PST. The station, owned by Warner Brothers, also has frequent appearances of stars during the week.

Then there is the Paramount-Publix hour, originating at KNX in Hollywood, and switching from time to time to the stage in New York. This hour has shown conscientious effort at arrangement and presentation.

A new series is the Del Monte program over NBC each Saturday night with stars from some current production. I am told that by the time this reaches print KHJ will have the program each Saturday to send eastward for a year . . . 11:15 p. m., Eastern daylight time . . . to include all the talkie song hits and theme numbers a month or six weeks before public release. The program plans also to have talkie stars and composers on the hour.

The "Voices from Filmland" series from the M-G-M lot during the winter months on Mondays was a good one while it lasted. So, too, was the M-G-M Wednesday night frolic at KHJ which has been off the air for some time.

Hal Roach has an informal tie-up with KFVD and Our Gang, Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chase, Harry Langdon and others of his crew take a petite microphone bow every once in awhile.

The RKO hour over NBC is another national broadcast of film, as well as stage celebrities, and perhaps Warner with its new Brunswick amalgamation may go on the air in a big way as it did with its Monday night cross-country Vitaphone hour a year or more ago.

Paramount has sort of an informal hook-up for KNX, 5,000 watt-er which does a continuous ballyhoo act about going up to 50,000 watts, but never seems to get around to it. The station though, doesn't make a specialty of using film talent for its programs, though it does take the Paramount-Publix Saturday night hour along with KHJ, both in the Los Angeles area.

WARNER BROTHERS KFWB has the run on the coast's film talent. Its old standby, Bill Ray, has gone to KGER Long Beach 1,000 watt broadcaster, and something seems to be missing from KFWB for he has announced all the film talent and theatre premieres at the station for the past four years. Gerald King's good judgment in bringing talent to the studio deserves credit for much of the KFWB prestige.

Sunday night at eight (Pacific standard time) KFWB has the First National hour and it brings plenty of celebrities to the microphone. Oscar Straus, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier," conducted the symphonic group on one of the programs. Sigmund Romberg has aired his talent there, too, as well as another librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, the "sweetheart team," Alexander Grey and Bernice Claire, Alice Gentle, operatic soprano, and many others.

Most of the stars who get a break in the talkies, and who double up for the Radio, are new ones. But some of the older people are still in the picture and a majority of them got their start on the legitimate stage years ago.

In between is the group which has been in pictures from the very start . . . people who, without previous stage experience, have followed the pictures from the early days of the flickers.

When Los Angeles had only two high schools (there are now a score of senior high schools) some of us used to ride horseback as extras on Saturdays . . . Universal and Biograph having started. Louise Fazenda, with long braided hair, was still in school and she went right into pictures on getting out. Then there was Myron Zobel, who later went back to Cambridge, and now publishes a film magazine. And Zion Myers who does a

(Continued on page 87)



OLIVE PALMER certainly is getting slimmer, you must admit by observing this, her most recent portrait. She's more youthful and at the same time a trifle more sedate. Palmolive has cleaned up since it started broadcasting and Olive Virginia Rae Palmer certainly deserves some of the credit by use of her immaculate voice.



BERNICE CLAIRE is another exquisite bit of screen femininity won for Radio from the talking pictures. We selected this from half a dozen poses, each as alluring as the other. Bernice is heard singing for the First National Pictures from KFWB, Hollywood, over a continental network of stations. Color here—ruby lips, pearly teeth, eyes!



ARMIDA—and that's all we know concerning the name of this dark-eyed maiden. She is the newest star of the singing screen and is a protege of Gus Edwards, famous "star maker." She is also one of the NBC featured artists of the RKO Hour. Any correspondence school detective would deduct from appearances that she's a real senorita.



BARBARA NEWBERRY is gifted with many extraordinary charms. But you see her here without her legs, which Florenz Ziegfeld has pronounced the "most beautiful legs in the world." Aside from that Barbara can charm you with her voice and wit during the CBS Homemaker Club Fashion Show and she can pose just like this.



SUE FULTON is a Radio singer whose sweet soprano voice is known just about as well in Florida as it is in her home town of Wichita, Kans., where she is both staff artist and program director for the enterprising station, KFH. Miss Fulton sings in opera and she sings just because she is usually happy and naturally that way.



BARBARA MAUREL knew that she had music in her soul when she started out for a career and thought it must be the piano. Then she discovered that she really could sing. She began cultivating her voice and made rapid strides to fame as a concert artist. You hear her now as the contralto soloist with the Philco Symphony on CBS.



MARIE GERARD started out on her growing Radio fame as Marie Opfinger. Opfinger was a stickler for a majority of the fans. The first ten letters she received had it all the way from Off-finger to Fingeroff. So she decided she would become Marie Gerard, which was a lucky combination. You hear her on the Kodak Hour, CBS.



At the left we have Andy Sanella, the flying conductor, who leads the famous Empire Builders orchestra, NBC, New York. He operates a steel guitar, saxophone, baton and his own airplane. He began with a sax. His first boss offered him $50 in gold to discard it. He refused and later helped to make Paul Whiteman famous. You never can tell about those things.





When the little freshmen at the Ohio State University become fretful and peevish at sundown the university broadcasting station WEAO brings them the Glad Lady, pictured above. Instantly cares of the day vanish. The Children's Hour at WEAO has spread far beyond the campus. When the Glad Lady is just herself they call her Dorothy Stevens Humphreys.



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He drinks to you not only with his eyes but with Coca Cola, for he is none other than Grantland Rice, the Big Sports Writer and Speaker of the Coca Cola hour. Keen, analytical, alert—you can look into his face here and feel that when he speaks he speaks with authority.





Alas that such charm and beauty should be swathed in black mystery! 'Tis Rheba Crawford, the Angel of Broadway, who strayed into Hollywood. She started out to win sinners by Radio and found Ray Splivalo, who won and married her. Now she lives in a castle in the hills with her own private studio connected with KFWB.





Introducing Mr. and Mrs. and Mr. and Mrs., or as the CBS correspondent says, "Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, the only living stage stars who have retained the use of prefixes throughout their career meet the 'Mr. and Mrs.' who are favorites on the Graybar hour and are known by no other name." At left: Billy Carlino, Charles Magnate and Dave Boyd the Cotton Picker minstrels on the Dutch Masters hour.



Ann Leaf (left) stands (when she does stand) just under five feet. She plays the mighty CBS organ. Every day she acquires some new nickname. Little Organ Annie, Mitsey, Sweet and Low are among the best.



Guess everybody has heard these four. They're the Roxy Gang quartet. From left: George Reardon, baritone; Carl Mathieu, first tenor; Frederick Thomas, basso, and John Young, second tenor. You recognize the names.



Sometimes we yearn for something from the heart that is true. Then what pleasure it is to listen to these young high school students, Lucy and Pin, over WJJD. Real characters in a sketch, Kids Again.



Eventually the greatest come to you through the air. And now Toscha Seidel, who stood a little aloof, in a series of concerts over the Columbia System. Adele Vasa shared the program with him. And of what avail summer skies and fair weather to allure from such a combination!



"Please, Uncle Bob, make a noise like a goldfish." That's one of many curious requests that come to Uncle Bob at KTSA, San Antonio. He's a star at imitating. Some of his associates in the picture from left: Cousin Jules, Don McGinnis, Aunt Betty, Uncle Mark and Uncle Bob.



America is proud of its Bills and Berthas who are typified in this Bill and Bertha (left) in the Perkinsville program over WLW. They not only proved that two could live as cheaply as one but saved $500 the first year of wedded life.



Above is the real Mrs. Stephens, seamstress in the Thompkins Corners Real Folks program, NBC, New York. Her real clothes, real face, but not her real name, which is Elsie Mae Gordon. She also plays the part of the school teacher.



Folks, reckon youh-all likes them caow boy ballads an' sich, thet yuh gits over the big air ranges. Well, sir, these here fellers is the Hill Billy Boys that canters-like over the NBC trail from Frisco. The feller in the center is Charlie Marshall, foreman o' these here hands.



What does a man think about after his 104th birthday? You could have found out by listening to Henry Homewood from Shenandoah, Ia., who was 104 last March. One thing he thinks about is his pipe which he has been smoking since Lincoln first ran for office.



Dale Wimbrow, black voice comedian at CBS and Virginia Gates, continuity writer, listen in for color effects for future broadcasts.

THIRTEEN and ONE

Will Little Thinks He Sees a Ghost as an Unexpected Guest Comes to Life In Nemo's Bed—a Haunted House

By Jackson Gregory

***Illustrations by* Dudley Gloyne Summers**

PRECIOUS stones, including the Nonius Opal, and the famous gem from the Orient known as the Flower of Heaven, and a million dollars in cold cash had brought together an unusual assortment of connoisseurs and adventurers. They were assembled in the storm-bound mountain retreat of Mainwaring Parks at Lake Tahoe. Including the servants there appeared to be just thirteen persons beneath this roof on that momentus night. As the guests dispersed to their various rooms there was a cry of murder. The host and his bodyguard were found dead or dying. An explosion in another part of the house sent the guests scurrying from the room. They found the safe robbed. Returning to the scene of the tragedy it was discovered the bodies of the two murder victims had been spirited away. No trace could be found of either of them. Two detectives mysteriously appeared from out of the night. Gateway immediately set upon Dr. Andregg and promised to get a confession from him. Then it was found that Nemo, another of the guests had disappeared from his room, leaving no trail. Several of the guests, headed by Captain Temple, prepared to hunt for him at a vacant cabin some distance away. But Paul Savoy, who strangely had predicted the arrival of the detectives, laughed and said they would not find their man.

"All we need think on now," he said, "is: Where are the bodies? . . . Good night, gentlemen." The door slammed, and the searchers departed into the night.

IT WAS all very well for Paul Savoy to sing out his cheery: "Good night." But no consummation was to materialize from the wish. It was a thoroughly bad night for several of the household; especially Andregg, who lived through a night of horrors. Gateway exerted pressure cunningly, crushingly, cruelly, and he was past master of administering that incredibly hideous treatment known so widely as the Third Degree.

Laufer-Hirth spent hours again with his hands full, ministering to Will Little. The secretary had made his fight against weakness and had his finger nails in the edge of victory, poised above the abyss of terror, when the new shock of Mr. Nemo's disappearance had come to play havoc with his young victory. He sincerely believed this grim and sinister old place was haunted by dead men and by the spirits of unlucky stones.



"It's Detective Dicks' body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"

He begged, he came close to futile threats in his desire to have Laufer-Hirth rid himself of the opal.

"It's bad luck, I tell you!" he shrilled. "We know there are strange, unexplained influences hanging about many precious stones. . . How did the thing come on the table downstairs? Who put it there, and why? . . . Go get rid of it; else you'll be next to go. You or I . . . For God's sake!"

Laufer-Hirth took the thing out of his pocket and stared at it with a most peculiar look in his eyes. Superstitions? Will Little shrank back and fell to shivering as though with a chill that bit to the bone. Laufer-Hirth shambled away, going into his own room. He was gone not over three or four minutes; but when he came back he announced, "I've hid the thing." And from his look and tone it might have been gathered that he, almost as fervently as Will Little, was relieved.

NOTHING, it appeared, would drag Gateway away from his present post at Andregg's bedside.

Temple, McIntosh and the sergeant bent their heads against the night's wild buffetings. They carried two flashlights, a bunch of keys, an ax, a handful of candles and a fresh supply of matches.

Somewhere, far above, beyond the thick massed clouds, day was breaking when they came to the beach in front of the empty house.

An hour and a half after they had left the home of Mainwaring Parks they were stamping the loose snow from their arctics on another veranda, dark and bleak and piled high with drifts. They sent their two circles of light dancing here and there until the outlines of door and window were revealed. The window was heavily shuttered; blown snow, caught by an inrush of the wind, had been swept up over the threshold of the door. The three men began seeking signs of Mr. Nemo's passing here on the roofed veranda; but even here, had he come this way during the night, the spraying sleet must have obliterated all traces.

McIntosh held a light focused upon the keyhole while Captain Temple's numb fingers fumbled with the key he had inserted. The door, heavy and inclined to drag at an outer corner, creaked dismally. The three stepped in, shoved it shut against the wind, and began a hasty striking of matches. The dark in here, having the effect of being aided and abetted by a thick, musty atmosphere, was like a weight on their spirits. Ghostly little spurts of flame rose from the match-ends; a more genial yellow glow spread out from the three candles which they had lighted.

"Smacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding his candle high and staring about him interestedly. "I think we're going to find something. Something dead and cold and unlovely."

"WHAT'S that!" whispered the sergeant, suddenly rigid, leaning toward the gloom, chin thrust out.

One clutched another and altogether pointed. It was the thinnest, palest line of light under a door at the end of the hall.

On tiptoe and as noiseless as phantoms they crept to the closed door, being of equal mind to burst without warning upon their quarry. Captain Temple set his hand to the door, turning it ever so softly. He found the door fastened from within. The three put their ears close; never a sound. They drew back at Temple's urge, listening to his whispered word.

"That door's a flimsy affair. . . . The three of us rushing

it'll go down like a paper screen. . . .
ady?" They blew out their candles,
ffing them into their pockets to be un-
mpered. "If the door holds, then give it
e ax. . . . Nemo'd be off and away with
ull minute warning."
They drew close again, then hurled them-
ves in a compact attack, like one man,
ainst the door. It creaked and splintered,
t held. They drew back and struck again
d went through.

UT they came into no such light as they
had expected. There was the tiniest of
od fires burning in a fireplace; its glow
d yellowed the line under the door, but did
t banish the dark, rather making a murky
om of it. At first they feared that their
n had fled, or had already gone when they
arged toward him. But a moment later
ey saw him.
In that first instant he was standing against
e farther wall; his back was toward them
d his hands appeared to be at his face.
ey had but the most fleeting of visions of
m . . . and then he was gone. Close to
ere he stood was a window; it was closed
t not shuttered. Here, perhaps, he had
tered; here he vanished. There was a leap
d a lunge, a shattering of glass and their
arry was quarry no longer. And what they
d seen of him was merely a crouching form.
"It's Nemo!" the captain contended sharp-
. "After him!"
They threw up the window and went
rough, dropping several feet into loose snow.
A moment later McIntosh, straightening
, pointed to their own former track, the
ie they had made coming here from the
arks house.
"He's taken the only open trail," he an-
nounced. "Headed toward the house we just
me from."
They found no other furrow than that of
eir own making. Head-bent against the
ind, protecting their lights all that they
uld, but forced repeatedly to wipe the glass
ear of blurring damp.

HEY went forward hurriedly, yet watch-
ing to make sure that Nemo had not
riven to trick them by making a leap far
t to the side. But the track led straight on,
d brought them to the front steps and on
to the door.
"And now," grunted Temple disgustedly,
we've had a pretty chase just about for
othing. We'll find a very placid, serene
d noncommittal Mr. Nemo smoking a cigarette by the fire,
d lifting a pair of crooked brows as much as to ask if we've
en enjoying ourselves."
The fragrance of coffee greeted them. "Guess it's pretty
ear that time o' day," said McIntosh, and they went to the
ming room. At the table were Paul Savoy, Laufer-Hirth
d Mr. Nemo's man, Mohun.
"Nemo came in just now, not over fifteen minutes or so
efore us," Temple spoke abruptly. "Where is he?"
Mohun looked at him stonily, leaning across the table.
"You see him?" he asked, his voice grown quick and sharp.
"Didn't you?" snapped the captain, growing mystified.
Haven't any of you seen him?"
They shook their heads.
"Then who did come in?" he fairly shouted at them. "We
llowed some man here; we saw his tracks; he came in at
e front door. Who was it?"

T APPEARED that no one knew. If any man had entered,
he had done so unseen.
"That's pretty thick," growled Temple. "He has slipped
quietly and perhaps gone to his room. If he pulls the blank
ce when I find him, I'll . . ."
The three hurried through the house toward Nemo's room.
rom a remote room they heard a voice, high-pitched and
haken: Andregg's voice in supplication or menace. Gateway,
vidently, still stood by his torture rack. And presently they
eached Mr. Nemo's room.
"And there he is," Temple gasped, for all along he could
ot greatly believe in his own prediction. "Pretending to be
sleep and to know nothing of any night's escapade."
He whipped back the blankets . . . then fell back with a sharp
jaculation of amazement. Tom Blount and McIntosh thrust
orward. Then from Blount burst a shout which went echoing
razily through the old house and brought men running.
"It's Detective Dicks' dead body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"



"Smacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding the candle high and staring about.

Gateway, hearing the cry, stepped as far as the door, and bellowed out orders:
"Keep someone in the room every second. Someone come here and tell me all about it. And don't touch the body or anything about it; when I can get free to come in there I'll grab up clues by the handful."

IT WAS Captain Temple, looking perplexed and therefore angry, who reported to him. Beyond Gateway he saw Andregg, sitting on the edge of his bed now, half dressed and looking white and shaken and sick.
"Tell me," rasped out Gateway.
"It's Dicks' body, all right," growled the captain. "Don't ask me how it got there. . . Maybe the damned house is haunted."
Gateway scoffed. Temple told what he could, including a sketch of their visit to the other house, their pursuit of the man they had found there, of his conviction that it was Mr. Nemo.
"He came in at the front door; that's all we know. We looked to find him in Nemo's room . . . and found the body of Detective Dicks instead."
Andregg leaped to his feet, crying out excitedly:
"I'm not the guilty man! . . . With me in my room, look at the things that have happened: Nemo gone . . . Dicks in his place . . ."
"Shut your mouth!" raged Gateway, whirling on him, "I've said all the time that you were the murderer . . . and you are! If you have an accomplice, the Chink or one of the wops, that doesn't let you out."
He turned again to Temple, saying bluntly:
"This bird is beginning to break, and he's going to break fast. This happening brightens him up a bit, but he'll relapse all the faster when it's over."
"You must be crazy!" Temple said shortly, going back to Mr. Nemo's room.

PAUL SAVOY lifted his brow sharply, muttering under hi breath:

"So Andregg's no doctor! If I known that in the beginning! Wel it all fits in." And then abruptly h took charge in the room. In quiet, lowered voice he called to th others to come out; Dicks was bare ly conscious, it appeared, and woul certainly require absolute rest. The must discuss this thing; give wha first aid they might; then manag somehow to get a physician.



Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.

WILL LITTLE, queerly fascinated, drawn by the very horror which repelled him, evinced a more morbid curiosity than any of the rest of them. He had stopped at the broken door at first, drawn two ways. His face was white; beads of sweat gathered and trickled down his face. Step by step he drew closer until at last he stood over the bed looking straight down upon the still form of the detective.

Then, all of a sudden, a wild yell burst from him and he turned and fled from the room. They heard him dashing upstairs, heard his incoherent and meaningless jibbering, then the slamming of his door.

"Your little friend is on the raw edge of insanity," said Temple, looking gravely at Laufer-Hirth. "You'd better figure on some way of getting him out of . . ."

"My God!" It was Tom Blount, staring and pointing. "Look! He's alive!"

And now they saw what had precipitated Will Little's panicky flight. The eyes of Detective Dicks were wide open; they turned slowly; they rested, full of dull question, on face after face.

Temple shouted excitedly.

"He needs a doctor; send Andregg."

"Doctor?" cried Gateway. "Andregg's no more doctor than I am. Dicks would be better off with the cook treating him."

"You're all right, you know, Dicks," said Temple, rath more tactful and sympathetic than any had looked for him to l

Dicks, without the strength to nod, closed his eyes briefly indicate agreement.

"Do you know who struck you?" asked Temple.

Dicks, with an obvious effort, shook his head.

"Or who . . . attacked Parks?"

Again the effort to say, "No."

"You know nothing at all about it, then?"

"No."

"That's quite all right, Dicks," said Temple cheerily, h disappointment well hidden. "Get a little nap now if you ca One of us will be with you all the time, and a doctor's c the way."

"Whatever he says," called Gateway, "let me know, and I know how to use it on Andregg."

"THAT man Gateway," observed Savoy disgustedly, "miss his century as well as his calling. He should have serv

handy-man for the Inquisition. Andregg is no more guilty
n . . . than Gateway himself."
Laufer-Hirth hurried away in quest of his secretary, to quiet
n with the good news that Dicks was alive and that there
s nothing spooky about the matter.
Temple, as having had considerable experience with accidents
l their first aid treatment during his expeditions into the out
way parts of the earth, with Blount an able assistant, was
: in charge of Dicks. They found him fully dressed, even to
es and tie; just as when they had come upon him uncon-
ous in his room upstairs. Temple, with clever, gentle fingers,
mined his wound and looked up curiously at Blount.
"I'd say he isn't even badly hurt," he said, puzzled. "Looks
me like a heavy blow that surely was enough to stun him;
d to make an ugly looking cut, laying back a flap of the scalp;
: the bone isn't fractured."



"But Andregg said . . ."
"Andregg isn't a physician at all, according to Gateway. And
was excited; rattled, I'd say. . . . Scare up some good
iskey, Tom. That'll help as much as anything."
Blount leaned closer, his nose close to Dicks' lips.
"He's got whiskey on his breath, already, sir. I'd say he's
st had a drink."
Temple stared at him. Yet what Blount had said was true
ough. Most certainly, and not many minutes before, liquor
d passed the detective's lips.

BLOUNT caught the captain by the arm, dragging him away from the bed, whispering:
"The man we followed here . . . was it Dicks? Is he up
some game of his own? How'd he get here? And where's
e man we did chase from the other house?"
"If you ask me another question, Tom Blount, there'll be
other murder done, and you'll be the victim. Let's get him
dressed and comfortable. As soon as he can talk, he'll talk.
d don't you forget it. He's got to tell us something, one
ay or another."
"He won't, though," said Savoy, a hint irritably. "Simply
cause he doesn't know anything to tell."
Laufer-Hirth entered the room, looking vastly troubled.
"I'm having the perfect devil's own time with Little," he
nounced from the door. "His nerves have flown all to
eces. He's carrying on like a crazy man. I . . . I'm
tually afraid for his reason. If anything else happened—
en if it was only a stray black cat, or if a picture fell from
e wall, he'd just go up in the air and explode."
"Better get him to promise to stick close to his own room,"
avoy told him crisply. "For something else is going to
ppen."
He spoke with such assurance that he caught and held their
estioning eyes.
"Peering into the future again, Savoy?" Never more ironical
ad Temple succeeded in being.

"YES!" responded Savoy, certainly never more waspish. "Something else is going to happen."
"You know what this coming event is?" From Laufer-Hirth
ver his shoulder.
"Look here, Amos," he said soberly, possibly not hearing
aufer-Hirth's question. "Don't you think you can prevail
n Little to stick close to his own room? One of us can bear
im company; does he play chess? Cards, anyhow. And . . ."
"I don't know; oh, Lord, I don't know." Laufer-Hirth
opped his troubled brow. "I'll go and sit with him."
All day someone remained with Dicks. At an early hour it
ad been thought best to move him to another room, since the
oor of Nemo's room had been ruined, and quieter quarters
ere obviously required. He appeared very weak, but grew
isibly stronger; at Temple's orders broth was prepared for
im. But he was troubled with no further questions as yet, his
nswers to the earlier ones satisfying all that there was little
r nothing to be learned from him. He began to look as
hough he it was who wanted explanations.

Temple and Blount and McIntosh, having the strongest personal interest, searched and searched again for some little sign to point to the answer of the question that perplexed them: "Who was it that they had chased from one house to the other?"
"You realize, of course," Savoy queerly, "you've heard of the original owner and builder of his place? A certain Thraff Willcyzinski?"

"If you run your eyes over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading."

"MAN alive!" A soft whistle followed McIntosh's exclamation. "Why, that old coot, mad as a hatter, belongs to a past generation. He ought to have been dead twenty or thirty or forty years ago."
Savoy smiled crookedly at him.
"That's why I spoke as I did. Just whom or just what this apparition of yours is. . . ."
"Oh, I say, laughed McIntosh. "For a *deus ex machina* you are not going to give us a ghost, are you?"
"Just to think of Thraff Willcyzinski," pursued Savoy, one of his dreamy moments upon him, his eyes fixed in the way they knew so well upon the star sapphire ring, "is refreshing. Mad: a murderer long years ago; vanished. Hasn't it dawned on you that any man with so crooked a mind as to construct so vast and crooked a house, must inevitably have indulged in secret rooms?"
"Nothing new there," said Temple. "Blount and I have been looking for just that sort of thing."
"Of course. Couldn't help thinking of that. A mind like

(Continued on page 65)



Drive up to the curb in Darktown with your motoradio set to a blue program and you wont be lonesome long.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE

"Stay Home and Listen to the Radio" Has Been Changed to "Take Your Radio as You Go"

By Colonel O. N. Taylor

"How about this spelling—you make it all one word, 'Motoradio'? asked the Inquiring Reporter of Colonel Taylor.

"Quite right, suh. 'Motoradio' is what I have in my car, suh, an' I assure you it is correct."

* * *

MIGHT as well start this tour with the inevitable story about motor Radio and get it over.

Here goes!

Pat: "I see they are equipping all the new Fords with Radio sets now."

Mike: "Sure, begorra, and why?"

Pat: "So they can get out-of-town!"

* * *

And now that that is over we might say that the craze for Radio equipped automobiles hit the higher priced vehicles first, and the flivver class is apt to be the last to take up Radio on wheels on a large scale. On account of the gas tank being right behind the cowl, most of the ready built sets cannot be installed there as there is not enough room for the receiver proper and the speaker.

* * *

But flivver or not, Radio is being taken for a ride! It is going bye-bye! The day is near when the guy who goes to trade in his old bus will tell the salesman that he has new tires all around, only 20,000 miles on the speedometer, 600 hours on the Radio, and new tubes in every socket.

* * *

Of course there are a few hindrances to motor Radio. Some legislators, perhaps the grandsons of the boys who introduced the 10 mile an hour speed laws and the one about motorists being required to stop their engines and dismount upon meeting a horse-drawn vehicle, have tried to get bills through prohib ing Radio equipped autos from using the highways. They s such contraptions detract the driver's attention. The sa solons should introduce similar motivated bills forbidding t use of cowl ventilators when flappers in silk dresses are ridi in the front seats.

* * *

Then there is a bit of wifely objection. When I announc to the other three-quarters that our (and I don't mean editorial "our") car was to be equipped with a Radio set, s howled.

"Can I never get away from Radio? You have five sets no and one is always going when you are at home, in your offi or at the summer cottage. Now I suppose I will have to list to squeaky sopranos between those three points."

* * *

Well, she does and likes it! After the set was installed s had but one cutting remark to make. Our car is a bit loud appearance, I admit. A Mexican torquoise blue with oran wire wheels and pipings. Riding home through a park the fi night with the Radio banging out a band playing "The Bil board," that march that reeks of the circus sawdust, she ha this to say:

"I hope you are satisfied. First you get an auto that loo like a band wagon and then you have to go and install a callio in the thing so it will sound like one."

* * *

BUT, my, how Radio adds to the pickup of a car. Just t driving up to a stop light near a telephone exchange abo the time one shift of "excuse-it-please" girls have given th seats at the wrong-number-board to another shift. Tune i

your set to a lively dance tune. Boy you have to fight them off! Of course there is a drawback there, too. They usually want to follow the music through the air and streets to its source and the best music seems to come from places where the cover charge is equal to the price of a new set of B batteries. (That's also an argument for getting a powerful motoradio so you can drag in music from another state.)

* * *

A little cruising around will acquaint you with the best spots around town for good reception. Usually these places are on the outskirts of the city, down shady, unfrequented roads formerly used by horse and buggy riders and dubbed "Lover's Lanes."

Get a girl real interested in Radio and suggest a trip to one of these places in the interest of Radio science. When you arrive there tune in one of those dreamy crooners, and let little Rudy Vallee advance your cause.

Reception is usually best on clear moonlight nights.

* * *

But don't get into the jam a Chicago boy did while on one of these scientific expeditions.

He had a great big date with a little bitty girl whose motto was "home by 11 every time."

Accordingly he set his auto clock two hours slow and called for the miss. They motored to the "best reception" spot and started their "scientific studies."

Time passed.

More time passed.

Then she turned on the dash light and noted that it was only half after nine. The light went off and the boy friend turned the dial in search of the recommended crooning music.

He got it. And as he and she were about to obey the command of a soprano singing Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," the melody stopped and an announcer bent on giving public service disturbed the quietude of the sylvan parking space with:

"The correct time is now 11:30."

"You big bum," cried the little bitty girl. "You have fixed that clock again. Take me home."

"You are wrong, dearie, that announcer is in Atlantic City."

"Oh, yeah, since when was there two hours difference between Chicago and Atlantic City? WPG has been pounding in to our house too long for me to swallow that stuff. Tune that set to a station playing 'The End of a Perfect Day' and see how good your reception is at 60 miles per hour headed in the direction of home."

* * *

AND another tip!

Do not leave your Radio set running tuned in to a baseball broadcast when you draw up to a curb on a business street and get out to buy a cigar. If you do, one of two things, and maybe both, will happen to you. You either will be pinched for blocking traffic on the sidewalk or you will return to find an interested mob hanging all over your new chrome plate and ready to commit mayhem if you drive away with the score tied, the bases full and two outs in the ninth inning.

* * *

Colored districts are also good places to stay away from when parking with running Radio. Pickaninnies need only a wisp of music to start them dancing and once started a race riot is apt to start if you attempt to drive the music away.

* * *

Ralph Langley, Radio engineer, points out a curious phenomena brought about by Radio in automobiles. Through the use of such you can hear the same band concert twice.

Try this on your auto Radio.

Drive up to a position on the windward side of a band stand from whence a broadcast line is running. Tune your receiver to the station broadcasting the band. Listen! You hear the band almost the instant the music is created because the Radio wave bringing you the music travels at the rate of 180,000 miles per second. A few seconds later you hear the same music after it has traveled through the air on slow sound waves.

* * *

RECEPTION is often effected when driving between two large steel framed buildings. At one point on Washington boulevard in Chicago is a sign—"Zone of Quiet—Hospital." My Radio always obeys this sign and volume diminishes the minute the car reaches the sign and does not come up loud until the car has passed out of the zone. Although we tell the uninitiated rider that the Radio is a sign reader and believer, the real cause is the steel structure of both the hospital and the building across the narrow street.

* * *

Pat Flanagan, sports announcer for WBBM and CBS, who broadcasts all Chicago Cub games, whether at home or abroad, tells me that he is receiving more letters every day from radio-ball fans who have caught him on the fly.

Then there is one told by Bob Kaufman, former automobile and Radio editor, and now president of K-B Motoradio, one of the pioneers in this radio-as-you-go business. In fact, I think Bob deserves credit for starting the craze.

* * *

"IT WAS during the big spring blizzard that hit Chicago and a business man driving a Radio equipped auto got stalled in a snow drift on the outer-drive," tells Mr. Kaufman. "Several blocks away he could see one of the park commission snow plows slowly working its way to him through the snow. So he decided to sit and listen to a Radio program pending its arrival and his release. He tuned in a local station just in time to hear a news announcer reading the opening quotations on the New York stock exchange.

"Having many holdings he proceeded to listen to what had been a dull market up to that day. What he heard was far from dull. Unusual activity in certain stocks had placed his own holdings in jeopardy. He shut off the Radio, locked his car and hit off across the park for a drug store. Reaching there he 'phoned his broker a selling order. When he finally got back to his car and free of the snow drift, he again tuned in market reports and found that the stocks he had just sold were on the toboggan. But his selling order had been received in time and his motoradio had saved him thousands."

* * *

A travelling salesman who keeps his car in the same garage where mine is stored tells me his experience with Radio on wheels.

"You'd be surprised how it helps me in business," he said. "I am a cigar salesman and have a route of rural stores. During the summer these shops are all equipped with radio sets pulling in baseball broadcasts, and baseball is the topic of the counter crowd.

"I tune in the game when it comes on the air and keep it on as I travel. When I hit a store I can enter talking about the progress of the game. I am right up to the minute on the play and can enter right into the conversation. This pleases the proprietor and it is much easier to sell a man who is thinking along the lines you are talking than it is to come in and interrupt him with 'what's the score?'"

* * *

IN THE White House automobiles (oh, yes both Mrs. Hoover and Lawrence Richey, one of the President's secretaries, have sets installed in their cars but do not want much said about them for fear they will be drawn into the controversy between manufacturers and officious state motor officials) the speakers are located inconspicuously in one corner of the tonneau. These sets are of the earliest design. Now days most of the speakers are located up under the cowl.

Cowboy Weston, world's champion billiard player, has a convertible cabriolet with radio equipment in which he has radio-ed as he tours all over the country. He used to have his speaker attached to the top of the car. One day, it being balmy, he opened the top and folded the top back. He then turned on his radio set and the result was terrible. He had forgotten to detach his loud speaker and he smashed it beyond repair! Now his speaker is under the cowl.

* * *

Most modern types utilize an antenna concealed in the top of the car. Fine copper wire mesh is used in most cars. In mine, a sport phaeton, I find that I can fold back the kaiki top containing the aerial and not injure it or interfere with reception. Batteries, of the B and C type are concealed beneath the car, being reached for replacement through the floor boards in the rear compartment. Juice for the A battery comes from the storage battery of the car. By setting up the generator charging rate there is no danger of running down the battery. Use of a Radio set does away with the need of burning the lights on long daylight runs. Just switch on the set and turn that heretofore wasted "juice" into music.

* * *

Radio sets on cars are great temptations for the night forces in public garages. They have a way of jumping the current across the lock switch. You can prevent this by taking a tube home with you or installing a very secret switch on your B battery line.

* * *

There seems to be no directional effect on standard motoradio sets. I have failed to notice any fading or gaining in volume when tuned to a station no matter in what direction the car was headed or at what speed it was driven.

* * *

This is contrary to experiences with portable and semi-portable sets operated in automobiles. I remember in the early days of Radio, setting out in an automobile to deliver a superheterodyne loop set to station WTAS, several miles west of Chicago. Paul Neal, then a Radio engineer and now one of the guys who record squawks in Hollywood, my companions and I were not familiar with that section of the country. We got on the wrong road and could not locate the station. It grew dark and we knew we had driven far enough west to hit the station but could not tell whether we were north or south of it. Paul conceived the idea of hooking up our cargo and tracing the station with the loop. We found the signals from the station we were seeking to be coming in from either a northeasterly or southwesterly direction. We knew by the speedometer that we were far enough west so we doubled back, taking the next cross road to the north and eventually locating the station.

(Continued on page 65)

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

BERNARD BURKE, the snappy-eyed youth you see here, and the twentieth century arrived on this sphere almost simultaneously. Perhaps that's why this fair-haired announcer-singer at WTMJ has managed to keep up with the ever-changing entertainment trends of the times, so remarkably.



Back in the days when one of Edison's cylinder talking machines was the marvel of the neighborhood, Bernard was imitating the rhythmic steps of the dance-loving negroes in his native town of Natchez, Mississippi, and piping, in a childish voice, the spirituals they sing.

As his limbs became longer and his voice waxed stronger, he was sought out for a place in the church choir, then the accepted place of "nice people" who were blessed with good voices.

But Bernard wasn't satisfied. He wanted to get to New Orleans, center of the southern show business. Here he won a place with the St. Charles Stock Company, which landed him definitely behind the footlights. He played in "The Gingham Girl" in New York and on the road, and with Violet Hemming in Chicago in "This Thing Called Love."

The little boy who copied the shuffle-dances of the Mississippi darkies became Roy Lane, the hoofer, in the road show of "Broadway." Next he went on a vaudeville circuit with May Irwin, comedienne. Then the lure of the microphone got him, and we certainly can't say we're sorry. How about it, little Miss M. R. A. K.?

* * *

Al Carney is heard regularly over WCFL, Mrs. Empson, and you will find a little story about him on page 60 of the May issue; also a story about Harry Snodgrass. Harry is no longer on the air. Ted Poister is still at WTAM as you will note in the story on page 61 of the June issue.

* * *

Help! Help! Where is Cecil Wright, last heard over KTHS? Help!

* * *

Brad Browne has had an eventful life and a pleasant one. He was born in North Adams, Mass. His father was the end man in a minstrel show, and most of his relatives are musically inclined.

A banjo was the inspiration that sent Brad on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world. He used to plunk away on a banjo, nearly as large as he, back on the farm in North Adams. Then from the banjo, he went to plunking on his father's piano. Here is where he first began composing original music. His musical ability made him the "life of every party" and it was not long before he was in great demand.

But his life did not move along directly into a musical career. He tried his hand at a variety of thing before eventually finding himself in Radio. A floorwalker in a department store, pin boy in a bowling alley, a law student at Georgetown University . . . these are a mere fraction of Brad's past experience. And you know the rest.

This is to introduce Phil Stewart the announcer who joined up with KYW this spring and caused *quite* a rumpus . . . Oh, but we weren't going to tell about that! Phil was born in Glasgow, Scotland, some twenty-seven years ago—all of which makes him an honest-to-goodness Scotchman. But a very attractive little lady on the staff at KYW confided in me that he has become amazingly Americanized, paying luncheon-checks for the studio fair-sex and sharing cigarettes without a wince.

We started to tell you the secret and



Phil Stewart

we can't quite resist, at least *hinting at it.* Fan letters have come pouring in asking all about the new announcer whose voice is *just like, . . .* and here again we are forced to stop out of respect to the wish of Mr Hogan, general manager of KYW, who has asked us not to tell. However, we *can* say that his voice is very similar to that of a certain famous Scotch announcer who is heard from another Chicago station in connection with Amos 'n Andy broadcasts. But ssh . . . ssh. Even if you do guess, don't tell anyone.

When he came to this country about seven years ago Phil entered the theatrical profession and was successful on the vaudeville stage. Some time later his Radio debut was made over WJAS in Pittsburgh, Pa.

In case you haven't heard this disturbing voice, you must listen in on the Merrymakers some afternoon or on one of the various evening programs.

* * *

Donna, my dear, don't you know that WJR doesn't seem to like us (me) very well. They won't accept Marcella socially, or something, and that is why I can't oblige with the pictures you want. And to answer your other question, please don't worry about Rudy Vallee. I haven't heard any rumors that should disturb you.

You asked about Myrtle Spangenberg, Alyce. This blond, winsome WTMJ soprano soloist, my dear, helped to rock the Radio cradle in Milwaukee. Seven years ago a local department store set up the first broadcasting station in Milwaukee. It was a one-horse affair and they needed artists to help put it across with the public. At that time Myrtle, who had studied voice in Milwaukee and Chicago, was singing in theatres throughout the state.

She consented to warble over Milwaukee's first Radio broadcasting station. The venture was a success. Myrtle liked Radio. Soon after, when The Milwaukee Journal affiliated with Marquette University to operate WHAD, Myrtle joined the staff of that station. She has since followed through with Radio and is heard, as you know, on many WTMJ programs.

Myrtle is single, has blue eyes and golden hair, is five feet five in height and is more apt to be laughing than not. She has three important hobbies—music of all kinds, fan mail and dancing. And the pet peeve of this singer—can you blame her?—is a cold in the head!

* * *

Here's a bit about Jack Shannon, hilarious Master of Ceremonies at WOR. His hobby is Boston terriers and he is the owner of ten prize winners. He is often seen taking his daily constitutional accompanied by four or five of the little animules.

* * *

Sorry, Agnes, but you will have to wait for the story about Freddy Stone. But it's coming.

* * *

Richard Pavey, announcer and singer at WLW, is popular. And, to be more specific, he is popular with two types in particular, the elder members of the Radio audience, and the very little, i. e., the very little girls. Elderly people find comfort in his voice and little girls find romance. They name their dolls for him.



Classic programs are his favorites, perhaps because he was educated to be a grand opera singer. He might well have been, too, had not his eyes failed him, necessitating the wearing of heavy glasses that he could not lay aside even for the hours he would be on the stage.

As it is, he uses his beautiful baritone voice on some WLW programs, and sings in the quartet of one of the largest Cincinnati churches.

Listeners invariably picture him as tall and blond. Sad to say, however, he has a bay window. It's not a very large one, and somehow it seems to fit well with his dignity and that meticulousness which is an intrinsic part of him. He is very satisfactory to look at. He has brown eyes, brown hair, and a mustache.

For Pavey, nothing in the world matters but his wife and his two-year-old baby, a beautiful little boy who has shown no tendencies toward becoming a Radio announcer.

Norman Nielson of KFRC is a good looking, agreeable young chap of about twenty-six years. He originally hailed from the East, and says that after high school he was slated for Pennsylvania State College, but, as Norman puts it, the slate must have gotten cracked, for he found himself in a railroad office instead. It was hardly the thing he wanted, however, so he soon trav-



led across the country to San Francisco, where he took up the study of voice.

His first job on the stage was in comic opera, with Hartmann and Steinorff. He was with them for three seasons then went into musical comedy and played all through the West for four years. The last two years of this period he was managing and producing for Wilbur Cushman. After that was a year's engagement on the Orpheum circuit, then KFRC.

Norman says he likes Radio work better than the stage. But there's a reason—it allows him a permanent home, and that's very important, in view of the fact that Norman has only been married a little over a year.

* * *

Help! Help! Where is Irving Bergman? Mrs. L. D. says he was at WEBR up until recently, but where is he now?

* * *

Yes, Marie, the Strolling Guitarists are none other than Jim and Bob of WENR and they are heard regularly from that station now.

* * *

Thank you, Mrs. J. A. C., for the information about John and Ned.

* * *

A tall, slender young man of some thirty odd years walks briskly into the studios of KFRC. There is an intent expression in his eyes; his hair is very blond—he is, in fact, an ideal Scandinavian type. You've guessed it, Tome Bo, it is Robert Olsen.

Bob is so idealistic and serious that he is always busily occupied with his affairs and is so busy indeed that he always walks fast to keep up. But don't think that he isn't a nice person to have around, for he is a good natured, decidedly likable fellow with a sense of humor.

His popularity is no doubt due to that sort of tender quality in his voice that people just can't resist. And he is making Victor records, you know.

Bob and his wife were married before either of them were twenty, and they must make a very nice contrast together, for she is as dark as he is fair. There are two youngsters, Bob Jr., 11, and Betty, 10. And those who are really in the know, say that their's is an ideal marriage.



In his college days at Georgetown University he was engaged in drama and glee club activities, also publicity work. These were really fore-runners of his later life for before entering the field of Radio Bill was an advertising and publicity man; and up to the present he continues his dramatic work, from time to time giving recitals in Pittsburgh.

Then there is his war record to his credit, too. During the World War Bill served his country for thirteen months in the United States Navy, receiving his training at Newport, R. I. Forgot to say that Bill was born in Albany, New York, and received his early training and high school education in Schenectady, a regular eastern lad.

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marcella is very sorry to state that it is quite impossible for her to furnish her readers with the home addresses of their favorites. She admits to being a gossip but refuses to become a telephone book.

* * *

Can't tell you, Mrs. Brinson, what has happened to the Happy Go Lucky Office Boys. Does anybody know?

* * *

How would you like to have (that is, if you happen to be a man), a dressing room with racks for 100 shirts, 100 neckties; a fancy barroom reached by an aluminum staircase; a bed to live in, equipped with book-shelves, light switches, Radio panel? If you would, just think of William S. Paley, 27-year-old president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He has 'em.

* * *

Beg Your Pardon

The Ashley Sisters have NOT gone to KMOX as stated on this page in the June issue. We had it on good authority that they were, but when all was said and done, they couldn't bear to leave Chicago, so are still at WLS.

* * *

Many thanks to all the kind people who have written in about Ed and Mom. It seems to be a firmly established fact that Ed is none other than Smilen' Ed McConnell of WTAM. And "Mom" wasn't his wife, ever. This partnership business evidently broke, some way or other, and that is what got us all worried.

* * *

For your information, F. T. C., Marcella Roth is no longer at WSMB and, as far as we know, is not on the air at present.

* * *

No, no, no, Helen, Mat Tompkins, Seth Parker and Luke Higgins are not the same person. Not any of them, or all of them—no dual personalities here.

* * *

After five years as musical director of WLS, Don Malin has left the Radio field and has become associated with the R. J. Wiese life insurance agency of Chicago.

Coming to WLS in 1925, after editorial work on farm papers, Don adapted his hobby of music to the job of designing Radio programs. In Chicago Radio circles he attained a reputation for his choral music presentations.

Steve Cisler, chief announcer, has succeeded Mr. Malin to the post of program director.

* * *

Did you know that

Anson Weeks has been in New York taking Guy Lombardo's place at the Roosevelt Hotel while Guy was in Chicago? And that Ted Fiorito has, in turn, been taking Weeks' place at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco? Weeks will return to San Francisco for the Summer and Fall season and Fiorito will be back at the Congress by Fall.



And *more* romance! This time cupid ensnared an attractive young dramatic artist and a sports announcer. The girl was Peggy Dale who conducts the Homemakers Hour over WBRC down in Birmingham, and the man, Jack Skeavington, formerly sports writer for a Louisville daily and announcer over WHAS.

Now they're married and both at WBRC, of course. It looks as if Jack was a pretty smart boy taking a real "Homemaker" for a wife, and although Peggy is now Mrs. Jack Skeavington she is still simply "Peggy Dale" to her Radio friends.

Cheerio—so many people have been writing about him that I did my best, and almost to no avail, for this immensely popular individual who broadcasts an early morning inspirational program six days a week through the NBC has been successful in throwing a complete veil of mystery about himself. He absolutely refuses to tell anyone his real name, not even the high-ups at the NBC.

He's a zealous old fellow, somewhat fanatical, who takes his mission to do good in the world quite seriously. He is "Cheerio" just for that reason (to do good in the world), receiving no personal compensation for this role. He started the Cheerio program about four years ago with the idea of reaching the bed-ridden and shut-ins with a form of mental setting-up exercises. And that his idea has been a big success is evidenced by a recent total of 52,000 letters in less than thirty days.

* * *

Jack and Jimmie, sometimes known more formally as "Corlies and Gillissie" are entertaining at the Tea Garden Cafe in Detroit, so if you want to see them and hear them in person, there they are. On the air they're heard through WGHP.

* * *

Can't you just tell that Bill Farren is a bridge shark? I couldn't figure out why he had such a preoccupied expression, then when somebody told me about bridge, I knew. This Junior member of the Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA who is professionally known as William A. Farren is interested in many, many other things besides bridge, however. Take swimming, for instance, or tennis, or recitation work, or announcing.



* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

Express Your Own Personality

Individuality and Simplicity Major Factors in Creation of Beautiful Home Interior

"HOME MAKING is a creative art. It turns a barren house into the family center of beauty and culture. It pervades the home with a spirit in keeping with the times and gives to it an atmosphere of beauty, peace and culture, behind which the mechanics of housekeeping are hidden." Such is the definition of home making given by Ida Bailey Allen, head of the Radio Home Makers Club of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

With this conception of home making in mind Miss Conradt-Eberlin is preparing a series of articles for Radio Digest in which she presents some of the most important factors in artistic home making. This month she interviews Miss Joan Barrett, youthful interior decorator, and brings us a fascinating story of how to create a truly artistic home interior. — B. M.



While the little sewing girl puts the finishing touches on the curtains Joan Barrett broadcasts the process.



This pleasant room is the reception hall at the Radio Home-makers Club.

By **Eve Conradt-Eberlin**

LET'S begin our study of the n
era of inspired home-making w
the interior of the house, under Jo
Barrett's direction. Joan is still in h
twenties, but that doesn't hinder her
her work as the interior decorating e
pert of the Radio Home-Makers Cl
She received the basic training for l
career right in her own home, a be
tiful colonial mansion, mellowed w
tradition and memories, and furnish
with lovely early American furnitu
that her great-grandmother had chos
together with her husband, long befo
he marched away to join the Uni
Army.

"We were fortunate," says Miss B
rett, "because the atmosphere in o
home came there naturally. But, thou
everyone can't have an ancestral ha
we all can give to our homes the a
pearance of a place that has really be
lived in. That's the first quality to str
for when furnishing a house."

After studying the technical details
color, arrangement, period styles, a
the like, Miss Barrett went to Euro
to learn about the very old and t
very new in furniture and decoration.

"It is too bad," this young exp
said to me, "that we have acquired su
a snobbish attitude toward antiques
America. Considering that the pop
lation has at least quadrupled itself sin
the early days of our country, the
can't possibly be enough genuine
pieces to go around.

"Of course," she hastened to add, "
productions can be exquisite—so p
fect that only the connoisseur can d
tect them. But it is the avalanche

cheap and unauthentic early American, Queen Anne, Georgian, and so forth, that I want to warn everyone against. They are in bad taste and are making our homes standardized and uninteresting. The clever homemaker will avoid these, selecting instead the things that suit her personality and the personality of her apartment."

THE first thing to do, according to Miss Barrett's advice, is to look about your room—or house—and study the setting carefully. Do you feel the atmosphere you have created fits your personality? Does it spell *you*, so that at the first glance one would know you live there? If not, let's change it.

You have some favorite color, for instance, that always creeps into your clothes. That color suits you, it adds to your charm. Where is it in your home? Put it there; make it the background color. Now, what about the other colors? Do they harmonize? If you are not quite sure, Miss Barrett advises you to invest a few cents in a color card, which are sold in paint shops and art departments.

Now, about the placing of the furniture. Does it make sense? Does it have meaning? The most comfortable chair, the one you burrow into when you want to read, should be placed so that the daylight pours all around it. Take it out of the dark corner at the windowless side of the room and see if it won't look just as well near one of the windows. The couch or divan, on the other hand, can go on the opposite side, where it will be out of the sun's glare when you want to rest.

Keep small tables near chairs, so that one doesn't have to jump up every time he wants a cigarette, a magazine, or some place to set a glass. Give the most conspicuous place to your most prized possession; put your desk in a quiet corner where you can work undisturbed. The chairs should be grouped in a friendly manner—not so far away from each other that guests have to lean uncomfortably forward to hear what you are saying at the other side of the room.

Now, let us take into consideration the nicknacks scattered about on tables and shelves. Clear spaces are restful; many small objects distract the attention. There are only two reasons for the inclusion of small, dust-gathering articles in the decorative scheme—sheer beauty or usefulness. "A beautiful ornament, something so exquisite that it quite takes the breath away, deserves a place all to itself, enhanced by a carefully chosen background," says Miss Barrett. If you have nothing that deserves this distinction, let there be harmony and reason in the objects you have on display. Again, *express your own personality.*

ASH TRAYS, cigarette boxes, and other useful things should be sparingly used for decorative purposes, and they must always harmonize with the general feeling and color scheme. Keep the overflow in a handy drawer. Empty vases are sad things that should be hidden away, but flowers, fresh and fragrant, are the most charming decoration for any room. Not just any old flower in any old vase, but carefully chosen blossoms, daintily arranged in the proper holder. Artificial flowers must be fresh and true to nature if they are to be used, and then just a few in an appropriate bowl, used to brighten up some dark corner, are enough for any home.

The question of lighting is, of course, of paramount importance. Ceiling fixtures, chandeliers particularly, are usually superfluous, except possibly in the diningroom and large reception rooms. In the average room, wall brackets are the only stationary fixtures necessary—and in the smartest homes today these are done away with, too, in favor of lamps, and candles for the dining table. Avoid all garish, overdecorated fixtures and lamps. "The plainer the smarter" should be the byword of every home-maker in everything she does. Attractive lamps, in every conceivable color, shape, material and style can be purchased inexpensively, everywhere, today. Both bases and shades can be made at home by the clever home-maker.

Walls come next in Miss Barrett's inventory-taking. Look about and study yours carefully. Is the color restful, bright and clean? If the walls are paneled, is the furniture placed carefully to avoid ugly lines? If they're papered, is the design a worthy background for your furnishings? If you are not entirely satisfied, visualize what the walls should be to make the picture you are trying to create harmonious and colorful. If you do not care to go to the expense of professional labor, you can remove old paint or paper and redecorate the walls quite easily, yourself.

AND NOW comes one of the things Miss Barrett feels strongest about. I wish you could have been with us to see how sincere she was when she said, "If your pictures mean nothing to you, take them off the walls at once. Better a bare wall than one hung with a heterogeneous collection of prints, lithographs and paintings that awaken no response in you. Expensive 'art' is no excuse. Throw it out, too, if you don't feel a little happier for seeing it there."

Here's the way to get your pictures. Go out into the highways and byways—study the pictures you see on display in shop windows and galleries. When at last you find one that you *want* to own, make it yours by hook or crook. You'll find an amazing collection of inexpensive French and Japanese prints, etchings, dry points and mezzotints, colorful illustrations of all sorts, among which there will be some you will want to live with. Buy them, have them correctly framed, and then hang them carefully in the places you feel they belong. Don't worry about the "rightness" of your choice. If your pictures please you, they are "right" for you.

Now, let's sit down quietly and contemplate the windows with Miss Barrett. She says: "Study the view from each room, because upon it depends the sort of draperies you want. First, the outer hangings; whether they are of silk, cretonne, glazed chintz, or any other material, do they have a direct relation to the rest of the room? Keep these rules in mind: A dark floor and rug, and then more and more light as you ascend to the ceiling; the walls lighter than the floor but the window hangings darker than the walls, without too much contract."

IF the window is short, a valance placed about a foot above it and just hiding the top will make it look larger. If it is so huge that it dwarfs the room, a deep valance from the top of the window will shorten it. If the proportions are good, the most decorative hangings are two straight pieces of material, sewed onto rings, hanging from an ornamental rod, using no valance or edging. If the draperies are arranged on a pull cord, you can do away with window shades, which are ugly and collect a great deal of dust.

"If you have a superb view from the window," Miss Barrett continued, "don't use glass curtains, but let the hangings suffice. Then, be sure to keep the panes spotless. If there is no worthwhile view, you'll need window curtains, of some soft, monotone material, many shades lighter than the hangings, though dead white is seldom attractive."

The very prettiest glass curtains I have ever seen are those Miss Barrett used in the modern livingroom at the Radio Home-Makers Club. They are made of fine celonese voile, as soft and shimmery as the finest silk. One large, straight piece, about two and a half times the length of the window, is folded over a narrow rod at the top of the window, and then shirred right below the rod. Take one side and draw it down tautly, gathering it on a rod attached to the window sill. The other side is gathered in the same fashion to the other side of the rod, giving a lovely criss-cross effect.

I recommend this treatment with all my heart, for it really adds beauty to the room.

LAST of all, I want to talk to you about something that means a great deal to both Miss Barrett and me—and you, too, I hope. Books!!! To give a room that atmosphere of lived-in-ness, which Miss Barrett is so emphatic about, nothing is so helpful as books—adding color to the room from built-in open shelves; in a trough under an end table at the side of a comfortable chair; between a pair of handsome bookends on a divan table. Don't buy your books "by the yard," according to the colors of their backs. Consider the contents only and then set them in place haphazardly, mixing up the various colors so that no one color will dominate. Books you love, books you want other people to love are the sort you want around you.

"Probably the most thumb-worn volumes in my house," Joan Barrett told me, are two copies of *When We Were Very Young*, those charming poems A. A. Milne wrote for his little son, Christopher Robin. There's a copy—where do you think?—stuck down between the cushion and arm of my favorite chair, in the livingroom, and one copy on the night table next my bed. That's 'my' book and it has crossed the ocean several times with me."

I tell you this little story just as Joan told it to me because I want to convey to you the atmosphere of a real, lived-in home she created for me by telling this story. A book down in the side of a chair—just that seems to reveal her home to me.

When you have books around, your friends will brouse among them; they reveal you like nothing else will, they help to make friends and they add a touch of reality and beauty to a room which nothing else can impart.

Next month Miss Conradt-Eberlin will tell of her chat with the beauty experts and why they believe personal beauty is as important to the home-maker as beauty in the home. In the meantime, if you have any questions to ask regarding your decorating problems, write Miss Conradt-Eberlin in care of Radio Digest, and she will pass your letters along to Miss Barrett to receive professional advice.

Who Killed Dubronsky?
Swamped with a flood of "last chapter" theories the judges were unable to give a decision as to winners of this contest this month. The prizes will be awarded and winners announced in the
AUGUST RADIO DIGEST



PARADE OF

NEWS and Other Items of Interest About Artists, Announcers and Programs in All Parts of the Country.

Six O'Clock Finds Nearly All Boston Tuned In

A FRACTION over 96 percent of the approximate 250,000 radio-owning families in Greater Boston are tuned-in to the broadcast programs of the Boston radio stations after six o'clock each evening," according to the interesting statistical information says John Shepard, 3rd, executive in charge of The Shepard Stores Stations WNAC and WEAN, following his receipt of result of the first unbiased radio survey ever completed in the United States. Mr. Shepard continues:

"In the eight years that our stations have been serving the public, there have been many radical changes in programs, music, talent and even in the equipment. All through these years we have been guided, in presenting our programs, only by the letters and requests of a minority group, as to the likes and dislikes of the radio public.

"We have long appreciated the need of some sort of a research to collect valuable facts which would greatly assist our staff in arranging programs to please all the radio audience.

"Recently the opportunity presented itself and the survey was started with a crew of trained, bonded investigators, who came to Boston from an outside city, not knowing for whom they were gathering the data. After two months of strenuous effort, during which they interviewed one out of every 20 radio-owning families in the area comprising 15 miles in and around Boston, their report is now made available.

"As far as we can learn there has never before been a survey of this type conducted anywhere in the country. We were particularly anxious to learn the approximate number of radio-owning families in this district. The hours when the radio is most popular with the average listener—the programs most enjoyed—the types of programs generally preferred, and comparative figures to determine the high and low peaks of radio reception, were among the outstanding phases of broadcasting which we have endeavored to gather through the radio analysis.

"Compiled at an enormous expense the information which has been made available through the survey throws a new light on many angles of broadcasting, in which we have been previously guided largely by good common sense and judgment.

"In carrying out their task the research staff grouped the Greater Boston audience into occupational classes—7.96 percent engaged as merchants, professionals executives, manufacturers, etc.; 73 percent skilled workers, salesmen, city-living farmers, small business merchants and those retired; 18.90 percent the families of laborers, domestics, clerks and non-employed.

"One especially interesting fact revealed in the study is this: During the evening when there is a wide choice of stations from which to draw, the type of program apparently plays a greater part in the selection of stations than does the station itself.

"Thirty-three percent of those families interviewed expressed a first choice of stations in answer to the following question: 'What broadcasting station do you prefer—that is, if all stations were to be closed except one, which would you choose?'

"It is most gratifying to the personnel of Station WNAC to learn that more than 62 percent of the above group expressed a preference for the WNAC programs while 17 percent spoke in favor of WBZ and WBZ-A, and 16 percent were supporters of WEEI. Miscellaneous stations scored a four percent vote in the poll.

"Ninety-seven percent of the entire radio audience is tuned-in to favorite programs of the air between eight o'clock and midnight, the analysis shows. On Saturday evening the audience is found to be 81 percent, which would be about the average for any specific night.

"The early evening audience (that is, from 6 to 8 o'clock), is very nearly as large as when the radio is carrying its peak load. This percentage is 96.29.



Harold Clyde Wright, at present with Roxy's gang, is the most recent of the Radio stars to get a fat contract to make talking pictures.



A jolly group of music makers known to Radio fans as the Merry-Makers. These boys make merry over WBAL every Wednesday evening from 6 to 6:30 (EST). Left to right: Sol Sax (pianist and director); Philip Crist and Edward Jendrek, tenors; Elmer F. Bernhardt and John Hedeman, baritones and Nathan Cohen, xylophonist.

THE STATIONS

INTERESTING PLANS for Future Station Activities. What Artists are Most Popular. Other Facts and Figures



"One surprising revelation (particularly to broadcasting officials), is that the afternoon audience is larger than that of the morning. While the difference is slight, it had always been our opinion that the morning audience was the largest of the daytime hours. The analysis shows that the after-luncheon audience is 50.63 percent as compared with 45.63 in the morning.

"The research report also revealed that seven percent of the total listeners are tuned-in for the after-midnight programs once each week, and four percent follow this practice twice weekly.

"The report discloses that popular music—that is, dance and jazz selections —are exceedingly popular with one-quarter of the entire audience. However, fourteen percent of the listeners favor good music of all kinds. While thirteen percent chose variety there is a twelve percent group who express a choice for the classics.

"Stories, drama and semi-classical program follow in their order. Sketches, dialogues and monologues are popular with 2.81 percent of the fans, while vocal music and comedy sketches are also in the two percent class. Old-time music shares the one percent class with lectures and talks."

* * *

Two extremes for you. Last Winter Harry Jordan sat in his cabin in the frozen wastes of northern Quebec and wrote to WTIC requesting the dance tune, Turn on the Heat. About the same time Julia Doyle was vainly swinging a palm leaf fan in the tropical heat of the Canal Zone, and wrote asking for Canadian Capers. Both heard one of the Mary Oliver concert broadcasts from the New England transmitter.

* * *

WHAT is said to be the largest pipe organ ever built exclusively for Radio use has been installed in the studios of WCCO, the Minneapolis station of the Columbia Broadcasting system. It is a three manual instrument which is the result of four years of experiment.

Amateurs in Demand for Radio Entertainers

By Robert Reinhart, Jr.

Master of Ceremonies for the "Checker Cabbies"

A MONTH ago a single column, one-inch ad appeared in the Radio section of one of New York City's evening newspapers. It stated, in simple language, that Radio talent was wanted, and those possessing it should apply to room so and so at a Fifth Avenue address. The following day, the little office looked like the "bread line" in San Francisco after the fire, back in 1906.

Why do we seek Radio talent when there are hundreds of artists available at any Radio station? Why do we delve into the realms of the amateur, rather than the professionals? The answer is —professionals are sometimes too professional. It is a known fact that vaudeville entertainers and the theatrical business, in general, is in a bad slump.

That the talkies have hurt vaudeville and that there are literally thousands of acts that are idle and awaiting booking is a known fact on Broadway. Wouldn't it be easy to grab one-half dozen of these acts, that have been so successful on the stage, and bring them into Radio? What is it that makes a Radio personality so different from any other type of entertainer?

To begin with, as a general rule, everybody prefers the male to the female on the Radio. This is due to the difference in their personalities. A woman's personality is sometimes in her eyes, in her smile, in the movement of her hands, in the changes of expression. A man seldom resorts to these motions or gestures. His personality is usually his voice and so when Radio came into its own, man was at home.

All the pretty smiles and the eye-pleasing ways of the woman were lost on the Radio. Actors and actresses, who have made great successes on the stage, have sometimes proved "flops" or "busts" on the air program, and until television comes in, they are absolutely "out."

Even Rudy Vallee's voice is absolutely lost on the stage. If you heard him at the Paramount, New York, and happened to be sitting further back than the tenth row, you had to strain your ears to hear him, and at that he was using his megaphone. On the Radio he can whisper and his crooning style makes many a feminine heart leap. David Ross, the small boy with the big, deep voice, sounds resonant and powerful through the receiver and his diction is perfect. Yet, in speaking to a hall full of people, his voice does not carry.

If you go to a show once or even twice a week, you hear a few songs and a few gags and the chances are most of them will be different. Sometimes you hear the same song repeated and you are somewhat annoyed.

On the Radio, you are actually going to two or three shows every night and so before the week is over you probably hear every new song and many of the old ones. But then, you are listening in on the Radio. The second or third week you are just bound to hear the same songs and perhaps some of the same wisecracks. The songs you will forgive but the wisecracks never.

That brings us back to the vaudevillians—they prepare one act, and that same twenty minutes goes on three times a day for as many years as they can get booking. All they have to do is to learn a few little gags and a few songs and they make their livelihood on it for years.

How different is Radio! If you are on a weekly program which is sponsored between 8 and 8:30 every Tuesday, that means that every single week you must prepare a complete new program. Find new gags. Learn and sing new songs. That is one of the reasons why we seek new talent from the ranks of the everyday passerby.

Certain requirements make it impractical for Johnny Doray and Mary Sola to be heard as vocalists on two or three



The breaking waves dashed high, all right, as Ray Wilkinson and his midshipmen docked their good ship WDEL, of Wilmington, Delaware. We are unable to determine just what sort of craft that is—a gondola or a Mississippi steamboat; but it makes a striking picture anyway.

different programs every week. Of course, this is the musician's harvest. Concussionists, saxophonists, cornetists, pianists are permitted to run from one program to the next, but for these it makes no particular difference. They are good musicians. As the general set-up and arrangement of one band is always a little bit different from the next one they can get away with it.

Good Radio talent is wanted. It is needed. New ideas are required but remember, it has taken many years to build the theatre, and Radio with its over-night mushroom growth has done pardonably well. Television, of course, will change the color of the entire situation but I have reason to believe that television will not be practical, for general purposes, for at least five years, which brings us to the conclusion that we have a lot to do before 1935.

Fourteen Years Old and a Seasoned

Radio Broadcaster

STILL under fourteen and a seasoned Radio broadcaster. That is the record of little Evelyn Rubin, 1206 Hoe Avenue, the Bronx, New York. Recitations and dramatic readings are Evelyn's specialties: and it is said that her character studies and poems are so well told and in a voice so remarkably musical and resonant for a child of her age that she has become a favorite.

Starting as a talented child often does, by surprising and entertaining her parents and relatives by her recitations and mimicry at home, Evelyn Rubin, when barely nine years old, made herself famous in school for her dramatic ability, taking parts in plays and entertainments. However, it was not long before her talent was recognized as not being ordinary, and a relative, realizing this, brought her to the attention of the National Voice Forum.

A teacher in this school arranged for young Miss Rubin to recite before a large audience at the Labor Temple. This proved to be the first step towards the actual recognization of her talent, for as a result of this debut, Evelyn received a scholarship to study for two years at the National Voice Forum. While attending this school, Mme. Bell-Anske, one of her instructors, wrote a series of plays for children. These were performed at the Hekscher and Klaw theatres, New York, with Evelyn taking the leading roles. At the end of this two-year course, the faculty decided to allow Evelyn to remain at the school for further instruction for as long a period as she desired without cost to her.

It was while she was studying at the Forum that Evelyn became interested in Radio work, and applied for an audition at WPCH. Her audition proved satisfactory and she was given a half-hour period on the air for poetry recitals. While on WPCH, she was invited to broadcast from WABC, and her excellent programs from these two broadcasting stations led to broadcasts from WMCA, WJZ, WEAF, WGBS, WKBQ and WCDA, New York.

Just before her eleventh birthday, Evelyn was selected to play the part of "Lena" in "Playing With Love," the play by Arthur Schnitzler which was presented at the Cherry Lane Theatre by the Players' Cooperative. This was the first time she had ever appeared with a professional "grown-up" cast. She was the only child in the play, taking the part of a little Viennese girl of her own age. Her performance was reported by the newspapers to have been without the slightest appearance of nervousness, her tones well rounded with a keen feeling for the dramatic meaning of her lines.

Although her life thus far has been quite different from that of the average youngster, Evelyn's parents never allow her professional interests to interfere with the normal home and school training the average little girl of her age receives. Until she was eleven, Evelyn attended school in the Bronx. Last year her mother engaged a tutor for private instruction; but this year she is attending the Professional School for Children in New York.



Few youngsters can boast a record comparable to this little girl's. She is Evelyn Rubin and at fourteen has broadcast over eight stations — WEAF, WJZ, WGBS, WKBQ, WCDA, WPCH, WABC, WMCA. She is besides a junior member of Eva La Galliene's Civic Repertory Theatre Group.

Evelyn's chief worry now is her middle name which is "Stella" (a name not to her liking) and her red hair. When interviewed, Evelyn revealed that her ambition was to be a dramatist, and with the good start she has already made, it is most likely that her dream may some day be realized.

Evelyn Rubin is now thirteen years old. She is actively engaged in Radio work, and besides is the youngest member of Eva La Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre Apprentice Group.

Osborne Has Wide Musical Experience

WILL OSBORNE, lyric tenor, a [illegible] tured guest artist on Major Edw[illegible] Bowes' Capitol "Family" broadcast, [illegible] native of Toronto where his father [illegible] well-known organist and teacher. [illegible] Osborne received his education [illegible] general and musical, in that city an[illegible] a graduate of St. Andrews College th[illegible]

He began his musical activities [illegible] directing the college band which is no[illegible] for its excellence. Mr. Osborne has [illegible] an eight-piece orchestra for several [illegible] sons and has attained considerable [illegible] cess throughout Texas, the Middle W[illegible] Canada and also abroad, in Germa[illegible] He has only been singing for the [illegible] four years and his work is very sim[illegible] to Rudy Vallee's—in fact, eight[illegible] months before Vallee first came [illegible] Broadway Will Osborne was touring [illegible] West and Canada with a similar org[illegible] ization and interpreting modern mel[illegible] themes in the Rudy Vallee manner. [illegible] the past six months he has been mak[illegible] an enviable name for himself on Bro[illegible] way.

Mr. Osborne not only has a voice [illegible] great clearness and range but is als[illegible] a professional pianist and drummer. [illegible] is an exclusive Columbia recording ar[illegible] and is the composer of many succes[illegible] songs of which the two most popu[illegible] are perhaps "Beside an Open Firepla[illegible] and "I Know We Two Were One." [illegible] is a great favorite over the air.

Radio On the Outpos[illegible]

RESIDENTS of the Magdalens [illegible] group of islands in the Gulf of [illegible] Lawrence more or less cut off from r[illegible] ular channels of communication, parti[illegible] larly during the winter months, are n[illegible] getting a daily news service through [illegible] Radio department of the C. N. R. E[illegible] afternoon these people, who total ab[illegible] 8,000 and whose principal occupatio[illegible] fishing, receive a summary of [illegible] Canadian press bulletins broadc[illegible] through CNRA, Moncton, N. B.

He Is Real Minute Ma[illegible]

GUY FRASER HARRISON, [illegible] though he serves in no emergen[illegible] military organization, conductor of [illegible] Rochester Civic Orchestra, has earn[illegible] the title of "Minute Man." There's a reason. Not long ago he went to B[illegible] falo on personal business and left on [illegible] return trip to Rochester several hou[illegible] before he was scheduled to conduct [illegible] important commercial program in t[illegible] Sagamore Hotel Studios of WHAM. [illegible] few miles out of Buffalo he noticed th[illegible] his oil pump was not working proper[illegible] and, being an artist rather than [illegible] mechanic, returned to the Bison City.

The difficulty was repaired, and or[illegible] more the shores of Lake Erie were l[illegible] in the distance. Rain fell, froze on t[illegible] windshield, covered the roads with i[illegible] and Guy Harrison, sliding from one si[illegible] of the road to the other was forced [illegible] drive cautiously. The miles slid by, pra[illegible] tically speaking, and the hours slid wi[illegible] them, the time for the important pr[illegible] gram drawing nearer. As the clock sa[illegible] seven-fifteen, William Fay signalled f[illegible] silence in the studio, turned on h[illegible] "mike," and launched into his openi[illegible] announcement. As the closing words [illegible] his discourse reached the air, Guy Fras[illegible] Harrison slipped into the room, dropp[illegible] his driving gloves, raised his baton, a[illegible] with the opening chords of the overtu[illegible] a sigh of relief went up from all co[illegible] cerned.

New Schedule of WJSV

THE broadcasting schedule of Station WJSV, Washington, D. C., these last few weeks has undergone radical changes. This station's entire broadcast now emanates from their new studio suite located in the Doniphen Building, King and Columbus streets, Alexandria, Virginia, that quaint and historical old city just a few miles out from the national capital. For lo! these many years Alexandria has been a mecca for tourists. Much of the younger life of George Washington was spent in the old city's quiet precincts. The placid Potomac in which he fished and went swimming washes the shores of Alexandria. A very short distance away is Arlington Cemetery and the historic Lee mansion. But, says J. P. McGrath, manager of Station WJSV, the bulk of the visitors these latter days seem to be coming to see the new studio quarters of his station.

"Our new schedule," says Mr. McGrath, "calls for the opening of the morning program Monday through Saturday at 9 a. m., concluding at 1 p. m. Then we resume our broadcasting at 2 p. m. and continue straight through until the sign-off at 11 E. S. T.

A Glimpse Into the Radio of Tomorrow

OBSERVERS of broadcasting say that the day is not far distant when countries will be exchanging microphone artists in much the same way that institutions of learning are opening the doors for students of other nationalities. They point out that the extended and intensive study of short waves is but an indication of the efforts of a desire to further international good will.

New Yorkers, they declare, are fortunate, because the metropolis is the mecca of every ambitious artist; that real talent always finds its way to that city, and that it never lets go of them until their usefulness is gone.

Listening to metropolitan artists adds fuel to the flames of every novice's ambition as well as that of the more mature broadcaster. Fabulous tales are being told in the hinterland of the compensation paid to Radio stars. This is partly responsible for the rush. Fame is another agent and so is the desire to study under internationally known teachers with studios in the big town.

WOR gets its share of the incursion. Among the latest arrivals is Hilda Boyd, who for three years was the staff mezzo-soprano of WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

Famous Conductor of Atwater Kent Hour

WILLEM MENGELBERG, director of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, the oldest symphony in America and one of the oldest musical organizations in the world with a continuous history, is another of the internationally famous conductors to be heard on the Atwater Kent hour.

A native of Holland, Mengelberg displayed such musical genius at the age of six that he was entered as a music student in the Cathedral school of his native city of Utrecht. He wanted to be a pianist but this ambition was submerged when he became, at the age of twenty-one, musical director of the City of Lucerne, Switzerland.

In Lucerne he conducted orchestras and choruses, taught music, composed and did all sorts of municipal musical chores. He returned to Holland to become conductor of the Amsterdam Concertgebuow orchestra which he soon developed into one of the outstanding symphonic organizations of the world.

After service in Hamburg, London, Paris and other European music centers, and as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic of New York, he came to America as director of the National Symphony orchestra. When that organization merged with the Philharmonic he became one of the conductors and later its principal director.

Visitors Entertained at N B C Studios

Special to Radio Digest

NEARLY everyone who visits the New York studios of the National Broadcasting company for the first time, is amazed at the number of people actually present within the studios to witness important broadcasts.

Those familiar with Radio at all have come to regard a studio that is "on the air" as a double-barred, sacrosanct chamber where even angels fear to tread.

"How is it then," they ask, "that witnesses are permitted inside while some of the biggest programs are being staged for networks from coast to coast?"

The answer is simple—as usual. Scientific preparation.

Individual stations, as a rule, do not permit visitors to penetrate within the actual broadcasting studio even during purely local programs. In most cases they provide comfortable reception rooms for the friends of the broadcasters, and sometimes even install soundproof windows so that visitors may look in without disturbing the artists.

But their studios do not compare either in size or equipment with the soundproof chambers in NBC's New York headquarters. Here provisions had to be made for commercial sponsors of big programs to witness the entertainment they were paying for. And with the sponsor, some of his directors and even a few friends must also be accommodated.

So there was nothing for it but to work out a method of accomplishing this without sacrifice of quality on the air.

First, a lavish reception floor was fitted out just for visitors, and double-plate windows with air space between looked down into the studio without permitting a sound to penetrate inside. But this only provided for casual visitors and friends, and did nothing to solve the more important problems of arranging for witnesses inside without danger to the program.

IN DESIGNING the studios, plenty of space had been allowed beyond actual requirements, thus making physical allowance for "supercargo." Still, the engineering problem remained.

So acoustical engineers went to work. Theirs was the task of plotting sound-characteristics of the rooms, and attempting to discover which parts of each studio might be used to seat an audience without danger of quiet rustlings or scraping of feet reaching the sensitive "ears" of the microphone.

The sound experts succeeded. They felt the acoustic "pulse" of every inch of floorspace inside the studios, and marked those portions which had best be reserved for performers and orchestra, and chose parts of the room which were relatively "dead" to seat an audience, if audience there must be.

Then special drapes were hung around the audience space to make these sections still more sound-absorbent, and the experiment was made. A party of sponsors was admitted, and by the exercise of ordinary care, did not cause an extraneous sound to reach the microphone.

Gradually the practice was extended, to admit the chosen few who had access to those who could secure them the prized cards of admission. Now an audience is present at nearly every big broadcast, and special steps have been taken to regulate the impossible number of weekly applications for room inside.

It is not uncommon to seat as many as 400 people in the studio during the broadcast of the Palm Olive Hour and programs of that nature.

But all temporal dimensions of space have their physical limits, and the size of the studios after all automatically regulates the number of those to be admitted.

Comes to WTAM Direct from University

WHEN it comes to playing music for Radio broadcasting, Emerson Gill, who is now heard regularly on the air from the Hotel Hollenden Show Boat through WTAM, should be in a position to speak with authority. For there are few dance bands which have put in more hours in front of a microphone, or have been heard by more Radio listeners than Gill's.

Beginning way back in 1924 when Radio was looked upon by most people as the mystery of mysteries, and when chain broadcasting was yet unheard of, Gill has been playing regularly, season after season through Cleveland stations.

He came to Cleveland direct from Ohio State university with one of those collegiate bands. Gill is an outstanding example of the modern successful dance band leader. A few years ago it wasn't necessary for dance musicians to know much about music. Jazz was a sort of haphazard affair that depended largely on its novelty to go over.

Gill himself when seventeen was a member of the Toledo Symphony orchestra. Virtually all of his men could today step into symphony organizations without any difficulty.

He does all of this in first rate fashion.

The backbone of the Show Boat orchestra has been together for nearly five years. One man, Pinkie Hunter, baritone and guitar player, and Gill recently celebrated their fifth anniversary together. Five other members of the orchestra have been with Gill more than three years, and the rest of them for two years.

The winners of the Amos and Andy Radio Digest Contest which has attracted much attention these last two or three months, will be announced in the August issue. Be sure to get your copy and read the results of this most interesting matching of ideas on what the two colored buddies would say to another under various circumstances. Amos and Andy—read about 'em in the August Radio Digest.



Youngsters of station WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla., enjoy a real sho' 'nough circus. Here are the elephants, the camel, the big tents and the animal keepers, and we have no doubt there are plenty of peanuts and red lemonade in the offing.

In Behalf of Butter

By **C. B. Kingston**

EVERY day from 12:45 to 1:00 o'clock the listeners to station WNAX, Yankton, South Dakota, hear the voice of D. B. Gurney, familiarly known as "D. B." in the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and parts of Wyoming and Montana.

Says John de Pagler of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Co., Yankton, South Dakota: "The territory covered by WNAX is largely dependent upon the dairy industry. In our efforts to increase the sale and consumption of butter we are broadcasting unique programs over WNAX.

"About seven weeks ago D. B. viewed with some alarm the decrease in the price of butter-fat and butter. Realizing that if this decrease continued, it would hit the prosperity of the Middle West quite severely, he started a series of talks, choosing as his topic, 'Butter Is Better.'

"This series of talks was an experiment, but D. B. hit the nail on the head and the dairy industry, represented by the farmers and creameries of the Middle West, urged him to continue his talks along the same line. Nothing loth, D. B. hammered away, urging people to use more butter, urging the farmers to deliver cream in better condition to the creamery, urging the creameries to make better grades of butter.

"The results of this campaign were quickly felt. In a short time no less than five hundred towns reported that butter sales had soared.

"WNAX organized the 'Butter Is Better' club and are urging listeners to become members and pledge themselves to banish butter substitutes from their tables and their stores. Dairymen pledged themselves to improve conditions on their farms; to improve sanitary conditions around their dairy cows and separators, and in delivering cream to the creameries, and are undertaking to deliver cream of low acidity and high quality. The creameries are competing with each other to manufacture butter with a score of ninety-two or better, and with all, the effect of this campaign has been most valuable.

"We are putting on two fifteen-minute programs from WNAX between 1:00 and 1:30 every day except Sundays, featuring two of the progressive creameries who are helping WNAX to fight for better butter and less butter substitute. These programs consist of old time music, put on by an organization which we know as 'The Hired Hands.' It consists of Happy Jack O'Malley, old time fiddler; Hazel Olson, at the Baldwin piano; Oscar Kosta, of the Rosebud Kids, on the banjo; Harry Brown, with a mandolin or guitar; and, quite frequently, John Jensen comes in with the fiddle.

"Harold Clark, manager of the WNAX hatchery, sings specially written songs and usually your correspondent joins in with him and everybody has a good time. On one occasion, we had the Gurney quartet. It consisted of D. B. Gurney, president of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Company; Chandler Gurney, secretary and treasurer; Charles Gurney, advertising manager and purchasing agent, and E. R. Gurney, the WNAX Philosopher—with 'yours truly' leading the quartet."

Goldsmith Has Prepared for a Radio Career

A SON of the Middle West, Lee Goldsmith, General Manager of Station WCKY, Covington, Ky., bids fair some day to win a coveted honor, the medal awarded yearly by the American Academy of Arts and Letters to the best Radio announcer. Goldsmith already has been nominated for the competition won last year by Milton J. Cross, and Goldsmith's friends believe that another year or two will see him at the top of the ladder to his chosen profession—Radio executive work.

Unlike the majority of Radio executives, Goldsmith prepared carefully for his career before he entered the field. He received his A. B. degree at the college of Emporia, Kansas, and took a special course in public speaking at the University of Cincinnati.

Then located in a small town in Kansas, he listened to virtually every station in the country over a period of several years, before going to Denver, where he walked into KFXF, hung up his coat and told the proprietor he was going to work there.

Denver listeners liked Goldsmith, but Goldsmith preferred Cincinnati, where he had passed many enjoyable months as a student, and one day he received an offer from station WSAI. He came on, and was employed; but the station was sold a few days later, and Goldsmith lost the opportunity to settle there.

A year later a new broadcasting station was constructed in Covington, Ky., and opening night, last September, found Goldsmith in charge, although identified on the air only as the "Kentucky Colonel."



Charles Onan, Station WDAY, Fargo, past master on the guitar.



Here we have Miss Estelle Ruth, organist at Loew's Theatre who broadcasts a daily organ recital over WFJC between 12:30 and 1:00 p. m.

Skillful Organist at WFJC

WE ARE indebted to the Kentucky Blue Grass Region for many things —the fine horses, the good liquor and he charmnig and accomplished women. Among the last named include Miss Estelle Ruth, organ soloist and accompanist, who broadcasts daily over WFJC, Akron, Ohio.

True to her Kentucky birth and rearing, she loves her husband, home and children first. But to these she adds her professional love of music and is enthusiastic in her broadcasting of church, theatre and Radio music.

Withal, Miss Ruth finds time between her two jobs of homemaking and broadcasting to play around with her youngsters, of whom she is justly proud.

College Boys Run KOB

***By* Louise Rutz**

THE most powerful college or university broadcasting station in America is operated and announced entirely by college students. Under the guidance of a faculty director, Prof. Evan Carson, who is also head of the department of electrical engineering in the college, students of State college, New Mexico, compose the entire broadcasting staff of KOB.

The station has four licensed operators on the student staff, one first commercial, one second commercial and two broadcast limited license holders, with an operator and assistant operator on duty whenever the station is on the air. The chief announcer, as well as the four operators, is a student in the electrical engineering department. Of the five additional announcers, two are women who put on special features of interest to women. One of these young ladies is a senior in the college home economics department. Announcers are selected by competitive trial in which a board, composed of members of the faculty, act as judge.

Students are, of course, paid for their services and thus enabled to earn a portion of their expenses or to add to their spending money while in school, as well as to their knowledge and experience. Marshall Beck, chief announcer, and Harry D. Pickett, chief operator, both seniors in the school of engineering of the college, have paid expenses through school by their service with KOB.

The Radio staff members are also active in student affairs. Marshall Beck has been for two years business manager of the student newspaper and student leader in the band; Harry Pickett is a football letter man; Albert E. Coldwell, another operator, is president of the honorary engineering fraternity of the institution; Hart Tolbert, assistant announcer, is student athletic manager; and other operators and announcers hold other student positions.

Diamond Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

in our May issue together with an elaborate write-up. But we'll probably have something else to say about them later.

Selecting another letter from down in the pile, we find that Miss Mildred Drabek, 204 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill., heartily approves of the cheerful and merry manner in which Everett Mitchell of Station WEWR does his announcing.

From out at Kenosha, Wis., comes a letter from Christine Hvass, giving her highest approval to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, which she considers superior to any artists on the Radio.

And so on, *ad infinitum*. The pile of ballots increases daily, and with it increases the pile of letters accompanying them. Picking a favorite from the hundreds of Radio artists is not always an easy matter. There are so many artists at each station, and so many stations. One must exercise a considerable amount of judgment and selection to decide upon a favorite artist or program. But the Radio public is willing to take the time to do it, apparently; to decide upon its favorites and send it its votes that those favorites may win the Meritum Diamond Contest Award. Let the nominations and the votes come right along!

Miss Usselman a Favorite Over WDAY

TALKING pictures disclosed new fields of activity and endeavor for thousands of players. For thousands of attaches of many picture houses it meant the losing of one's job. Particularly was this true as regards the pianists and organists in the movie houses. Pictures—the silent ones, that is—had depended so much on the skill and talent of the organist! But in one fell sweep, with the coming of talking pictures, even the most skillful lost their positions in most cases.

There was one young organist, however, out in the Northwest who did not lose her place at the Public Theatres at Moorhead and Fargo, North Dakota. And that was Miss Eildegarde Usselman. She is one of the few who were retained. It is said that the reason for her remaining at Publiv was simply that her audience, who had come to look for her excellent thrice-weekly broadcast over WDAY, would not hear of her leaving. Formerly Miss Usselman was a pupil of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.

Ever since the inception of WDAY, however, she has been broadcasting. That was eight years ago, and her "public," which is invisible but none the less real and discriminating, enjoy her more every day. Too bad they cannot see her! We think you will agree that it would add to the pleasure of listening to her.

Of course, one can't judge absolutely from a photograph, but we'd say offhand Miss Usselman is a symphony in blue and gold!



You are now looking at an accomplished little performer on the organ over Station WDAY, Fargo, North Dakota. She has won an enthusiastic audience by her noonday and Sunday night concerts. Part of Miss Usselman's training was received at the hands of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.

Ralph Elvin Disclaims All Special Talent

IT IS too bad Diogenes is dead. That wise old Greek philosopher, who used to travel up and down waving his red lantern and broadcasting his quest for an honest man, should be alive today. Because if "old Diog" were among those present, he could end his search. He would need only to knock on the door of Radio station WKBF, in Indianapolis, and ask for Ralph Elvin.

Radio announcers are supposed to be a temperamental lot, especially those who are addicted to sport broadcasting. 'Tis said they love to tell, in interviews, about how hard they worked to develop their "technique." of the fierce struggles they endured while climbing to recognition, and how they "love their art." But when the interviewer leaves an opening of that kind for Ralph Elvin, of WKBF, all the reporter hears is a jolly "horse-laugh."

"O, ye-e-ah," says Elvin. "Well, as for me, that stuff is the bunk. I got into Radio announcing by accident. I haven't any special 'technique'—wouldn't even recognize a good one if I met it on the street. And while I 'love my art,' it is the nice fat little checks that keep the love-fires burning.

"Luck, that's all. My first appearance was by accident. It took place about three years ago when a banker friend met me on the street and asked me if I would go to a fight that night and read an announcement for him over the Radio concerning the R. O. T. C. I said I would. The sport announcer for the station broadcasting the fights let me do it, then remarked that I had a good Radio voice, one of those harsh ones, I guess, that the microphone picks up easily. He asked if I knew anything about boxing. I confessed that I did, and enjoyed fights. He said he hated them, and would I like to come down the next week and assist him. I 'lowed' I would. During a preliminary scrap, as I was sitting there listening to him, he got called away suddenly from the ring. He said: 'Here, take this and go on.' Just like that, with no warning. There was nothing for me to do but start talking. Fortunately, I didn't get scared until later, when it was over. But some people listening, liked my line and wrote to that effect. Since that night I have sat at a ringside, somewhere, at least once a week.



He claims he got his Radio start by accident, does Ralph Elvin, expert sports announcer for WKBF, pictured above.

"So it was all luck, as you see. First, reading that announcement; next, having a voice that carried, and third, being lucky enough to have people like my stuff. The last part still is the big mystery to me.

"My football announcing started the same way.

"So there you are. Luck, first, last and all the time."

* * *

Mart Hays of Portage, Wisconsin is a proud man—proud because one of the country's greatest men has recognized his, Mart's, pride and joy and the means of his livelihood, his fiddling. You see, Mart and his wife are a famous fiddling team, known in those parts as Si and Mirandy. Mart has played in 44 fiddlers contests and has defeated over 600 artists with the bow and resin.



"Now doan' you spill dat gingah ale!" admonishes J. G. Patterson to Billy Banks in their weekly skit over WHK, Cleveland. To the Radio audiences these two blackface performers are Pop and Fizz.

WTMJ's Shopping Guid Aid to Purchasers

WHEN Miss Milwaukee and h mother plan a shopping tour the tune in first on the WTMJ Radio sho per, on the air from 9 to 9:30 each mor ing, for advance tips on where to g Busy housewives and frivolous daug ters cannot be expected to spend an e tire day hunting the marts of trade f bargains. Instead the wise ones tune on the Radio Shopper and learn ju where things may be obtained at mo erate prices.

With pencil and pad the fair sex hu the Radio, prepared to jot down the d sirable bargains and places where th are to be had. Perhaps daughter nee a new permanent. The Radio Shopp mentions several shops where she is su the work is excellent and the rates re sonable. Maybe mother is in search a new frock or a winter coat for whi she has just a certain amount to pa After listening to the WTMJ Rad Shopper she sallies forth to get what s wants.

The Radio Shopper even offers inva uable aid in meal planning. Moth tunes in on the bargains in fresh ve etables, fruits and rare fowls. S steps to the telephone, takes the Sho per's suggestions and the articles a delivered.

Hundreds of letters are received WTMJ's Radio Shopper each we from women who tell her how mu she has helped them with their sho ping problems. Listeners over The M waukee Journal station who do not li in Milwaukee are privileged to call write the Shopper and she will do a their purchasing for them.

In her daily rounds of Milwaukee smartest shops, the shopping reporter h an opportunity to observe and foreca newest fashions. She predicts that wi the new feminine styles and sweepi skirts, short hair is really doomed. few smart young things may cling their shorn locks but they will soon won over to lengthy tresses, she sa for the bobbed head is slightly inco gruous with the fitted, formal froc which spell 1930 chic.

The keynote of all her findings is th it's smart to be feminine. Women a once more reverting to laces and linge touches, ruffles, flares and flounces. T styles have more individuality today th ever before, for each woman express her own personality in her apparel.

For evening WTMJ's Radio Shopp predicts a gorgeous formal winter rich, costly apparel and stunning je els. Evening gowns will be decided decolette and hems will sweep the flo all around. Gloves, an indispensable a cessory of the new mode, are smart when they match the evening gow Richly trimmed wraps, or wraps costly fur will be seen at all smart gat erings.

"Be ornate, be feminine, be individu and you will be chic and charming 1930" is the advice of the Radio Sho per.

* * *

The Radio Joy Boy who announc for WIL some time ago is aga scheduled on programs at that statio Billy Lang is well known in theatric and vaudeville circles and worked f several years in the team of Lang a Ray.

* * *

Episodes of Winnie and Bert, hea from WHK Saturday evenings, tell story of two young people which mea ures up admirably to the drama everyday life. These numbers are wr ten and directed by Gordon Higham.



The Versatile Roy Cowan has many things to occupy his time. By profession he is an advertising man.

WFAA, Dallas, Has Staff of Accomplished Artists

SOME men are camera shy who have no cause to be. Others are all too anxious to have their faces shown when there is really no particular reason for it. Adams Colhoun, popular announcer at WFAA, belongs to the former class. He has had only two photographs taken in the last eight years. One is reproduced herewith. The other one was taken in 1922 on the occasion of the birth of WFAA at Dallas. He may be camera shy, but the mike does not seem to worry him, does it?

Composing the Bel Canto Quartet, masters of harmony, at WFAA, are an undertaker, a surgical instrument worker, an optometrist and a full-time musician. In the order named they are Fred Shelton, first tenor; T. K. Johnson, second tenor; Marcel Jones, baritone; Martin Thomas, basso. Their diversity of activities does not prevent their being in perfect harmony when it comes to broadcasting. Ask anyone who listens to the programs over WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

With WFAA also is Roy Cowan, who is said to have one of the most pleasing Radio voices in the Southwest and to have a recognized dramatic ability. Mr. Cowan, special announcer over WFAA, has charge of the commercial programs. By "trade" he is an advertising man. His decided leaning towards dramatics has been shown in the performances of the Dallas Little Theatre for several seasons. Between times he finds opportunities to direct WFAA's Southwestern historical dramas every Tuesday night. Then, of course, there is some routine announcing thrown in for good measure.

* * *

A philosopher said,

The discontented man can find no easy chair.

Be seated, won't you?

R. W. Emerson Plays

Hugest Pipe Organ

WLS Instrument, Larger Even Than Mormons' Mighty Organ, a Fearfully and Wonderfully Made Instrument

THE world's largest pipe organ, played by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is being heard in daily programs over WLS each afternoon, except Sunday, at 2:30 o'clock. On Sundays the organ is heard in a classical concert at 3 p. m.

Located in the Chicago stadium, the mammoth organ, exceeding in size even the noted instrument of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, possesses several striking characteristics. Its six manuals and 864 stops are built into a console weighing ten tons. Five separate organs with a central mixing room are suspended among the steel beams of the Stadium's roof, 91 feet above the floor. Between the organ lofts and the console a distance of nearly half a city block intervenes.

A volume equivalent to twenty-five brass bands of 100 pieces each is the possible output of the Stadium organ. Every known musical instrument, from an ancient Egyptian oboe down to the modern saxophone, has its tone represented on the keyboard combinations. A unique system of communication, perfected by T. L. Rowe, WLS engineer, enables Emerson to hear the microphone's output of music and to talk with the monitor operator at the same time.

If you can imagine a score or more of brass bands crashing out the same tune at the same time, blended into a perfect harmony so that you think it is the music of one band only, then you can grasp somewhat the terrific volume of melody that pours from this gigantic instrument at WLS, Chicago, with R. W. Emerson at the keys.

Among the features Emerson introduces into his programs is a trip through "Pipeville" in which novelty effects of the organ's combinations are used.



The Fine Quarters of WOAI, San Antonio, Tex.

New Program Over WJDX, Jackson, Miss.

MUCH local talent has been developed in the Radio world since WJDX, at Jackson, Miss., went on the air December 9th. Two new local programs of interest were recently added, the newscasting twice daily of the Jackson Daily News, and the weekly health talk on Saturdays by Dr. Felix Underwood, director of the state board of health. Local music and dramatic organizations are given every opportunity to appear before the microphone, developing many embryo artists. One night a week is devoted to talent from the four colleges within an eight-mile radius.

* * *

Ray Martinez, diminutive director of KFWB's concert orchestra and a master of the strings, has had Cecil Crandall, his first violinist, with him during the past twelve years. When the two team up in a violin duet there's a harmony that echoes more than a decade of unbroken comradeship.



Adams Colhoun, sometimes known as the Voice of WFAA, was not aware that this picture was "being took." It is just as well for Adams is notoriously camera shy.



A featured item on WSM'S Golden Art Hour at Nashville, Tenn., is this fifteen-piece orchestra known as the Golden Artists who, every Wednesday evening at nine present a series of the latest dance numbers. It is said that this orchestra is so up-to-date that the dance pieces heard over it frequently are heard for the first time by the listening world.

Didn't Know He Could Sing

***By* Marigold Cassin**

ONCE again the old story about "hiding your light under a bushel" has been revived. Radio is a great little field for that sort of thing, you know. Consider the things checked against us in the way of saxophone players, mouth-harp blowers, and sopranos; not to mention the spinsters who are telling mothers everywhere how to raise their children. All of which has nothing to do with Paul Feddersen.

WOC found him in Belle Plaine, Iowa. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feddersen of that city, and probably did the usual things when he was a youngster. He went to Iowa University and to Northwestern, and all that sort of thing, and had the idea that he was going to be a jeweler, once upon a time. But all of that is changed now.

When the Central Broadcasting Company assumed the ownership and operation of WHO at Des Moines, and our own WOC here in Davenport, it became necessary to add various members to our staff. That's where this chap Feddersen came into the picture. And the best part is that he was really hired to announce, and nobody knew he could do anything else. We realized that he had a most pleasing baritone speaking voice, and promptly let it go at that.

He'd been with us for about three weeks, perhaps, when a letter commenting on some program or other, found its way to the head office, by virtue of a paragraph which read, "If that is the Paul Feddersen from Belle Plaine, why doesn't he SING?"

That seemed worth investigating, and what a lot that investigation disclosed! Here, in our midst we were harboring a future celebrity, if we were to judge from things he had already done. For that baritone voice not only speaks, but it sings! The interview brought to light the fact that this most modest young man had been seriously studying voice for about eight years, first with one of Iowa's veteran teachers, Ernest A. Leo, and now with one of the most sought after instructors at the American Conservatory in Chicago, Elaine DeSellem. In the National Federation of Music Clubs Sesqui-Centennial National Contest in Philadelphia, in 1926, he walked off with third place in the baritone class . . . quite a victory for a youngster only twenty years old, competing with singers from all over the country. In 1927 and '28 he won first place in the Iowa State Atwater Kent Audition. In 1929 he sailed out and came back with first place for Iowa in the National Federation of Music Clubs "Young Artists Contest." Land knows what he'll do in 1930!



Paul Feddersen, who sings as well as announces.

Be that as it may, that's probably enough about what he's done. It's what he is DOING that probably concerns him more, right now. That sympathetic quality he has in his voice has made him popular with our elderly fans, who dote on having a boy whom they can "adopt" into their homes. And, as you can guess from the photo, there are reasons why he should be equally popular with the younger set!

"The Memory Book," broadcast at 3:45 CST on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, features Mr. Feddersen's pleasing baritone, and you are most cordially invited to tune in, and meet him.

Instructs Announcers

VOICE quality may prove the key to success, in the opinion of Virginia Sanderson, head of the speech arts department of the California state teachers college in San Jose and part-time instructor in speech at NBC, San Francisco.



"We all know that personality plays a large part in the winning of success," Miss Sanderson points out. "After all, voice is no mean part of personality and to it we can lay many failures as well as successes."

Virginia Sanderson has undertaken the instruction of Radio announcers of the National Broadcasting company staff in San Francisco. Each week Miss Sanderson devotes 45 minutes to the NBC announcers, giving them instruction in speech with stress laid especially upon diction, pronunciation and tone.

"Radio is shaping the speech of America," Miss Sanderson insists. "It is the medium which will give us a universal American tongue replacing colloquial English. That is my chief reason for becoming interested in Radio."

* * *

One of the most popular year 'round featured programs from KNX is the Sunday afternoon concert sponsored by the Los Angeles Park board.

Radio Takes a Ride

(Continued from page 51)

Oh, yes, I mentioned up above that Mrs. Taylor is now sold on the idea of Radio ala motor. Here is how that happened!

The other morning while trying to drive from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to Chicago within the two-hour space occupied on KYW by Hallowe'en Martin and her musical clock (7 to 9 CSDT) the old buggy blew a condenser in the distributor two miles north of McHenry, Illinois.

I left the car standing and the Radio going and Mrs. Taylor listening, while I hiked into town to wake up an ignition man. When I finally returned and told the lady that we would have the car towed into town and take the train to the city, she smiled.

"Don't miss the train," she said. "I must get into Field's today to get one of those beautiful cross-fox scarfs, Hallowe'en Martin just told about over the Radio. They are on sale today only, she said."

And thus Radio going bye-bye took my pocket book for a ride because it told the missus how to go "buy-buy."

It's all very well to have the loud speaker concealed beneath the cowl, but the time is coming when we will have to build in the television screen. Where, oh, where shall we put it? There must be room for at least one more opening on the dash. It should be convenient for the driver so that he can keep one eye on the road while he views the scene with the other. Will someone page that great specialist of the age, Chic Sale?

Floyd Gibbons

(Continued from page 18)

to sea or something. Monday morning a terrible thing happened. I picked up a page of Literary Digest figures and tried to them them aloud. I couldn't pronounce thirty-four thousand. . . . It came firty-thour houand, or hirty-four thousand. I developed a pronounced stammer. I got panicky and called up army recruiting headquarters. I thought I would enlist for service in China or some place. The army didn't answer.

* * *

Well, at 5:30 Monday afternoon I started for the broadcasting building. I developed a hard cough. Just outside the building an old nasal trouble came back. I went into a drug store and asked for the best cough drops. The clerk kept saying, "What, sir?" I said: "I want some cough drops." He said: "What, sir?" I said: "Cough drops." He said: "I can't understand what you say." . . .

* * *

I SAID to myself, as I reeled into the street, "Here, I can't say cough drops so a clerk can understand me AND I AM GOING INTO THE TOUGHEST SPOT ON THE AIR AND TRY TO TALK TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE." But I went into another drug store. This time I had no trouble. I just pointed. I got six boxes of cough drops. All colors. I ate them all on the elevator going to the broadcasting room. I was introduced to a lot of Radio attendants. They all spoke in very deep voices. It was very annoying. Messrs. Rainey and McGregor asked me who I was. I told them I was the Palmolive hour. Maybe I was. My mind is not very clear.

* * *

The Court: "What happened next, Mr. Philbons . . . Mr. Gibbips . . . Mr. Phillips?"

Mr. Phillips: "A man said 'he can't be the Palmolive hour. The Palmolive hour is in Room 786 playing poker.' Then it all flashed over me. I said I made a mistake. I am not the Palmolive hour. I am the Volstead Amendment. I have been hired to give the returns in the billion mallet—million ballot, I mean, vote on whether the Literary Digest should be modified, enforced or merged with Bishop Cannon. They said: "Why didn't you say so in the first place." I said this is the first I knew of it.

The Court: "Go on in your own way, Mr. Gillips."

Mr. Phillips: "Well, four men came for me and led me down a narrow corridor to a dark chamber. One of them said: 'This is the room.' They gave me a lot of instructions and signals. A fellow named Torgerson threw a switch. He talked like a man at the bottom of a well. He said: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear from one of America's great department stores . . . Mr. Hi Giblips.'"

The Court: "And then what?"

Mr. Phillips: "That's all I remember."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 49)

Thraff Willcyzinski's would be all pitted and pocketed with hidden cubbyholes; he'd create himself a dwelling like an old cheese. That's just what he's done here. *If*, of course, *if* the 'dangerous man who would balk at nothin' is Thraff Willcyzinski . . . or even his ghost."

Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway, waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.

"A COUPLE of you come along with me and witness a signature," he invited them. "I've got Andregg's full and detailed confession."

Paul Savoy tossed up his hands hopelessly. Blount and Temple were speedily following Gateway to the other bedroom.

The two looked wonderingly, in silence and not without a twinge of pity, at the wreck lying in Andregg's bed. Gateway had put him through hell seven ways. Andregg was in truth broken; an abject, quivering, whimpering thing, not a man, for the very essence of manhood was gone from him.

"One little stroke of the pen now, my gallows-bird," said Gateway, flamboyant again on the scene of his dominance, "and you're back in heaven. Sign; these men will sign, and you'll be floating on nice white clouds again with all the little birds singing."

Through Andregg's eyes they could see his spirit grovelling. "Just a scratch of the pen, and you get what you want," laughed Gateway, whose bright, hard eyes, wide awake to so much, were stone blind to anything piteous and pitiable here.

Andregg could not sign swiftly enough. Gateway unpocketed and tossed to the bed a small packet . . . the needle shot home. Andregg sank back with a long, quivering "Ah!" What though he had signed his life away? He had his drug.

"HE'S happy now," said Gateway and took up his precious sheet of paper. "I don't mind," he added to Temple, "if you run an eye over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading. I've got a little job to do meantime. I'm off for a look at my pal Dicks."

He took the paper, folded it nicely and put it into his pocketbook, lighted a cigarette and was off to look in on Dicks. The others glanced at Andregg with mingled feelings. He lay back on his pillows, his eyes closed quiet now and composed. They left the room in silence.

"Gateway is pretty much the brute," observed Temple, "but he knows his business."

Paul Savoy looked up with eyes full of disgust as they returned.

"Well?" he demanded of them. "I suppose he had his way and forced the poor devil to sign a page of lies!"

"Yes, he put it across. Andregg admits everything."

"Naturally! Lock a drug addict up, shut him away from his drug, reduce him through hours of torture to a state bordering on insanity. Dictate anything you like, then ask such a man to sign it and of course he'd sign."

"You're inclined to be rough on Gateway, Savoy. Oh, he's a roughneck and a tough specimen, I admit; I guess further a man has to be who's in Gateway's trade. But the confession is genuine enough; the definite detail of it proves that. Gateway's got the right man."

"FINE!" cried Savoy, astonishing them, and sprang to his feet! "Fine! And of course Gateway has the million dollars now?"

"He has not, but will," snapped Temple. "Andregg explains that, as he explains everything else. He got the money, but he was foxy and tied it up with a handkerchief, and threw it as far as he could from his window, out into the snow. It would be simple enough to get it later, when the trouble blew over; if even he waited to spring and a thaw, or to full summer, he'd get it all right."

"I like the idea of tying a handkerchief about it," smiled Savoy. "Did he say if he chose one with his initial, or at least a laundry mark in the corner?"

"Don't be . . ."

"Oh, I'll try not. But let's go on. It'd be interesting to know just how Gateway and Andregg worked out the disposing of the two bodies!"

"His confession leaves no loophole of doubt," said the captain stiffly.

"Oh, certainly not! . . . Well, well. And, of course, Gateway the thorough didn't forget, did he, that article which Andregg was seen to snatch up from the floor besides Parks' body?"

"It was something which Andregg himself had dropped in his attack on Parks and . . ."

"Not a cuff-link, by any chance?" asked Savoy innocently. "Not a link of watch chain or . . ."

"IT WAS a fountain pen," snapped the captain. "A rather peculiar affair which would easily be identified . . ."

Savoy jumped up, laughing. "I've got a hunch now; a wild, wild hunch. But I'm a fond lover of the long shots of life. Come along with me; let's see if by any weird chance there's anything in it. I don't promise, this time, mind you."

Captain Temple, always interested in Savoy's odd moments, went with him with never a word, the sergeant bringing up the rear. The way led straight to Mr. Nemo's room from which Dicks had been removed to more satisfactory quarters. Savoy was almost running by the time they got there. They were stopped abruptly by Mohun standing guard at the broken door.

"The master is returned," he said curiously, seeming in some strange awe. "In his bed. He sleeps. I cannot wake him."

"Drunk?" was Temple's harsh expression as he looked upon the sleeping Mr. Nemo.

"Looks like it. Dead drunk!"

Savoy came close and for a moment looked down on the white face intently. Mr. Nemo seemed scarcely to breathe. Savoy bent closer; he even caught up one of the lax hands, seeking the pulse. There was but a faint flutter.

"DRUGGED! Get him out of bed; jerk him out! To his feet, man; walk him up and down. It's poison, all right; an overdose of opium or something of the kind. Mohun, get some strong black coffee, quickly. Of course he'd be drugged; like Mohun was when we had such trouble waking him, only Nemo's had a bigger, more dangerous dose. On his feet with him; keep him moving. Work his legs; his arms, too. Try to encourage respiration," Savoy instructed them. "The danger, the only danger there is, is that his coma will deepen steadily, merging slowly into the deepest of all comas."

Mr. Nemo's secretary returned with a cup of steaming liquid.

"Here, help me get a bit of coffee down him; then we'll walk him again. He's pretty far gone, but we can pull him through yet."

"I'd like to know how you know it's opium or morphine or that sort of thing?" said Temple between whiles.

"What else should it be?" queried Savoy. "What with Andregg's drug on hand, what also with Nemo's own stuff . . ."

"You mean he's a hop-head, too?"

"The use of the drug is common in the East as you, a great traveller, know better than I. You know also that there they remain masters, not slaves, of the dream-stuff. No, I don't say that this man is a hop-head; that would be to put him in the same category as poor Andregg. But he uses it, of course. . . . How else was he so quick to guess Andregg's secret!"

"You mean . . . you don't mean . . ."

"WHEN you hectored Andregg at the table, demanding to know his secret, asking what it was that he had picked up by Parks' body, you will remember that Mr. Nemo invited and secured a private explanation? Easy enough, since already he knew! He had but to whisper in Andregg's ear, 'Opium,' and Andregg was ready to tell him. That made them akin . . ."

"But it was a fountain pen!"

"Cuff-links and watch-chains!" snorted Savoy contemptuously. "Not to say ships and shoes and sealing wax!—Here, let's take shifts at this business; we're likely to be a long while."

They kept no track of the time but knew that it was a long, long while before consciousness returned to their patient. Still they walked him up and down; they had the windows wide open by now and the wind blew freely across them, stinging them with cold yet filling the room with tinglingly fresh and vigor-inspiring air. They heaped overcoats upon Mr. Nemo's wiry form; they enwrapped him on top of all that in blankets; they marched him on and on and still on.

When at last, certain that victory had been won, they allowed him a brief rest, letting him sit on the edge of the bed from which they meant to snatch him into action again at the first sign of any relapse, all eyes focused on him ful! of question. And they were met by a look in his eyes which was like a mirrored reflection of their own: Question.

HE BEGAN speaking sharply, addressing Mohun in a tongue unfamiliar to all save these two. With a first sudden evidence of muscular strength Mr. Nemo whipped up his two hands and began tearing away the wrappings in which he had been swathed. Swiftly he bared his chest; his hands slipped down, inside his shirt, to his waist. A look of fearful rage distorted his features.

"It is gone!" he cried wildly. "The flower of Heaven is gone!"

They sought to remind him that he had told them that he had not brought the Flower of Heaven with him; he swept their words aside, he sprang to his feet; tossed out his arms; sent a shrilling voice to ring throughout the old house. Then all of a sudden he collapsed, dropping back to the bed, his face hidden in his shaking hands.

"It is as the master says," said Mohun. "The Flower of Heaven is gone. The master wore it about his body. Desecration has happened. He has called out the Curse of Curses. The man who has dared shall die!"

"What I want to know," announced Temple impatiently, "is how Nemo was spirited away, or if he went of his own volition. And how he got back, evidently without having anything to say in the matter himself."

"EXACTLY," said Savoy with his queer smile. "He was drugged, of course. How? In the wine he had at his bedside; just as Mohun was, only more thoroughly. He was then picked up and carried hence, my dear captain. Also, he was gathered up into a pair of good strong arms and brought back. Really, it's quite simple, you know."

"There are times, Savoy, when I could strangle you with all the joy in life," said Temple. "Simple? Hmf! Who in the world . . ."

"You'll remember, my dear sir, that I've warned you once or twice already that this is the house of a mad man. Despite your searching, there remains somewhere the hidden room, and does not Mr. Nemo's room suggest itself by this time as being connected with the concealed chamber? Dicks and Mr. Nemo were so simply removed and so simply returned to this bed."

Mr. Nemo lifted his ashen face from his trembling hands and listened avidly. Weak as he was, he began asking questions. He drank copiously of the hot black coffee which Chee-foo himself brought fresh from the kitchen; a flicker of light came back into his eyes.

"In my own country," he said coolly, "I have had some experience with cunningly contrived hiding places. Mohun will look as I direct him. If there is anything, we shall find it quickly."

"There's a door of some sort," said Savoy confidently. "That you will find it so readily, I doubt. Why, man, it would take a full convention of architects to gauge the possibilities in that direction of this crazy old building! You'd want a week to measure, to gauge thicknesses of walls and widths of halls and rooms."

"PATIENCE, if needed, shall not be lacking," Nemo promised.

"An insane man," resumed Savoy, meditatively, "with the cunning to construct such a mechanism, would want something complicated. No, I doubt if you'll come at his secret at all . . . unless you use an ax on walls, floor and ceiling, as we've used it on a door or two. And, with a little patience all this havoc becomes unnecessary. We're not far from the answer to all our questions; why not sit down and wait?"

"And let things go on happening?" challenged Temple. "With, as you more than hint at, a murderous mad man running wild? How do we know what will happen next?"

"We cannot even guess . . . unless, of course, we use our wits."

"Do you mind telling us what that means?"

"Of course," Savoy laughed at him. "Captain Temple's treasure, the Seal of Napoleon!"

Temple ripped out a thoroughly hearty oath.

True Adventure

AN AMERICAN orchestra leader of national fame was picked for a victim by a murderous gang of racketeers. He was to be held prisoner with the suggestion that the Radio listeners should ransom his life for $20,000. The plot failed. The name of the leader and complete story will appear in the

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RADIO DIGEST

Stephen Glask

(Continued from page 17)

onds with uplifted eyebrows, she failed. He returned her gaze with bland and pleasant interest. She turned away, biting her lips.

"I want some kitchen lamps," she said; "a saucepan, if you have the sort we use; and a few other oddments. I should like, too, to compare your prices for oil."

For a quarter of an hour Eve was overwhelmed with a sheer flood of eloquence. At last the young man paused for lack of breath. His assistant, a son of his predecessor, was listening, rapt in admiration.

"I seem to have bought a lot of things," Eve remarked.

"YOU have bought just what you wanted, and you have given no more for anything than you would have done at the Stores," the young man replied, with conviction. "Don't you bother any further. I'll see that you get the things all right. And you shall have the full cash discount if I get the money within a month."

"I pay all the household bills on Monday mornings," Eve explained.

"Quite satisfactory," Stephen Glask declared. "Going to the golf tournament to-morrow, Miss Malcolm?"

She looked at him in precisely the manner in which she was accustomed to look at Simpkins the grocer — only it didn't seem to produce in the least the same effect.

"I always go to the golf tournaments," she answered coldly.

The young man nodded.

"They've asked me to play," he remarked.

"Are you any good?" she inquired a little eagerly.

He smiled at her confidently.

"Fairly so," he replied. "I very nearly went in for being a pro."

She abandoned for a moment the attitude which she had thought well to assume.

"Then do play!" she begged. "We want to beat Fairford. They are horribly stuck-up about their golf, and the two Sinclairs always play for them."

"What, Charlie Sinclair?"

Eve stiffened again.

"It is Lord Riverstone's second son," she answered, "who is the title holder."

"We'll see about that," Stephen Glask declared.

"Well?"

He looked steadily into her eyes. Eve felt her cheeks burn, and snatched up her gloves from the counter. "Good morning, Mr. Glask," she said. "Please see that the things are delivered today."

"And thanks ever so much for the order, Miss Malcolm," the young man replied, briskly. "Hope to see you again soon. If I play in the golf tournament I promise you I'll do my best."

EVE and her brother exchanged stealthy glances—then they laughed. Sir Austen seldom laughed. Just now he was laughing long and heartily. The young ironmonger had beaten Sinclair with great ease. He was now walking round the ground with Evelyn Randale, the vicar's daughter, and it was evidently no fault of hers that they were on their way towards the pavilion.

"I don't know what we shall do with your young ironmonger," Sir Austen declared. "I expect we shall end by asking him to dinner."

"My young ironmonger, indeed?" Eve returned, indignantly. "I like that! Who found him first, I wonder, and sent him to the house?"

"I never told him to give you golf lessons," Sir Austen protested. "I simply sent him to acquaint you with the price of oil."

"He's sold me more than we can use for three months," Eve murmured, weakly: "told me the price was certain to go up."

Once more their eyes met, and once more they laughed. Then Stephen Glask strolled up to them.

"I kept my word, you see, Miss Malcolm," he remarked.

"I noticed it," she admitted.

"Thank you so much. You see, as I told you, I nearly became a golf pro instead of an ironmonger. By the way, there's a matter about one of those safety lamps, Miss Malcolm, I should like to explain to you. It's a question of wick."

Sir Austen turned away. His sister hesitated for a moment, but finally remained.

"A question of wick?" she repeated, demurely.

He looked at her with a smile which she was beginning to find delightful.

"After all, need we bother about that?" he begged. "I am a privileged person for this one afternoon. Even Mrs. Randale has shaken hands with me! Couldn't we sit down for a little time over there?"

She glanced toward the seat. It was in a shady spot and had an air of seclusion about it. Really, the whole thing was too absurd! Lady Riverstone was watching, and Austen, and—

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered, "if you want to. I don't know that anything much matters."

AUSTEN MALCOLM and his sister dined tête-à-tête that night. Dinner was a meal served at Faringdon House with some formality. The round table, small though it was, glittered with fruit and flowers and glass. Eve wore always a low necked dress, and her brother seldom descended to the informality of a dinner jacket. The butler was assisted by a footman and the trimmest of parlor maids. Nothing was scamped or done hurriedly. The Malcolms, a county family of real antiquity, believed in themselves and in the things which they represented. Even Austen, with his Fellowship at Oxford, his long and leisurely travels across the world, believed in Faringdon House and the things which it represented. No Malcolm had ever committed a real indiscretion.

Dinner was concluded with the service of coffee. The servants left the room. Through the open windows brother and sister looked out over a grey terraced front, across flower bordered lawns, to a lake and wood beyond. The night was warm, and the moon was shining from behind the trees. Austen lit a cigarette and broke the silence, which had been a little unduly prolonged.

"With reference, my dear Eve," he began, looking fixedly at the end of his cigarette, "to this young ironmonger. You will not mind discussing him with me for a moment or two?"

Sir Austen carefully avoided looking at his sister, but for all that he was somehow conscious of the deep flush which had stolen into her cheeks. She bent over her finger bowl. Her eyes were very bright. She was perhaps angry.

"THE fault, of course," he continued, "was entirely mine. I have been sometimes accused by my critics of being deficient in a sense of humor. The coming of this young man has justified me to myself. He really was irresistible. He criticised the volume of poems which I was reading, and tried to secure my custom for gasoline in the same breath. He put me in such a position that I was compelled to offer him hospitality here, and a few moments later he was trying to sell crockery to Mrs. Randale—Mrs. Randale, of all persons! In all my life, Eve, I have never known anything so completely and absolutely humorous."

She suddenly looked up at him.

"But is it funny, after all?" she demanded. "Why is it funny? Why should we conclude, because he is a tradesman, that—that there is humor in being forced into recognizing him—for a time—as an equal? He talks as though his education were equal to ours—"

"And he has a price list of saucepans in his pocket," Sir Austen interrupted, "which he is perfectly willing to discuss with anyone likely to become a customer, at any moment."

Eve sighed. Her own lips were beginning to quiver.

"He certainly does seem interested in his business," she admitted.

"He is one of the over-developed products of our modern system of education," Sir Austen remarked, didactically. "He represents just a foretaste of the difficulties with which the next generation will have to grapple. I really think, for his own sake, it would be kinder—you understand me, I am sure, Eve—if we were to abandon, both of us, that—shall I say?—spirit of latitudinarianism with which we have regarded this young man. To put the matter plainly, I think it would be better if he were kept in his place."

Eve was looking out of the window. Her face was expressionless.

"I have no doubt that you are right," she said, calmly.

"By the way," Sir Austen continued, "Hensham is coming down tomorrow for the week end. You will be glad to see him?"

"Of course," she answered.

She flitted away into the gardens, a few minutes later, and Sir Austen went to his study. She passed through the rose gardens to the laureled walk bordering the path which led to the hill, and at the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting.

She hesitated when she saw him and glanced half fearfully towards the house. He vaulted lightly over the iron railing, however, and she had no time to retreat. She looked at him for a moment. She was half fluttered, half frightened. She was frightened because she had come, frightened because she had wanted so much to come.

"Mr. Glask," she protested, "you mustn't come in here—you mustn't, really. If my brother were to see you he would be terribly angry."

STEPHEN GLASK looked puzzled.

"But why?" he asked. "I have been to your house before as a guest. Why should I not be here now? I want to talk to you. I have something to say—indeed, I have something to say."

Once more she looked nervously behind. The figure of the young man stood out so boldly in the soft, clear twilight. He seemed to have no idea of concealment—he did not even lower his voice. There were two alternatives before her. One was to pick up her skirts, turn towards the house and run: the other to take that little turning to the left and walk with this rash intruder along the laurel bordered path. She hesitated; so once did her great namesake.

"Please come!" he begged, suddenly lowering his voice. "Won't you?"

She forgot altogether that she was a Malcolm. She felt curiously weak—and she went. They pased down the sheltered walk, between the rose bushes and the drooping lilac blossom. She was ashamed and frightened and happy. His attitude was not in the least correct. He was leaning over so that his lips almost touched her hair.

"I think," he said softly, "that you are the sweetest thing that ever breathed."

His fingers clasped hers.

"You mustn't!" she murmured. "Oh, please don't! I—I trusted you."

He released her at once.

"But I love you," he whispered. "Don't you know that?"

For a moment she was angry—angry with Fate, herself and him.

"You must not talk like that," she declared. "You ought to know that you must not. It is wrong of you."

"Because I am an ironmonger?" he asked, with a slight twitching at the corner of his lips.

"Yes!" she answered, fiercely. "Because—oh! how dare you be an ironmonger!"

He laughed outright. This time she was really angry. She slipped along a dark path, and before he could pursue her she was on the lawn, the center of a little halo of light streaming out from the house. For more than an hour Stephen Glask remained lingering in the shadows.

But Eve did not return.

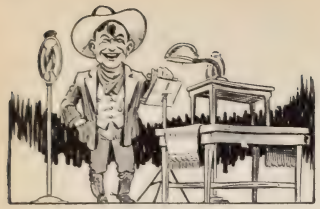
Hensham arrived on the following evening, and at dinner time they talked about books. In his way he was a very important person—editor of a well known review and reader to a great firm of publishers.

"Enderby's the man my people are going for just now," he remarked, as the little party of three lingered over their fruit and wine. "Of course, theirs is the commercial point of view, but I must say that for once I am with them. I find his novels the most interesting fiction of the day."

Sir Austen nodded approvingly.

"Enderby writes excellent English," he pronounced. "His stories, too, are wonderfully lifelike."

"THAT'S because he's so thorough," Hensham continued, cracking a walnut. "A month or so ago we had a tremendous discussion on the effect of a sense of humor upon instinctive and hereditary snobbery. Enderby had a theory of his own, and he was so keen upon it that he has buried himself somewhere in a small country town, turned himself into a tradesman—an ironmonger, I believe—to make experiments. That's going into the thing thoroughly,



isn't it?"

There was a brief but very intense silence. The brother and sister sat looking at one another.

"Does Mr. Enderby—play golf?" Eve asked, calmly.

"Rather!" Hensham replied. "He was champion of Middlesex. I really wonder in what part of the world he's hidden himself. We shan't hear a line from him till he turns up with his new novel."

Eve rose slowly from the table and made her way through the French windows and across the shadowed lawn to the laurel walk. At the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting. He stepped forward to meet her eagerly.

"So you've come after all!" he exclaimed. "I am to be forgiven, then?"

She gave him her fingers and smiled sweetly into his face.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that it is snobbish to keep you out of sight because you are an ironmonger. You can come and sit down with my brother and his guest and drink port with them. Then if you have anything to say, later on—well, he can listen."

Stephen Glask moved forward readily enough, but he was puzzled.

"I hope Sir Austen won't be rude to me," he ventured, with obviously affected uneasiness.

Eve drew a little closer to him.

"It depends," she said, demurely, "upon the effect which his sense of humor may have upon his inherited and instinctive snobbery."

Will Rogers and Mike

(Continued from page 9)

"You know, this Radio is a mighty fine thing, I guess. But it isn't 'xactly like the show. At the show the folks pay to get in and they want to be entertained. But on the Radio, besides them as really wants to hear you, there are some that just about dare me to entertain 'em. So you get all sorts of people on this microphone idee."

SEVERAL months ago Rogers said that there wasn't enough money to make him give a series on the air, although, of course, he had made a good many single broadcasts . . . one of which a remote line was even strung to his former home and a mike placed in the library.

So I thought we ought to find out why he suddenly changed his mind. "I'll tell you," he readily said. "You know those isolated talks of mine were all right, but not for a regular diet. You know, if I talked about subjects of the day, same as I do in my little newspaper pieces, I'd have to talk about prohibition, the senate, disarmament conference and tariff every week. People would soon get tired of that.

"That's why I never wanted to give a long series. But one day I got the idea of giving a series on personalities. You know some folks would like all of the talks and others would like some of 'em. I liked the idea and sold the scheme to a sponsor for the series. That's all there is to it."

But we left him rehearsing his act . . . a trifle nervous and fidgety. Six-twelve, Pacific standard time, New York signs over, the loud speaker in the studio over which he has been hearing the initial part of broadcast is silenced, the red light flashes . . . instantly Will is all attention.

He keeps the lid on all the time during the talk. At the very beginning it is pulled down to the eyeglasses. Gradually, as enthusiasm increases, the brim gets pulled up in front . . . in back, too . . . finally it assumes a rakish angle and totters on one side. Some day I'm afraid he will toss it up into the air when he gets excited.

On goes the talk . . . he looks at the clock . . . he glances at his watch . . . head nods or shakes as he wants to give especial emphasis to some point . . . gives a couple of schoolboy gestures by way of variety. Pretty soon the talking is over and he calls it a day . . . rushes down to the car and back



home to take his shoes off and lounge around the parlor until bedtime.

I think Rogers' Radio technique is a little different from most others. He only makes his notes and talks from those. A carefully prepared message would be stilted and would sound unnatural. His first instinctive thoughts are the best. If you hear him pause, and say "er-er" a couple of times it isn't because he is trying to make you think it is ad lib stuff; it really is.

WILL apologetically explains why he does this radio stuff for a living. "Just a racket, young man," he says, "a nice, genteel racket. You know I'm just trying to get along"—whereupon he goes home, clips a few more coupons, and chews more gum.

While he still persists in saying he is never nervous on the air, the plain truth of the matter is that he is. We may as well forgive him his microphonitis—even the mightiest suffer from it. I think if the truth were told neither does he like the people to peek in through the window. "Makes you feel like some sorta wild animal on exhibition," mutters Will.

What does he look like? Well, it wouldn't be Will Rogers without a bow tie. Then there is the soft felt hat. Old, I'd call it, but I suppose he has another at home . . . dark grey suit . . . clean shirt with attached collar . . . no vest . . . swallows hard and tries to look dignified as a plush horse, but totally without success . . tugs at hat brim to pull it down over eyeglasses.

Is Will Rogers a bit temperamental? Yes and no. What happened to his efforts at phonograph recordings or electrical transcriptions when he walked out of the recorders, well, that's just another story, and it doesn't have anything to do with this brief narrative. There must be two sides to the situation. Perhaps he was justified and was not temperamental, as some believe.

But I think what some people believe is his temperamentalism is merely a certain nervousness which is inherent in his makeup. What makes him continuously chew gum? He doesn't get any more for it. The gum people have already paid him for the testimonials. He doesn't have to endorse the gum and then chew it all up to earn the cash. I think it is because it relieves a certain amount of tension, occupies his time and acts as a sort of sedative, just as stale tobacco smoke soothes the nerves of some others.

This bit of nervousness, to my mind, is an integral part of his makeup. Without it, perhaps, he wouldn't be Will Rogers. So it doesn't seem to me to be temperamentalism, but just plain, ordinary nervousness. Will wants people to like him, and the fear that they may not keeps him on edge at times.

I don't think, either, that he is at all antagonistic toward Radio as having been largely responsible for the lessening of the power of the legitimate stage. He is somewhat past middle age and has tolerance.

OF COURSE, his stage days go back to his first vaudeville engagement on the old Hammerstein Roof garden in '05, and his many years with Ziegfeld's Follies, as well as writing, lecture and picture work.

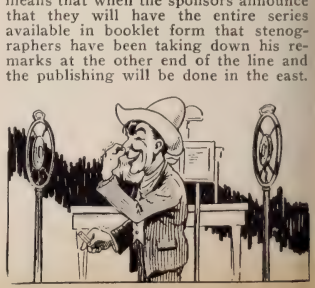
Many of the old-timers of stageland never quite get over the feeling that Radio is a young upstart. Although the Rogers family doesn't do so very much listening to broadcast programs, still I don't think the head of the clan is antagonistic towards it.

As a matter of act, now that he has a receiving set both at the rancho and in the bungalow at the hotel, Will is getting to be something of a fan. He didn't listen in often until he "discovered" Amos 'n' Andy a few weeks back.

"Do you know," he says, "I listen to those two boys most every time they are on the air now. They have a human touch and the gags they tell are not forced ones . . . just a couple of ordinary individuals."

How much does he get for these weekly broadcasts? Well, I didn't have the nerve to ask him. My guess would be about $5,000 for each 15-minute talk, and how it must hurt him to make out the income tax.

He tells me the brief notes he makes on Saturday nights are the only thing he uses for a memo and these are not written out at length. This apparently means that when the sponsors announce that they will have the entire series available in booklet form that stenographers have been taking down his remarks at the other end of the line and the publishing will be done in the east.



"This here six o'clock isn't so good on the Pacific coast," vouchsafes Rogers. "Of course, it's ten o'clock on the Atlantic coast, and maybe that's a bit late, just as six is early here. The Midwest, where it is eight and nine o'clock, gets the best break."

This plain-spoken philosopher upsets KHJ'S administration whenever he is on the program. Scores flock to the building, but seldom get a glance at the famous personage, for he gets there early and stays a few minutes late. Only a handful can glimpse into the studio via the medium of the curtained glass panel in the portal.

THAT his audience in and around the Southwest wants to see him at the microphone, and that the switchboard of KHJ is swamped with calls when he is on the air is pretty sure proof of his continued popularity. His fan mail is prodigious. It comes from all sections.

I venture to assume the role of prophet just long enough to foresee that Rogers' present series, which will just be coming to an end as this gets off the press, will be a revelation to the sponsors, to the chain network and even to Will himself.

His Radio talks seem to have struck a popular fancy, even more than his daily writings in the newsprint. I don't mean by this that anybody could take his newspaper pieces and speak them over the Radio and get away with it. Not a bit of it.

The thing that gets Will Rogers over on the broadcast racket is not entirely what he says. It is just as much how he says it . . . the very evident sincerity, the spontaneous way he has through it all . . . the instinctive mannerisms that all geniuses are supposed to, and do have . . . and the fact that, no matter how wordy he may get, there is always a messags of genuine sympathy and human understanding.

It's all right with us, Will. Lock 'em out of the studio, jot down notes on the cuff of your best shirt, chew up all the gum on the market, get temperamental or not, as you wish . . and scratch the ear all you want to.

There will only be one Will Rogers . . . just as history will record only one Al Jolson, one Lydia Pinkham and two Smith Brothers.

Music Appreciation

(Continued from page 7)

directions, too. And that same year he assumed the conductorship of the New York Symphony Society—a post he held with unique success for forty years.

The rest, of course, is history. The leadership of Wagner's operas was relinquished a few years afterward and from that time on, until 1926, he devoted all his efforts and zeal to the New York Symphony Society. His achievements as conductor of this orchestra were many.

He gave the first American performances of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, of Tschaikovsky's Pathetique Symphony, of Wagner's "Parsifal," in concert-form (the last act of which was sent to him in manuscript as a gift from Wagner), Mahler and Bruckner, symphonies of Vaugham Williams and most of the "moderns."

He was the first American conductor to receive an invitation from a foreign country to bring his orchestra abroad—and his overwhelming success in Paris and London in 1919 clearly showed that he was now a world-figure in music.

He was the first composer to create an intrinsically American opera. The Scarlet Letter, based upon Hawthorne's celebrated novel. He was the first conductor to penetrate into the West with his symphony orchestra, in an attempt to spread good music among those aborigines—and although he often encountered disagreeable incidents such as the one in Nebraska, where an interested music-lover in the balcony insisted upon spitting upon the bald heads of the bass players, his trips were successful and it was nothing unusual for a clumsy farmer to accost him at the end of the program, as one did in Fargo, North Dakota, and express his enthusiasm in these robust terms: "God dammit! I don't know why I like this music—but I do!"

But whenever Damrosch is asked what his greatest distinction is, he will smile sweetly and simply answer: "My wife, Margaret, of course—the daughter of James G. Blaine, the great American statesman — my friend and advisor for more than thirty-five years!".

DESPITE the fact that Damrosch treasures leisure above everything else in the world, he is really a thoroughly busy individual. He arises at 7 o'clock each morning (it is a lifelong habit with him), takes a brisk walk from his home at East 61st Street, New York, to and through Central Park for a full hour, indulges afterwards in a hearty breakfast and a thorough perusal of the "New York World," and then, at nine o'clock precisely each morning, he is ready for the day's work.

First of all there is the mail to attend to and despite the fact that he receives something like 10,000 letters each week he reads them all assiduously and personally answers those that require reply.

Then there are the musical manuscripts to look through; hundreds of them come to his desk each week from aspiring young composers who seek criticism, advice—and recognition. At 11 o'clock each morning Damrosch receives his morning callers.

Sometimes they are interviewers, journalists, newspaper reporters who question him on every existing human problem; sometimes it is a representative from the Society for the Promotion of Peace, seeking his co-operation; sometimes young composers come to him personally with their many problems; sometimes publishers, magazine editors, solicitors, authors seek endorsements or other favors. The most frequent visitors, however, are young musicians who want to know just how they can become orchestral conductors.

Once there came to Damrosch a very young man who was eager to learn the secret of great conducting. Damrosch took his baton from out the bottom drawer of his desk and handed it to the young man. "Beat ¾ fast time," Damrosch told him. The young man waved the baton in mid-air to imaginary strains of a waltz. "Now beat 4/4 slow time." Once again instructions were followed. "That," announced Damrosch, "is all there is to it. Only," a mischievous light glowed in his eye, "don't give away the secret to anyone!"

At another time, a potential Stokowski confided to Damrosch that he sincerely felt that he had all the qualities that go to make up the great conductor.

"Have you ever conducted, my young man?" Damrosch asked.

The young man shook his head mournfully.

"Then how do you know that you possess those enviable qualities?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders lightly. He had seen—and heard—Stokowski, Toscanini, Koussevitsky, Damrosch, Mengelberg time and time again and he felt, after watching them, that he too was blessed with some of their talent.

Damrosch looked at the young man for a few silent moments. At last he spoke:

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen orchestral instruments?"

"No," answered the young man promptly.

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen with thorough mastery?"

The answer was just as prompt: "No."

"Have you mastered harmony, counterpoint, theory, orchestration?"

"Not yet."

"Do you know the classics so well that you can almost reproduce them note for note upon paper from memory?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then," Damrosch announced, looking for all the world as though he were about to make a most momentous announcement, "I guess you *have* all the requirements necessary for a great conductor!"

MORE often, however, Damrosch answers these young men soberly. "Study your music thoroughly with a view towards becoming a composer rather than a virtuosi. When you have mastered every phase of your technique then go to Europe and try to get a post on a small orchestra—it doesn't matter how small or insignificant the orchestra is. If you have a spark of greatness in you, leave the rest to time. A man of talent cannot possibly remain obscure for a long time in this glorious age of ours!"

Afternoons are spent in quiet study, in reading prolifically and, a few days a week, in rehearsing the orchestra of the National Broadcasting Company for the coming Saturday night program. Evenings are invariably devoted to the theatre, to concerts, or at home with agreeable friends.

But all work and no play certainly does not constitute Damrosch's daily program. During the winter, Damrosch's favorite hobby is to build elaborate pasteboard houses, designed, decorated and executed by himself. When he was a lad of eight he built a miniature Wagnerian theatre upon which puppets enacted the entire "Rheingold" while he, hidden, played the piano part. His cunning with, and his enthusiasm for, the pasteboards has not disappeared with the years. Just last winter Damrosch spent six full months in constructing an elaborate pasteboard home, a miniature of the home that he is having built for his family on Long Island this spring. During the summer his play brings him out-of-doors — and his hobby, then, is gardening. Although his mansion at Bar Harbor, Maine, is fully equipped with servants and help, he himself attends to all the gardening—of which he is as proud, if not prouder, than the sum total of his musical accomplishments.

BUT, of course, his great passion remains music. His tastes are very catholic. He confesses that very little music beyond Wagner and Richard Strauss gives him any happiness — although he was the first to introduce most of our "modern" works to American audiences. However, he does believe implicitly in the talents of such younger men as George Gershwin and Deems Taylor. His greatest admiration among virtuosi is Arturo Toscanini—and he is purposely making a trip to Bayreuth this summer to hear Toscanini conduct "Tristan."

Oh, yes!—he has one other profound admiration: the former President Theodore Roosevelt, who was his best friend for twenty years. And he will often say that if Beethoven had lived in our time and had dedicated his "Eroica" Symphony to Roosevelt instead of to Napoleon, he would never have had to tear that dedicatory page.

Voice of the Listener

Listen to What the Public Wants

It is an undeniable Fact—which must be acknowledged by the Radio broadcasting interests—that many sponsors of commercial programs are deserting Radio as an advertising medium or publicity stunt, because they do not receive adequate returns from such a campaign to justify the heavy expenses.

The solution to this problem is not hard to find, providing one is analyzing the proposition. No doubt everyone knows that a business man or enterprise advertises to create first of all Good Will. That this is not accomplished by many of the Radio features must be realized, and is realized, if not by the advertiser and Radio company, surely by the Radio audience which constitutes the potential consumers of the advertised product. The Radio powers that be seem to think that the public will accept anything and be thankful for it. The truth is, however, that the public is getting tired of certain aspects now dominating sponsored programs. . . .

Let us look the situation over. For instance, take the average sponsored program. Is it fair to the advertiser and sponsor to use up the valuable time by ballyhoing a theme song of some talkie, in which perhaps the Radio financiers are interested?. Do the Radio people think the people are so dumb that they can not see what is going on, and that the Radio company is playing the sponsor for a sucker?

A certain Hour is even going one better. The orchestra leader, who is a favorite with the public, is not content to boost his orchestra, but he has to advertise the songs he wrote and claims to have written, he has to advertise the phonograph records he made, and he has to put in a good word for the talkie he participated in, etc. Now the public is getting tired of hearing that stuff week after week, and at the program sponsor's expense. That is one of the reasons why the sponsor does not get the expected results. It is bad enough to have advertising talk of the sponsors, although a reasonable amount will be accepted, but it surely is bad policy to fill up those announcements which do not refer to the sponsors with sub-rosa advertisements in discrimination to the sponsors.

That the wishes of the public are considered of no importance is fully proved by the fact that no attention is paid to certain requests. . . .

Certain Radio officials say that the selection of program material is under the jurisdiction of the directors, leaders and artists. This makes us believe that selection of their business policies must be under the jurisdiction of their stenographers, clerks and office boys.

Mr. Radio Program Sponsor, you pay good cold cash for your programs and have the absolute right to demand what you want, and Mr. Radio Station Operator, you pay good hard cash to your artists and orchestras and therefore have the positive right to demand what you want; and when you boys awaken to these facts then you will be in a position to give to the public what "it" wants, and thus make a genuine success of your programs by securing national good will.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, N. M.

* * *

Too Much of Amos 'n' Andy

I am a reader of the Digest and it is my favorite Radio book. So wish you would please give us more reading and photos of Gene and Gren, Jake and Lena of WTAM. They are real artists. We are having too much of Amos 'n' Andy. I have met many people that have said this. Therefore this request.—Margaret Runylow, Hazel Park, Mich.

* * *

Boys Are Poor Showmen

Why is there so much of Amos 'n' Andy—Amos 'n' Andy? If they are good, I don't know good from bad. Such poor showmen. The only people I ever see listening to them are some poor farmers that do not know what humor is or some foreigner just arrived in this country.

We have wonderful artists on the air. Why not give them some publicity. Gene and Glenn, WTAM, Cleveland; Bundy and Tanner, WGHP, Detroit, or Dr. Baker (Norman Baker), KJNT, Muscatine, Iowa. If they go in pictures (Amos 'n' Andy) it should be silent ones.—Mrs. T. C. Bragg, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Service to Mankind

I consider KFKB worthy of much commendation for the wonderful service it is giving the people of the Middle West through the generosity and big heartedness of Dr. J. R. Brinkley, who is the owner of Radio station KFKB. Through his Medical Question Box over the Radio Dr. Brinkley is giving the greatest possible service to mankind—that which relieves pain and suffering, oftentimes both physical and mental, for this splendid doctor not only ministers to the ailments of the body, but to those of the mind as well when troubled with doubts and questions that worry. —Mrs. Louise Wiechelman, Hastings, Nebr.

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Rates First Three Stations

Received the March number of Radio Digest. So many interesting pieces in it, lots of spice, too. I think Station WLW of Cincinnati, Ohio, gives the best programs from the first to the last number, or at least I find them so and have heard others say the same. WENR comes in next and next WGN.—Mrs Ada M. Hunter, Moline, Ill.

* * *

Votes for Pictures, Not Fiction

I enjoy your magazine very much. I hope you will have pictures and writeups of the entire studio staff of WENR. I am certainly going to try not to miss a copy of Radio Digest, and please have plenty of pictures as we can get plenty of fiction from any magazine.—Mrs. L. L. Stoneking, Hannibal, Mo.



Have you ever wondered who the artist is that does the cartooning and caricaturing for Radio Digest? You see him here—Xavier Cugat. The lady is Mrs. Cugat.

WENR Broadcasts Personality

When one listens to music or entertainment of any kind and can't see the actors one at least likes to visualize them as real honest-to-goodness people—not mere automatons.

While other stations have good programs you have to hand it to WENR for being ahead of any of the rest when it comes to putting real personality on the air.—Mrs. W. W. Flinn, Terre Haute, Ind.

* * *

50,000 Watts for Popular Stations

Nine out of ten stations bang away with this popular dance music and it really gets monotonous day in and day out. Practically every station on the air has it, but only one station has ole man Henderson, KWKH. Most chain stations are cursed and damned in this community because of their classical, "high brow" features. I think all of the ten most popular stations should be given 50,000 watts power if they want it and permit no other station to use that much. This would give stations something to strive for.—Gerald D. Bettelon, Dayton, Ohio.

* * *

New Member of V. O. L. Club

I have been a reader of Radio Digest for a long time and please put my name as a member of the V. O. L. club, as announced in April number. WRUA and WJSV are my favorite stations. These two stations are, I think, the best two on the air.—Anthony Arsenault, Prince Edward Island.

W. K. Henderson Had the Nerve

I regard Station KWKH, Shreveport, of which W. K. Henderson is announcer, as by far the most popular station in the world. His fearless stand against the chain store and his station dedicated for the cause of humanity is something no other station had the nerve to attempt.—Mrs. E. M. Offutt, La Monte, Mo.

* * *

Many Years of Value Lost

Have always been a hot Radio fan, but until I heard of Radio Digest over KMOX I never had taken much interest in Radio newspapers. After obtaining a copy of your wonderful paper, feel rather ashamed to think that I allowed so long a time to elapse before buying it, as now I am able, with the help of your paper, to arrange my programs ahead of time, and feel that I have been introduced to the Radio artists, which makes the air concerts much more interesting.—Charles H. Foley, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Always Depends on KOA

KOA, Denver, is the one station we can depend upon at practically all times. I say "all times," that means any time after 5:30 as we cannot get any of the American stations till about that time. Occasionally we can get them in the morning till 9 a. m., but very seldom. KOA is one of the few stations that does not do too much advertising. Advertising before and after a program is alright, but this everlasting advertising between numbers is more than the average person can stand. When a person tunes in a station of that nature they generally tune out directly they find out what it is all about.—Margaret Harrison, Glenleush, Sask., Can.

* * *

Your Favorites Are Promised

I am a constant reader of the Radio Digest and enjoy it heaps. I understood that we were to write and tell what it was we enjoyed most. I enjoy more pictures and less stories. I have been making a scrap book, and find Radio Digest affords me heaps of pictures for my book, as well as reading about the different Radio artists. I have made it rather broad in stating my likes and dislikes. Hoping you won't be offended in my being too personal. Of course, everyone cannot be choosers. But I really find it much more interesting to have more pictures of Radio artists.

I read in the Digest where you wanted us to write in what we enjoyed in the Digest, and to express our ideas. Hoping others will have had ideas perhaps similar to mine. Wishing you the best of luck and success in the future.—Miss Madalyn Weaver, Bethany, Ill.

* * *

Finds Log Indispensable

I have been a subscriber to Radio Digest for five years, and find it as indispensable as ever. It has kept pace with the improvements in broadcasting. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the call letters of a station, but, by referring to the Official Call Book and Log and noting the frequency the station broadcasts on, it can be identified. The pictures of Radio artists and short accounts of their accomplishments helps to make reception more interesting and gives it a more personal "touch." When television comes into general use it may change this feature to some extent. In order to get the most out of Radio I cannot get along without Radio Digest, "The National Broadcast Authority."—Harry Nisely Edgar, Neb.

* * *

We'll Talk to WTAM Chief

In January I purchased our first Radio Digest, and to say we enjoyed it would be rather a shallow statement. Through it I have found many interesting artists and announcers that I did not know of before. It also gives us many pictures of our friends of the air.

WTAM, at Cleveland, to us is the greatest station on the dial; not only is it the most powerful, but always has the finest programs from its home studios as well as those it brings from NBC network. I certainly would enjoy some photos of some of WTAM's announcers in Radio Digest. They surely have carved a place in our hearts and home that time shall not erase. In closing, may I extend my best wishes to Radio Digest and its staff.—Mrs. J. Davis, 1130 E. Pershing St., Salem, Ohio.

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Another Call for WTAM Pix

How about a glimpse into the studios of WTAM with a few pictures, for instance, those of Gene

and Glenn. Note there have been plenty of same showing those of WENR and WLW of late, but not a one of WTAM.—W. G. Woodruff, Youngstown, Ohio.

* * *

We'll Have to Ask Marcella

Have been taking the Radio Digest most a year now, and have enjoyed reading it very much. Has been very interesting. Would be very glad to see and hear more of WEAF artists whenever you find space for them. Also their popular announcers, Pat. Kelly, Geo. Hicks, J. Young, Kelvin Keach, Ed. Thorgenson, Ford Bond, Alvin Bock, and may I ask, what has become of Frank Vallin and Kenneth Weir? I never hear them any more. Would like, too, to see a picture of "Cheerio" and all associated with his morning broadcast, also Major Bowes and his family.

The Digest certainly has been very interesting, and would be more so if we could see and hear more of the artists we listen to.—Mrs. R. F. Jennings, Middletown, Conn.

* * *

Marcella Says, "Thank You, Thank You"

Just read the March issue of Radio Digest, and certainly found it interesting. Marcella's department containing so much interesting information regarding the entertainers, was certainly appreciated by me, and I am sure by all others who have learned to know the different artists, and, although this is the first time I have ever read Radio Digest, I assure you I will be a constant reader from now on.

I think that Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn have more personality than any artist I have ever heard over the Radio, and will watch for any information regarding them with deep interest. Certainly would like to see pictures of them, and hope they will appear in an early issue. Can photographs of the WENR artists be secured by an individual, and, if so, how may they be obtained? [Ed.: Afraid not.] Want to again assure you of my appreciation of your interesting magazine, and of your department in particular.—Mrs. C. D. Rector, 4226 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

I like the Radio Digest better than any magazine we take. Couldn't enjoy my Radio properly without it to tell me about the artists, announcers, etc. With best wishes for your continued success. —(Miss) Sue Dickerson, Lexington, Ky.

* * *

The Friend of the Farmer, WLS

I can't tell you how much I enjoy the Radio Digest. It is the best Radio book on the newsstand. I can hardly wait each month for it to come.

WLS is our favorite station. We live in town, but were once farmers. But that is not the reason why we like WLS. I have a grudge against WENR for taking WLS's time. I surely hope that they will get their time back. WLS has the best programs on the air—something different besides the same old jazz music. There is plenty of that anyhow. I wonder why WENR didn't attack WGN instead of WLS. Their programs aren't any good. WENR sure makes a poor station to help the farmer. Farmer Rusk ought to be put off the air. They are not interested in the farmer. Just trying to put WLS off the air. Well, if they do, I wish them all the ill luck any one can wish them. All our friends think just the same as we do.—Pete Lund, 321 22nd Pl., Clinton, Iowa.

* * *

For Five o'Clock Hawaiians

I am writing to tell you how I enjoy your magazine. I like the stories and enjoy seeing pictures of the Radio artists. I wish you would print the picture of the Five o'Clock Hawaiians of WLW. I have often wondered what they were like.—Nellie Macy, Carthage, Indiana.

* * *

Help to Working People

I find most all the stations very good and a great help to us poor hard working people. We are generally too tired to go out of an evening, and have very little money to spend on pleasures. Yet we can sit at home in an easy chair and enjoy a good piece of music or a good story dramatized, and in the daytime, when we women folks are at work in our home we can tune in and have good music and keep on at our house work or mending, or whatever our duty may be, and there are lots of helps and hints given from different stations.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Oasten, Des Moines, Iowa.

* * *

Favorite Traced in the Digest

I am a regular reader and almost a "student" of Radio Digest, and would like to commend you upon a marked improvement, with every issue lately, before I offer an adverse criticism.

I have been a Radio fan for more than four years, and know all the important announcers and Radio stars by voice.

It surprises me that you have never given us an article, and a good large picture of Jack Brinkley. According to both the New York World and the New York Sun, he is Radio's youngest announcer, and several other metropolitan papers have given him the place as youngest veteran announcer.

I kept up with his work on WOR about two years ago, and later his more recent work, on WJZ, and every member of our family has always considered him a favorite.

We wondered what had become of him, when he left the NBC several months ago, and were pleased that a mention in your current issue prompted us to tune in on WTIC of Hartford, where we found Mr. Brinkley. According to Harriet Menckin of the New York World, this young man's photograph should be worth a good space, and I am sure there are many others who would like to know more about him, including myself.—Mrs. M. P. Boyd, Richmond, Va.

* * *

Help! Help! for DX Fans!

I have perused the V. O. L. ever since its origin, and find many interesting letters, but, when I read Miss Canniff's letter in the March Radio Digest, my ire was somewhat aroused. I believe that Mr. Freeman's letter (January issue, folks) was interesting to the nth degree. What kind of a receiver can it be that cannot get a "dial full" of chain programs even on the poorest nights? If they MUST be had, why is it necessary to have so many of the country's most powerful stations all broadcasting the same thing, however good it may be.

I also believe that Mr. Freeman's laments were well merited, and certainly his reminiscences of the long-to-be-remembered weekly R. D. are well founded. I have read every issue since early 1924, and owe considerable of my success (?) to R. D.'s accurate log of yesteryear, with its "new stations," "station changes" and all the other information so valuable to the DX'er. I wonder if Miss Canniff has considered the many and varied types of listeners, some of which we might class as Cadman adherers, fight fans, Damrosch supporters, jazz maniacs, chain and anti-chain addicts, etc., and last, but not least, the poor misguided DX fan, who sits up in the wee sma' hours combing the ether for "a new one." All these must be served, and the present R. D. serves every type well, with the exception of the last named.

It is very informative regarding various station celebrities, Radio stations and their personnel, Who's Who, and, in brief, everything, except a darn good up-to-the-minute directory with all the information dear to the heart of the true DX hound. The magazine part of R. D. has been improved vastly, but at the expense of the previously mentioned section, and it is that section which is most important to a fair majority of the genuine Radio fans. How about it, folks? I have 772 certified receptions, including at least one from every state in the union, 58 Canadian, 56 Pacific Coast stations (including four 100 watters), and various other low powered DX receptions, etc. Four major reasons for a list like this are a fair location (for a GOOD location, move to Calif.), a good receiver, an accurate, dependable log and wave length directory, and infinite study and patience. I would not ever wish to change any part of R. D.'s magazine section and spoil some other fan's pleasure if the directory could be put back to its perfection of former years, or on par with one or two other Radio publications, in this respect. Going back to Miss Canniff's letter, I will remember WTAS at Elgin (and also WCEE, "We Cough Every Evening") and the "King of the Ivories." Charlie Erbstein and Harry Snodgrass were favorites of mine, but I'll bet that there were some fans who thought they were terrible, such is the somewhat varied consensus of opinion.—Henry T. Tyndall, Jr., Burlington, Vt.

* * *

All of Them, in Good Time

We purchased the February issue of the Radio Digest for the first time from a local dealer, and were very much pleased with it. We were particularly interested in the complete Radiologs and the pictures of Radio artists, especially those of Gene Arnold and Paul McClure and his wife. We would like to ask if it is possible to publish a picture of Marion and Jim Jordan of WENR, Little Joe Warner, Little Anne Pickard of the Pickard Family, and Coon-Sanders' Orchestra. In the March issue, I read about Mrs. Beech of Sterling asking for the pictures of the Smith Family, and I would like to second her request. —Miss Vineta Bloom, Freeport, Ill.

* * *

Are There 50,000 Watt Boors?

May I have a wee corner of your listener's page on which to work off a little of the vitriol and vinegar which has been distilling in my system ever since the Federal Radio Commission assumed jurisdiction over Uncle Sam's broadcasting stations? Sixty years old, a Radio enthusiast of many years' standing as years are reckoned in Radio chronology, I had, up to the doleful date of that deplorable Radio cataclysm, derived more pleasure from my Radio equipment than from any other single toy I ever possessed. Now, so far as I am concerned, my reproducers are for the most part silent and my Radio investment is moribund.

I have owned many receiving sets of different types during the past ten years . . . In the good old pre-Commission days I was able to tune in, on almost any clear winter evening, any one of more than three hundred stations, with little or no interference between stations on adjacent wave-lengths. Now, although the total number of stations in operation is but slightly greater than in—say—1925, I can bring in scarcely a single one of them without hearing those adjacent on **both** sides.

Worse than that: I often have heard during an evening as many as **four** stations, successively, each for a moment or two at full volume to the exclusion of the others, without touching the dials; the etheric wave, magnetic disturbance, inductive vibration or whatever it is that bridges the gap between transmitter and receiver, seeming to weave back and forth in periodic surges so that now one, now the other frequency gains temporary ascendancy. . . .

It is my belief that this condition is due to the enormously increased power of the wealthier stations during the past few years. . . Why should a few stations be permitted to stand up—exactly like drunken boors at a community social—and each endeavor to outshout the other without regard to the rights and privileges of more conservative stations and without respect for the preferences of the listening public? What profiteth it a super-power station whose sole purpose of existence is to sell peanuts, cigarettes or toothpaste to break in upon a program of real music, an educational lecture, or perhaps a religious service, to bruit the excellence of its wares in stentorian tones that carry to Australia, where all the people are at the moment asleep and by which all intermediate listeners are ffled with disgust? . . . If contempt of Radio Commission were punishable by imprisonment, then I am due to spend the next million years of my life in penal servitude.—Don Quixote, New Britain, Conn.

P. S. Like the Hibernian captain of the ferry-boat, who had just finished berating a hated rival: "I have more thot I c'ld tell ye, on'y thot I hov ladies aboord."

* * *

KFKB Gives Satisfaction

I think KFKB is the best station on the air because of the tremendous good it does for humanity at all times. Dr. Brinkley's daily lectures, the Medical Question Box, that God-like spirit of "Loving and Giving." The Sunday talks that Dr. Brinkley gives each Sunday are certainly a great help to all who might listen. The music and song programs are always entertaining.—Jessie M. Landon, Seward, Neb.

* * *

Thanks to KSTP

KSTP is the station from which I found out about Radio Digest. I have a few requests. First, I would like to see more pictures and sketches of popular KSTP, as Art White, the Beachcombers, Phil Bronson, premier sports announcer of that station, Corinne Jordan, Gayle Wood, Slatz-Randall and his orchestra, and the others.

I would also like to ask Marcella where Art Linick, alias Mr. Schlagenhauer, now hangs his hat.—Marcus Schiern, St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

A Little Advice, Gratis

I realize that Amos 'n' Andy do not need anyone to come to their rescue, but I am so "het up" because of their having been "beaten up and thrown in the gutter" that I am coming along with a few little "flowers" for their "grave," so "hereeeee theyyyyy areeee":

The writer of the article knocking Amos 'n' Andy better stick her tongue out about eighteen inches and show it to some good physician who might diagnose her case. It looks like "KNOCKITIS" in its worse form. The only remedy for that is a self administered gun-podermic of bichloride of lead. A good antidote is a few more drinks of syrup and not so many of gall.

There is only one reason why people knock and that is pure jealousy. The oftener I read that letter the plainer it seems that who ever calls himself "Lucy Barrett" is not one of the gentler sex, but a wretched piece of male humanity, hiding behind petticoats. Women do not feel that way about Amos 'n' Andy, we love them.

Here's to you, "Lucy," let's hope somebody puts two big black snakes in your bed some night. —Mrs. R. A. Swanson, Galesburg, Ill.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

A Small Station *With a* Big Purpose

WHBY, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Is Both a Civic and Entertainment Force for Good

By Garnett L. Eskew

THOSE who may believe that the little 100-watt station is not every whit as important, in its way, as the 10,000-watt station is in *its* way should learn of the recent activities of Station WHBY ("Whibby" they call it for short), at Green Bay, Wis., whose director of features, Harold T. Shannon, not only burns continually with a catching enthusiasm, but who expresses that enthusiasm by sending out over the air the most varied program of useful and entertaining features that could well be imagined.

WHBY is located at St. Norbert's College, Green Bay. And the commercial studios are in the Columbus Community Club, in the same city. The station celebrated its fifth anniversary May 12-13. And the Mother's Day season caused Mr. Brannon to add several features appropriate to the occasion. As Director Harold Shannon wrote the editor of Radio Digest, after the event was over:

"The Mother's Day program was the greatest thing we've ever turned out. My own dear little Mother went Home in March and it was very much in the nature of a tribute to her that I worked desperately to perfect this two-hour feature, which is going to remain deep in the memories of those who heard it for many years. We used a symphony orchestra which was a whiz. Herr Herman Daumler, late concertmeister of the Nuremburg Conservatory Concert Orchestra in Germany, was our concertmeister. They emphasized the mother theme in the choice of their selections.

"The program was dedicated to Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, and the first number was a Mary hymn done by the Friars sextette from the Franciscan Monastery here. They also sang Ketelby's 'In a Monastery Garden' with the orchestra, an organ and chimes.

"LeBaron Austin, baritone; Florence Roate, soprano of Lawrence College Conservatory of Music at Appleton, Wis., and Rev. Richard Gordon Londo, tenor, were the soloists

"Only Mother songs were used. Dr. Leonard Parr, a Congregational divine, and highly reputed as an orator, was the speaker of the evening and "Hail to the Chief," by the orchestra signalized something unusual for WHBY—the message of a former president.

"Mr. Coolidge was invited (because 'of those plain, homely virtues which characterized his private and public life and appealed so strongly to the mothers of boys') to be our guest-speaker, via the remotest of controls—by letter.

"He sent us those paragraphs about his own mother from his *Autobiography* and they were read by the undersigned, which was his only participation in the program. It would have been a very hard program to work and keep the lump in one's throat down."

The Sunday program, however, was only the start. On Monday a five-hour birthday party got under way at seven o'clock in the evening in the open-air studios atop the roof of the new Community Club. At eight o'clock two old-fashioned brass bands, of the sort that used to delight the musical hearts of Germans in America, took up the theme and presented a series of old-fashioned dance tunes: lancers, polkas and schottisches—lovely dances that have passed away but for the saving grace of the Radio which, in the hands of discerning directors, such as Mr. Shannon, serves to bring them to the ears of the world which otherwise would never have them. The bands were Romy Goaz's Bohemians and the Pilsen Brass Band.

After that, at nine, was broadcast a sort of anniversary number—a revival of the very first broadcast hour over the station, five years ago, in the days when Hank Schmitt, the first announcer held sway at WHBY. Schmitt, who is now an ordained priest, was on hand as the "guest" announcer. Numerous telegrams of congratulation from senators, congressmen and mayors of cities of the Land of Lakes showed that the surrounding country is awake to the manifold activities of WHBY and joined in the occasion.

But the usefulness of this little 100-watt station in the Land of Lakes is not confined to the broadcasting of musical numbers or of mere entertainment of any kind. Carrying out a suggestion made not long ago by the federal Radio commission that the rural and small-town stations develop a sort of "speaking-newspaper" aspect, WHBY has been doing its part to aid the unemployment situation.

Mr. Shannon continues:

"We have a tie-up with the Free Employment Bureau here and in two weeks trebled their number of placements. They tell us what kind of men and women they can place and, brother, we place them. They tell us of men and women (needy ones we insist) who are finding it difficult to get work.

"We try to get work for them. Results have been instantaneous, particularly in temporary work. We asked all of our listeners to forego the exercise of taking off their storm windows, varnishing their floors, house cleaning, repairing, cleaning the basement, and engage some poor workless father to do it for them just to get a few more dollars into circulation and a few more men self-respecting as earners.

"The calls for such help for a few days broke the local employment bureau record, with the result that we have a letter from the Department of Labor and a very much treasured 'memorial' signed by hundreds of jobless men. Some one of them started it and every fellow who got a job signed it. We prize it highly in our 'public service' exhibit which is our 'trophy case,' so to speak."

Then, in the same "news category," there is a feature on WHBY known as "The Town Crier, the newspaper of the air," in which the announcer gives the local happenings of interest to everyone in that vicinity. Nor is that all. Shannon has also a spoken shoppers' guide which enables the frugal and thrifty housewife to visualize what is on sale at the various stores before going out to purchase.

This live station and its director of features knows exactly what it wants and goes after it. Recently when it was found that the editor of Radio Digest could, at the last moment, go up to Green Bay for the anniversary celebration, Mr. Shannon was ready with an airplane to take him up!

ANNOUNCEMENT of the winners of the Amos and Andy contest, which has been attracting considerable attention in Radio Digest the last two or three months, will be made in the August issue. Therefore, you who are interested — and we believe that includes pretty nearly everybody — don't fail to get your copy. The results will be interesting. Maybe you'll win one of the prizes.

Westphal Has Grown "Gray" in Radio Game

HE HAS been broadcasting so long that he does not remember the exact year he started. Consequently when he was asked about his first Radio experience, Frank Westphal, noted orchestra leader and conductor of the WENR studio orchestra, replied that it was somewhere around 1922 or 1923.

At the time, he had an orchestra at the Rainbo Gardens in Chicago, a popular night club and cabaret. The owner, Fred Mann, refused to take broadcasting seriously and declared, despite Frank's arguments, that it would never amount to much. Nevertheless Westphal became interested and was heard for the first time over KYW, the programs of which were then presented by the same organization that now operates WENR. Later Westphal left the Rainbo Gardens, but he finally saw the day that Mann was convinced that broadcasting was here to stay and would amount to something. This was when the Rainbo Gardens owner saw Station WQJ, which transmitted from the Garden, sold for approximately $60,000.

When E. N. Rowland, head of the All-American Radio Corporation, went on the air, Westphal was asked to come in and take charge of the station. Thus it appears he has been known continuously by Radio listeners since "around 1922 or 1923." He was heard over Charles Erbstein's station, WTAS; KYW; WLS and WENR.

Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.

Sunday

Eastern 9 a.m. — **Central 8** — **Mountain 7** — **Pacific 6**

Balladeers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

eters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
0	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
5.2	740	WSB	508.2	590	WOW

rning Musicale.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	243.9	1230	WFBM
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
3.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1090	KMOX
31.3	1490	WLAC	323	930	WBRC
29.8	1430	WHP	499.7	600	WMT
2.8	1410	WCM	500	600	WREC
2.8	1390	KLRA	516.9	580	WIBW
30.8	1300	KFH	526	570	WWNC
44.4	1280	WTOD	545	550	WEAN
41.8	1240	WSPD			

2 p.m. — **1 p.m.** — **12 n.** — **11 a.m.**

y Symphony Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)

35.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
34.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
32.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KFAB
31.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
32.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
32.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WFTF
33.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ
12.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA

3 p.m. — **2** — **1** — **12 n.**

ional Youth Conference.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

22.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
45.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KFRC
53.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA
53.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
63.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	KFAB
65.5	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
70.3	1110	KRVA	429	700	WLW
77.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WPTF
83	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
86	980	KDKA			

4 p.m. — **3** — **2** — **1**

S. Parkes Cadman
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

06.9	1450	WFIC	361	830	KOA
25.6	1330	WSAI	366	820	WHAS
32.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WFAA
45.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO
52.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
63.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC
63.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
70.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
77.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
00	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
19	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
26	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
26	920	KFRC	509	590	WEEI
33	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG
33.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
37	890	WJAR			

thedral Hour.
ey Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

01.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
04	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
09.8	1430	KSTP	319	940	WFIW
12.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
15.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
17.8	1380	WJR	333.1	900	WFBL
23.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
27.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
30.6	1300	KOIL	370.2	810	WCCO
32.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
34.4	1280	WHO	447.5	670	WMAQ
38	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
38	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
41.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
43.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WJSC
43.9	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW
56.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN
58.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
67.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

5 p.m. — **4** — **3** — **2**

vey Hour
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

06.9	1450	WFIC	380	790	WGY
25.6	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF
45.9	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW
80.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	WEEI
00	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
16	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
19	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
37	890	WJAR	545	550	WGR
45	870	WENR			

7:35 p.m. — **6:35** — **5:35** — **4:35**

ajor Bowes' Family.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

05.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
06.8	1450	WFIC	339.4	880	WJAR
25.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
27.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
36.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
45.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB
52	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WTMJ
80.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WEAF
98.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
00	1000	WHO	535.4	560	WIBO
15.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
19	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
25.9	920	WWJ			

8 — **6** — **5**

nna Jettick Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KPRC
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
221.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJR
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	KPO
288.3	1020	WFAA	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WIOD

Recommended

AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for July:

Sunday

Atwater Kent Hour
Enna Jettick Melodies

Monday

General Motors Family Party
An Evening in Paris

Tuesday

Radio Keith Orpheum Hour
Eveready Program

Wednesday

Halsey Stuart Program
Palmolive Hour

Thursday

Fleischmann Hour
Arabesque

Friday

Raleigh Revue
Armstrong Quakers

Saturday

General Electric Hour
Paramount-Publix Radio Hour

Eastern 8 — **Central 7** — **Mountain 6** — **Pacific 5**

La Palina Rhapsodizers.
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC
241.8	1240	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
256.3	1170	WCAU	475.9	630	WMAL
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

Eight Years Old

RADIO DIGEST has just passed its Eighth Birthday. It's career has been the career of Radio. A new idea, a new industry, a new service. Keeping up with the trend of the times it has had to change its policies and format to meet the changing demands. To mark the occasion a very special and replete issue is being planned for next month. You cannot afford, therefore, to miss the

AUGUST
Eighth Anniversary Number
RADIO DIGEST

Eastern 8:15 p.m. — **Central 7:15** — **Mountain 6:15** — **Pacific 5:15**

Collier's Radio Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA			

8:30 p.m. — **7:30** — **6:30** — **5:30**

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFIC	344.6	870	WLS
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WHT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KSD

9 — **8** — **7** — **6**

Our Government.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFIC	374.8	800	WFAA
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WSAI
227.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
232.4	1290	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WSM
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WTIC
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR			

Majestic Theatre of the Air.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KRLD
204	1470	KFIF	309.1	970	KTR
204	1470	KGA	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	KTSA	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WTAR
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	KOIL	410.7	730	CKAC
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	KYA	499.7	600	WRRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	KMTR
254.1	1180	KEX	526	570	WWNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KLZ
258.8	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267	1120	WDEL			

9:15 p.m. — **8:15** — **7:15** — **6:15**

Atwater Kent Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	380	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	388	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WGN
265.3	1130	KSL	441	680	KPO
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
288.3	1040	WFAA	469	640	KFI
300	1000	WOC	484	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WFI
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI			

10:00 p.m. — **9:00** — **8:00** — **7:00**

Will Rogers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860), W2XE (49.2-6120)

202.6	1480	WKBW	256.4	1170	WCAU
204	1470	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
220.4	1360	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	990	KHJ
232.4	1290	KDYL	389.4	770	WBBM
232.6	1290	WTAS	476	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WRR	491.5	610	WERC
236.2	1270	KOL	500	600	WCAQ
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238.1	1260	WLBW	535.4	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:15 — **9:15** — **8:15** — **7:15**

Studebaker Champions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
206.9	1450	WFIC	416.4	720	WGN
225.6	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF
234.2	1280	WEBC	468.5	640	KFI
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
337	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WFI
367.5	760	KGO	545.1	550	WGR



One of Radio's prettiest women and a charming singer—that's Betsey Ayres who adorns the Enna Jettick programs on Sunday evenings.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Around the Samovar.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860), W2XE (49.2-6120

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
299.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
227.3	1320	WADC	385	780	WTAR
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.7	600	WCAO
337	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WSPD	536	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEAN

10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45

Sunday at Seth Parker's.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
245.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WHO	380	790	KGO
315.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR

11:15	10:15	9:15	8:15

Longines Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Armchair Quartet.
Key Station—WJZ

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA	400	750	WJR

Monday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.7	1480	WCKY	326	920	WWJ
299.8	1430	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
215.8	1390	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
249.9	1200	WTAG	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	389	770	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	441	680	WTPF
277.8	1080	WBT	442	610	WDAF
277.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
282.8	1060	WCAU	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.
(National) Radio Home Makers Club.)
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	399.7	750	WBBM
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

12 n.	11	10	9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KFH
212.8	1410	WICM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFDY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WJOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFBK
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KLZ

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.3	1320	WSMB	345	870	WJS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WDAF	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

7:35	6:35	5:35	4:35

Roxy and His Gang.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WDAF	405.2	740	WSB
245.9	1220	WREN	440.9	680	WPTF
260.7	1150	WHAM	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIBO
302.9	990	WBZA			

8	7	6	5

The Voice of Firestone.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WCAO
283.9	1020	KFYR	508.2	590	WEEI
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WFAA
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WIOD
325.5	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
325.5	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Ceco Couriers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

208.2	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
275.1	1090	KMOX			

A and P Gypsies.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			

9 p.m.	8	7	6

Maytag Orchestra.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA
209.7	1430	KECA	306	980	KDKA
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WIBA
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WDX	361	830	KOA
245.9	1220	WREN	380	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9	8	7	6

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
226.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WKRC
243.8	1230	WGL			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

General Motors Family Party.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WMAQ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOC
333.1	900	WJAX	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			

Chesebrough Real Folks.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

"An Evening in Paris."
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

10	8	7

Robert Burns Panatela Program.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-61

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

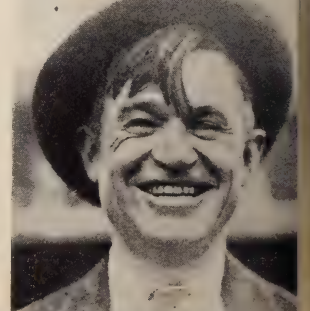
Empire Builders. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
249.9	1200	KPRC	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

11	10	9	8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			



Will Rogers, cowboy philosopher, has become a regular Radio star. He's heard Sunday nights at 10 o'clock EDT, chatting in his well known manner about various individuals of note.

Eastern 11:30	Central 10:30	Mountain 9:30	Pacific 8:30

pendent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studio.

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
25.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
22.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
25.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
24.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
36.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC
45.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
263	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KFRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

eerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

302.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
395.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WFTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WHO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
10		9	8	7	

la Bailey Allen.
ey Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WTBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
11:15		10:15	9:15	8:15	

adio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR
12 n.		11	10	9	

olumbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	WXE	333.1	900	WEBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
221.7	1340	KFJV	395	760	KLZ
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
241.9	1230	WHBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC



Don't you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady's looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is "Peaches" in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBaun.



Elizabeth Lennox looks as if she were about to say something very nice, indeed, when the camera caught her. Miss Lennox is the winsome young contralto star of the Palmolive Hour.

Eastern 1:45	Central 12:45	Mountain 11:45	Pacific 10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5—760)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	KFAB
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KOA
236.1	1270	WTDX	361.2	830	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WFAA
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WBAP
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WJZ
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJR
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WSB
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WTAM
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WFTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			
5 p.m.		4	3	2	

Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFIL	316	950	KMBC
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
209.8	1430	WHP	492	610	WFAN
212.8	1410	WICM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WKBN
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.9	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ
7:00		6	5	4	

Voters Service.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WTIC	440.9	680	WTFF
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WFTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			
8:00		7	6	5	

Pure Oil Concert.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC
236.1	1270	WTDX	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern 8:30 p.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30

Romany Patteran.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WFAC	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1070	KMOX
204.1	1470	WKBW	316	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBH
212.8	1410	WICM	323	930	WBRC
215.8	1390	WHK	476	630	WMAL
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	KFPY	500	600	WREC
227.3	1320	WADC	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	WJAS	526	570	WKBN
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238.1	1260	WLBW	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	KOIL	545	550	WKRC
241.8	1240	WSPD			

"Around the World With Libby."
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

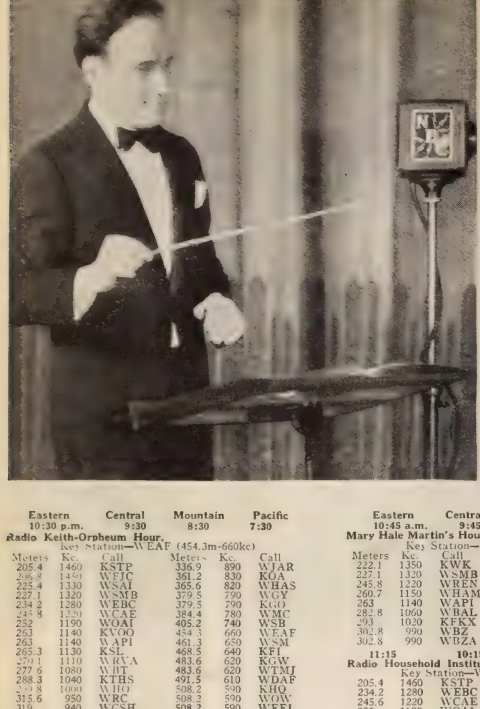
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB
299.8	1000	KECA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO			
9		8	7	6	

Eveready Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.9	1450	WFIC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
236.1	1270	WIDX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KGW
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
10:00 p.m.		9	8	7	

Westinghouse Salute.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

201.2	1490	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
209.7	1430	KECA	303	990	WBZA
222.2	1350	KWK	306	980	KDKA
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
230.6	1300	WIOD	326	920	KOMO
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
245.9	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
252.1	1190	WOAI	361	830	KOA
260.9	1150	WHAM	366	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	385	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WFTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ



Here is Nathaniel Shilkret caught in a characteristic pose after a recent broadcast. He is one of America's most distinguished musicians and is the conductor of the Mobiloil Concert Orchestra.

Eastern 10:30 p.m. — Central 9:30 — Mountain 8:30 — Pacific 7:30

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
243.8	1230	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
263.3	1130	KSL	468.5	640	KFI
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD

11 — 9 — 8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WBZA
260.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	980	KDKA
282.8	1060	WBAL	394.5	760	WJZ

11:30 — 10:30 — 9:30 — 8:30

Repsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station Chicago Studio

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
239.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
243.8	1229	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
263	1140	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
263.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Wednesday

8:30 a.m. — 7:30 — 6:30 — 5:30

Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.7	1460	WCKY	326	920	KPRC
225	1460	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1229	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	441	680	WTIC
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
299.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
325	920	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	WGR

10 a.m. — 9 — 8 — 7

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	424.8	800	WSAI
260.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
263.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.
Key Station—WJZ (394.92m-61[illegible] WABC (348.6-860)

205.7	1460	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSMB	267.7	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMOX
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WTIC
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK
249.9	1200	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC
249.8	1200	WGHP	384.4	780	WFAN
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBBM
248.6	1220	WCAD	425.9	640	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern 10:45 a.m. — Central 9:45 — Mountain 8:45 — Pacific 7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			

11:15 — 10:15 — 9:15 — 8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR

12 n. — 11 — 10 — 9

Columbia Review.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333	900	KJR
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WBL
223.7	1340	WJBO	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WFAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
333	900	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
323	930	WBRC			

1:45 — 12:45 — 11:45 — 10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAR
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
261	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

7 — 6 — 5 — 4

The Repsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ			

8 — 7 — 6 — 5

The Yeast Foamers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	484	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW			

Eastern 8:30 — Central 7:30 — Mountain 6:30 — Pacific 5:30

Mobiloil Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJA
234.4	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WFA
252.0	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEA
263.1	1140	KVOO	484	620	WTA
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDA
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEE
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTA
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIB
319.0	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

Sylvania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDK
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

Forty Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFB
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCA
208.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMO
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFB
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEA
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMA
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMA
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCA
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKR
243.8	1230	WNAC			

9:00 — 8:00 — 7:00 — 6:00

Halsey, Stuart Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHA
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263.0	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKG
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTM
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHQ
319.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEE
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHO
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTA
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WGR
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30 — 6:30

Palmolive Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO
263.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEA
277.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTM
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDA
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTI
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEE
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WKY	516.9	580	WTA
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLI
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30 — 6:30

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMO
215.7	1390	WBK	315.6	950	KMB
223.7	1340	WJBO	331.1	900	WBB
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WM
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WFA
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WM
243.8	1230	WNAC	492	610	WM
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WRE
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKR
267.7	1120	WISN			

10:00 p.m. — 9:00 — 8:00 — 7:00

Philco Hour.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	258.6	1160	WOW
49.2	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMO
215.8	1390	WHK	316	950	KMB
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WM
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFB
238	1260	WLBW	399.7	600	WM
238.1	1260	KOIL	448	670	WM
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WM
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WKR
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEA
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:30 p.m. — 9:30 — 8:30 — 7:30

Coca Cola Topnotchers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCS
209.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOM
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPR
227.1	1320	WSMB	326	920	WWJ
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	337	890	WJA
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
263.1	1140	WAPI	441	680	WTI
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEA
270.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	KGW
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDA
283	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHQ
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEE
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	536	560	WLI
312.5	960	CKGW	545	550	WGR
316	950	WRC	545	550	KSD

11 — 10 — 9 — 8

Longine's Correct Time.

245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDK
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIB
302.8	990	WBZA			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

...sodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

...sters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
05.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
03.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
07.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
04.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
06.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
05.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
02	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
05.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
03.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
09.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
05.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
05.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
03.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

...erio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

02.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
05.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
05.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
02.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
03.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
07.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
00.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
09.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
12.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
05.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
09	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
05.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WIBO
05.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
03.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00

Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club,
Key Station—WABC (348 6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU
04.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
15.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
23.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
27.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
32.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
38.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
41.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
43.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

...y Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL
01.2	1490	WLAC	245.6	1220	WCAO
04.0	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
09.7	1430	WHP	258.5	1160	WOWO
15.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC
23.7	1340	KPPY	333.1	900	WFBL
27.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
30.6	1300	KFH	389.4	770	WBBM
32.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
34.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
38	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

...ho Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

05.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ
25.6	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY
27.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WJAR
32.4	1290	WEEI	366	820	WHAS
45.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	WGY
52.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
63.2	1140	WVOO	405	740	WSB
63.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
80.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
83	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
88.5	1040	KTHS	492	610	WDAF
94.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI
00	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG
16	950	WRC	536	560	WTIT
19	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
26	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Barry Beauty Talk.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO
04	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN
15.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
23.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC
27.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
32.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM
38	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WHAS
38	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
41.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
43.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC
56.3	1170	WCAU			

11:45	10:45	9:45	8:45

...lumbia Review.
...ey Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

04	1470	WKBW	333	900	KHJ
23.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
23.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
23.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
27.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
34.4	1280	WDOD	389.4	770	WBBM
38	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
38	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
41.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	WFRC
43.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
56.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
15.6	950	KMBC	500	600	WREC
19	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
23	930	WBRC	535.4	560	KLZ
23	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

...ational Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

05.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
22.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
27.3	1320	WSMB	365.8	820	KDKA
28.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WRC
34.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	KPRC
36.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WKY
45.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
52	1190	WOAI	340	770	KFAB
60.1	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
63	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
63.2	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA
70.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP
77.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
82.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
93.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WJW
94.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
99.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
00	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW



This romantic looking young lady is none other than Muriel Wilson, whose lovely voice you hear when the Maxwell House Melodies go on the air on Thursday nights at 9:30 EDT.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZ			
8		7	6		5

Fleischmann Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
238	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
270.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
309.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00

Arabesque.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
49.2	6120	W2XE	319	940	WFIW
204	1470	WKBW	323	930	WDBJ
204	1470	WLAC	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ
212.8	1410	WJDX	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	337	890	WGST
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WSPD	385	780	WTAR
227.3	1320	WADC	390	770	WBBM
230.8	1300	KFH	395	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.7	750	WCAO
238.1	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	484	620	WLBZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
243.8	1230	WNAC	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
526	570	WWNC	526	570	WNAX
526.3	1170	WCAU	536	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WEAN
267.9	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Maxwell House Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
223.7	1430	KECA	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WBAP
238	1260	WJAX	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KOMO			
10		9	8		7

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	WWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN
302.8	990	WBZA			

RCA Victor Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	280.2	1070	WTAM
206.8	1450	WFJC	282.8	1060	WTIC
225.4	1330	WSAI	292.9	1020	KYW
227.1	1320	WSMB	299.8	1000	WHO
234.2	1280	WEBC	315.6	950	WRC
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KOMO
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WWJ
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	KPRC
263	1140	KVOO	333.1	900	WJAX
265.3	1130	KSL	333.1	900	WKY
270.1	1110	WRVA	336.9	890	WJAR
277.6	1080	WBT	361.2	830	KOA

RCA Victor Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

365.6	820	WHAS	483.6	620	WTMJ
374.8	800	WBAP	491.5	610	WDAF
379.5	790	WGY	508.2	590	WEEI
379.5	790	KGO	508.2	590	WOW
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	KHQ
405.2	740	WSB	516.9	580	WTAG
440.9	680	WPTF	535.4	560	WFI
454.3	660	WEAF	535.4	560	WIOD
461.3	650	WSM	545.1	550	WSD
483.6	620	KGW	545.1	550	WGR

11:00	10:00	9:00	8:00

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

260.7	1150	WHAM	302.8	990	WBZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	302.8	990	WBZA
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			



Here we have the Interwoven Pair in character, more or less. At the left is Billy Jones, and right is Ernie Hare. They are favorites of thousands of Radio listeners and are heard every Friday night at 9 o'clock EDT.

Friday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.3	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
332	920	WWJ			

10 a.m.	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen. National Home Makers' Club.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.2	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL
234.4	1280	WDOD	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN
243.8	1230	KVOO	526	570	WNYC
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU			

10:15	9:15	8:15	7:15

National Home Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

206.9	1450	WTIC	325.9	920	WWJ
245.8	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR
279.5	799	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR

12:00 n.	11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00

Columbia Revue.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1491	WFBL	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	333	900	KHJ
215.7	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	KFPY	476	630	WMAL
223.7	1340	WGHP	492	610	WFAN
227.1	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WORD	526	570	WBBN
244.9	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
316	949	KMBC	536	560	KLZ
319	940	WFIW	545	550	WFAN

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
222.4	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	900	WKY
252.1	1190	WDAF	333.1	900	WJAX
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS
252.1	1190	WHAM	374.8	800	WJAR
263.1	1140	KVOO	375	800	WSAI
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.8	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB
294.2	1020	KEKX	428.3	700	WLW
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.4	990	WJZ	491.5	610	WDAF
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

8	7	6	5

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WEAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.5	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KRLD
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	559	WGR
335.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC			

Nit-Wit Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFIW
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	KHJ
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAQ
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ
230.8	1300	KFH	492	610	KFRC
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WHOD	500	600	WMT
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1280	WFBM	535.4	560	WIBW
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00

True Story Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGHP
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.8	1230	WNAC
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHP	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	WISN
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD
223.7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ
230.6	1300	WHBW	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN
232.4	1290	WJAS	395	760	KWJ
232.4	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ
234.2	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236	1260	KOIL	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	WLBW	545	550	WKRO
239.9	1250	WDSU			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8	7	6

Interwoven Pair.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOM
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WJA
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA
260.7	1150	WBAM	365.6	820	WHA
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WEA
265.3	1130	KSL	379.5	790	KGO
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYW	440.9	630	KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA	468.5	640	KFI
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KGW
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	KFQ
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIO

Cliquot Club Eskimos.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDA
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEE
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
300	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTA
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WHB
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	WGY			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Armour Program.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOM
222.4	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJA
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WDAF	365.6	820	WHA
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
263.2	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPT
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTM
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	KHQ
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIO

10	9	8	7

Armstrong Quakers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOA
203.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WK
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA
233.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WH
234.8	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WE
245.8	1220	WREN	379.5	790	KG
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WM
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJ
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WS
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WS
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KF
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WT
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WT
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	KG
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KH



Mary Hopple who frequently sing roles with the National Light Oper Company and various NBC prese tations, is heard regularly with th Armstrong Quakers on Frida nights at 10 o'clock.

Eastern 10:00 p.m. | Central 9:00 | Mountain 8:00 | Pacific 7:00

Raleigh Revue.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.7	1450	WEAF	380	790	WGY
208.8	1430	KECA	441	680	WTFF
225.6	1330	WSAI	484	620	KOW
245.8	1220	WCAE	492	610	WDAF
265.5	1130	KSL	509	590	KHQ
300	1000	WOC	509	590	WEI
316	950	WRC	509	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	517	580	WTAG
326	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WIBO
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFIT
337	890	WJAR	545	550	KSD
361	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
380	790	KGO			

11 p.m. | 10:00 | 9:00 | 8:00

Will Osborne and His Orchestra.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
219	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFFY	333	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
232.6	1290	KDYL	526	570	WMNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:15 | 10:15 | 9:15 | 8:15

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WDZ
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO

11:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | 8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

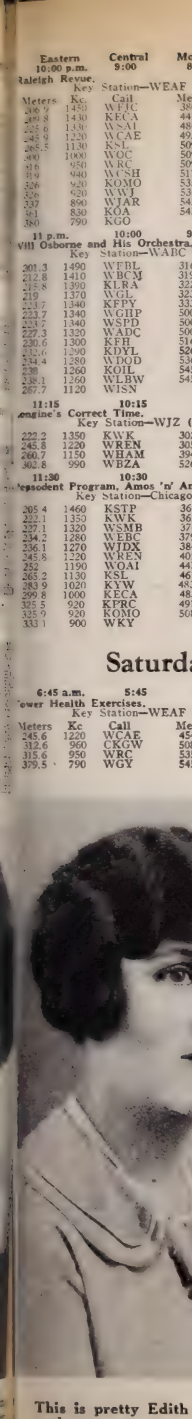
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WTDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Saturday

6:45 a.m. | 5:45 | 4:45 | 3:45

Tower Health Exercises.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR



This is pretty Edith Thayer. But perhaps you are more familiar with her as Jane McGrew in Hank Simmon's Show Boat presented on Saturday nights.

Eastern 8:15 | Central 7:15 | Mountain 6:15 | Pacific 5:15

Morning Devotions.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WTFF
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

8:30 | 7:30 | 6:30 | 5:30

Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WTFF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560	WFI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

11:15 a.m. | 10:15 | 9:15 | 8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WIBO
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

1:45 | 12:45 | 11:45 | 10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	WKY	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
230.6	1300	WIOD	345	870	WLS
232.4	1290	WEBC	361	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KVOO	390	770	KFAB
263.2	1140	WTI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740	WSB
288.3	1040	CFHS	429	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WTFF
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM
303	990	WHZ	469	640	KFI
303	990	WMAQ	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590	KHQ

7 | 6 | 5 | 4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WIAX	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WTFF
302.8	990	WHZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

8:30 | 7:30 | 6:30 | 5:30

Del Monte Program. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.5	1460	WTIC	333	900	WSN
206.9	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WJAX
225.6	1330	WSAI	337	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA
230.6	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WBAP
236.1	1270	WTDX	380	790	WGY
245.9	1220	WCAE	385	780	WMC
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WTFF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	462	650	WSM
277.8	1080	WBT	484	620	WTMJ
280.4	1070	WTAM	492	610	WDAF
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	WOW
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
326	920	WWJ			

9:00 p.m. | 8:00 | 7:00 | 6:00

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.6	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WFBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFFY	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WFAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	447.5	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WKBN
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.6	1160	WOWO	536	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN			



William Shelley is interlocutor of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, a Saturday night treat. Mr. Shelley has appeared in several minstrel companies and finally followed his love to the Radio.

Eastern 10 p.m. | Central 9 | Mountain 8 | Pacific 7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFIC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WFTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WBBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	285.7	1050	KNN
208.2	1440	WHEC	288.3	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.5	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	KOIN
223.7	1340	KFFY	319	940	WCAW
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
225.6	1330	KSCJ	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KFBI
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WTSA	384.4	780	WFAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KFI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	KOL	475.9	630	WMAL
236.2	1270	WDSU	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	KLZ
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	WKRC
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | 8:00

Longines Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8	1060	WJAR	526	570	WIBO
305.9	980	KDKA			

11:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | 8:30

Dance Carnival.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFFY	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	KFRC
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | 8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WTDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

OUT *of the* AIR
HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

GREETING!

ONCE more I greet my many friends!

Each jokesmith and each poet who sends
The slips and quips and pleasant rimes
In which the spirits of our times
(The daily times that come and go
Along the waves of Radio)
Are sifted, frequently in vain,
To see what humor they contain,
So that our readers of all ages
Who monthly scan the *Digest* pages
May separate the grain from chaff
And find, within, the prize—a laugh!
It's good to know you-all again,
(I'm from the South; that's mighty plain.)
And one and all I greet you now
And hope you'll write me soon—and how!
Send in your stuff with joy and zest,
Affectionately,

. . . . *Indi-Gest*

I came from a section of the country where there are plenty of negroes. I was raised up on a diet of hot biscuit, chicken gravy, chine, jowl and turnip greens, not to mention ham gravy and hominy grits, with occasional dishes of spareribs. The name *INdi-Gest* is very appropriate. Which reminds me that I must repeat a good story I heard once. I have always liked it, from which you may gather that it is not entirely new.

Two colored women were discussing recent additions to their families.

"I done name dat new baby er mine 'Opium,'" remarked Marthy Brown to Mandy Jackson.

"Why you disqualify dat chile wid a name like dat, Marthy?"

"Well, I done look' up de wud opium in de dickshunary and hit say hit mean de seed er de wile poppy. And de good Lawd knows dat chile's poppy is sho' wile!"

* * *

Another colored sister came up and snorted.

"Dat ain' nuthin! I done name mah baby Onyx."

"Why dat, Sis Liza?"

"Kaze he came so onyxpected! Use yo' haid, gal, use yo' haid!"

* * *

You're Darn Right!

Do you believe in clubs for women?

Yes, if kindness fails.—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

* * *

Here's the funniest thing I've heard over the air, especially since I am sure it was quite unintentional. It was several months ago during the Crosley Saturday Knights program over WLW. The announcer, who, I think, was Robert Brown, stated that the next number by the orchestra would be "Why Was I Born?" by special permission of the copyright owners. But the way he said it sounded as though it was to be "Why was I born by special permission of the copyright owners?"—*Evelyn Faux, 925 Edgewater Ave., Fort Wayne Ind.*

Station WJBT, Chicago, was broadcasting a church service the other night when suddenly the following words were heard:

"Your throat! Your eyes! Don't struggle! I'm stronger than you are, my pretty lass."

Telephone calls poured in by the hundreds.

"The wires got crossed on a chain melodrama from New York," station operators explained to horrified listeners.—*A. F. Day, Sergent, Ky.*

* * *

Wooden Pigs

According to Miss Frances Cherry of Wayne, Nebraska, a teacher asked little Willy to make a sentence with the word mahogany. And Willy said:

"Pa sent me out to feed the pigs but I didn't give the ma hog any." Which goes over all right, Miss Cherry, but that story of yours about the tame fish that fell in the river and was drowned— Well, why resurrect that one? Don Marquis wrote a whole story about that same fish years ago.



Here's a chuckle I'd like to pass on to the other fans. Art Kassel's orchestra ("Kassel's in the Air") have a feature on their "Whoopie Hour" called the "Canadian Medley" which includes:

I'm a Drinker Montreal
(I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All)

Canada Jungle
(Chant of the Jungle)

Lover Quebec to Me
(Lover, Come Back to Me)
—*Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. Dak.*

* * *

It is easy to make slips. Every broadcaster of whatever kind knows that it is much easier to make a mistake—a *lapsis lingua*, so to speak—than to stop, go back and say "beg your pardon."

And in this connection, *should* one stop and apologize, or go straight ahead?

Says Mrs. J. B. Gross, 125 Bayly Ave., Louisville, Ky.:

On April 17th there was a horrible accident here in one of our local quick service clothes pressing shops, which resulted in two deaths from fire.

In announcing the catastrophe over WHAS that night, the announcer, Steve Lewis, said:

"The explosion was caused when a youn man who was carrying a 5 *cannon gal* c Naphtha, tripped and fell down the stairs The announcer then chuckled and saic I should have said, five *gallon can.*"

* * *

In the WJZ Children's Hour, broadca every Sunday from 9 to 10 a. m., a neighb and I were greatly amused recently hearing Milton J. Cross read the "Funnie to the "Kiddies." For several weeks the was a continued strip about the doings the "Twins," and Mr. Cross *always* referr to them as the *two twins.*

This seems even more humorous now, th he has become the winner of the Dictic Award.—*Mrs. M. J. Swan, 12 Northe Ave., Northampton, Mass.*

* * *

Red Meat!

Apparently there are still some exponen of cannibalism in Minneapolis as, during program of phonograph records, last ev ning, April 29, the announcer said, "O next offering is, 'Cooking the One I Lo for Breakfast.'"

Truly, I think that deserves honorab mention.—*R. L. Lithgow, 328 Plymou Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.*

* * *

Would you call this an acrobatic orche tra? A local dance orchestra had play one number, when Everett Mitchell WENR announced, "The boys now co tinue with Bottoms Up.'"—*R. Johnso 11432 Forest Ave., Chicago.*

* * *

Here is a bit of fun I just heard on r Radio while tuned to KMA of Shenandoa Iowa. Listening to the broadcast of t "Country School," I heard one of the "p pils" remark:

"Say, teacher, my aunt died last week a left a thousand dollars hid in her bussel."

Teacher: "Well, that's too bad."

Pupil: "Yes, but wasn't that a lot leave behind?"—*Mrs. W. D. Cooper, 30 Mitchell Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.*

* * *

The Last Stitch

Young Girl: Daddy I won't need a clothes this summer.

Daddy: Oh! Oh! I never thought would come to that.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contributions to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than June 1, 1930.



Force of Habit

A Radio announcer lost his job and got what he believed to be the next best position—that of station train announcer. Had you happened to be in Grand Central Station, New York, you might recently have heard him calling out his first train announcement:

"Friends of Radioland! You are now going on a little journey to all points east. Stations are being broadcast through the courtesy of the New York Central Railway.

"Here she comes, see the glaring lights in the carriages, hear the snorting of the engine. Train for Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany and New York.

"'Phone in folks and tell Mr. Pullman how you slept—he will be interested. Good-night everybody."—*Robert G. Shimmin, 364 Fourteenth Street, Portland, Ore.*

* * *

Some Scotsmen not long ago hit upon a plan of saving a little cash. They were listening to an old time fiddling contest coming to them over WLS. In voting for their favorites all thirty-five of these Caledonians wrote their votes on the same sheet of paper and sent it in under one stamp!—*The Colonel.*

Clem Dacey and Harry Hosford, harmony team of WLS, each have a new namesake. The newcomers are young Jersey calves belonging to a farmer who listens regularly to their offerings. Clem is all black and Harry has little white spots on him, it is said!

* * *

Etiquette

When we wuz eatin' dinner at Miss Lucy's house las' night, Sam, I seen you scratch yo' haid wid yo' spoon. Ain't you got no etiquette? Use yo' fawk, big boy!—*The Colonel.*

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 92 and 94 of This Issue

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
KDB....Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK....Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK....Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF..... Portlanfle, Ore.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF...Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI..... Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR..... Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX..... Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
KFLX.....Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
KFPW..Siloam Springs, Ark.
KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.
KFQA..... Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD...Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW..... Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC...San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU...Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM..Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
KFVS...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI...San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM.....Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF..... Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif.
KFXR...Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO..... Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
KGAR.....Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU....Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ..... York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGEI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCN.....Concordia, Kans.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wolf Point Mont.
KGDA.....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE...Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
KGFG...Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF..... Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX....Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Tex.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW..... Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ..... Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO..... Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS...San Francisco, Calif.
KJR..... Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
KLZ..... Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR.....Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA..... Denver, Colo.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
KOB...State College, N. M.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
KOH..... Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
KOL..... Seattle, Wash.
KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.
KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.
KPJK..... Prescott, Ariz.
KPO....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ..... Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC..... Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF...Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD.....Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
KSAC...Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
KSL...Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR...Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO.....Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
KTAP...San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
KTHS....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD...Vermillion, S. D.
KUT.....Austin, Tex.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
KVL..... Seattle, Wash.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ..... Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
KWWG....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF..... Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI..... Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABZ.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ....New Orleans, La.
WADC..... Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio.
WAPI...Birmingham, Ala.
WASH..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA.West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
WBAP....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX...Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
WBBR....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY....Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS...Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC....Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE...Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH....Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL....Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
WCAP...Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
WCCO....Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
WCGU...Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
WCSO....Springfield, Ohio
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
WDAF....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
WDEL....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY....Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD...Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU....New Orleans, La.
WDWF....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN....Providence, R. I.
WEAO.....Columbus, O.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
WEBJ.....Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
WEMP.....Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD...Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA.....Dallas, Tex.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ....Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM....Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
WFDW....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW....Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC.....Akron, O.
WFKD....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
WGBG.....New York City
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
WGH...Newport News, Va.
WGHP.....Detroit, Mich.
WGL.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGST.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
WGY....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
WHAT....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY...West DePere, Wis.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
WHDH....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK.....Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP..Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
WIBG....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
WIBR....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC....Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
WINR....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN....Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Neb.
WJAR....Providence, R. I.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX....Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY.....Cleveland, O.
WJAZ.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Highland Park, Mich.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
WJBO....New Orleans, La.
WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
WJDC.....Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJID.....Chicago, Ill.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
WJSV....Washington, D. C.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ..San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR...E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.....Webster, Mass.
WKBF....Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN.....Youngstown, O.
WKBO....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP...Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV....Connersville, Ind.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKIC.....Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, O.
WKY...Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC....Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB....Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBL....Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL...Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
WLEY....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
WLSI....Providence, R. I.
WLTH....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
WLWL....New York City
WMAC...Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
WMBD.....Peoria, Ill.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM...Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ....Brooklyn, N. Y.

WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN...Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT.....Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
WNAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF...Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH..New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN..Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU...Charleston, W. Va.
WOC.....Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI.....Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT....Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI.....Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC....Worcester, Mass.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW.....Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
WPSW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ.....Weirton, W. Va.
WRAF.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC.....Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Titton, Ga.
WRBJ....Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
WRBT....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM...Minneapolis, Minn.
WRIN.....Racine, Wis.
WRK.....Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY.....New York City
WRR.....Dallas, Tex.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ...Huntington, W. Va.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
WSMS.....Salisbury, N. C.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
WSPA....Spartanburg, S. C.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN...St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
WTAW..College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill.
WTBO....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.
WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orleans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N.B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc. 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m. 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B.C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC-CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc. 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCT, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc. 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc. ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc. 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 500w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHF, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program, sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Incompatible

(Continued from page 24)

out counting them as loss — all were beautiful seasons if they were Love's seasons. But there was something not beautiful the matter with her and Sid.

OF COURSE there were no children! And a pang shot through her — a familiar little pang. Probably that was the bottom trouble. Sid was disappointed—she guessed that, though he hid his discontent. As for that no one dreamed, Sid no more than anyone else, how deeply and acutely she, herself, felt her childlessness.

Yet, withal, didn't they have enough in each other for happiness?

No, evidently not. But *why* not?

If, for instance, she acted with men as Bess Wandell acted with men, or if Sid were unfaithful to her as Charlie Hamblin was flagrantly unfaithful to his Mabel; or if she were disloyal to him merely in spirit as Louise Smith was disloyal to Johnny, forever talking about how it was she who had "made" her husband and implying that her superior talents had lifted him from the ditch of mediocrity; or if Sid got drunk and abused her, or even if he were insignificant but insufferably pompus and smug like Fanny Munn's husband — if there were some such concrete "if," then there would be some understanding of yet one more disappointment in marriage. But was everyone disappointed at the best—everyone but the dreadful people who expected nothing? Was married happiness—*married* love—at the best a mere negation of violently expressed unhappiness — merely not getting abusively drunk or being abusively unfaithful or things like that?

But no—a million times no! Not with people who had loved each other as she and Sid had loved each other!

AND then, catching that mental past tense, she cried out to herself that Sid did love her yet — she knew she loved him. But then she said to herself that if a woman seven years married has to assert her husband's love to her own heart, she's not so sure of it as she has a right to be.

But she chased away that thought, and sought to recapture the surging softness and warmth called up by the sight of her Sid when he was a boy. And it did come back to her, that tide of ineffable tenderness. And, swimming in that tenderness, she told herself that, after all, she had been exaggerating their failure to find happiness. Had been building hobgoblins out of shadows. Making trifles too momentous. The little rifts on the surface after all hadn't mattered—there were bound to be little rifts, occasionally, between any human beings who had to live in close day-by-day contact. The only thing that mattered was not the rifts but whether the persons still loved each other. And she and Sid still loved each other—yes, oh yes!

She leaned closer to the window, so close that her forehead brushed the screen. Outside the crickets were at their evening song and back of her a clock was loudly, lazily ticking the seconds. The sounds seemed to intensify the pervasive quiet. Outside, inside, the hush hung heavy. No sound of human voices to enliven, to make less tedious, her waiting—not even children's voices. Her thoughts turned and wounded her with a memory sudden and with no apparent direct connection: of how Sid had set aside one big bright room for a nursery—when they first took the house. But that big bright room had long since been given over to other purposes. She and Sid never spoke of those old hopes, and Amelie never discovered her disappointment, never admitted it, to anyone.

BUT there was the deepest reason why she hated certain other childless women of their set who deliberately avoided domestic encumbrances to liveliness—she must accept a standing that put her with them; she could not cry her distaste for their ideas. Here lay a hidden and her most specific reason for disclaiming kinship with that blithe and careless "bunch" so prized by Sid. But Sid had no more idea of all this than a stranger. Curiously she didn't want Sid to suspect how much she cared. It seemed to her she could not bear anything that might lift the curtain on how much **he** cared.

While, as a fact, Sid suffered no such disappointment as hers. Possessing Amelie he thought he had more than was his due, anyway. That the subject was closed between them was part of their misfortune.

Amelie was still waiting for him, cherishing that softened and tender mood, when Sid got home. Her first disappointment was because he didn't come alone. He had brought the out-of-town business acquaintance with him; Sid liked to feel free to bring a friend home to dinner without notice, and Amelie liked him to show his freedom — not every prosperous husband has it. Yet, somehow, tonight—

But she tried to be gracious to this Mr. Jenkins of Sid's, and, when she tried, she could be gracious, indeed; only her feelings beneath remained the same. It came out that Mr. Jenkins was a golf enthusiast and that this was Sid's reason for bringing him to Fair Haven—so he might play over the Club's excellent course the next day, though Sid himself couldn't, hadn't the time. But he would take the visitor over to the Club dance tonight and introduce him to some of the fellows and arrange a game.

TO AMELIE, feeling as she was feeling then, as she had been feeling all afternoon — vaguely wistful and reminiscently regretful and wanting only to be with Sid — the suggestion of a frolicsome evening at the clubhouse, and especially with Sid suggesting it in that enthusiastic way, came as a wet-blanket. And because her tenderness was so suddenly dampened, so terribly dampened, she didn't want Sid to suspect the mood the day and that boyish picture had called up. Why bare her feelings?—he was obviously eager for this frolic; the time was past when just being with her constituted his most enjoyable "good time."

Yet, when alone with him in their room, she demurred about the evening's plan:

"I'm sorry we've got to go to that dance tonight."

"Sorry you're sorry, dear—but I don't see any way out of it. Jenkins brought his evening clothes — I told him to. Then, as I said, it's a good chance to get him fixed up for tomorrow."

She hesitated a second; then:

"You put it off on Mr. Jenkins—but you want to go to the dance yourself!" She forced banter into a little laugh, but there was a quaver of something else under the banter. It was the wounded sentiment of a tender mood taking itself out in a mask of pettiness. But what could Sid see but the pettiness? And Amelie was not given to the petty or the pettyish. He answered matter-of-factly:

"Of course I want to go — I like to dance and I'm in just the mood tonight."

Underneath the matter-of-factness was something a little hard, a little cold, and almost hidden beneath geniality, but not hidden from Amelie. It amounted to a critical comment on her attitude, and she—she was only acting to be loved! To be assured of his love. So she answered with a weary indifference of tone — the eternally foolish feminine — she answered:

"You're generally in that mood, it seems."

"See here, Amelie," and, to add to its defensiveness, his tone took on an impatience because of the need to be defensive, "let's not start that kind of thing now. Don't start acting abused because I want you to go out and have a good time—you know you like to dance as well as anybody!"

"I do like to dance," she admitted. "But I like other things, too. And I confess that, at times, I get sort of fed up with people who think life's nothing but dancing and hunting a good time."

She was faintly, gently supercilious about it—oh, such a slight, lady-like shade of superciliousness, and that was thanks to that strangled-down warmth inside her. But Sid was chilled, rebuffed. And hurt—that tone of hers had sufficed to stir, as a similar demeanor had stirred more than once, a well of bitterness deep and secret within him: Amelie scorned "the bunch," but that wasn't it; the thing that put that edge on her scorn, which used to be so amiably slight and humorous, was that she had learned to scorn him with the rest! Why not, indeed? They were the ones that were his kind, he supposed, even if he had put one over on Amelie when he got her to marry him.

HE WAS hurt as if he had been stabbed. It was not the sense of Amelie's superiority—because Sid, in his genuine humility, had always deemed Amelie high above him; but the suspicion that she was cognizant of *his* inferiority.

That had been something, this suspicion, he had been fighting away from through all the little rifts and jars which had marred the last two years. She had got taxed and bored with *him.*

There is no feeling in life more wretched than that of feeling oneself belittled by the adored one. And this feeling, layered onto his own self-deprecation, had been recurrently making Sid Fletcher unhappy. So unhappy that all he could do was to put on a deceptive uncaring front and withdraw into himself. Withdrawals to conceal the hurt inside him; and which, according to his idea of his own lacks, must last till she made some sign, gave him a cue to show himself the lover again. And, of course, to tide himself over, he must hurl himself the more hilariously into those dis-

The Dictated Letter

ALL might have ended differently if Sidney had not had his stenographer write his letters to Amelie. He had injured his hand, which had prevented him from using a pen. But Amelie did not know this. She thought he was indifferent, so the breach was widened another notch. Follow this intensely human story, ***Incompatible,*** to its conclusion in the

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ractions she belittled. And all the time onging only to feel his Amelie close gain; close to him—in his arms—and er spirit close to him as well.

While Amelie, at such times, would ultivate aloofness, too—a deliberate re- erve compounded of wounded love and anity and of a sheer perversity that she ever clearly took in as a part of her nake-up. She was so gentle, so spark- ngly distinguished, that no one had ever alled her perverse any more than she o named herself. Yet she perhaps knew nore of Sid's states of mind than she wned to herself. But she wanted him o love her so much he could not play ndifferent even if he tried to. And what he was crying to herself, what she hought, all that pierced her was: "He loesn't love me as he used to love me!— don't count with him as I used to count!"

What tragic comedy life makes out of he emotions of humans!

Had this fanciful creature, so high- spirited and delicate-spirited and jeal- ously-guarded at once, only had children hen she might have learned to feel that her husband was in ways like one of the children, to be understood and helped like one of them; and she would have been taken out of this too-fanciful sweet- hearting with a husband who was truly more hers than any sweetheart could ever be.

Marriage, with the Fletchers, had never fallen into matter-of-course, pro- saic marital habits; but the deep feeling, the poetic tenderness, which had such ways impossible to them, had not flow- ered, either, into the perfect openness which marriage so needs. And that touch of unimportant incompatibility became important when it led to these reserves, these prides and wounded hu- milities that turned to pride.

THIS evening there was no more argument about the dance or the dancers, and before they joined their guest Amelie went and pressed her cheek for a moment against her husband's sleeve.

If she had taken him by the arms and said: "I did not say what I meant! The crowd doesn't matter two pins — the whole crowd doesn't matter two pins. All in the world that matters is *you.* And because you're all that matters I stew and fret and want to be assured in return that, with you, *I'm* all that mat- ters. That's all it amounted to, Sid—I want you to tell me, to convince me, that you love me—above *everything!"* If she had said something like this, Sid would have been as interested as a bride- groom, and probably there would have been no story to tell about the Fletchers.

For it was that causeless little breach that night which marked the most defi- nite point either could ever fix on as the beginning of an incredible chapter. And neither of them guessed what it was about; and neither guessed how it was going to end.

It was his stinging sense that Amelie didn't feel him quite good enough that made Sid act a part that night, of a hus- band who, indeed, was not quite good enough for such a wife as Amelie.

He danced with pretty Mrs. Wandell so often as to be conspicuous. Mrs. Wandell was so superlative a dancer that, had his motive been merely the comparatively innocent one of dancing for dancing's sake—and he trying to for- get all trouble in the apotheosis of rhythm he found with her—he would have had a plausible excuse in seeking her for a partner. But Sid did not dance as if his interest stood just that way; he threw a shade of something more per- sonal into his manner toward Bess Wan- dell.

Yes, he threw it there of malice pre- pense, because he wanted to show that there were pretty women who liked him, ordinary and commonplace as he was. His were like a hurt little boy's feelings on one side, but on the other, the side that showed, he was grown-up mascu- line enough.

And everyone felt that Sid was such a simple honest creature that no one, not even Amelie, suspected he had this much of the actor. It is well to remember that the simplest human can be a well of duplicity and of histrionic talent—when love, wounded love especially, is the stage-manager.

MANY men in Fair Haven did like to dance with Bess Wandell, even though they refused to be "vamped" by her. Bess was the professional vamp of the Country Club crowd. Slim and dark, provocative and conscienceless, she achieved a great deal of masculine at- tention.

Amelie privately considered that these conquests were bought at too dear a price. She had her own ideas as to the valuation every woman, because she was a woman, should place on herself; and, to Amelie's way of thinking, women who behaved as Bess Wandell behaved, held themselves cheap — cheapened them- selves. But in that easy-going set Mrs. Wandell had kept her dainty and modish skirts clear of forthright damnation. And it was not Amelie's way to voice censure of other women; especially when their dubious activities did not cross her own intimate horizon; Sid had never shown any responsiveness to Mrs. Wandell's allurements. But tonight—

It was a particularly gay and success- ful party. The toilettes elegant even if often bizarre; the animation high-pitched but not vulgar in its gusto; the white and gold ballroom, the shining floor, the revolving couples, the strains of waltz or of fox-trot and overtones of talk and laughter. You could sense, even with- out hearing it, that all that talk was sophisticated and artificial.

The people were sophisticated and artificial, and the setting, and the gayety; but something very pleasant in all the gayety and sparkle. And Amelie had to acknowledge it; once let yourself give in to it, to this pleasantness, and you forgot to criticize.

More than once Amelie had found her- self giving in to the extent that she'd had a surprisingly good time. Probably she would always have had a good time had she not been feeling that Sid, with- out any "giving in," was having a better one than she could give him since times had changed with them, since he was no longer the lover he had been.

Sid early spoiled for her any chance of pleasure this evening. The out-of- town Mr. Jenkins was sitting beside her as Sid finished his second dance with Mrs. Wandell—Amelie, though not tired, had evaded the encore.

"Who's that dancing with Sid?" the visitor inquired.

Amelie told him.

"She's certainly a beautiful woman."

"Yes," Amelie agreed, "she's consid- ered the most beautiful woman in Fair Haven."

"AND a wonder of a dancer! They dance well together, don't they?"

Amelie agreed to this, also. To be fair she had to. Mrs. Wandell danced without any effect of abandon but you caught a peculiar sense of rhythm flow- ing throughout her thin, supple body— caught it in her flexible shoulders and arms, in the way she stepped as on a fragile surface, in even her knees which you could not see, but which you some- how divined vibrant, rhythmic, behind that shrouding skirt. Her every move- ment was attuned to the music's har- mony—became a part of the harmony.

And Sid, dancing with her in his arms, seemed to become a part of that har- mony, too. He looked rapt, absorbed, yet somehow boyish in his sheer enthu- siasm of enjoyment. There was nothing stiff or constrained about him now—not as he danced with Bess Wandell.

Amelie, eyeing the pair covertly, saw Mrs. Wandell let her hand linger longer than necessary on Sid's arm after the dance was finished. And Sid didn't seem to mind. He laughed and talked with her as if in fine fettle.

When he kept on dancing with her several times more Amelie was sure others were noticing and making stealthy comments.

He danced with his wife also, of course, and not markedly less than usual, but it was less. Amelie was a good dancer even if she were not in the class with Bess Wandell, but, tonight, she found her muscles stiffening every time her husband's arm went round her.

But, thinking hard throughout the evening and throughout the ride home, she decided to "pass it over." She had no real fear of Bess Wandell; the flir- tatious episode had been mostly the "vamp's" doing, merely in keeping with her customary behavior. No, she mustn't let a Bess Wandell raise an issue between herself and Sid—it was not Bess



KFVD, Culver City, Calif., is very proud of its jolly trio, the Hal Roach Happy-Go-Lucky musicians, shown above. Their costumes smack of the soil, hey what? Hill-billies or not, they shore can play!



Miss Kathryn Julye, the lovely and skilled harpist of Station KPO, San Francisco

Wandell, anyway; she felt a little throb of pride in her indifference to Bess Wandell, but she was not indifferent to Sid's lessening devotion to herself, even though she was still sure of him as against Bess Wandells. But, anyhow, she must stop the continuous raising of these issues. She must try to win back the old peace and security of love.

There was propitiation in her tone and wistfulness in her heart when, alone with Sid again, she said:

"It was a nice party, wasn't it? I'm sorry I made a fuss about going."

BUT Sid was still stung with a sense of her criticism of himself—this retracting light concession did not touch the only hurt he had felt; so his voice held a tinge of reserve as he answered:

"Had a bully time, myself. I like the bunch—they're jolly, and pick you up. I like 'em even though you don't."

If Amelie had spoken from her heart, then, the voice from her heart would have cried out: "My picking flaws is born of jealousy! Because I don't want any bunch to mean as much as home to you! I can't bear them as competitors. That's what's eating into me, Sid — my jealousy and fear!"

But she said:

"I noticed you seemed to be enjoying yourself particularly." And then: "Is Bess Wandell as marvelous a dancer as she looks?"

"She's a peach," affirmed Sid succinctly. Perhaps to his other hurts his conscience was hurting him a bit — and contributing only to that brusqueness! He added: "She's good fun, too, if you take her in the right way. She's going to ask us for bridge tomorrow night—said she'd ring you up in the morning."

"Oh," said Amelie. She hadn't meant her tone to be so blank. Then suddenly she was saying something that was just the kind of thing she had determined not to say!

"Sid," and her voice was hard because she was holding it against tears, "I don't want to go. And I want you to promise me something—will you promise me?"

"What is it?"

AGAINST the guarded stiffness of this it was difficult to go on, but, a little flurried, she forced herself to bring it out.

"I want you to promise not to let Bess Wandell get a hold over you."

"Get a hold over me!—what on earth do you mean, Amelie?"

"Well, you know how she is—how she loves to make fools of men. And she can do it, too!—but—"

"Are you implying she can make a fool of me?" betraying amazement but more distant and stiff than ever.

"Oh, no, not that exactly—you know I don't mean that. But she's the kind that covets any new conquest and will play the game to any extent to make a conquest. And men are sometimes more flattered by that sort of thing than they realize. It's just that I can't bear the thought of Bess Wandell pickin on *you* — flattering you — trying to flirt with you—and perhaps winning her way with you just a little."

It was sincere, that rush of words, for once terribly sincere; but this was not the kind of sincerity for a woman to betray to a man who, more than anything else in the world, longed to appear fine and admirable in that woman's eyes! And Amelie had not meant to say any of these things; but her urge, at just that moment, swept her into a sincerity which held no tact. She rushed on:

"So I want you not to be very—very responsive to her. If she should ever try to make up to you. Of course I don't mean ignoring her, or anything like that; only don't be—responsive. Don't dance with her so often as to be conspicuous; don't let her make you conspicuous—not in any way."

"I think you're talking in a very silly way," said Sid. "I'm really astonished at you. Bess Wandell means nothing to me, and you know it."

"Of course I know it—that's not the point."

"WELL, I don't seem to get the point then," said Sid; and he moved toward the closet to get his dressing-gown.

How could he see the point? — he couldn't read Amelie's insides. But because he failed to read what was hidden and fermenting there — that turmoil of wounded love and jealous doubt, that burning desire merely to be taken in his arms and assured that nothing counted or ever would count but herself — because he didn't somehow grasp all this, Amelie felt rebuffed. For she thought—no, she felt as if she had shown him her heart; and she was too overwrought to be able to draw any lines between what she thought and what she felt. No, to her, it was that she had shown him her heart only to have him glance at it indifferently, impatiently. She felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to burst into tears. But she would not cry! She regretted her overtures, her attempt at sincerity, her impulsiveness. She would not cry—not now! She fought for control and poise. Regained them—overdid it somewhat.

Sid veered, too; he returned from the closet a little ashamed of himself, miserable, anxious to "make up," and started toward her with his arms out; but, because he was ashamed of himself, stumbling into the wrong words:

"It's not Bess Wandell, Amelie, that's cut you out," he began.

Now, what woman would like that, unless she were in one of love's radiant moods when words don't count anyway? And Amelie's was far from that. She only saw Sid's open arms as she turned, and as she turned his arms dropped, for her expression was amused, well-bred and "superior"; and she was saying:

"You are wonderfully reassuring, Sid; if it's not Bess Wandell, why should I mind?"

Sid flung from her room into his without a word. He had found Amelie's delicate irony a pretty gift when she had now and again—she never used it much—brought it to his help in some conversational impass where he was getting "balled up." She knew he was not clever with words the way she was. And knew it now, and *now* . . . The sting went out of all proportion deep.

AND as he tried to get to sleep that night, he was thinking: "She doesn't love me. Oh, she loves me, I suppose —principally because it's her duty—but she knows all about where I fall short. I can't measure up to her standards. I *do* fall short—but it's the dickens to have her know it so well! I wish . . . oh well . . ."

There was an ache in his heart, and hunger, and warmth; but there was something that smarted, too—that bade him not show his hurt.

And Amelie, so near him yet so immeasurably distant, was thinking into the dark: "He doesn't care for me as he used to care. If he did he wouldn't want to go to Bess Wandell's—that creature so beneath bothering about. But he shan't know how I care, how I suffer because he's changed—he shan't he *shan't!*"

What foolishness for two people, married, and truly married so far as loving each other went. And why so foolish. Perhaps, besides their need of children to bring them down to realities and take these quirks of nonsensical pride and sensitiveness out of them, perhaps a deeper partnership in everyday life would have, could have, helped them. They had had no struggles together, no sharp pulls of dependence on each other as partners in any way. Now, if Sid had fallen desperately ill, it might have softened Amelie into a real wife instead of this self-torturing sweetheart. Certainly, it does appear, it's where life is easy and smooth and prosperous that married people are bewitched like this to hunt trouble.

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answer to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Joe White has a "jinx song." What is it?

2. What "school marm" has the distinction to be the possessor of "America's most perfect Radio voice?"

3. Who originated the phrase "make whoopie?"

4. What is Ted Husing's record, words per minute, in announcing?

5. What American broadcasting station was used by foreign power to convey code messages?

6. Who wrote the Rhapsody in Blue?

7. What is Olive Palmer's "real name?"

8. Who used to be known as "the red-headed music maker?"

9. What well known announcer taught the Prince of Wales to play the ukulele?

10. Who is known as the Eiffel Tower of Radio?

* * *

Answers to the questions in June issue:

1. S. Parkes Cadman. 2. Countess Albani. 3. Will Osborne. 4. Saxophone. 5. Amy Goldsmith. 6. During the World War in a music store at Ft. Worth. 7. He was allowed to pinch-hit for the regular announcer. 8. Yale. 9. The stage. 10. WCHI.

Talkies Take the Air

(Continued from page 34)

little directing while, a year or so later, Carmel, his sister, finished school and went into the movies.

In fact, this entire movement is spreading so rapidly that it is pretty hard to keep track of it all. Ultimately, however, it looks as though the talkie magnates would hog-tie everything to it . . . theaters, production units, Radio, song houses, talking machines, electrical transcriptions and recordings. There is almost no limit to it.

Perhaps you will wonder why the lengthy list of the film stars who pioneered in Radio some time ago, but did not include those of the present day. Well, a list of those who get a break on the air now, as the talkies take to the air, would read like a who's who of filmdom.

It would be lots easier to say who hasn't been on the Radio instead of reciting the list of those who have. I guess, after all, that practically every one of them has had a break at some time or other. Charlie Chaplin holds out against the talkies because of his pantomime. Neither will he essay to talk via Radio. But on at least two occasions the announcer has caught his "good-evening" as he passed by the mike stand on his way into Grauman's Chinese on his way to a premiere.

Talkie stars of the present day do not have the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of the stars of the silent films when it comes to Radio. They ad lib sometimes, it is true, but mostly they are very business-like in their actions before the microphone. They take it plenty seriously for, after all, the business office is beginning to realize what a husky henchman and ally Radio can be to the theater.

One of the smartest things in connection with the Radio and talkies lately has been the series of KFI travel talks by Tom Terriss, who prefers to be known as the vagabond director. He has made twenty-six travel shorts for Pathe with the lecture synchronized. The fans hear his KFI talks and forthwith saunter over to the show houses to see his travel talkie.

Will Rogers' "Connecticut Yankee" for Fox will probably find that his commercial broadcast series has not injured the showing of the film. Far from it.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S broadcasts have created a good-sized audience for his "King of Jazz" for Universal. Amos 'n' Andy will find that their contract with Radio Pictures will be a big thing.

That Radio has helped Rogers, Whiteman, Gosden and Correll cannot be doubted. But, it must be remembered, Radio did not start them on original careers. They had a professional background which was further enhanced through Radio experience.

Besides all the West coast broadcasts by talkie people, there is the Paramount-Publix hour weekly over C. B. S. At this writing a sponsored affair is on the air for a half hour twice each Friday via NBC, once for the East and again for the West on account of the four-hour difference in time.

There was an M-G-M hour at KHJ which lagged when difference of opinion cropped out between the station and studio. The M-G-M people claim they ought to get the time free, while the station thought they ought to put up the cash.

A movement has been started which has spread with cooperation between theaters and the Radio. Some of the theaters employ Radio contact men who run around to the broadcasters and give them sheet music for orchestra and singers and phonograph records. Of course the songs are from theme songs of pictures currently running in the film palaces.

If the stations are tender-hearted, which some of them are, they not only plug the stuff, but also mention the theaters and pictures. But even if they don't, by the law of averages the propaganda more than pays for itself.

THIS theme song gag is getting a bit wearisome to the public. Yet the fact remains that Tin Pan Alley has been lifted bodily and carted from New York to Hollywood. All the big shots of song plugdom are storming at the doors of the talkies. The gates have been let down for scores of them at fabulous salaries. They might as well make the most of it and get the coin, because their active brains will not grind out snappy stuff forever.

It is even rumored that some of the producers are going to use the trailer or teaser idea from the theaters and adapt it to the Radio. You go into the film palace and see a portion of advance film from something of the next week. The companies now plan to put some dialogue on an electrical transcription. You will hear it over some Radio station, and then they will announce that if you want to hear the whole story you will have to go to the theater to finish the tale.

So, to make a long story short, they've buried the hatchet about the quarrel between Radio, films and phonograph. In fact, Radio has given them all a pretty big boost though it is hard to see how they in turn have done so very much for Radio.

There is the Paramount combination with the Columbia chain, RKO's arrangement with National Broadcasting company and Warner's proposition with Brunswick.

A news dispatch from the east the other day tells something about the making of the Brunswick records in Muskegon, Michigan, yet the rumors in Los Angeles say that the Brunswick records are going to be made in Hollywood. At the same time, Flo Ziegfeld is in town. Whether there is any connection between the two items remains to be seen.

Terror
By Rupert Hughes
A story of white slavery and black slavery in old, very old New York, when it was feared the black slaves would rebel and overthrow the city.

Will Rogers
By Ann Lazar
Close-up story—first of series—on the career of famous cowboy philosopher.

Vacation Follies
By Evans E. Plummer
Tells where the bright luminaries of the Radio spend their vacations. About the rest pursuits of the hard working Radio celebrities these summer months.

And these are just a few of the many interesting topics to be found in the

AUGUST
Eighth Anniversary
RADIO DIGEST

THESE combinations, mergers, amalgamations and what not, are in the press every day.

One proposed gigantic merger would combine the motion pictures, theaters, music publishers, talkies, Radio and television interests. This would give essentially a monopoly on film, stage, Radio and music entertainment and, unless the federal government objected strenuously, it would make billions for its promoters.

They perhaps have in mind, too, that they might be able to collect some royalty on home movies and also on Radio Broadcast programs. Although the scheme of things looks as though it might lock horns with the Sherman Act bets are up that nothing will be done about it.

It doubtless is true that this great interlocking of interests, directorates, patents and other things, has caused tremendous criticism on the part of musicians, fans, booking agencies, theater patrons and others who see in the movement a trend to completely choke art and substitute a lot of mechanical short cuts.

Incidentally, instead of rivaling the phonograph, Radio has brought to the talking machine the combination Radio-phonograph set and also electrical recording and reproduction with better quality and volume.

Radio hasn't displaced the theater and nowadays the theater talent finds its best publicity is through the medium of broadcast, either direct campaign or the more subtle ways and means devised by hawk-eyed press agentry. And, too, Radio principles have made the talkie possible.

What will happen when television gets here? Probably nothing. Television will be for the theater rather than for the home, partly because it is not so practicable for the fan to have expensive outfits and keep them in repair, but more because the home television equipment leaves almost no way by which to collect for the programs.

The talkies take the air. Yes, and how.

It Won't Be Long Now

(Continued from page 21)

"This is WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ. We will now play a phonograph record to give the listeners a chance to get their set properly tuned, after which we will repeat the call letters of the station." And repeat them the announcer did. Seven times at a crack after every phonograph record ground out its tune! And we heard all seven—prviding, of course, that the cat's whisker was behaving properly.

Let's go back to those early days and get acquainted with some of the Radio pioneers. Those boys had some thrilling and amusing experiences.

Ever hear of Station WGI? or IXE?

That station was owned by the American Radio and Research corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hillside, Massachusetts, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception exclusively.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do I hear you ask? It didn't. And if you follow the little yarn I'm about to tell, you will understand how this non-commercial organization was able to function. I am also of the opinion that the history of the American Radio and Research corporation will hand you a genuiue surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman respon-

sible for financial backing necessary to carry on this great pioneer work.

ON JANUARY 23rd, 1909, Jack Binns, wireless operator on the ill-fated "Republic," rammed by the S. S. "Florida" off Nantucket, demonstrated to the whole world the value of wireless when he stood by his instruments in the dark on a sinking ship to summon aid, which arrived in time to save all hands. Among those who were thrilled with the newspaper reports of the heroic deed was Harold Powers, then a grammar school boy in a small New England town. Not only was he thrilled—he was interested to learn more about this strange method of communication—wireless. He read every technical book and magazine devoted to the subject which he could get his hands on. Then he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthused that he asked for and received permission to leave school somewhat earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the navy yard time signals at noon!

By the time he finished school young Powers, as a result of his application to wireless operation, was able to pass the rigid examination and get a berth as operator on a New York-Boston passenger steamer. His next move was to the "Corsair," the famous private yacht of James Pierpont Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Corsair," Mr. Powers, even yet hardly more than a lad, interested the financier in the possibilities, little recognized at the time, of Radio. The result of this interest on the part of his employer was the establishment of Station IXE and the forming of the American Radio and Research corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Powers.

DURING the war amateur broadcasting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governmental and privately owned wireless stations) were forced to discontinue operations. On October 1st, 1919, the amateur transmitting stations were permitted to take the air again and WGI (the new call letters assigned to Station IXE) took it with a vengeance. As distance was the rainbow being chased by both broadcaster and receiver in those days the powers that be (no pun intended, Harold!) at Medford Hills decided to broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon. Two hundred and ninety feet of the proposed three hundred and fifty foot tower mast had been erected when along came a windstorm and blew the none too sturdy sky-tickler down.

Right across the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks, with the Montreal Express less than a quarter of a mile away stepping along at a mile-a-minute clip. Fortunately the engineer on the Express saw the mast come down and fifteen seconds later the well-shaken passengers, who left their seats when the engineer applied his brakes, looked out to see the cowcatcher nuzzling gently against a horizontal and thoroughly prostrated broadcasting antenna mast. In its trip to earth the tower had carried with it seventeen telegraph, telephone and electric light wires which happened to be in its path. Needless to say, the permanent mast which was then erected never broke itself or any altitude records. It was two hundred and fifty feet high. And I suspect every engineer on the Boston & Maine Railroad used to take great delight in thumbing his nose at it every time he passed!

The Hunters

(Continued from page 31)

mus's plight with neighborly interest and there was an obviously friendly intention in his laconic inquiry, "Stuck?"

"I got stuck in the sand here," Colisemus muttered back stupidly, for his brain was congested.

"Bad road fer a car 'less you keep plumb in the wagon tracks," the friendly man remarked as he hopped out of his car. Bustling and loquacious he examined Colisemus's stalled machine, opening the hood, looking to the spark plugs knowingly, talking briskly the while.

"Looks to me like your battery'd give out," he announced at length. "I can give you a lift to town . . ."

Colisemus then heard three pistol shots, faint but unmistakable, off to the southeast, in the direction where he supposed the man hunt to be going forward. It was not philanthropy that made his nerves so sensitive to Helter's situation. There was no Damon and Pythias bond between them. He felt Helter's situation so acutely because he knew exactly how it was himself—the getaway, when a man is fleeing for his neck and everything depends upon carrying out the program without a hitch. He knew exactly how that was himself—and the sudden agony of finding that a confederate had failed, leaving one in a trap. He and Helter stuck together not out of altruistic loyalty but because each could feel himself in the other's shoes in a crisis. Helter would be fleeing to the road now. There must be a car for him.

SO SWARTHY and burly Colisemus, with his round head and comfortable padding of flesh, stepped back to the brick road between the friendly man and his new green car. The friendly man was coatless and obviously unarmed. Something black appeared in Colisemus's right hand.

"Stay where you are," he commanded. "Don't move. Keep still."

He backed to the new green car, climbed into it and drove away, leaving its owner thunderstruck on the edge of the road. Then the owner caught his breath and started at a gallop toward the farm house which Colisemus had passed fifty rods before coming to the disastrous woods road.

Colisemus knew he had taken a risk. In time there would be a hue and cry over the stolen car. But meanwhile he would have picked up Helter and they would beat it by the first good cross road, avoiding Bocaganza. The shooting having been done, a car to get away in was an absolute necessity. He had the car and noticed that it performed very satisfactorily.

Approaching the general scene of the man hunt he slowed, looking off into the pine timber at the east for Helter. He slowed more, only creeping along. Presently he came to the rough road into which Bodet's car had turned that morning and along which Helter had followed on foot. There he stopped, nervously and in a moment got out of the car, standing in the middle of the road which ran straight for quite half a mile to the north. Coming out to the road anywhere along that stretch Helter would recognize his figure, although he wouldn't be looking for a green car. With taut nerves Colisemus waited there ten minutes or more. Surely by that time Helter should have reached the road. Foreboding, Colisemus got back into the car and went slowly south; but he very soon came to the stretch of road which overlooked the burned area between drainage ditch and thick timber along the lake. That was all open country. Helter would hardly choose it to flee across. Puzzled, Colisemus stopped again.

Here was a dilemma. Colisemus was acutely aware of Helter's situation, in case Helter should then be making his getaway. But he was also acutely aware of his own situation. By that time twenty or thirty minutes had elapsed since he commandeered this shiny green car and he was still in the locality of the crime. Poles and wires were strung along the brick road; that meant telephones. Why didn't Helter appear? Should he wait longer, cruise back over the road again—or look to his own skin by "beating it"?

He was pondering that in nervous uncertainty—full of a black resentment against this whole untoward, inexplicable day . . .

A VEHICLE was approaching from the south along the brick road. An automobile might have been somewhat disquieting; but this vehicle was a ramshackle old buggy drawn by a bony, melancholy, jogging nag. Colisemus looked at it only once and turned his attention again to that blackened, open waste from somewhere on the farther side of which, he thought, the pistol shots had sounded. He looked around again only as the ramshackle buggy stopped beside his car, vaguely recognizing the lean, round shouldered, mat-whiskered man and the well grown boy who had been in the yard where he got a drink. The recognition was only a flicker in the back of his mind, for he was looking into a double-barreled shotgun. There was an unmistakable grimness on the mat-whiskered face behind it. The twin barrels were two feet from his chest.

"Stick up yer hands," the man was saying grimly. "That's my brother-in-law's car. Go take his gun, Bud."

The fatal telephone!

Colisemus had had an hour and a half to himself, to wonder in, in his cell at the Bocaganza county jail, when three men entered. One of them was the undersized, bandy-legged, bush-mustached deputy sheriff to whom the man with the shotgun had turned him over.

"Know this man?" said the deputy, indicating one of his companions. The man indicated evidently had a fraction of negro blood. He was stoutish, with thick lips, clad in overalls and calico shirt. His right arm was in a new white cotton sling; apparently he had been slightly wounded. It was the same man whom Bodet and Dorman had seen on the shore of the island and whom Helter, somewhat later, had seen in the little clearing.

Colisemus stared at him and shook his head.

The deputy turned the question around, asking the quadroon whether he had ever seen Colisemus. The quadroon answered sullenly in the negative. Then he added, also sullenly: "I tol' you before I don't know nothin' about that first shootin'. I ain't seen nobody on the island today except the two bee hunters and the men that raided us. None of us seen anybody else on the island. I heard two shots before the raiders come, but I don't know nothin' about 'em."

THE DEPUTY considered and suggested to his other companion,

"All Sold," from the news stand man may mean missing one of the important numbers of Radio Digest. Subscribe now!

'robably it's just a coincidence." He rned to Colisemus, explaining: "Mis-r, there was two shots fired on the and before it was raided. This man re had two guns on him. One of 'em's plain seven shooter revolver. The her's a new, fancy automatic. He ys it's his gun, and he's had it for ite a spell. But it's a dead mate for e gun that was took off you—twin other to it."

He paused for any comment the pris-er might choose to make. Helter had rried a twin brother to Colisemus's m. Colisemus's heavy-lidded eyes rned to the quadroon. For a moment e two strangers looked at each other d there was deep meaning in the look, r far apart as their lines had been cast ey were in a not dissimilar way of ring; to both of them being in pos-ssion of another man's gun was much e same as being in possession of his alp. The quadroon's thick lips were irted as he waited for the comment. ut Colisemus merely muttered, "I on't know anything about it."

Then for an instant his eyes and the es of the deputy sheriff's other com-nion held together. This other com-nion was Ben Bodet, who was to have en killed that day without fail. The puty sheriff spoke to Bodet:

"Probably them guns is just a coinci-nce. I'm going to send out a descrip-on of this fella and see if he's wanted nywhere. But anyhow, stealin' that car ill let him in for three, four years—ghway robbery. I thought maybe . . ."

ut the three visitors were already at ie cell door and Colisemus heard no ore.

Of Helter nothing further was heard. ut an imaginative person, those genial, ib-tropic days, might have fancied that ie big alligator, sunning himself on the ud bank, wore an expression of benev-ent satisfaction with the world as he ound it.

The Cabin's Secret

(Continued from page 25)

e was supposed to be wealthy and yet, o one knows what he had, or where he ft it."

"Dad did leave a will somewhere, Dick. le was too generous and thoughtful not o have done so. If you had only known im you would understand."

"Well, darling, I'm not marrying you or money, you know. I'm the luckiest an in the world to get you just as you re. But if there is anything in this idea f yours that he might have left a will idden up here in this sacred old retreat f his—we'll know it tonight. Wait a inute until I look in the next room."

Dick left Julia. He was just gone bout a minute when he heard her cream. He ran out to where he had left ier.

"Good heavens! What was that?" he sked in startled tones. In the candle low Julia's face was an ashen white. Dick looked around the room but failed o see anything wrong. Suddenly he re-nembered the door had been closed and ow it was open.

"WHY, it's just the door blown open by the wind, Julia."

"Oh, yes, I see," she stammered. "But Dick, let's go and come back tomorrow when it's light. I'm just imagining all sorts of things."

"Don't be nervous, sweetheart. There's not a thing in the world to be afraid of," he assured her. "See, we're just getting used to the candle light now." Julia, finally composed, walked over to a large box and sat down.

"My, what a quaint old place! How many rooms are there, dear?" Dick asked.

"This room and the one you just came out of and an attic above. I used to climb up there on a ladder when I was five years old." Dick scanned the place.

"Is that the ladder over there in the corner?"

"Why yes, I believe it is. But it looks rather wobbly now, doesn't it?"

"Darling, we'll have to clean up this place and keep it looking better for your dad's sake. If he loved this little cabin he would feel pretty badly to see it going to ruin this way."

"The dust must be an inch thick. I almost wish I hadn't suggested coming. Now that we're here there doesn't seem to be any place to look for a will and it is so damp and chilly. Let's go, Dick, and come back tomorrow," she pleaded. "Then we can sorta clean it up a bit. As you said, daddy would be very unhappy if he knew it was so neglected."

"You and your dad must have been great pals, Julia."

"He was the dearest father a girl ever had—so proud, Dick; and so proud of me, too. You see I was a small baby when mother died. Dad had to be mother and father to me. He used to call me his little princess and I called him my king. I think I won't ever quite get over losing him—my memory of him is so precious. I suppose I should be grateful for that."

Dick put his arm around her.

"I understand, sweetheart." She rested her head on his shoulder. Dick realized it was getting late.

"Suppose you look through that old cupboard over there and I'll rummage around a bit in some of those boxes over there," he said pointing to a corner.

"All right, dear. But let's hurry." Julia opened the cupboard and another scream rent the little cabin.

"Oh, Dick! Quick, quick! There's a mouse in this cupboard."

"Good Lord! Not one but a whole nest of them. Hand me that stick, dear." And soon the family of mice were extinct.

"There now, how's that?" asked Dick when he had chased the last one.

"There's not a thing in those boxes, dear. Just a lot of old newspapers, some nails and a rusty saw. Did you find anything in the cupboard?"

Julia replied laughing, "Yes, a lot of mice."

"Better let me take a look. You were so frightened by the mice that you couldn't have seen a will if it were there."

Dick searched every shelf and shook his head in the negative when he finished. Julia rose from the box on which she was sitting.

"OH, DICK, it was probably all foolishness but — well, I'm going to 'fess up. Last week I dreamed about dad and in my dream he told me to come up here. There was a hurt look in his eyes — just as though he were disappointed I hadn't come before and yet, as though he were glad I hadn't, too. It was so strange. I didn't tell you about it because I thought you would think me silly and I guess I am. I suppose it was just a dream after all, so let's go now."

"No, Julia. I don't think you're silly. There's one place we haven't looked and that's the attic. I'll get the ladder and look around up there—then we'll go."

Dick managed to lift the door in the ceiling and braced the ladder against the opening.

"Don't be afraid, Julia. I'll be down in a few minutes."

She sat down again and tried to be patient. She could hear Dick walking around above her head.

"Are you all right, dear?" he called down.

"All right," she answered.

Dick continued to poke his way through the debris in the attic.

Finally Julia heard a strange noise and ran to the opening calling up, "What was that noise, Dick?"

"Nothing, honey, just missed a bat that's flying around up here. Just a minute. I see an old trunk."

"Do hurry, Dick," Julia called. It's lonesome down here and I'm afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of. I'll have the trunk open in a second."

Much to his surprise Dick found the trunk partly filled with old newspapers and letters. Down in a side pocket of the trunk he found an oil-skin packet. With nervous fingers he untied it and found what he was searching for. It was the will of Julia's father. It was on the tip of his tongue to call to her when he noticed how it began. Instead he continued to read:

"MY PRECIOUS child: Some day you will come back here — it won't be soon—and I want it that way, for I want a few years to pass before you learn that I was not your father. You must be brave, dear child, for you and I were very close. You were left on my doorstep years ago, Julia, and I took you into my home and into my heart." Dick sat motionless for a moment and then read on. "You were the sunshine through all the years of my life, Julia, and if I was mother and dad to you, you were daughter and mother to me. Contrary to what most people thought, I never was a rich man, dear, but you will find all I have, ten thousand dollars, deposited in the State Bank at Fairfield which I bequeath to you. I am putting this will up here in the attic of this old retreat where I spent so many happy hours alone, and I'm not quite sure whether I hope you will ever find it or not."

Julia became more and more impatient. "For goodness sake, Dick, what are you doing? I'm coming right up," and with that he could hear her coming up the ladder step by step. He crammed the letter in his pocket and pretended to be looking over some others.



"Did you find anything?"

"Not a thing other than these old letters." She immediately dashed to the trunk and leaning over the lid tried to read them too. They proved to be business letters.

"Well, I guess my dream was only a dream after all. Come on, let's go, Dick."

They closed the trunk lid. As Dick descended he tried but failed to find a happy ending for the letter in his pocket. What should he do? Should he take away her pride and the memory of the man whom she believed to be her father —for ten thousand dollars—or should he destroy the will?

And thus the Hamilton-Brown Sketch Book closed, asking its listeners to complete another page of life as they would want it.

Old Home Week

(Continued from page 28)

new weekly Elgin program over the NBC system. The trials and tribulations of the young violinist bear a marked similarity to the adventures of Don Amaizo.

"I see where Don Malin, WLS musical director and announcer, has quit the microphone," Bill reminisced.

Yes, Don has entered commercial pursuits. He's had quite a time deciding what to do. You know he became a newspaper man first after graduating from college, and then WLS brought him here to Chicago to fill the vacancy created by George Hay's departure for WSM. Don's now in the insurance business. Joined a college pal here in representing the State Mutual Assurance company of Worcester, Mass. Steve Cisler, long announcing at WLS and previously at a number of other midwestern stations, has taken his place.

You know, sometimes station financial difficulties affect the staff artists and scatter them about. The now defunct WHT did just that. Gail Bandell and Frank Chiddix had a poplar piano song team there. I understand Frank is now playing the piano in an orchestra in Topeka, Kan., while Gail is still in Chicago doing a solo act at various stations now and then.

Al Carney, Pat Barnes and Jean Sargent were also WHT favorites. Now Al Carney, the popular organist, has built his own very wonderful organ in a studio over on East Illinois street and is broadcasting through WCFL at present, although it may be WLS by the time this is in print. Pat Barnes went to WGN as announcer and still is quite popular. He's been married for some time, you know—a WHT studio romance—and now has a pretty little daughter, Barbara. The Barneses live at 3000 Sheridan road. Speaking of WGN reminds me of Jean Napier, but I'll come back to that.

The third member of the Al, Pat and Jean gang, Jean Sargent, is theoretically off the air but practically on. That is, after she left WHT she became a sort of promotional director for Hartman's Furniture company. You know she's quite an expert at interior decorating and such, so the next thing I knew I bumped into her in the elevator of a loop office building.

"How is the world treating you?" I asked.

"Splendidly," she replied. "You know I'm 'Janice Perry' on the Chicago Evening American now and write daily articles on furnishing the home."

I didn't, and told her I was surprised to learn of the change. The way she is on the air is under the nom de plume of Janice Perry. She gives talks afternoons over WIBO with which the Evening American co-operates.

I said I'd come back to Jean Napier. You recall the original Winken, Blinken and Nod harmony team at WGN? You should—I think you introduced them to the air while you were managing that station. That was a sweet trio, Jean and the two Matthews sisters, Lou and Gay. Whatever became of Jean?

"He went to New York," Announcer Bill replied, as he loaded his rusty Scotch briar with a fresh charge of tobacco. "And I hear he's doing well as a member of the Four Rajahs male quartet. The group is quite popular and often sings, I believe, with the Vincent Lopez orchestra. The present edition of Winken, Blinken and Nod is on KYW, isn't it?"

Yes, but it's an all-girl trio now. The third member of the team is Ruth Benson. Speaking of trios, do you remember way back when KYW had the World Criers on duty twenty-four hours a day? Three announcers took turns of eight hours each and read news flashes every half hour for a five-minute period.

"I sure do," Bill meditated. "Let's see, the original three were Ed Harper, Eddie Borroff and Steve Trumbull. Steve is off the air but handling publicity for the Chicago Columbia system offices, and Borroff is commercial manager of WENR, but what's become of Harper?"

Oh, Harper isn't far away, but like the Hired Hand, he too his backed away from the mike. He's been selling advertising for the Evening American for several years.

You could write a book on the adventures of Trumbull, however, since he quit Radio and up to the time he reentered the field again. I suppose you heard he went in with Paul Neal on a commercial fishing venture on the Pacific coast, didn't you? I thought you must have. Well, one of the biggest episodes in that period of his life was when their boat caught fire. Both were badly burned and Steve was in the hospital for months. Then, he and Neal both decided, was a very good time to try some other business for a change.

Not much left of the original KYW structure. Wilson Wetherbee, one of the first directors, has a responsible executive position with the National Broadcasting company Chicago offices. Sallie Menkes went to WENR and has been there ever since. Harold Isbell, who migrated twice between the Pacific coast and KYW, is announcing at WENR. Herbie Mintz went there for a time, too, and Morgan Eastman, who conducted the Edison programs over KYW, is chief mogul at WENR. Where's Herbie Mintz these days?

"I understand he has an orchestra of his own," Bill filled in. "Other new orchestras are being directed by Frank Sylvano and Bob Nolan. Bob, you recall, was the sweet lyric tenor who warbled the choruses so successfully for Ray Miller's orchestra a year ago when that band was broadcasting over WBBM. Sylvano did the same sort of thing with many Chicago bands which have been on the air in the past.

"What has become of Pete MacArthur, my brother Scotsman, who reigned long at the B. J. Palmer's WOC microphone, and 'Gloomy Gus' Gayle Grubb, of KFAB, Lincoln?"

They're still in Radio strong. Pete is in charge of affairs at KFLV, Rockford, Ill., I hear, while Gloomy Gus is boss of WKY, Oklahoma City. Richard V. Haller, who you'll remember from the old days as director of KGW, Portland, Orc, is still on the job there. "Happy" Harry Geise, ex-WQJ-KSTP, was last heard from at KMTR, Hollywood, Calif Fred Smith, pioneer Radio playwrigh and director for years of WLW, Cincin nati, is in New York in charge of pre paring the broadcast news continuity for the Magazine of Time.

Oh, yes. In speaking of Radio star going into the band leading business you forgot one, Bill. Remember V Bradley? Well, she's directing a nine piece girls' orchestra at WCHI here She calls it Vi Bradley and her Debu tantes.

"Ev, I'll bet you another cup of coffe you don't know where Mac Ohman, th sartorial treat of Radio, who used t keep the WOAW phones busy takin requests, is hanging his hat," Bill cha lenged.

I'll buy the coffee. Where is he?

"He's at WHO, Des Moines, nov Most of his schedules are in the afte noon, however, because the chain fil the night pretty well. Maybe that's wh you haven't heard him. And 'Tony Wans, of Tony's Scrapbook fame. Yo know he was at WLW for eight montl last season. I saw him several montl ago as he was on his way to Eag River, Wis., to take a four-month vac tion fishing and philosophising. He tel me that perhaps one of the networl will have in the Fall. Both are nibblin I hear."

That's interesting. Know where Jol Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, the Mot Motor Oil twins are hiding out? They on the NBC system but on a divisic of it that doesn't reach this far East c many occasions. They're working o of the San Francisco studios.

"Great Scott," Bill appropriately e claimed. "I've been chinning here wi you for two hours and I'm supposed be back at the studios to look over final rehearsal. I must be going."

Wait just a minute, Bill. I have get a bit more gossip off my chest f the benefit of Radio Digest's "Old Hon Week" readers, and then we'll go. He 'tis. Grace Wilson is still on the jo with her contralto voice over WLS a WCFL. Kay Ronayne, the croonin ballad interpreter, is working at the & K. Publix motion picture houses a getting in an occasional broadcast WIBO and WGES.

Eddie and Fanny Cavenaugh, t Gaelic Twins and KYW pioneers, are regular morning feaure of WIBO. A Linick, creator of "Mrs. Schlagenhauer when not on local commercial program is generally to be found at WCF Harry "Dream Daddy" Davis still pin hits occasionally for Uncle Bob (W: ter) Wilson on the children's progra of KYW, although his main interest life is fancying pureblood English She dogs, owning, as he does, one of t few kennels in this part of the count devoted to that variety of blue ribb winner.

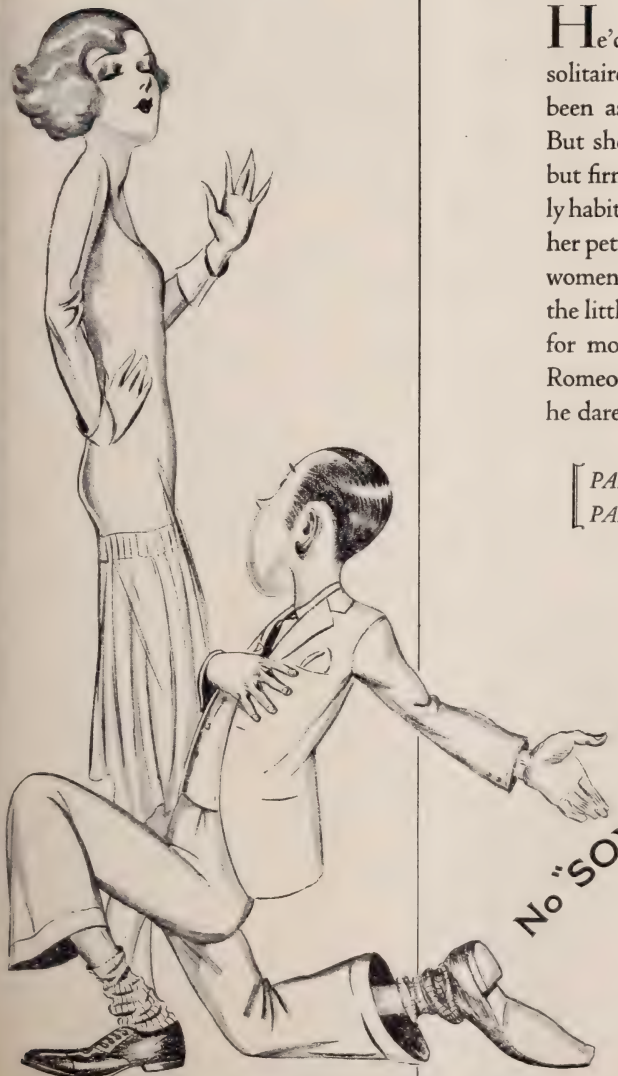
Bert Davis, who originated the "Clo of the Air" act at WQJ years and yea ago, has returned to Radio after seve years' absence and may be tuned in afternoon programs of KYW. Jer "Chi-CAW-go" Sullivan, original W director-announcer, has been holding t reigns of WSBC for several years no and not long ago added a new M Sullivan to his household. Ed Squires, incidenally, is at WFL WSUN.

Well, Bill, that covers a lot of grou but there are many old timers I kn I've neglected simply because I could get a line on them. We'll have to hc another reunion for them, eh?

"Yes, Ev, and before we go, let's r forget Charlie Erbstein, John B. Dan and William Lynch. They gave th best to the advancement of Radio. M they rest in peace."

NEVER EXPECTED HE'D BE REJECTED





He'd be in the market for a solitaire today if his socks had been as smooth as his wooing. But she said: "NO"—quietly, but firmly. She detested slovenly habits—and sloppy socks were her pet peeve. (Don't think that women "are funny that way." It's the little things in life that count for most after all.) A modern Romeo needn't be a Sheik, but he dare not be———a Freak!

[*PARIS Garters . 25c to $2*
PARIS Suspenders 50c to $5]

No "SOX" Appeal—without

PARIS
GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Keep UP your good appearance

Always pause long enough to ask, distinctly, for PARIS; it will mean many months of satisfaction for you

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Official Wave Lengths

Kilo-cycles	Meters	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHV	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Portland, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-WABO	Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hets., Ill. (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hets., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WOBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-WSDA	Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDI	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPDE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WJQS	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFCQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHC	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		100	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-WTSM	El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRBI	Tilton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KTBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRCV	Harlington, Texas.
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WCCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLB-WCMS	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska.
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGCM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio.
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, Ill.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		100	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.

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Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		500	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalma, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
256.3	1,170	500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WGDY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		20,000	KOB	State College, N. Mex.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.

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Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
258.5	1,160	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Ia.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
263	1,140	50,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
		1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	5,000	KCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Addison, Ill.
		5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
294.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		1,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honoluiu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.

Meters	Kilocycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS,	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		500	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas.
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas.
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (da
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (nig
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (nig
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (da
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (nig
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (nigh
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Cleaawater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (d
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (nig
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (nig
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night
		500	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

Amos 'n' Andy Dialect Real

(Continued from page 13)

egro as simply "negro dialect."

But there remain two other types oken in America. One is known as ullah, and is a strange combination of ative African and English, with the frican evidently predominating. It is oken only along the Georgia and outh Carolina coast and marshlands. nd a very queer jibberish it is, too, ost difficult for outsiders to under-and!

And then finally there is the Congo or Gumbo) French spoken by the egroes of southern Louisiana in which he impinging of native African upon he French spoken by the cultivated reoles has resulted in a humorous ngual conglomeration.

Undoubtedly the three have spread omewhat in the United States and each ust have had some influence upon the liom of the others. Whether the talk f the Fresh Air Taxicab gentlemen is ny one of these or a mixture of them, e do not undertake to say.

If you have any ideas on the subject ve should be glad to have them.

A number of our readers are of the pinion that "Amos" Gosden's "negro" alk is just about right. Well, it ought o be. Gosden came from Richmond on he Jeems, a city once the seat of a nation long since dethroned) in which the iegro population was pretty nearly as arge as the white. In other words, Richmond was the center of the Confed-eracy—its soul. Hence, the dialect of the Richmond negro should, like the reputed beauty of Richmond girls, leave nothing o be desired. Whether the dialect of he Richmond blackface comedian possesses a similar correctness would equire a more astute linguist than the present writer. It sounds pretty good we would all admit. For instance, when Amos says "Whut do it say, Andy?" or sometimes "Umph-umph. Aint dat sump'n?" A reader from Richmond sojourning in the North cannot help feeling a homesick tug at his heart.

* * *

WOMT Big Little One

MANITOWOC, Wisconsin, boasts a "big little station," WOMT, which operates on 100 watts. Owned and operated by Francis Kadow, the station has been very successful since it first went on the air in 1925. With this low power, and operating on 247.8 meters, WOMT has been heard in every state in the Union.

Mr. Kadow has big ideas, as is evidenced by the six remote controls which are operated during the Winter months. Five orchestras are heard regularly, and three different brass bands appear before the microphones. Organ and piano music, as well as soloists of note, are on the station staff, while basketball games and other features are picked upon occasion.

Chat and His Gang is a regular feature over WOMT. This crew, three in number, all play everything from a mouth organ to a bass drum, and have a large following in the Middle West. Other headliners include Claude Geiger and his Chicago Rhythm Kings, and Lee Rose, who calls himself the Voice of the Radio.

* * *

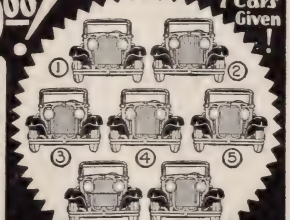
Julia Mahoney, another exclusive Columbia artist, holds a Julliard Fellowship in voice. Her hobbies: Looking at elephants in the Central Park zoo, books and art galleries.

* * *

Majorie Horton, long famous in the eyes of the Radio public as a great soprano, has joined the Columbia system as an exclusive artist.

Win Nash and $500.00!

7 Cars Given!



To advertise we are going to give over $7400.00 in prizes. Lewis Link, over 70 years old, won Nash in recent offer; Joseph Hanslick, 15 year old boy, won Nash; I. A. Nystrom won Buick and $580.00, took all cash. Win Nash or $1885.00.

FIND THE DIFFERENT AUTO

Be careful! Don't make a mistake. The real Nash I am giving away is different from all the others. Difference may be in headlights, headlight braces, bumper, tires or radiator. Send number of different car or mark it on picture and send to me. 7 automobiles—total of 24 prizes this time and duplicate prizes in case of ties! Send no money. If correct, you will be qualified for this opportunity.

$500.00 FOR PROMPTNESS

—making total prize you can win $1885.00, all cash if preferred. Find different auto and send answer today. First prize winner gets $500.00 cash just for promptness. Rush.

ARTHUR MESKE, Dept. 271, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$7486.00 in Prizes!

Reply Today!

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Rooms with running water	for one	$2.00	for two $3.00
Rooms with private shower	for one	3.00 - 3.50	for two 4.00 - 4.50
Rooms with bath and shower	for one	3.00 - 3.50 - 4.00 - 5.00	
	for two	4.00 - 4.50 - 5.00 - 6.00	
Suites of parlor, bedroom and bath		10.00 - 12.00	

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Strange Battery Compound charges instantly. Eliminates old method. Gives new life and pep. Big profits. Gallon free. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

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Amos 'n' Andy Art Rotogravure Photo, 11x14, showing these two famous artists as they are today in a picture suitable for framing. Send 25 cents stamps to pay for cost of picture and mailing. Radio Digest, Dept. A, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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INVENTOR'S UNIVERSAL EDUCATOR: Contains 900 mechanical movements; 50 Perpetual Motions; instruction on procuring and selling patents and selecting an attorney, etc. Suggests new ideas. Price, $1.00 postpaid in U. S. A. Address Dietrich Co., Publishers, 602M Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

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MELODY WRITERS, real lyric proposition. Herman Bogott, Crab Orchard, Neb.

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Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chas. A. Phildius, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

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The U. S. Automobile Radio is the *universal radio for all cars*, from Ford to Rolls Royce. Fits all makes and models—reasonable in cost—and *quality far beyond its price!* Built into it is the same electrical and mechanical excellence to be found in all products of the United States Radio and Television Corporation.

The U. S. Automobile Radio is a neat, compact 5-tube screen grid receiving set, easily installed under the cowl or hood out of sight and out of the way. A single dial control is on the instrument panel, conveniently reached and operated. The speaker, scientifically constructed to give tone quality and volume in an automobile, is located to give best reception. The aerial is so arranged that reception is not affected by direction. "A" battery current comes from the regular automobile battery while "B" batteries are housed, dirt-and moisture-proof, beneath the floor boards.

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Miles speed by twice as fast—even traffic jams lose their irksomeness when there is radio entertainment to hold the interest.

The touring season is here. Go to your radio, motor car or automobile accessory dealer today. Ask to see the new U. S. Automobile Radio.

$75

List—With Tubes, Less Accessories.

Prices slightly higher West of Rockies and for Export.

UNITED STATES RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.

MARION, INDIANA

Announcing the Perfecting of the Sixteen-Inch Disc

BUREAU *of* BROADCASTING

The Pioneer in the Development of the Large Slow Moving Record

THE Bureau of Broadcasting, Radio Digest, after a year and one-half of intensive and expensive research, announces the perfecting of the sixteen-inch recorded disc for broadcasting. It is now possible for a national manufacturer to use recorded programs with the same sureness that he uses wire chain or studio facilities.

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The Bureau of Broadcasting was the first to buy equipment for reproducing the large discs. Over one-hundred key broadcasting stations were equipped.

Our service to advertisers and advertising agencies includes our co-operation in the selection of talent, arranging programs, supervising and guaranteeing recordings by our production department in New York under the personal direction of Henry V. Walker. The service also includes shipping the discs to selected stations—in fact, taking complete charge of the entire campaign, rendering one invoice monthly.

We handle everything in broadcasting. Eight years of personal contact with national broadcasting has earned us the title of the "National Broadcast Authority." We have the most complete information about Radio Stations, equipment, available time, programs, personnel, etc., of any organization on earth. Experienced continuity writers, Radio merchandisers, and advertisers.

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

BUREAU *of* BROADCASTING, RADIO DIGEST

E. C. RAYNER, *President*

510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago
Superior 7323

11 W. 42nd St., New York
Pennsylvania 2375

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown, Editor

National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
GENERAL LIBRARY
711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

August, 1930



MRS. JESSE CRAWFORD is the inspiration and console-ation of her famous husband, Jesse Crawford. Together they play the twin consoles in organ recitals presented from the Paramount Theatre, New York, over the Columbia System.

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RUTH PICKAR is growing u Ruth is the pride a joy of Dad Picka and the whole Picka family, for that ma ter, who sing and pl the songs of the o Southland over t NBC net. Rememb them on the last Ex pire Builders progra



BEAVIENUA is gifted with a kittenish purr in her voice that has the softness of a whisper and the penetration of a sun-ray. It's the climate, no doubt, for you hear her over KPO in San Francisco, and sometimes over the netways.



BERNICE TA LOR is the s soloist of the Chica studios of the Natio Broadcasting compa That softly thrilli soprano voice you ha heard with the Armo and the O'Cedar p grams belongs to t young lady with t big ring.

Editorial Office: Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Phone Superior 7323.
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Continuing Interest in the Meritum

Diamond Award Contest

Raises Totals of Nominations and Votes

See Rules and Conditions on page 53

AND STILL they come! Strange—how these contests take hold of the reading public! Or, perhaps, it is not so strange after all, when you come to think about it—the American people being what they are: a nation always ready and anxious to match wits, one against another, to see who can win a prize! The nominations cast in the Meritum Diamond Award contest to decide upon the favorite announcer, program or artist, have this month increased from 266 to 301, and daily the mails coming into the office of Radio Digest are building up this total to monumental proportions.

If you could see them you would be astounded; if you could read the letters accompanying the ballots you would be struck forcibly with the very evident decided likes and dislikes behind the sending in of these votes. Talk about partisanry in Presidential elections! Friends, that is nothing at all to compare with the intense rivalry, the heated favoritism, shown by the letters accompanying the ballots and nominations in this contest. When you read them through you begin to understand that there are solid reasons, sometimes, for these likes and dislikes; sometimes you suspect a blind and unreasoning loyalty. But in any case, it's loyalty to one program, one announcer, one artist.

"About the Dutch Masters Minstrels," writes Mrs. E. H. Fuliher Route 2, Box 133, Williamsburg, Va., "I want you to know that they are as good as any minstrels could possibly be, and I'm astounded that they have not yet been nominated. I listen to them regularly over WJZ. All the men have good voices and their numbers leave nothing to be desired. Please enter my nomination for the Dutch Masters Minstrels without further parley!"

And for our old friends, Amos and Andy, a thoroughly anonymous friend writes from down in Texas to say that she has her Radio dial trained so that at 10:30 every night it swings round of their own will and volition and pauses just at the proper point to bring in the two dusky partners at the taxicab office . . . "the only objection is that 10:30 is a mighty late hour to have to stay up to wait for the boys. However, you just make another vote for those two boys for this family, 'way down south."

Nor is the medical profession losing out any. Mrs. Harriett Springer, Box 33, Auburn, Ind., visited Chicago recently and went around to Station WMAQ, met Miss Judith Waller and some of the rest of the station force, among them Dr. Russell Pratt, one of the doctors who broadcasts from that station . . . "and since then I enjoy listening so much more. Knowing a broadcaster adds to your enjoyment of his program."

(Too bad we can't all of us know all the artists we like! *ED.*)

Graham McNamee, veteran announcer in the NBC service, has a loyal supporter in Elmer W. Hess, 4455 Meldrum Ave., Detroit, Mich., who says in explanation of his vote, "I could never pick a particular artist or program because there is always some part of every program which I like and some part which I do not like. There are times when I am pleased with my favorite artist and times when I am far from pleased. Perhaps it is the song or rendition which does not strike me. Although I must admit that McNamee, by his clever, original and almost *artistic* announcing can put *any* artist over the footlights. And there, I think, is the acid test: McNamee is an artist as an announcer! So I wish you would register my vote for him. I hope it decides the contest."



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

The clean fun of Gene and Glenn of WTAM, Cleveland, provokes commendatory comment from many; not a few send notes along with their ballots saying how much they like Captain Jimmy Norton in "Harbor Lights." And were there space and time one could continue on indefinitely through piles of letters and gain a cross section view of what the public thinks of their favorites (whether artist announcer or program) and why.

Many people who like to listen to Radio probably have never stopped to think whether they have a favorite or not. They are so intrigued with Radio in the abstract—with whatever comes over the air to them—that they are content to listen without caring to discover what program it is, or who the artist is, or from what station the program comes, not even giving heed to the announcer when he broadcasts that information.

To such we suggest that you begin to discriminate between artist and artist, and station and station, so that you can converse with a certain amount of information on the subject of Radio personnel. From where we sit it looks as though Radio is more and more going to be the topic of conversation.

But after all, the votes and nominations tell the story. Which reminds us to ask: HAVE YOU VOTED YET? See the rules and conditions on page 53, and if you have not complied, do so and send in your nominations.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate _____

Station _____
(Call Letters)
in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Number **6**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

_____
(Name of Program) (Call Letters)

_____
(City) (State)

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Advance Tips

THESE are the days traditionally dedicated to the dog. So far as Radio was concerned in the old days, they could consistently be so dedicated. Things are different today, however. Radio is with you, keeping up your contact with the world whether you are lolling in the rolling surf, fishing in pine-scented forests or scaling the frosted mountain tops. And where Radio is, there should your Radio Digest be also. So here's a greeting wherever you are—and happy days for humans as well as man's best friend!

* * *

Take this tip straight—read the Rupert Hughes story about the little bonded slave girl who leaped from obscurity into a flaming page of early New York history. It's vivid character analysis and thrilling narrative. When you have finished the stoy, you will have been vastly entertained and your knowledge will be enriched by an historic episode almost lost in the mist of years.

* * *

That famous Boston survey has proved again that Amos and Andy are still first in the hearts of their countrymen. We reach around and pat ourselves on the back that Radio Digest was the first magazine to recognize their importance to the reading public. Now they are going into the talkies—start production this month. Al Williamson of the National Broadcasting company who is with the boys almost every day, has promised us a story for September to be called Amos and Andy in Hollywood. Remember when he gave you Amos and Andy in Harlem?

* * *

Guess who holds the record for talking to the greatest number of people as a sum total over a period of six months. You are probably right. There are no accurate statistics to prove any one individual as the champion, but somewhere close to the top belongs the name of Al Smith who used the Radio so advantageously during the late campaign. You will find Al Smith and His Friend Mike an article athrob with human interest in the September Radio Digest.

* * *

Victor F. Barnett who writes so entertainingly about Will Rogers in this issue of Radio Digest, knows his man. He is managing editor of the Tulsa Tribune, and Tulsa is right next door to Claremore, where Will first saw the light of day, and where he so often drops down from a sky tour to see the folks back home. You won't find many people with such contrasts and colorful careers as Will Rogers. That's why we are going to have another intimate story about him in our next Radio Digest.

* * *

"OH, BUT you will adore Felice! She is described as "like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals," by E. Phillips Oppenheim in his new story, The Road to Liberty, complete in the next issue of Radio Digest. You will gasp for her as she seeks her road to liberty from a revolting betrothal. It's in a beautiful setting in a little valley vineyard below the "white church on the hill" somewhere in France.

Across the Desk

LAST month Mr. Aylesworth told you of the Youth of Radio. In this issue you will be refreshed and amused to read of the primitive endeavors of those early pioneers—of only TEN YEARS AGO—who were grudgingly awarded less than $100 to fit up a broadcasting studio in a factory rest room. At that time it was the finest Radio broadcasting studio in the world. It could only be used at night, as it must still be maintained for its original purpose when the employes were at work. Today, workmen are tearing down three square blocks in the heart of New York to erect a Radio broadcasting center to cost $250,000,000. It is to be no close fisted hard boiled cold blooded commercial project either. Cultural art is the keynote and the spirit of the entire enterprise. This Radio Capitol will house twenty-seven studios, three stories in height, with accommodation for visitors to comfortably observe the staging of the programs. There will be theatres and operas in systematic groupings, so that the artists of all the entertaining world may step from the footlights to the acoustically perfected studios for broadcastings.

* * *

Beautiful and glamourous in design will be this mammoth Radio center. It is being financed by the Rockefeller interests—an architectural monument to the name of the great oil genius. The official statement which comes across the Radio Digest desk to you reads:

"Fronting Fifth avenue and forming the central structure on that side of the development will be an oval building of moderate height and great beauty of design . . . with an outdoor promenade running around the entire building. This oval structure will extend to a magnificent garden plaza that will be cut through the area from Forty-eighth to Fifty-first streets. No effort will be spared to make this plaza the most impressive boulevard of its kind in the world, with fountains, statuary and beautiful gardens.

"Over the entire development will tower a great sixty-story office building, extending through from the west side of the plaza to Sixth avenue. From this central office building a grand corridor, about three stories in height, will run from the other office buildings from Fifth to Sixth avenue.

* * *

Special stress has been placed on the approach of perfected television. And, although the statement does not even hint as much, it is rumored that practical television has already been developed and is being held in check by those who own it until the strategic moment arrives for its release. Large facilities are also provided for recording programs. Mr. Aylesworth says in part: "With the great theatrical and musical enterprises to be created in this development, the broadcasting center of the country will be joined in a vast artery of communication with the dramatic stage, with opera, with variety, with talking motion pictures, with the symphony hall. The artist will be at the door of the broadcasting studio . . . Radio broadcasting has become the recognized means for the syndication of entertainment, education and information upon a nation-wide scale . . . It will have vastly greater opportunities when television emerges from the laboratory to give Radio the new dimension of sight."

The entire project is expected to be completed in 1933. What a stride of vision in a decade!

* * *

It is interesting to note from Mr. Hobarts' article of Dawn of Broadcasting that most of those first inrrepid explorers of the ether are still going strong. Jones and Hare came almost being twins, only they didn't happen to have the same parents. They were born on the ides of March. Now, as the "Interwoven Pair," they are more popular than ever.

Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left

WHEN YOU WANT

Radio Digest

YOU WANT IT!

Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now

Publisher Radio Digest, 8-30
510 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Eight Years Old

COME, help us blow out the candles, and have a taste of our birthday cake. Ah! One, two . . . three—out they go! Four . . five . . . six . . seven . . EIGHT! Eight years old—and a little more, for the first Radio Digest came out in April, 1922.

And what a table! Readers in every civilized country! From Alaska to Cape Town—come, let us all celebrate!

May your humble servant step out of this nebulous editorial "we"? Thank you. I want to feel that we are a little better acquainted—each with the other and you with me through the pages of Radio Digest. There are today approximately 145,000 of us around this table.

Frankly, I think it should have been Mr. Rayner's honor to face you on this page—but he is rather a shy person. He would rather sit back under the shadowed doorway and look on with, I imagine, something of the feeling of fatherly pride in this child of his.

What a story he could tell you of the days of struggle, heartbreak, threatened disaster; always holding his precious offspring high above the engulfing waves, until tonight he is satisfied to see it as an assured, permanent institution. Many other Radio magazines have come and gone during the past eight years. Here the will of a man who would not give up has achieved its goal.

Radio Digest was created for the Radio listener. It has adhered strictly to that purpose. When the listener was most interested in the mechanics of Radio it provided the very best of subject matter along mechanical lines. Later, when commercial manufacturers took over the tools of the amateur and the listener became more interested in what he heard and where it came from, Radio Digest became a new kind of a magazine—a complete book of stories and pictures pertaining to the entertainment end of Radio.

Then it took one more step to round out this latest growth.

"We need good fiction," said the man who sits back there, out of the dazzling glare. "We want authors of best sellers to supply three or four stories in Radio Digest for members of the family who prefer fiction to articles—Rupert Hughes, Oppenheim, Octavus Roy Cohen, Floyd Gibbons —"

"But imagine the cost!" I gasped.

"It costs no more to look at a Rolls Royce than it does a flivver. See what you can get in New York. Only the best of everything for our readers!"

We have had all of these authors and many more in our pages.

"Give us a boost boys, we're trying to help you," was the word passed out to the broadcasting stations. Practically every station of importance, and both of the leading national chains have voluntarily recommended Radio Digest to you and their many other listeners.

Eight years old! Come, let's have the cake, everybody.

HAROLD P. BROWN



PAUL OLIVER started out with the ambition to become the world's biggest automobile mechanic. The war came along and left him with a crippled hand. Dudley Buck heard him singing in a Y. M. C. A. cantonment and encouraged him to cultivate his voice. The details are presented on the opposite page.

Misfortune Brings Good Luck

Paul Oliver, Disabled in War for Career as Auto Mechanic, Discovers in Hospital His Voice Can Earn Him Fame and Fortune

By Julius Haber

PAUL OLIVER started out to be an automobile mechanic. Only the purest chance, an accident in fact, lost him to mechanics and gained him for broadcasting. It was during wartime, when Oliver was assigned to one the country's great ship building plants, that he met with a rious injury to his hand which ended his career as an expert echanic. But the charm of the tenor voice which millions ow know so well on the air, had already become known.

Oliver's rich, but untrained voice, had been heard above the st at the patriotic exercises which ere held at the Y. M. C. A. every oon. He had often been asked to ng for the men.

And as he lay on a hospital cot ondering what he might do when e got out, Dudley Buck, discoverer f many famous vocalists, called on im. Buck had listened to Oliver's oice: he now offered to train the iture Palmolive star for the concert age, provided he would agree to o in seriously for a musical future. p to then he had no thought of a rofessional career, he just sang for is own pleasure. Oliver accepted, nd with characteristic ardor, aplied himself to study and practice.

After two years of intensive train- g he gained magnificent control of is lyric voice and launched on a oncert career. Shortly after, he iet Gustave Haenschen, now direcor of the Palmolive Orchestra, who vas at that time engaged in phonoraph recording work. Haenschen mmediately recognized in Oliver's oice ideal timber for that branch of he musical art, and paved the way or him. So successful were his ecordings that Oliver soon had a ountrywide following, and when Radio broadcasting came into its own, his entry in that field was a logical step.

It is a curious coincidence that the first time he broadcast was on a commercial hour over the old WJZ station, then located at 42nd Street with Olive Palmer, with whom he was destined to scale the heights to his present eminence. It was not long before his work on the air attracted widespread interest. It was then that the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company retained him as an exclusive tenor star for the Palmolive Hour. From that time on his popularity increased by leaps and bounds to the point where millions of people now look forward to hearing his earnest voice every Wednesday night.

THE first thing that impresses you about Paul Oliver is his complete and unassuming naturalness. Temperament of the brand popularly imagined is entirely foreign to him. His manner is almost bashful for awhile until he warms up to his subject. The thousands of letters which he has received, the esteem in which he is held by everyone, his measure of fame, none of these has changed him from the modest young man his close friends have always known.

Paul was born and educated in New York. He is 34 years old and unmarried. Before the accident which changed his plans, he never took his voice too seriously, which makes his accomplishment the more remarkable.

As far back as he can remember, Paul loved to sing, either to himself for his own pleasure or for the pleasure he was able to give his hearers. Curiously enough, although he comes from a "singing family" (both of his older brothers have fine voices and his mother was noted for her singing voice), Paul is the first professional singer in the family. He was very young when his mother passed away, but the reputation of her singing still lives. Paul remembers vividly, however, the pleasure he got from listening to his brothers sing.

It is inevitable that Radio reviewers and his friends of the air should compare his voice with that of John McCormack. In fact, he is known to many as the John McCormack of the air. Any reference to this seems to make him a little impatient. "I consider John McCormack the greatest living interpreter of the ballad," he once said. "I often listen to him with the keenest pleasure. I think there is much about his singing that is interesting and valuable to study, but I don't think he should be imitated. Every singer is endowed with his individual physical equipment which differs in each case from that of other singers. I think it is a mistake to imitate another singer. Every singer can only interpret his songs to the extent that he is fitted spiritually and mentally to do so."

It has often been remarked that Paul Oliver sings as though he means what he sings. Anyone who knows him or has watched him sing knows how true this is. "I put a good deal of careful preparation into my singing," he said. "After reading the score carefully I try to get as much of the composer's intention into the song as possible, and then to impart my own understanding and emotion to it."

PAUL sings for the sheer joy of singing, that is his one guiding principle. He puts everything he has into his songs and when he is through often shows visible indications of the emotion which swayed him as he sang. It is this sincerity which the invisible audience of the air so accurately senses and that goes far to swell his fan mail. He touches people intimately with the sentiment he portrays. They write to him in the same way. That's why he places so much importance on his fan mail.

"I save every letter I get and I try to answer as many of them personally as I can," he told us. "This is often a hopeless task, but I get real pleasure out of knowing that so many seriously minded people are interested enough in my work to write me in the kindly, intimate way that they do. I don't think the non-performer can fully appreciate how much these letters mean to us. It helps to make the artist feel that his work is really important and is getting across in the way he meant it to. It heartens him and gives him additional incentive to carry on."

When Paul was asked if he had any special preferences among the songs he sings, he replied, "It is hard for anyone who loves to sing as much as I do to name any particular song as the one he likes best. There are so many songs that I derive real pleasure from singing. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that we like the songs that suit our various moods. Among those I do like particularly and which the Radio audience seem to favor are, Kreisler's 'The Old Refrain,' 'Ich Liebe Dich,' 'None But the Lonely Heart,' by Tschaikowsky, and 'My Message.' I have recently recorded two interesting songs from John McCormack's motion picture success, 'Song o' My Heart,' 'Rose of Tralee' and 'A Pair of Irish Eyes.'"

The most important single habit for Paul Oliver is the Palmolive Hour Wednesday nights. "These weekly broadcasts are the focal points of all my interest and activity. I spend as much time as possible in rehearsal and preparation for them. All my outside engagements in the city and out of town must be planned to fit around the Palmolive broadcasts, and so that I will have plenty of time for rehearsals. The pleasure I get from my Radio work is doubled by my pleasant association with such good friends as Gus Haenschen, Frank Black, Olive Palmer and Elizabeth Lennox."

Visitors to the studio during the broadcasting have never failed to notice the splendid spirit of camaraderie among the Palmolive artists. When Paul Oliver finishes singing before the microphone he never fails to look up to Olive Palmer

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DO YOU want a thrill? See the Palmolive broadcast on your next trip to New York. It is one of the most interesting programs in the Radio capital of America. You must be one of the Four Hundred—that is, one of those lucky enough to obtain one of the four hundred chairs that are installed for guests in the studio where this famous program originates. You will see Paul Oliver, robust but dynamic, as he steps up to the microphone and pours into its cold maw the notes that swing away in golden cadence to ears attuned on the far side of the Atlantic and to others listening in distant Alaska. To see with your own eyes and mentally visualize the magnitude of what transpires should give you the thrill of your life.

Wheel Wilkins Operates With

HIS TRUSTY SAW

ONLY Intends to Fix Fly Screen When He Is Called to Rescue Old Man Dancey to Perform an Amputation —Alas, the Ingratitude of Man!

By Charles "Chick" Sale

(Speaking as Wheel Wilkins and including editorial interpolations. From Pennzoil program heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System.)

WELL sir, folks, I'll bet some of you are goin' to be surprised to hear I've opened up The Liberty Bell Service and Filling Station. . . . I've been follerin' my own line of work for more than thirty-two year. Made a name for myself specializin' in my line but here I am takin' up a new business and danged if I ain't learnin' the trick mighty fast. . . . Now you take location. That's mighty important. . . . I've built her on the old Corbin place at the corner of Main street and Highway No. 4. Handy to town folks and right in the path of tourists.

She's a mighty fine lookin' structure of solid construction and painted a good practical color with nice trimmin's. When business is a little slack I can always find time to do a little visitin' and gabbin' about what's goin' on.

Lon Biggs, who runs the Weekly Broadcast, didn't need no invitation. He hangs around here so much pickin' up items fer his two-by-four paper that I told him it seemed like he didn't have anything else to broadcast unless he tuned in on my station first. Made him mad as a hornet. Lon's a nice feller. . . Thinks he knows it all jest cause he runs a newspaper. He's jealous of my prominence in the community.



Charles "Chic" Sale, author and famous character actor.

Maw, that's my wife, her name is Emma, spends a lot of time around the place and she's been talkin' some of spreadin' out a kind of lunch and soft drink stand alongside of my place jest so she an' Rosie could be near me. Rosie is our adopted daughter. You see Maw an' me got lonesome after our children growed up and got married so we took Rosie to raise. She's grown up now and a mighty, mighty fine girl. Ever once in a while I catch her makin' sheep's eyes at that helper of mine, Rodney Gordon. But Oh Pshaw, young folks will be young folks. Anyway, Rod is a good hard workin' boy and he ain't so hard to look at even in his work clothes.

He ain't sich a sporty dresser as Filbert Twitch but he's got a heap more sense.

Once a week we sort of get together and set around and visit. Filbert Twitch is always droppin' in to pull off some of his smart wise cracks and nearly always some of the townsfolks, and even the tourists, join an' have their say.

NOTE: While Mr. Sale steps back stage to put on his overalls and Wheel Wilkins' mustache, we'll have a look at the Liberty Bell filling station. Approaching from the rear Wheel seems to be the only one in sight for the moment. He is worried over something that seems to make the screen door stick. He keeps opening and shutting it. Now he is taking that funny stance he gets into when he is surprised or worried. He has an idea. He's plopping off down the drive. Two hours have passed; he has not returned, so let's look inside. Rod is leaning over a glass show case containing some bottles of polish, sparkplugs, and an assortment of small accessories. He is holding out a five-dollar bill to Mrs. Wilkins who is scraping up the change from the tills in a cash register.

"TAKE eighty cents ou of this five dollar bil Mrs. Wilkins. Gee, they'r keeping me hustling ou front."

"Rodney, we're out c change. There's one, there two . . . they'll just have t take the rest in silver," an she dumped a broad palm fu of coins on top of the sho case as she continued coun ing, "there it is, four dolla and twenty cents."

No sooner did Rodney g the money in his hand than h was summoned by the impa tient honk of another hor outside the door. Mrs. Wi kins peered out the windo and glanced to a peg wher Rosie usually hung her apro There was no apron so Ros would not be far away.

"Rosie! Ros-eeee?"

"Yes ma," Rosie, with pin cheeks and flying hai bounced into the room throug the door which Rodney had just passed.

"You'll have to go get me some change, and listen! Then g home and see if you can find pa—"

"Forty cents out of this dollar, Mrs. Wilkins." Rodne mopped a beady brow with one hand and held out a bill wit the other. "I just saw Mr. Wilkins come out of the Weekl Broadcast office. He's coming now."

"Well, it's about time . . . two hours to go home for a saw Mrs. Wilkins moaned. "Right at our busy time too . . . bee over there giving some of his news items to that Lon Bigg . . . Just wait till he—"

And at that very moment Wheel sidled into the door twistin his neck for a sidewise glance at Mrs. Wilkins. He droppe his tool kit on the floor and vocally seized the bull, so to speal by the horns.

"Hi, Emmy! Did you miss me?"

"Wheel Wilkins!"

"You ain't mad are you, Emmy?"

"Wheel Wilkins . . . two hours . . . where have yo been?"

"Well Emmy, now that you've asked me, I'll tell you. I wa passin' Lon Biggs' place—"

"Just what I thought—Lon Biggs' place—"

WHEEL: Hold your horses, now Emmy . . . I was passir Lon's office . . . and all at once I heerd somebody callin fer help.

MAW: Callin' for help?

WHEEL: Yes sir, why I could hear women screamin', me yellin,' and dogs barkin'. It was the dangest commotion yo

"Fifty dollars! That's robbery!"



ever heerd. Then all at once Burt Geer come a dashin' out of the Weekly Broadcast office yellin' at me to come arunnin'.

MAW: Pa, what on earth.

WHEEL: Well sir, I pushed through the mob, and when I gets inside, looks around. I could see exactly what was happening. Folks, I sez, get back, give him air. Do you want to suffocate this poor feller? At that they got back, then I could see exactly what had happened. So I gets me a box, and I sits down to think the situation over.

MAW: Pa! What had happened?

WHEEL: I'm gettin' to that, don't rush me. Well sir, he was groanin' and takin' on something terrible. Why Emmy, I could see that even his face was swellin'.

MAW: Wheel Wilkins, will you tell me what you're driving at? Who was hurt? Was it Lon Biggs?

WHEEL: No, it was old man Dancey.

MAW: Old man Dancey?

WHEEL: It seems that here about a week ago Lon Biggs got Mrs. Dancey to write out the instructions on how she makes sponge cake. And I'll tell you, Emmy, there's nobody in the town can make better sponge cake than she can. Now you take sponge cake. . . .

MAW: Wheel Wilkins, will you tell me what happened?

WHEEL: Well, when Lon gets that recipe he prints it in the Weekly Broadcast and danged if right next to it he didn't go and print an advertisement in the same type for pills to cure stomachache.

MAW: But Pa. . . .

WHEEL: Well, it made old man Dancey so mad that he

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If Amos *and* Andy Were Negroes

What Numerous Negroes in Various Walks of Life Think of the Boys

By A. Wellington Clarke

Amos 'n' Andy or the Hour of Smiles

WHERE the whirring wheels of commerce sing a song of strife and stress,
Or the drowsy drone of insects tell of tropic listlessness,
From the stretches of the pampas to old England's sunny isle
Comes an hour in each two dozen when the whole world stops to smile.

Maybe 'twixt the dawn and sunset, maybe 'twixt sunset and dawn.
Maybe under mellow moonlight when the dew is on the lawn.
Maybe in the noisy city or in peaceful country place. . . .
The whole world stops and listens with a smile upon its face.

Hotel lobbies, homes and dance halls, even ships far out at sea
Recognize this intermission in the world's activity,
Just as in those days of mourning when the nations paused for prayer,
So the whole world pauses daily this brief "Hour of Smiles" to share.

'Tis the time when honest Amos with his kindly, prudent care,
And old shiftless, boastful Andy come to you upon the air;
'Tis the hour for world-wide kinship, human hearts from near and far
Pause, and then draw close together when Bill Hay says "Here they are."

—*R. H. Richardson, 5908 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.*

TO GET sufficient data for this article, the author sought first-hand information from negroes who have listened to these most famous entertainers, Amos and Andy. Among those quizzed were dentists, undertakers, lawyers, ministers of the Gospel, barbers, artisans. While the findings should not be applied to negroes in general, they give a fair idea of a cross section of the negro's opinion of himself as he is being portrayed by Gosden and Correll for fifteen minutes each night excepting Sunday.

These are the questions, given orally:

(1) If Amos and Andy were negroes what do you suppose your attitude would be toward them?
(2) If you were white and they were negroes, what do you suppose this attitude would be?

And here are the answers:

Of two dentists questioned the first (F. A. Hinkson, 1335 Main St., Hartford, Conn.) replied: "Regarding your question one, I should appreciate them as artists, for it is the height of art for any man to give the public such clean entertainment nightly, although the thoughts of one night do not always connect with those of another. With certain types of colored people even in our day the Amos and Andy stuff is natural, though as a whole we are growing away from it. The younger generation naturally considers itself above that and cannot appreciate it. Yet Amos and Andy are harming no one. As to question two, my attitude would be the same, for our white friends seem amused when the negro acts comical."

Another dentist (W. B. Jones, 58 King St., Hartford, Conn.) said: "I would not think much of them, for the negro is getting away from that old-time way of talking. Yet, what they say is true to life. If I were white I might think well of them or I might think that they were two silly things showing up the inferior side of the race, even though I do smile at what they often say."

The first undertaker (M. A. Johnson, 19 Pavilion St., Hartford, Conn.) replied to the questions in their order: "I do not think I would be hostile toward them. They would simply be making a living in their line. Yet I do not think that I should hold them as being representative of our race. No real negro wants to burlesque his people the way they are doing in this enlightened age. With the white men it is different. People are falling for Amos and Andy because they know it is not natural for them to be funny; this very thing gives them prestige. Let two negroes do those same things (that is, speak and act like Amos and Andy), and they would not be long at it, for not only their own race would not listen to them but would wage constant war against them.

"Another point is this. No race likes to have its women exposed, and this is what Amos and Andy have done. Here is what I mean: Madam Queen has a traveling salesman as her sweetheart. When he is in town Andy must stay on the outer rim of things; when he is gone she calls up Andy and gives him his date. Of course, this is true to life among all races, but knowing some white people's attitude toward the unfortunate side of negro life, I should rather deplore this. Perhaps I am too serious-minded on the race question. Your question number two needs no great stretch of imagination. I would be inclined to think that the men were doing the most natural thing of their lives."

L. B. Barnes, 2148 Main St., Hartford, was the second undertaker. He replied: "I would think more of them if they were negroes, for they would be reflecting credit upon the race. This is a sad thing, however; if they were negroes they would not be given the advantage to make the big money these white men are making. Furthermore, white people will pay a black-face comedian more to mimic the negro than they would pay the negro to give them first-class material. Simply because of racial antipathy. Walk in any colored barber shop and you will frequently hear some line of conversation to surpass Amos and Andy. But the negro gets nothing for it, because it is so common with him that he thinks nothing of it, and as far as commercializing it, he never dreamed of that. Amos and Andy have taken that same every-day accent and are making one hundred thousand a year. To do this they have, of course, been willing to work hard and long, in many instances for nothing in order to achieve success. This the ordinary negro whom they are mimicking is not willing to do. I find one quality of my race which is common to some people of other races; it is this: they are not willing to work hard and make the sacrifice necessary for the fame and achievement they want.

"If I were white and they were negroes I certainly should think they were great comedians."

One negro attorney said: "If Amos and Andy were negroes I should have nothing derogatory to say against their performances, for such types of negroes as they represent exist among us. Yet I do not know that I should sympathize with the funny side of the race as it is being burlesqued, for we are beyond that stage. Only the most illiterate type of negro will speak the way Amos and Andy do, and they are fast leaving us. If I were white and they were negroes they might not have impressed me, for I should think that their talks and actions were only natural. The thrill comes from Amos and Andy because they have the ability to imitate the negro, and what they portray is true to life."

A second lawyer, H. P. Dew, 138 Bedford St., Hartford, Conn., said: "I might think they were great entertainers capitalizing their powers. If Gosden and Correll being white can make such tremendous impressions upon the public and are copyists at that, I believe the negro, if given a chance and having applied himself, would excel them. But it is a question in my mind whether any two negroes of equal merit would be given the popular reception into the hearts of the public these men are receiving. If I were white I should not be opposed to their cutting the fool. I should think it was just natural with the two."

"When I first heard Amos and Andy," said Rev. R. A. Moody, Baptist, 556 Martin St., Hartford, the first of three ministers to give his opinion, "I thought they were negroes, and while their composition did not appeal to the esthetic, its humor being true, was great. Then I thought, here are two colored men

iven a showing equally with other artists to demonstrate their enius. They are not elevating nor degrading the race, but ince what they do has a national appeal and has captured the ublic fancy, hurrah for them! I was surprised when I learned hey were white. My attitude toward them has not changed. t seems to me they are as good artists at their work as you vill find anywhere, especially Amos. If they were negroes and were white I should have nothing against them any more han I had against Bert Williams."

The second negro clergyman, Rev. Jas. A. Wright, Congre-tationalist, 25 Brook St., Hartford, Conn., replying, said: "I hould think they were a great success even though I cared nothing about the jocular side of their profession. My children nticipate the seven o'clock hour and are never satisfied unless hey hear Amos and Andy. If I were white and they were negroes I should think that they were elevating their people in he estimation of the public."

Minister number three was Rev. W. O. Carrington, Method-st, 2084 Main Street, Hartford. He was positive:

"Amos and Andy do not appeal to me. If they were negroes t would be the same. If I were white it would make no lifference."

A colored professor of English, F. L. Peterson, 134 Camden St., Boston, speaks:

"If they were negroes I should think that they were making fools of the race. If I were white my attitude would be the same, for while their performances are true to life the language they use does not measure up with the type of negroes they are representing. Many of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's poems, while true to life during slavery days, cannot be held as models before the negro youth today. Such a poem as 'Ode to Ethiopia,' whose closing lines are:

> Go on and up! Our souls and eyes
> Shall follow thy continuous rise;
> Our ears shall list that story
> From bards who from thy root shall spring,
> And proudly tune their lyres to sing
> Of Ethiopia's glory.

shall live; for, apart from its prophetic utterances, it is an inspiration for the accomplishment of better things. Then, too, it is free from the plantation dialect of slavery days. We have had enough broken sentences, inarticulate utterances, and jargons as legacies bequeathed us; it is time we forget all these and enrich ourselves with the purest language of the present."

A colored physician spoke his mind:

"To the first question it is hard for me to reply, but I should think that they are wonderful entertainers. The way colored people are anxious to tune in for them each night shows that Amos and Andy fascinate them. Whether they would do the same if they were negroes is a question. If I were white I should think that they were O. K."

Following the suggestion of the undertaker mentioned above, I walked into a colored barber shop. There were two barbers' chairs, one for the proprietor, the other for his assistant. Many men were in the shop, some were waiting to get their hair cut, others were having their shoes shined, and a few were engaged in their "barber shop philosophy." I introduced myself to all; immediately there was a hush. I then got permission of the proprietor to put my questions to the house.

For a while one could almost hear the thunder of his own heart, so tense was the silence. Across the faces of some was the faint flicker of a smile. Others seemed grave. When no one replied I broke the silence.

"Gentlemen," I said, "these questions are not meant to be serious, they are for simple information." The proprietor spoke up:

"If you want my personal opinion, here it is: Amos and Andy are commercializing certain types of negro characters, as they could not find anything among the whites to amuse the general public. I have nothing against them for it. If the public wants to be entertained and these men have the goods and can deliver them it is their business to do it. There is no doubt about their ability as comedians. If they were negroes I certainly would think they are first rate; were I white I should think the same."

Just then an avalanche of answers broke in. It was impossible for me to "check or double check" exactly; here are a few: "There are no two black people in the world who can beat Amos and Andy doing their stuff. . . . It requires great skill, intelligence and effort on their part to be funny all the time. . . . They are simply burlesquing the dialect of the race for entertainment, nothing more than the Irish or Scotch would do for their own people, or what "Bert" did in his days. In fact, the only people who were mad with Bert Williams were the preachers, for he taunted them to death. Bert could pack any theater in the United States all by himself. If Amos and Andy were negroes I should be very proud of them; if I were white I should think the same."

"Their stuff does not appeal to me," said another. "They are clowning not only the negroes of slavery days but of our own time, for there are lots of our people right now who speak just like Amos and Andy. (Laughter.) You men needn't laugh, for you know I am telling the truth." To this another brother replied, "Some people are too thin-skinned, that is why they take exceptions to Amos and Andy."

"If they were negroes," said another, "I should not care to listen to them. If I were white I would not give two cents to hear them, for that would be making them too popular."

"There is something charming about Amos and Andy that holds any person's attention," spoke another in a kindly voice. "If they were attacking the colored people, their entertainmen' would have died long ago, but what they are saying is so humorous and free from the taint of prejudice. I do not see how any person, white or colored, can take it in a personal way. I personally like to listen to Amos and Andy. The reason why I believe no modern colored comedian could surpass them is this: The modern negro is too self-conscious. He is extremely sensitive about himself. To give you an example of what I mean. I have a friend who owns a radio. He never misses Amos and Andy when at home among his family, but in the presence of white people he just cannot stand to listen to them. I will listen to Amos and Andy in any place among any crowd. If they were colored or I were white I think I should have this very attitude."

"Amos and Andy have this race down pat, I am telling you. What they have to say would mean nothing if they had no humor. Amos represents the plain matter-of-fact negro. He works hard, saves a little, and is plumb full of common sense. What he earns is his. He wants no one else's property. No one shall get what *he* has by scheming. This was seen in the efforts of the Kingfish to get Amos to put his $125 in the 'Home Bank,' which later failed.

"There is the other side of the race. Andy is playing up the bluffy type. He is shamming his way through life, always pretending to know more than the other fellow, when he ought to be learning. He has a wonderful ambition, but his bluff has the best of him and therefore he is destined to failure."

Opinion of New York Negroes Regarding the Taxicab "Boys"

STEPIN FETCHIT, foremost colored screen actor, speaking "in character" of one of the parts made famous by him: "If you's goin' ter imitate niggers on de screen, you's gotter be ez good ez dey is, er a hole lot better. And right dar is de reason so many er deze blackface comedians falls down on de job. And dat's de reason Amos 'n' Andy is so successful. I takes off my hat to dem boys! De main reason I likes dem boys is dat dey keeps dey acts so clean. Smut ain' nevah gwine ter pay on de stage in long run; an' I reckon Amos 'n' Andy feels dat way too. Give de boys my bes'."

* * *

Daniel L. Haynes, who plays Adam in "The Green Pastures," Negro fable of Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly, at the Mansfield Theatre, has heard a great deal about Amos 'n' Andy but, strangely enough, has never heard them broadcast.

"When these two are on the air I'm on my way down-town to the theatre. My duties as an actor prevent my being one of radio's ardent followers—particularly an Amos 'n' Andy fan.

"However, from what I hear, these two are very funny. My friends are always quoting them to me. Humor, if it is at all good, must be universal in its appeal. It doesn't matter that these two are in black-face, simulating two colored people in the taxi-business. The fact is that their comedy is human, homely, ingratiating. If the two were Irish comedians or Dutch comedians and their patter had the same quality their humor now has, they would still be tremendous drawing cards.

"I'm sorry I haven't heard Amos 'n' Andy. But then again, I bet they haven't heard me."

* * *

Ernest Whitman, who plays the part of Sunny Jackson, one of the condemned men in the 1930 hit play, "The Last Mile": "I haven't had much chance to catch Amos 'n' Andy since The Last Mile opened but I used to be a regular fan during the early part of the winter. They're good. Man alive, it's difficult enough to play one part and make it convincing, but how those boys play so many parts, as I understand they do, is a mystery to me. I got so I used to try to catch them making a mistake with one character reading the lines belonging to another—but I never did. However, I did catch Amos the time he laughed, both in his own character and that of the Kingfish, at the rehearsal for the New Year's pageant. I've always been curious to know what broke him up. I guess they'll be popular for a long time—just as long as they can dig up material that is interesting. That's the trouble with radio—your audience is so large the minute your stuff gets stale you're done."

* * *

Patrolman 12119, 32nd Precinct: "My post is in the heart of Harlem and it gives me a good chance to watch my people and know what they like and dislike. With very few exceptions everyone I come in contact with is a rooter for Amos 'n'



If there is any one in the audience who does not know who these two colored boys are, will that person please raise the righ thand? We'd like to know!

Andy. I like the programs myself, and when I am on duty from four in the afternoon until midnight I will say positively that every radio on my beat is tuned in or those two boys at seven o'clock. That pair certainly know their stuff and it is marvelous to me to think that they play all those different parts, but I think the best acting was done by Amos when Ruby Taylor went to Chicago. I sure felt sorry for him. I couldn't help believing that his heart was breaking."

* * *

Landlady of rooming house on 134th Street (she requested that her name and address not be used): "Like everyone else in Harlem I listen to Amos 'n' Andy every night. Those white boys know how to play negro parts better than any other blackface comedians I have ever heard. For one thing, they do not belittle the negro and I think their programs have done more to help the white people understand us than all the books that have ever been written. I know lots of Amoses and Andys right here in Harlem, but I don't let the Andys stay long in my rooming house. The Amoses are alright because they pay their rent. I wish Amos would marry Ruby Taylor but I suppose if he did Amos would be just big-hearted enough to take Andy in as a boarder, which would be too bad."

* * *

Young woman (name refused) in charge of beauty shop at 2251 Seventh Avenue: "The Amos 'n' Andy program does not interest me, because there is no music with it except the theme song or whatever it is they play at the start and the finish. And that is too slow. Besides it is very monotonous. As far as the character go they are alright but everywhere I go all I hear is "Sho—sho" and "Check and double check." Madam Queen must be an awful dumbbell to have anything to do with a fourflusher like Andy. He wouldn't last long with the girls I know in Harlem. Of course he may have "IT", I don't

(Continued on page 90)

Sidelights on Amos and Andy Contest

SOME INTERESTING FACTS Gathered By the Judges of the Hundreds of Manuscripts Submitted in the Contest

IN announcing the winners of the Amos and Andy dialogue contest, we believe it may be interesting to the readers of Radio Digest to know something about the extent of the response which we received in this contest, and to understand what can be gathered of the reaction of people in all parts of the United States and Canada to Amos and Andy's nightly amenities.

Judging the huge pile of manuscripts was no holiday job. There was once a colored boy down South named Henry Simpson who enlisted in the army and was put to work moving cross ties on a little railroad siding in Virginia. He moved a dozen or two, sweating profusely in the process. Then the captain pointed to a stack of railroad rails and said:

"Now, then, Sam (for all negroes were Sam to this particular white man), move those rails to the other side of the track."

For an hour Henry labored, but made little or no headway. Walking up to the captain, he saluted:

"Capn, has you got yo' roster dar wid you?"

"Why, yes, I have," replied the captain.

"Is you got de name er Henry Simpson down dar?"

The captain scanned his roster book.

"Yes, here is the name of Henry Simpson."

"Well, dat's all right, Capn. Dat's my name. I jes want ter make sartin. Thought maybe you had it down *Sampson* stead of Simpson."

The writer confesses he felt rather like Henry Simpson when the editor of Radio Digest turned over to him a mountain of manuscripts from north, south, east and west, showing an astounding interest in the progress not only of the diversions of the famous "negro" pair themselves, but in the contest particularly. For it did seem, in looking through the manuscripts, that everybody held some sort of very definite opinion as to what should be done about the matter. The vast preponderance of opinion seemed to lean towards the belief that Amos *aint gittin' a squar' deal* from Andy. One and all set about to remedy matters. No less than twenty contestants, in the "plot" of their dialogue, set forth the fact that Amos had changed places with Andy, had asserted himself and refused to accept the slings and arrows of his outrageous partner any more.

"Andy," says Amos in one submitted dialogue, "de worm done turned. I ain' gwine ter stan' no mo' fum you! Git out dar an' drive dat taxicab yo'se'f!" This *sitiation*, it seems, the boys have already seized upon and Amos and Andy have swapped places in fact.

That same idea—the sense of fair play inherent in all Anglo Saxons which, even in so small a matter as a short dramatic Radio piece, would demand that "jestice be did"—showed itself again and again as we read through the papers. In one case a girl wrote to Andy saying that though she did not know him she admired him greatly as the president of the Taxicab Company and wanted to meet him. She said she liked his looks, as she had seen him *driving around in the taxicab.*

Now that is all very well; Andy has just been preening himself, as he read this letter aloud to Amos, on the fact that strange ladies should be writing in to a big business man like him saying they wanted to meet him. But when he came to that part about "seeing you frequently driving the taxicab," and Amos realized it was *himself* the fair stranger was raving about, *and not Andy*, he sets up his derisive "Awa, awa, awa!"

In other papers, *Amos* lies late abed on Sunday morning while *Andy* is made to get up and cook breakfast. Again, it is *Amos* who wins over the white gentleman who has come to enter suit against President Andrew Brown. Amos gets the best of everything—in the contestants' papers. The public, one would say, judging by the cross section of opinion contained in the mass of manuscripts which we have just been through, would really like to see a reversal of the parts of the two black face buddies—with Andy playing the under-dog for a while!

The dialect aspect of the matter has furnished a good deal of entertainment. We feel certain that a more varied selection of "negro" dialects never flooded in upon an editor before. Some of the examples were excellent—particularly those from the South, for the very obvious reason that southern people understand negro talk better than other people and are more familiar with the negro's peculiar characteristics that give rise to his dialect. From a part of Pennsylvania where many of the Dutch descendants live (who are really German and not Dutch) came manuscripts in which Amos and Andy said *mit* for *with* and *der* for *the*. Others from Gotham bore an unmistakable likeness to the talk of the Bowery folk. From Canada (and there were many Canadian contestants) came Amoses and Andies who spoke with an English if not a French Canuck accent. While the quality of the dialect was not the deciding factor, of course, in choosing the winning manuscripts it was one of the factors nevertheless. The idea back of this is that if Amos and Andy are to attain the very ultimate of their best work, they must do it in a dialect which most nearly approaches that of the real negro.

And because so much evident serious interest was expended in the preparation of many of these manuscripts we can't help expressing our regret that it was impossible to offer a dozen or a score of prizes instead of the five announced. Many fine efforts must, of necessity, have been rejected. But the judges have, we believe, chosen the best of the lot when all the factors are taken into consideration.

And because the editors and judges can see with half an eye what careful and painstaking effort lies back of many of the manuscripts submitted, they cannot close the contest without a word of praise and encouragement to those who are not among the winners. Very real talent is undoubtedly possessed by many unsuccessful contestants.

Out of the years' experience which each of the judges has had in the writing profession, comes one word of suggestion:

Don't, whatever you do, take this failure to win a prize too seriously!

Remember that for every prize won there were dozens of manuscripts found unsuitable. We say this because Radio Digest will be having other contests in the future—all sorts and conditions of contests. And we want you all to be among those present when the time comes to submit manuscripts!

Therefore, if you have entered a manuscript in the Amos and Andy contest and do not find yourself represented in the winners' list, just remember that you have many companions in misfortune. The counts on which the prize winners were chosen may be summed up roughly as follows:

(A) Humor: the originality and "snappiness" of the situation.

(B) Readability: the ease with which the dialogue important factor, this angle has been considered in

(C) Dialect: Since in a blackface act dialect is an important factor this angle has been considered in choosing the winners.

A great number of manuscripts contained some good material, but "fell down" in other respects. Possibly if the material had been handled a little more deftly certain of these may have come out winners. Some contestants apparently thought there was no need to whip their material into a concise readable form. On the other hand a great number of them *did.*

The Winners

First Prize, $100
E. D. Dorrance, Mitchell, South Dakota

Second Prize, $50
J. B. Sizer, Schuyler, Va.

Third Prize, $25
Miss Beatrice Biggs, 805 Walnut St., Clinton, Ind.

Fourth Prize, $15
J. W. Evans, 304 East Second St., Rome, Ga.

Fifth Prize, $10
Miss Susie Kuhn, 1302 Marshall St., Shreveport, La.

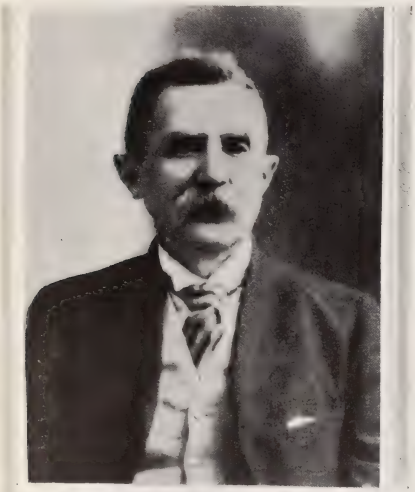
Biographical matter concerning each of the winners reached the editorial offices of Radio Digest too late for inclusion in the August issue. This information will appear in the September issue.

Radio Digest's Congratulations to Each of the Successful Contestants

CLAREMORE DAYS

Cowboy Humorist as Only Son Knew Poverty—Attended All not for long—Liked

By Victor



Clem Rogers, Will's Dad.

BILL SUNDAY is an Indian. This Bill Sunday, however, is BILL Sunday—not the Billy Sunday you probably are thinking of. Bill Sunday is one of the old timers of Claremore, Oklahoma; lived there all his life, knew Will Rogers, his pa and his ma and his two sisters when the Rogers' young ones were all just kids.

Go to Claremore and talk to Bill and he'll tell you a lot of things about that boy who grew up to become the "unofficial ambassador" of the White House, the pet of the Follies, and America's greatest living humorist—anyway of his type.

Bill and other Claremorians get a big laugh out of the stories about the poor boy from the country who went to the big city and made good when it applies to Will Rogers, who never was a poor boy in his whole life. They snicker sideways at you when you hint about the deficiency of Will's early scholastic training.

"Say, Will Rogers attended more schools and colleges than Lincoln, Mark Twain and Edison put together," Bill or any of the other old timers will tell you. "Why, he attended all the schools in the district, an' some that wasn't in the district. He was just too smart for any of 'em. You know how he joshes Henry Ford, the President and foreign dictators—well, he was just like that when he was a little chap—only the teacher didn't seem to get the humor of it. He had his mind on catchin' them up on something or other and getting the laugh on 'em from the rest of the school. And guess you'll have to reckon that kind of learnin' did him as much good for what he turned out to be as anything would have done. Anyway it gave him a chance to see what a lot of different schools had to offer. One good crack meant the rest of the day off to follow his own devices."

WILL ROGERS came from good parentage. His father, Clem Rogers, was a power in the community. He was easy with Will as a little shaver but he got more stern as the boy grew up into long pants. Their ranch gave the county its name. Clem and Mrs. Rogers, Will's ma, both had good bringing up. Mrs. Rogers used to be Mary Schrimcher before she married Clem. The old timers will tell you she was a right sweet looking girl with black eyes that twinkled when she talked. And she had a ready tongue with an answer for anybody—just like Will does today. She died when Will was only 12 years old.

Her sayings are still quoted in Claremore by folks who knew her way back when. They tell a good one about the time when Will was just a tiny baby. Poor little fellow never could have been considered cute by anybody. A neighborly but somewhat bashful cowboy dropped in at the Rogers ranch to see the new



Will was a real cowboy. Two early snapshots taken during his youth in Claremore.

WITH WILL ROGERS

of Wealthy Rancher Never Schools in District but Circus Life Best

F. Barnett

arrival. He stood awkwardly, hat in hand, looking down on the squirming bit of humanity. He just stood there speechless, too honest to say anything but what he thought and too respectful of the mother's feelings to open his mouth. Finally Mrs. Rogers looked up with a bright smile and said:

"Well, Tom, I guess you are thinking this is the homeliest baby you ever see?"

Tom was covered with confusion. He had tried so hard to keep his mind to himself and here she knew just what he was thinking. He couldn't deny it. He blushed and apologized in his best cowboy style as he backed out of the room, mortified to death.

Will had two sisters. One of them died a year or so ago. The other is Mrs. Tom McSpadden who has her home there in Rogers county today. Before the boy became famous Mrs. McSpadden was considered the literary light of the family. She took to writing early and probably had a lot more to her credit than Will did up to ten years ago. When the oil boom hit Oklahoma she just seemed to be waiting for it. Everybody was crazy about oil. Her husband got into the oil business and she picked up everything she could learn about it and wrote for the papers about oil. For several years she was assistant oil editor of one of the Tulsa newspapers.

WHEN it became necessary Will went to the common schools during the winter months. But with the first warm days of spring the Indian blood of his father's people fumed in his veins and he yearned for the throb of a pony between his knees and the smell of growing things on the vagrant breeze. Shortly thereafter the school would be entertained by one of those chronic "arguments" — the term that Will would use in his ruckus with a teacher.

Eventually Will's father began to share some of the impatience expressed by the teachers. Will became a typical boy problem. He was sent to the Herold Institute at Muskogee, Okla., and from there he went to Willie Halsell college at Vinita, in the same state. But Will never lost his love for Claremore and it was not long on either occasion before he was back home in general circulation.

Teachers simply couldn't keep him in line. Clem tried talking to the boy and Will, with that disarming good natured smile, "argued" his way out of one difficulty after another. Then dad decided to send him to Kemper Military school at Boonville, Mo.

"Discipline is what he needs and I think he'll get it there," he confided to some of his friends. "There will be no arguing with the teachers at Kemper. It will be the making of him."

You really couldn't call Will bad. He never showed the



This photo of Will Rogers and his family was taken some years ago.





Above you see young Will Rogers when everybody in Claremore called him Willie. Will is at the left in the buggy before the corner store in Claremore.

least bit of orneriness. Some people call it "originality". He just never could stay in traces—had his own way of doing things and balked at rules and regulations. So off he went to the military school. Whatever made Clem imagine they could hold that boy down to military restrictions is a mystery to his old friends in Claremore yet. Of course Will started in with all good intentions. He very quickly discovered that the commanding officers of a military school were quite too determined to have their own way about things without compromise. Now Will never would concede to anybody—military or not—that there couldn't be room for an argument when there was a difference in opinion. Thereupon he decided that he would have no military training and forthwith parted company with the Kemper school.

THE NEXT Clem heard of him Will sent a wire that he had gone to Texas to assist in drilling an oil well. The telegram was an event in Claremore. Almost everybody in town saw it and was interested because it was a matter of no little local concern as to whatever would become of "that boy." He was only a kid after all. He even signed the message, "Willie."

"Ran away from school, I knew it, I knew it," said Bill Sunday when he saw the telegram.

"Goin' to drill an oil well is he?" sighed another old timer as they met and pondered over the matter on a bench in front of the corner store with the imitation brick front.

"Clem says he's goin' to let the boy work out his own grief, an' I hope he does. That boy needs to take a little responsibility on his own shoulders. He's always had everything give to him."

In some respects drilling an oil well and drilling on a parade ground are not so very different, and Will's letters home worked on his dad's feelings so that about the third one brought him money to come back to Claremore. Responsibility was what the boy needed, was it? Clem gave that idea a lot of hard thought. Maybe it would be a good thing to let him take hold of the ranch and run it for a while. And in order to put the boy strictly on his own in the matter he pulled out and took a vacation for himself. So there was Will with about the most important ranch in Rogers county on his hands to do with as he pleased.

Will immediately discovered more agreeable uses for a big Oklahoma ranch than just raising stock and a lot of growing truck. Besides, social life on a ranch can get to be an awful bore without a little snappy entertainment now and then. Will conceived the idea of putting some of the boys to work building a stage for a dance floor. And while the carpenter work was under way he planned a series of festivals, dances, and roping contests. Looking at the results from a cold business point of view the enterprise was a complete flop and Clem had to hurry home to bring a stop to a fast dwindling bank account.

YOU couldn't blame Clem for feeling mighty put out after he had tried to do the right thing by Will. But this really was the last straw. The camel just reared up on hind legs and Will got a talking-to he probably never will forget to his dying day. The result was Will went out to the barn very much sobered and probably a whole lot chastened, threw a saddle over his beloved pony, Comanche, and with his ninety foot lasso cantered off to rope the world and tickle its ribs.

Circus life naturally appealed to the young cowboy. He had become an expert with his rope; Comanche was the envy and joy of every lover of horseflesh. At last Will Rogers had found his element. His letters to his father became geography to Claremore. G. F. Godbey, secretary of the Claremore chamber of commerce, will tell you of the stamps and postmarks on the letters that signified Will's whereabouts when he wrote to his father thirty years ago.

"I was cashier of the town's First National Bank at the time," he says, "and everybody took a heap of interest in those letters. There were some from South Africa, South America, London, and then there were some from Australia. We felt that Will Rogers was making good—just as the most of us had expected he would in spite of the carefree existence he had led before he left home. Big hearted, fine character and bright as a dollar. These qualities would sure make something of him eventually."



Will Rogers as he is today with riches, fame and a Radio career.

One day Clem strode into the bank all smiles and pride beaming in his eyes. He had another letter.

"Well, I've just heard from Willie," he told the banker, "and he sent me $100." Money talks. To Clem that was positive and unmistakable evidence that his boy, Will, was a success. It meant more than just the intrinsic worth of $100. To the father it meant his son had begun to appreciate the value of money and the importance of saving. Will never asked his father for money again from that time on, according to the recollection of Mrs. Godbey.

SPEAKING of an appreciation of the value of money it was just about this time—a little later, possibly—that Will came home for a visit and was asked to join a tramload of boosters from Tulsa on a tour of the middle-tier of large cities. It was before he had been discovered as a writer or speaker. He was merely to do his stuff with Comanche and the rope.

After they had reached New York and thousands had been entertained by his nimble dexterity with the rope a stranger walked up and offered him $800 spot cash for his pony. Will grinned as he shook his head slowly but decisively.

"You give me $800 for Comanche? No. I wouldn't want the bother of spending that much money."

(More about Will and his travels will be told in another article in Radio Digest. But before we leave Clem Rogers let's get a little better acquainted with him. Editor.)

(Continued on page 89)



DAINTY DORR BOTHWELL—in person and a moving picture at the same time. Recently she told Radio listeners over KPO, San Francisco, that she had been initiated into a Samoan tribe by having her body converted into a moving picture through the tattoo process. She is a distinguished artist of Samoan life.



PEGGY PRICE comes from—one guess? Yep, California, of course. She's a blues singer at KFVD, Culver City. And take Prof. Powers word for it she knows how to sing. She is blessed with a sunny disposition on all occasions except when she broadcasts those melancholy things they call the blues.



ALICE WHITE, lovely blonde of Screenland, is one of the many new recruits to the Radio studios who came through talking picture experience with the microphone. You will remember her as the Show Girl in Hollywood over the NBC Continental hook-up. She is gifted with Radio personality as well as physical beauty.



BABY ROSE MARIE is starting young, but you must admit she has the gesture—the main idea. That she has the real ultra-marine voice you doubtless will also concede if you happened to hear her from WEAF through the NBC network. And Rudy Vallee himself was the artist who featured her in his program —what luck!



ALEXANDRIA STEPANOFF is an artist who can demonstrate most convincingly that every little movement has a meaning of its own. In fact, she is one of the, if not the world's greatest therminists. One tiny jerk of her little finger can summon notes of majesty from the NBC Thermin ether wave music box before her.



Wonder if Floyd Gibbons is talking 245 words a minute to Virginia Gardner as they zip up the East River in Floyd's speed boat on a sunny afternoon?

VACATION FOLLIES

Notables of Radioland Make the Best of Summer Holidays as King Mike Gives Leave

By Evans E. Plummer

"HAH, HAH!" was the greeting I received when I asked Freeman ("Amos") Gosden how he was going to spend his vacation this summer. He could afford, financially, to give me several more hahhahs, but the same question, when put in other quarters, provoked severe scowls and other varieties of dirty looks.

It seems that Radio stars are in a class by themselves on the vacation deal. Opera stars get to loaf or study as they choose. Motion picture luminaries finish a production, rest until the next, and often have thrown in a free journey halfway round the world to the locale of their coming film. Actors and actresses generally may count upon two or three months of leisure in the summer.

But the favorites of the tin ear known as Mike? Most of 'em have to keep right on working. A few manage to escape contracts and go abroad, but they are in the minority. Sponsored programs have a habit these days of continuing right on through the warm months since Radio engineers and the networks put the skids under the once well-known "poor season."

So it is with Amos 'n' Andy. No rest is in sight for this NBC pair. In August they are booked to spend long hours before the cameras and recording microphones in Hollywood, Calif., and at the same time do their Radio skit twice each day six days a week.

In between broadcasts and personal appearances, however, Charles "Andy" Correll is finding time to play around in Lake Michigan with his Chris-Craft speed boat which he bought this past spring from Joe Schenk, Van's partner in the popular singing duo.

Graham McNamee, smart oldtimer that he is, has a stipulation in all of his contracts for a two week's vacation. This he is spending in a motor tour through the Adirondacks. Canada may also be on the itinerary. Motoring is a novelty to the McNamees. Both he and his wife generally take fast trains or planes to and from his broadcasting engagements.

"Rudy" (Hubert) Vallee, who keeps the Fleishmann NBC program moving, will probably be on a New England and Midwest barnstorming tour by the time this is being read. The tour is to reach West as far as Cleveland and Cincinnati. Between leaving Broadway and catching the train, nevertheless, the plans called for a week's respite which Rudy was to spend renewing old home town friendships in Westbrook, Maine, swimming, golfing and playing tennis. The beloved crooner, as perhaps you may know, is quite a swimmer and once held several minor records for underwater swimming.

WHAT will the ladies be doing? Well, by this time Jessica Dragonette has probably spent her short two weeks picking wildflowers in Maine. Vaughn de Leath went to Europe on a concert tour and should return soon to remove weeds from her Connecticut farm, "The Hitching Post." Rosaline Greene, NBC's Eveready thespian, likewise is in Europe where she expects to do some broadcasting in London studios. Irma de Baun, CBS soprano, is also Europe bound where she will appear in concert and opera.

Leslie Frick, NBC contralto, has already made her annual pilgrimage to Europe and sent back gaudy postcards wishing her friends were there. While there private recitals in Paris and the microphone of the Radio-Paris station occupied her spare time. Margaret Olsen, Scandinavian soprano of Davey hour fame, planned to tour Norway and Sweden this summer

in search of more oldtime songs, but engagements here will probably force her to modify this plan to a simple two week's rest in the quiet Vermont hills. In addition she plans indulging in plenty of golf, swimming and motoring during the time she must stay in New York.

Countess Olga Medalago Albani, the charming, dark-skinned Spanish prima donna of Kodak week-end hour, hopes to arrange her affairs so that she can visit Cuba where her parents and friends are living. The Countess is also a rabid tennis fan and is spending many hours on the courts in Central Park, New York.

Paula Hemminghaus, NBC contralto, has taken up golf seriously, and has at least three sessions a week on the fairways. Between golf and programs she is also busy perfecting her Australian crawl. Helen Oelheim, contralto soloist of network fame, is another tennis fiend and has devoted all of her spare time, with the exception of two weeks at a quiet resort, to mastering new and difficult services. Della Baker, Kodak soprano, has planned a long automobile tour through the White Mountains with her husband. Welcome Lewis simply spent two weeks sleeping at her Westchester home.

Gitla Erstinn, Chase and Sanborn soprano, will spend her time on the New York beaches between games of tennis and golf, while Elizabeth Davenport, contralto heard on the same program, now a confirmed Westchester commuter, will do the same except for the substitution of home gardening for the tennis.

Marcella Shields, one of the NBC "Troupers," will warm the bleachers for both the Yankees and the Giants the while she suppresses her desire to announce a ball game over the Radio. Another NBC "radactress," Virginia Gardiner, who appears in Empire Builders, Mystery House and Cuckoo, will keep on writing and trying to sell short stories. Other days she will accept invitations to ride in the speed boat Floyd Gibbons owns and employs to churn waves on the East River.

FLOYD, the science and prohibition poll fast talker, incidentally, will be kept pretty busy with his nightly broadcasts and cannot stray far from Mike. His speed boat, airplane flights and other convenient but thrilling pastimes will afford him momentary relief from his daily routine.

Speed boats are popular this year in Radiodom. Having already marked up Charlie Correll and Gibbons as addicts, you may now add Harry Reser, Cliquot Eskimos leader, and James Melton, good-looking-but married top tenor of the Revelers, to the total. Jack Parker, much featured NBC tenor, another motor boat enthusiast, sneaks away for a day or two aboard his 40-foot craft which is a duplicate of that owned by Gene Austin, and sometime during the summer plans to stage a race with Gene. Gustav Haenschen, well-known NBC conductor, is a member of the same fraternity of gasoline sailors and "gets away from it all" by hopping aboard his motor-boat cruiser. Frequently Gus works out a tough bit of orchestration aboard his craft and far from the sweltering, maddening crowd. B. A. Rolfe, the Lucky stick waver, has purchased a motor cruiser this summer, thereby doing his bit to make the Radio fleet considerable of an unlimited navy.

Speaking of boats and such reminds me of Martha Attwood, the Cape Cod gal who made good in Metropolitan Grand "opery" and then signed up with NBC. Martha, still retaining her opera habits, has cancelled all broadcasting engagements and is spending the summer on the Cape. Here she is getting acquainted again with "Dad" Attwood, an old salt who thought Martha was bound for perdition when his little girl first showed signs of singing for money on the stage.

Boats, fishing—so runs the train of thought. Fishing is Phillips Carlin's dish. Mulberry Point on the Connecticut coast is his idea of the proper place to spend two weeks in an intensive hook and sinker campaign this summer. Alois Havrilla, announcer of the Kodak hours, is another Izaak Walton leaguer. Havrilla aims to commute from a resort near New York and spend his leisure moments with rod and reel, midiron and mashie, and swimming suit. The same recreations will claim Alwyn Bach, 1930 American Academy medalist announcer, whose rush of additional engagements makes it impossible for him to get farther away from the city than Long Island, his home.

ANGLING for bass also claims the spare time this summer of Ned Tollinger and John Wolf, the singing duo once known countrywide as the Mona Twins, and who now are attached to the West Coast division of NBC.

Wolf has been taking his vacation in what he terms "jumps." One of the best jumps came when he and Tex Maxwell, NBC West Coast production manager, spent a week-end fishing in San Francisco Bay of the Marin County Coast. They brought home the limit—approximately 60 pounds of bass.

The biggest of the finny prizes tipped the scales (no pun intended) at well over 20 pounds. And while we're telling fish stories:

H. J. Maxwell, auditor of the Pacific Division, isn't numbered among the artists, but as a fisherman he's a real one, just the same.

"H. J." came home, after a short vacation, with 16 elegant mountain trout. He made his catch in Huntington Lake in the High Sierras. At an elevation of 7,000 feet. H. J. was caught in a neat little summer snow-storm that held up the fishing program one day.

(Continued on page 88)



John Wolf (left) and Tex Maxwell took 60 pounds of bass from Frisco Bay.

Godfrey Ludlow has appeared in many roles with his magic violin in NBC programs under various auspices. More recently you have heard him as the star of the Elgin programs late on Friday nights.





Phil Cook is not only two faced, but he can make you see a dozen faces while he assumes that many characters before the mike.



When Adele Vasa, along with others in the CBS party, called at the White House to see President Hoover she was cordially received by the gentleman who seems to have won her heart and hand in the picture.



My dear, whom do you suppose? None other than the great Rudy Vallee himself signing his name and perhaps saying a few sailorish things in the autograph album of the gob who stands beside. For Rudy too was once a gob, if you remember.



Helen Hughes and Her Boys, whom you have often heard from the St. Louis axis, are now thrilling the big Northwest from KSTP, St. Paul.

Remember that meteoric person who came to fame in The Desert Song? Here he is all dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse. It's John Boles whom you also hear NBC (N. Y.) over the national system.





It's hard to hold a pose like this while a photog gets his camera ready, but we must see this young man as he looks while leading the orchestra—he's one of the youngest of the new generation of conductors, Mr. Len Joy of NBC.



May Singhi Breen is known as the original ukulele lady, an especially popular entertainer in the East. She has a great collection of Chinaware pets.



Some folks think children don't go so good on the air, but here are four that never fail. They are in The Toddy Party over the National net.

Allen Burt and Faith Gibbon are seen here as you thought you saw them when they were broadcasting Trial by Jury, the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. It came from the NBC New York studios.





"Now listen, Charlie, I know she's wonderful. But—but—" "Oh, you can't understand, Norm, why she's—she's— Oh how can I express it?" "Don't try, I know." That's Norman Brokenshire and Charlie over the CBS.



He's the man who sets Will Rogers to music. Freddy Rich, lightning conductor of CBS dynamic music, also directs the large symphonic dance orchestra that ushers Will Rogers up to and away from the mike on Sunday nights.



Tony Cabooch, the "One-Man-Radio-Show" (C. J. Gruber).



Columbiannouncers: Lower, left; Harry Vonzell, David Ross, Don Ball. Above; George Beuchler, Frank Knight, Hugh Walton, Ted Husing.



Vim, pep and dash are the notable characteristics of the Lucky Strike dance orchestra, heard three times a week over the continental net. And here is Mr. B. A. Rolfe, the director, as you would meet him on the street.



"Whoo-eee! Firewagons'll git you, ef y'u don't watch out!" So stay on the curb and watch your step, says Uncle Bob Wilson, KYW, pioneer Radio uncle.



Young Man of the Evening doing his stuff. Otherwise Ray Perkins, as Old Topper.



Presentation of the Prairie President at WLS. Cast from left: Dolly Day, William Vickland (Lincoln), Mrs. Ellen Vogler (guest), Louis Ramsdell, Raymond Warren (author) and Douglas Hope.

TERROR

By Rupert Hughes

SHE Loved a Boy Who Left Her a Bonded White Slave Among Blacks in Little Old—Very Old—New York. And She Burned Her Way to Freedom.



Illustrated by
Joseph L. Sabo

THE MOST dreadful, the most devastating, the most fatal woman that New York ever knew, was a frightened little fifteen-year-old bonded servant-girl.

As she stood clutching her apron and nibbling at its edges in mouse-like timidity, she looked anything but the menace she was.

Yet before Mary Burton's panic was over, the whole population of New York was stampeded into equal madness and its panic-smitten judges had crowded into loathsome cells in the City Hall a hundred and seventy-four innocent wretches. Seventy of these were lucky enough to be taken from prison and merely shipped off to slavery in exile; twenty of them were taken from the prison to the gallows; and thirteen of them were burned at the stake.

Wise people are most afraid of those who are afraid, and it was this child's terror that made her terrible. For what is more dangerous than fear? The mad dog is afraid. The rattlesnake is afraid. The tyrant. The mob. What is anger indeed but a more desperate fear and the scowl of wrath but a grimace of alarm? Why should anybody persecute or slay anyone except for being afraid of him?

During the height of her frightful power, Mary Burton belonged to the town as its municipal servant-girl, and for contributing its blackest page to its history the town paid her one hundred pounds in good money. Which was about one hundred pounds more than she had ever earned before or could have earned in any other way.

She sold her soul for the sake of her love.

She had never wanted to come to New York in the first place. She had not asked to be brought into the world, and she owed no gratitude to the parents that sold her overseas when she was hardly more than thirteen years old.

They called the sale a bond of indenture, but it meant plain slavery until her youth should be gone and her beauty worn out in wageless toil. Her father sold her to a ship captain and he drove her across his gangplank with other cattle to be tossed and sickened for stormy weeks in a miserable hold, and driven across the gangplank at the New York docks to the market-place of the public vendue.

ONE BRIGHT thing in the nausea of that voyage was her meeting with the captain's cabin boy, Tom Wilson. He was kind to her and when the brig was becalmed they did not care. He had leisure then, and the two of them could sit on a hatch and hold hands and tell each other why they hated everybody else in the world, and the world; and why they did not hate each other.

Tom's lot was not much better than hers, his age only a year greater, and his parents even crueller. Her's had mended their poverty and escaped the threat of starvation for all of their children by the fees they collected for the sale of one of them into a land where she could not be worse off than she was in London.

The parents of Tom Wilson, however, had beaten him and taught him drink and thievery and used the proceeds of his thievery for more liquor. Homes were as cruel as the other prisons in those times.

"My old man never risked nothin' himself. He let me do it all," Tom told Mary. "He seen many a boy younger than me swing off the gallows at Tyburn for swipin' a wipe out of somebody's pocket. But he used to send me into the crowd to pick pockets because the crowd was big on hangin' days. One day I seen 'em string up two little boys and a girl, nine, ten, eleven years old. And I says to m'self: 'My neck is my own and I'm goin' to take it out of the rope's reach! So I run off to sea! It's no redam and the cap'n is mighty free with the rope's end; but it ain't my neck that feels it."

THEY watched New York approach with dreary eyes. It was a miserable little clutter of huts to those citizens of London from under the shadow of St. Paul's. Hardly ten thousand people made up New York, and two thousand of these were slaves.

On the last night as the brig lay at anchor in the bay the children wept in each other's arms and vowed fidelity. Tom swore that he would follow the sea till it made him rich and then he would find Mary and buy her freedom. She was rising fourteen and he just gone sixteen and that was old enough for marrying, provided they had the funds to set them up in some business.

The next morning the captain kept Tom on the jump so fast that he could not pass a word with Mary, who stood with all her goods in a bundle and waited as one of the dumb herd of bonded servants to be dumped ashore and sold.

When Mary was stood up on the auction block to be appraised by the purchasers Tom arrived at the back of the crowd just in time to see her knocked down to a tallow-chandler, a gruff fellow who thrust Tom away when he tried to speak to Mary.

"She's mine! I bought her. I want no young wastrels tampering with my goods. Be off!"

Tom watched her as she followed her new master and saw him curse her when she tried to put the countless things she had to say in one fleet glance of her sad eyes across a shoulder far too slender for the burdens she must bear.

THE SIGHT filled Tom with a frenzy for sudden riches. Such sea-faring as he had begun held out only the promise of hard and uncertain years. So he took his sorrow to a public house to drown it. There he met a covey of young sailors from the *Flamborough* man-of-war and they told him they were cruising after Spanish merchantmen laden with gold. Since war was on, the galleons were fair prey and every capture meant prize-money for every member of the crew.

This and the news that the ship was so short-handed that recruits were being shanghaied, seemed to Tom a message from

heaven. He enlisted at once and sailed away in the royal uniform.

Only half a year had gone when the *Flamborough* saluted the royal governor of New York again and disgorged a throng of prisoners, black sailors taken from the Spanish ships. At the orders of the Admiralty these men were sold into slavery. They made loud protest that they were prisoners of war and free subjects of the King of Spain; but nobody understood them or would have cared if he had. And these blacks were distributed among the two thousand other malcontents.

Tom had money now and was ready to desert his ship, drank and gambled his funds away and went back disconsolate to sea because he could find Mary nowhere nor any trace of her. Her owner, the tallow-chandler, had sent her far out to Greenwich Village to work on a farm there.

HE WAS no less harsh a taskmaster through the day than he was a lovemaker at dusk. Before the year was out the hapless child had borne him a child. The sardonic fates that guided Mary's life took the infant away almost at once. Which was fortunate in a sense; yet it did not sweeten her life to watch her nameless baby die.

Her grief, her weakness, and her despair of seeing Tom made her nearly worthless as a packhorse, so the tallow-chandler offered her for sale again at public vendue. Technically, he sold only the bond of her indenture, but since she went along with it, she was no better than a black. And she worked henceforth among the blacks.

For she was purchased by John Hughson, who kept a hideous tavern in the Jews' Alley where few but thieves, dock rats and slaves consorted.

It was one of Mary's tasks to mop the tables, mend the fires, make the woful beds and set out the mugs of liquor before the customers, whether they were sea-blistered sailors, slinking footpads, or the shuffling Africans who sneaked into the barroom under cover of the dark whose children they were.

It was against the law to sell drams to slaves without consent of their masters, but liquor laws are made to break, and John Hughson had to live as best he could. His best was of the worst.

All day and late into the night Mary moved and had her being among jail-vermin, wharf-scum and the beaten lees who sought a deeper oblivion in drunkenness and drained from dirty vessels a brew a little less bitter than the acrid cup of their lives.

SO SMOTHERING was her life in that noisome, negro-smelling pit that Mary welcomed it as a festival when Hughson told her that they must go out into the Commons and gather firewood.

No one had ever known so fierce and long a winter as the winter of 1740. The snow was six feet deep in the streets, the cattle starved, and the wild deer came down so close that they could be captured like cattle where they floundered to their antlers in the drifts.

Because of the cold and in spite of it, the tavern fire must be kept on the roar or none of the miserable waifs from the tropics would have left their kitchens and shops for Hughson's brandy.

For the sake of the freedom and the purity of the open air, Mary would put on the old breeches of a former serving-man and his boots a world too big, and climb into Hughson's sleigh. She rejoiced as she plunged among the white depths of the blizzardy Battery and the windswept Commons, looking for chance bits of timber and branches from frozen trees. Her cheeks grew briefly rosy as she waded waist-deep laden with fagots, and her laughter smoked in the frosty air.

Who could ever have dreamed—what maddest nightmare could have foretold—that when the summer came she would have set the jailer's men to gathering wood in these same places to pile about the poor victims of her terror? And that flames would crackle about their shrivelling backs more sharply than any whip?

AFTER the gathering of wood Mary must return reluctantly to the stews and the unclean parody of life that went on there. There were women enough about the place: Hughson's wife and their daughter, and a young widow, Margaret Scrubiero, or Salinburg, who was called Peggy Kerry, "the Irish beauty from Newfoundland." They did not share Mary's horror of the blacks and there was a ghastly mixture at the tables and in the noisy dances—and elsewhere. Sometimes Mary had to fight her way out of the arms of one of these horrible creatures who pleaded for a dance but she had no sympathy from the other women, who mocked her as an upstart aristocrat.

The blacks were insolent here where they had white slaves to wait upon them and the privilege of giving orders instead of taking them—particularly the servants of the best families. But most insolent of all were the Spanish negroes brought by the *Flamborough* and other men of war. Most insolent of the insolents was the big



. . . And the two of them could sit on a hatch, hold hands, and tell each other why they hated everybody else in the world . . . and why they did not hate each other.

fellow called Caesar. He belonged to Vaarck, the baker, but he always found money somehow. It was he that paid for Peggy's board and keep.

The loathing of her servitude grew upon Mary till it was all but mania. Her only hope was in Tom Wilson and she had not seen him now for close on two years. She had poor choice of explanations: he had forgotten her or been drowned in the forgetfulness of the deep sea or killed perhaps in some street fight or in some dive like this where her own hopes and beauties festered.

ONE night when the uproar of the tavern threatened to call the constables down upon them, the lights and the music brought in a crowd of sailors from the *Flamborough*. Mary had heard that the warship was in port; but its name meant nothing to her, and she had suffered too much from the violent flattery of drunken sailors to welcome these. Some of them knocked down the slaves and danced off with their girls; others sprawled at the tables and bawled for rum.

Seeing one mass of curly hair bobbing over a pewter tankard, Mary regretted the youth of the sinner who was exchanging toasts with the burly negro, Caesar.

As Mary whisked a wet cloth over the sloppy table where he lolled she was startled by a well-remembered accent muttering in an unfamiliar thickness of tongue:

"I sheen a pile of shilver money today big enough to buy all you damn shlaves at once. It was at Hogg's—you know old Hogg?—keeps the shop on the corner."

Her heart almost leapt from her breast into his tankard as he lifted it to lips swollen with liquor. Her hands went out to clutch him and a faint cry escaped her; but no one heeded it in the clamor.

She fell back a step to consider what to do, and while she cudgelled her wits she listened to what he drivelled:

"Wull, I went into Hogg's to buy me some chequered linen—goin' to sew myself up a few shirts—y'un'erstan'? Y'un'erstan'? An' old Hogg's old wife waits on me. And I give her a Spanish nine-penny silver piece. And she goes for the scales to weigh it—y'un'stan'—and she opens a drawer—and wh' d'you s'pose? It was spillin' over with Spanish pieces of eight—fair spillin' over y'un'erstan'?"

Caesar's eyes rolled and he guffawed:

"Wha' right dat ol' ooman got to all dat goo' money?"

The distracted Mary noted that John Hughson drew near and listened keenly to the boy's chatter:



When Mary stood up on the auction block to be appraised by the purchasers Tom arrived at the back of the crowd just in time to see her knocked down to a tallow-chandler.

"And ain't all I shaw. 'At old woman had a pile of gold and silver medals in there—and snuff boxes. Gawd! She had enough to sneeze a warship to pieces—and—why, she must be loaded like a Spanish ship!"

Hughson tapped Caesar on the shoulder and they went into another room, leaving Tom drooling over his ale. Mary sank down in Caesar's place and when Tom turned to go on with his story his eyes fell on her. They were all clouded, but they cleared slowly and he cried:

"Mary!"

THEN he fell over into her bosom and they embraced and kissed and wept. And no one paid them any heed, thinking them simply maudlin with drink.

They were so embowered in the Paradise of each other's arms that they forgot where they were. Tom sobbed out his futile search for her and Mary mourned his absence and told him her petty chronicles, omitting, of course, allusion to the baby that was not his. And then they opened their eyes to the world. He saw her neighbors and the mop-rag in her hand and the barmaid's cap on her head. And he groaned:

"You're here! You're one of 'em! It's all my fault; but I'm too late. I come back to find my sweetheart a——"

She clapped her hand over his mouth to stop the awful word and shrieked into his ringing ears that she was not what he thought, that only force kept her here and she would kill herself if he did not believe her.

And he believed her and wrestled with his besotted brain to wring out clear thoughts. He wept again for the prize-money he had gambled away for lack of hope of seeing her again. And they agreed that he must go back to sea and come home with gold enough to buy her indenture from Hughson; or if he could not raise so much they would run off together into New England or Virginia and begin a white life in the wilderness. It meant a ghastly wait, but people were used to prolonged anguishes in those slow days.

WITH this promise Tom kissed her goodbye and reeled out of the tavern. She went into the cold dark for another farewell, and the blown snowflakes were like kisses of regret on their young cheeks.

So wrong it seemed of life to part them again that a fierce temptation assailed Tom's soul. He mumbled:

"If I had the money I saw at old Mrs. Hogg's I could buy you free tonight. It wouldn't be hard for me to climb in there. My father taught me how. I've gone straight a long while now, but it don't seem straight to leave you here when I could——"

Mary had all but swooned in his arms at the thought of crime in him. When she had made him promise to abstain his clever hands from theft he suddenly resolved to go back and threaten Hughson with death if he mistreated Mary. He wanted to slaughter all the blacks who surrounded her with horror. But her frantic pleas persuaded him to go his way, and he staggered off into the gloom of the alley, weeping. Her tears had frozen on her lashes before she could bear to turn back into the hot stench.

In that last vain stare to find him in the fleecy night, and in his promise to come back and perfect their love, all the evils that followed had their beginning.

For the moment, though, there was a spring promise of hope in her tears.

A NEW Mary went back to her taproom prison and played the menial to the menials with a soul that was almost blithe.

Late that night when the last sailor had lurched through the snow and dived into the maelstrom of storm, and the last black had gone shuddering back to his master, Caesar was still stretched along one of the tables, wallowing in liquor and slumber, till Hughson nudged him and growled:

"You forget your promise, don't you?"

"No sah, I don't!"

He shook off sleep as a wet dog shakes off water and dashed from the inn.

Seeing Mary agape, Hughson snapped:

"Up to bed, for you!"

This was the command Mary least resented as a rule, but tonight suspicion and hope both kept her awake. About 1 o'clock she heard a noise outside and stealing barefoot to her tiny window saw below three negroes toting bundles into the tavern. The moon was clear enough for her to recognize Caesar and the man Prince whom Mr. Auboyneau owned, and Cuffee, who belonged to Mr. Philipse.

The next morning early when Mary went down to clear up the mess of the night's debauch, she found Caesar displaying a vast amount of goods, linens, medals, silver, snuff-boxes, coined silver pieces. The street doors were not open and the blinds still



Tom watched her as she followed her new master and saw him curse her . . .

drawn, but the Hughsons and Peggy were in high spirits.

Caesar was always free with his riches and as Peggy was gloating over a bolt of chequered linen he said to her:

"Peg, snip off enough of dat to make a spern for little Ma'y."

Peggy tore away a strip and passed it over cheerfully enough, but Mary threw it on the floor, saying:

"I want it, Lord knows, but not from those that don't own it."

Peggy's thwarted generosity turned at once to rage and she was for slapping Mary's face, but Caesar laughed and held her arm, picked up one of the heaped and gleaming silver pieces, held it up before Mary wheedlingly and pleaded:

"Never you mind, Peggy—she kind of peevish like. You know why. You look after her when de good time comes, and I gib you dis."

The proffer was munificient, but Mary suspected everybody on earth and resented even a kindness. She shook her head, muttering:

"All I want is victuals, drink and clothes. I might take care of white peoples' babies, but not of a half-black brat."



She fell back a step to consider what to do . . . and listened to what he drivelled.

EVEN Caesar's long white smile died before this, and he gave her a look that went through her like a razor, as he growled:

"Some folks uses they mouths a little too free round heah. They better keep 'em shut mighty tight outside."

This threw Mary into such a spasm of anxiety that she recanted her insolence. She promised to keep the secret and to take care of Peggy, and accepted the silver money. She felt that she must at all cost keep the peace until her lover came in from the seas. Above all she must keep her tongue from getting her murdered.

Almost destroyed with fear she watched the cunning hiding of the stolen wealth. But she could not share the revelry that shook the tavern at night as the slaves gathered to the smell of loot and the liquor that flowed in consequence.

The eternal allure of alcohol for the dejected, the defeated, the defective, must be its magic power of lifting them for a while to the mountain tops of pride and triumph and power. And so this squalid inn became to its besotted denizens a throne room peopled with sovereigns. For a few pense, stolen or begged, the slaves themselves became princes or at least conspirators for empire.

It made their lot somehow endurable to play drunken burlesques of royalty. The men whom pirates of human flesh had stolen and sold became pirates for awhile.

THEY meant nothing much by it. They had no real intention of trying to carry out their dreams. They were crippled mentally and shackeled in spirit, but they were not insane. They but play-acted, as mummers strut and rant and cry havoc and distribute principalities and diadems, knowing all the while that when the curtain falls they must restore their ermines and their swords to the wardrobe and become once more Will and Kit and Ben as they go back to their sorry lodgings.

If Mary Burton had been Peg she could have laughed at the big talk of the slaves and taken part in their pitiful pretence; but then she might have shared their life too, with as little prejudice as Peggy showed. There was no pity either in Mary's heart. Her own lot was so devoid of pity that the blacks seemed to have the better of life, since they were born to be slaves and divinely conditioned to servitude, while she belonged by right among the quality.

This tavern of Hughson's was really a city of refuge to the poor blacks and the merciless laws he broke were broken for their mercy.

ACCORDING to the ordinances of New York, if three negroes but walked together at one time they were liable to forty lashes on the bare back. No more than twelve of them could go to the funerals of their own dead, who were shoved into the ground like dogs. In any quarrel they were always wrong where the other party was white. Even the Jews, who had recently been disfranchised in New York, had rights against a negro.

The whites dreaded them as if they were rattlesnakes. Torture was added to their punishments, and as usual the cruelty was the fruit of fear, since a generation ago a few slaves were driven mad by persecution and threatened to destroy their masters—or so the story was told. Whether or not the slaves had really been desperate enough to attempt a rising and to hold a meeting in the orchard at Maiden Lane, it was certain that twenty-one of them had been shot, hanged or burned at the stake. The truth could never be known for the wrongs of

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Dad Crockett and his mountaineer boys are not being led astray by the bright lights of New York, they're the Radio hit of the season.

Crockett Mountaineers

By Bernard Sobel

THE mountains have come to the city and nature has reversed itself. This surprising statement is due to the fact that the Crockett family, consisting of a father and five sons, are now regularly installed on the Columbia Broadcasting System every evening, with the exception of Sunday, at 7 P. M.

How this naive group ever came to the great city to make this arrangement will always be a mystery. They are so quiet, so timid, so unworldly that their venturing into New York seems an anachronism. Just consider. Real live recruits they are from the mountains around Sharpsburg, Kentucky. Real descendants of Davey Crockett. Reared in such a backwoods community, they have cooked their own meals, helped to make their own lumberjack shirts and even made their own fiddles.

"Dad" Crockett, the father, was a singer and taught singing at the little mountain gatherings. All of them are long, thin, and angular; all of them speak in a timid, insecure way; all of them have brown rugged skins but give the impression of fragility; all of them resemble somehow young deer out on a lark in strange quarters, who realize that any moment danger may overtake them. In this case, danger to them means automatic telephones, whirring street cars, slick subways that produce unexpected nausea and headaches, asphalt pavements, and the traffic speed of New York.



YET they seldom betray their unfamiliarity with city manners, at the same time they are always on the alert against a breach of etiquette by others. In short, they are living examples of the type known as nature's gentlemen, and illustrate the extraordinary latent force in every human being for self-development and cultural expansion.

"Do you care for some pie a la mode?" asked a new acquaintance, intending to spoof these mountain boys by inviting them to eat something they had never heard of before. Daddy Crockett looked at his five sons and they looked at him, but aside from the quick movement of their eyes, none of them indicated surprise. They were confronted with a social situation, which they met with reserve. The sons remained silent deferring to their father, and he, bulwark of strength that he is, responded:

"I think it would be very nice."

They are tolerant towards the city's night life, but they dislike the hustle and bustle that engulfs them here.

"It is not that the hours here are too late," said Daddy Crockett. "We used to play square dances until two or three o'clock in the morning, and sometimes all night. The folks would bring their kids and leave them in one room. Sometimes we would have to sing and play our loudest to drown out their crying. I enjoyed playing at the church most of all because it was quiet."

"PIE SUPPERS are great fun," said Johnny, Jr., composer of the group. "Everybody from all around goes to them. Each girl and woman brings a pie of one kind or another wrapped in a box with her name inside. One man auctions off each box

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Nonius Opal is Stolen and Restored Again

THIRTEEN and ONE

Paul Savoy Humbles the Boisterous Gateway as His Theories Work Out Solution to Many Strange Disappearances in House of Mystery

By Jackson Gregory
***Illustrations by* Dudley Gloyne Summers**

THE EARLY night was already brooding over the wilderness when Savoy entered the living room and found Gateway standing at the fireplace, staring down into the blaze.

"I'd not want it said, you know, that I'd actually suppressed any evidence," he remarked to Gateway. "There is, however, a certain thing which I believe I alone have had the opportunity of examining. The Guest Book which Mainwaring Parks kept on a table near the front door. It appears that all guests humored him by signing it, each with some brief fancy of his own."

"What's the book got to do with all our problems?" he asked.

"In a way, of course, nothing at all. That is to say, Dicks wasn't hammered over the head with it, Parks wasn't stabbed with it."

He rose and with a sigh, having barely made himself comfortable, went out, returning almost immediately with the thick and somewhat untidy volume.



White tangled, matted hair hung over his eyes.

GATEWAY bestowed a long look brimming with suspicion on him, then snatched the book, his keen glance fairly diving into it as he flipped over the pages to come to the most recent entrances. First of all he read what Savoy had written there: "Paul Savoy. Drudge of a millionaire during office hours. Between whiles, Seeker after the Truth." Savoy knew he was reading from the snort which followed.

"You'll note," said Savoy mildly and indifferently, "that the book belonged originally to Thraff Willcyzinski. Parks had the whim to keep it and to continue inviting guests to set down their names with the first thing to pop into their heads. The aforesaid Thraff Willcyzinski leads off with his name."

"What the devil have we to do with Thraff What's-his-name?" snapped Gateway.

"You must understand," said Savoy calmly, "that he is the man whom Temple and the others chased through the snow last night from one house to another."

Here the conversation ended; or, to be exact, it died on the smothered exclamation from Gateway which was set like a contemptuous full stop to Savoy's folly.

The gathering for dinner was a cheerless affair of little dining and few words. After the meal Savoy went roaming about the house.

But he went to sleep that night only to be suddenly awakened in the dreary dawn of another day by the sound of Laufer-Hirth's voice in the hallway. Savoy leaped out of bed and had his door open when Laufer-Hirth came lumbering down the hall.

"IT'S GONE—sometime during the night. And—and I can't find it."

"Go slow, Amos," commanded Savoy and clapped him upon the shoulder. "What's gone—the Opal?"

"Oh, God," groaned Laufer-Hirth dismally. "I am just beginning to think—"

"Beginning to stop thinking, if you don't look sharp! Come along; I'll roust up a cup of coffee; you're blue with cold. And tell me intelligently what's happened."

Laufer-Hirth fairly puffed out the story with his labored breath. He had hidden the Opal between the mattress and box spring of his bed. Five minutes ago he looked for it and discovered it was missing. And when he woke up Will Little and told him someone had stolen the jewel during the night he nearly had a fit, and was now on the bed shaking like an aspen leaf.

"And now the Opal's gone," mused Savoy.

"Damn the Opal!" swore the other fervently. "I lied to Will Little; I made him think I had discarded it. There's a curse—"

While Savoy dressed, others were wakened and informed of what had occurred.

Little's nerves were completely beyond his control. They commandeered Andregg's hypodermic needle, gave it a prompt rough-and-ready sterilization and shot home the one thing which it appeared might quiet him. And Will Little, bundled in hot blankets, later was fed hot milk and whisky.

"YOU'RE dead! You've been dead forty years!" he screamed out a hundred times, drawn back against the head of his bed, his eyes glassy with fear. "You're the Man of the Opal." You are Nonius, dead Senator Nonius, dead since Pompeii was buried. You—you—you—"

Then he turned to whomever stood near him at the time, pleading:

"Give him the Opal! For God's sake, give him the Opal. He has come for it; he will never go without it. He will take me—all of us! Already he has taken Parks and Dicks and Nemo—"

They were a haggard-eyed lot by nightfall. Sleep was a shy thing, swift of wing in departure; the hours grew into long unbearable eternities. It had been decided that day and night someone would stand watch against the possible detection of that agency which had brought two men out of the nowhere into Mr. Nemo's room.

It was along toward dawn when Temple came tiptoeing in to Gateway, a queer, almost frightened look in his eyes. He beckoned the other to the door and drew him on out into the hall.

"What's up?" demanded Gateway sharply. "Someone else—"

"I don't quite know," whispered the captain. "It's in Nemo's room. The bed's got an occupant again."

The lamp which Gateway carried revealed a man on the bed, deathly white, emaciated and still. There was a bandage about his breast and on the cloth was a great stain of dried blood. As they stared down at him a white, lax hand stirred ever so slightly.

"GOOD God!" choked Temple, falling back from the bed and looking like a man who had seen a ghost. "It's Mainwaring Parks—and he's alive. This damn house *is* haunted."

Once again the entire household was aroused, with the exception of Will Little, Tom Blount and the servants, and assembled around the bed of mystery.

"No," said Temple. "It's impossible."

"Of course he's dying," contended Gateway from the moment he knew who the man was.

"Here's a queer go," was McIntosh's addition to the general flood of remarks. "Some guy tries to murder these two and abducts the strange bird, Nemo. Then starts in doctoring his victims, and one by one brings 'em back!"

"If Parks dies, and he will," insisted Gateway. "I hang Andregg. If by any chance Parks should live, well then, I send Andregg to the pen for robbery and attempted murder."

"Murder was attempted without a shadow of a doubt." Savoy conceded him. "But the murderer—we'll call him that since he carried murder in his heart—failed in the beginning."

Mr. Nemo, who had been listening gravely and silently, turned his brilliant eyes on Paul Savoy.

"I begin to think," he observed softly, "that we have nothing to do but await a word from Mr. Savoy. I think he knows everything. I am, of course, greatly concerned about my jewel. Have you any hope, Mr. Savoy, of it being recovered?"

"Why, of course," said Savoy, as if speaking of trifles now. "It and the banknotes and the Opal, of course they'll all turn up."

AS THE day wore on, Temple, with Tom Blount as an able makeshift nurse, reported at frequent intervals, that Parks still lived; that he was terribly wasted and weak, yet he began to evince signs of returning consciousness; he was able to take the slight liquid nourishment which Temple and Blount decided on.

As to his wound, they had removed the bandage, disclosing the ugly gash in the chest. It showed signs of having been carefully cleansed and cared for; already it was healing, but of course they could form no opinion of the extent or condition of any internal injury. Their patient had his restless moments, but always he grew quiet again. By evening they thought that they could report positively that Parks was at least holding his own.

Detective Dicks added little to the sum total of their knowledge. He told them how he and Parks had gone to their rooms, and how Parks had spoken again of his fear that there was some danger hanging over the house.

"I want a bath and a drink and a cigar," Parks had said, "and I'll tell you what I'm beginning to suspect."



And they found under a pile of rags the great Opal of Nonius . . . also a thick pad of bank notes in yellow manilla paper.

Dicks had sat down in a chair; Parks went into the bathroom. The door between them stood open and Dicks sat facing it. Parks presently appeared in his pajamas and slippers. He was lighting his cigar and Dicks was watching him idly—a sudden blow struck from behind, and that was absolutely all that Dicks knew about it.

"And when Parks talks," snapped Savoy irritably, "he'll swear to having seen Andregg hit Dicks over the head with a poker? He'll admit that for a moment of shock he stood still, staring? That Andregg leaped on him and then struck?"

Savoy glared a moment, then left the room abruptly.

At the end of a day of waiting Parks had not spoken. When he opened his lips it was to whisper, "Water." He lay very still with closed eyes, breathing heavily.

AND before Mainwaring Parks spoke—for in the end he did speak—it was Captain Temple who made a great stride toward the conclusion of the whole nerve-wracking affair. All too easily had Nemo been removed from his room, with far too great a readiness had the bodies of both Dicks and Parks been returned here. There must be some means of entrance hidden and Temple meant to know its secret. Hence at every second of day and night either Temple's own eyes or his eyes by proxy, being those of Tom Blount, were watchful here.

It was on the night after Parks' return, at a late hour verging on a new day. The room was dark and icy cold, yet Captain Temple sat in a chair in a corner, wrapped in blankets and wide awake. He could see nothing, but he made his ears stand as sentinels. Blount, within call, slept in a room just across the hall.

And here at length came a new sound. Temple stiffened; on the instant, guarding against noise himself, he laid his blankets aside. The sound came again, a mere vague thin whisper of a noise and he stood up on his stockinged feet.

He could make out only that there appeared to be some sort of movement across the room from where he stood, somewhere near the window. Sash being raised stealthily? That was possible; if so, a man was meaning to creep in from the outside. Temple held himself rigid, waiting, listening.

A long silence, a silence so long that he began to ask himself if what he had thought to have heard was but a fancy projected by his own nervous tension. If there was another man than himself in the room, that other man was possessed of a patience that seemed more than human.

AND in the end, after an interminable weary waiting, a floor board creaked. Still he waited. Waited in silence again. But it was an altered silence for him in that it had lost its most oppressive quality of uncertainty. He knew at last that someone was with him in the room. *Knew.*

Again he heard a sound. And this time from somewhere considerably closer at hand; in silence had that other man traversed several feet of the room; the sound now was of a chair brushed against softly by the one who moved.

And now no longer did Temple wait. He struck as accurately as he could have done in bright light, his flying body flinging that other body backward while Temple's sinewy arms closed with the tenacity of steel grappling hooks about his captive.

Holding this nitial advantage, he quickly sensed that he had taken on himself a task vastly beyond his powers. A strength ten times the strength of his threatened to whip his clinging arms loose, to hurl him apart, as of feather weight and like insignificance.

Holding on with grim determination he shouted lustily for help. Tom Blount, wide awake soon enough, heard the threshing up and down and plunged into the hidden maelstrom.

Others heard and it was Gateway, bearing a lamp, who lent the final necessary pound of power. In his simple and direct way, he ended the fracas; as the captive, about to free himself, half rose to his knees, Gateway struck him a crushing blow on the jaw. There remained but to manacle a very groggy individual before his brain could clear again.

"IT'S OUR man of the other house!" gasped Tom Blount. It was a man whom now they saw to be of an immense height; he must have stood at least six inches above six feet. He was as spare as the body of a man dead and dessicated under a blazing tropical sun. He was all in tatters and grimy with dirt; white tangled, matted hair hung over his eyes. And the eyes themselves were terrible, red as fire, with inflamed lids, that put fear into the heart of any man who looked into them.

Another nocturnal conference of a sort to which they grew to be accustomed by now was the inevitable result of the capture, such an arousing din had it made. And presently word came to them that even Mainwaring Parks had overheard, and was feverishly eager to know what had happened.

"It is Thraff Willcyzinski?" Parks asked thinly.

"Yes!" Paul Savoy answered, sure of his answer and emphatic.

"Thank God," murmured Parks, and relaxed with a long sigh.

It was a full week later. The inmates of the old House of the Opal were at last prepared for an almost immediate departure. McIntosh, taking advantage of a lull in the storm, had made his way out to Truckee on snowshoes, and had brought back a party of men and a dog team.

Meanwhile Mainwaring Parks, his wound, at least superficially, healed over, and though he complained at times of a stabbing pain through his



body, appeared to have passed all danger. Detective Dicks swore himself as good as new now. Andregg, a silent man whose eyes grew wicked with malice when they rested on Gateway and were like a dog's for strange friendly humility when they looked at Savoy, was free to go as he listed.

"WHEN a maniac is at the bottom of things," growled Gateway, "and a fellow hasn't even a clue to make him suspect said maniac's presence, or existence, for that matter, how is one to get straight to the bottom of a murder mystery case without a mistake or so along the road? We all make mistakes, you know," and never higher did a jeer stand in a man's eyes than in his, gone straightway to Savoy.

"Yes," said Savoy with a sigh, "we all make mistakes, Gateway. It would seem that both you and I have blundered greatly. The confession which you secured wasn't worth the paper wasted on it, and you have very considerately thrown it into the fire. But such is likely to be the way of confessions extorted through the third degree—only in so many cases the victim isn't so fortunate as Andregg has been."

"That's all right," snapped Gateway, reddening. "Just the same I made but the one error, and the Lord knows everything pointed the way I jumped. Andregg's a likely bird—and I'll get him for something or other yet, one of these days. As for you and your damn fool theories—" He waved his hands disgustedly.

"To err is human, you know," said Savoy, and sighed again. "I did have such a pretty theory, too."

"All wrapped up in violet-blue, ah, pretty!"

THEY were in the living room where the others were gathering, ready for departure. Thraff Willcyzinski, securely bound, raved in the room into which they had locked him against conveying him to the insane asylum.

The incredible Thraff Willcyzinski was the puzzle which stuck like a burr in all minds. Never could they entirely explain him. To have remained hidden all these years, alone like a wild beast—what mania in his burning brain? They had found entrance to his lair: in Mr. Nemo's room. The window frame itself moved; it had been shoved forward, straight into the room, pivoting on iron strips. As the window frame advanced, there was revealed a narrow passageway in the thick log wall which led down a steep incline and into the basement itself. There they found a small room, in the center of the tiers of furnace and fireplace wood which was piled from floor to ceiling. There were amazing quantities of wood, as Laufer-Hirth had noted when he drove the two Filipino boys down there for fresh fuel. This little box of a place, foul and filthy, gave every evidence of having been the madman's headquarters throughout the long years. They found the bones of the things he had eaten—

And they found yet other things. Under a pile of rags, the Great Opal of Nonius. In a dingy corner a thick pad of bank notes in yellow manilla paper, Parks' million dollars. But the Flower of Heaven they did not find.

PARKS, as he recovered strength, had but little to tell. That little, however, was significant.

"I was talking with Dicks through the bathroom door, as he has already told you. All of a sudden I saw the maniac standing at his back; and for one instant I was struck motionless and speechless. The blow fell and I called out. The poor devil leaped at me, and as he came I saw a knife whipped out from his tatters. He struck—and that is about all I know."

"It was he you had in mind," prompted Savoy when Parks paused. "I mean, when you said at table that you feared there was in the house a dangerous man who would balk at nothing."

Parks nodded gloomily.

"I am afraid that I should have said more, or less," he confessed. "For, you see, I had no certain knowledge; it was but a fear, a wild and almost unreasonable fear I felt it to be, too."

He reached out for the Guest Book which lay open on the table at hand and opened it at the beginning.

"Mr. Savoy knows," he resumed and a slight smile touched Savoy's lips. "The handwriting of the insane—"

("So Mr. Savoy clings to theorizing still?" grunted Gateway.)

"Here is Thraff Willcyzinski's name. With it the few words, 'Here shall be my kingdom.' I was quite familiar with that.



"You're dead! You've been dead for forty years!" he screamed out a hundred times, drawn back against the head of his bed, his eyes glassy with fear. "You're the Man of the Opal."

having seen it a hundred times. And, now, if you will look closely at this page you will see what startled me. When we came in that first night, Andregg asked you to set down your names here, you may recall that the wind ruffled the pages. I had a glimpse of this first page."

HE PLACED the book open on the table. There was Thraff Willcyzinski's signature, a queerly inscribed, scrawly affair, drowned in futile flourishes. With it, in faded ink, the words, "Here shall be my kingdom." And, completing the line, in the same queer script but in a newer, fresher ink, "Vengeance is mine!"

"And that," said Parks frowning, "is what staggered me. I knew it had been set down here since last I had looked the book over, say six months ago. And it was obviously in the same handwriting! It struck me that the thing hinted at was simply incredible. Yet there it was. A hoax? I wanted time to think; I did not want to initiate what I hoped was going to be a pleasant outing, by hurling any such bomb among my guests. And time was not to be had."

"So that's why the Guest Book interested you?" Gateway demanded sharply of Savoy. "Why couldn't you say so?"

"If you want the truth," Savoy told him, curt and sharp, "I did not notice this thing at all when I was studying the book."

Mr. Nemo, brooding apart like a dark star, spoke in that gentle musical voice of his.

"I alone am the loser," he said quietly. "To Mr. Parks has been restored the Great Opal; I understand that in purchasing this ill-starred place he acquired possession of all things in it. His bank notes, too, have found their way back to their rightful owner. But the Flower of Heaven! Ah, gentlemen—"

DICKS had spoken little. Now he said sternly:

"In the presence of us all, Mr. Nemo, you said that you had not brought it with you. No one has seen it, mind you."

Paul Savoy spoke up quickly:

"I wonder if any would be at all interested in understanding how I was led to follow my theories?"

Gateway laughed and nudged his confrere.

"You've missed a lot, Dicks. There's a man here who can tell you lots of things about the little workshop of the mind, the dark room where the brain hangs its pictures—"

"Mr. Savoy isn't a fool, if that's what you mean, Gateway," said Dicks soberly. "And if he was led astray, it's no more than you were. I, for one, would like to follow him."

"Thanks," said Savoy and needed no further encouragement. "In the beginning, knowing nothing of any Thraff Willcyzinski, I was forced to consider that one of ourselves had been tempted to murder. Which one? And what had he done with the bodies? Having, as I say, no knowledge of any Thraff Willcyzinski—Lord, what a name," he groaned. "What do you say if from now on whenever it becomes necessary to refer to the murderer—for we are all agreed that in the beginning he was a murderer at heart—I call him Mr. X and be done with it?"

"Go ahead," said Dicks.

"THERE were," droned on Savoy, "at the very outset certain most intriguing facts. Some article snatched up by Andregg; an Opal appearing out of the nowhere. I mention but two of those many intriguing facts, striving for simplicity. Before I have done at least I'll hope to indicate how easily a man may err.

"Now the explosion downstairs was prearranged so nicely by Mr. X. A pinch of sand, of course, explained everything; that and some few chips of shattered glass. A clock has often been instrumental in detonating a charge of explosive; why not the principle of the hour glass, leaving no springs and wheels lying about?"

"By Jove!" said Dicks, and Gateway grunted.

"So much for my pinch of sand," sighed Savoy. "To advance; one always knows that in every day's activities there

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RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By **ROSEMARY DRACHMAN**

Muriel Pollock

SOMEONE once said that the way to do anything is to do it and do it steadily and often. Proof of the worth of this advice is the pianistic ability of Muriel Pollock, who is spotted in many of the big productions of NBC. When she was 14 years old she got a job playing a piano in a motion picture theater. She played on an average of nine hours a day for the next eight years. After this period of practice she studied for years in the Institute of Musical Art in New York City.

You should see Muriel Pollock as she sits at her piano in an NBC studio. She has an elfin face, curly hair, and a whimsical grin. A moment before she is to play she leans forward over the keys, poises her hands and watches the announcer intently. His last word is hardly out of his mouth before she is into her selection.

Her whole body is in motion when she plays. Her fingers move with incredible speed and her body sways and her head nods as she moves through an intricate composition. Then, the selection ended, she slumps into a moment of relaxation.

Her background is unusual, even for Radio with its many stars of extraordinary careers.

She was born in Kingsbridge, New York. When she was 6 years old she started her study of the piano. Then came the long period of experience in the motion picture theater. Her big chance came in the Zeigfeld production of "Rio Rita" when she and Constance Mering introduced a two piano score. "Rio Rita" was followed by an engagement in "Upsa Daisy" and then she was featured in her own musical show "Pleasure Bound."



Miss Muriel Pollock, pianist at NBC.

If she wanted to be, Miss Pollock could rank among the best classical pianists in the country. In fact, her ambitions were in that direction. She scorned, even hated, jazz. Then she decided to find out what made jazz and she studied it. The result was that she became convinced that it offered as great a future and as great opportunities as the classics to the ambitious musician.

Miss Pollock is better known to the Radio audience as a pianist. Yet in the amusement world she is regarded as one of its cleverest composers. Her specialty is compositions for two pianos and many of her own compositions are heard in the programs of the Lady Bugs—Miss Pollock and her partner, Vee Lawnhurst. Many of the two piano orchestrations used in other NBC programs are written by her.

Her hobby is her work. She has little time for anything else. She enjoys getting trick effects with a piano. Two of her favorites are musical pictures of a fat man falling down stairs and a small boy eating an ice cream cone.

When she has time to spare she either rides a horse or goes to Coney Island. She reads detective stories before she goes to sleep every night.

She isn't married, but likes men. Friends say she gets an average of ten proposals a week from Radio listeners who have never seen her, but have fallen in love with the personality expressed in her piano rhythms.

Raymond Knight

"EXPLAIN Station KU-KU," I asked Raymond Knight of the NBC's production staff.

"It's an expression of my personality," said Knight with a grin. Perhaps Knight was right, for only a person able to see fun and laughter in everything and with a keen appreciation of the niceties of burlesque could create a program such as Station KU-KU.

Knight is the funny man of the networks. He does have his serious moments, but doesn't take them very seriously. His career in Radio . . . a career started less than three years ago . . . is marked by unusual and usually laughable Radio productions that he has written and produced.

"The Gold Spot Pals," a "kid gang" production, was one of his first shows. It was so successful that the leather company that sponsored it had to end the series because orders for the product exceeded production.

Then there was Embarrassing Moments in History, The Triadrams, Hello Mars, Station KU-KU, The Hysterical Sportcasts of History, now heard in the Hickok program, and others. He directs and produces Empire Builders and Real Folks and made Radio history more than a year ago when he produced a program called "The Nightingale and the Rose."

Knight looks like a comedian. He is tall and, according to his friends, reminds one of a penguin. He has huge eyes, one grey and one blue, made bigger by glasses, an amazed stare that he uses effectively, and a small red mustache.

His greatest problem in life is the annual football clash between Harvard and Yale. He can't decide which eleven to cheer because he went to both universities. He solved the problem last year by praying for Yale during the first half and waving a crimson banner during the last half.

Knight was born in Salem, Mass. He took a law degree at the University of Boston and then went to Harvard to study drama under Professor George Pierce Baker in the famous "47 Workshop." When Professor Baker went to Yale, Knight followed him. In 1927 Knight won the Drama League's prize for the best one-act play of the year.



Raymond Knight of "Station KU-KU."

After leaving college he decided to experiment with what he had learned and for a while directed an experimental theater in Boston. Like all persons with dramatic aspirations, he couldn't stay away from New York. On Broadway he learned more about the show business, both as an actor and as a director. He wrote a book for a musical revue and had it produced. In 1928, hunger, so he says, drove him into Radio, where he has never missed a meal.

His hobbies are week-ends, he says, but seldom does he find time for them. He buys gay neckties and wears them if it looks like rain. He collects walking sticks and has been seen with three different ones in a day.

Actors like to work for him because he never takes them or himself too seriously. Though some of his rehearsals are hilarious affairs, he produces some of the most popular air presentations and is very much on the job at the right time. His favorite role is that of Ambrose J. Weems, who first startled an unsuspecting public in Hello Mars and was brought back to his public in Station KU-KU.

He does parody lyrics to popular tunes and makes bad puns.

His claim is that he is too busy to be ambitious.

with the rest of the mass of humans who had come to watch Show Boat being broadcast.

Harry Brown, the six-feet-two director, held up signs above his head and instructed the unpaid crowd when to hiss, boo, laugh, and clap. Nine o'clock came. We were on the air.

As the old-time mellerdrammer unfolded before me with the tiny Miss Thayer in its midst, I wondered about all the work and activities she has packed into her small life. Under her red-gold hair repose the theories and instructions of the late Jean de Reszke, with whom she studied for four years in Paris. This slip of a woman has sung in London and received the sponsorship of Oscar Hammerstein for whom she sang for three years. She has applied the make-up and put on costumes for such operatic roles as Romeo and Juliet (she must be charming). Lucia, La Traviata, La Boheme, and countless others. She has had ample time to amass a repertoire of operatic and dramatic roles, for she made her stage bow when two years old.

Such a little mite! And to have been to so many places and seen so many things! What a storehouse of memories she would have! I watched her through the exciting episodes of the hair-raising incidents of the Show Boat play and anticipated what a morsel she would be for a good Radiograph.

The thrilling drammer was over. Forcing my way against the flow of the crowd, I tried to reach Miss Thayer quickly for that promised interview about "what I eat for breakfast," "I never read modern novels," and all that sort of thing. At last, breathless, I was beside her.

"O, my dear, I'm sorry . . . I forgot, but I've got to catch a train. Urgent, forgive me."

And out she went, leaving me to the wind and thunder machines, the gradually breaking up crowd that sifted through the reception room, trickled down the elevator shafts and so out into the street



Edith Thayer—"too busy to talk."

Edith Thayer

CONFUSION! Columbia Broadcasting reception room seethed with chattering humans. Property boys edged the thunder machine (a great piece of sheet iron) through the milling mob. The intention of every person in that great room seemed to be to get into one corner at the same moment. Even I pressed near only to hear——

"My dear! I'm so glad you're back."

"Are you quite recovered?"

"Well, if it isn't Toots!"

"We've missed you."

There was evidence of hurried embraces as I saw upflung arms amid the pressing crowd. I couldn't see who was in its center, but by that very fact knew it must be she. Who? Why, Edith Thayer, the four-feet-eleven-inch soubrette, Jane McGrew, of Show Boat, who has been absent for seven weeks because of an automobile accident.

I finally shoved through the embracing mob to see a tiny little creature in a beige-pink hat and dress. She met me, four or five other persons, too, all at the same moment and continued to receive embraces and greetings—and all this without being flustered. We disengaged ourselves from arms and by treading on a few feet found a davenport. I sighed with relief. Now for a real talk.

REAL talk! Funny old joke. What we had were a few staccato questions and equally staccato answers. Yes, born in Massachusetts. Yes, went to a dramatic school, studied abroad. "But, O my dear, I forgot. I have to rehearse my song, and it's just ten minutes before we go on the air. I'll see you after the show."

I dangled my hopes, a withered mass, behind me as I sought a seat in the large studio

Phil Cook

"SEEING is believing," but will you believe your eyes or your ears? Because when I look at Phil Cook, sitting before the microphone in Studio G at NBC broadcasting on the Quaker Crackles program, I see one—only one—handsome blond man. Yet I am hearing four different persons. I am hearing the nasal high-pitched, squeaking of "Crackles," the Quaker Doll, I am hearing the two distinct negro drawls of Flap and Magnolia, the owners of The Little White Hen Restaurant, and to mention it last, but not least, I am hearing the somewhat husky but entirely likeable voice of Phil Cook himself. And those four different voices are not all I might be hearing, for Phil can be, when he likes—vocally, that is—a Jew, a German, an Italian, a Frenchman or an Irishman, and can switch back and forth from one dialect to another without the customary interruption of another voice.

As I sit there in the studio watching him I think what a lucky

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Phil Cook—who talks quartet.

IT'S EVERY WOMAN'S

Fact That Dame Nature Is Not No Cause for Despair; Beauty Up and Faithfully

By Eve M.

AGAIN we follow Miss Conradt-Eberlin of the Columbia Broadcasting System in her search for the secret of the truly artistic home. This month she finds that the home-maker herself is the essential factor in a charming home and discovers some ways in which she can attain much coveted beauty.—B. M.



Adelaide Candee, a Radio Home-Maker, reveals value of beauty treatment.

I'VE just returned from a three-hour visit with Helen Lewis and Carolyn Cornell, beauty and fashion experts of the Radio Home-Makers Club, and I'm chockfull of advice and enthusiasm. I've heard so many things that I hardly know where to begin.

But there is one thing that must be said before we go on with the story, and it's this—all the beauty secrets and treatments in the world won't do us a bit of good unless we're *persistent!* Of course we all want to be as lovely as we can. We enthusiastically take up some new facial treatment, are faithful to it for a week or two—and forget it. And then we wonder why we aren't Norma Shearers or Gloria Swansons! . . . So now that little sermon is over and we've all set our minds to persist at any cost, let's proceed to some of the exciting discoveries I made.

In the first place, Carolyn Cornell, who is just as suave and smart as you'd expect a fashion expert to be, said something that I think bears repeating: "What is the use," said she, "of wearing yourself haggard to make a beautiful home if you are going to spoil the whole effect of your hard work by neglecting your own appearance? No home is more beautiful than its mistress, who is the spirit that gives life and meaning to her surroundings. If that spirit is hidden under a dull, shabby exterior, the home is a dreary place, indeed."

"And," added Miss Lewis, "to obtain any results from beauty treatments, it is absolutely necessary to keep in good humor, relaxed, and free from depressing, ugly thoughts. There is seldom any good reason for sulking, flying into tempers, scowling and all the other unlovely and harmful facial grimaces. Teaching beauty, you know, is really teaching philosophy. But most women don't want that. They want formulas for removing blemishes, adding or losing weight, becoming beautiful over night. Well, that just can't be done. If there are any magic formulas I don't know them—and I never heard of anyone who did. Patience, perseverance and faith in what you are doing are the primary factors in any beauty treatment, or in anything in life, for that matter."

SINCE hearing that, I've done a great deal of thinking and I've consulted my mirror, too. I was horrified to discover the beginning of drooping lines from the corner of my mouth. For the last few hours I've gone about with happy thoughts that keep my mouth curled up in a smile. From now on, I'm going to consider moods and tempers luxuries I can't afford to indulge in.

It is going to take a great many words to give you the directions for carrying out the daily "mechanics" of beauty but the work itself is really very simple. It can be fascinating, too, if you keep the various creams, lotions, powder, etc., in pretty containers on a dainty toilette table in a room decorated to conform to your own conception of a beautiful setting for yourself. Of course, I don't mean to conform to your idea of what you would have if you were a millionaire. That sort of thing is such a waste of time and so very depressing. But tak-



Beauty boudoir of Radio Home-Makers Club from which all talks on beauty are broadcast and demonstrations given.

RIGHT TO BE LOVELY

Equally Kind to All Her Children Found By Keeping Sunny Side Observing Formulas

Conradt-Eberlin

ing into consideration your pocket-book, each of you can dress up your private room so that it really expresses your own personality.

Going to an office every day or keeping house, doesn't give us much time to sit day-dreaming before a mirror in the morning. Therefore, the real beauty treatment should be taken in the evening, before going to bed—but *every* evening, rain or shine, tired or peppy, late or early. First get into pyjamas or nightgown and then sit down for five minutes to relax. Think of something pleasant—or nothing at all, just drifting into space.

WHEN your nerves are quiet, begin by cleansing your face and neck thoroughly, with pure soap and lukewarm water, cold cream, or almond oil heated in a tin cup and applied with absorbent cotton. This latter is exceptionally good. Remove every trace of dirt and grease with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue, and then repeat the entire performance. Next, says Miss Lewis, massage the skin with a good tissue cream or skin food. To massage, gently press the muscles around the mouth, under the chin and around the eyes, using an upward and rotating motion with the finger-tips. The eyes should receive special attention, the massage starting at the nose and being carried under the eyes, up over the corners and back to the nose again. Wipe off all the cream and then pat your entire neck and face with a turkish face cloth filled with crushed ice, dipping the little ice bag in witch hazel as you go along.

That sounds like a lot, but if you have everything handy the whole performance takes about ten minutes. When you're finished, if you have time, massage your hands with a little of the cream, also, rubbing always from the finger-tips up to the wrist. If the nails are broken or uneven, smooth them with an emery board: remove any hangnails or dry cuticle, brush your nails in warm soapy water, clean carefully and add polish if necessary. Once a week you will need a thorough manicure and I'll be glad to send you directions just as I received them from Miss Lewis if you will write to me.



Demonstration of a broadcast. Helen Lewis does the drying while Ida Bailey Allen looks on.

In the morning when you get up take a special small, dry brush, with round bristles (to protect the surface of the skin) and brush the face, working from the neck up to stimulate circulation and remove dry, dead skin. Then dash cold water into your face and finish off with a mild lotion, patting it onto the skin with bits of absorbent cotton. Time, 5 minutes, and you are ready for make-up, if you use it.

"NEVER," says Miss Lewis, "use make-up unless you are willing to take the time to apply it carefully. Badly applied make-up makes us look worse than if we went out with shiny, red faces. To obtain the right shade of powder test it on the back of your hand and select a color a shade darker than the flesh. If necessary, have several shades mixed

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CAME THE DAWN

Radio Author Answers Flood of First Distress Signal, First Bedtime Story Hour, and

By **Doty**



William McNeary, "Man in the Moon" first bedtime story teller, who created an instantaneous hit with the little WJZ listeners in 1922.

DURING the past few months several readers of RADIO DIGEST who have been following my articles have shot some questions at me, the answers to which are of such general interest that I am going to pass them on to you this month.

Believe me, when this little game of "ask me another non-technical question about Radio" started it had me stumped. I didn't know the answers to half the queries. In fact I don't really know when or how it started. It just happened, I guess. But it intrigued me and I wanted to know the answers myself so I started out to do a bit of sleuthing on my own hook.

One of the first questions was, "Just how does an SOS function in taking a Radio broadcast off the air?" Now this particular question naturally came from a Radio listener located on the seaboard or within two or three hundred miles of the ocean. An SOS does not effect the inland stations.

The supreme authority of all wireless communication in this country is vested in the Navy Department. The seaboard is divided into districts, each district in charge of an officer known as the district communication supervisor. An operator is always on duty in every district listening in on the six hundred meter band, the wave length on which all ship communication is handled. Should he pick up an SOS he immediately sends out a wireless command for all communication to cease. This command for quietness on the air includes the broadcasting stations in the district or any broadcasting station which may happen to hear the command.

NOW let us look in at the transmission stations of the broadcasting stations. These usually are located at the base of the masts which frequently are to be found several miles from the studio proper. As in the case of the navy department's district office a wireless operator



Just one month after the first Radio Digest this scene was photographed at Medford Hillside station of American Radio and Research corporation. Left to right: Mr. Kingsley, Edith Gates, mezzo soprano; Frank J. Kidder, bass; Anna Eichorn, violin; Dorothy Parker, piano.

OF BROADCASTING

"Ask Me Another" Questions—the Orchestra Program, First First Studio of the Air

Hobart

is on duty here. This man is on the job during the hours of broadcasting. He, too, is on the alert to catch an SOS. The instant he hears the command of the navy department for quietness on the air he throws a switch which cuts off the studio program. Then he cuts in a microphone nearby and announces, "Owing to an SOS this station is forced to discontinue broadcasting." If the program is local he telephones the studio that it has been taken off the air and the microphone performers stand by. If the program is going out over a chain network the work at the microphone continues, as only those stations along the seaboard are taken off the air.

It sometimes happens that the operator on duty in the transmission room of the broadcasting station picks up an SOS. It is his duty to cut out his station and telephone the office of the district communication supervisor of the SOS. In other words, this cry for help on the high seas, no matter who hears it, must be reported at once in order that the air may be cleared.

I am indebted to O. B. Hanson, technical engineer for NBC, for helping me answer the above question.



IN DELVING around to get the answer to this SOS query I discovered some other rather interesting facts, among them being this: The first report of an accident at sea by wireless took place on March 3rd, 1899, when the "R. F. Mathews" collided with the East Goodwin Lightship. In those days there was no code signal as a call for help. Not until August 4th, 1903, when the first International Conference





Thomas J. Cowan (top), WJZ; Oct., 1920, Shannon Tower. Miss Margaret Schick, Westinghouse stenographer, at piano. Center: First Radio broadcast in which artists in person took part, WJZ, Newark, N. J., Nov. 3, 1921. Charles Hart, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw, Wilfred Glenn. Xmas Red Cross party (left) 1921, including Marion Davies, May Peterson, Mrs. E. B. Speicher, Caroline Beebe.

on Wireless Telegraphy was held in Berlin was the first internation code established. The call for help in use at that time was CQD. In 1912 the international code was revised and because the CQD was similar to and often mistaken for another signal the call for assistance was changed to SOS, a simple and unmistakable series of dots and dashes.

We hear so much about the SOS that we frequently think of the transmission equipment at sea as being used for the sole purpose of sending out that one signal. However the wireless and Radio apparatus aboard ships is as busy as any land station as it carries on its day's business. Sometimes, too, it is responsible for saving a life without resorting to the SOS. Only the other day such a case came to my notice.

Donald MacCloud, third engineer on the "City of Flint" was stricken with a sudden severe fever seven days out on the Atlantic from Dundee, Scotland, with Philadelphia as the vessel's destination. There was no doctor aboard.

The master wirelessed the Czecho-Slovakian steamer, "Legle," a few miles away and MacCloud's symptoms were sent over the air to Dr. Roubeld on the Legle. He diagnosed the case and for eight days the doctor visited the patient via Radio, telling the master of the City of Flint just what to do for MacCloud. When the ship docked at Philadelphia the engineer was hurried off to a hospital. He is reported to be recovering from a fever which might have taken his life but for Radio.

So, when you feel like smashing your neighbor's receiving set, when it keeps you awake nights, just remember that the same ether which brings in the jazz bands also brought the doctor's prescription to Donald MacCloud.

JUST THE other day someone popped a question at me that made me sit up and take notice. It was a simple question. Just the sort of query I imagine has been asked by thousands of Radio fans. Here's what it was, "How old is Radio?"

Can you answer it? I couldn't at the time it was thrown at me. And it took a lot of digging to unearth the data which finally gave me the answer, or I should say, answers, for there are three.

As you probably all know, Radio is the child of wireless telegraphy, not a step-child either, but the legitimate offspring of a very hale and hearty parent. So, if you would know the age of the family tree, the exact date of the planting of the seed, we will have to confess our inability to make a positive statement. However, this much I can say, that in 1867 "James Clerk Maxwell, of Edinburgh, read a paper before the Royal Society, in which he laid down the theory of electro-magnetism and predicted the existence of the electric waves that are now used in wireless telegraphy." This is quoted from the Year-Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1867) one answer to "How old is Radio?" can be "At least a hundred years old!"

If your question refers strictly to broadcasting the answer can be made quite specific. "Radio broadcasting is between twenty-three to twenty-four years old." The answer to this is based on the date of the first experiments of Dr. Lee de Forest to broadcast phonograph music and music furnished by an electric organ.

For the third answer I am assuming that you mean, "When were receiving sets manufactured for the general public and placed on the market." Here you have it—September, 1920! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1921, that purchasers in any appreciable numbers were really attracted to this new-fangled plaything. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the thrill they got out of those first crystal sets. And the headphones. The hours we spent with those things on were as a string of DX pearls!

WE HAD no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcasting studio was in those happy days. All we knew was, "There's music on the air and we're hearing it." And the announcements! "This is WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ. We will now play a phonograph record to give the listeners a chance to get their set properly tuned after which we will repeat the call letters of the station." And repeat them the announcer did. Seven times at a crack after every phonograph record ground out its tune! And we heard all seven—providing, of course, that the cat's whisker was behaving properly.

Let's go back to those early days and get acquainted with some of the Radio pioneers. Those boys had some thrilling and amusing experiences.

Ever hear of Station WGI?

That station was owned by the American Radio and Research Corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hillside, Massachusetts, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception exclusively.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do I hear you ask? It didn't. And if you follow the little yarn I'm about to tell you will understand how this non-commercial organization was able to function. I am also of the opinion that the history of the American Radio and Research Corporation will hand you a genuine surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman responsible for financial backing necessary to carry on this great pioneer work.

On January 23rd, 1909, Jack Binns, wireless operator on the ill-fated "Republic," rammed by the "Florida" off Nantucket, demonstrated to the whole world the value of wireless when he stood by his instruments in the dark on a sinking ship to summon aid, which arrived in time to save all hands. Among those thrilled with the newspaper reports of the heroic deed was Harold Powers, then a grammar school boy in a small New England town. Not only was he thrilled—he was interested in learning more about this strange method of communication, wireless. He read every technical book and magazine devoted to the subject which he could get his hands on. Then he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthused that he asked for and received permission to leave school somewhat earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the navy yard time signals at noon!

By the time he finished school young Power, as a result of his application to wireless operation was able to pass the rigid examination and get a berth as operator on a New York-Boston passenger steamer. His next move was to the "Corsair," the famous private yacht of James Pierpont Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Corsair," Mr. Power, even yet hardly more than a lad, interested the financier in the possibilities, little recognized at the time, of Radio. The result of this interest on the part of his employer was the establishment of Station WGI and the forming of the American Radio and Research Corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Power.

DURING the war amateur broadcasting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governmental and privately owned wireless stations) were forced to discontinue operations. On October 1st, 1919, the amateur transmitting stations were permitted to take the air again and Station WGI took it with a vengeance. As distance was the rainbow being chased by both broadcaster and receiver in those days the powers that be at Medford Hills decided to broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon.

Two hundred and ninety feet of the proposed three hundred and fifty foot tower mast had been erected when along came a windstorm and blew the none too sturdy sky-tickler down. Right across the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks with the Montreal Express less than a quarter of a mile away stepping along at a mile-a-minute clip.

Fortunately the engineer on the Express saw the mast come down and fifteen seconds later the well-shaken passengers, who left their seats when the engineer applied his brakes, looked out to see the cowcatcher nuzzling gently against a horizontal and thoroughly prostrated broadcasting mast.

In its trip to earth the tower had carried with it seventeen telegraph, telephone and electric light wires which happened to be in its path. Needless to say, the permanent mast which was then erected never broke itself or any altitude records. It was two hundred and fifty feet high. And I suspect every engineer on the Boston & Maine Railroad used to take great delight in thumbing his nose at it every time he passed!

IT WAS about this time that Eddie Dunham, now a program director with NBC, became affiliated with Station WGI. Eddie was assistant service manager, part time announcer (broadcasting was not on a regularly scheduled basis), entertainer, story-teller, pianist and organist! All glory and honor to Eddie. His name goes down in history as being the first broadcaster to put on a commercial program. Once a week he read a story from The Youth's Companion, gave the magazine a bountifully worded boost and suggested that his girl and boy listeners induce their papas, their mammas or their guardians to subscribe to this periodical. For this half hour's work Eddie received a weekly check for five dollars from the publishers, which same he cashed and pocketed. I wonder if Mr. J. P. Morgan ever heard this story of the way in which his broadcasting station was used to promote the graft of one of his employees? What a racket!

When WGI went on the air with scheduled programs (two hours daily), May 20th, 1921, Eddie Dunham began scouring the countryside for local talent. I have a copy of one of the early weekly broadcasting schedules of that station. Many of the features listed have stood the test of time and today are found on the schedules of the majority of the stations on the air throughout the country. Here are some of the programs given at WGI eight and nine years ago: Daily news flashes, police reports for city of Boston, a Sunday Radio Church Service, weekly business review, weekly market report, an address on personal hygiene, a talk on women's fashions. Sounds quite up-to-date, doesn't it?

Friday night was amateur night at WGI. Eddie Dunham tells this one about a Friday night experience. "There was no such thing as a gain control in those days." (This instrument, a vital part of every transmitter today, enables the control operator to prevent an overloading of his delicate



General view of Westinghouse Radiophone Broadcasting station, WJZ, Newark, N. J., Oct., 1921 (first mike, first studio), Thomas H. Cowan, announcer and staff.

equipment. D.H.) "Tubes were always going bad. It was up to me to watch all the microphone performers closely and outguess their every move. If I suspected that a singer was about to open up and try to make the audience in Boston hear him or her without the use of our broadcasting transmitter I'd grab the party and push or pull said party away from the mike before the explosion.

"I DISTINCTLY remember one amateur night when we took the air without any spare tubes. I had been warned that the only one the station possessed was in the works. We went along alright until I put a somewhat mountainous soprano on the ether. Sometimes these heavyweights are light on their feet. But not this lady. Once she took her position in front of the mike the soles of her shoes might just as well have been nailed to the floor as far as I was concerned.

"She wouldn't be led, pushed or pulled in any direction. I'd had that kind to nurse through a program before and as the microphone was a stationary thing in those days there was just one of two things to do. Either go off the air or let the singer continue while your announcer went into a huddle with himself and said a prayer.

"The operator shrugged his shoulders when I suggested throwing the switch that would permit the lady to warble to a dead mike. So we remained on the air and for some unknown reason the tube refused to let the lady get the best of it during the singing of her first number.

"She was booked for a short second selection but I had made up my mind to call this off and introduce the next artist. I did introduce the next artist but that didn't do one bit of good. Friend soprano had been booked for two numbers and if I was determined that she shouldn't sing again she was slightly more determined that she would.

"It was her first appearance in a broadcasting studio and the thrill was just too much for her. She simply would not leave the mike until she had sung her sing as per previous arrangement. And the tube was forced to carry on. When she reached the final note of the second selection the lady inhaled deeply and cut loose with a forte. And what a forte! I can hear it yet whenever I have a nightmare.

"As I was making the introductory announcement for the next amateur artist I heard the voice of the operator behind me. 'Pardon me, madam,' he was saying in his best Melford Hillside manner, 'but would you mind telling me what that last note you hit was?' The several ton of soprano on the hoof, much flattered, and expecting a compliment replied, 'High C.' The operator gave her a winning smile.

"'Thank you, madam,' he said and with a profound bow which would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield he proffered the lady a gift. 'Perhaps you would like to take this tube home as a souvenir of the evening. You finally succeeded in blowing it!' And she actually accepted the souvenir and took it home with her as a valued trophy."

MEDFORD HILLSIDE is the town in which Tufts College is located. About eight years ago Harry Lauder gave (which he was paid for!) a concert in Goddard Chapel, one of the college buildings. When Sir Harry arrived Mr. Dunham conceived the idea of broadcasting the concert and approached the Scotchman with this suggestion.

As Radio meant little or nothing to professional artists in those days Sir Harry gave Eddie permission to put his voice on the air. This permission was obtained exactly twenty-one minutes before the concert was to start. Goddard Chapel was nearly a half mile from the WGI studio but the necessary wire was stretched across the intervening landscape and the microphone set up on the rostrum in that same twenty-one minutes.

When I said "stretched across the landscape" I meant just that. The ground was covered with snow and on this snow the wire reposed for the entire distance. For one solid hour Sir Harry entertained the Radio listeners tuned in on WGI with songs and stories. Among other things he taught the college students present in Goddard Chapel to sing "Somebody's Waiting For Me." For this appearance on the air he received nothing. Less than eight years later he received $15,000 for a microphone appearance lasting about ten minutes!

WGI is no more. But the memory of its glorious work as one of the pioneer broadcasting stations is a monument to the men whose faith in a young industry helped make Radio what it is today.

THE STATE of New Jersey seemed to be a sort of Mecca for the Radio pioneers. Edison was busy in Menlo Park, de Forrest in Newark and the Westinghouse engineers in Newark were experimenting with Radio in 1921.

WJZ was the Westinghouse station. The first studio was located in a small pent-house atop one of the factory buildings. The first announcer with old WJZ was Harry E. Hiller, now associated with the Roxy interests. He was succeeded within a few weeks by Thomas H. Cowan, today chief announcer for WNYC, New York City's municipal broadcasting station.

Cowan came to the Westinghouse plant from the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park. One of the first complaints he received from a broadcast listener came from his old boss, Thomas A. Edison.

Mr. Edison asked Cowan to eliminate the programs of records as he objected to the surface noise which went out on the air. The scratch of the needle on the record annoyed the old inventor. He thought it was bad business to play records until such time as the scratching sound had been eliminated in some way. Mr. Edison, while not declaring

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BEATING the RACKETEERS

Desperadoes Who Have Terrorized Stage, Screen and Radio Artists in Chicago Meet Waterloo When Carleton Coon Faces Them Gun to Gun

By **Ann Steward**



Carleton Coon of Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.

LOOKING down from an airplane the observer sees a spiderweb of roads fanning out from the northwest boundaries of Chicago. The long strands reach into the lake resort sections. Along the way there are frequent resting places for city tourists bound for the open country. Traveling at night one may hear seductive strains from the finest of orchestras, and discover festooned lawns aglimmer with shaded lights.

One of the most glamourous, most alluring of these festive ports for wayfaring motorists is known as the Dells. With a full purse and a congenial companion nothing could be finer for a summer evening than to dine and dance at the Dells. It is a place well patronized by the Gold Coast elite. And then, too, it is not improbable that denizens of another world may sometimes drift in from the darkness to see and envy. The music invariably is of the best, which accounts for the fact that one year ago this month of August the Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawks, the delight of millions of Radio fans, were there playing an engagement for the season.

It was one hot night at this time that Carleton Coon first met the hoodlum bandits who threatened on more than one occasion to silence forever one of our very best Radio entertainers. Chicago had been cursed for years by a racketeering gang who levied tribute on operatic and theatrical stars. Some of the more timid entertainers not only paid the price demanded but left the city. It was believed the gang who trailed Carleton Coon may have been identified with this coterie.

The last of the dancers had gone. Business matters had kept Mr. Coon later than usual. At last he piled into his big luxurious car and rolled out on the lonely road that leads from Niles Center to Evanston—one of those long spiderweb strands the aviator sees from the sky.

SWERVING into one of the smaller cross roads that led to the shore town, he suddenly discovered his way blocked by a somber looking machine that leaped out from the darkness at right angles. For a moment he was uncertain as to whether the car had blocked him by accident or design. Then he heard a curt command from within the car—it was a sedan.

Five dim figures appeared in the aura of his headlights. There was a gleam of steel and a cold prod in the ribs. His hands went up and snaky fingers began to prowl through his pockets. His ear detected one voice that kept giving orders. He knew he would remember that voice if ever he heard it again.

"Get out of your car!" He never would forget his sensations as he heard that command. Gruff, husky and yet not so fierce as to sound ruthless. By absolute surrender he would probably escape violence. But he had a valuable ring. It had been appraised at $4,500. And he had approximately $500 in cash. Better lose that than take a chance with his life—and it seemed for the moment that all motor traffic in the world had suddenly ceased just to permit this holdup without interference.

Then came the most amazing proposal. When his valuables had been removed the leader with the unforgettable voice turned to him and said:

"You'll have to walk for a while, but you'll find your car down the road here—take you about ten minutes. You got a lot of friends who listen to you over the Radio. Tell 'em what happened to you tonight. We'll be listening. And—er—you might—well, you'll find the car down the road a-ways."

Coon felt a sudden wild passion for furious action. He began to protest volubly and was answered by derisive laughter. To have attempted a struggle would have been fatal. There was nothing he could do but stand there and watch them drive away with his own and the car in which they had come.

But he lost no time in trailing after them. It was very dark. When he had about given up hope of finding his car he suddenly came upon it standing where it had been hastily abandoned.

THE SPOT where he found the abandoned machine was scarcely more than a stone's throw from the scene of a murder that had been committed four or five years previous. A man had been shot to death at the steering wheel of his automobile. His woman companion had barely escaped to Evanston with her life. The murderers never have been found.

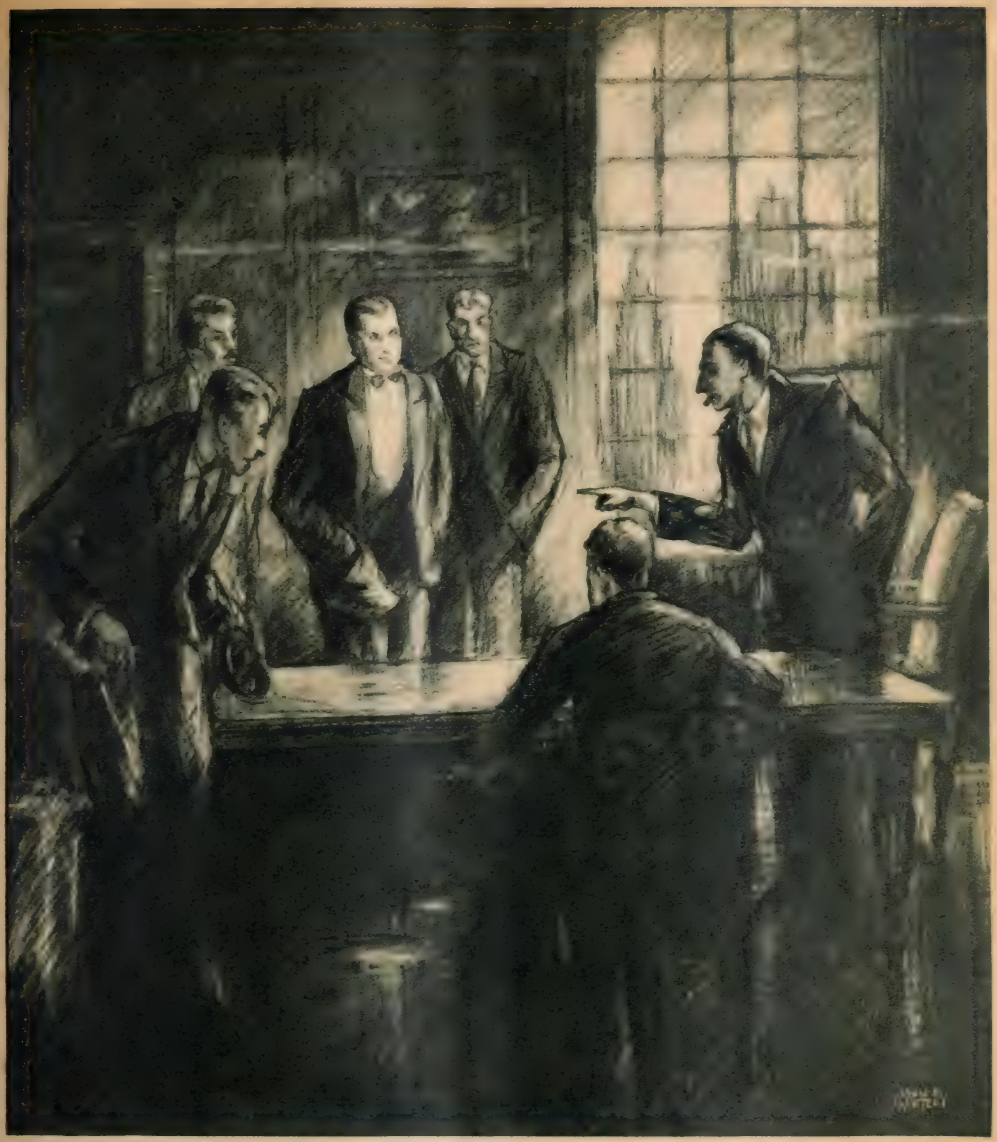
Mr. Coon may have considered himself lucky to have lived to regain his car, even if he did not recover the rest of his valuables.

Robberies of this nature were reported so frequently to the police that little was thought of the orchestra man's misfortune. The perpetrators hid themselves among the millions of other humans in the area, and even Mr. Coon himself had almost forgotten the incident later in September when the orchestra had moved to the Blackhawk cafe in Chicago and settled down for the winter season. He was haunted by the thought that the marauders might not have been all that they seemed—that they may have been playing a joke on him and would eventually turn back his money and his ring.

And always, it seemed, his ears were tuned to the sound of a gruff voice that gave commands on a lonely road in the dark of night. He felt certain he would hear that voice again. The approaching holidays brought a rush of pleasure seekers. Life spun around on gliding toes and the Coon-Sanders orchestra was the vibrant center of a merry throng. Came then an evening when Joe Sanders had just finished his chats with the Radio audience and the orchestra was preparing to leave the stand for a short rest. One of the musicians suddenly leaned toward Coon with a significant glance.

"There are those same five men, Cooney."

"I saw them. They're sitting at the same table and they've been watching the band. Wonder what is so interesting about us?" Cooney chuckled good humoredly. He was used to being stared at by people who were ardent fans of the Coon-Sanders orchestra. But these five diners did not seem to be a part of the rest of the crowd. Some sinister purpose radiated from their faces.



"You'd kill me for $20,000?" The broad shoulders squared and Coon looked every inch the All American Fullback he had at one time been.

"I don't particularly like them," contributed another member of the band. "Always at the same table. Always the same ones. Always watching and whispering amongst themselves."

"Probably going to blow up the place and want to warn us so that we can get out. Let's go rest a minute." Cooney turned to go. The others followed, their suspicions at rest for the time being.

Settled in the little office, Cooney and Joe turned to read their fan mail, talk to a favored few and snatch a moment of relaxation in their busy evening. Coon lighted a cigarette and sat down in silence. Joe Sanders was busy with a letter. Both were thinking and their thoughts were not far from the five men out in the restaurant. There came a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in." Coon turned in his chair. A waiter addressed him.

"Mr. Coon, some men want to speak to you. They are sitting at that table in front of the orchestra stand. They say you know them, but—"

"Our friends, of course. Go see what they want, Cooney. The mystery is about to be solved." Joe Sanders laughed, not guessing that the whole mystery was about to begin.

COONEY groaned and slipped out of the room. So many people wanted to talk to him so often. There were so many requests to come to some table or other. He didn't always comply with the request if it came from an unknown, but this was a different matter. It opened the door to a trouble-

some something that seemed to have its effect on each one of the men in his band. He saw his five apparent fans watching him as he made his way to their table.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I understand you wanted to speak with me."

"Yeah. Sit down, Coon." The voice was low toned and not too gentle.

"I'm sorry, I can't stay long. We go on the air in a moment."

"Oh, we won't keep you long." The speaker, another of the five, smiled mockingly and toyed with the chewed end of a large cigar looking at Cooney with intense interest at the same time. Suddenly another of his companions leaned forward and spoke as if he were offering a particularly choice tip on the stock market.

"How many people do you think listen in on you in the evening?"

"Why, I have no way of knowing. Many thousands probably." Coon did not try to enumerate, there seemed no menace in the question itself, only in the way it was asked. The next words were not too pleasant to hear even when listened to in a crowded room where one was well known. The very idea seemed preposterous, and yet Coon knew that men were capable of attempting any desperate criminal plan. The sound of the voice now clicked distinctly in his memory.

"If you were to announce over the microphone that you were to be kidnaped and held for a twenty thousand dollar ransom, do you think your listeners would kick in with dollar bills?" The five men came to attention and looked attentively at Coon. He did not answer. "Well? What's your answer?"

COON rose from the table without a word and went to the orchestra stand where his band was assembling. He didn't tell them what had passed at that time, but he began to think very seriously. Outwardly, he was the same Carleton Coon, debonair, happy and entertaining while he sat behind his drums. Inwardly he felt a new thrill. Here was adventure that one could sink one's teeth into. This was a new angle to life, to the life of a popular celebrity. He would match his own wits against their cunning and angle them into a position where they could be prosecuted and put behind prison bars.

Coon had heard of kidnaping being done many times before. He knew many of the ways of extortionists and their plots. He realized there had been a lot of just this sort of thing going on amongst the people of the Chicago theatrical world. It would have been easy to give the five men their money and be rid of them for a few months. The Coon-Sanders fans would have contributed the money demanded had they received even an intimation of what was afoot. But Coon had other plans. He was not going to pay ransom, nor was he going to evade the five hoodlums. Instead of being intimidated he began to relish the experience, but he made a mental note to look up his revolver when he got home that night. This was going to be sport plentifully tinctured with real danger.

After the proper precautions were taken, there seemed to be little action in the affair. Again the world settled down to its familiar roundelay, and no word was received by Coon from the racketeers with whom he had had the short interview. The young orchestra leader had almost begun to despair of any lasting excitement in the world, after all. And soon he turned his thoughts to other more pressing matters. However, his weather eye was still out for the desperadoes. He wasn't too willing to give up his adventure so soon. His ear was still alert for that husky voice of the Niles road.

IT WAS early in January when the curtain rose on the third act of Coon's little drama. He was in his apartment reading over some mail and thinking about business when the telephone rang. He glanced toward the instrument and debated whether to answer or not. It was probably a fan requesting a personal interview, an autographed picture or a request number on that evening's program. It was a ten to one chance that it would not be business, and it was hardly possible that the phone would be prompted to ring by a friend so early in the morning. Suddenly the receiver was at his ear. He remembered the five toughs and the call to adventure, perhaps the return of his property.

"Hello?"

A curt voice—*the voice*—rumbled to his ear ordering him to come to an address in the loop banking district immediately. He was informed that the matter was most urgent, and under no circumstances could it be delayed. Coon agreed to the time and place, donned his coat and pocketed his army automatic without which he now seldom if ever went out. He was not at all uncertain as to whom he would find at the address. He was ready for them and glad that at last he would come face to face with their terms. This time he would see that things were brought to a head. He smiled to himself. Life was again worth living—and he would give his tormentors "the works."

Arrived at the given address, Coon ascended to the right floor and nonchalantly entered the office at which his arrival was eagerly awaited. Immediately the five men with whom he had talked at the Blackhawk Cafe surrounded him. He smiled to himself, but there was no outward change in his manner. He was cool and aloof, ready for them and whatever they had planned to do. It must be guessed here that the gangsters were a little surprised at their intended victim's manner, but they continued with their plans, one of them acting as spokesman for the others.

"WE'RE through clowning with you, Coon, and you'd better get that twenty grand now, or your life and that of your family won't be worth a dime." The speaker grunted his words between half closed lips.

"Yes?" queried Coon innocently.

"You heard me."

"I don't exactly remember—" Coon smiled vaguely.

"Cut it, Buddy. You're playing with fire. Do you want to kick off now? Don't you think your friends and your family would rather have you alive than dead?"

"You'd kill me for twenty grand?" The broad shoulders squared and Coon looked every inch the All American Fullback he had at one time been. His air of insouciance was lost and he talked business crisply and firmly.

"You said it, and your family, too. We can lay hands on them in a minute."

Coon's hand closed firmly over the butt of his gun. "If I'm going one or two of you will come with me. You understand that?" He backed toward the door, opened it and ran to the elevator, keeping the five men covered in the meantime. None of them made a move to detain him. It was score one for Carleton Coon. A few minutes later he was on the street.

But the rest of the day was busy for him. His children were at the time in Kansas City, where the Coons have a beautiful home. He immediately had a police guard placed there to protect his family. Then he went to police headquarters in Chicago and studied the files in search of more information of the five men who were furnishing him with so much amusement. His task was not a hard one. One sullen face after another popped out at him from the records. He soon found enough things about each one of the gang to give them all a long term in prison. His next step was to make his own charge a heavy one as well, and he was determined to put each one of them behind bars before he would rest. At last he had them cornered. Furthermore, Coon was in no mood to let any one threaten to "get" his family. Only prison for the offenders would satisfy him, and he was certain to enjoy the round-up of the chase.

NOT LONG after his first precautionary steps were taken, Coon received word that the police guarding his Kansas City home had exchanged shots with some men in a sedan bearing an Illinois license. The gangsters apparently were as much in earnest as Coon was himself, but Coon had the law with him, and he was entirely unafraid, two rather valuable weapons in that particular private war. As to his personal security, no further attempt was made to deal with the popular young orchestra leader. All was most serene again. Coon, apparently was letting the matter ride.

Behind his bland exterior, however, his mind was working intently. Due to his own efforts combined with those of the police, the gang had been completely dissolved. They were scattered and hiding, becoming a little hard to find, and Coon was not only intent on finding each one, but on putting them behind the bars for no short space of time. For that purpose and to guard himself against any attacks that might be made upon him, Coon had the permission of the police to carry a revolver in his car. Preparedness was his watchword.

In a short space of time, two of the gang were cornered and put away. Then something happened that caused a good deal of comment. Little was known by the outside world of the extortionist plans that were afloat. Rumors and distorted tales were repeated, but Coon maintained a stony silence and no one in the orchestra had much to say about the matter. The blow fell, when early in February, Carleton Coon vanished completely from the orchestra. He just wasn't there and there had been no warning of his departure.

Here the music world indulged in a bit of conjecture. Was Coon kidnaped by the remaining members of the gang? For a few days no mention of the young man's absence was made. Then suddenly, volumes of verbal explanation was disseminated to the eagerly waiting ears of the Coon-Sanders fans. "He has had an operation. His appendix was removed and he is doing nicely. He will be back again soon. It was a very sudden attack."

Friends of Cooney's took up the hue and cry. Radio performers on every local station talked over the air about Cooney and his good work. It looked almost as if the talk was a blind. People began to wonder. They took pains to look behind the scenes, but the outcome was no more of a revelation than what was already known by the world. Cooney was, in truth, in the hospital. He was by no means kidnaped, and he had had a very serious operation. The extortionist gang was still waiting to be tracked down and caught. What had happened specifically has never been explained. Coon will not discuss it in any particular.

Winter slipped by unobtrusively and spring became the sea-

(Continued on page 86)

INCOMPATIBLE

An Injured Hand and a Dictated Letter Add to Misunderstanding—Amelie Goes Abroad

By Dana Gatlin

***Illustrations by* O. J. Gatten**

WHEN the Sid Fletchers settled down to married life in their new home in a Long Island suburb everybody declared that this was the one ideal match, if ever such ing could have been imagined. Sid was a successful business n and Amelie seemed to possess all those charming qualities rable for the wife of a successful business man. But there ntually developed little differences of opinion. Sid wanted go to parties when Amelie would much rather have stayed home. Then he accused her of making uncomplimentary sions to the character of his friends. And then came the tation to Bess Wandell's party . . . .

AMELIE had resolved to go to that bridge session at Bess Wandell's if it was the last thing she ever did. But she didn't go. By the next evening she had a smashing headache. It was very real but Sid chose ntally to regard it as a subterfuge. The room where she s lying when he came home was too dark to show her lor. Rather wanly but carefully impersonal she suggested at he go on without her. And Sid, accepting the suggestion a gauntlet, went.

The next morning he saw with compunction how pale nelie was; she was not ironical or superior, either, but achingly kind and simple—if she had been like that when y came home from the club dance what a different chapter marriage they would now be in. But it was his, all his fault, ubting her word last night like a brute—and she now looking lled down as if she'd been ill.

"My girl," he said across the table, "you show you need a ange. How about a little visit with your Aunt Hattie? hat'd be a rest from Fair Haven. Those high-browns around r would be just the change you need. Take a couple of ndred along and give the family some worldly treats, too—d that'll be the kind of change *they* need!"

And he was smiling genially and fondly upon her, and Amelie 't a compunction beneath the surface that stopped her from y ironies about his wanting to get rid of her. After all ironies re too cheap between her and Sid. She didn't want to go ay, but perhaps it *was* a good idea. She should have such a ance to gather herself together, to master these unwise and happy and probably quite causeless impulses which were opping up too often these days.

NOW this breakfast had been pleasant, though not like the good days when breakfast was so apt to be a wedding-ast, but she had had all kinds of contradictory impulses fore she came down; and she *might* have taken another turn mood, and spoiled it. And it was for her sake that Sid, the enerous boy, wished her to go! Not because he wanted a erer foot for gayeties that she put a damper on. And when ne came back she would turn a leaf, would quit dampening is gayeties.

So she said she'd like to make the visit.

"I don't think I'll stay long—I'll make it less than a week. But if I'm going I might as well go by tonight's train—don't ou think?"

"O—I didn't think of your going so soon." And Amelie's eart grew soft and warm in her breast with the pleasure of eeing his face fall. "But," he went on, "if you can manage, hat'll be all right. Come into the city and have dinner with ne there—can you?"

And smilingly, the husband and wife arranged the details of heir little "date."

Amelie would not, now, have given up the pleasure of seeing Sid's face fall again; maybe it would, if she said she'd stay two weeks! It was the sweetest thing that had come to her in a long time. And she took no offense from that determination of his to act as if he did not mind. About this point she was not thinking much, in fact—enough to take in that stupid but dear unselfishness of his. To her it was as if there were a little pride in Sid's trying to show he did not mind. That was the way it would have been with her. But what her mind was really on was the sweet truth that he *did* mind.

ONE of the deep and eternal pitfalls of love is the way people in love are—and inevitably—too much taken up with their own sensations to be clear-eyed in taking in and understanding the other person. There was no whit of pride in Sid's cheerful front just then. He was only trying to behave the way that would best insure Amelie a good time.

The dinner in town was a great success and, had she followed her heart, she would have given up going anywhere but home—with Sid. But . . .

There were many "buts"; and the biggest one was the feeling that absence, a little absence, would make this present harmony more abiding. She would have time really to search out her own shortcomings, and to work out a future different from their recent past.

She went to sleep on that Boston train, feeling Sid's last kiss like a pledge of love that was to be celebrated when she got home. When she got home!—in less than a week.

But she stayed two, and came home thinner than she left; thin and bright-eyed and with a complexion that might have waked suspicions in the astute that Amelie had changed her habits about make-up—also that she had an unfamiliar need of rouge.

Absence as a cure for love troubles is no safe and sure remedy. Sid had proved so poor a correspondent that Amelie was driven through a thousand torturous moods about a seeming indifference that was new to her experience.

Sid was never an expansive letter-writer—no man of his breed ever is—but he had always in his letters spoken to her fondly, as it were, in his own natural way, which was a tender way. And however their love might have been clouded at moments when they were together, it had never been clouded in letters. And she had thought of this when coming away.

And, now, he sent her brief notes dictated, *dictated*, to an office stenographer.

She had had a wild scared moment at first with the thought he was ill; was having M. J. ("per M. J." they were all scrupulously marked) having M. J. come to him at a hospital, and was concealing his condition. But no, the brief allusions to his activities proved him active enough. He excused his first dictation on the ground that he was busy, rushed. Busy! What was it that had made this difference in him? She felt mocked by that last kiss.

But she wrote brief, pleasant little notes, and told him that she was sure she was as busy as he was—never saw Boston and the "best people" so gay in her life. Then, presently, she dropped it casually that she'd be staying on a week longer.

SHE was gay, but she had to be if she was going to have a moment's respite from wondering, wondering, and making up answers to her own questions about Sid. Why had his face fallen like that when she said she would be leaving at once? It must have been from some entirely different reason from the one she had held to her heart so fondly. It was his cheerfulness that had been in genuine relation to her departure, though her leaving that day had upset his plans, somehow, since he felt he must, of couse, give her a farewell dinner in town.

The ingenuities of a self-torturing woman in love are endless and have been the marvel of men since they first began to record their impressions of what some of their philosophers have termed "the opposing sex."

Amelie never knew, never guessed, the poor secret of those typed and dictated communications. Sid had jammed his hand in the brake of the car and naturally, being Sid, had reasoned that he shouldn't let out the accident lest it spoil her visit; dictating his letters he must needs be fairly perfunctory. And thought he was doing the right thing. He thought that last dinner, that last kiss, had made all right; and that Amelie wouldn't mind anything about letters, so long as she thought all was right. What were letters, anyhow? They did not count much to him; love on paper was too papery for any satisfaction beyond knowing his Amelie was all right.

Then his Amelie came home to him suave and remote, with



Sid had come to the steamer to see her off . . . and he had been overheard asking her to write to him, and the eavesdroppers were almost sure she said she would.

something strange about her he had never felt before, and Sid could have howled his pain and bewilderment; yes, and resentment too—deep resentment this time. True he did not make a sound about it: not even to ask a question about her demeanor. For the first time he turned coolly polite, albeit smooth and pleasant enough, when a breach seemed widening between them.

THIS time it did widen. Sid had made a point of getting the bandages off his hand before he went to Amelie's train, and she never chanced on any news of that little, apparently unimportant accident. The pledge of that kiss went unfulfilled. The Fletchers' marriage passed into a new stage, an outrageously unnatural and outrageously baseless stage.

This could not last long with them. Such a stage can rarely last long. Some turn, some remedy, must be come by. And the remedy Amelie found was worse than the evil—she knew that; but she had to get out of *this!* The irritabilities they were both making recur by only half-concealing were too disillusioning, degrading.

Through these last two years she had at several times felt that breaches and makings-up were degrading; unworthy the high poetry they had made for each other in the past. Now this was even worse than degrading—because it would kill the memory of the past faster.

Sid might not mind this last, she tried to tell herself; yet she had comprehension enough of the man she had lived with seven years to interrupt herself with an instinct of fair play: she knew Sid *would* mind, would always have a sentiment about their past—whatever it was that had made that strange breach while she was away.

She had got, now, where she shut down on her curiosity about that—made herself shut down. Amelie had too little of that kind of sense of property in her man which makes women hold on to their men in the teeth of anything that comes against them.

She was too decent, in a way; and she was also too proud, with a pride that was far from being as big and fine as she thought it was. But it was surely Amelie's own, that pride, and something the other kind of women could hardly believe possible. Nowhere so much as in human reactions to love is demonstrated that it takes all kinds to make a world.

So the dark night came when sitting in the big, beautiful living room after their pleasantly conversing dinner—such a good dinner, but Amelie only making believe at eating it—she made a revolutionary proposition:

"Sid, I want to go away."

It was a rainy autumn night with a chill wind blowing up from the sea; and with open windows and the elemental sound of the rain coming in from the vast spaces of the night, a little

wood fire was blazing and crackling on the hearth as if that were the happiest hearth in Christendom. Amelie never forgot just how it crackled on the silence, and the sound of the rain, before Sid answered her. Then he tried to make it easy and casual, when he said:

"Go where?" Just as if he had not understood. But he had understood. It was not the words, it was something in Amelie's voice, in the air; and his own voice was queer because his throat wouldn't work right when he spoke.

AMELIE had a tight rein on herself; this scene she had been rehearsing. She said:

"Why continue this kind of mockery? I want to go away, Sid, and—and—"

She wanted to say "and keep the memories I cherish," but didn't quite dare. Was afraid to let that note creep in, lest she break down and disgrace herself. So she finished:

"—And live my own life, seeing I can't live yours."

She meant one thing by that and he understood another, took it as a reflection—the old stabbing reflection on his inferiority.

"Oh, Amelie." That was all he said, but it sounded a very deep, new note in his voice. The fire crackled on before she resumed:

"I've been thinking it all out. And I can't bear this substitute for real living, Sid—simply can't bear it. And, as time goes on, it'll become a poorer substitute. Poorer and poorer. It's bound to. And we'll go on getting unhappier and unhappier. So that's why I—" she took a long, gasping breath—"why I've come to a decision."

"What decision?" and he felt a sudden premonitory drop, like a weight, inside him.

"That it would be better for us to—separate—now—while we still have some beautiful memories—than to—" Her catching voice finally failed her.

He seemed to draw his own voice up from bottomless depths.

"Separate?"

"Yes."

THEIR discussion progressed not much further that night with any real progress; but the next morning, polite and self-controlled, Sid, before he left for the city, told her that he wanted to hear all the details of her plans when he came home.

"I'll bring some business papers out with me that we'll need in talking about your money affairs," he said; and then he took her hand and kissed it and was gone. A curious thing for Sid to do—kissing her hand! It was his apology, she dully supposed, for his readiness to let her go. Oh, there was no more possible bluff at not understanding; for people who had loved as they had, and were living as they were now, separation was only too easily understood.

That night both were steeled to talk as if they were talking of an investment, of a journey. But Sid said, almost to begin with:

"Do you want a divorce, Amelie?"

(Continued on page 90)

JACK SHANNON

Singing Postman Becomes Ziegfeld Feature—Introduces New Radio Character

By Anne Lazar

MRS. O'HARA could gossip over her cup of "tay"—but no walls could restrict the outpourings of her Irish heart in which crucible the scandals of the neighborhood were daily stewed and concocted. So what did she do but place her kitchen, cat and cup of "tay" in the studios of the National Broadcasting company and send forth such a rapid fire line of genuine Irish rollicking chatter, that she found her neighbors all over the United States listening in through the door cracks and loud speakers. And now we find that she made arrangements to take kitchen and all to the picture theatres and chat for a wee bit from the screen.

When one speaks of Jack Shannon (and Jack Shannon is none other than the Mrs. O'Hara of the "Gossipers") one speaks of Ireland itself, and we believe that the hills of Killarney, the beautiful lakes, leprechauns, fairies and elves are all lonely—half sobbing for the return of this lively spirit of their land.

Genius a-begging is the same old song. It is found in the drollest of occupations, and Jack Shannon used the sparks of that flame, which was seeking release, for energy in the various jobs he had before he became the idol of the populace.

The teacher's rod had no terror for Jack Shannon for the very good reason that he never went to school—which accounts for the excellent condition of that noble institution which education erected in his home town to distract youths from the profitable exercise of reconciling dogs' tails to tin cans.

WE FIND him at the tender age of nine in the woolen mills—an active little figure subdued by the demands of industry—but not altogether crushed. And as he emerged from under the weight which labor imposed upon him, he found a job that gave him freer range—among the modern couriers of whose predecessors Herodotus said "Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Jack Shannon, in the livery of Uncle Sam's postal service, took a fiendish delight in delivering bills and statements with an unparalleled and unwarranted promptness to Skowhegan's faithful citizens. Skowhegan? Why, Portland, Maine, is a suburb of Skowhegan should anyone inquire. And when Jack Shannon made his daily tour of that "metropolis" with letters bearing postmarks of such important cities as Puxatawney, Bosking Ridge, Medicine Hat, Chestnut Hill and Woppnigers Falls, official pride would swell so high that official buttons would scatter in all directions. Skowhegan was gifted not only with a Post Office. It had its very own Mayor, Fire Department and a Town Hall. And it was this vast auditorium, seating *the* three hundred Skoheganians of a Saturday night, which was filled with the melodies pouring from Jack Shannon's happy throat. Among these listeners was the well-known opera singer, Carrie Kidwell Steward, who lost no time placing him in a choir, and then devoted her precious hours and money to teaching him the more delicate nuances possible for his kind of a tenor voice.



"Sure now, will ye promise me not to tell a word of it?" "Aye, indade I will, I mean I will not." Jack Shannon as the Two Gossipers.

With this recognition came the opportunity to hand over to a successor the friendly, bulging mail bag—for to the Government Intelligence Service must they promote him.

At the end of seven years Jack Shannon, flapping against his chrysalis, broke through and embarked upon the new career which had been so wonderfully wrought for him.

SAYS he: "A helpless feeling came over me that morning in 1918. A friend had taken me to the Liberty Theatre in New York to sing for John Cort who wanted a tenor for his show, 'Listen Lester.' And what a thrill it was when Mr. Cort said to me, 'You go to Pittsburgh tonight and open Saturday.' I was too moved to even ask for a contract.

"The event that led to the greatest influence of my life—meeting with Will Rogers—is one that will always be cherished. I had been accepted by Gene Buck as a member of the Ziegfeld Frolic, and as I sat among the world-famous beauties, entranced by the lovely songs, a bashful, boyish figure in overcoat and cap slid into a chair back in a corner, almost out of sight. It was Will Rogers, the star of the show and the man who has kept up the nation's side-splitting laughter more consistently than any comedian in history. This was back in 1921.

"During this period we burlesqued the Peace Conference convened in Washington. And the scene was the funniest in the history of the Follies. The late President Harding took umbrage at this parody and severed "diplomatic relations" with Rogers. Uproariously funny as this scene was, I don't think it could compare with the actual conference, and, I might say, subsequent conferences held from time to time in Washington. The displeasure of Mr. Harding proved to be great publicity for the show, as the public swarmed in to see it and offered as high as twenty-five dollars for tickets.

(Continued on page 89)

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table to Be Published in the September Issue

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
KDB....Santa Barbara, Calif.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
KDYL..Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEJK....Beverly Hills, Calif.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB....Great Falls, Mont.
KFBK....Sacramento, Calif.
KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Tex.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
KFEQ..... St. Joseph, Mo.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KFJF..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFJI.....Astoria, Ore.
KFJM...Grand Forks, N. D.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX..... Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
KFLX.....Galveston, Tex.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KFNF.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
KFPM....Greenville, Texas
KFPW..Siloam Springs, Ark.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
KFQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KFQD...Anchorage, Alaska
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
KFQZ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFRC..San Francisco, Calif.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KFUM..Colorado Springs, Colo.
KFUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
KFVE....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
KFWI..San Francisco, Calif.
KFWM.....Oakland, Calif.
KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KFXF..... Denver, Colo.
KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KFXM..San Bernardino, Calif.
KFXR..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
KFYO.....Abilene, Tex.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
KGAR.....Tuscon, Ariz.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
KGBU...Ketchikan, Alaska
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KGBZ..... York, Neb.
KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KGCN....Concordia, Kan.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KGCX.....Wolf Point Mont.
KGDA.....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KGDE...Fergus Falls, Minn.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KGDR....San Antonio, Tex.
KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KGEF....Los Angeles Calif.
KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KGEW....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
KGFF..... Alva, Okla.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC..San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF..... Picher, Okla.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO...Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX...Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Tex.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW..... Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
KLCN....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
KLZ..... Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
KMTR....Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA..... Denver, Colo.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
KOH..... Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
KOL..... Seattle, Wash.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
KONO....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF..Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD.....Dallas, Tex.
KRNR.....Roseburg, Ore.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTLN.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT..... Austin, Tex.
KVI.....Seattle, Wash.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.
KWG.....Bellingham, Wash.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
WABO....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ....New Orleans, La.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
WADC.....Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
WAGM....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
WASH..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAA..West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Tex.
WBAX...Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBS.....Boston, Mass.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY...Charleston, S. C.
WBBZ....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS...Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOQ.....New York City
WBOW....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC....Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBTM.....Danville, Va.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
WCAM....Camden, N. J.
WCAO....Baltimore, Md.
WCAP...Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
WCCO....Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
WCGU..Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
WCLB....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC....Meridian, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
WCSO....Springfield, Ohio
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
WDAF....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY....Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD...Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU....New Orleans, La.
WDWF....Cranston, R. I.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN....Providence, R. I.
WEAO.....Columbus, O.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
WEBE.....Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
WELK...Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC..Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
WEPS....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD...Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA.....Dallas, Tex.
WFAN....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
WFBJ....Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM....Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
WFGB.....Altoona, Pa.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW....Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC.....Akron, O.
WFKD....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Evanston, Ill.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
WGHP.....Detroit, Mich.
WGL.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBG.....Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
WHBW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY...West DePere, Wis.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
WHDH....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI....Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL..Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK.....Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHOM...Jersey City, N. J.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP..Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
WIBG....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
WIBR....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
WILM....Wilmington, Del.
WINR....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
WISN....Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
WJAX....Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAZ.....Cleveland, O.
WJAZ.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJJD.....Chicago, Ill.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
WJSV....Washington, D. C.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio.
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ..San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
WKBC....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.....Webster, Mass.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN.....Youngstown, O.
WKBO....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP...Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV....Connersville, Ind.
WKBW....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
WKBH.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC....Cincinnati, O.
WKY...Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF...Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL...Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX...Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLVA....Lynchburg, Va.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
WLWL....New York City
WMAC....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF..S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL...Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
WMBD.....Peoria, Ill.

WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ..... Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL..... Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM..... Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO..... Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA..... New York City
WMES..... Boston, Mass.
WMIN..... Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC..... Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ..... Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG..... New York City
WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX..... Yankton, S. D.
WNBF..... Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH..... New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO..... Washington, Pa.
WNBR..... Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW..... Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX..... Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ..... Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ..... Newark, N. J.
WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC..... Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC..... New York City
WOAI..... San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN..... Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX..... Trenton, N. J.
WOBT..... Union City, Tenn.
WOBU..... Charleston, W. Va.
WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
WODA..... Paterson, N. J.
WOI..... Ames, Ia.
WOKO..... Beacon, N. Y.
WOL..... Washington, D. C.
WOMT..... Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..... Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
WOQ..... Kansas City, Mo.
WOR..... Newark, N. J.
WORC..... Worcester, Mass.
WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
WOS..... Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV..... New York City
WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
WOWO..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP..... Palisade, N. J.
WPAW..... Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
WPCH..... Hoboken, N. J.
WPEN..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG..... Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE..... Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
WPSC..... State College, Pa.

WPSW..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
WQAO..... Palisade, N. J.
WQBC..... Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ..... Weirton, W. Va.
WRAE..... La Porte, Ind.
WRAK..... Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI..... Tilton, Ga.
WRBJ..... Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL..... Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
WRBT..... Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C.
WRC..... Washington, D. C.
WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn.
WRIN..... Racine, Wis.
WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY..... New York City
WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa.
WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
WSAR..... Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ..... Huntington, W. Va.
WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
WSBT..... South Bend, Ind.
WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA..... Portsmouth, Va.
WSFA..... Montgomery, Ala.
WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS..... Sarasota, Fla.
WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB..... New Orleans, La.
WSMD..... Salisbury, Md.
WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
WSPA..... Spartanburg, S. C.
WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
WSUI..... Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN..... St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS..... Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR..... Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
WTAG..... Worcester, Mass.
WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ..... Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
WTAW..... College Station, Tex.
WTAX..... Streator, Ill.
WTBO..... Cumberland, Md.
WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.

WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC..... Savannah, Ga.
WWAE..... Hammond, Ind.
WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
WWL..... New Orleans, La.
WWNC..... Asheville, N. C.
WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA-CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B.C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 240.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHSC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwack, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA-CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 500w.
CKCL, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKGW, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMO, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKN, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

JUST think of it, girls, if John Shaw Young's mother had not dissuaded him from accepting an appointment to the United States Military Academy for Aviation at San Antonio, you would probably never have heard him announcing over the NBC network! It was in 1927 that that important decision was made and that same year he came to Radio through WBZ in Springfield. After staying with the Springfield station for six months John was transferred to WBZA in Boston and remained there until September, 1928, when he went to New York to join the NBC ranks.



Young, together with Milton Cross, was among the first Radio announcers to be selected by a major recording company to make phonograph records.

And did you ever hear that he was a classmate of Rudy Vallee? And of course you doubtless do know that he has presented Rudy to the microphone oftener than any other announcer.

Young has an impressive record of education. He attended the grammar and high schools of his home town and for a time was a student at Cascadilla Preparatory School at Ithaca, N. Y. Later he attended Yale and Cornell and took special courses at Syracuse and Columbia Universities. Most of this college training was devoted to studies of law and playwriting.

In his very youthful days John was keenly interested in athletics and has high school letters in swimming, track, football, baseball and basketball. Swimming was always his favorite sport and it still remains one of his major hobbies.

He is twenty-eight years old, and here is (I'm sure) comforting news for the hordes of femmes who have been writing about him—he is unmarried.

* * *

MARSHA WHEELER has left Radio broadcasting to devote all her time to writing stories and magazine articles. She lives in Cincinnati in a charming house where she does her writing. Miss Wheeler is missed by her thousands of listeners, but the one consolation is that we can look forward to her articles. But don't forget that her "real" name is Mrs. Marjorie Moellering.

* * *

Thomas Pattison Coates, baritone and announcer, well known to New York and Chicago Radio audiences through his four years' affiliation with WEAF and WGN, is now production manager and chief announcer of WEBC, Duluth.

* * *

The latest news from the front (and it's true, just now as we write it!) is that the Ashley sisters are at WGN. Of course they may not be there by the time you read these lines. Those girls certainly keep us guessing.

Little Gloria Goldsmith, daughter of Lee Goldsmith, general manager of station WCKY, Covington, Ky., is an Amos 'n' Andy fan. Never a night passed, before little Gloria went away to boarding school, when she failed to listen to their broadcast at 7 o'clock, EST.

Came Eastern Daylight Saving Time, and the NBC shifted the feature to 10:30



o'clock over the Covington station. At about the same time Gloria was sent to boarding school. She insisted on hearing Amos 'n' Andy as was her custom, but the school authorities said "What! A child staying up till 10:30? Unheard of!"

Gloria delivered her ultimatum—either home, by the Radio set, or Amos 'n' Andy at 10:30. Negotiations were in order. The National Broadcasting Company received an appeal, and after many long distance calls and telegraph inquiries Gloria's wish was granted, but in this way — the NBC agreed to permit WCKY to carry the feature at 6 o'clock and another station in the vicinity also to carry it at 10:30.

So everybody was happy, and Gloria was able to continue her schooling.

* * *

A little news of our old friend Ford Rush. He broadcast over WLS a few times this spring and is now idling away the summer down in St. Louis. As to your other question, Millie, the Gene and Jack you heard over WLS, is a cornet and banjo team which plays only occasionally before the Prairie Farmer mike.

* * *

Many of us who have been following the career of Alwyn E. W. Bach since the early days at WBZ in 1922 were gratified to learn of the recent honor conferred upon him when he was awarded the 1930 gold medal for excellence in diction on the Radio by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Mr. Bach was born and educated in Worcester, Mass. After graduating from high school he worked for a time in a law office but left to become a compositor and proofreader in a local print shop. Following his return from France where he served with the Forty-fourth Coast Artillery, he re-entered the printing business. Later he became an announcer for WBZ at Springfield, on which station he had made several appearances as a baritone vocalist.

* * *

Harry Snodgrass has deserted his village chili stand and is returning to Radio. At the time of writing it is not known where Mr. Snodgrass will broadcast. However he says that it will not be a metropolitan microphone; that he hates Chicago, and dislikes New York; and that it will be some comparatively small town that he'll choose. (Thank you, Helen, for this information.)

* * *

Just heard that Don Wilding has traveled from WLW to WTAM and thence to WJR, Detroit, where he now appears before the mike several evenings each week. More of him another day.

* * *

Through what station does your "Radio tenor" broadcast, Mrs. Gibbons? I haven't heard of any tenor who has to be carried in and out of the studio. Please tell more about him.

* * *

Louis Perlman doesn't need any introduction in and around Chicago. This youthful violinist and composer has played from every large Radio station in the city. Back in 1923, when he was something of an infant, he began playing over WEBH, where he played regularly for about three years with Dean Remick as accompanist. He is a member of the Skalski Orchestra and was director of the "Petite Symphony" recently heard over WBBM.



But the whole point of the story is just about to be reached. This young man is the composer of that popular ballad "In Old Capri" which we've been hearing for some months and which is, incidentally, the theme accompaniment for all Radio Showmen programs heard over WIBO. His also is the more recent song hit, "Shattered Dreams."

Running true to the type of the real musician Mr. Perlman, who is a Chicagoan, gave evidence of his artistic inclination at an early age, four years, to be exact; at seven he appeared in his first public recital with a symphony orchestra; at eleven he won the scholarship to the Francis W. Parker school; and at fourteen was concert master of Senn High orchestra.

It's not enough to say that Lou Perlman has talent; he has talent combined with personality — which makes it all very interesting.

In telling you about Pat Flanagan the easiest thing to do is to talk in terms of "stories," for some way or other Pat is like that. Take, for instance, the story of how Pat came to be an announcer. Only a little over two years ago Pat was out in Davenport selling time



on the air for WOC. One morning as Pat was about to start out on his sales duties there was a slight panic due to the failure of one of the regular announcers to arrive on schedule. Flanagan lithely offered to fill the gap, and he did. Meanwhile the station manager of WOC was listening in at his home. After a half an hour or so he called the studio and said "Who's the new man at the mike? . . . Put him on the pay role as announcer!"

Soon after he went to WBBM and his entrance into sports' announcing shows just how Pat works. He was asked by his boss if he could announce baseball games. "Why, absolutely," replied Pat. "I used to play the game and I know it like a book." He was told to get ready because within a couple of weeks he would have to announce the big league games. Pat was actually floored, but he would not admit it. Rushing out he got a baseball rule book and studied it until he knew every rule in it.

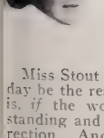
Then just the other day a distinguished visitor came to the WBBM studios. Pat was giving one of his famous play by play descriptions, getting his information through the special baseball ticker in the studio. Judge Landis, baseball's czar, came in, asked to see Pat and sat near him, watching and listening intently. Taking his leave, the judge congratulated Pat on his work and said: "Pat, I came down because my curiosity got the best of me. Couldn't see how anyone could be giving so realistic a description of a game without being right on the field. Never heard anything like it. If ever anyone wants to know about one of the best sports announcers on the air, send them to me." Pat says he feels Judge Landis' praise the greatest honor he has ever had paid him.

* * *

KUKU is not a real station at all, Donald. It was merely a part of an NBC program heard until recently on Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST.

* * *

Thought you would like to see this lady's picture because she is an authority on love and marriage. She is not only an authority, but she is willing to pass along her knowledge to hundreds of others with her intimate talks before the mike. She is Lucy Stout, whose voice is heard through WPAP, Palisade, N. J.



* * *

Miss Stout says that women will some day be the real power of the world, that is, if the woman will use her understanding and femininity in the right direction. And then she goes on to tell what the right direction is; she also has a few things to say about men; but here it is probably more discreet to change the subject. . . .

Miss Stout has been ranked among the "philosophers of the air" and it's not at all strange that her broadcasts are popular.

We have some more up-to-date information on George Sutherland, C. E. B. He is now at WHK, Cleveland, where he is concentrating on production and continuity work and doing some incidental announcing. He conducts the morning exercise period at 7 every day in the week except Sunday. George has, however, handled the microphone for about every imaginable type of broadcast, from state political conventions to horse races and all sports.

Picked up an interesting bit about him, too. George has put so much actual friendliness into his voice that a day never passes when he doesn't receive a number of letters laying before him personal problems relating to affairs of the home, heart and happiness.

* * *

If it's true that a fickle public soon forgets its favorites, WBBM has an exception. Bobby Brown, who used to appear frequently before the mike and who was one of the most popular entertainers in the country, has been so busy with other things in connection with Radio that he has had few opportunities to go on the air.

However, WBBM recently put on a special children's program which needed a cheerful, genial voice. Bobby was asked to supply the voice, and the day after the first broadcast brought a flood of letters. His public welcomed him back with such enthusiasm that Bobby hasn't the nerve to stay away and has consented to face the mike every day during the children's party at 5:30.

* * *

It may not be news now, but it is as we're going to press, Ralph Waldo Emerson Jr. arrived in town on June 5th. It is quite a sure thing that Ralph Jr. will be a musician, and rumor has it that WLS has already signed him up.

* * *

Your favorite, Ted DeTurk, Marie, started his career at the age of four as a winged cupid at a show wedding. But since that time his travels have taken him over a great amount of territory. By his own admission he possessed a larger bank account at the age of 9 than he does at present. But, of course, he now has a family that he wouldn't trade for any bank account.



When he was just a little fellow he played the old "nickelodeon" shows on Saturday nights in and around Marion, O., where he was born and raised. These shows sometimes netted him as much as $25 for the evening. He was billed as "Master LeRoy DeTurk, the boy entertainer."

So it was that he entered the show business at an early age. Vaudeville, musical comedy and barnstorming, all added to his experience. This after his sojourn at Ohio State and Northwestern universities.

His Radio career began in 1922 when he joined the staff of WWJ, Detroit. He later went to WJR in the same city, then returned to the show business. Then some time later made a Radio return at WLW. A business venture took him to Florida, but he couldn't withstand the lure of the microphone and the South heard him through WJAX, Jacksonville, and WSB, Atlanta. Then the West called him and he journeyed as far as KOA, Denver. But finally he wandered back to Ohio, was at WLW for a time, then went to WHK, where he is heard regularly now.

Ted has accumulated a library of several thousand songs of a wide variety, all carefully indexed and filed, ready for use at a moment's notice.

* * *

Help! Help! Where are Lynn Gearhart and Bill Barnes, formerly at WIBO?

Al Melgard, staff organist at WBBM, and one of Chicago's pioneer organists, is at heart an artist. Art was his first love. He has been drawing and painting since he was a youngster and as he grew older music was merely an incidental accomplishment with him. He drifted from his study of the piano into organ work, and as an organist he drifted into broadcasting. And as we all know, it is music that is responsible for his enviable reputation.



But through the years he has been faithful to art. The basement of his home is his studio. Here he does some work in oils and here he paints furniture.

Sometimes the studio is turned into a theatre. Mr. Melgard owns a fine motion picture camera and buys from time to time films of some educational value. Then he calls in his youngsters, tells them to invite their friends, and a big time is had by all.

* * *

Sorry, R. P., that we can't find out anything about Blue Steele since he left KMOX some weeks ago. Can anybody help?

* * *

Here they are, the "Singing Redheads." You wouldn't guess to look at their picture that this harmony team at KMOX had hated each other heartily not so long ago.

About two years ago Dorothy Aggas and Melvin Wilkerson were being featured as soprano and tenor soloists in a Tulsa Radio station. Dorothy, just turned seventeen, had come back from New York where she had been studying with Louis Graveure. Radio was a new field to her, and proved so fascinating that she decided to give up her cherished ambition, an operatic career, for Radio work. Melvin, known to musical circles of Tulsa from the time that he was twelve years old, had grown a little weary of vaudeville trouping. He too was attracted to Radio singing.

But Dorothy couldn't see much in Melvin, and Melvin felt the same way about her. They went about snubbing each other until they were persuaded into trying harmony singing. Their voices blended so well that they were put on programs as harmony singers. That was the beginning.

There was room on the staff at KMOX for a harmony team and Dorothy and Melvin went to St. Louis, tried out, and were successful.

People always want to know if they really have red hair and if they are related. Well, they have red hair and as for being related—they aren't yet. But rumor has it they've been going around looking at apartments. . . .



* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

The Ideal Menu Requires

AN ATTRACTIVE SALAD

Food Expert Says Salad Should Be Artistic as Well as Palatable and Outlines Wide Variety of Uses

By Evelyn Gardiner
Director KDKA Home Forum



Here's the proper set-up for a correctly served buffet luncheon in the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh. Miss Evelyn Gardiner is serving a salad to Miss Josephine Gibson, Home Economics Director of the H. J. Heinz Company. Mrs. Florence Harding, assistant to Miss Gardiner, is serving chicken a la king.

WHAT infinite possibilities there are to delight the palate and the eye in an artistic looking salad. No salad achieves the true heights of success unless it appeals both to the palate and to the eye. No salad should merely satisfy the taste. No one wishes to eat an unattractively prepared salad no matter how good it may taste.

Each person has, no doubt, her own mental picture of a tempting salad. Does your mental picture include perhaps a glass bowl or a plate of crisp, fresh lettuce? And on the lettuce there should be a dainty, attractive, colorful mixture such as sliced tomatoes, green peppers and cucumbers which are so delicious at this season of the year. This is but one picture of a salad. It may be prepared at the table by the hostess who mixes the French dressing with the salad green and serves her family and guests. Each mouthful is a delight and the salad is more quickly prepared than when arranged in the kitchen.

What makes a salad? First, the salad green must be carefully selected at the market. This should be fresh and free from bruises. Lettuce is still the most popular salad plant, but other leaves may be used to add variety in flavor and appearance. Watercress, endive, dandelion, cabbage and romaine are very excellent greens.

Salad greens should be served crisp, dry and cold. Break the leaves apart carefully. Water running over the head will open up the inner leaves. Wash each leaf thoroughly in cold water and let stand for a few minutes in a bowl of water containing pieces of cracked ice. Another way to make greens crisp is to shake the water from them and wrap in a damp towel or waxed paper, or place them in a covered glass jar and set in the refrigerator. When ready to use, shake the water from them and pat the leaves gently in a soft cloth to absorb the remaining moisture.

Another thing to consider in the arranging of a salad is the plate on which a salad is to be served. It should first be cold. In fact, to make a perfect salad everything used in its preparation should be cold. An attractive plate adds much to the effect. This may be china or glass, but in the summer there is nothing more suitable than a glass salad plate. Colored glass combines well with the colors used in the salad.

A salad is an appetizer. To be a true appetizer it must be prepared to tempt the appetite. A salad is easily overdone. We may make it too elaborate and fussy. The simpler salads are generally the most beautiful. To make it look its best, great care must be taken as to the arrangement. The kind of plate used, the bed or green, ingredients, dressing, accompaniments and other foods served at the meal must be considered. In this respect a salad is like a picture. It takes more than one color to make a picture. The harmonious blend and the right use of several colors in the hands of the artist make the picture. The kind of plate used is a important as the picture frame. Th foods served with a salad are as im portant to give your salad the righ setting as the furniture in your livin room to show off a picture to the be advantage.

WHAT is more delicious or easier serve than a salad prepared at th table? Have a bowl of crisp lettu leaves before you. To your right pla vinegar and oil cruets, salt and pepp shakers, paprika and any other seaso ings desired. If you have a large sala spoon, mix one tablespoonful of oil an one teaspoonful of vinegar together the spoon. Add a dash of pepper, sa and paprika. Mix these together wit a fork and add slowly to the leave Toss them lightly until each leaf moistened with dressing. Mix anothe spoonful and add until the lettuce sufficiently dressed. You may ad sliced fresh vegetables if you wish. Th method is what the French call "fa tiguing" a salad.

There are many other ingredien used in preparing a salad. Almost an cooked or uncooked food may b used in a salad. There is a salad fo every occasion. The meat, fish, chees and egg salads are the most substa tial and may be served as the mai course of a luncheon or supper. I summer we prefer cold foods. Th meat or fish may be mixed with celer pickles, or olives to give a good blen

(Continued on page 69)

Former Boss of Amos and Andy

JUDITH WALLER of WMAQ, Chicago, Pioneer in Broadcasting, Began in 1922

By GARNETT L. ESKEW

WE ARE none of us so high up in the world but that we have a boss. Amos and Andy are no exception to the general rule, you may be sure. Until their recent hook-up with the NBC network these two worenowned blackface comedians acknowledged as their boss the boss of station WMAQ, Chicago. And the boss of WMAQ is one of the pioneers of Radio broadcasting. Not that that word "pioneer" implies, in this case, any great age. It doesn't; Radio is such a youngster (a mere babe in swaddling clothes) among our industries, that one need not be more than a youngster himself to have pioneered in it.

If you mount up by elevator to the studio of WMAQ atop the fine new home of the Chicago Daily News, expecting to find the boss of the station a quick, snappy, up-to-the-minute business man, you will be disappointed. For the boss of WMAQ, the former boss of Amos and Andy, is a lady. Emphatically a lady. You are aware of that the moment you clap eyes upon her. Her voice is low and vibrant as a fiddle string. There are just the proper number of laughter lines about her mouth to denote an overgrown sense of humor and still make you fully aware that she is seriously interested in the business in hand. The kindly twinkle in her otherwise serious eyes enhances this first impression you get of her.



Miss Judith Waller, station manager, WMAQ, the former boss of Amos and Andy.

Back in the dark ages—that is, back in 1922 (and how very long ago that seems to so many of us who are engaged in Radio work) the vast potentialities of Radio were just beginning to be grasped; broadcasting as a regular and permanent activity had not yet come about. In Chicago there was one lone station—KYW. In New York there were one or two. But on a certain fine Spring morning in that same year of grace 1922, Mr. A. W. Strong, owner of the Chicago Daily News, called up Judith Waller, then in the advertising business, and said:

"We've taken over a Radio station and are going to broadcast programs. We want you to come over and take charge of it."

"But I don't know anything about Radio, Mr. Strong," she protested.

He may have replied to his: "I wouldn't know one if it bit me on the foot. But come over anyway."

And so, with no little trepidation, and considerable uncertainty, Miss Waller came over and took charge of station WMAQ (only there wasn't really any station there then and it was called station WGU. A terrific task faced her—that of organizing a program, the outlining of a policy, the securing of the services of artists (for which there was at that time no appropriation to pay), the announcing and introducing of the artists as they went on the air, the handling of all correspondence.

"In short," said Miss Waller, in a recent conversation with me, "it was a one-man station and that one man was *me*. I had a great many disadvantages to labor under, but also there were many advantages. For example, I had no precedents to follow; there weren't any. I had no one to take orders from and could put upon the air whatever program I thought best, provided I could get it. The disadvantage was that—there being no precedents to follow—I had to create them. And, working in a new field, creating precedents is a pretty ticklish job.

"The first thing to do obviously was to get artists to supply the entertainment. That meant going to all the musicians and public speakers and stage people in Chicago and getting them to come in solely on the chance for publicity there was in it. But they took to it like ducks to water. Our first artist

(Continued on page 90)

OUT *of the* AIR
HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

A Worthy Object!

NOW this is what we call a worthy object! Lee Spiker, Route 1, Casey, Iowa, sends in the two following incidents, which actually occurred, with the announcement that he hopes to win enough from them to subscribe for a year to Radio Digest! Perhaps he'll be successful at that. You never can tell:

"After having the battery of my Radio charged recently, I was trying to bring in the Henry Field Seed Company Station—KFNF—but could not get them. My four-year-old youngster piped up with the following logical explanation: 'Maybe Henry's busy now, Daddy, and can't answer. I heard him say that this was a very busy year!'

"A few nights after that Buddy was playing with his ball and it rolled under the library table. He stooped down to pick it up and gave his little head a terrific bump against the table. Just at the same moment Henry Field spoke up out of the loud speaker: 'Hit him again!' Buddy straightened up at once and said fiercely: 'He better not hit me again!'"

* * *

She Wanted All that was Coming

It was little Amy's first visit to Church. After the collection had been taken she stood up in her seat, repeating, "I want to see it! I want to see it!"

"Hush, dear," whispered her mother a trifle fiercely, "what is it you wish to see?"

"The monkey," responded Amy. "I've heard the organ and they've taken up the pennies. Now I want to see the monkey!" —*Maude I. Jones, Locke, N. Y.*

* * *

Why the String was Wanted

Mr. May of KMA, Shenandoah, Pa., was announcing the other night and said:

"I have a letter from a customer in Broken Bow, Neb., ordering 100 pounds Binding Twine . . . Must be going to mend that broken bow!"—*Mrs. P. H. Miller, Pershing, Iowa.*

* * *

Hot Stuff!

"While listening to WPEN Wednesday evening," writes Edna Katzmar, of 217 E. Edgewood Ave., Andalusia, Pa., "I heard a very hot one. The announcer of that station said: 'I take great pleasure in announcing Mr. Burns, chief of the fire department.'"

* * *

Slip-ups that Ruth Heard

"I AM sure everyone enjoys your portion of the Radio Digest," writes Ruth Adams, 487 Rosslyn Ave., Akron, Ohio. "We all hear amusing things and I think it is a worthwhile idea to swap yarns each month.

"Smiling Ed. McConnell was singing, 'I Want to Go Back to Michigan,' at WTAM one evening. 'I want to go back —I want to go back, I want to go back on the farm—Far away from harm—with a milk pail on my arm—He paused here and said: 'Doggone it, I don't know whether I want to or not. I was raised on a farm and I'll be blamed if I want to go back and be a valet to a durned cow.'

"One evening I was listening to KWKH, Shreveport, about 3 a.m. They were evidently broadcasting from the town studio. They played the usual sign-off recording and then the announcer said: 'We'll pull the switch and go home.' But no one at the trasmitter pulled the switch.

"'All right out at the transmitter?' Not a sound. Then followed phonograph records and after each one the announcer would try to get it across to the transmitter that it was time to stop. Finally in desperation the announcer said: 'Well, all O. K. at the transmitter, it's time to quit and go to bed!'

"Then came the reply accompanied by a yawn: 'I'll say it is, I'm getting sleepy.' I think he had a pretty good nap to start with.

"One thing which amuses me is the way some of the announcers at WTAM, Cleveland, say: 'We will take you to *our* New York studios': while other stations say: 'We will join the N.B.C. chain,' or 'your next program comes to you from the New York studio of the National Broadcasting company.' When WTAM owns a New York studio will be plenty of time to talk about it!

"Russel B. Wise in announcing for the Sunday afternoon concerts of the WTAM Concert Orchestra always says: 'The next number on the Sunday Afternoon Pop Concert.'"

Thus the individual indiosyncrasies of announcers as well as artists—are heard and heeded.

* * *

Nuggets from Niagara Nell

A LADY in Niagara Falls, N. Y., who uses "Niagara Nell" as her pen name, sends us the following rollicking verses which we liked the moment we clapped our eyes on 'em. We'd like to send the lady in question a check for the rhymes—not a large check, it is true but a check nevertheless—and if she, or reading this page, will send us her correct name and address the check will reach her in due course.

The Zero Hour. . . . DX Impossible

You tune in a local station
For your favorite hook-up. You've go
An announcer whose flair
Is to clutter the air
With time signals, ads and what-not

You wait, and you wait, and you wait
(The while missing a program that's good.)
At last he comes to
That New York is your due!
Could you kill him? . . . Boy! I'll say you could!

Perhaps that is enough to show you that

I AM A FAN

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A crabbed, rabid, Radio fan!

I like what I like,
What I don't. . . . I despise!
I rave, and I rant,
And I oft eulogize!
I write, and I rhyme,
I praise, and applaud;
Spoiling no one,
Sparing no rod!
For I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A rabid, crabbed, Radio fan!

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A monastic, enthusiastic, Radio fan!

I give up society,
I stick to my set:
"Can't miss this program,
Bound to please, you can bet!"
I answer no bells
When a pet program's on;
It's my loudspeaker
My attention's upon!
For I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A monastic, enthusiastic, Radio fan!

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A diurnal, nocturnal, Radio fan!

I hear all the best
And some worst on the air;
Turning a dial
For my ears' bill-of-fare;
I grin, and I groan,
I laugh, and I sigh,
I live a great life
Just because I—

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A diurnal, nocturnal, Radio fan!

—"*Niagara Nell.*"

* * *

Fill-up-my-can, the Great Pure Food Expert!

While hearing WOR, I heard the announcer reading the program resumé. All went well until he came to the part which caused me to write this letter:

"And at ten," he proceeded in that familiar, deeptoned voice, "we will have the pleasure of listening to that foremost of pure food experts, Philip McCann." Which, in itself, does not sound exactly humorous, but when the announcer desired to give the word "pure" a French accent or something so it sounded like "poor," maybe you can give vent to laughter.—*Algird Truska, 196 New York avenue, Newark, N. J.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contribution to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than Sept. 1, 1930.

To a Daily Feature of KLZ at Denver

Arriving home, the days work done,
Music of restful tone I crave.
I tune in stations one by one,
Searching the air for pleasing wave.

Harsh dance hall music irritates
Instead of soothing nerves to rest:
And on a tired mind it grates,
Already worried and oppressed. . . .

I hear a deep-toned organ play
Slow, quiet music; rambling on
From air to air with rhythmic sway
That bids my worries all begone.

A violin, with vesper hymn,
Gives sweet vibrating melody;
The organ, as a background dim,
Plays on—a gentle rhapsody.

Then a contralto, clear and low,
With violin and organ blends,
Together merging in a flow
Of mellow sound that peace attends.
—"Box Car George."

* * *

"Now, Dad, You Old Fool!"

I was listening in to a ball game at WMBH, Joplin, Mo., and the announcer had his baby near the mike. While waiting for the next report he said to someone in the studio:

"Who is the biggest fool in the world?" Just at that time the baby said: "Daddy." —Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Carterville, Mo.

* * *

More Slip-Ups

The following two stories are real, just as they were received from the loud speaker, and the date of reception:

N. B. C. chain broadcast from KVOO, Sept. 24, 1928, Senator Borah's speech. Just before introducing the Senator the announcer's voice came from the loud speaker in a loud whisper:

"Whew, that mike weighs a ton!"

Time, January, 1930. Jimmy Wilson and his Catfish String Band broadcasting from the banks of old Polecat Creek, by remote control through KVOO.

Jimmy had been telling us what a fine night it was to fish from the banks of Old Pole Cat Creek, while we were wrapped in an army blanket sitting by the stove trying to keep from freezing!

As his parting words told us we would "now be transferred to the studio at Tulsa," the operator didn't respond immediately and Jimmy's voice came hurtling out of the loud speaker,

"Hell, why don't some of you guys stir up the fire. I'm half froze to death!"—*A. C. Arnold, R. 4, North Topeka, Kan.*

* * *

All for the Lack of a Little Punctuation

While listening to KYFR, Bismarck, N. D., I heard the following:

The announcer was advertising the possibilities of Radio, without pause. "Send for your free copy of our booklet" Rich Rewards in Radio "sent free to you without any obligation to us or you, "Some Day You Will Be Sorry" a Victor recording.—E. G. Surguy, 112 Cathedral avenue E, St. Johns, Winnipeg, Canada.

* * *

KOMO, Seattle, has a morning program which begins with part of "The Rustle of Spring," played by Miss Mary Spear, staff accompanist. One morning recently, Stan Spiegle, genial announcer, must have been feeling too gay to stay within the prescribed bounds. At the close of the preceding program he said, "Alright, Mary, you rustle and I'll spring." A dead silence for one startled second, then the piano started, and Stan turned to the microphone with a chuckle and took the listening world into his confidence: "I nearly got killed for that one!"—*Miss Mary E. Hosken, Alderwood Manor, Washington.*

Hard on Baby!

Found the following in my Radio scrapbook. I don't recall the station from whence it came, but it has to do with the proper care of the baby:

"When the baby gets done drinking, it should be unscrewed and placed under cold water. If the baby does not thrive on this, it should be boiled."—Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

A few days ago I heard a direct advertiser and seller giving his listeners the "low-down" on his merchandise. Said he:

"Friends, don't buy shirts manufactured in the East; they make them so skimpy when you bend over the tail flies out—*and there YOU are!* Ours are made near home, and are 36 inches long. If you buy one of our shirts and the tail flies out, when you bend over, just take it off, fire it back to us, and it won't cost you a cent. We will send you one of these shirts and a pair of overalls for only $1.95.—*Ethel Sopher, New Providence, Iowa.*

P. S. The incident above came over the air from station KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Turning the Dials

Hello world, how are you?
Hogs!! up two points!!
The next song will be a dance—
Bump de bump te da da
Or what ever it is Helen Kane sings
Come dance through the tulips with me
If you need an ambulance call Bla Bla 6100
Jessie Enough will now sing a buutiful soprano solo
Miss Goo Goo will tell you how to keep house
The Goofy quartette will warble
A cottage for sale
I won't go home until morning
Are you for or against prohibition? Yes!!
Bed Time Story—

Rhea Sheldon, 1809 E. Seventy-Third St., Kansas City, Mo.

A Quite Impossible She

I loved Miss Anastacia Brown
A whole lot more than I could tell her.
I surely thought, in all the town,
She loved me more than any feller.
I went to see her every night
And on the porch, screened in from sight,
I told her many a tender thing
And hinted at a diamond ring.

I took her candy, pound on pound,
And every week I sent around
Some flowers from the florist shop
But now, by gosh, that's goin' to stop!
I hired a car and took her out
Through all the country round about,
And every restaurant thrived upon
My pocketbook. But now that's done.

She said she loved the radio
To cheer her lonely hours and so
I plunked down all my ready cash
To buy her one . . . and WAS I rash?
I'll say I was, I wish I had
My money back again, bedad!
If once again I get some means
I'll keep 'em right here in my jeans!

She always was so sweet to me!
We never dealt in foolish fusses.
Oh awful femininity,—
All women are ungrateful cusses!
They're all alike—oh hear my moans!—
Cantankerous and wild and funny. . . .
That dern girl's married Ezry Jones,
A stingy chap that saved his money.
—*Quarrier Bickers, 615 Jefferson Ave. % Pitman, Niagara Falls, N. Y.*



Paul Whiteman is a huge success
Say advertisements in the press;
And that is true, I guess,—oh boy!
If measured just by avoirdupois!
(Signed) In-di-gest

What Kind of Film?

We thought the following, heard over CFRB last Tuesday by the Melody Boys, was very good:

Lon: Say, Art, did you know that Amos 'n' Andy are going to make a film?

Art: They can't do that!

Lon: Why Not?

Art: Because Pepsodent removes the film.—*Mrs. J. Feather, R. R. No. 4, Galt, Ont., Canada.*

* * *

What! Affectionate Pies?

EARL MAY of KMA, Shenandoah, Ia., told of a pie made mainly of goo and crust. I believe he called them Goo-Goo pies. One of his pupils in country school said: "No, Mr. May, they's not Goo-Goo pies, they's Affectionate pies."

"Affectionate pies," asks Mr. May. "What do you mean?"

"Well, the top crust hugs the bottom crust."—Miss Frances E. Cherry, 605 Logan street, Wayne, Neb.

* * *

A Long Time to Wait

While listening to one of the now-defunct O-Cedar programs on a Sunday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System, the announcer, Gates Porter, said:

"As our next number, our tenor, Mr. Jackson, will sing 'A Year from Today.'" —*Alan E. Smith, 1639 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.*

* * *

Mary and Her Lamb and Other Things

Mary had a little lamb . . .
You've heard this tale before.
But did you know she passed her plate
And had a little more?
And that she ate some pumpkin pie,
Onions and apple sauce? . . .
Now Mary fears she's going to die
And wonders what's the cause!

J. E. Steever, South Shorre Arms Hotel. Chicago.

Voice of the Listener

Now We'll Tell One!

Why not have a contest for the most unpopular station in the country. I'm every one submit their least favorite and vote.—Humpty Dumpty.

* * *

We've Got "It"

Just finished reading my first "Radio Digest," and talk about a good magazine, it has got "It." I've read lots of Radio magazines but "Radio Digest" has 'em all beat.

The pictures and the writeups of the Radio stars are just what I've been trying to find in a magazine. I've read every article and enjoyed everything in it.

I hope in the future you will publish some of Floyd Gibbons' talks; I'd rather listen to him than anyone on the air. "Believe It or Not." I bet he would be great broadcasting a football game or a boxing match.

I think "The Voice of the Listener" column is great. I'd like to become a member. I can't wait for the next issue of Radio Digest. Wishing your magazine lots of luck.—Joe Dzilsky, Baytown, Texas.

* * *

Write to WIL, Billie

I'm a regular reader of your Radio magazine and like it the best of all magazines and I just can't wait until I get the next one as it is up to the minute with news. I am a Radio fan and would love to get some of WIL Radio stars' pictures, one like that popular singer Bobby Stubbs, Jack Coleman or Billy Lang. I would be more than glad to read or to get their pictures and many more friends would too. I would appreciate very much if it would be possible.—Miss Billie Lutz, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Floyd Draws One More Vote

Somehow I overlooked an article in "Advance Tips" about Floyd Gibbons in your April issue.

I thought I had read every item in the magazine, but I missed **it.** Yes, indeed, do try and persuade Mr. Gibbons to write for the Radio Digest, as he surely is a "superman." But don't put off till tomorrow what can be done today or someone else will get ahead of you. Simply to advertise the fact that he is going to write every month will increase the sales of the R. D. many times. That's the reason why I took the magazine just to get acquainted with that wonderful speciman of manhood. What a voice! It commands the attention of old and young—it is thrilling. Mostly all other voices seem flat—no magnetism. His voice is like a tonic. When you feel weary and listen in, it braces you up. I am afraid, though, you will be too late, judging from his talks, he is longing to fly off into God's pure outdoor life, into the hills and the dales, the lakes and the rivers are calling him and he will respond before long. He must be tired, but no one knows it from his merry chatter. Do the best you can. If we can look forward to an article in the fall issue, that will keep our courage up. He is my favorite on the Radio, and hundreds in town here share my opinion.—Jessie R. Horton.

* * *

One More Vote for Rudy

I saw an article in the Radio Digest in regard to Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

I never fail to listen to Rudy Vallee when he broadcasts and have also heard Will Osborne.

Although there is some similarity in the two, Rudy is the best; his voice is much nicer and I like his orchestra the best.

Anyone who has heard the two broadcast very much would never mistake Will Osborne for Rudy Vallee. There is only one Rudy and there never will be one to equal him.

He has the most restful voice and the sweetest tone I have ever heard over Radio. His programs are the very best on the air.

I enjoy one of his latest selections, "The Vagabond Lover" and "Campus Sweethearts," and I think he is marvelous.—Mrs. Verna Geidiman, 1109 N. 7th St., Niles, Mich.

* * *

Shades of highbrow aristocracy! What was Lucy Barrett doing in such an audience of old fogies and people who had not sense enough to appreciate real humor!

Seems to me that as those responsible for both old and young fogies will surely enjoy "Amos n' Andy" there must be some humor in it. As for their darky dialect I think, since Amos was born in Richmond, Va., he would have some slight idea of darky talk, much more than one living in the rarified air of "cultured" Chicago.

Perhaps if their talk were punctuated with a few automatics or machine guns, Lucy would feel more at home and could even smile a few.

Here's to "Amos n' Andy," the dearest and most entertaining couple on the air!—Mrs. C. A. Carenbauer, Elm Grove, W. Va.

* * *

Ballyhoo Broadcasting

Through the loud speaker we hear a great deal these days regarding the chain store menace.

The writer personally is opposed to the methods of the chain stores and realizes that if they continue to expand, ultimately the independent dealer will either have to do likewise or close out and possibly some day will be working for the chain.

There will always be opportunities for the independent merchant to go into the chain store business, or if he prefers he can at any time buy stock in practically any of the large chain store companies, if he thinks it a good investment.

There is no doubt but what the chain stores have put many independent merchants out of business through their unscrupulous methods, but as yet they have not been given an exclusive franchise to do business where they see fit to locate.

There seem to be some broadcasting stations in this country that have been granted that exclusiveness. In this Middle West we are all very familiar with WNAX at Yankton, S. D.; KMA at Shenandoah, Ia.; KFNF at Shenandoah, Ia.; WAAW at Omaha, Neb., and KMMJ at Clay Center, Neb.

Strange to say, the first three stations named were in the seed and nursery business before they established their broadcasting stations. Now those are just seasonable items.

They sell automobile tires, tubes, wearing apparel, dried fruits, canned goods, coffee, paint and many other items.

Does the listener ever investigate with his home merchant before wiring his order? The people that wire their orders are those who like to hear their name mentioned over the air when the order is acknowledged.

Our population being so much greater than during P. T. Barnum's time, his theory of a fool being born every minute would be too slow for today.

Being forced to listen to their programs while in restaurants and hotels, I have wished they would start selling meals over the air.

WHO at Des Moines, which the large majority considered the best station in this Middle West and one we could always listen to without interference, was forced by the federal Radio commission to divide time with WOC at Davenport.

They were put on a wave band making it impossible for us to receive their program after night, and WNAX at Yankton, S. D., "the direct selling station," enjoys their former wave length.

When Station KGDY at Oldham, S. D., which is being moved to Huron, S. D., asked for an increase of from 15 to 100 watts, the federal Radio commission granted it, but advised that South Dakota was using its allotment, as though the 1,000-watt WNAX at Yankton is of any benefit to the people within the state.

The retail merchants' associations and the jobbers of Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota have shown a weakness by not protesting this exclusive privilege of direct selling over the air.

This also applies to such associations and jobbers anywhere in the United States of America where this condition exists.

* * *

Observations of Radio Listener

It appears that the sponsors of nearly all Radio programs delegate to a master of ceremonies the arrangement of the features composing the items for broadcast, and they frequently invite the listener to write signifying whether he is pleased with their efforts to entertain.

It no doubt often happens that the appropriation made by the sponsor is a serious handicap to the success of the endeavor. During the first years of Radio broadcasting, music—both instrumental and vocal—was the principal factor. Today we appear to be entering upon a new epoch, and the spoken word is fast becoming an important part of the programs, and it seems that the real success or failure of the art of Radio entertainment by method of speech will depend largely upon several new elements.

In the past, music, from an entertainment standpoint, has been considered as the only element which, divorced from sight, could be successfully used.

Since the advent of Radio, with its rapid stride toward universal use, an attempt is being made to introduce a variety of "talkie" programs, and here we arrive at the point where constructive criticism begins.

Because of the fact that nearly all Radio reception is at the home and in an average small room, it becomes essential that the person speaking before the microphone shall have a clear conception of the environment which surrounds his listeners.

If he were present we doubt if he would indulge in loud and boisterous language. He would modulate his voice. If he would realize that it is by the sense of hearing alone that his listeners are being entertained, he would seldom, if ever, resort to mimicry, which is so largely dependent upon synchronizing sight and hearing for its success.

If he could fully realize how impossible it seems to be for the average operator of the receiving set to regulate the volume of tone, he would be very particular that his enunciation and articulation was clear, his speech natural as in ordinary conversation, thereby making it easy and pleasant for the listener to hear and understand all that is said.

In all dialogue the parties before the microphone must remember that each is a principal—that all continuity is destroyed when the words of one of them cannot be understood. It is especially important that all words of foreign origin or in dialect shall be uttered very slowly and very clearly; otherwise the listener is confused and often loses the very essence of the subject matter.

Too many of the "actors" before the microphone seem to be chosen because of their past experience on the stage where costume, movement and setting play a more important part than the spoken word, but on the Radio all extraneous assistance is eliminated. The audience is entertained (or otherwise) through its ability to hear and understand. The continuity must never break, and the "actor" must forever forget stage stuff, applying all his efforts at entertainment to good plain spoken words.

It is seldom admissible, and far from entertaining, for the announcer to indulge in extemporaneous remarks during the performance. Such an act would not be allowed in the theater or concert hall.

The sponsor's advertising, to be effective, should be concise, informative and spoken in gracious words.—Chas. E. Carter, 318 Cal-Wayne Bldg., Fort Wayne, Ind.

* * *

Announcers Should Be Careful

Last evening, about 9 p. m., I had a station with call letters KU-KU at about 310 meters. They announced several times very plainly, but did not state where located, and I have not been able to locate these call letters in any late list of call letters. I would like to know if there is such a station and where located.—Joseph A. Miller, Box 15, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

* * *

All Right, Send Us Some Good Pictures

Your magazine is very interesting and I enjoy it, but I have a grouch which I would like to air. Why can we not have pictures and dope on announcers and staff of the Eastern stations? If you will notice you will see that there is scarcely anything about our Boston stations or even the New York stations. It seems to me the pictures are all of Western and Middle Western stations. I would like to see and know things about the staff at WEEI, WNAC, WBZ, WGY, WEAF, WJZ, WABC and WHAP.

Another grievance: I am interested in Amos and Andy, but I certainly do not see why we have to see the same pictures and the same material on them over and over. Every month I think, "Surely this is the last article they can possibly use" and every month I am disappointed. I can't see why you do it unless the Pedsodent people make it very agreeable to you. A. and A. are so famous by now that we cannot pick up a magazine or paper without seeing some reference to them. Honestly, I do think you are overdoing the thing and making us all lose patience with our favorite Radio magazine.—Frances R. Upton, Flying Loon Lake, Chesham, N. H.

A Few Constructive Suggestions

Having been a Radio fan for several years, and he who is a reader of your most valuable and ntertaining Radio magazine, I want to say I eatly appreciate your efforts in trying to give e Radio fan what he wants in the field of Radio ws through the medium of the Digest. If sug- stions are not out of order, may I suggest the llowing for the good and benefit of the Digest id its readers, for a still better Digest, etc.:

Give us more news of independent stations, and ss of chains. I believe the independent station is a greater majority of boosters and enthusi- sts than the chains.

Publish news of the activities of the Radio ommission, and when important changes are to made at the stations.

Stop so much fiction, and give more space to adio. You should publish Radio exclusively.

Give us more news of the stations which broad- ast "sacred programs."

Why not have a contest on chain and independ- nt stations, to see which is the most popular nd more beneficial?

To the NBC and CBS Broadcasting Companies: day I say in behalf of thousands of listeners, es, millions, and for the good of our great coun- y, why not stop commercializing the Sabbath ay with your commercial programs, at least art of them? This is called a "Christian coun- y." May I also say to Elsie Robinson, who rote the article, "Where Do We Go Now?" in he March Radio Digest, this would dumbfound ny broad-minded person. She needs to read the Book of Books" (the Bible) and abide by its eaching.—Franklin Day, Sergent, Ky.

* * *

A Coon-Sanders Club Recruit

There was a letter in the March issue of Radio Digest asking for information about a Coon-Sand- rs' club. There is one, or rather a program in hich they are featured. The program comes on very Saturday night at 12 o'clock sharp and lasts ntil 2:15, or sometimes maybe later. I agree with hat letter-writer about Coon-Sanders' orchestra. -Claudene Arnold, Commerce, Texas.

* * *

All Fed-Up on Vallee

Many thanks for not having pictures of Rudy Vallee in last issue, it was a relief to get a magazine and not see his face all over it. I be- lieve we are all getting fed up on Rudy's playing nd that everlasting sweet sugar coated singing. He has no voice and he can't play saxophone any etter than lots of others. He is just a conceited oob. He is most disgusting, ugliest snob in New York. Let's have more about the two best rchestras on the air, Coon-Sanders' Night Hawks nd Vincent Lopez. They are really artists, and ow they can play. I enjoyed both interviews his last month with both of these artists. Bet ots of fans agree with me in regard to Rudy or hey would if they ever saw him. Don't let his ugly face get in your wonderful book only when ou have to. Best luck to all of you.—Mrs. John- on, Jacksonville, Fla.

* * *

Please give us a write-up and picture of Ed- ward Thorgson, as millions love his big cheery voice with a punch to it. Also John S. Young— he is fine. Also Thomas Green, Jr. We get so much thrill out of Eastern announcer's voices over the NBC. If the General Electric gave us some old time music and songs they would be much better liked out West. Radio Digest is the finest Radio book on the market.—Jennie Whit- field, Fontana, Calif.

* * *

WLAC Interferes at Bluffs, Illinois

I would like to call your attention to station WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. Almost every evening, from six o'clock to six-thirty, p. m., C. S. T., some minister from the Central Church of Christ in Nashville, with a voice on him like "Andy," puts on what he calls, "A Twilight Service." And I checked him up from March 3 to March 8, inclusive, and he put this service on without an announcement or, in other words, telling his sta- tion or giving the call letters. As I understand this, it is a hook-up with WSM, and on the 8th of March, when he "signed off," he forgot to tell us who he was or to give his call letters. And I doubt it very much if he is staying within his 1490 kilocycles, for, when he comes on the air at six oclock, p. m., he certainly puts every other station out of commission on my set from 10 to 45 on my dial. I am not bothered at any other time—only from six o'clock until 6:30 p. m. The following stations are put out of commission at this time: KTBS, WCBS, WCKY, WFMB, WHK, WIBW, WJJD, WJKS, WKBS, WKBW, WMBD, WOWO, WREN, WRVA, WTAD, WTAM, WTNT, KFKB and WPG. Now this does not seem exactly fair to me, as there are nineteen stations that it is impossible to get as long as this bird is on the air from 6 to 6:30 p. m. I have checked up other Radio owners in my neighborhood and they all tell me the same thing. Even "a chain hook-up" by the NBC or the CBS will not come in at this time. Anything that can be done would certainly be appreciated by the Radio owners in this section.—E. A. Shore, Bluffs, Illinois.

* * *

Is Lucy a Negress?

The writer was amused at the letter from Lucy Barrett, Chicago, published in your April num- ber, concerning Amos 'n' Andy. I lived for a considerable time in Georgia and have traveled nearly all the Southern states quite extensively and do not believe the criticism of the dialect Amos 'n' Andy use is justified. I am curious to know whether Lucy Barrett is a negress and therefore has a right to claim a better knowledge of their dialect than the many thousands of people throughout the United States who are "old fogies" enough to enjoy Amos 'n' Andy.— H. E. Simcoe, Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

Best and Cleanest Humor

I wish to compliment your magazine. The articles you printed about Amos 'n' Andy were very good. I hope you continue printing these articles in the coming issues.

Lucy Barrett says only people who haven't the sense to appreciate real humor listen to Amos 'n' Andy. Surely she hasn't much sense to ap- preciate real humor if she does not like Amos 'n' Andy. And the majority of the people think it is the best and the cleanest humor ever heard over the Radio. So keep printing these articles.—(Miss) Leota Mitchler, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Thought They Were Negroes

In reading the April number of the Radio Digest, today, I noticed the comment on Amos 'n' Andy by Lucy Barrett, Chicago, which I think is an unjust criticism. I am living in N. C., right in the heart of negroes of all types and it was only since I read the Radio Digest for March that I was enlightened as to their color. I had listened in week after week and thought they were negroes, so I think I am a right fair judge of negro dialect, and to be truthful, I was disappointed when I found out they are white, although all the time I had a feeling they were too clever for negroes, of course, meaning Amos 'n' Andy. It is wonderful the way Amos can change his voice, and many an evening I have a hearty laugh, as I can picture the situation by placing some of these negroes I see around me day by day in the situation of Amos 'n' Andy. —Marion Bodey, Charlotte, N. C.

* * *

Not Sporting of WLS

WENR is absolutely the best station in the world, and I believe they have got enough friends to make them win the contest. I wish the Federal Radio Commission would give WLS a new channel and let WENR have full time on the air. I don't think WLS is acting very sportsmanlike in com- plaining about a "reduced schedule" all the time, they still have the most time on the air.—Mildred Pulliam, Sheridan, Ind.

* * *

You'll Have to Blame the Mails

I received my March Digest yesterday with an ugly crack clear across the beautiful cover, as I wrote before. Why can't you mail them flat? If you must fold them for mailing, fold the back cover inside, then I think there would be curve enough to the front cover so it wouldn't crack. I think those two pages of caricatures by Cugat are a disgrace to Radio Digest. That is all the fault I can find with it. I do enjoy it so much. The Paris girl on the March cover can't compare with our beautiful American girls on the other covers.—Grace M. Smith, Linden, N. Y.

* * *

WLS Broadcasts Blizzard

KOA, Denver, Colo., may bring in the rain, as I noticed in a Chicago paper, but WLS brought in the howl and whistle of the blizzard they had in Chicago Dec. 19 or 20, 1929, in perfect order, and it was proved that it was nothing from the station.—Mrs. C. L. Walton, Winston-Salem, N. C.

* * *

Wants Them on Earlier

I am enclosing nomination blank for Amos 'n' Andy. The children enjoy this program and 10:30 is rather late for them to stay up while going to school. Another reason is that warmer weather is coming, and going out driving in the evening it is rather early to get back home. I have talked to a number of people about this and they would also like to have this program broad- cast at 6 o'clock. If you think it would have any influence with the Pepsodent Company, I could get a letter signed by a number of people, ask- ing them if it would be possible to arrange this broadcast. I am sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Homer Hogan, manager-director KYW, and Mr. "Bill" Hay, "the man behind the guns," at WMAQ.—H. L. Mohler, Gary, Indiana.

* * *

Chicago Stations and Artists Overlooked

Having read so many eulogies to the various stations and announcers I am rather surprised that so little is said for the Chicago announcers by Chicago people.

For a year and a half WGN served our family fully 95 per cent of the time. We rarely used any other station. For sports and the like all the kings of NBC and CBS rolled into one can't hold a candle to our own Quin Ryan. He has more pep in three words than these others have in a whole mouthful. Pat Barnes is certainly there with his specialties also. For readings, speak- ing generally and vocal selections there is no one on the air that can beat John Stamford, and so, since John has gone to WCHI, why the time is much reversed. When WCHI is on the air this family is with it 100 per cent. The balance of the time is divided between all the other stations instead of given to WGN alone.—F. M. Baron.

* * *

Six Pages Too Much

. . . You have given six pages to Amos 'n' Andy (you may be paid for advertising them) and about twenty pages to fiction, cut them short and give us good articles about some of the real worth while folk, such as Phillipps H. Lord, Cheerio and even Ernie Hare and Billy Jones.

Poor Amos 'n' Andy will have to retire after the awful scald Lucy Barrett, of Chicago, gave them but you must know that everyone does not like their kind of entertainment. We sure are fed up on it after Jan., Feb., Mch. and April and now more in May.—E. F. Cooley, Man- chester, Iowa.

* * *

Lucy Is "All Wet"

I hope you will tell Lucy Barrett what I think of her as a critic. She labels Amos 'n' Andy as not even "rank" entertainers. If this is correct, I wonder just what and who she would consider good entertainment.

I take it that this person is either an enter- tainer herself and therefore jealous, or an "old maid" who just can't see the funny side of any- thing. If she proves not to be an "old maid," but a young girl instead, she certainly must be a "wet blanket."

Now Amos 'n' Andy mean absolutely nothing but entertainment to me. But I surely enjoy them immensely and so do most other people of this community.

Also, I'm no kid and not know what I like and don't like.—Russel Brown, Lake Como, N. J.

* * *

An Unusual Request.

This is an unusual request that I am making and I hope that it is not too unusual.

I should like to exchange radio logs with any owner of a R. C. A. Radiola 33—1930 model—the numbers on the dial running from 0 to 100. I have several unusual stations and, of course, many common ones.

I am hoping that someone up North will wish to do this.—Virginia Roberts, 2218 Leon St., Austin, Texas.

* * *

What My Radio Set Means to Me

My Radio set keeps me ever conscious of the Almighty God in the universe. Its inspiring and instructive programs separate all evil from my thoughts of man and make me see him as a per- fect being who comes to share his greatest tal- ents, his holiest treasures.

It keeps my mental home a happy place, con- tent with learning, intense with interest, har- monious with song.

It sends no message into the world that will not help, or cheer, or bless.

It has no aim but to make earth a fairer and better place to live.

My Radio set makes me rise each day into a higher sense of life.—Iva Cannon, 161 Ransom Ave., Lexington, Ky.

* * *

Another Vote for Amos and Andy

I can't understand your giving special center space to anyone that doesn't like Amos 'n' Andy. I wouldn't miss them for anything. One night a tube burned out on our set five minutes before time for them. I ran four blocks to a friend's house to hear them.

That's what I think of them. Anyone that doesn't like them is an old fogy without any sense of real humor. As for them imitating nig- gers, I am from the South. If I didn't know but what they were white I would not know any difference. If they weren't good, how come the niggers like them so well?

Lucy Barrett from Chicago, you've got lots to learn! Please put this in "Voice of Listeners." The Radio Digest is a wonderful magazine. I wouldn't miss it for anything!—Dixie Lee.



Here Comes the PARADE of the STATIONS



Salute to Cities Continue

SALUTES to the Cities! . . . . What a wealth of historical, industrial, civic and artistic beauty is contained in those words which, in the Radio world, have become very familiar these last few weeks! The idea of having a series of special programs to eulogize the various cities of the country—each program containing the music, the color, almost the atmosphere of the particular city being saluted on that day, could be possible only in a Radio age.

And the idea is so huge—so country-wide and international in its scope that only an organization of the size of Westinghouse could put it over with the proper finesse. The group of men mainly responsible for putting on the Salutes to the Cities is shown herewith.

The first of the city salutes was that to Chicago, which was broadcast on June 10 over NBC; and since then, every Tuesday at 8 p. m., there has been a similar salute to some one of America's leading cities. Musical scores and interesting vocal descriptions are used to interpret to the American Radio public the spirit, the "tone" of each city's flourishing industry, commerce and culture. Atlanta was the second city to come in for a salute from the American public. A schedule of several succeeding weekly salutes is printed with this article.

The Salutes to the Cities is the second series of salutes which Westinghouse has broadcast, the first being the "Salutes to the Industries" completed recently.

They are a unique and distinctive creation in the way of public entertainment, these salutes. Realizing that the nation as a whole is unaware of certain prestige and advantages peculiar to the several American cities, Westinghouse inaugurated the salute idea to make America conscious of the component parts of this vast commercial empire. Music was chosen as the medium for a very obvious and sound reason: music will do more to heighten the dramatic quality of each broadcast than any mere dull recital of statistical facts could do.

Westinghouse Salutes

Tentative Schedule

June 10	Chicago
June 17	Atlanta
June 24	Brick and Clay
July 1	St. Louis
July 8	Philadelphia
July 15	Cotton
July 22	Pittsburgh
July 29	Boston
Aug. 5	Grain Milling Industry
August 12	Cincinnati
August 19	Baltimore
August 26	Radio Dealers
Sept. 2	Minneapolis & St. Paul
September 9	New York



This is the staff of Radio and musical technicians who have arranged the nationwide salute to the cities — the special programs showing forth the contribution of the cities to America's industrial empire in vivid musical and descriptive programs. Left to right: Front row, Victor, Saudek, T. J. Vastine, Zeel Parenteau, orchestra directors. Standing: Mark Chisholm, W. J. Williams, Frederick G. Rodgers, Louis L. Kauffman, program directors and announcers.



Miss Hall Kane Clements, shown here, is an aviatrix of parts who conducts the Women's Aviation Hour every Saturday at 5 p. m., EST, over Station WABC, New York City, and CBS.

More About Lucy and Amos and Andy

***By* Mrs. Clayton Abbott Lane**

WHAT a lot of indignation Lucy Barrett has stirred up! Tsk, tsk, tsk!!! And how indignant do the Amos and Andy fans wax!! And all because one person *expresses her individuality* in print. Queer world, eh what? and "it takes all kinds!"

Just where would Radio be this very day if we all liked the same type of program? What a rut it would be in! Those who fan one particular program can't seem to understand another's antipathy for that same program.

Personally, I join the Lucy Barrett ranks for *not* liking Amos and Andy . . . but my reason is far different from hers. *The tone quality of the one who speaks in* the high voice is very distasteful to me . . . so much so that I can't enjoy the program because of it. Therefore, I never tune them in, even though their continuity is *ever* so good.

And, really, it's ever so amusing. When in conversations, the Amos and Andy topic arises, and one admits no liking for the program, one is immediately gazed upon as the *greatest curiosity* and *oddity* of the human race! What a kick I get out of those expressions (while the donors of such would like to

PIONEERS...

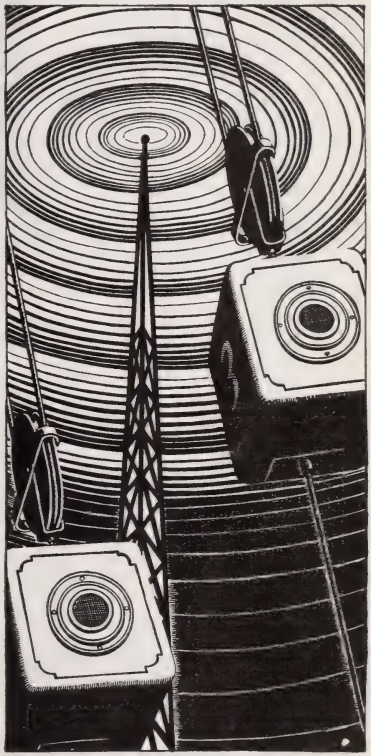
AND STILL LEADING

FOR YEARS the wavelengths of the Westinghouse Radio Stations have been favorite spots on radio dials throughout this country, as well as in foreign countries and remote parts of the world. Confirmed loyalty of listeners signifies acceptance and appreciation of the high standards of quality and character in Westinghouse programs.

Westinghouse contributions to radio have led the way consistently. First to broadcast play-by-play accounts of boxing, tennis, baseball, world series, football. First to broadcast church services, drama, theatrical performance, bedtime stories. First in international broadcasting with a special program to Great Britain, December 31, 1923, followed by a long successful history of programs to foreign countries and rebroadcasts of stations in Germany, England, France, Australia, Holland and others. Regular weekly programs to Arctic outposts, and to the Byrd Expedition in Antarctica.

Since the establishment of KDKA—"Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the World"—November 2, 1920, reliability and regularity have been watchwords of the Westinghouse stations. New transmitter, studios and equipment recently completed for KYW-KFKX. Revolutionary new transmitting station under construction for KDKA. Construction permit granted for new powerful transmitter for WBZ-WBZA.

Advertisers have been quick to utilize the facilities of the Westinghouse Stations, and present their many and varied entertaining programs to responsive audiences.



KDKA
PITTSBURGH
William Penn Hotel

WBZA
BOSTON
Hotel Statler

WBZ
SPRINGFIELD
Hotel Kimball

KYW-KFKX
CHICAGO

WESTINGHOUSE RADIO STATIONS

WILLIAM PENN HOTEL - PITTSBURGH

give me a real kick, most likely.)

My own favorite light program is the Nit-Wits. They are, in my opinion, the cleverest feature on the air today. And right there . . . what a difference there is between clever and funny! Cleverness is not always funny!

I know several who simply cannot stand the Nit-Wits. They are just a pain in the neck to those listeners. And yet . . . I can't condemn their sense of humor just because it doesn't coincide with my own.

But to get back to Amos and Andy. Why don't Dennis Jones and Winifred Binder and the rest of the black-face fans take into consideration the wide diversity of humanity and its variety of personality? Instead of condemning those opposed to their particular point of view, let the opposition voice its opinion, without *personal* retaliation on their part. It's still more or less of a free country. . . . freedom of speech having been one of the foundations of our national constitution, Lucy is entitled to voice her disapproval of Amos and Andy with the same vehemence which the A. & A. fans voice their approval.

Everybody Broadcasts at Station WDEL

***By* Alvin C. Wise**

FOR YEARS Willard S. Wilson dreamed that some day he would be the owner of a broadcasting station. This was prior to 1920, the year his dream came true. That year he opened the first studio of Station WDEL, in Wilmington, Delaware, in his home. It was not an auspicious opening, but came at a time when Radio was making great forward strides.

For ten years Mr. Wilson has gathered together the pick of the city's talent and placed it on the air. As each year has passed, he has been rewarded; though, frequently, it was in a small way. Only one month ago, he was able to announce the opening of the station's new studios, where each day broadcast programs of eight to eleven hours are sent out on the ether waves.

Every employe of WDEL is not only an employe in the ordinary sense of the word, but also is capable of taking his or her turn before the "mike." The same can be said for Mr. Wilson. If an entertainer is not at the studio to go on the air at the appointed time, Mr. Wilson, even though he might be busy answering a telephone call, can politely excuse himself. Soon you will hear the announcer saying, "This is a program of popular and classical numbers played for you on the piano by Willard S. Wilson, president and manager of WDEL."

The personnel of the station includes: Miss Alyce Nichols, program director, who is also an accomplished musician and serves as accompanist for many of the station's artists; Sanford Guyer, chief announcer, who is the two-time winner of the Atwater Kent Audition for Delaware and possesses a rich baritone voice; Miss Elizabeth Wooley, secretary, who is a soprano soloist. She and Miss Nichols do a "turn" for the Radio fans.

Harry Hickman, one of the remote control announcers, although only 22 years old, is the author of several short plays. He with other employes present dramatic sketches either listed on the regular program or to "just fill in." And besides, there is a regular staff of entertainers.

The entire force works unselfishly to build up the prestige of WDEL.



Gladys Beck of Station WCAO, Baltimore, despite her blindness, is a pianist of more than ordinary ability. She is shown here with Announcer Jack Hix.

Hectic Audition Period

***By* Monroe R. Upton**

ANNOUNCER—Good morning. Did you come for the auditions?

Lady—No, sir. I came for the tryouts.

Announcer—May I have your name?

Lady—Mrs. Woods.

Announcer—First name?

Lady—I was married to a Mr. Stone, but he neglected me terribly and—

Announcer—No, I mean your given name.

Lady—You want my given name?

Announcer—If you don't mind. I'm collecting them and when I get two thousand I win a solid nickel dessert bowl and a round trip ticket to Weed, California.

Lady—Ha, ha, ha, ha! I know who you are! I can't think of your name just now, but my cousin Charles, he's kind of queer, you know, he thinks you're just awful funny on the Radio. I don't have much time myself, but he listens to you all the time. I always say—

Announcer—Could I have your name now and we'll have a little chat later.

Lady—Alice is my first name.

Announcer—I see. And what do you do, Alice?

Lady—I'm not doing anything just now. Things is awful slow. I had a little work last week but—

Announcer—No, I mean in a musical way.

Lady—Oh, I sing.

Announcer—What will you sing?

Lady—Soprano.

Announcer—No, I mean what number?

Lady—Nobody gave me any number.

Announcer—What selection?

Lady—There are two things that I do rather well. "Rock of Ages" I do awfully well. Then, for something modern I sing "My Blue Heaven."

Announcer—I see. Then you sing "My Blue Heaven."

Lady—I only know the chorus. Is that all right? And is there somebody here to play for me?

Announcer—Yes, we have an accompanist.

Lady—I wonder if she would know if I sing it in three or four flats. I've forgotten. Oh, I'm so nervous.

Announcer—Our accompanist is very competent. Don't worry. Let me have your music.

Lady—Oh, I thought you would have all the music here.

Announcer—And I thought that roll under your arm was your music.

Lady—No, that's an x-ray of my stomach. I can scarcely eat anything except—

Announcer—I wonder if you couldn't come tomorrow and bring your music.

Lady—I think I can.

Announcer—Yes, do, and bring *Mr.* Woods with you, too.

Lady—That would be lovely. And I might go to Los Angeles in about a month. I wonder if you would give me a letter to the stations down there?

Announcer—You bet I will. I'll have my stenographer make up a nice little packet of letters for you, one for each station.

Lady—Thank you so much. It's been awfully nice to have met you. Good-bye until tomorrow.

Announcer—Good-bye.

(*Faints.*)

Radio Work a Sideline

Fred Fitzgerald, 413 50th street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a special singer and manager of Fitzgerald's Entertainment Bureau. Incidentally he does a good deal of broadcasting over independent stations — WWRL, Woodside, Long Island; WLTH, Brooklyn, and others.

Watch the Contests

Are you following the Radio Digest contests?

There are always two or three going at the same time. If you will look through the pages of the magazine each month you will find valuable information which will enable you—if you have any leanings that way—to win a prize or to boost your favorite artist, program or announcer. The Diamond Meritum Award contest is a case in point. Read about it on page 3.

Western Pennsylvania Coverage

KQV

Pittsburgh

1380 K. C., 217.3 M.

Associated with Radio Quality Group

Equipment:—Western Electric Transmitter. Crystal Control Full Modulation.

Programs:—Most popular artists, with most prominent local and entertaining orchestras. Outstanding musicians and musical organizations. Special program during the daytime for "Spot" announcements.

Transcriptions:—Equipped to handle either 33⅓ or 78 RPM Electrical Transcriptions.

Send for Our Rates

KQV

Investment Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Voice of Agriculture

By Charley Stookey,
Farm Program Director

"HELLO, is this WLS? Hold the wire, please. Peoria calling. Go ahead!"

"Hello, WLS? This is Wilfred Shaw of the Illinois Milk Producers Association at Peoria. Say, we're snowed in down here and there's only about half enough milk on hand to go around in Peoria tomorrow morning. This blizzard has blocked all roads around here. Will you broadcast to farmers in this vicinity the necessity to get out and open the roads and do their best to get their milk in?"

"Sure we will," came the reply from WLS—"let us know if we can help further."

Within an hour the message had been broadcast twice. Then WLS settled down to its regular program. Next day another call came from Peoria saying the broadcast had turned the trick and saved Peoria babies from facing a milk famine.

This incident is only one of scores which could be cited to illustrate that WLS, the *Prairie Farmer* station at Chicago, is truly the "Voice of Agriculture," and a Radio station of service—the word service being interpreted as meaning "the performance of labor for the benefit of others."

Not all of the day's schedule of broadcasting is devoted strictly to service features. Not by a long shot. There's entertainment galore put on by a wide variety of entertainers; but throughout the business day farm commodity markets, weather reports and news flashes fill important places, and there's no program of the day or night which cannot be interrupted in case of emergency, like that of the milk shortage at Peoria.

Somewhere out in the country a man with forty head



The commercial program director of Station WOW, Omaha, Neb., is Miss Marie Kieny. Appearances are deceptive. One would not suppose that such a young lady would hold so responsible a position.



UNUSUAL as these sectional towers of the new transmitter, which has reached New Zealand and other remote points many times, is WHK's service to sponsor and listener—*efficient, effective, thorough, far-reaching*

The WHK Family is a Happy Family

You're invited to join it, either as sponsor or listener, by the

Radio Air Service Corp.
STANDARD BANK BUILDING
CLEVELAND

Blanketing

Indiana

Central and Southern

Illinois

Western

Kentucky

By the Use of

Radio Stations

500 WATTS 1400 KC

WKBF

INDIANAPOLIS

Indianapolis Broadcasting, Inc.

W. C. BUSSING - - - - DIRECTOR

500 WATTS 630 KC

WGBF

EVANSVILLE

Evansville-on-the-Air, Inc.

J. F. BURTON - - - - DIRECTOR

100 WATTS 1310 KC

WBOW

TERRE HAUTE

Banks of the Wabash, Inc.

N. C. RUDDELL - - - DIRECTOR

100 WATTS 1200 KC

WJBL

DECATUR, ILL.

Commodore Broadcasting, Inc.

C. H. KRATZ - - - - - DIRECTOR

Most Modern and Efficient Transmitting Equipment. .

Rates Available for Individual or Group Service. . .

Write or Wire
Station Directors or

Curtis Mushlitz

General Manager

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA



Here is Richard Bennett, stage star of international repute, who has taken an important part inaugurating a series of "important personages" programs over WCHI, the Illinois Women's Athletic Club station, Chicago. This program is scheduled for 11:30 each Thursday evening.

of hogs ready for market is anxiously awaiting the first flash of the Chicago hog market as broadcast direct from the Union Stock Yards by Jim Poole, veteran livestock reporter.

"Hog receipts are light today, and the market is opening steady to a dime higher than yesterday," says Jim, "and it looks like the market would hold good the balance of the week."

A stock raiser downstate orders a car and loads his hogs that day. They are on the market next morning, and by noon he has received a report of the day's market and can estimate pretty closely just what his return will be.

Along in July comes harvest and hay making. "Shall we cut that twenty acres of alfalfa today?" says another farm listener to his hired men. They tune to WLS for the weather report. "Increasing cloudiness with showers," says the announcer, and John Smith waits another day before cutting his hay, probably saving several hundred dollars on the crop.



Edgar L. Bill, Station Director, WLS.

The summer of 1929 saw the fruit growers of Southern Illinois facing the problem of marketing the largest peach crop in the history of the state—some 4,000 carloads. The Illinois Fruit Growers' Exchange had built a number of roadside markets throughout the state, about half of them in the Chicago metropolitan area, through which they hoped to sell a large quantity direct to consumers.

"We'll help you," said WLS to Harry Day, secretary of the exchange. And the second week in August was designated as "Peach Week" at WLS. On each program mention was made of the peach crop and the location of the roadside stands.

At the conclusion of the season the Illinois Fruit Growers' Exchange reported the most successful marketing season of their history, with better prices for the crop than ever before in a heavy crop year. "WLS contributed a large part to the success of our marketing venture," said Secretary Day.

Other farm organizations have come to WLS with their problems and WLS has helped solve them. In January, 1929, a dispute between Chicago milk distributors and producers in the Chicago milk shed precipitated a strike which threatened to cut off Chicago's milk supply. Through WLS, the Pure Milk association, the producer's organization, information was broadcast hourly concerning the progress being made in adjusting the difficulties. Less than a week after WLS had offered its services the strike had been settled, the milk producers had won, and not a child in Chicago failed to get its daily quota of pure milk.

On the evening of October 21, 1929, more than 11,000 persons reported having heard the program of the Pure Milk Association's Radio Party over WLS. Advance arrangements had been made for local units of the P. M. A. to be in banquet that evening with radio sets tuned to WLS, from which a special program was to come.

The program was broadcast between eight and nine o'clock and before ten, telephone calls and telegrams from four states were received reporting 11,700 listeners in various points in three states.

Last winter when the Wabash Valley in Southern Indiana and Illinois was flooded and disease, suffering, and death stalked thousands of persons who inhabit that region, WLS staged a campaign to raise funds for the Red Cross to use in relieving the suffering. A goal of $10,000 was set, and within a week it had been over-subscribed $5,000. Checks totaling $15,000 were mailed to the Red Cross, and still the contributions came in. In May, when people in the flooded region were starting their spring field work, *Prairie Farmer* representatives visited the territory and distributed among the flood victims more than 30,000 baby chicks with which to start anew their poultry flocks.

On February 9 came a letter from the American Red Cross in which James B. Forgan, Jr., chairman of the Chicago chapter, said: "I wish to assure you of the great service you have rendered to suffering humanity, and I am sure it will be gratifying to you to know that your station has raised more than one-third of the total fund to date for this relief operation."

During the fall and winter season a series of thirty episodes of the Life of Lincoln, written by Raymond Warren, mid-western author and artist, were presented each week. The series closed June 1 with "Lincoln's Election to the Presidency." At the conclusion of the

st episode it was announced that Mr. arren was preparing to publish the ries in book form which would be ailable for distribution by fall. Within hours after the announcement, more an 100 orders for the book had been ceived, although the announcement d not been intended as an adver- ement.

Throughout the series an attentive lis- ner was Carl Sandberg, noted poet and thor, who was warm in his praise of e story. The series will be continued the fall, starting with Lincoln's life the White House and continuing rough the trying days of the Civil ar to the time of his assassination.

It would be possible to continue for any columns more telling the story of appenings at WLS. Some are amusing, me pathetic. There's the story of the oung couple at Auburn, New York, ho decided to marry after hearing the edding of Hiram (of "Hiram and enry") broadcast one Saturday night. There's the letter from a Chicago lis- ner to Bill Vickland, who conducts the ookshop, stating that a poem Bill read st December saved the writer's life, nce he had decided to commit suicide. ill's poem caused him to change his ind.

Then there's the woman in a Chicago ospital who feared the outcome of a ajor operation and requested that the y pastor of the Little Brown Church nduct her funeral services.

Perhaps there are others which never me to the attention of the staff of the *rairie Farmer* station. At any rate, ose which are known at WLS give ery member of the staff renewed en- uragement to make their station of rvice to all.

The audience of WLS looks forward a continuation of Mr. Warren's Lin- oln series this coming Fall as well as e possible series of steamboat articles ased on Garnett Laidlaw Eskew's book, The Pageant of the Packets."

Henry Field's Station Rivals National Parks

By **R. E. Dearmont**

HENRY FIELD has set a number of records for radio response, among em the record of records when KFNF ceived 226,000 telegrams during a sual birthday party. But probably the ost unique record of all is the enter- inment of half a million visitors last ear. Somehow KFNF proves a greater traction than the state fairs and some- ow it draws more visitors than many f the extensively advertised national arks.

Estimates for this year predict that e million mark will be reached. Why o they come? Where from? How long do they stay? How are they entertained? And last, but not least, how in the world does the little country town of Shenandoah, Iowa, accommodate them?

The heart of the explanation, of course, lies in Henry Field himself. He has always just chatted with his listeners. As he puts it, he talks "across the fence" with them. Speaks a language they all understand and gives them to understand that the latch is always out at KFNF.

"Come and see us," he says. "Bring the family along and make us a real visit. Stay as long as you like and go everywhere you please. We won't promise to make a big fuss over you, but we will give you the keys to KFNF and let you enjoy yourself." And perhaps you have there the secret as to the crowds that visit KFNF studio from early spring until late fall.

They come because they are invited and because they've always wanted to shake hands with Henry (it is reported he shakes more hands than the President of the United States). They have always wanted to see "Pate" and "Frank" and "Luctta" and others of the seed house family who have been broadcasting to them for the past six years, and who they look upon as sort of "second cousins."

Back of this affection—for in truth it is affection more than anything else—is the spirit of KFNF. There has been no aloofness from "The Friendly Farmer Station." Instead of the opera and the carefully edited continuity KFNF listeners have heard the folklore music of the hills and dales; they have heard "folksy" talks such as they themselves hear on their own front porches. Blue denim takes the place of serge and satin. Conversation takes the place of elucidation.

You see, Henry is himself a farmer (though he was once a school teacher). Thirty years ago he had a big truck farm and his first seed customers were



Versatile Vera Stein of Radio Station WCSO is director of programs and a regular pianist from the college station at Springfield, Ohio. Her joyous personality has made many friends for the station. She directs, performs and lures.

'UT YOUR MESSAGE OVER

WCSO

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

0 WATTS 1450 KILOCYCLES

ocation: 800,000 population within radius of thirty miles.
rogram: Well selected, varied.
quipment: Modern, efficient.
esults: Assured. Write for our rates.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY

WITTENBERG COLLEGE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Cover the rich Ohio Valley with WKRC

(*550 Kilocycles*)

A MILLION listeners within ten miles . . . eager, responsive, prosperous listeners . . . an audience of big cityites without the handicap of congested air conditions . . . an audience of progressive alert farmers without the handicap of distance . . . an audience of suburbanites located in a veritable web of small towns, all within an hour's commuting distance. That's your market here in the rich Ohio Valley.

WKRC is the Columbia System station for this rich fertile sales territory. WKRC carries all the popular Columbia features and many famed local programs. 1000 watts power; full time; modern equipment; perfect modulation; an enviable frequency assignment. A station that has "listener acceptance"; a made-to-order sales audience for you. Particulars and rates on request.

Radio Station

WKRC
CINCINNATI



WLS

The Preferred Station of Town and Country Listeners

FIELD surveys show that the rural and small town radio audience turns to WLS regularly as first choice (complete details on request). It is conservatively figured—a million farm and small town families, have invited and accepted, WLS as a daily member of their family circles.

To Step On the Sales Gas

. . . Use WLS

ADVERTISERS who want to put pep in their selling, will find a real salesman in WLS. The history of results is like the story of Aladdin. Write for a copy of "The Dinnerbell Book"—it tells about programs, advertisers' experiences—shows surveys—tells what WLS can do for broadcast advertisers.

Clear Channel WLS 5000 Watts

The Prairie Farmer Station

1230 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago



Every Friday at 8:45 p. m. Mary Steele, whom you see here, adds her lovely contralto voice to the masculine harmonies of the Howard Trio. Although recently returned from a year's study in Paris, Miss Steele confesses that her favorite song is "Good Old Summer Time."

local people who had bought fresh vegetables from his wagon as he drove from door to door. While his seed company has long progressed beyond the million-dollar volume mark, he himself is still a farmer.

Henry Field is an acknowledged authority on vegetable varieties, their planting and care. He can still raise more onions per acre than any of his listeners and his records for potato harvest are unsurpassed. In short, he knows farming from the inside and has the happy faculty of giving his experience in a helpful and inspiring manner.

Do you wonder, then, that KFNF has proven a helpful station to the Midwest, where farming is the backbone of life? Many thousands feel indebted to Henry Field for the helpful advice he has given them. He is never too busy to answer the letter wanting to know when to plant something and just how to go about it.

The hundreds of letters coming to Henry Field make him well known to postal clerks everywhere, as a recently received letter will testify. Pictures of two hens, a field and some corn were pasted upon the envelope to form a picture addressed to Henry Field, Shenandoah, Tall Corn State. In Minnesota the letter was mailed and its delivery promptly followed.

But to get back to the visitors, let us look at the register for the week of June 24 last year. Visitors registered from twenty-six states during that week and from Canada, France and England as well. While the great majority came from the home states of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri, there were seven from Florida, twelve from California, three from New Jersey, five from Arizona, two from Massachusetts, ten from Wyoming, and so on. All within that one week. And in all 11,403 registered. Registering is voluntary and, of course, was congested so that only a part of the total is ever recorded on the little cards provided for that purpose.

Week after week the influx continues and even in the dead of winter when the low ebb of tourists is reached in the Midwest, KFNF is host to what would be a phenomenal run of visitors to most Radio stations. During the week of January 5 there were visitors from seventeen states totaling over 400.

And when Henry Field announces one of his famous Jubilee Parties no record can possibly be kept of the crowd that comes. However, a carload of watermelons on the sidetrack at 9:30 in the morning becomes three truckloads of rinds at 4:30 in the afternoon. Meanwhile, a crew of six or seven men with rapidly wielded knives have been infinitely busy at a long picnic table dividing the melons for the multitude.

The week of all weeks came with fou tons of weiners served. Some listene last fall suggested that since the water melon season was over Henry ought t put on a "hot dog" feed. He did—an how!

In four days of that week 124,000 bun embraced four tons of weiners, and 2,50 gallons of coffee disappeared. The treat were on KFNF. Every night an old fashioned square dance progressed en thusiastically on the hastily laid plat form in a large barn-like garage. An for the younger generation a quarter o a block of paving was roped off, "corn mealed" into the semblance of smooth ness and made to accommodate a jam that dispersed with reluctance onl when the midnight hour arrived.

But parties are an exception and th usual run of affairs provides only friendly welcome and several acres o gorgeous flower gardens. There is a easy informality about it all. A minia ture steam locomotive and a Ferri wheel contribute sometimes. In thei absence the visitors spend the day look ing up members of the seed house family who they recognize from pictures in th Studio Book or from "the way the talk" over KFNF.

Most of them make a full day of i and hundreds of them "stay overnight." To help the town provide for them KFNF has erected cabin accommoda tions for seventy-five parties, which ar generally booked far in advance. Othe enterprising people have cabin camp and nearly every house in town is ope for "roomers." A tourist park for tent helps. But even so, the problem is only partly solved and gets more out of hand with every season.

Summing it all up to an admittedly flabbergasted reporter, Henry Fiel said: "Yes, we enjoy our crowds a much as they enjoy us. We are neigh bors, after all, since Radio has brough us so close together. Besides the fu we all have entertaining them and let ting them feel at home! They are big help to us in planning our programs We don't have to guess about what the like or don't like. They are a frank outspoken lot of folks and having s many of them come to see us keeps u mighty current in their likes and dis likes. I don't know how many listener we have, but if a half million visit us w certainly ought to be able to plan pro grams to suit many times that numbe with KFNF.

"No, they are not a nuisance. W plant a good many acres of flowers fo them every year and goodness know we want our listeners to come and se them. I think we get along with them because we don't try to keep them o the go every minute. They can si around and visit, wander around among the flowers or spend the whole day i the studio. We want them to have thei own idea of a good time and so we le each of them do just as they please. I all works out fine for all of us."

And there you have the way KFNF feels about its visitors and perhaps you understand why a million of them will face the hazardous Iowa roads to get to KFNF this year.

(Continued from page 55)

flavors. Be sure to add plenty of ressing to make the salad moist. There e very attractive salads which may made from these protein foods and olded with gelatine. They are elab- ate enough to use for a party occa- n.

The lighter salads are more popular summer. We do not wish to eat artily when it is warm. The fresh uit and vegetable salads are excellent. hen foods are at the height of the ason they are inexpensive and at their st. Let us eat many fruits and veg- ables in season and enjoy a great riety of appetizing salads. We may rve one fruit or many. They may molded in gelatine, frozen in a me- anical refrigerator or prepared in untless other ways.

A salad offers one of the chief dec- ative touches to a meal. It is gay, lorful, crisp and attractive. It may end with the color scheme of a lunch- n or bridge party. It may be beau- ully garnished. It may be of low lorie value if made of fresh fruits and getables. It may be made heavier richer by adding whipped cream, ayonnaise or other salad dressing. A lad may be served with the meat urse at a dinner or as the first course a luncheon or supper. Frozen fruit lads as well as jellied or other fruit lads are often served as a dessert urse. Because of its adaptability to ery occasion a salad is an indispen- ble part of any meal.

Read Miss Gardiner's salad suggestions in our issue next month.

herwitz Broadcasts Sport Lights at KTSA

ROBABLY no sports writer in the Southwest is better liked and enjoys larger host of friends and followers an does Harold Sherwitz, sport editor the *San Antonio Light*. Several weeks o KTSA in San Antonio prevailed on Sherwitz to carry the highlights of e week's sports to their microphone id this feature is now heard over TSA on Monday evenings at 8:30 and known as "Sport Lights by Sherwitz". addition to his happenings every week has from time to time attracted lead- g sports personalities to KTSA's icrophones. Among those who have ade these appearances are: Wayne Big" Munn, former heavyweight cham- on wrestler and football hero; Frank Buck" O'Neil, sports writer, New York ournal; Thomas E. Conner, Jr., presi- ent of the San Antonio baseball group nd Dr. Leonard Knolls, staff physician f the New York Giants.

Roscoe Grover, KSL, Is a Swell Dresser

MOST FANS picture Roscoe Grover of KSL, Salt Lake, as "big, rugged, middle aged, with maybe a beard."

But he isn't. Not a bit of it. He is young, dapper, blond and sports a spiffy waxed mustache. Yes, sir, right in the Rocky Mountain country, too.

Besides being program manager and running an "Uncle Roscoe" feature he goes in for the fine arts.

DO YOU?

She: How is it you know so much about Radio artists, programs and stations? How do you learn to be so well posted?

He: Easy! I read Radio Digest every month.

De Armand and Cassin Tell of Each Other

***By* Betty McGee**

CLOSING a thirteen weeks' program over WOC at Davenport, Iowa, The Bear Oil Man (Louis G. DeArmand) and Miss Bear-et (Marigold Cassin) posed for the photograph on page 71 that their thousands of fans might see them in action. The programs on which they appeared included sketches of popular Radio announcers and through a hook-up with the *Davenport Sunday Democrat*, these sketches, together with pictures of the announcers were used each week. The popularity of the plan proved unusually great and so at the request of many of their audience they told about each other on the closing night. What they said is given here. The Bear Oil Man speaks:

"Miss Marigold Cassin is known to all WOC fans and to thousands far away from here as 'Goldie.' She is chief continuity writer for this station, and a young lady of great charm. When Miss Cassin was first approached some weeks ago to assist in this program she looked wisely at me and said:

"'But I never chew gum.'

"Nonplused for the first time in 1930, I replied:

"'My public will welcome you with open arms and ears. Come, act as Miss Bear-et.'

"And so this program was improved immeasurably by her presence.

"Miss Cassin weighs . . . oh, I would say about seven stone, and stands about 4 feet 10 in high heels. Among the many programs she has arranged and announced the Willys-Overland is most familiar to you all in this community. These programs have proved startlingly popular and it has been due to the tireless work of Miss Cassin both in the building of the continuities and in announcing each program.

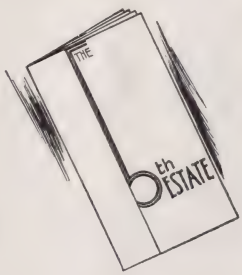
"Pat Flanagan, the popular announcer at WBBM, began his radio work with Miss Cassin and it was her coaching that proved the incentive to Pat to go on in the work. Marigold Cassin knows her microphone; she has a pleasing voice; she can play a bit and croon, and she also writes very good verse."

The above was the compliment paid to Miss Cassin and then Miss Bear-et appeared and presented her impressions of the Bear Oil Man, which were:

"Just for that I'm going to let a few kittens out of the sack. For instance, when you asked me not long ago to write you a very short article on 'Who is the best announcer on the air, and why do you prefer The Bear Oil Man?' I took advantage of your facetiousness. This, ladies and gentlemen, gives you some idea of what I have to put up with.

"But in spite of the fact we don't seem to get along very well we really do, so I'll tell you a few of the nice things about him.

"His career is an unusual one. He was born, went to school, grew up and got married. If you can beat that for being different you'll have to go some. As for appearance, the Bear Oil Man is a little taller than I am, which should give you a very good idea of his height, and he's a living example of what Arrow collars and Dobbs hats can do for the American man. (Cries from The Bear Oil Man of *Bunk*.)



"The Fifth Estate" is a practical booklet describing the market reached by the Stations of the Central Broadcasting Company. A free copy will be sent to business houses requesting a copy on their letterhead.

WOC
DAVENPORT, IOWA

WHO
DES MOINES, IOWA

BUSINESS IS GOOD IN THE VALLEY AREA

The district served by the Central Broadcasting Company—the great Middle West — is prosperous. Eminent business forecasters such as Babson, LaSalle Extension University, United Business Service and others, declare that conditions here are better than other parts of the country.

Abundant crops have given the farmers money to spend. Busy industrial communities are working full time. Trades people find plenty of customers with cash for necessities and luxuries.

This is your cue. Go after this great, prosperous, moneyed market. Tell your sales story where your audience has the ability to spend. Concentrate on the Valley area, using Stations WOC and WHO to place your message in every home.

Broadcasting time may be secured by communicating with us at once.

CENTRAL BROADCASTING CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

"His favorite indoor sport seems to be thinking up wild pipe dreams which look well on paper, and sound great when he's telling you about them, but it takes a Philadelphia lawyer to figure them out. But at that, they usually work out, and well. I'm not sure about his favorite food. Seriously, though, the Bear Oil Man is the first man in Radio to utilize his own means of publicity. By that I mean, he sells Radio advertising by using Radio advertising to do it. And that's a hint to other advertising men, and Radio stations."

Dawn of Radio

(Continued from page 45)

open warfare, said broadcasting was giving records a bad name and explained that this was his reason for not being interested in Radio. As I remember it, my personal reaction at the time was that records were giving broadcasting a bad name! However, the needle scratch has been so nearly eliminated that the average listener does not know whether he is hearing a transcription or an original microphone performance. Nor does he care.

History was made in that little rooftop penthouse. A feature of broadcasting which swept across the country and, incidentally, came in for more kidding from the public than any other form of Radio entertainment, originated from old WJZ. The bedtime story. Only it wasn't called a bedtime story hour in those days. It was known as "The Man in the Moon" hour. And that title was an accident. Here's how: Tommy Cowan thought it would be a grand and glorious achievement to put on a program for the children. Of course, a program in the summer of 1921 was only an experimental broadcast. But Major White's ringside description of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight made listeners Radio conscious and the experimenters were waking up to the fact that to hold their unseen audience they must give them something interesting—something with entertainment value. So Tommy arranged with a lady to give a talk to children, read them some jingles and tell them a story or two.

NOW the only means of approach to the factory roof was by ladder and the lady who had to carry on for the kiddies didn't like ladders. However, after much coaxing and plenty of physical persuasion, the lady made the climb to the roof. And then? She immediately began to worry about the trip down! She became hysterical and refused to be pacified.

William McNeary, associate editor of the Newark Sunday Call, was the third member of the party. He and Tommy succeeded in lowering the lady to the floor below. Her mental balance was restored but she refused to make the journey over again in spite of the fact that the two trial trips had been successfully accomplished accomplished.

Tommy appealed to McNeary to help him out. The listeners had been promised a children's hour by Tommy when he signed off the day before. Wouldn't Bill go on the air and do something for the kids?

Bill finally agreed to pinch-hit for the lady-afraid-of-ladders BUT—there was a proviso. "Don't mention my name!" It was about three in the afternoon but it seems that bedtime story tellers were a sensitive lot as far back as 1921!

Tommy agreed to keep his identity a secret and Bill was introduced at the microphone as "The Man in the Moon." And he made an instantaneous hit! So great was the request for more programs from "The Man in the Moon" that Bill McNeary found he unwittingly had talked himself into being a permanent fixture. On October 5th, 1921 "The Man in the Moon" was put on as a regular daily schedule.

When the telephone company refused to permit the use of their lines, as carriers of programs from remote points to the transmitters for broadcasting, the World Series games were relayed in the same way the Dempsey-Carpentier fight was put across.

Again Major J. Andrew White was at the descriptive end of the job. From the ballpark he gave his colorful details of the games to Tommy Cowan who listened, at the other end of the wire, wearing headphones. Tommy repeated everything the Major said, just as it came to him over the land wire, into the studio microphone in the penthouse on the factory roof.

THE experience of the lady-afraid-of-ladders had proved to Tommy Cowan that if WJZ expected to invite talent to broadcast they should not be asked to undergo the mental and physical torture of ladder-climbing. Tommy requested that the broadcasting take place in a more accessible part of the building. He shouted long and loudly and finally his emphatic demand reached official ears. Tommy was called on the carpet. Just what did he propose to do? He proposed to fix up a room attractively. "Something like a studio," provided he had a room to fix up.

So the officials of the Westinghouse Company told him he could use the ladies' retiring room in the factory. No kidding. Programs were broadcast mostly at night and the officials didn't see why that particular room shouldn't do double duty. Tommy was game. But he wanted money with which to furnish the place and purchase drapes to deaden the rebound of vibrations from the bare walls. How much money?

Tommy wanted plenty. The officials agreed to let him have seventy dollars. Try to buy some monk's cloth and see how few yards seventy dollars will buy. Tommy bought Canton flannel and draped the walls. He got the girls in the factory interested in his "something like a studio" and they donated lampshades, piano and table throws, etc. In this way the first broadcasting room with an air "something like a studio" came into being.

On November 3rd the first Radio broadcast at WJZ in which artists in person took part was put on the air. The gentlemen of Broadway who made the trip to Newark for this event were The Shannon Four—Charles Harrah, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw and Winfred Glenn. The names of these singers are well known to Radio fans today.

When Major White became associated with WJZ that winter he and Tommy Cowan worked side by side a successful Radio impresarios. Many were the artists from Broadway who took that trip to Newark and gave their services to promote the new industry.

AND MANY were the battles that took place. Word battles only, but nevertheless battles.

You see the White-Cowan combine

(Continued on page 86)

KFLV, Variety Station

IN THE short space of approximately nine months Station KFLV at Rockford, Ill., has grown to be one of the most popular Radio stations on the air today. It is enjoying an excellent bus

KMBC

Owned and Operated by

Midland Broadcasting Co.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

oOo

IT IS a significant fact that a majority of National "Spot" Advertisers have chosen KMBC as the most effective station to cover the great productive area of which Kansas City is the heart. . . . .



Two famous fun and music makers. The very tall man is Louis G. de Armand, the Bear Cat; the very tiny young lady is the well-known and well-loved Marigold Cassin, both of station WOC, Davenport, Iowa. It appears that the little "bear-et" is oiling the wheels in the head of the Bear Cat. And if we were in the Bear-Cat's place we wouldn't mind having our head oiled by so petite a damsel. Despite her smallness, however, Marigold Cassin—as you doubtless know if you have read Radio Digest for any length of time—is a skillful writer besides being a singer and the official hostess of WOC. WOC, together with WHO, are among the pioneer stations of the Mississippi Valley.

ss from the standpoint of advertising. t only featuring local advertisers but so many national organizations, preating their programs both with talent d through the medium of electrical nscriptions.

A unique feature of the KFLV activity their varied program. Wesley W. ilcox, the announcer and musical rector for KFLV is featuring a special ries of stories in music, for which he ites unusual and delightful continuis, illustrating them with the musical mpositions taken from the classics d modern melodies and played by the FLV string trio, and also a group of lented soloists. Mr. Wilcox takes pics of current general interest, as well industrial and artistic subjects, and eaves the story into a musical interetation. These feature programs are eeting with more than usual interest ith the Radio audiences of KFLV, an udience which covers a vast territory of tisfied fans. Aside from his duties as nouncer and musical director, Mr. ilcox finds time now and then for his obby of contributing his writings to ews and magazine publications.

Artists found on the roster of the FLV studio include Art and Andy, opular accordion artists; the Musical Musketeers, instrumentalists; Wynod's rchestra, under direction of Marie rydon, presenting the latest popular elodies; the Harmonyland Entertainrs; Grimes Barn Dance Trio; the unny Southlanders, old mountain balds; John Maxedon, mountain ballad nger and guitarist; George Weightan, banjoist; the KFLV Little Symhony; the Sheraton Ensemble, vocalts presenting cycles of melodies old nd new; Carl Alexis and Celeste Bengtson, organists of high merit, and others.

Through the columns of Radio Digest KFLV extends a hearty invitation for ou to visit their beautifully appointed studios in the Hotel Faust at Rockford during your next visit there. Drop in and meet your favorite announcer and entertainer and see them in their daily haunts. They are always happy to meet their Radio friends and also to hear from them. Fan mail is always a daily welcome occurrence at KFLV.

New Policy of Expansion at WRHM

WRHM, the Voice of the Gopher State, Minneapolis, announces a new policy of expansion.

This station has in the last several weeks placed in its employ a sixteen-piece concert orchestra under the direction of Frank Zdarsky. Mr. Zdarsky is a graduate of the Prague Conservatory of Music, of Austria, studying there for a period of four years. All the musicians are union men, expert on their instruments. Included in the orchestra is a string octet, a saxophone quartet and a brass section. Each musician is a soloist in his own right, doubling on two and sometimes three instruments.

In three months WRHM has increased its payroll in the amount of 400 per cent. The staff has grown from a small group of twelve employees to a large organization of over one hundred persons.

WRHM is owned and operated by the Minnesota Broadcasting Corporation under the presidency of Dr. Troy S. Miller. James J. Miller is secretary and the vice-president and general manager is Lohren Miller. Allan Harvey Bresler is the program director; Ted Hediger, production manager; Anders C. Orfield, Jr., publicity. The announcers are Ted Hediger, Anders Orfield, Vincent Pelleteir, Don Clayton and James Kelly.

K-O-I-L

BLANKETS *Farming Area*

KOIL, located in the Heart of the Corn Belt, dominates the rich and productive farming area of the Middle West which contains a population of 1,200,000 or 279,100 families, owning 125,100 sets with 625,000 listeners.

Recent house to house surveys show that KOIL is by far the most popular station in the Omaha trade area.

Programs Always Enjoyable

It is the purpose of KOIL always to provide its listeners with the best of entertaining features. Thru the Columbia Broadcasting System it is enabled to present sporting, historical, and musical features of national interest that in many cases could not be heard except thru KOIL.



STATION HOME

KOIL's Station Home was the first exclusive radio studio building erected in the United States. It was built by the MonaMotor Oil Company in July, 1925. Here visitors and artists are offered a welcome and the comforts of home.

RADIO STATION
K-O-I-L

Owned and Operated by

MonaMotor Oil Company

Comm. Dept.: Council Bluffs

STUDIOS
Council Bluffs -:- Omaha

Station WHK Holds Public Confidence

ONE of the most original and popular stations in the Cleveland area is WHK, owned and operated by the Howlett brothers. It has been called the station of new ideas. Its programs are distinctive. There is a fraternal camraderie among the artists—each is a booster for WHK—all for one, one for all.

This, according to Arnold Howlett, president and general manager, has been reflected in the programs. The first broadcasts were under handicaps that would have caused nine out of ten men to have given up in despair. But WHK proved its sincerity and won public confidence. It never failed to keep faith with its listeners. This reputation caused outside comment and brought many new listeners to the WHK circle.

Artistic endeavor and business enterprise combined to establish the station on a strong foundation. It has consistently maintained and enhanced this position.







Some of the very competent personnel of Station WHK, Pittsburgh. Of the two young ladies at the left, Miss Irma Haschart is seated; Agnes Anderson is standing. Together they form a popular crooning team. And the lady with the lovely profile, is Patsy Griffin, a crooner also. Arnold Howlett, president and general manager of WHK, completes the picture.

Now About the Amos and Andy Film

SHOULD Radio favorites go into pictures or on the stage? Many will doubtless say yes, why not? and yet so astute a Radio authority as Evans E. Plummer, of the Chicago Herald-Examiner says not for the world! The occasion for his pronouncement was the recent statement in the public prints that Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, song writers responsible for many hits, have been engaged to write the book lyrics and music for the forthcoming Amos and Andy production "Check and Double Check."

"Personally," says Plummer, "I wonder how the Amos 'n' Andy film will go. I'm sure it will draw a big gate, but what will be the reaction of the public to it? I have an old-fashioned notion that if I were a Radio favorite I would not meet or see any listener, to say nothing of making a public appearance or a motion picture film.

"My thought is that every fan has his own illusions about his Radio favorites, and that, once these stars are exposed in the flesh, or celluloid, to him, his illusions are apt to go boom, regardless of how satisfactory their acts or how personable their features. My observation is that the thicker the mystery, the better the listeners like it."

It is said, by the way, that Gosden an Correll are to get a million dollars f their picture.

Radio Fan News
—LOTS OF IT!
But that's not all—RADIO DIGEST every month has fiction stories by America's leading authors. Do you read 'em? If not, why not?



They call Lamdin Kay (above) the Little Colonel. He is station director at WSB, Atlanta, Georgia. But that's not all. It is his distinctly individual and southern manner of announcing that has won for him his title.

Reporter On the Air

By **Thelma Reboul**

QUITE by accident did "T. R. L., the Air Reporter," get into this business of Radio broadcasting. Ted R. Liuzza, whose voice is recognizable to thousands throughout the South, particularly Louisiana and Mississippi, is a newspaperman. A distinguished career of writing and reporting on *The New Orleans Item* and *The Morning Tribune* was behind him when he received his Radio assignment in 1926. *The Item*, which has the news broadcasting rights to WSMB, New Orleans, assigned Ted to "cover" the station to write up Radio news and programs for the paper. This naturally brought him in the studio where he saw how it was done.

Then one night in January of 1926, Mayor Behrman of New Orleans was in a dying condition and the station punctuated its programs that night with bulletins every half hour on his condition. Ted was given the assignment before the microphone because the regular announcer couldn't be located that night. His success was immediate. His voice was clear; his style emphatic. Moreover, it was pleasant and charged with good fellowship.

Then before he knew it he was the newspaper's regular news, sports and markets announcer. When he told his superiors he couldn't write features, Radio news and do reporting, and at the same time keep his voice on the air, it was decided to relieve him of all his duties except to handle the Radio news. The voice of "T. R. L." the Air Reporter, had become too great a station asset to kill off.

Mr. Liuzza, although only 26 years of age, is one of the veteran announcers of Radio. Next to Clyde R. Randall, director of WSMB, he has been on the air longer than any other New Orleans announcer. Twice daily he broadcasts markets, sports and news before the WSMB microphone and is noted for his enunciation and pronunciation as well as his wit.

Before WSMB became a link of the National Broadcasting company, all the outstanding national, southern and local sporting events were announced over this station by Ted R. Liuzza. These included the Dempsey-Tunney fights, Dempsey-Sharkey fight; play by play descriptions of the Dixie Baseball series in which New Orleans teams participated; the world series, and other important events.



Fritz Hursch, commercial manager, WSB, Atlanta, Ga.

Popular Old Clown Takes the Air

"AND so Old Mom picked up the little girl from in front of the approaching elephants, placed her safely on the sidewalk, and took her place in the parade again just as if nothing had happened.

The speaker is Leo Blondin, famous circus clown, menagerie man and manager who is appearing on a series of "performances" over WKY. The programs are designed largely for the entertainment of children, but Blondin's definition of children takes in the whole human family from 6 to 60. Every one, he says, is interested in circus stories.

The series includes stories about elephants, lions, and tigers; bears, horses, dogs and other circus animals, as well as interesting information about the old wagon show days.

To make the program realistic, an old time circus calliope has been uncovered by the manager at WKY, and set up in the studio.

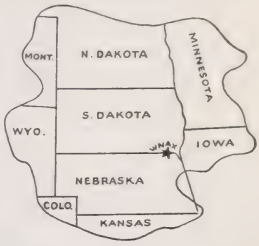
Blondin has nearly 40 years of circus experience from which to draw his yarns for the children. He has been a gymnast, wire walker, clown, animal trainer, menagerie superintendent and circus manager. The latter experience was with the old Sells-Floto circus. It was during this period that Courtney Ryley Cooper, famous writer of circus stories, was press representative for Sells-Floto and "Old Mom" was leader of the circus herd of elephants. Blondin's stories about the prowess of Old Mom stimulated Cooper to write the first of his manuscripts.

Working with Blondin in the series is a group of Oklahoma City children who furnish atmosphere, and do a lot of talking for the broadcasts.

WNAX

526 METERS, 570 KILOCYCLES

YANKTON, SO. DAK.



A MESSAGE sent out over Radio Station WNAX reaches its destination. It is received clearly and distinctly by over ten million people whose combined annual income is *Two Billion Dollars*. More than half of these listeners to WNAX live on eight hundred and three thousand, four hundred ninety-six farms.

WNAX lays claim to the most complete coverage in the Northwest. Go where you will in North or South Dakota, the western half of Iowa and Minnesota; anywhere in Nebraska, or the eastern part of Wyoming and Montana, and you will find more radios tuned in on WNAX than on any other station.

The programs are made to appeal to the people of the Northwest. There are old time orchestras, ballad singers, popular and concert orchestras, and singing; weather reports, news and the markets, as well as speakers on pertinent subjects of interest to farmers and folks who are in business that depend on farm prosperity to succeed.

The wave length and frequency of WNAX is such as to insure a clear channel. We have the latest Western Electric equipment with full modulation. If you have a message for the people of the Northwest, send it over WNAX, either by way of the station itself or through the Columbia network, of which WNAX is a member.

THE

MOST POPULAR

IN THE

WEST

Miss Evelyn Gardiner and KDKA's Home Forum

THE old saying: "Know your product before you tell others about it," is the keynote to the KDKA Home Forum, daily presentation except Sunday at 9:15 a. m. (E. S. T.).

Before Miss Evelyn Gardiner, Director of the KDKA Home Forum, offers to her listeners a new recipe it is thoroughly tested in her kitchen, careful attention being given to the exact measuring of ingredients, mixing, correct temperature, and length of time of cooking.

The scope of the work done by Miss Gardiner and her assistant on the KDKA Home Forum is not confined entirely to the formulating, testing and broadcasting of new recipes, but rather, covers a wide area of women's interests such as "how to plan their house work," planning a convenient kitchen with modern labor saving devices, and offering suggestions for the planning of parties including decorations, preparations and serving. Hints on ways and means of overcoming child feeding problems and numerous other problems that confront the housewife are given attention.

Miss Gardiner received an A. B. Degree from San Diego State College, San Diego, California, and an M. A. Degree in Household Arts from Columbia University, New York City. In addition to this training, she had one year's study in Home Economics at the University of Chicago, and two summers' work at the University of California in the same field.

She taught both Household Art and Household Science in a high school in San Diego for three years, then accepted a position at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College in Stillwater, Oklahoma, as instructor in the School of Home Economics, remaining there for two and a half years when she enrolled as a student at the Columbia University, from where she came to KDKA to take charge of the Radio activities of the Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the world in the field of household economics.

Miss Josephine Fresh, secretary and assistant to Miss Gardiner, had her training in Home Economics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh. After graduating she spent some time traveling in Europe studying the foreign methods of cooking and serving food.

A Skilled Harpist on the Pacific Coast

By **Carl T. Nunan**

KATHRYN JULYE, KPO's pretty staff harpist, did not purposely start out to become a player of the instrument which is naturally associated with angels, angelic music or the Irish. It just happened that she was to become one of the best western players of this ancient instrument whose sweet silvery tones irresistably "get under the skin" of poets, painters and writers, and charm their genius into creating masterpieces.

Miss Julye was born in Fresno, the raisin section of California, in 1905. The daughter of a famous pianist, the late M. M. I. Myers, it was natural that she should grow up in a musical atmosphere and, being of an artistic nature, lean toward some one of the arts. It followed she developed a passion for music.



Morgan Sexton, Announcer, Station WOC

Kathryn wanted to become a singer. Her parents dreamed and planned that she become one of the world's greatest harpists. Conflict of mind, however, failed to interfere and Kathryn was given a general musical education, with the result that Miss Julye is today a true artist *par-excellence* on the harp.

Back in 1922, when Radio broadcasting was an unknown quantity, Miss Julye made her debut to Radio fans of KPO as a soprano in a joint recital with her father. Two years later ability won two scholarships for her with the Jouillard Foundation of New York —one for voice and one for composition. It gave her the opportunity to study with such masters as Francis Rogers, baritone, and Rubin Goldmark, one of the country's best teachers of composition.

"I was so thrilled," says Miss Julye, "that I plunged into my musical endeavors with a vengeance, and in the following year, 1925, was rewarded by winning another scholarship—this time for the study of the harp. Fortunately for me, I became a pupil of the renowned woman harpist, Annie Louise David, whom critics acclaim America's supreme woman harpist." And so came the realization of her parents' dreams: Kathryn became a harpist.

Her first professional engagement as a harpist was when she appeared as soloist in the production, "Smilin' Thru," at the Alcazar Theatre, in San Francisco, headlining with such stars of the stage as Gladys George and Dudley Ayres. Miss Julye also gained fame at the French Theatre in the pit and on the stage.

Unlike most Radio artists, Miss Julye states, "I have never considered Radio in the light of a remunerative occupation, although it pays well; but I consider it as a means of education. I make so many friends—must study such a variety of compositions. And the musical directors teach me so much with their helpful suggestions and ideas."

But Radio does not alone claim her entirely. Kathryn Julye is one of the busiest of Western concert artists. Her greatest difficulty is finding time to fill her engagements.

An expression of appreciation to the great radio audience of the Southwest from

The Advertising Clientele and Management of

KFH

Wichita Eagle -:- Hotel Lassen
Wichita, Kansas

"We are more than grateful for the generous response you are giving us"

1000 Watt—Crystal Control
Western Electric Throughout

Member Station
Columbia Broadcasting System

J. Leslie Fox, *Director*



Eddie Jansen, director of Station KVI, 1000 watts of Pep and Personality.

Eddie Jansen— "Sunrise to Midnight"

***By* Mabel Howard**

IT HAS often been said that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but as Eddie puts it, "Who wants to be a mossback?" Hence it is that we find Eddie Jansen, the person this story is written about

Being a writer of newspaper articles, it is my lot to call on and interview personages throughout the country. One delightful Northwestern afternoon I dropped in on Radio Station KVI and asked for the manager. The office girl left me for the moment, and returning, led me to the man I was in search of. Before entering the office I paused and read the following on the office door, "KVI, 1,000 Watts of Pep and Personality, Edward J. Jansen, Manager. Office hours sunrise until midnight." In this sign I read the history of the success of Eddie Jansen and KVI.

Eddie was born April 1, 1906, in St. Paul, Minnesota, but he hopes that you will not hold this birth date against him. Moving to Washington, his parents settled in Tacoma, where Eddie attended the St. Leo's grade and high school. Eddie, after leaving high school, sold newspapers, worked in shipyards and restaurants, chauffered and what not. He then studied to be a teacher, after which he played three seasons with a stock company, when something happened to change his life. Infantile paralysis confined him to his bed for six months.

The doctors agreed that he would never take another step, but this idea did not at all appeal to Eddie, so one day he had a friend take him down to KVI, just at the time the station was being reorganized. They tried him out and as a result he was hired as a relief announcer. Once in the line of battle, things began to happen. From relief announcer he passed in turn to the position of operator, continuity writer, chief announcer, assistant manager and last of all to that of manager of the Puget Sound Broadcasting Company. Now we find Eddie ready and able to step into any department. His new position keeps him busy in conferences on contracts, announcing, writing continuity and still taking his turn at the controls. I have never yet talked to a man so enthusiastic over his work. He is always thinking up new ideas, and anyone coming into the studio would never know just who the manager really was, unless he was pointed out by someone.

KVI is the northwest outlet of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Tacoma, Washington. The secret of its popularity may be found on the office door ,"KVI, 1,000 Watts of Pep and Personality, Edward J. Jansen, Manager. Office hours sunrise until midnight."

There's Music in the Carson Family

***By* Gertrude Thornhill**

IT JUST sort of "runs in the family," you might say after listening to the Carson Sisters Trio sing. Dorothy, Elsie and Nadine are station artists with KSAT, doing modern harmony numbers, and they are "mighty clever" according to the verdict of the listeners of the station.

If you didn't remark upon the singular situation after listening to the three sisters, it would certainly strike you as unusual to learn that there was a fourth to make a quartette until she married—"and then there were three," as the famous subtraction song goes.

Four younger sisters are still in school. Two of them are twins, 17, and are developing a real duo. Even the little girls still in grade school are musically inclined and all eight sisters frequently sing together as a double quartet.

Dorothy, Elsie, and Nadine "just started singing" when they were youngsters for their own amusement. The eldest is now 24, the youngest 20. Resemblance between the three is marked, but each has a distinctive individuality.

Nadine is a "blues" singer and accompanies the trio on the piano. Dorothy is secretary to the station manager at KSAT and consequently spends most of her time around the studio. The specialty of the trio is modernistic harmony.

KFKB

THE GOLD CUP WINNER OF 1930 POPULAR STATION CONTEST WITH 256,000 VOTES

The Pioneer Station of Kansas

The outstanding station of Kansas, with programs that are so diversified they appeal to the middle west farmer as well as to the city dweller.

5000 Watts, 1050 Kilocycles, Crystal Control, One Hundred Per Cent Modulation. Rate Card Mailed on Request. Member National Association of Broadcasters. *More Power Than Any Other Kansas Station.*

KFKB

Broadcasting Association, Inc.

MILFORD, KANSAS

J. M. Gilliam and His Four Stations

By J. M. Gilliam

General Manager, WACO and other Stations

FIVE years ago J. M. Gilliam started in the radio business. Five years of the hardest work and the most interesting; five years of alternating discouragement and success. But now, at the end of that five years he says he wouldn't change his place for that of any man in any other business. Radio has "got" him!

"The first station I ever operated was KFOB," says Mr. Gilliam, "here in Fort Worth, Texas. It is now KTAT—a 100 per cent Western Electric station. In addition we operate KTSA, a member of the CBS, in San Antonio. For the last two years we have been operating also KGKO at Wichita Falls, which is on the air from ten to thirteen hours every day.

"Station WACO, which we also operate, is the only station in the United States whose call letters spell the name of the City in which the station is located: KTAT, as you probably know, stands for Keep Talking About Texas.

"The Gilliam idea back of the present policy of expansion in the four stations named—KTAT, KGKO, KTSA and WACO, is that while there are plenty of orchestras, and a superfluity of musicians the number of real entertainers is comparatively few. It is the policy therefore to develop real entertainers; and not merely musicians. For example at the KGKO studio and the KTAT studio they have built a stock company around the orchestras (there is an orchestra for each of the four studios). Trained both as singers and actors, these stock companies are able to produce anything in the way of a program from a duet to a chorus of Christmas carols, with plenty of action thrown in for good measure.

"There is one activity of all our stations which I should like to emphasize. It is our ironclad policy to sponsor without charge all religious, civic, agricultural and educational movements, not only in the cities in which the moves originate but in the surrounding country as well. According to actual records KGKO at Wichita Falls last year located 103 stolen motor cars in addition to finding a whole raft of lost dogs, cats and other pets; not to mention one lost lady whom we located in Detroit and put her in touch with her mother."



D. B. Gurney, president of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Co., Yankton, N. D., speaking in behalf of Better Butter.

Station at Wittenberg

WCSO is one of the few stations fortunate enough to have call letters significant in meaning. The initial letters of the "owner and operator" Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, were granted to the station many years ago after a brief existence as WNAP.

WCSO was established in 1921, and for two years the station was used largely for experimental purposes, but in the fall of 1923 a line was run to the Wittenberg Stadium and the Home Football Games were put on the air. This practice was soon enlarged to include all athletic contests. Last fall all football games were broadcast, those away from Springfield being relayed by remote control. Alumni of the college throughout the territory covered are enthusiastic listeners to all broadcasts.

Later an addition to one of the college buildings was completed to accommodate modern and well furnished studios. Regular programs of lectures, music and wholesome entertainment took their places on the air.

Each morning a program of organ music played by Oliver Nicklas of the State Theatre is broadcast by remote control. This theatre is packed with children for special shows on Saturday mornings, and these youngsters have formed a kiddies singing club, and vocalize as the organist plays.

Following the organ music each morning is the Homemaker's Hour directed by Miss Vera Stein, consisting of home hints, style talks, recipes, contests, music and entertainment. This hour has a wide acceptance with the housewives and a large correspondence is maintained between WCSO and those who favor this hour.

Night football is to be inaugurated at Wittenberg College this coming season and WCSO looks forward to carrying Wittenberg's football conquests to more listeners than ever before. John D. Kuhns, who for three years handled the Harvard games over WBZ, and Lester S. Crowl, who enters on his eighth year of putting Wittenberg football on the air, will again work together, as they also do when handling basketball from the Wittenberg Gymnasium.

WCSO has maintained a regular evening series of broadcast programs since its inception in 1921, serving the city of Springfield and a wide suburban and rural community in central Ohio.

Associate
Columbia Broadcasting System

The Most Powerful Broadcasting Station in 300 Miles

KSCJ

2500 Watts, Crystal Control
100% Modulation

Sioux City Journal, Sioux City, Iowa

Double Turntable Equipment for Both 33⅓ and 78 RPM Electrical Transcriptions

THE WHOLE STORY

Sioux City is the center of one of the richest agricultural belts in the world.

Sioux City is a good size in Iowa—Ninety-eighth size in America.

Sioux City has no big city north till you reach Winnipeg, Canada.

Sioux City has an active trading territory of seventy-five miles.

Sioux City has over a million people in her immediate trade territory.

Sioux City is the *largest live stock trucking center in the world.*

Sioux City has no peer in any other section of the country.

KSCJ.

KSCJ is a well equipped broadcasting station in the middle west.

The Sioux City Journal has been a daily in this territory over fifty-five years.

Sioux City merchants *broadcast direct from truck yards daily through KSCJ.*

KSCJ is owned by The Sioux City Journal.

KSCJ maintains a schedule second to none—

KSCJ will put on any kind of program desired.

KSCJ gets results.

C. W. CORKHILL, *Manager*

From Harlem to Hollywood

Amos and Andy are out in Hollywood during the hot summer months getting their first experience in the sound picture studios. An authentic article on the subject will appear in the

SEPTEMBER
RADIO DIGEST

Start the new Radio year right by subscribing to this great Radio Fan magazine now.

WLBF

Kansas City, Kansas

When you wish to cover Greater Kansas City and fifty miles rich surrounding territory, WLBF offers

Low Rates—Full Time On Air—High Grade Musical Programs—Choice Time. Complete Advertising Service—Proven Popularity.

Hoyland Milling Co., writes:

"We use fifteen stations and get best results from WLBF. We get four hundred to seven hundred letters per day, each representing a sale from our activities on your station."

WLBF —Pays more for talent—puts out more original entertainment—gets more fan mail than any other station in Greater Kansas City. *FREE—Write for Station Survey, Rate Cards, Testimonial Sheets, Continuity Service, Etc.*

WLBF

Huron Building, Kansas City, Kansas

Texas Broadcasting Corp.

Serving the Great Southwest

DOMINANCE does not mean distance! The stations represented in this group possess sufficient power to reach out into their territories and the four of them serve the State of Texas, Southern Oklahoma and Eastern New Mexico. Each Station carefully studies the conditions in its own territory and its programs are planned to please the people. Each Station is the dominant, popular station in the community in which it is located.

KGKO
500 watts day time
250 watts night time
Wichita Falls, Texas

KGKO covers Northwest Texas and Southern Oklahoma, doing an average business of over $100,000 per annum and is the only Station in Wichita Falls.

KTAT
1000 watts
Fort Worth, Texas

KTAT is of the Southwest and for the Southwest—the greatest "new" country on the face of the earth. What this Station has to broadcast will be received by the fastest growing and soon the wealthiest territory in North America—a territory the resources of which have scarcely been touched.

WACO
1000 watts
Waco, Texas

WACO is located in one of the most thriving cities in Central Texas, with the most prosperous agricultural background of any city in the Southwest, and is the only Station in Waco and Central Texas.

KTSA
2000 watts day time
1000 watts night time
San Antonio, Texas

KTSA is located in historic old San Antonio, the home of the Alamo—within three or four hours drive of the lower Rio Grande Valley, with its untold wealth in production of oranges, grapefruit, lemons and other tropical fruits. It serves more local and territorial accounts than any other Station in South Texas.

During our five years in Commercial Radio Broadcasting, we have specialized in giving free service to all worthy institutions and movements in the cities and territories in which we are located—agricultural, religious, educational and similar institutions. This policy, together with the programs we present—that the people like—has endeared these stations to the public. Time can be bought on these stations individually or at an attractive combination rate as a group. For detailed information and rates, address—

TEXAS BROADCASTING CORP.

Texas Hotel **Fort Worth, Texas**

Best Wishes

To the

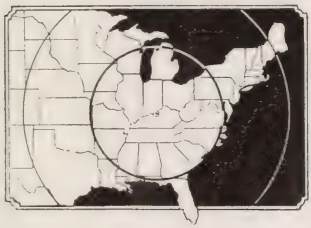
RADIO DIGEST

On Its 8th Anniversary

from

WHAS

which has also celebrated its eighth anniversary of service to a huge radio audience



Station WHAS radiocast its first programme on July 18, 1922. Since that time it has always strived for and maintained the highest of radio ethics and now serves a large and friendly audience every morning, afternoon and evening.

WHAS occupies a most strategic location. It is virtually at the center of population of the United States and over 47% of the population east of the Rockies live within a 500-mile radius. Within a radius of 1,000 miles are 92% of the population east of the Rockies.

WHAS

10,000 Watts Full Time

365.6 M.—820 K. C.

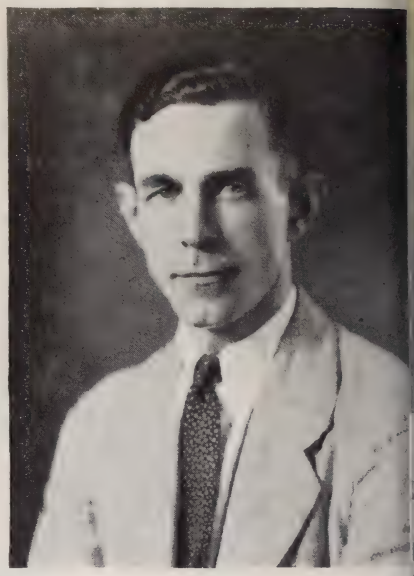
Owned and Operated By

The Courier-Journal

The Louisville Times

Louisville, Ky.

WREC, The Voice of Memphis



Hoyt B. Wooten, Director WREC.

THE HOME studios of WREC are located in the beautiful Hotel Peabody and many novel local programs come from these studios each day. The $20,000 Mohler studio organ is heard several times daily with "Francis" at the console. The Doctor and Professor, "General Nuisance and Lord Applesauce," "The Roustabouts," "Ada and Eva," "Who's Who" and many other special local attractions keep the staff of twenty busy.

WREC is the CBS representative in Memphis and presents most of their leading programs. It is the only Memphis station that has permanent day- and night chain service; presenting all of the Columbia sustaining features that are heard all through the day. Beginning at 7 o'clock a. m. with "Something for Everyone" and finishing the day at midnight with dance music from the beautiful roof garden of Hotel Peabody, played by Dave Harmon and his band.

"We are an intensely busy station here," says Hoyt B. Wooten, director of WREC. "Right in line with the new awakening spirit if the Old South, the Voice of Memphis, sounds its note of hope and encouragement to its thousands of listeners in in this section of the country."

It Was a Real Strad —No Wonder!

J. OLIVER RIEHL, music director of the Chicago studios of the NBC, is not often mistaken in musical matters—if he were he wouldn't hold the position he now occupies. But he made a mistake recently which was at once painful and instructive, for although it cost him the price of a new hat, it brought to his attention the existence in Chicago of one of the finest violins in the world.

It all came about when C. M. Thompson, wealthy collector of violins, entered Riehl's office with the announcement that he had in his possession a violin from which could be produced with absolute perfection every note of the scale, even through the microphone. "I'll bet a hat you haven't!" was Riehl's answer, and an argument ensued which resulted in a bet into which the NBC official entered not wisely but too enthusiastically.

In order to settle the point, a council of several of the most eminent violinists in Chicago was called, who listened critically to the tones of the violin, first in the studio and later through the loudspeaker, as the music came to them via the microphone. The violin successfully passed every conceivable musical test, and Riehl lost the bet.

After it was all over, it was discovered that the instrument is a genuine Stradivarius, one of the few in existence and valued by its owner to the extent of a sum of five figures. As a result of the incident, Mr. Riehl is bemoaning the high cost of hats in Chicago, but he has also began negotiations to broadcast the marvelous tones of the violin over the NBC networks.

We believe they will be well worth hearing!

Greetings to our friends in Medicine Hat, Tucumcari, Andalusia, Oshkosh, Kalamazoo and Schenectady, as well as every other place, from—

WSM

"We Shield Millions"

The National Life and Accident Insurance Co.

INCORPORATED

Nashville - Tennessee

Operating on a frequency of 650 Kilocycles

For Rates Please Inquire by Mail

George D. Hay, *"The Solemn Ol' Judge,"* Director

Harry Stone, Associate Director



A fine, clean, professional and upstanding bunch compose the concert orchestra of KTSA, San Antonio, Texas, one of the Gilliam chain of stations. Everett Hauser, the director of the orchestra, is shown standing, with the baton, in the center.

Clever Entertainers —"Cecil and Sally"

CLEVER entertainers—Helen Troy and Johnnie Patrick of KPO! Original and humorous with their intriguing episodes of "Cecil and Sally in The Funniest Things," which are released every evening with the exception of Sunday, at 9:10 o'clock.

Johnnie Patrick, who purposely flunked his West Point and University of California examinations because he was so sold on the idea of Radio as a career, is the originator and author of the humanly interesting episodes which have to do with the experiences of a bashful boy and his girl friend, typical of the everyday experience of modern romantic young couples—so cleverly interwoven with skill and understanding that they remind one of the experiences with his or her own children.

Helen Troy, "the girl friend," is equally accomplished, having been on the stage since she was four years old. Strange it is that both of these artists, who have organized the team of "Cecil and Sally," have had more or less the same experiences throughout their lives. Both were raised by aunts and uncles, their parents having passed away while they were still very young.

Helen was born in San Francisco. At four years she toured the country with her uncle, G. Lote Silver, on the Orpheum Circuit—it was he who originated the illustrated songs so popular a few years back. A year or so later her uncle retired from the stage and purchased a chain of theatres of his own, and Helen was then sent to school at Travers City, Michigan, attending the Sacred Heart Academy.

At seventeen she was sent to Chicago to study piano and pipe organ, where she received the teaching of a number of celebrated teachers, including Jess Crawford. Her first professional engagement as an organist was in Detroit where she appeared at the Cinderella Theatre for one year. She then came west and for a time played at the Imperial Theatre here, then entered the Radio field at a local station as accompanist and soprano soloist.

Johnnie was born in Louisville, Kentucky. At the age of two years he found himself at Houston, Texas, where several years later, when his parents died, he was sent to be cared for by his uncle at Austin, Texas, who sent him to the Saint Edward's School there. His early life was one round of schools. From St. Edwards he was sent to Saint Joseph's Academy, New Jersey, and then to Holy Cross College at New Orleans. From there he went back to Texas, and soon afterwards to San Francisco.

Here he finished his schooling at a private school and then took up drawing at the California Institute of Fine Arts and established quite a reputation as a cartoonist—many of his drawings have been used by local newspapers.

One day while on the tennis court "raising a racket" Johnnie met Helen Troy and she became his "girl friend of Radio."

"She inspired me with her little laugh and her ability to be funny," states Johnnie, "and Helen gave me the idea of our broadcasts which have proved so popular with Radio dialers."

"Don't you believe him," chips in Helen, "it is his own keen sense of

KFJF

5000 Watts, 1480 Kilocycles

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

1. KFJF is located in the center of the U. S. equidistant from Los Angeles and New York City.
2. KFJF is in the geographical and population center of the State of Oklahoma, the only state in the Union that has been in the "white" on business maps of the country for twenty-one consecutive months.
3. KFJF has been operating on a Daily Schedule for seven years (on July 4th).
4. KFJF has new 5000 watt 100 per cent modulated crystal controlled equipment.
5. KFJF operates on a full time schedule starting at 7 a. m. with continuous programs 16 to 18 hours every day.

BROADCASTING STATION KFJF
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Member Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Association of Broadcasters.



"Chickie" Moss is a petite blues singer featured twice weekly over KQV, Pittsburgh. Small, dark, with flashing blue eyes, "Chickie" (no one seems to know her first name) is five feet of concentrated personality. Just 18, hails from sunny California, and has ambitions to return there. Much as they would like to see her realize her ambition, the KQV crowd would rather have her stay with them.

humor and his exceedingly funny gags that make the episodes so successful. You know Johnny never does give himself credit for his ability—but you can just rest assured that I'll speak for him. He's simply great!"

Basketball, tennis and swimming seem to be the chief athletic hobbies of both, and they devote much of their spare time to these healthful sports.

The Growth of KQV

A FORD Spark Coil, two nails as a spark gap, a dry cell and a sending key. That was the beginning in 1912 of the present KQV Pittsburgh, of three magnificent studios and offices atop a modern office building. KQV has gone through a number of reincarnations since then, but the staff are proud of the fact that their license is the first one ever granted a commercial station and that KQV is the second oldest station in the world.

Since that humble beginning over eighteen years ago KQV has grown marvelously. Under the management now of Paul J. Miller, who has been in the game since he was a "pup," the staff of KQV, numbering twenty persons in all, plans to extend their scope of activities to include every type of entertainment known. Football games, hockey, basketball, operas, symphonic presentations and choral renditions all have a place in the plans for the coming fall.

Joe Wright and His Eleven-Piece Orchestra

***By* C. Thomas Nunan**

AN UNUSUAL orchestra director is Joe Wright, violinist leader of The Cinderella Orchestra of the Silver Slipper Cafe, heard nightly, 11:00 to 12:00, except Mondays, on KPO, San Francisco. For Joe spends all his spare time reading the "case books of law," and books published on the laws of harmony. He does not study law with the aim of becoming a lawyer. He reads it for recreation. Although a past master and arranger of harmony, he reads the laws of harmony also to relax his mind. In that, he is like a sailor who goes rowing on his days of "liberty."

But Joe is one of those unusual men in everything he does. He has an unusually good orchestra, is an expert at golf, was a real baseball player, but butterfingers being not especially good for violinists, he has forsaken the diamond. He is an all round good chap and a clean cut gentleman.

He was born in Oklahoma City, 1899. His father, a retired oil man of that city, was a guitar player of repute; his mother, a concert pianist. It followed that Joe should also become a musician. When he was 4 years old he was taken to Spokane with his parents where he grew to manhood and received his education.

Joe came to San Francisco eight years ago and was one of the first to be heard over KPO, when it came on the air in 1922. Since that time he has become well known to San Franciscans and has directed orchestras in a number of the city's leading cafes.

His eleven-piece orchestra is fast gaining a reputation for its individual style. They play their own arrangements of the late hits. The orchestra boasts three men who specialize in this and their arrangements are made to fit the orchestra.

The boys are also arrangers for one of the country's leading music publishers and the photograph of the orchestra will soon be published on a number of the latest song hits.

WFAA

Only Station in entire South or west of Mississippi with a power of

50 KILOWATTS

WFAA offers complete Radio advertising service, with a large and competent staff of producers and entertainers.

THE DALLAS NEWS - -
THE DALLAS JOURNAL

LOOK OUT
fo' Mah Operation

By Roger Baudier

A MOST important function of Radio is to bring to the people f one section of our country informa- on as to customs and traditions of ther parts. Thus the dwellers in New ngland may know more about the ople of Florida and the Carolinas; he office workers in Chicago's loop ay have a better understanding of the ople of Southern Louisiana; and that hese people in the far South may in rn better appreciate their northern rothers. The same is good for all arts of the country.

Which is just by way of introducing his illuminating story of two New Or- ans comedians who are wisely imper- onating over Radio the humorous side f a little known race of Americans— he French-speaking "niggers" of the Delta region.—Editor.

"LOOK out fo' mah operation!" "Who wrote dat song?" 'Most assiduously—"

These typical expressions of Smokey and Tee-Tain, and a score of others h the tang of the peculiar Creole ent, have become bywords in New leans, uproariously familiar to the usands of Radio fans who tune in ry Tuesday night for certain popular dliners of station WWL. But where uld one expect to find the real types of Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain with their accompanying characters, except in the old French Quarter of New Orleans—the Vieux Carré?

Famous writers, singers, poets and artists have immortalized the Vieux Carré, as well as its inseparable, odd and unique folks, with their strange customs of another day and their chatter in inimitable "Creole nigger-talk." However, it was left to Ralph J. Nogués and René Durel to place on the air for the first time, vividly and true to life, some of these quaint characters. Among those who know New Orleans, who are there who will not recognize Smokey Joe, the unfailing, shrewd and pompous darkey with a smattering of education; Tee-Tain, the simple, street-corner "nigger" of old "French Town"; Clemence, the latter's shrill-voiced-virago-of-a-wife; Lawyer Calebasse, the rusty and frayed legal light of the old régime, unable to utter half a sentence without interspersing it with French; Wun Lung, the incarnation of the still popular New Orleans Chinese laundryman (incidentally, the old Chinese character in continuity on the air); and Señor Alvarez, descendant of Spanish grandees?"

Then there are also those other odd,



honest-to-goodness Orleanians, hold-overs of another day: Nainaine Cora, Madame Alexis—the fortune-teller; "Achille," Uncle Nenesse, and, the crowning glory of all, Tee-Tain's two little sons, Equator and Gagaloot!

With all the world to choose from, no two persons could better qualify to impersonate such characters than Nogués and Durel, for both were born and reared in the old French Quarter, among the very characters they portray. Little wonder that they bring out their characters so faithfully, particularly in accent, dialect and expression; that they make use of their habit of jumping from the sublime to the ridiculous and to finding humor even in moments the most dramatic. Even their fantastic trips to Mars and Iceland and other far-away places that have brought such nationwide popularity to Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain and aroused such widespread interest, are characteristic of "French Town" colored folks' simplicity and credulity.

Then, in the musical overture of their broadcast, Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain bring in rare New Orleans local color. The wailing dirge of the ever-present negro funeral band on the way to the cemetery, is combined with the customary lively jazz selections played on the return, as if expressing joy at being still alive. As Smokey Joe expresses it:

KFUL

owned and operated by the

Texas Broadcasting Company

Studio:
Buccaneer Hotel
Galveston, Texas

Write for Rates

"... COMING to you from the studios of ... KSTP"

St. Paul and Minneapolis and the adjacent Northwest vote for KSTP first in preference to any other local programs. And quite naturally, the NBC entertainment and service features have the majority of followers of net work productions. KSTP admittedly is first—nearly 70% of the listeners as against 17% for the station named second choice. The KSTP orchestra organization of thirty-five artists includes selected groups, which present everything from symphonic classics to the latest popular selections, and is the only full-time Radio station staff orchestra in the Northwest. In addition to this most important asset, KSTP gives most to the advertiser and listeners because it has the largest musical library — the largest technical staff — the most complete research, merchandising, sales, program, publicity, continuity, music and dramatic departments. The KSTP advertising department will be pleased to submit a detailed Radio advertising plan without obligation.

Studios
St. Paul Hotel
St. Paul

Studios
Hotel Radisson
Minneapolis

Executive Offices
St. Paul Hotel
St. Paul, Minnesota

NORTHWEST'S LEADING RADIO STATION

"Most assiduously, hits de nigger ban' goin' with the dead one and comin' back wif de live ones."

Smokey Joe is the re-incarnation of a real character: A famous negro coal stoker on the Pontchartrain R. R. of New Orleans, the second oldest railroad in this country, whose three coaches and ancient locomotive still ramble to the lake shore, while the engine belches great clouds of black smoke. Hence, its nickname among Orleanians of "Smokey Mary" and the cognomen of "Smokey" for its fireman.

Tee-Tain is the phonetic abbreviation for "Petit Celestin," that is, "Little Celestin," following the common practice among the unlettered Creoles of adding the word "little" to the son's name when it is the same as the father's. "Petit Celestin" is shortened to "Tit-Tin," pronounced "Tee-Tain." Celestin was a habitue of one of the grocery stores in the neighborhood of Durel's childhood home in the French Quarter.

Both Durel and Nogués made their debut on the stage when very young, and that is more years than they care to remember. They later played in medicine shows. Both were in the theatre in New Orleans and on the road. Nogués started in dramatic roles and later turned to comic characters, especially those of the old régime of New Orleans. Durel remembers with a chuckle his first black-face act at a church festival.

With the decline of the legitimate, they drifted into commercial art, and in this line are well known in the city. Hence, it appeared for a time that business would rob the stage of two born thespians, but fortunately Radio has brought them back, and New Orleans "Vieux Carré" characters have been made known to the nation in a vivid and lifelike manner.



The orchestra of WCFL, Chicago, has Henry Francis Parks as its studio director, a musician of long symphonic orchestral experience. Director Parks is shown in the center of the photograph, standing.

Old Doc Applesauce Shows Himself Again

***By* George R. Wood**

TAKE a great amount of sunshine, and cheery smiles, add good music and humor administered by RKO stars and you have the prescription that is t foundation of the program directed Old Doctor Applesauce. This myste ous old character who styles himse "the old quack himself who cures yo ills without any pills," is heard throu WIL.

Each Monday afternoon at six o'clo a WIL announcer greets the Rad audience: "It's RKO and here we with the program from the St. Lo Theatre studios. Your genial host a master of ceremonies, Old Doctor Appl sauce, is ready to conduct the regul weekly program featuring the Myste Number Contest with Walter Seim the theatre pipe organ. Answers to t weekly contest run into thousands the listeners try to guess the corre title of an old number played.

An outstanding feature of the O Doctor's broadcast is the origi humorous style of announcing that has inaugurated for the program. announcements are made from "Applesauce Book of Poetry," "T Applesauce Book of Proverbs," "T Applesauce Book of Philosophy," e

The mysterious old doctor's identi was kept closely guarded until the Louis Radio show, when the listene demanded that he appear, and so secret was revealed—"Old Doctor App sauce," Arthur A. Frudenfeld—assista district manager for RKO.

INCIDENTALLY, dear lady reader, you pos-it-ively must read What Women Are Wearing This Fall by that best of authority, Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin. Of course, in the September Radio Digest. And another article by Evelyn KDKA Gardiner, Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

* * *

Here's a tip to our friends with typewriter leanings: Radio Digest is planning soon to inaugurate a series of Radio Skitbits written by our readers. If they do as well as they did with the Amos and Andy skits we are going to enjoy some highly entertaining bits.

In 1922 *First In Dixie* *In 1930*

WSB

The Voice of the South

Radiophone Broadcasting Station of

THE ATLANTA JOURNAL
ATLANTA - - GEORGIA
"The Journal Covers Dixie Like the Dew"

5,000 WATTS
Western Electric
Throughout

CLEAR CHANNEL
FULL TIME

Affiliated NBC *Network*

Maintaining a complete continuous daily service of 17½ hours



a unique setting the Silver Slipper Orchestra of Station KPO, San Francisco, rforms for audiences who delight to trip the "light bombastic" toe. The white object on the curtain behind the musicians is a Cindarella slipper, we believe.

Doc Johnson *of* KPO

Says, "When I Settle Down and Marry I am Going to Raise a Little Haywire Orchestra All My Own"

'Doc Johnson," who directs the ome Towners" over KPO, in private : is Harry E. Jackson. Harry is a dio salesman, and runs a Radio repair op, and, as he himself says, "by fix- the sets I can be assured that they in good working order to receive my rograms."

'Doc" was born at Covelo, California, se to the Round Valley Indian Reser- tion, Mendocino County, in 1888. ke all back country people, he has a endly twinkle in his blue eyes. He nds 5 feet 6½ inches, and, but for a v sparse hairs that nestle on the top d sides of his head, he is bald. "I ve always been too busy to allow my ir to grow," says this KPO artist with giggle. "From the time I was knee gh to a grasshopper, I have had to git- -and-git to satisfy a craving for food. y first employment was with the vil- ge blacksmith where I pounded out ny an inspiring tune on the anvil."

'The tunes that I play on Radio KPO e the result of early environment," tes Doc. "Ma and Pa were the hay- rest musicians you ever heard, and so re my three brothers. We used to ld nightly concerts in the old home, ilizing every imaginable type of trans- rtable instrument, with the exception a piano, and the front parlor was the ngout for the neighbors. We all ayed by ear—whistles, banjos, accor- ans, violins. We went so far as to ax musical tunes out of almost any- ing from which a sound could be ex- cted.

"Then, too, we organized a little 'Tin orn Orchestra,' the kind which is com- only called by Radio dialers of today laywire,' and we were in great demand. e played for three years at various mmer resorts throughout the State be- re we disbanded."

"Doc" was schooled at Healdsburg, tending the grammar and high schools that city. In high school he excelled pole vaulting and hurdling, and one ar during the Water Carnival on the ussian river he won a silver medal as cond place winner in the Single Oar ce. There were only two in the race.

"Someday when I settle down and arry," states Doc, "I am going back to em thar hills and raise a hay wire or- estra of my own, so that the family me will be perpetuated for Radio."

Today Radio is richer in that the melo- es that once cheered the pioneers on e trails are available and are sung by Doc" and his "Home Towners" from KPO during the "Toreador" broadcasts every Monday evening, 9:00 to 10:00 o'clock; Tuesday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:00 o'clock; "The Midweek Variety Hour," Wednesdays, 9:10 to 10:00 o'clock, and the "Back Home" programs Fridays, 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock p. m.

Compares Acting, Radio

ARTHUR B. ALLEN, the squeaky voiced Gus of the Schradertown broadcasts at 8:30 Friday nights over KSD, is just the sort of personality the listener is led to expect from his Radio voice—a spry, energetic little man, with quick moving hands and expressive shoulders.

Not a youngster any more, though capable of all the enthusiasms of a boy in school. His face is thin and narrow, with mild, blue eyes and a sensitive mouth above a long chin.

When he is talking his lips move very little—long stage experience has taught him the trick of "throwing" his voice from the back of his throat. But when acting before the microphone he is apt to take on droll contortions and mouthings, hunch his shoulders and wave his arms about, all to fit the character he is portraying.

"Broadcasting is different from character acting on the stage," Allen says, "because there you have action, costume and lighting effects to get your story across the footlights and you can represent a dozen different characters in pretty much the same voice. But in Radio you must have a voice for every character."

Brother Bob Described

AT LAST the public knows who "Brother Bob" is on the afternoon "Brother Bob frolic" at KTAB, Oakland, Calif. He is Ray Raymond, aged 36 years.

Originally hailing from Shreveport, La., he later attended the University of Kansas, played in musical comedy circles and then migrated into the advertising racket.

Nearly 6 feet high, and weighing 170 pounds, he has blue eyes and blond hair, admits a fondness for prize fights, supper dances and the talkies.

Which does he like better—acting or Radio work? Three guesses.

Congratulations to

RADIO DIGEST

on their

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

from

WREC

"The Voice of Memphis"

in HOTEL PEABODY

MEMPHIS LEADING STATION

SERVING: WEST TENNESSEE, EAST ARKANSAS, NORTH MISSISSIPPI

WCOC

owned and operated by

Mississippi Broadcasting Co.
INCORPORATED
Meridian, Miss.

1000 Watts to local sunset . . . . .
500 Watts thereafter.

100% Modulation. .

Licensed to operate on full time. . . .

Write for Rates

KTAP

1,420 Kilocycles (100 Watts) 211.1 Meters

Operating on Full Time

SERVING

An estimated population of over 300,000 with approximately 2½ million people living within 250 miles of SAN ANTONIO

◆ ◆

Schedule of Rates
(Subject to change without notice)

		1 Time	13 Times	26 Times
1 HOUR	7 P.M. to 10 6 A.M.	$30.00	$24.00	$18.00
½ HR.		15.00	12.00	9.00
	6 A.M. to 10 7 P.M.	18.00	14.40	12.00
		9.00	7.20	6.00

FOR FURTHER DETAILS REGARDING CONTRACTS AND AVAILABLE TIME

Address: W. E. Remy
Advertising Manager

Alamo Broadcasting Co.
401 MAJESTIC THEATER BLDG.
San Antonio - - Texas

The KFRC Blue Monday Jamboree

***By* Monroe R. Upton**

KFRC's Jamboree was born—a good program is born, not made—'way back (let's see!) sometime between the carving of the ten commandments and Lindbergh's flight to Paris. "Mac," occasionally known as Harry McClintock, started it all as a campfire hour. Come to think of it, though, it might have started with the Cuckoo Club, a KFRC weekly "funfest" that flourished during the station's 50-watt days, long before Don Lee purchased it, added 950 watts and moved it to 1000 Van Ness avenue.

The Jamboree is just about the only West Coast program that has managed, by hook, crook or kilocycle, to become an institution. It has taken it's place along with marriage, "Skippy," the one-way street, the Pacific ocean, aloofness to the 18th Amendment and the story about the traveling man who went downstairs to devour the remainder of the biscuits—a part and parcel of American life on the Pacific coast.

The personnel of the Jamboree force includes the comedians—Pedro, the dumb janitor of Seal Rocks, who sleeps on a high stool for days at a time Frank Watanabe, who specializes i playing with nitroglycerin; professo Hamburg, who does strange things wit a sword; Lem and Lafe, the blackfac pair, and Monroe Upton, a comedian c parts and special writer for KFRC.

Besides there is Norman Nelson, tenor who specializes in old tunes, an who does dramatic parts, serious an non-serious; Juanita Tennyson, Ed O'Keefe, Jean Wakefield, Lucille Athe ton, Margaret O'dea, who is possesse of an exceptionally rich and sweet co tralto voice; Edna Hazel Warner an others.

Nature Faking

"I have gone into the stock breedi business," said Brown.

"You have?" replied Smith, "A what are you going to raise on yo farm? Horses, cows and pigs?"

"No, No!" Brown rejoined. I'm g ing in for something new. I'm going cross carrier pigeons with parrots so can send messages verbatim."



Without hesitation we announce that Bonnie Daynes, shown herewith, is our type of girl. She is one of the talented artists of KDYL, Salt Lake City, Utah. Appearing with Norman Mork in the spot broadcast bearing the title of Diane and Phil.

Girl Wins $100 for DUBRONSKY YARN

By David B. Hampton

WHO killed Leon Dubronsky of KHOL?

You will be surprised—especially if you were one of the many contestants who submitted 500-word theories in answer to the question, which was published as the title of a mystery story in the April Radio Digest.

Not one person named the actual killer.

Almost everyone mentioned in the story was accused, but the individual who is revealed here by the author, Mr. David B. Hampton, as the real murderer.

All the manuscripts were read and reread by the judges. One after another was eliminated.

***Margaret J. Ayotte, 2430 Ninth ave., Watervliet, New York,** was adjudged the winner of the one and only prize of $100. Her theory was declared the most ingenious and most nearly correct. She cleared all the other characters on whom suspicion had fallen and named the murderer as "Mr. X." She attributed the motive to revenge, and accounted for the missing finger to the desire of assassin for the ring.*

Following is the explanation as originally written by the author, Mr. Hampton.

AFTER several weeks of fruitless investigation endeavoring to solve the mysterious murder of Leon Dubronsky and how he could telephone Radio station two hours after he had died, Smiling Pat Donovan succeeded in gaining permission from Captain Rawlston to place the case in the hands of the noted criminologist, Professor Robert C. Marsby.

Seated in the cozy apartment on Cherokee Street, Donovan related in detail the incidents surrounding the mysterious murder, and presented all the evidence he had been able to uncover, and in his most eloquent manner appealed to his expert for assistance. Marsby, as was always his habit, sat listening without ever interrupting. Then, before saying a word he strolled to the window and blindly gazed out over the rooftops of surrounding bungalows, and, slowly tugging at his chin, weighed the evidence placed before him. At length he turned to Donovan, his face serious and his cold blue eyes piercing into the eyes of his guest.

"Pat," he said in a toneless sort of way, "how many times must I warn you of the folly in chasing clues? They are the most dangerous and misleading steps in solving a crime of this nature. Here you have certain facts in this case, and you totally ignore them to go chasing rainbows. Stand at a window and look off into space. Forget everything. Forget all you've heard or seen and give those little brain cells a chance to function. Shut everything else from your mind.

"Automatically the puzzle will twist around into a nucleus and grow into a logical solution. Now this case does not warrant my devoting time to it. I'll start you off on the right path and see to it you get the congratulations of that Scotchman, Captain Rawlston."

"LET us start by elimination. The fact that no weapon was found in the room is of no importance. The locked door is an old, old gag. A small pair of pincers with long claws will easily lock or unlock doors that have the key on the other side of the lock. I dare say if you carefully examine the key used you will find tiny scratches on the point. The mere knowledge that Mr. Truewald conducted a butcher shop is trivial. Likewise the pertinacious attitude of the landlady, Mrs. Conway. And the young girl, Mrs. Truewald, is just as innocent as you would like her to be. The major thing and key to the solution you entirely overlooked. TWO HOURS AFTER DUBRONSKY DIED HE PHONED THE RADIO STATION. Common sense will tell you the impossibility of such an action."

So far the discourse was of little assistance to Donovan, but he knew he must content himself by listening to the professor, and eventually he would learn the truth. However, he said:

"Then according to that I should arrest the assistant Radio announcer at KHOL because he took the second phone call."

"Exactly," the professor quickly retorted. "Now, Donovan, you are using your head and not your legs. That man is guilty of this crime. Who else could do it? Why, my boy, I'd feel ashamed of myself if I were in your shoes. Except for the motive I will reconstruct the little episode if you care to listen."

Donovan was very anxious to listen and after they had lighted cigars and settled back in comfortable chairs Marsby proceeded to unravel the mystery. And his smoothness of speech made it impossible to doubt his words.

"Dubronsky and the girl returned from dinner and, reaching their floor, he tried to persuade her to enter his room. She refused. Both went to their respective apartments. Mrs. Conway entered Dubronsky's room to reprove him for his actions towards Mrs. Truewald. After she departed the murderer, having gained access by a passkey prior to Dubronsky's homecoming, and hidden in the clothes closet, leaped out and killed Dubronsky. I think that explains the actions of Mrs. Conway and the girls."

"Well, not exactly," Smiling Pat interjected.

"THEN you are not allowing freedom of your brain cells," remarked the professor. "Mrs. Conway realized her position. She was the last person to have seen the murdered man. Quite naturally she endeavored to get out of a precarious role by subtly reflecting suspicion on Mrs. Truewald. On the other hand, this young lady was on equally as thin ice. Fearing the consequences, she lied, hoping to build an alibi. The last point to clear up is the missing finger and reason for severing. My only thought on the matter is that Dubronsky wore a particular ring that the murderer craved."

True to Professor Marsby's prediction, Donovan, within half an hour secured a written confession from Lawrence Palmer, and the last few stray threads were gathered up and explained in this document.

KTRH

The Rice Hotel

Station at

Houston, Texas

broadcasts nightly on an assigned frequency of

1120 KILOCYCLES

or

267.7 METERS

Featuring CBS Programs as well as the highest type of local entertainment

Broadcasting time available to enterprising businesses desirous of reaching a majority of South and Southeast Texas homes.

All types of talent available through our service and continuity department.

Station is equipped with double turntables to handle programs by electrical transcription.

Write for rates or consult Standard Rate and Data Service.

The name Leon Dubronsky was an alias, his real name being Horace A. Widdemer. He had been a violinist in a motion picture theatre in Dallas, Texas, until the advent of talkies, when this means of livelihood was relegated to the graveyard. He tried being a street musician, then turned to burglary, and, while robbing the Palmer house, he stumbled over a chair in the bedroom and awoke the sleepers. In the fracas that followed Mrs. Palmer was shot and killed, and Widdemer escaped by jumping through the window.

Palmer had recognized the ring on the deceased's finger as belonging to his wife. It was impossible to remove without lopping off the finger first, and he was determined to retrieve the jewelry for sentimental reasons. Lawrence Palmer was not erratic in his speech, as he felt confident the Dallas police would verify his confession and he would be liberated without a prison term.

Among those who submitted theories especially clever and worthy of honorable mention were the following:

Miss Ione Lester, 2418 Ninth ave., Watervliet, N. Y.

Charles Albright, R. F. D. No 4, York, Pa.

Helen Browne, Box 18, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, San Diego, Calif.

Oliver W. Cory, Waldeck, Sask.

Mrs. J. H. Reser, Conway, Mo.

Belle Nugent Gross, 256 Grove st, Oshkosh, Wis.

Mabel Derrickson, 2225 Stewart st., Puyallup, Wash.

Oscar Bryer, 2006 Howe st., Chicago, Ill.

W. S. Mills, 215 Peterson ave., Creston, Iowa

Naomi R. Buchanan, 1522 Fifth ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

Edith Keenan, 1004 Sixteenth ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Mervin L. Gardner, R. F. D. 4, Wells, Minn.

Miss Katherine MacIlreavie, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

V. A. Custer, 12 N. Goodwin ave., Kingston, Pa.

James V. Wiskin, 61 Livingston ave., Kingston, Ont.

B. S. Grewal, 3839 Richton st., Detroit, Mich.

Melvin Tischler, Library, Pa.

O. H. Smith, 147 Park Drive, Allegan, Mich.

Lillian Borvan, 2806 S. Harding ave., Chicago, Ill.

Van D. Valentine, Murray, Ky.

Beating the Racketeers

(Continued from page 48)

son of fashion in Chicago. Cooney was back on the stand and the Coon-Sanders Orchestra was holding forth merrily. Newspapers could get no facts on the procedure of Cooney's amateur sleuthing. Then, at last, he admitted that all but one in the gang had been taken. The fifth was not long to remain free. The show was just about over, and then—Coon-Sanders and their band went off the air entirely. Fans again were in a turmoil, but needlessly. Coon and Sanders were merely taking a well earned rest after seven years of hard work. They came back to their public when they opened their summer engagement at the Dells. So far there have been no more interruptions in their careers. Cooney has been unmolested and his family are in good shape. It is a known fact that four of the gang are behind bars and it is suspected that the fifth has joined his companions.

Cooney will not say anything of his adventures. He does not deny that they are true, but he is still silent about the whole affair. There must be a reason, but that would probably be another story to solve. Ah, verily, truth is stranger than fiction, but truth never finds an adequate ending place. Would it be possible to say of Carleton Coon and his family, at this point, "and they lived happily ever after"? No. There must still be more to tell, but until Cooney wishes to tell it, we must all wait. At least we can be reassured that he is in no danger, and that should difficulties arise, he is fully capable of meeting them.

Dawn of Radio

(Continued from page 70)

tion had the future of Radio at heart and it was their desire to give the listeners entertainment. Lined up against this little army of two were several of the officials of the Westinghouse Company who also had the future of Radio at heart. These men were of the opinion that all persons connected with the theatre were in league with the Devil. To permit these lost souls to broadcast might give Radio a bad name! As Ripley would say, "Believe it or not."

White and Cowan carried on and the officials who opposed the appearance of Broadway talent at the WJZ microphone were forced to abandon a losing fight. The fan mail which poured in proved that the public was getting what it wanted. White and Cowan had won the fight.

One evening after a strenuous broadcast Major White was on his way home. He met a friend who owned a restaurant and as they chatted this man said, "I've got a band playing in my place you ought to put on the air." Major White asked whose band it was. The man replied, "There's a fellow running it by the name of Vincent Lopez."

The Major had never heard of Lopez and his friend insisted that they go to the restaurant right then and there. "The boys are playing now and it will give you a chance to hear them." White was tired but his friend was so insistent that he permitted the man to persuade him into going with him. The band was playing.

Major White says now that it sounded just the same to him then as any other good band might have sounded. He saw no reason to get excited over the work of the musicians. However, he decided to ask the leader to broadcast some night.

He was introduced to Lopez and gave the invitation explaining that while there would be no financial return in it for the musicians he would see to it that transportation facilities for the men and their instruments would be furnished. Lopez smiled. "Oh, never mind that. We can all go over in the Hudson Tube. When do you want us there?"

The Major named the date and the time of the broadcast. Sure enough, Vincent Lopez and all his musicians appeared at the Westinghouse factory on time for the scheduled broadcast. Bass viol, drums and all the trip had been made under the Hudson by tube. Perhaps you've heard of this man who, in 1921 inconvenienced himself and all his bandsmen in order to promote Radio during the pioneering days—this Vincent Lopez?

One stormy night that same winter the Major and Tommy Cowan had scheduled a program of great variety. Two singers by the name of Billy Jones and Ernie Hare were to open the evening's broadcast with some duets. They opened the show alright. And they kept it open for an hour. Then they kept it open for another hour! Major White, with the company's car loaded down with entertainers, was enroute from New York to Newark.

The storm had drifted the snow and the trip consisted of one delay after another. At every corner where a telephone was available the Major called up Tommy—"We're on our way. Keep Jones and Hare singing until we get there." Back to the car he would go to battle the elements. When the half-frozen entertainers arrived at the studio Jones and Hare were singing their forty-second number!

Cowan went to the microphone to make an announcement and Billy Jones flopped into a chair—all in. The Major leaned over to speak to him. Jones looked up and murmured, "Thank God you're here!" Then the Major told him the sad news. "You'll have to sing one or two more songs, Billy. The crowd is frozen. They'll be alright as soon as they get thawed out," he whispered, "but you and Ernie will have to help me out just a little longer."

Billy Jones never said a word but the Major says he will never forget the look which the singer gave him as he slowly pulled himself out of the chair and motioned to Ernie Hare to join him at the mike. They sang another song, this pair who were to become famous as the "Happiness Boys," now known as "The Interwoven Pair." Forty-three numbers is, I think, a record for one continuous duet recital.

They were a hardy lot those Radio pioneers. Let's give those boys and girls a big hand.

Crockett Mountineers

(Continued from page 33)

and the fellow who buys one must eat it with the woman who cooked it."

"And that's where the fun begins," chimed in Allen, the youngest. "Sometimes a real old man buys a young girl's pie, or a young fellow like me gets one from a woman old enough to be my grandmother. That happened to me twice, and my whole evening was spoiled."

The Crocketts agree, however, that the pies are good, no matter who bakes them. Their women-folk know how to cook.

"The only thing I don't like about the girls up here is that they don't know how to cook," said Johnny.

"Just before we left for New York," recalled Albert, the third son, "I was at a party where they bid a pie up to $4.75 before it was finally sold. That was the highest price I ever remember being paid. It surely had me guessing until I found out the reason. It seems that one of the girls told two fellows who liked her a lot the kind and color of the box her pie would be in. Neither of them thought the other knew anything about it and, as they both wanted to have it with her, they kept raising the price until one of them ran out of money. The other got the pie and the girl, but it was against the rules."

No, the Crocketts are not really at home in New York. They miss their hominy and home baked ham. They miss certain beverages unmentionable here, and they miss above all yellow corn meal and sorgham molasses. But when they get into the Columbia studios and establish an intimacy with the microphone and their fiddles, they are themselves again. Real mountaineers happy in the ease and simplicity of their own music, unmindful of urbane conventions, light-hearted, sincere. Their songs so different from modern jazz, stir the heart and stimulate smiles. Undoubtedly they are bringing back the family to the hearthstone.

Terror

(Continued from page 32)

e slaves were never considered. Slaves d neither wrongs nor rights.

The best people in town bought and ld them, whipped them or sent them the jail to be whipped: but nobody ed for them, so why should they care anybody?

Tonight the uncorking of the bottles corked their own fiery spirits and ey exchanged stories of the wrongs ey suffered. They bandied the reputa- ns about of the highest families and d what they knew of the scandals that nd no other publication.

If they grew boisterous and reckless, d they not waited on white orgies? If ey drank too much, had they not car- d to bed many a master—and mistress too stupefied to do anything but strike d curse the faithful slave that tried to ve the family name? And what pay l they get?

"They's white folks in 'is town 'at has much and brack folks as has too lit- ." groaned Mrs. Lynch's wench uba," and Carpenter's "Ticklepitcher" ined:

"My old missy so mean to me dis wn' I just couldn't seem to please her how. I come might' near cuttin' her l fat th'oat for her."

URACAO DICK broke in:

"My massa make so much trouble out me not keepin' de house warm t I 'bout raidy to burn it down and ow him into it."

The Spanish Indian "Wan" or "Juan" arled:

"I like-a burn de whole damn town wn."

Another Spanish negro, Pable, spoke th a flare of willingness:

"Cut all de white hearts out and I'll ink dey blood to dey health."

Mr. Ellison's Jamaica restored the te to its proper frivolity by waving his l violin in air and shouting:

"And me I plays de fiddle whilst you ok de whites!"

This met with a whoop of approval. rs. Van Borsum's Scipio and Benson's ars and Kelley's London all rose at ice and shouted:

"Come on evvabody, we go out and set town on fiah!"

There was a deafening clatter of mugs tables at this. But Pemberton's uamino howled:

"Hit's pretty damn cold for dat. here at we all go when de houses all irn? We better wait till summer come."

This brought a big laugh, and they de- ded to postpone the destruction for ore comfortable weather. Meanwhile, ey called the roll and all the guests greed to do their shares in the judg- ent day. Each promised to send his aster's house up in smoke, except Tom eal's Bastian, who shook his head.

"I got too nice a house. I keep it for live in maself when we all is free."

BUT unchecked freedom was still be- yond their vision. Somebody must ways be master, and it pleased Cow- y's Cato to say:

"How we gwine divide de govament hen we git it?"

In deference to the tavern keeper who ood laughing by, filling the glasses as ey were drained, Kip's Harry said:

"I elect Mr. Hughson for king."

Latham's Fortune went one better:

"And Miz Hughson for queen!"

Vanderspiegel's Brash shouted:

"And Miss Hughson for second helpin' queen."

Tiebout's Venture piped up:

"And who is Peggy goin' to be?"

Bayard's Phacton was ready with a lution:

"We make Caesar general of de army and Peggy'll be Mrs. General."

This was the most popular proposal of all, for Caesar was the host, Caesar provided the liquor that inspired all this phantom glory.

Next there were plans of war. They cheerily agreed, as amiable children slay their Indians in droves, to a wholesale murder of the tyrants of their households.

Quack, who belonged to Roosevelt the painter, announced that he would burn down his house and cut his master's throat, but he would keep his young mistress for himself.

Debrosse's Primus whooped that he didn't want his mistress: "She too mean and lean."

FOLLOW the fortunes of the little white slave girl, Mary, and her sweetheart, Tom, in this thrilling historical story of old New York in the September number of Radio Digest.

Women Deserve Beauty

(Continued from page 41)

together. Select a rouge that blends well with the powder and lipstick a shade darker for daytime use. In the evening use lipstick the same color as your rouge. And, of course, keep all puffs clean and sanitary."

When making-up, first apply a light base of powder to neck and face. With the rouge puff draw a "V" from a point just under the cheek-bone, widening towards the ears. Blend it naturally into the cheeks, dab a speck on the chin, dust over with powder and your complexion is set for the rest of the day. Lose the bad habit of dabbing powder on your nose every few minutes. In the first place it is poor taste to do this in public and secondly it is unnecessary.

Some faces need special treatments. If you wish to make your face look thinner, start rouging close to the nose and then smile as you draw the puff in a triangle up toward the temple. A dab of rouge on a double chin will cast a shadow that minimizes, and a speck on pale ears will give a more youthful look to the face. For thin faces start rouging out on the cheek, under the cheekbone and blend towards the ears.

When rouging the lips always follow the contour of the mouth. To make a large mouth look smaller, first apply liquid rouge with a piece of cotton wrapped around an orange stick, following the contour of the lips but not touching the corners. Then lightly blend in the lipstick over this.

Of course, care of the hands and complexion is not enough to create personal beauty. Eyes mean a great deal, posture means just as much, clothes count, hair—you see, there is plenty to keep us busy.

FOR brightening dull eyes Miss Lewis suggests the application of absorbent cotton pads that have been dipped in witch hazel. Use a boracic acid solution with an eye cup every day.

French women, who are famous for their snapping, bright eyes, use an excellent eye tonic made from camomile flowers. Fill tiny cheesecloth bags, which can be made in spare moments and kept on hand, with a teaspoonful of the dried flowers. Steep in boiling hot water a few moments and then when cool apply the bags to the eyes for five minutes.

To carry your clothes well, add poise and symmetry to your appearance and give proper space to all the organs of the body, correct posture is essential. When we stand correctly it should be possible to draw a straight line from the side center of the head right down to the instep. All general exercises assist greatly after we once have our eyes opened to our errors. With 1930 styles the head must be held high and the chin in, though avoid drawing it in unnaturally, which gives a pouter pigeon effect. Greater erectness from the hips is necessary this year and you'll find it gives a wonderful feeling of relief to the abdominal region. The back should be flat, but not curved inward; knees straight and the weight of the trunk swung forward a little so that the arches of the feet have a chance to sustain the pressure of the bones.

Please try this posture and keep it in mind so that you don't slump back into a look of utter defeat. There is nothing more freeing for the entire spirit than correct posture for it gives every muscle of the body, and every organ, a chance to function properly and it relieves your mind of "body consciousness."

HAIR counts! If it is woman's crowning glory when perfect; it is also her crowning disgrace when neglected, allowed to straggle and follow its own very ill bred ways. "Man was born to conquer nature, not to follow it," and woman was born to conquer the wild impulses of her hair. "Brushing went out of fashion with long hair," I've actually heard women say. Helen Lewis told me that brushing went out of fashion when the modern rush and bustle came along to make us neglect a lot of important though tiresome things.

There is no short cut to hair beauty. You must take time, every day at whatever hour suits you best to brush and brush and brush. In one of the drawers of your toilette table which is always kept clean and free from dust, keep a good, stiff-bristled hair brush. Wash it frequently. When you have ten minutes to spare, slip into a kimono, sit down before your mirror and begin brushing through your hair: up and down and all over, but gently to avoid breaking hairs. Sing while you're doing it so the time will pass quickly.

Hair should be washed whenever it is dirty. Every fortnight is a good rule for the woman who lives away from the smoke and grime of big cities. Once a week for the rest of us. If you find it dries your hair, apply olive oil with a medicine dropper the night before your shampoo, and massage your head thoroughly. Use a pure shampoo with an oil base. Be sure to get the last drop of soap from your hair. Rub it briskly with a towel until dry—unless you are fortunate enough to have a sunny back porch or garden where you can let the sun do its miraculous work.

If your hair refuses to fall nicely into place, have it thinned out by an expert barber. If you are not sure of the style that best becomes the contour of your face, consult a clever hairdresser. Straight bobbed hair should be clipped every fortnight if you want to look well-groomed. A lightly perfumed tonic, not too oily, should be applied every other night, massaging for about five minutes.

AFTER getting all these things down to routine—and there is no woman alive today who cannot find the necessary time for these simple treatments—it is time to think of clothes.

According to Miss Cornell, the most important thing about dressing is knowing your own style.

Be fashionable, yes, but retain your individuality. Styles are *adaptable* to all figures, all ages, all sizes.

The first thing every woman must settle about clothes is color. What are "your" colors? When you have decided

this, stick to it through thick and thin, regardless of that "gorgeous red" dress you saw in a shop window the other day but which was never your shade. From simple housedresses to our most elaborate evening clothes we should follow our own color charts. Colors that enhance the value of your hair and eyes naturally add to your beauty. Colors that detract—well, we won't even consider them.

To the well-dressed woman good taste is more important than money; the combination of little money and much taste gives far better effects than much money and little taste. To be well dressed, Miss Cornell told me, a woman must simply produce an impression of harmony; absolute harmony with one's individuality and surroundings.

To get the full value from your clothes, especially today, your figure must be supple and graceful, giving an impression of youthful flexibility. Such grace and fluidity one cannot counterfeit; one can only create them by toning up muscles and removing superfluous fat. Corseting, alone, will not do the trick. Nineteen-thirty clothes are so soft and clinging that they do not hide bulging hips and spreading waistlines.

HERE, again, enters the question of posture and also exercise and dieting. I have told you how to test your posture and you can get the necessary exercises over the Radio every morning. But, again, it is a matter of perseverance and faith in yourself. As to diet, I can only repeat what Miss Cornell said to me: "Ask your doctor." We all know that to reduce we must avoid fats, sugar and starches; to gain weight we must concentrate on these things. But let your doctor tell you in what proportion they are to be included in your meals.

"It is amazing, but true, that we often see tall, thin women with their hair piled on top of their heads to accentuate their height," Miss Cornell complained. "And then why do dumpy women wear satin clothes rich in highlights that emphasize every rotundity? Florid women have a way of preferring bright rouge and brighter gowns that must make other people think they're color blind.

"Wearing the proper colors to enhance your type of beauty is such a simple matter it seems odd that many women wear the wrong ones. Blonde hair and pale clear skins look best in soft colors and pastel shades. Dark or brunette hair and olive or dark skins usually wear sharply defined colors and vivid shades best."

Beauty is much more than a lovely skin or a mass of copper-colored hair. Unless every item dovetails exactly into the scheme, dark eyes may go for nothing and soft, clear skin be a complete loss. No architect would attempt to build a house with a Gothic pinnacle and Grecian columns; if he did, the result would be ridiculous. So in constructing a type of beauty if you try to combine a Grecian torso with a wild tangle of curls, the result is bad. Evolve your type first, and then harmonize every element with it.

And don't forget to keep smiling or, as Miss Cornell expressed it with music: "Keep your sunny side up."

Problems of beauty and home-making are discussed on the Magazine of the Air broadcasts over the Columbia Broadcasting System every weekday morning. If you need assistance in any of your personal beauty problems, Miss Helen Lewis will be glad to answer your letters if you write to her, care of the National Radio Home-Makers Club, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Conradt-Eberlin is preparing another article to appear in the September issue of Radio Digest.

Vacation Follies

(Continued from page 23)

Clarence Hayes, the Aunt Jemima Boy in the West, has another fish story. To be correct, it's a fish story told on Clarence. Hayes attempted to cast, and by some trick the reel failed to unwind properly. The fish-hook caught Clarence in the lobe of the right ear. Medical attention wasn't available, so Clarence came home with the hook in his ear.

The obvious comment was forthcoming—"the biggest fish caught this season."

Clarence is a Southern lad who did his first broadcasting in 1920* when he played with a Kansas City dance band. He has been billed through the NBC as "The Voice of the South."

Johnny Toffoli, featured San Francisco NBC accordionist, had an early vacation too. Back on the job, Johnny wore a wide grin. Inquiry revealed that the youthful musician was a benedict. The bride formerly was Aurelia Brovin and the ceremony was celebrated at El Cerrito, Cal., with the mayor of Richmond, Cal., among the guests.

Ted Maxwell and Bernice Berwin, known through the Pacific network as "Jack and Ethyl," always experience difficulty winning a vacation. One of them must be "written out" of the weekly "Let's Get Associated" program which they headline.

Each week, Jack and Ethyl appear together. It's no small problem to present one without the other. It's allowed twice during the year—once for Jack and once for Ethyl. The problem falls to Carlton Morse, author of the Jack and Ethyl episodes. That puts Ted in a class with Wolf. He must take his vacation in jumps.

Bernice plans to join her husband, a San Francisco attorney, in an extended motor trip.

Charles Marshall, leader of the Hill Billy gang, spent his vacation at Emerald Lake, a quiet rendezvous near San Francisco. He chose a resort nearby in event he was needed suddenly at the studios. He was. The vacation lasted three days.

Jennings Pierce, chief announcer, characterized his vacation as: "Well—um— WONDERFUL!" The reason—

Allan Thompson Pierce, a second son born to add gladness in the Pierce household. Jennings Jr., is just more than a year old.

Georgia Simmons, known as "Magnolia" to the Pacific network audience, managed to slip down to Los Angeles for a week-end. But when she demanded reservations for her return journey, the trouble began. Georgia had to be in the studios at 10 o'clock the following morning. "No reservations" said the ticket clerk.

Georgia talked about the possibilities of reaching San Francisco by plane. At last a gleam of recognition appeared in the agent's eye. "Ah, you're on the Radio," he grinned. So Georgia reached San Francisco early the following morning.

Max Dolin, NBC musical director since the inauguration of the Pacific Division, is taking a long, long vacation. "Springtime — early summer — wanderlust." Max smiled. "I've got to be going." And just to insure a real vacation, Max resigned, effective June 1. "New York—and a lot of places," he answered to the query, "Where are you going?"

**Doty Hobart, who writes about the old-timers just getting started in first broadcasting studios in 1920, must have missed Clarence*—Ed.

Another sportsman is Henry Burbig, the Ceco CBS star. Burbig delights in hunting, fishing and building birdhouses. He has a summer place in Connecticut with a bathing beach to which he loves to invite his friends, and on his dock he has installed a loud speaker so that they can't get away from Radio even while swimming.

Henry M. Neeley, Philco's "Old Stager," is a flower farmer. Once in bygone years he lived in a houseboat on the unspellable river flowing past Delanco, N. J. This summer the pastime is still floriculture, I think, but the dashing Old Stager is apt to change fads instanter.

Norman Brokenshire, CBS master of umptymonies, will spend any possible vacation by attending every 70-degree cool talkie theater in New York City. Norm also goes in for gadgets and inventing, having been a draftsman not so many years ago. In fact, he was about to buy, as this went to press, a little machine shop on East 52nd Street, New York, in which to work out several inventions he had started in a corner of his apartment.

Evangeline Adams, CBS 65-year-old astrologer, is spending her leisure moments collecting battered up chairs and primitive spinning wheels in the remote villages of the mountainous districts about New York. John Barclay, CBS and Philco soloist, will continue to spend the summer with his social registerite friends at cocktail parties, golf country clubs, dances and society musicales.

A simpler sort of life is the plan of Henry Schope and Judson House, NBC tenors, who have inveigled Walter Preston, bass, to join them in periodic golf and tennis matches—object: to reduce three somewhat corpulent figures. The three heavyweights are also fond of swimming.

Simpler still is the leisure life of the Crockett Family, CBS hill billy singers. Elemental in their pleasures, they admit that when no one is looking, they sometimes rent a hay wagon, and, far from the roaring racket of city motors, ride tranquilly through the woods, eat their corn pone out of a basket lunch, and fiddle happily to the stars. NBC's Pickard Family, too, can stand the city strain just so long. Then they take an excursion back home to the Tennessee mountains, where corn has other uses than becoming roastin' ears and folks are folks. There they visit and rebuild their morale.

On the CBS announcing staff, the very sophisticated and elegant Ted Husing, national sartorial example, has been, as you would suspect, spending his days off this summer hunting for peculiar and striking vestments, matching cravats with waistcoats, and searching for the proper spats for his gloves. If he'd had more time, Ted probably would have steamed over to Bond Street, London, to shop and shock the Prince of Wales' tailors and haberdashers. David Ross, the other famous CBS introducer, has put much of this summer into banging tennis balls around when not engaged in writing or reading poetry, or hunting for second-hand book bargains.

FLYING—often as a passenger of Clarence Chamberlain—has been filling in the spare time between Davey hours and rehearsals for Chandler Goldthwaite, musical director and organist. In fact, he even sold the idea of aviation to Margaret Olsen and James Stanley, of the same hour, and planned a cross-country flight for the foursome to Stanley's summer home in the Adirondacks. Stanley, by the way, is a great woodsman. Woodcraft, canoeing and hiking are his chief delights.

Andy Sanella, musical director of the mpire Builders, steel guitar and sax loist, is another aviator. Andy flies his vn plane and thus has been spending minutes off. Bob MacGimsey, three-rt whistler of the same program, went ck to Lake Providence, La., this sum-er to help supervise the picking of the tton crop on a large plantation of hich he is part owner. But Empire uilder Harvey Hayes, the "Old Pio-er," is spending the warm months in Broadway production, and has little iance for recreation or rest.

Will Rogers, another aviation booster ho always uses this means of trans-rtation, has been kept pretty busy this immer but has managed to work in me polo games. When not busy or aying polo on his Beverly Hills, Calif., tate, Will scowls, frowns and counts his fingers what it costs to keep a ring of polo ponies.

Frank Luther, Chase and Sanborn uartet second tenor, has been spending s summer horseback too, but not in lo games. Luther has been seen ostly on the bridle paths of West-ester County. Horses are good friends f Luther who, ordained a Disciples inister, was brought up on the West-n plains around the camp fires of the owboys. He insists that is all the vaca-on he will take as he has no use for osquitoes or city children in the ountry.

PAUL TREMAINE, young CBS or-chestra leader, has already spent his acation period in Colorado collecting owboy songs and getting acquainted ith horses once more. Previous to his st he hadn't been on a horse for five ears, so the Columbia System gave him new soft seat cushion when he re-arned.

Of all the horsemen, NBC or CBS, uy Lombardo, however, seems to be e most practical minded. Guy admits, ithout shame, that every possible spare oment he has is spent riding a night-are. Pulling a card from his card-ase he said, "I'll show you how I spend y vacations, such as I have." And here, printed on the card, is a quotation rom "Don Quixote" reading, "God less the man who invented sleep!"

Two more network batoneers who ave similar tastes are Fred Rich and ugo Mariani. Both are strong for rize fights. Rich also likes to meet and alk with the cauliflowers. Golf is his avorite exercise while tennis holds the avor of Mariani. Harold Sanford, a hird conductor, of whom there is no whomer" when it comes to Victor Her-ert's works, goes in for walks in Cen-ral Park, New York, and climbing mountains when he can get that far way from the big city.

The stick wavers still have the floor. Frank Black, who got into the business because years ago at a hotel where he was vacationing there was a vacancy in the orchestra, is spending his off time at the wheel of a large, new custom-built car, reliably reported by eye-witnesses to be a block long. Like Black, Mayhew Lake, whose military band is more or less new on CBS, has a custom-built job twenty feet long with a wheel base of 146 inches. Besides tinkering and motoring, hunting and fishing allure him to the open spaces.

NAT AND Jack Shilkret, and Joseph Pasternack have been pounding the golf balls furiously this summer. In addition, the latter has been doing a bit of Giant rooting while the former has been observed to take several five and six mile swims along the shores of Long Island.

What's that you said, Mr. Editor? I have to finish up? Why, I haven't told a thing about how the Chicago NBC and CBS stars are spending their two weeks, if any. All right, I'll make it snappy. Here it is:

Joe Koestner bought a brand new golf suit, set of matched clubs, a dozen balls and a book of rules, but hasn't had time to use them. Harry Kogen, a brother NBC musical director, took a long drive around the country. John Wolfe, Farm-Home hour star, joined forces with Gordan Vandover (the Harry of the Tom, Dick and Harry vocal trio) in a fishing expedition to a point north of Baraboo, Wis. After looking over the minnows Wolfe and Vandover shipped back, Sen Kaney, prominent Chicago NBC announcer, held a conference with himself and decided to postpone his vacation till next winter, when he plans to set out for Sarasota, Fla., to do tarpon fishing. Tom Breen, Jr., young but handsome NBC announcer, took his spare moments to the airports where he added a number of hours to his solo total. And—I almost forgot—Al Cameron, of the Al and Pete (Bontsema) duo known also over CBS as Shave and Smile, won't be playing any more sand lot baseball this summer. Al got playful in May and, seeing the boys playing scrub in the park, joined in long enough to slip going around third and wrench a leg. Pete has since induced Al to go back to checkers.

Yes sir, all of the announcers, production directors, accompanists, hostesses, continuity writers, engineers and operators have had or will get the usual two weeks' vacation, and all were unanimous in their declaration that they would search for spots where Radio sets have never been seen nor heard.

But those who have returned didn't find those spots, nor will those still waiting to go. You can't get to Tibet in two weeks, anyhow.

Jack Shannon Goes Talkie

(Continued from page 51)

"I'll never forget the night when Rogers left the show to go into pictures. During the finale, actors, stage hands and all rushed on to the stage, and together with the audience, which also caught the spirit, joined in a demonstration which has never been equalled in any theatre.

"WILL ROGERS has left indelible impressions with me. His acts, great and small, reveal the true-blooded man that he is. I well remember the time he refused to attend the opening of the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh. He was asked to name his own price, and he received a telegram from the then President of the United States urging him to be there, but with all of this pressure, he said he had to refuse. His reason—he had a polo game scheduled with his three kids at his place on Long Island for the next afternoon."

Jack Shannon can spend hours talking about this renowned comedian. His study is decorated with souvenirs of Will Rogers—and the wallpaper has the Will Rogers motif.

"I must here say a word about my genial manager, Henry Walker," said Jack Shannon, concluding the interview, "whose cheery laugh is like a sunbeam in a garden. His memory is infallible inasmuch as he has never yet overlooked the little detail of extracting his commission before mailing me a check."

And back again to Will Rogers, "Our paths may be racing criss-cross over Radio waves, but I have a feeling that they will meet some day."

And when Jack Shannon is not busy producing acts over the Radio, he spends his time carrying home blue ribbons from dog shows for his Boston terriers, the "darlingest things" when they are at a distance from one's sheer hosiery.

Will Rogers Begins Career

(Continued from page 16)

Before he died, Clem Rogers felt that his son had more than repaid all the trouble he had caused in his early youth. In fact he said that he had seen every ambition of his life realized save one; he had always hoped sometime to be chosen chief of the Cherokees. He had served as a member of the Cherokee Indian legislature during several terms in territorial days. Later he was a member of the white man's convention that wrote the constitution of the present state of Oklahoma. His county was named for him. He stood high in the councils of that tribe of intellectual red men which had already given several famous mixed bloods to the nation, including former U. S. Senator Robert L. Owen. He was well informed, a shrewd trader, and a good manager; energetic, progressive, a ranchman with hundreds of acres in fee and a substantial stockholder in the First National Bank. But he died regretting only that he was ineligible to the office of the Cherokee tribal chief for the simple reason that he was not a full blood.

A jest has always been appreciated in Claremore—there is serious belief there that the spirit of the town gave Will Rogers his start. The name of the town is rather a grim jest. It is after Chief Claremore of the Osages, though it is in Cherokee territory. Chief Claremore died there when the Cherokees under Too-An-Tuh gained a smashing victory in the spring of 1818—and later the whites named the town after the loser. Or maybe it would have been funnier to have named it after the winner!

HOMER DENNY, the assistant treasurer of Rogers county and the largest man in the county, says that Will Rogers tells the story of "the first calaboose ever built and the first prisoner put in it."

"This man's name was Bud Weyburn and he was incarcerated for killing Widow Kreighton's gander goose," Homer says, and adds,

"Bud pleaded self-defense and was liberated on his own evidence."

It isn't history, or at least it isn't worth remembering unless it is enriched with a bit of laughter, Claremore agrees. Then, all the clouds have silver linings "and some lined in and out the same way."

Back in 1905 Will barnstormed the middle-west with a special train of Tulsa boosters and L. M. Nichols, now an Oklahoma newspaper editor, recalls that trip vividly.

"Bill Rogers (it was always Bill then, never Will) was the feature of the trip," Nichols says, and he points with pride to a paragraph in the old Tulsa Democrat in which he said that on March 15, 1905:

"The feature of the trip is Bill Rogers' fancy rope juggling. Mr. Rogers is an adept, and his exhibition shows he is skilled beyond his reputation. He is the center of attraction and when dressed in his cowboy outfit creates a sensation. He gives an exhibition at every stop."

Rogers was even then in the managerial class, for Nichols recalled that at one point he left the train to hasten to New York City where he was presenting a rodeo in Madison Square Garden.

Rejoining the train at Indianapolis on March 20 Rogers put on another exhibition, and Nichols in describing it added this significant sentence:

"Rogers is reputed to be one of the

wealthiest men in Indian Territory."

This was long before the comedian vaulted into the big money class of performers. It is evident that since the turn of the century the Rogers fortune must have assumed proportions.

With the circus, the traveling rodeos and the Tulsa special train Rogers had covered most of the world before the war. Thousands will be scratching their heads now to recall one of these visits to their city, so they can say they "saw Will Rogers when . . ."

Read another chapter in the interesting career of this extraordinary man, who has now become a Radio favorite. See the September Radio Digest.

Judith Waller of WMAQ

(Continued from page 57)

was Sophie Braslau, the operatic singer.

"All our first programs were musical, but before very long I got into the practice of having theatrical people go on for us. We had one hour a day in which to broadcast, at first seven to eight in the evening. In October of 1922 I added another hour, changing the broadcasting session from 7 to 8 in the evening and again for 9:30 to 10:30. I laugh when I recall those naive days! How hard I worked! In these days when artists are tumbling over themselves for a chance to get on the air it is a very different matter from having to go out and find them and beg them, sometimes, to come in, with dire threats of what would happen if they were late. I had to go out and knock at private office doors, ring door bells. And then I had to put my proposition up to them which, in brief, was this:

"'Will you come and give us a little private performance for nothing? Of course, you'll get some publicity out of it.'"

Well, the craving for the publicity of the average theatrical and operatic person is well known and in the case of the early days of Radio it was no different. Miss Waller got 'em! How she got 'em! Soloists, singers, choral clubs, pianists, violinists, actors. Glance at a hit-and-miss listing of a few of the early broadcasters from Judith Waller's one-man station:

Ed Wynn, Carl Sandburg, Roger Babson, Julian Street, Ernest Truex, Louise Groody, Ben Hecht, Fritz Leiber, George Arliss, Ralph Morgan, Mary Garden, Rimini, Raisa, John Charles Thomas. They were all grist for Miss Waller's microphone.

The first quarters of the WGU (changed to WMAQ in May, 1923) were in the Fair store. They were moved in 1923 to the La Salle Hotel. Here they remained until the recent completion of that towering Daily News building on the banks of the placid-flowing Chicago River, to which the Radio studio was moved.

Radio was getting under way as a national activity. The popularity of WMAQ was on the increase. The work attendant upon running a station (which included everything there was to be done) was too much for one small lady. And so she commenced to expand her staff. An announcer first, than an assistant; a secretary. An orchestra—the Whitney Trio, organized by Robert Whitney, eight years ago—is still in the service of the station.

Two things Miss Waller has stressed from the first in the programs she has prepared: Good music, as opposed to jazz, which was taking up most of the time of Chicago's other station in 1922, and the educational aspect of Radio. It was she who inaugurated the Daily Educational Broadcasts which have since become a part of the Middle West's school programs.

Miss Waller is a Chicagoan. She finished off her education after high school by a trip abroad.

"But my real education," she will explain to you, "began when I became a Radio person—a pioneer in the broadcasting game."

N. Y. Negroes' Opinions

(Continued from page 12)

know. We can only judge by his voice. It must be a good program. Everybody I know seems to like it, but it just don't interest me, that's all."

* * *

John Jones, taxi driver, 49 East 128th Street: "Amos 'n' Andy are to be congratulated on being able to put on such a fine program every night. I do not think it is as good now as it was, but I think I can explain that. They hit a high spot with the introduction of Susie and the threatened breach of promise suit. Anything which followed that would naturally be anti-climactic. But as a graduate of the DeWitt Clinton School, I marvel at their ability to find interesting material. My favorite programs are the talks on current events by Mr. Kaltenborn over WABC and any serious discussions of political or economic nature. I do not think any of us feel that Amos 'n' Andy are caricatures of our race. Sometimes a fare will ask me if I am driving a "fresh air taxi." It never makes me sore.

* * *

What a Negro Educator Thinks of Amos and Andy

PRINCIPAL Laurence C. Jones of Pineywoods School, near Jackson, Miss., is a colored educator who has won warm commendation from Southerners and Northerners alike. He has this to say about the "boys" of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company:

"In going about the country gathering aid for our school I find that Amos and Andy are liked and looked forward to both by white and colored folks. Down here in the South, all you have to do is go in most any poolroom or little place of business and you will see Amos and Andy in the flesh—mostly Amos."

Principal Laurence—as he is known to the white folks of Mississippi—conducts a country school in the sweet-smelling pineywoods of that state. A pupil and admirer of the late Booker T. Washington, he has set to work and built up a school founded on the sound commonsense principles which the late Dr. Washington advocated, whereby the pupils at his school learn to be good farmers, carpenters, cotton pickers, mechanics, as well as imbibing some book learning.

Incompatible

(Continued from page 51)

And, at that, Amelie's feelings almost reached the surface.

"Do you want a divorce?"—her voice she had to keep taut and hard to keep it under any control at all.

Sid shook his head. And the movement was curiously, passionately emphatic, though so brief.

A change came into Amelie's eyes, but she only stuck to her guns and said, calmly that she wanted no divorce. "There'll never be another man. *That* isn't it."

"And there'll never be another woman for me—you know that, too."

And by this time he could speak in level, firm tones as well as she. They were oddly blank, so to speak, those tones of his, throughout the rest of the talk; they betrayed nothing. Now he went on:

"I've been thinking how to arrange your income—" And she must follow that lead.

It was characteristic of Sid that he held no rancor now. There had been resentments in the past, many little resentments. But now, strangely, in this climactic hour of his failure, his feeling of failure somehow was robbed of resentment, leaving only such an abysmal sense of hollow unreality in life that for the time it was like a dreadful anodyne that was going to wear off and leave him, after awhile, the prey to his pain. He told himself she had always in all ways been above him; it was by a lucky fluke he had won her.

SLEEP, for them both, was hard to come by that night. In her room Amelie lay hour after hour with eyes wide open to the dark. She knew that Sid wasn't sleeping, either; from the adjoining room came a repeated sound of striking matches—he was awake and smoking cigarettes. And cigarettes were bad for him. She was sorry he was wakeful and smoking—sorry he was thus evidently upset. But she was a million times more sorry that he hadn't been more upset!

Ah, if Sid had given way to selfishness and fought her plan and clung to his claims on her, that night, everything would have come out and all might have been cleared up forever. But Sid was not only self-depreciating; he was a gentleman—and sometimes this is a great disadvantage with a woman.

Amelie could not get away fast enough after that night. This was the impossible, now. She hurried to a hotel in town the very next day.

When the Fletchers separated it was hard for their friends to grasp the situation. Divorce these gay and strenuous moderns could easily understand, but separation without divorce—this was beyond them. And there seemed no good reason for separation; true the Fletchers differed in many of their tastes yet they had always seemed to get on perfectly well. You never could tell!

And the queerest thing about it was that Sid and Amelie still seemed so friendly! The departure from Fair Haven was not known for what it was till afterwards; but some Fair Haven people had happened to see them at the steamer when Amelie was sailing for Europe, and that was after the news had been well spread about and aired. Sid had come to the steamer to see her off! Why, it seemed almost indecorous! And he had been overhead asking her to write him, and the eavesdroppers were almost sure she said she would!

SID had not intended going to that steamer. Everything had been adjusted between them, all the arrangements for her maintenance, all the plans and decisions vital to the living of their two lives separately. It had been hard, this period of talking over and adjusting; but it was carried out with faultless manners on both sides.

The pride of being each as decorously remote as the other was all that kept them from breaking down the walls between. And, even so, some happy accident, some common moment of the weakness which would have made their strength—this might have saved them. But it did not come.

The nearest to giving way to his real feelings that Sid had come had been on the day she left their home. He had come home early, not knowing she was determined to leave that day but mis-

lasting that she might. He had found r trunks downstairs, but Amelie was ing about taking a mute farewell of r home; and from a distance he had tched her before she knew he was ere.

She had moved about, gazing at this ject and that, as if striving to fix them delibly upon her memory. She went om room to room; she lingered in the om which once, long and long ago, d been intended for a nursery. Then e went to the garage, and called the gs, and stroked and caressed them.

Then she walked slowly about the rounds, looking at the groupings of rubs and flowers she herself had de- sed. When she came back to the ter- ace she stood staring out over the vista Sound, and green woods beyond, hich she particularly loved. She moved roodingly back to the house, but when he saw him regarding her from a win- low she smiled—as if the world were lot cracking beneath them, their world!

The chauffeur was swinging the car nto the driveway. Sid came out. The hauffeur piled in the bags. The chance or that needed overflow of real feelings n this midst of all this play-acting, was one.

WHEN she had been abroad about a month he received a letter. She had romised to write. But it told him little eyond sundry enumerated items of her ctivities. Of her thoughts, her feelings, er satisfaction or dissatisfaction with er new life, it told nothing. He replied mmediately, not forbearing to question er about these things. But this letter he did not answer, nor the second letter e wrote. After that, excepting through he legal intermediary who handled the usiness end of their affairs, he heard othing from her—nor she from him—or nearly two years.

Nearly two years had gone by when Amelie, recently returned to America, chanced to run across Charlie Hamblin, of the old Fair Haven "crowd," on the street in New York. And after greet- ings, without any show of constraint she asked after Sid.

"How's Sid?" she asked. Just like that—quite naturally: "How's Sid?"

Hamblin looked at her curiously—he, like others, had never grasped the true "ins" of that Fletcher smash-up.

"Haven't you heard from Sid lately?" he questioned back.

"No, not directly, not for a long time."

"Well, the fact of the matter is," said Hamblin, "that Sid's working too hard."

"Sid always did work too hard," com- mented Amelie. "Sid's that kind—he works hard and he plays hard."

"He's not doing much playing now," said Hamblin, rather grimly. "He's doing the work of about six men—trying to pull through. I admire conscientious- ness as much as anybody, but Sid's too darn conscientious!"

"Trying to pull through?" she re- peated, for that phrase struck her ear, sudden and unexpected and ominous.

Then Hamblin tried to catch himself up: "See here, if Sid hasn't told you, it's not for me to—"

"No, tell me," she insisted. "Tell me, Charlie — *what* is he trying to pull through?"

"WELL," he told her reluctantly, "you see business has sort of gone on the rocks. And Sid's company had pretty hard sledding, I guess. And you know Sid, hell-bent—excuse me, but that's the only word for it—hell-bent to do the square thing by everybody. He'd do it, too, if it's possible—he's the squar- est, the gamest, and the finest fellow I ever knew."

"Yes, I know," said Amelie.

"But he's trying to do the impossible. He'll succeed only in killing himself if he doesn't watch out. Gone down about twenty pounds these last six months."

"Oh," turning white and faltering, "I never had an inkling—"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have—"

"No, thank you for telling me, Charlie."

Going back to her hotel, her thoughts and emotions were in a turmoil. Sid was having "hard sledding"—had been having "hard sledding" for months—and all this time he had never let on to her.

She thought of the more than gener- ous allowance he had insisted on her taking. Sid had always been generous, but there had been no need of her taking so much—especially after she'd left him! She had been ignoble to accept it in the first place! And now, when he was up against hard times—and toiling "like six men" to avert disaster—still saying nothing to her, shielding her from un- pleasantness, trying to seal her in a niche of pleasantness. Oh, he *was* generous—splendidly if foolishly generous.

She had never appreciated the mag- nanimous heights of his generosity. Even Charlie Hamblin appreciated him more than she did—even Charlie Hamblin whom she'd always despised as a wastrel and a profligate. Even Charlie Hamblin appreciated him, proclaimed him the "squarest and gamest and finest" fellow he ever knew.

And the thing that moved her most, just then, was that Sid in his genuine humility, would repudiate these virtues. Sid who was slaving "like six men"—who had lost twenty pounds. And who had never let her know.

SHE wanted to see him. To tell him that she knew. She would return some of those bonds he'd insisted on her taking — she'd *make* him take them back. She resisted an impulse to go straight to his office; she wanted to see him, oh dreadfully—to *see* him—to see if he looked as terribly thin and worn, with those twenty pounds gone, as he must look.

But she wanted to see him most just because she hungered to. A hunger that had been there since first she left him, denied at first, then admited as a childish inconsistent whim, and then gnawing her to madness. A gnawing hunger un- appeased for two years.

For she had succeeded in finding no rest during those two years. Although she had hoped that, after the agonizing wrench of parting, she might somehow fabricate herself a kind of calm—if not actual happiness—a kind of calm and un- ruffled contentment, at least.

Love had failed her—had brought only strife and torment. So she had resolutely buried Love. And sought to find a surer and more lasting happiness seeking it in bright, beautiful places and in new congenial companionship. She had looked up a beloved girlhood friend out of her school days and it was in this most stimulating companionship she had gone to Europe. So had never had lone- liness for an excuse. Together they had visited Paris, Spain, Florence—thanks to Sid's liberality she never had to stint herself in her travels.

They had reveled in beauty and the poetry of old, forgotten far-off things—at least Amelie had seen them around her, and knew they were fit to be reveled in. Wasn't it enough that she should spend her days enmeshed in all this gleaming loveliness? Wasn't such beauty, and the absence of all strain and fret strife—wasn't this enough?

AT NIGHT, often, lying awake, and listening to mute, sad voices which seemed to be singing, lonesomely, in her heart, she wondered that she was so unappeased. Why? For she had been unhappy *with* Sid. It was because she couldn't be happy *with* him—because neither of them could be happy together —that she had chosen to go away while (so she had told herself) she could still take some rainbow fragments of her first dream with her; before everything was sodden in an ignoble prose—so ignoble that the difference between tolerance of each other and downright intolerance seemed fairly unimportant.

She made herself stop thinking of Sid; put him out of her thoughts. You can put a person out of your thoughts; but not out of your heart. Not even, some- times, when you have watched Love die, and have deliberately buried it.

And with the meeting with Charlie Hamblin her hunger to see her husband became deeper and more compelling than any of the perfectly good and logical reasons for seeing him.

She wanted to see Sid—just because she wanted to see him!

But she downed the impulse to go straight to his office and, instead, called him later from her hotel. And then, in- stead of hearing Sid's voice—a gratifica- tion she didn't know how much she'd been counting on until it was denied her —she heard a stranger's voice say Mr. Fletcher "wasn't in."

"When will he be in?" impatient of the delay.

"Not for several days. He's home sick."

"Oh—is he very ill?"

"I don't think so—he's got a cold, I think."

AMELIE hung up the receiver. All the rest of the day she couldn't set- tle herself to anything. Finally, that night, she called up the house in Fair Haven and inquired after him. She didn't give her name but learned that, though in no serious condition, he was a very sick man; a trained nurse was coming in the morning.

Next morning Amelie caught the 8:17 to Fair Haven.

When the station taxi jolted into the graveled driveway, the dear familiar scene brought tears to stand in her eyes. An alien housekeeper received her and, regarding her rather dubiously, asked if she were the nurse.

"Yes," said Amelie. Then: "I'm Mrs. Fletcher. I've come to take care of my husband."

The housekeeper still looked dubious, but Amelie brushed past her and mounted the stairs—the stairs of home.

At Sid's door she paused with beating heart, then knocked. His voice bade her enter, and she entered. Oh, he *was* thin —even as he lay in bed she could see he looked thin. And he did look sick! But the smile, the amazed, unbelieving, irra- diating smile which came over his face was worth going far to see.

"Amelie!" he cried. Then: "How did you get here?"

"In a taxi," she answered tenderly, frivolously. She had to be frivolous just then, lest she break down in a way one must not in a sick room.

She came and drew a chair beside him. They clasped hands—he held hers tightly.

"When did you get back?"

"A FEW days ago," she answered. "I called up your office—that's how I heard you were ill. Why I came —here." She had almost said "why I came home."

"I'm glad you called me up. Are you back for good?"

"Yes, I've had enough of Europe—am ready to try my own country again."

"Are you? I was afraid you'd forgot-

ten it and everything in it." Then: "You—might have written me. You promised to write."

"I know."

"Why didn't you?"

Her slight gesture seemed to say untranslatable things.

"It would have made me happier," he pursued.

"No, I thought it would make us happier, give us a better chance for the new life—both of us—the less contact we had with each other."

"Well, are you happy?" he asked, after a pause.

"I want you to get well," said Amelie, with soft irrelevance. Then she went on quickly.

"There was one thing I specially wanted to see you about. Sid—you've been wonderful! My bonds."

"Your bonds?" bewildered and suddenly worried.

"Yes, all those bonds you gave me. You were too generous. Sid—I don't need nearly so much. And, now, that times are so bad and you're having hard sledding—"

"Who told you I'm having hard sledding?" he demanded.

"I ran into Charlie Hamblin, and he let it out."

"I wish Charlie Hamblin'd mind his own business," he mumbled irritably.

"I'M GLAD he told me. For *you* never would have. Now, Sid, I want you to take part of those bonds back."

"I won't take them back. But you're the dearest, the most generous girl in the world!"

"No, I'm not; not at all—I'm just beginning to realize how ungenerous I am. It's *you* who are the most generous person in the world! And because you're generous I ask you to do this one thing to please me—to take some of those bonds back."

"Well, we'll talk about it when I feel better," he parried. "I'm a pretty sick man, you know."

"You're a humbug," and her little crooning laugh was very, very kind.

Presently the doctor came, and he allowed Amelie to install herself as nurse. But he insisted that the trained nurse be retained, as well. Later, alone with Amelie, he confided that her husband was seriously ill. It was only a cold, to be sure, but the germ then migrating around was an unusually pernicious one. A tricky, treacherous bug! Did insidious things to the huskiest, to the most rock-bound constitutions.

And though Mr. Fletcher had been blessed with an unusually good constitution, of late he had been abusing it frightfully. Not that his motives weren't admirable, to be sure, but it was criminal, in a way, for a man to overwork himself, to run himself down like that.

"Nothing short of criminal!" reiterated the brusque doctor. "Yet you've got to admire them—these plucky, dogged men who keep on plugging, trying to save a sinking ship because there are others on it, when they themselves are too sick to hold their heads up. Mr. Fletcher should have been in bed days ago. And I've had a few other men like him—no give-up in 'em. I tell you, Mrs. Fletcher, the heroes in this country, these times, are not only the ones who get their names engraved on bronze tablets!"

Amelie listened, thrillingly proud and curiously ashamed, and, at the same time, with a sudden tug of fear at her heart.

"Do you mean Mr. Fletcher's condition—is dangerous?" she faltered.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said the doctor, "but he's certainly a sick man—you ought to know it. He needs the best of care in every way."

"He shall have it," she promised fervently.

IT WAS hard for her to give place to the nurse—but she realized that the other's expertness outweighed her own eager devotion. And there were many little ministrations, unostentatious services yet with their own value, which she could perform.

She could keep the exterior domestic machinery running smoothly, so that no confusion ever penetrated to disturb the quiet sickroom—could act as a buffer between all exterior problems, worries and that room's peace; it surprised her how busy she could thus keep herself, and it made her feel, thankfully, that her presence was of some real use.

And she could personally prepare extra dainties, such as were allowed for Sid's tray—lovingly she arranged those trays, making them attractive, never forgetting the single flower in its slender crystal holder and it touched her, Sid's touched pleasure, every time, at this being the work of her hands.

Then there were prized intervals when the white-uniformed despot let her take brief charge of the sickroom, and she would administer his medicine, eyes punctiliously following the clock, would shake up his pillows, sponge his face and hands, finding a strange sweetness and comfort in making him comfortable. And, sometimes, she would just sit beside him, letting him hold her cool hand in his hot ones.

One such time, when they were alone, after a long silence, Sid said:

"Amelie, are you going to leave me again—after I get well?"

"Do you want me, Sid, even if we fear things will go wrong between us again? We don't understand each other very well somehow, sometimes, dear."

"NO MATTER," and Sid's voice choked on it. "If we two, together, have got to misunderstand, then we've got to. But if we're together, my girl, it can't be so bad. If you'll stay with me now, I'll never misunderstand as badly as I must have when you came back from Aunt Hattie's."

She bowed her face against his. She somehow understood him too well, now, even to think of asking about the mystery of those letters. *That* was nothing, anyway—suddenly and curiously revealed itself as nothing—when you found the deep heart of Life as he was doing, now.

"You and I, Sid—you and I—I can't understand why, but somehow—you and I—" She was weeping.

"You and I," he murmured. "There seems a lot we can't hope to understand, but we can understand that much—you and I. For better or for worse—even if it's mostly worse—you and I. But it won't be 'worse' again."

They talked on a little, with silences in between that were fuller of meaning than any talk could be; but finally came out the roots, the little weak roots, of their great trouble.

"I was so miserably *jealous*," said Amelie. "Not of anybody, but of your interest in everybody. And we'd got where we—where you didn't make up with me as you used to do; even when we did make up."

"I thought you'd got bored—were sick of me," from Sid; and at the same time she was saying:

"And finally I couldn't bear it any longer—I had to go."

HE TRIED to grasp the tangle: "The main reason, I think, I hung on to things I thought you despised was that I thought you despised me a little, too. I wanted to sort of 'show' you. Wanted *not* to show how much I cared. For I thought the best you could do was to keep on *trying* to love me. Because you looked down on me."

"Look down on you!" Her arms were around him, her head bowed against his cheek. Then, presently: "Oh, why did we have to be so blind—*why* were we so blind?"

Then it was Sid who made, who voiced, the solemn discovery.

"It was a lack of trust," he said soberly. "We had love, but because we didn't trust each other's love, that only made things go worse with us. Different tastes—they don't matter; but they helped ball us up when I got to doubting your love and you. Oh, Amelie, how could you help knowing I couldn't help loving you!"

She clung to him; and comprehension, true communion, came to them at last. And out of that deep and throbbing joy they began to plan the new life which would begin for them when Sid got well.

But Sid did not get well. The insidious and tricky microbe which, with hurried stealth, did for so many thousands of human lives that autumn, did for Sid Fletcher on the fifth day after Amelie's return. At the end he was clear-headed, and looked at Amelie, whose hand he was tightly holding, with clear bright eyes.

"Thank you for coming back. That—your coming back, and understanding at last—will make whatever place I go to seem like heaven."

"Oh Sid," trying to control her sobs, "you *can't* go. You must stay with me—you're going to get well."

"I am well. I've been well since that day—you said you'd stay."

Amelie started to speak again, to protest and beseech, but the nurse gave a warning sign. Sid's head fell back on the pillow, his eyes closed, but he still clung to her hand.

Presently, he murmured faintly: "You and I—always you and I—"

The whisper died away. Then the nurse came and gently disengaged Amelie's hand.

Amelie stayed in Fair Haven. Fair Haven thought that was strange; it had concluded that dislike of the place had counted in her break with Sid.

But Amelie wanted to stay in her home; and Fair Haven—hadn't Sid loved Fair Haven? She wanted to live close to her memories—the bitter ones made up for by the sweet; and dreams—dreams out of youth and out of that one brief, deeper oneness at the last—seemed still to float invisibly in the air. Dreams she had dreamed here with Sid and which, though never fulfilled, seemed, in her thought of them, here where they had been dreamed with Sid, to bring him somehow close.

THE END

Chic Sale

(Continued from page 9)

come right down and got to stomping around the Weekly Broadcast office.

MAW: What's old man Dancey's stomping got to do with it?

WHEEL: That's it—he broke his leg.

MA: Oh, Pa! You don't mean it!

WHEEL: Yes, sir . . . stomped on a board with a knothole in it and went kersmack right through the floor!

MA: Poor old man Dancey. . . . Was it broke bad?

WHEEL: Was it broke bad? Just completely splintered. And to make matters worse, there he was stuck in there tighter'n a fence post . . . wedged in tight as a drum.

MAW: Heavens, Pa. . . . His broken leg caught in the floor!

WHEEL: That was the situation that faced me. I knew that the main thing was to be cool and calm. So I walks slow like all around him, takin' the situation in from every angle. Finally I sez, "Mr. Dancey, does she hurt you?" By that time he was sputterin' and carryin' on so he couldn't even answer. Then I looks at the floor. She was a new one . . . hard pine . . . gummy and rough. Mighty, mighty hard on a saw. Next I takes out my watch and feels his pulse. . . . And let me tell you, Emmy, she was pumpin' away like a Ford pullin' a hill.

MA: Wheel Wilkins. . . .

WHEEL: "Just keep calm, Mr. Dancey," I sez. "You're in trouble, you're catched. The main thing to do is git you out. He didn't answer, so I picks up my saw and felt the teeth. It had jest been sharpened. Then I started in sawin' a little jerky at first until I got her goin' good. Well, sir, I was sawin' along great when all at once I struck somethin' that sent the cold shivers up my back that I'll remember till my next dying day.

MA: Did you hit a nail in the floor?

WHEEL: Nail in the floor? What I hit was in his leg. Yes, sir, Emmy, I was cuttin' his leg off and didn't know it.

MAW: Pa! This is terrible!

WHEEL: Yes, sir his leg was wedged in there, and there wasn't nothing else to do. But when I realized what I was doin', I almost give up. . . . I looked at the raw. . . . Three teeth broken. . . . My new handsaw. . . . I sez, "Mr. Dancey, this is terrible." . . . He just groaned. . . . There wasn't anything else to do but finish, so I started in again and kept right on sawin'.

MA, you didn't . . . cut off his leg!

WHEEL: Oh, yes I did. Only, doggone him, he didn't say anything about the iron rod runnin' right up through the wood like a artificial bone.

MAW: Why didn't you say it was his artificial leg?

WHEEL: Oh, I thought everybody knowed that. . . . But that ain't the worst. In cuttin' through that iron rod I dang near ruint my best handsaw. Then, jest the minnit old man Dancey was sawed free, he made a grab for Lon Biggs.

MA: He did?

WHEEL: Yes, sir, but Lon ducked out the door, old man Dancey after him. . . . And down the street the two of 'em went, lickety split. . . . Old man Dancey a-gainin' every jump.

MA: You know you are making that up, Wheel Wilkins. Old man Dancey couldn't run with his leg sawed off.

WHEEL: Oh, yes he could, Emmy. You know that high curbing that goes along there past the Broadcast office. . . . Well, he hobbled out there, got his sawed-off leg on the curb and his long leg in the gutter. He was off. . . . Big step with the long leg and short step with the sawed-off leg. Sparks a-flyin' as that iron rod would hit the curb. . . . Click-a-de-click, click-a-de-click. Kind of jerky, but he was gainin' on Lon every click until he reached the end of the block. Well, sir, the curbing give out there so old man Dancey had to stop. Lon got away.

MAW: I wish he had caught him . . . that old Lon Biggs.

WHEEL: Now, Emmy, don't be too hard on Lon. . . . He's in trouble enough. Old man Dancey crossed over and come walkin' up the other side of the street. Had to do that so his short leg would match up with the curbing. When he got back the crowd met him. He was redder than a beet, . . . puffin' like a steam engine, and yellin', "I'll sue him, I'll sue him. . . ."

MAW: Serves Lon right for the way he runs his newspaper.

ROD: Mrs. Wilkins.

MAW: Yes, Rodney.

ROD: Rosie ain't back yet. Maybe I'd better go find her.

WHEEL: I'll go, Emmy.

MA: Wheel Wilkins, you stay right here in the Liberty Bell Filling Station. You'll get up there and meet Lon Biggs and . . .

LON: Talking about me, Mrs. Wilkins?

MAW: Lon Biggs.

WHEEL: Hi, Lon. . . . Come in! Gittin' right spry in your old age, ain't you? Outrun a one-legged man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

LON: That's what I wanted to see you about, Wheel.

WHEEL: Well, Lon, cut your dog loose. What's on your mind?

LON: Wheel, I think I can patch it up with old man Dancey if you'll help me.

WHEEL: I don't think anybody can help you out. He'll sue you quicker than a hound dog snaps at a biscuit.

LON: Well, he's up talking to a lawyer now. I sold him his accident insurance policy that gives him $300 for a broken leg. I guess he'll collect that.

WHEEL: What're you driving at, Lon?

LON: I'll pay his doctor bill. If I do that the insurance company can't sue me, because I can show I done all I could for the patient.

WHEEL: Well, where do I come in?

LON: That's just what I want to ask you. What are your charges?

WHEEL: Well, let me see . . . fifty dollars.

LON: Fifty dollars? That's robbery.

WHEEL: You charged me that much for advertising in your paper, didn't you? All right. . . . My bill's fifty dollars.

LON: I don't see how you figger it?

WHEEL: I'll itemize her fer you. . . . To sawing off one wooden leg $5.00.—To ruinin' one good handsaw $5.00.—To hushing up crowd and quieting patient $10.00.—Let's see now, that makes $20.00.—To being on hand and knowing how $30.00.—Total $50.00. There you are, Lon.

LON: Well, Wheel, I guess we're even. I'll jest give you back the same $50 you paid me last week.

WHEEL: Now, that's the spirit, Lon. And to show you my heart's in the right place I'll tell you what I'll do. . . . I'll fix your floor for nothing.

LON: Great. . . .

WHEEL: And when I git through with her you won't need to worry about any more accidents like that. Because I'll use all clean timber . . . no knotholes.

LON: She's settled, Wheel. We're friends again. I'll buy the drinks.

WHEEL: What color you want—red, brown or white?

LON: Sarsaparilla.

WHEEL: Let's see . . . sarsaparilla . . . that's brown. Here you are, right next to the ice. . . . I'm takin' red . . . that's strawberry. She's cold, too. You know, Lon, this new soft drink department pays quite a profit.

Pop! Zisss! went the bottles. The two old-timers gurgled the contents without aid of straws.

LON: What's the news?

WHEEL: A fellow was here today from Germany, made a trip in that Graf Zeppelin.

LON: What'd he say, Wheel? I'll put it in the paper.

WHEEL: He was sittin' right there in that chair you're sittin' in. . . . Drinkin' lemon sody. Talkin' as natural same as if it'd been you. I sez to him, "Of course, I never did any Zeppelin travelin' and I expect there's things fer it and things again it same as there is in any other travelin'. Fer as I can see, a Zeppelin isn't anything more than a big balloon with a steerin' gear. With a balloon you'd get in. . . . There'd be no use askin' when you'd be back. Maybe you'd hear from him agin and maybe you wouldn't. I sez, "How does she go up and land?" He sez, "She takes off and lands just like a bird." I sez, "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that." You see, by that time we was pretty friendly and I sez, "Lights like a bird?" And he sez, "Yes." "Well," I sez, "did you ever try lightenin' her on a bob-wired fence?" Course he could see I was jokin' and just laughed. But he did tell me about his trip. He sez you get on same's boardin' a bus, and when they're all in, they blow a whistle and as big as she is they ease 'er out of that shed like a hot dog slidin' out of a bun. And up she goes as easy as smoke out of a chimney. And he sez it won't be long before we're all travelin' like that. "Well," I sez, "t's all right, but it's goin' to be mighty hard on the farmers. Take right now, our crops are two weeks late on account of our hired hands watchin' airplanes. . . . And when a Zeppelin goes over they're liable to quit altogether."

LON: That's right, Wheel; it'd be better for the country if they stuck to autos.

WHEEL: Better and safer. You take a auto. If you git a puncture, all right. Git out and put on one of the spare tires. But say your Zeppelin gits punctured. Where are you? You ain't got a spare Zeppelin, have you? A Zeppelin with two spares tied on the end would look like flyin' link sausage.

ROSIE: Pa . . . Pa . . . (She's out of breath and panting.)

WHEEL: What's the matter, Rosie?

ROSIE: I run all the way . . . I . . . I'm out of breath.

ROD: If anybody robbed you of that money, Rosie . . . I'll . . . I'll gimmie my monkey wrench, somebody.

ROSIE: Mr. Dancey's on his way down here with a lawyer . . . he's going to sue you for cutting off his leg.

WHEEL: Sue who? . . . Me?

LON: You mean me, Rosie?

ROSIE: No, he's going to sue you, Pa. . . . It's all over town . . . everybody's talking.

WHEEL: Why, dog my hide. . . . Yonder he comes walking down the curb and a crowd following him! Look, Lon. . . . Got his sawed-off leg on the curb and his long leg in the gutter. . . . The danged old curb runner. . . . I cut off the leg and this is the thanks I git.

LON: Rosie's got it wrong . . . he's suing me, Wheel . . . not you.

Half the town was now crowding into the filling station.

VOICE: There he is . . . that's Wheel Wilkins . . . he cut off my leg.

VOICE: Are you Mr. Wheel Wilkins?

WHEEL: I reckon I am. . . . That's what they call me. . . . State your business.

VOICE: Gibble's my name. . . . I'm representing Mr. Dancey here. . . . You cut off his leg, I believe?

WHEEL: Guess I did. . . . I sawed her off. . . . Ruint my saw.

VOICE: Mr. Dancey's accident policy says he is to get $300 if his leg is broken accidentally. . . . You, Mr. Wheel Wilkins, came along and sawed it off on purpose. . . . By doing so you have kept him from collecting on his accident policy . . . so he is suing you for the $300. Here are the papers.

WHEEL: Well, I'll be danged! . . . Dancey, you old curb runner!

"Wheel" Just Growed

By E. W. Weiss

"BUILDING a new character for a Radio program must be a natural process," said "Chic" Sale in an interview shortly after he had given his premiere Radio program for the Pennzoil Company on Sunday night, May 18.

"You know," said "Chic," "when the idea of adding a new character to my long list of rural friends was presented to me, I just said to myself that he had to come the same way the others did. Naturally, I had to start with the mental picture of someone I had known in my early days in the country. Of course, we didn't have filling stations in those days, but certainly there was a prototype of "Wheel" Wilkins, the genial proprietor of the Liberty Bell Filling Station, somewhere in my store of memories.

"So I made my start on a quaint, kindly inhabitant of my home town, borrowed a little from other characters I had created, blended them together in my mind, and produced "Wheel" Wilkins. Not that it was as easy as all that. I had to invent a dozen new mannerisms, and I had to express them all in a voice; I had to give "Wheel" his own unique way of saying things, a set of homely phrases all his own. Of course, this was a task that I had been specializin' in for many years, and it was more or less of a natural thing.

"As he stands right now," concluded "Chic," "'Wheel' is a right likeable sort of a chap. I like him. He's shrewd, yet he's kind. He likes his little joke, but I've got a feeling that beneath it all he can be downright serious, too."

"Wheel" Wilkins appears every Sunday night in the Liberty Bell programs in behalf of the Pennzoil Company.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 39)

person he is, for I know the somewhat astounding salary he receives. "Fifteen minutes a day of work," I say to myself, "then all the rest of the time to play and a nice big check. And just because you happen to have a Lon Chaney voice." But when the broadcast is over I find that it isn't all luck, not by any manner of means, nor is it all leisure. For Phil Cook not only takes all the parts in his sketches, but he writes every line of his skits himself, composes all the music to his songs and writes the words. And when you write enough nonsense to fill a fifteen minute program six days a week, for four weeks a month, for twelve months a year, it gets to be, in Phil's own words—"a man-sized job."

No, I don't think he has so much leisure, in fact, I can't see where he has any. As for that big check, I guess he earns it.

Phil was born some thirty-five years ago in Coldwater, Mich., but he has lived most of his life in New York. Before he became interested in Radio he was the art director of an advertising agency and still tosses off a few posters and magazine covers, and gets paid for them, too. He wrote the musical comedies—"Molly, Darling," "When You Smile," and "Plain Jane." They all had Broadway runs.

If Phil went to a mike twice as the same character in a month the instrument would totter from surprise. Just look at a list of his recent activities at NBC—Radio Chef, Line's Shine Boy, The Seely Air Weavers, Champion Sparkers, The Physical Culture Shoe Prince, The Cabin Door, Real Folks, Flit Soldiers, Interwoven Entertainers, Fleischman Hour, Eveready Master of Ceremonies, Back and Wing—well, that's enough.

Did I mention that Phil plays the ukulele, the guitar and violin?

Yes, there's a lot of talk about everyone being equal, but you'll have to admit that any man who can talk in seven different dialects, write his own show, play in the above roles, and on the above instruments, draw magazine covers, et cetera, et cetera, has more than his share of gifts. Then had good looks and a likeable personality—it's just too much.

Yet for all Phil Cook's talents you and I supply him with something he couldn't get along without. WE are the admiring audience. And when you come right down to it the admiring audience COULD get along without the stars, but the stars couldn't get along without the admiring audience. Am I not right? If it weren't for you and me and all the rest of us admiring, where would the stars be? (And I claim there is some real philosophy in this.)

Oh, I forgot—he's married, and happily so, he says. Though he did tell me he tried out all his jokes first on the wife.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 37)

commingle the details of design, the little occurrences of chance, making the perfect intricate pattern. So here. The Opal. Years ago it had disappeared. It had been hidden. Murders, also long ago, had been committed. For the Opal? Why not? And had one of the victims hidden it? Had it, by chance as far as we are concerned, been hidden in the very room where the safe stood? Had the explosion, which tore the room so thoroughly to pieces, dislodged the Opal from its place under some beam, behind some panel? I thought so. With your kind permission I still think so."

"At least I've got it now," said Parks.

"YES, you've got it now. Well, having planned this all so prettily, Mr. X, knowing we'd rush off downstairs, had his moment to remove the two bodies. He had intended murder; he had secured his end; he discovered that no murder had been committed! At first he had thought to mystify, further in case of detection later on to have a pretty sizeable legal barricade to fortify himself behind. No corpus delicti, absolutely no conviction. Could any of us have sworn in a court of law that either Dicks or Parks was dead? We could not! All of which Mr. X knew when he planned his murder.

"But later how much better he was placed when he found that both of his victims lived! He treated them, saw them coming along, restored them to us knowing that we would carry on the good work. There was chance again, this time helping him. He was clear of murder, and had reaped the reward by having the loot.

"There remains the article snatched up from the floor by Andregg. It was, of course, his drug. We had all noted his peculiarly nervous condition before; we also marked how after the explosion we missed him downstairs; more than one of us must have marked how, when he came in, he was a man altered. We said to ourselves, 'Here's a funny thing.' Andregg seemed on edge before the murder; immediately after he appeared calm and self-contained, even relieved of some strain. So, of course, when one thought of it at all, one realized what was the matter with him and that he had had a shot.

"NOW, here was another most intriguing consideration. Andregg was no physician, yet we all thought that he was! How much design, how much chance all along the line? And when Andregg swore that Parks was dead, Dicks dying, we supposed that he knew whereof he spoke. But, I must confess, that thinking things over I was struck by that first remark of his; that Parks' body was already cold! Odd, wasn't it? There'd scarcely been time for that, you know! I judged later on that Andregg was either mistaken there, or was lying! Which was it?

"If lying, then was he our Mr. X himself. If mistaken—then he was terribly confused, or did not know his business. How clear this point became when Mr. Gateway advised us that Andregg was not a physician at all. Mistaken; that was it.

"So I was lured along my little pathway. For aught I knew Parks might be dead, might be alive. What chance had we to investigate? Then there was that black band about his body—"

"Deflected the blow!" cried out Dicks.

"It had to be considered," returned Savoy, and went on: "I asked Laufer-Hirth about it: he had seen it once when he and Mr. Parks journeyed together. —Well, well; what next? Why, the knife itself left on the floor. Mr. X had dropped it there—for what earthly reason? For us to see, of course. But why?

"YOU'LL see that in my little workshop I had no end of little bits flying about, wanting to be filed in their proper places. They abhor confusion, you know. And I got them into such a pretty pattern before I was through—"

There came a rap at the door; a heavy voice saying something to one of the Filipino boys. The boy came in, saying, "They are ready to go, sirs."

"Tell them to wait," cried Savoy sharply, a note as of anger in his voice. He drew curious eyes upon himself.

"I'm going on with this, and you're going to listen!" he rasped out. "You're going to be interested. Mr. Nemo is going to be interested, for I'm going to tell him my theory of his vanished Flower of Heaven.— Just a moment, however, before that. The Guest Book again. I found much in it to ponder on, those first thoughts many men had jotted down. Andregg had written: 'Here is not a haven, but heaven.' What did it signify? In a word, the thought of haven came to one who had been a fugitive, knowing times of great stress; to Andregg heaven was a place where he was sure of his drug."

He sprang to his feet.

"As the first step to the end," he said in a queer voice, "I want you to hear something which Laufer-Hirth can tell you. Tell them, Amos; what's on your mind?"

Laufer-Hirth shuffled uneasily. His eyes roamed here and there, and came back pleadingly to Savoy's stern face.

"WHAT we just read in the Guest Book—those words under Thraff Willcyzinski's scrawl—were written by Andregg *yesterday!* Will Little and I saw him write them; Paul dictated—"

It was a long breathless moment in which minds confused groped in a maze.

Piled near by were the several traveling bags. Savoy amazed them further by demanding sharply:

"Parks, will you open up your bag for us?"

Never did a stranger look dawn in a man's eyes than in the eyes of Mainwaring Parks now. His face went swiftly as white as death.

"Open it!" rang out Savoy's voice.

"Open it, Mr. X! And let Mr. Nemo see where his Flower of Heaven is!"

"You're crazy, man!" gasped Gateway.

"You're mad! Mad!" burst out Parks.

Paul Savoy, sudden loathing in his face, stepped back and threw out his arm, pointing at Mainwaring Parks.

"There's your cowardly Mr. X!—Through the tangled threads of chance and design he has at last come to the tether's end. He knew nothing of Thraff Willcyzinski being alive, but planned all the time to saddle Andregg, poor goat, with his crime. For that he kept Andregg waiting all evening for the drug he had promised to bring; for that he dropped that same drug where Andregg would seize upon it, then hide it like a guilty secret."

"FOR that is the black band about his chest, a band that would hold a knife handle in place, making it appear that the blade was buried in his breast! To find a man with a knife in his heart, is to be assured that he is dead! Yet, remember, Andregg cried out that already the body was cold! A crowning touch, so simply arranged by a man in a bathroom on a freezing winter's night. Remember how one arm lay across his chest, the sleeve torn, as if offering itself to one who would question more closely if death had come already? That arm, we may be sure, had been held in ice water for some minutes. There may even have been, for aught we know, a thin coating of some sort of wax over the pulse itself. How easy to have the other duplicate hunting knife; how natural to leave it behind on the floor; how simple to give himself a long shallow scratch of a cut and how crafty to keep himself hidden until that wound should heal! For who shall peer into his internal organs, and say where the blade went or did not go! How easy to hide the hinges and screws in Andregg's bag in case anything were discovered!"

"Hinges?" cried Gateway. "What do you mean, you fool?"

"Laufer-Hirth knows; I showed him the trick this morning. You stand in the bathroom where Parks stood when Dicks was struck down; you get your victim under a certain heavy beam that crosses the ceiling; you engage him in talk; you give a sudden strong pull to a bit of molding, and down crashes the heavy beam on your victim's head. Oh, it's an old game in a new dress, that's all. And now cut open his bag, for you'll find it locked; and take out the Flower of Heaven he was so sure of making his own. And now, Gateway, you'll have that part of my little theory which has to do with the million dollars. It was never placed in the safe at all; all the while it remained snug and safe in Mainwaring Parks' pocket! He did put a folded manilla paper in the safe; it was blown to bits, of course. He kept the million."

"You mad fool!" shouted Parks.

But both Dicks and Gateway were upon him.

"I'M THE fool," growled Dicks. "I was on his trail and he knew it, so what did he do? I was sure of nothing; he knew that. So he tells me a wild tale and I, thinking he does not know that I know what I do, come here at his invitation. He comes near murdering me, and I am the loudest to swear that he had nothing to do with attempted murder, but am led to think him a victim, too!"

"You have it all, gentlemen, I think," said Savoy, and stood dusting his hands together. "Mr. X. had an agile brain. He planned Andregg first as his scapegoat. Heaven appeared to send him a better in a poor, defenseless mad man, and he switched to him. It was so obvious that he would do that! And how nicely he fell into a trap which, I swear, a child should have avoided! No doubt he had some tale to tell, explaining how he had guessed that Thraff Willcyzinski was alive; but it was a difficult thing. He could not say that he actually knew, that he had seen the man, for then he must have been bound to tell us. Just a hint was what he was trying to build up. So when I showed him the Guest Book and he saw that what appeared to be Thraff Willcyzinski's writing appeared there in fresh ink, he leaped—and fell! Shall we go now?"

Mr. Nemo was on his knees and with a sharp knife slit the leather of Parks' bag. The loveliest imaginable product of the art of a craftsman in precious stones was revealed.

"The Flower of Heaven!" cried Mr. Nemo softly.

Paul Savoy sighed.

"Or of Hell?" he asked of no one in particular.

"Just the same," burst grumblingly from Gateway, "there is one thing you can't fool me with, Savoy! It's easy enough now to pretend that you knew all along that it was Parks. Somehow, the last day or two, you've managed to stumble on the truth."

There were twin devils dancing in Savoy's eyes.

"Didn't I tell you, that first night you came?" he chuckled.

"You did not!" cried Gateway angrily.

Savoy turned to Temple.

"Remember my memorandum, Captain? The one you and Gateway pulled down from the ceiling?"

As if Captain Temple could ever forget! Now, looking abashed, also he looked mystified.

"You crumpled and threw it away," ran on Savoy. "Gateway retrieved it, then dropped it as of no consequence. I picked it up the next morning, having a fatherly fondness for my own little creation, and here it is. Will you two be so good as to read it again?"

Temple and Gateway read together:

"Temple, his enormous curiosity rampant, investigates my inspired notes! A ludicrous incident, surely! Plainly, a rather knotty situation has embittered individuals, stimulating animosity. Look inward. Vastly educational."

"Piffle!" exploded Gateway.

"Exactly," and by now Paul Savoy was fairly chortling. "Piffle of the purest ray serene, my dear Gateway. But suppose you look through the silly lines again; third time's a charm, you know. Do as the memorandum so naively commands: 'Look inward.' Which means into the note itself, whereupon I assure you you will find it 'vastly educational,' in the sense of being informative. This time, however, look only at the first letter of each word! And see what you can spell out for yourself!"

Gateway snatched the paper from Temple's hands, and began mumbling out the letters, taking as commanded the first of every word. As he advanced in his task his brows lifted higher and higher. And when he had finished he looked at Paul Savoy as at some creature never so much as glimpsed until now. He grew so red of face that it seemed as if all the blood in his body had rushed into his cheeks. And then, with mortification and defeat all but mastering him, there still shone in his eyes a wondering admiration.

"Mr. Savoy," he said ponderously, shaking his head, "I'm a dub. And you—you—Dicks, lead me back to Frisco and get me canned. I'm through."

(The End)

Paul Oliver's Good Luck

(Continued from page 7)

for her smile of approbation. And when Olive sings, Paul always smiles his encouragement.

Aside from music, football is the most interesting subject to Paul. Often during a lull in a rehearsal you will find him discussing the relative merits of football teams with Phillips Carlin, another football enthusiast. Paul's favorite team is New York University, and conversely the N. Y. U. team's favorite Radio star is Paul Oliver. "Chick" Meehan, the famous N. Y. U. football mentor, is one of his closest friends. Paul can talk quite authoritatively about the capabilities of every member of the football squads for some seasons back. He is a frequent dinner guest at Mr. and Mrs. Meehan's.

He often sings for the boys and attends every football game on the schedule that does not take him too far away to come back in time for the Wednesday red letter hour. He was a guest at the recent N. Y. U. dinner when the boys got their letters for football. Football, N. Y. U. football particularly, is so absorbing to him that whenever possible he travels with the team to their summer training camp. He plans to be with them this summer at Farmingdale.

When not busy rehearsing new songs Paul likes to go about exploring New York City and its environs, seeking out strange things which interest him. Naturally, Oliver has a decided mechanical bent and as a result spends some time in manufacturing plants in and near New York, observing the various processes through which all sorts of products go. Most of these excursions are solitary. Regularly, after a strenuous rehearsal and after each Wednesday evening's broadcast, he hurries to the Y. M. C. A. for a plunge in the pool. Early the next morning he arises and tunes up his car, which is his companion during the fall and winter months, just as a high speed power-boat is his favorite in summer.

Motoring from his Mount Vernon home, he drives about the countryside. On other days he will park the car at some subway entrance and travel underground all over New York. An excavation for a skyscraper fascinates him. So does the Bronx Zoo. And because he carefully hides his identity none of the people he questions suspects that the unassuming gentleman with a curious turn of mind is the tenor star whose melodious voice is so well known to millions.

IN THE summer, Paul Oliver's idea of a seventh heaven is a boat on a quiet lake where he can fish and sing softly to himself. "I know of nothing so restful and soothing to the nerves as a fishing trip. In hot weather the strain of daily rehearsing and of weekly performances before the microphone is pretty severe and Radio artists particularly must keep well and fit", he explained.

Paul Oliver is an ardent swimmer and has always spent a great deal of time in the water during the warm months. His chief joy, however, is to slip off by himself, and when he is tired of fishing he puts in hours of practice as he cruises about on the water. The story is told that a number of admirers learned the places he liked to frequent and used to steal up on him to listen to his songs in the open. He had to change his haunts a little when he discovered his hidden audience. "I find that such outdoor practice," he explained, "is a splendid thing for my voice. I like to test it out in the open. Often I find a spot where it is fascinating to sing and hear the echo as the notes come back to me."

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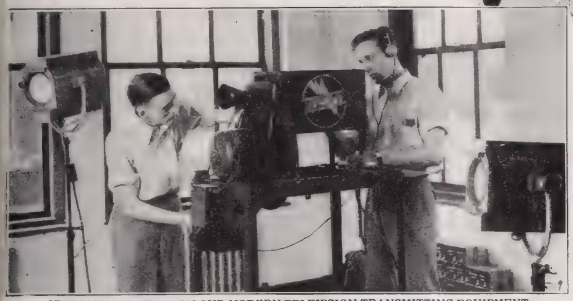


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The Triple Merger

DURING the past few months, Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., a publishing organization with a background of over half a century, has been busy forming the Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, and acquiring for this new company not only the RADIO DIGEST of Chicago, founded and formerly published by "Buck" Rayner of the Windy City, but also the RADIO REVUE of New York, founded and published by Walter Preston of Gotham Town, and RADIO BROADCAST founded and formerly published by the distinguished house of Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Effective with this issue, all three of these magazines have been put together—merged is the commercial expression—into one publication dedicated to the service of the American Radio public. It is in a full sense a national magazine for the family, i.e., for those who listen to any of the many types of programs which are being broadcast night and day throughout the length and breadth of the land. The listeners, not experimenters, constitute our reading audience.

We Pay Tribute

BEFORE going on we want to interrupt to pay our enthusiastic tribute to those publishers whose vision brought forth the triplet which now is known as RADIO DIGEST. To us, the present publishers, they have seen fit to entrust the handiwork and brain child of their earlier efforts, cognizant of our plans and convinced that under such auspices the merged child work will grow to great stature, mentally as well as physically.

It is too soon for the new parents to make visionary promises or boast of the bigger and better things to come. Performance is by all odds the better spokesman on such matters. But we must confess, again in a spirit of tribute to our predecessors, that we shall derive untold inspiration from their labors during the period of infancy.

We want our readers to know that this merger is no ordinary business transaction devoid of human feelings. If human affairs can be said to have a soul then this one has. It is to a large degree the outgrowth of a common inspiration and of a substantially unselfish desire to serve PEOPLE, not things, in a fearless but emotionally human manner. And in line with this feeling, the previous *publishers and editors* of RADIO DIGEST and its other component publications have been invited to be perpetual contributors to the contents as well as to the spirit of the magazine. We are glad to say that most of them have already been enrolled in the active ranks.

Meet the Staff

THE officers of Radio Digest Publishing Corporation are: President, Raymond Bill; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Spillane and Randolph Brown; Treasurer, Edward Lyman Bill, all of whom have had extensive experience in the music and Radio fields, and all of whom are principals in Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., and Federated Business Publications, Inc., the latter including among its other properties Radio-Music Merchant (formerly Talking Machine World), Sales Management and The Antiquarian Magazine.

In addition to the Board of Contributing Editors, the personnel of which will be announced later, the executive editorial staff is: Editor, Raymond Bill; Advisory Editor, Henry J. Wright, formerly editor of the New York Globe and the New York Sun; Associate Editor, Charles R. Tighe, formerly managing editor of Radio-Music Merchant, and Managing Editor, Harold P. Brown, editor of RADIO DIGEST under its former management.

The business organization is as follows: Business Manager, Lee Robinson, also business manager of Radio-Music Merchant. Advertising representatives; R. G. Maxwell & Co., Inc. The head of this company, Ray Maxwell, is one of "The Four Maxwells," the others being, respectively, president of Crowell Publishing Co., Life Publishing Co. and Williams & Cunningham Advertising Agency.

The circulation of RADIO DIGEST alone averaged 116,000 for the first six months of 1930 and at 35c per copy. While this constitutes an exceptional record for a new magazine, it is no more than an indication of what the future holds for the dominant magazine of the Radio field. The public

nterest in this magazine is obviously logical because Radio s destined to play an important role in the future of the ntire world and consequently in the lives of those by whom it is peopled.

Our First Issue

THIS September issue is the first number for which the present management is responsible. In the short space f time prior to its publication it was impracticable to naugurate many of the plans we have in mind for improvng RADIO DIGEST and making it a most valuable and nteresting magazine for the entire family. We have, however, increased the total number of pages more than one-hird as an indication of the good measure we desire to ive from a quantity standpoint. We have printed the nagazine on a much finer grade of paper stock and a paper vhich is also both heavier and whiter than that formerly sed. We have introduced a new and rather distinctive ype of rotogravure section. We have initiated a depart-ient by an outstanding Radio engineer in which every nonth we shall endeavor to interpret for our readers in anguage they will understand the scientific progress which s being made in Radio reception, Radio broadcasting and elevision. We have improved and refined the typography. We have initiated several other new types of editorial eatures which will be presented on a more imposing scale n succeeding issues.

Finally, and most important, we have launched a program of editorials in none of which shall we aim to talk about ubjects which are platitudes or express viewpoints vhich are innocuous, but in all of which we shall endeavor o serve in some powerful constructive manner the great udience we are reaching. Other improvements and additions will follow in rapid order, but we would rather let rou see them in actual existence than to herald their advent. Meanwhile, we do want to make these points of publishing policy entirely clear.

The Editorial Policy

RADIO DIGEST will not be edited with any endeavor at salacious or other cheap appeals. It will aim to enable the American public to appreciate in a greater degree and in larger numbers the world of romance, entertainment and knowledge which is open to them through the Radio. Apart from its lighter entertainment values, we contend that Radio already constitutes one of the world's greatest sources of information that is strictly current, as well as historical. Much knowledge can be gleaned from the Radio which is reliable and which is world wide in scope. We do not think any magazine has ever had a greater or finer opportunity to enrich the family life of the American people, and we hope to measure up to the great opportunity which lies before us as the first and dominant magazine serving the American Radio public. In attaining this goal we seek not only the reading interest of our audience, but also its suggestions, comments and help given in a first hand manner. We want each and every reader to be in part at least a builder of RADIO DIGEST, as the greatest and most influential magazine of all times. It can be just that with *your* help, but only with *your* help.

THE PUBLISHERS

Advance Tips

LINDBERGH. Specially written feature of the greatest world hook-up in history. Jesse Butcher, personal friend of Colonel Lindbergh, tells what happened and how.

THE PRESIDENT. As we go to press Doty Hobart, Radio Digest special feature writer, is in Washington obtaining an intimate story of President Hoover's personal views and reactions to broadcasting.

HEYWOOD BROUN. Famous New York columnist will be represented in the October Radio Digest with the first publication of his Radio column.

VICTOR HERBERT. "As I Knew Him" by Harold Sanford who worked, played and lived with the celebrated composer and undoubtedly knew him better than any man now living.

F. W. WILE. Noted news correspondent's story of the trans-Atlantic broadcast of the London Disarmament Conference. A facsimile of George Bernard Shaw's penned prediction of the outcome of the Conference will be included in the story.

ABE AND DAVID. Way Down East up-to-date, popular feature of coast-to-coast network. How they get their unique material for stories told by Peter Dixon.

GENE AND GLENN. Inside story of one of the most popular teams of the Mid-West. Narrative of romantic and dramatic incidents leading up to the partnership.

RUPERT HUGHES. Famous author depicts days of terror in the early history of old New York in a fiction story about a girl who was sold into bondage.

J. S. FLETCHER. Distinguished English author of mystery stories tells what happened to the Langthwaite Pearls. Short and very fascinating.

* * *

THE FUTURE FILE. Not all of these may be ready for the October number. Some of them are certain to be. Our "Future File" includes these:

JERRY BUCKLEY. Results of our own investigation of the tragic death of Detroit's reform announcer.

THE R-100. Our own original story of the part that Radio played in the trans-Atlantic flight of England's greatest dirigible.

RUDY VALLEE. In a series of original articles written exclusively for Radio Digest.

HOME BUDGETING. Selections of the best ideas and advice included in the programs of John Wanamaker and other authorities.

THOMAS A. EDISON. An exclusive interview with the famous inventor regarding his scholarship tests for the selection of embryo geniuses.



ALWYN BACH *of the National Broadcasting company staff, whose well modulated voice and meticulous pronunciation won for him the 1930 gold medal for diction, began the study of words in a dictionary at his mother's knee*

"Try Singing to Speak Well"

Song is the Best Medium and Exercise whereby One May Acquire Perfection of Speech, declares Alwyn Bach, Winner of 1930 Diction Medal

by

DRAKE EVANS

THE first time I ever saw the NBC announcer, Alwyn Bach, was about a year ago from the control room of Studio E at a broadcast of one Tex O'Reilly's "Soldier of Fortune" ilks. Floyd Gibbons was also in the con- ol room that night and as the tall, dark ach stood before the announcer's mike id there came to our ears his smooth, elvet tones, Floyd Gibbons nodded his ead in approval and prophesied, "There's ie boy that's going to pick off that dic- on gold medal. Just wait and see."

And true to the Gibbons' prophecy, lwyn Bach received in June the gold edal which the American Academy of rts and Letters gives annually for good iction over the Radio. The winner last me was Milton Cross.

But lest you put too much trust in loyd Gibbons' ability to see the future, heard him make another prophecy that ight. It was over a year ago, mind you, nd the war correspondent was at that me on the air only one night a week. fe wasn't so hopeful about his Radio op- ortunities. Said he: "I'll never be able o make enough money to afford to live this man's town." Which proves, I hink, that as a prophet Mr. Gibbons ats only fifty per cent. However, this s a story not about Floyd Gibbons, but bout Alwyn Bach.

In giving the gold medal award the merican Academy of Arts and Letters ims not merely to improve the diction f the announcers themselves, but to aid n raising the standard of spoken English hroughout the nation. The committee which selects the winner is composed of ifty eminent judges of spoken English who weigh the talents of the Radio an- nouncers of the entire country—judging hem for excellence in diction, quality of tone, and the general cultural effect of he voice.

With the increasingly immense popular- ty of Radio, our spoken language is com- ng into the control of a few men—and hese, the Radio announcers. Eventually heir influence will do much to standardize our language and do away with local dia- lects. And so when one man is heard in millions of homes, how he pronounces his words, how he modulates his voice is vastly important. A tremendous responsibility rests upon his shoulders, or rather upon his tongue. As he speaks, so will the nation.

Certainly Alwyn Bach is worthy of this coveted award. His voice is rich, smooth, cultured, his pronunciation and enunciation crystal clear. I, speaking to him, found myself becoming conscious of my own pronunciation and striving to imitate his perfection of diction. It was an actual vocal lesson just to listen to him.

The NBC announcer was born in this country; but a few years before his birth his mother had come over from Denmark. His earliest remembrance of her is seeing her sitting studying a dictionary. While she was cooking she kept the dictionary on the kitchen table. She would stir the soup with one hand and thumb through the book with the other. In the evenings she would keep it close by as she sewed, pausing occasionally to scan a page, memorize a few words, and then say them aloud as she darned or mended. She eventually came to speak English with perfection.

Her son, however, born in this country, under no handicap as his mother was, as a child spoke the language in a very slovenly fashion, mumbling his words, dropping his final letters, as is the way of most boys. "Alwyn," his mother would say in distress, "I am ashamed of you. For heaven's sake, use your lips." His mother's corrections and insistence on good speech, Bach says, was his first step on the road towards the gold medal.

> ART of speech is best improved through the art of song. If you can't sing, sing anyway. It gives you a sense and appreciation of rhythmical expression. Then there's the dictionary game. Every letter list will disclose familiar words which you have mispronounced all your life. Start with "a". How would you pronounce "adult" or "addict"? To save you the trouble of looking it up the accent is on the final syllable. How would you pronounce "Babel"? Would you use long "a" or short "a"? The dictionary is the best text book for diction. Let the author introduce you here to a close-up study of Mr. Bach—maybe you'll "larn somethin".

DESPITE his Danish parentage, Alwyn Bach doesn't look like one's conventional idea of a Dane. For aren't the Danes of old Viking stock, and shouldn't Vikings be tall and blonde and blue-eyed and rollicking? Alwyn Bach is tall—six feet two—but his hair and eyes are dark brown, his complexion olive, and anything less rollicking than his serene dignity and poise would be hard to find. He has been accused of being *too* dignified and precise in his speech, but he feels that dignity is essential to the best work of the announcer.

As he said in a recent newspaper interview: "I never wisecrack when I announce. I think it is an announcer's place to be merely an announcer and to let the entertainers entertain. Attempted humor is liable to fall flat on the air."

Singing, printing, the war, broadcasting—those four words sum up his professional life. When only sixteen Bach began to study singing. Before a vear was

(*Continued on page* **121**)

Al Smith and his Rad-dio Man

(Editor's Note: Norman Sweetser, of the National Broadcasting Company staff of announcers in 1928, was sent, at the personal request of Al Smith, on the campaign tour of the United States to act as special announcer. Mr. Smith always referred to him as "the rad-dio man"—but let Mr. Sweetser tell you about that in this, his first published account, of his association with the Democratic candidate for President.)

PROBABLY the greatest thrill of anticipation which will come my way, even though I live to be a thousand, were eleven words which were poured into my left ear from a telephone receiver.

Early in the fall of 1928 my telephone bell rang. I don't remember the date but I distinctly recall my thoughts prior to the interruption. The night before Milton Cross had sat on my new fall hat. He didn't do it intentionally—but Milt is just as heavy when sitting as he is when standing. At the time he apologized. But he didn't have to wear the hat. I did. And the hat was, at one and the same time, in my hand and on my mind when I went to answer the telephone.

Funny thing. Milt's voice greeted me from the other end of the wire. But his reason for calling had nothing to do with hats.

"You've been elected to accompany Al Smith on his campaign trip," he said. Eleven words. But what eleven words!

And that was the thrill.

It had fallen to my lot to act as announcer on a few occasions in the past when Mr. Smith had spoken before the microphone. I had not been what one might term "a Smith man" at the time of his party nomination but my association with this dynamic man changed that.

One cannot meet Al Smith without recognizing in him a vital personality. And when a person comes into a situation which brings him on common ground with the man that person just naturally becomes "a Smith man," and he stays "a Smith man" right on. He won me from the start. Perhaps I didn't need much encouragement. But whatever praise I have for the man is sincere and don't think I'm laying it on too thick when I say, when bigger and better men are bo the sample produced by the Smith fami should serve as an excellent pattern copy.



Al Smith in a characteristic pose before the mike

Al Smith is not a good microphone pe former. He is probably one of the wor From a technical standpoint, I mean. H simply wont "stay put". I have nev seen a speaker less shy of the mike tha Mr. Smith. He ignores the instrumen Unquestionably he despises the micr phone as a mechanical device. But as medium through which he can reach t people he realizes its value.

Trained in the old school of orato he loves the close contact of a living a dience. When he is speaking to both seen and an unseen audience he forgets a about his unseen listeners at the fir demonstration of approval from tho present. He will either walk away fro the microphone in order to face witho obstruction the responsive audience or, happened in Omaha, he will deliberate pick up the microphone standard and pla it aside!

IF YOU heard that Oma speech you may remember hearing a noi that sounded like static coming over yo loud-speaker less than five minutes aft he came on the air. After setting t microphone aside he never again address it directly. I tried to adjust it so th the speech would register properly but waved me aside. And the mike pick up his speech as best it could from most unfavorable angle.

As Governor of the State of New Yo Mr. Smith was one of the pioneer rad politicians. And as I said before, positively is not mike shy. He has fear of it therefore it was up to me increase the democratic candidate respect for the microphone.

Now, I knew it would be usele to tell the man that he must "st put" when on the air. I h threshed that out with him b fore, begging him for his o good to realize that his unse audience outnumbered his visib listeners a thousand to one. H

as told to

Doty Hobart

By

NORMAN SWEETSER



Norman Sweetser

:ply was always the same. He was sorry ut he didn't feel he could do himself istice if he neglected those who came to e as well as hear. And he meant just hat he said. I found Al Smith to be solutely honest in every statement he er made. To be at ease when speak- g, this tried and true orator feels handi- apped unless he has the freedom of the latform. The microphone annoyed him he moved it, that's all.

FROM Omaha we went to klahoma City. Long before the hour of ie broadcast I went to the hall where e was to speak. With me were the A. T. nd T. engineers. I superintended the t-up. That night everything looked per- ctly natural. When Mr. Smith rose to ddress the gathering he found, as usual, small table in front of him with the icrophone standard in front of the table. I shall have to give the man credit. He waited through three or four bursts f applause which interrupted his speech efore attempting to move the mike. hen imagine his surprise when he found immovable. I had ordered the standard crewed to the floor. Never will I for- et the look of amazement which swept ver his face momentarily. Then he miled—and, lifting up the little table, he noved his position, table and all, about ix feet to the left!

His speeches always were of the great- st interest to me but I want to tell you don't remember hearing a word Al Smith said in Oklahoma City. With the nike six feet from the speaker, and away o one side at that, I was sure the broad- ast must be going over pretty pitifully. t certainly was not going over as it hould. Of that I was sure and stood by rying to figure out some way to lick Mr. Smith—to cure him of his antagonism for he mike.

Our next show was at St. Paul. This ime I fastened both table and microphone standard to the floor. What is more I rranged the chairs for the overflow crowd which always filled every platform. And as a final precaution I ushered as many people as possible to the stage and seated them in a semicircle around the chairs in the center which were reserved for the candidate and his party.

When Mr. Smith arose to deliver his address he found himself hemmed in on all sides. The only way he could have licked me that night was to have climbed on the table! Needless to say, he did not do that.

From that night on he was cured. And don't think he didn't know who was responsible. He did. The next day on the train he sent his secretary for "the rad-dio man", as he always called me. I travelled in one of the cars with the newspaper men. When I entered his private car I found him smiling. And the smile never left his face throughout the interview. He accused me of everything—of fastening the table and microphone standard and of arranging the chairs on the platform.

"NOW, that's alright," he said. "I know it's up to you to see that the rad-dio gets a break. And you don't have to tell me again that it is for my own good. I know that, too. But, as a personal favor to me, please don't ever tie me up like that again. I mean hem me in with people. Why, I didn't dare move for fear I'd hit someone."

"Alright, Mr. Smith," I said, "I'll promise not to interfere with the seating arrangements if you'll promise not to move the microphone again."

He laughed. "I promise, Norman."

That was the first time he had ever called me anything except "rad-dio man". From that time on he always addressed me by my first name.

And ever after he treated the microphone with due respect.

Why does he say "rad-dio" instead of "radio"? I really don't know. Probably because he started calling it that in the early days and, like the good showman he is, found the comment created by his pronunciation of the word an incentive to establish "rad-dio" as a good trade mark.

By the way, do you know how Colonel Lindbergh pronounces aviation? "Av-iation." And no one objects.

Accompanying the democratic candidate on the long campaign journey were Mrs. Smith and the daughter, Emily (the wife of Major Warner). Mrs. Warner frequently asked her father to change his pronunciation of "rad-dio". One night, whether intentionally or otherwise I do not know, Mr. Smith did pronounce the word in the generally accepted manner. Just once. The next day I asked him how he happened to say "Radio". He smiled and replied, "I have to please some people sometime." He never said "Radio" again to my knowledge. Nor did I ever here his daughter chide him about "rad-dio" after that.

Mr. Smith spent much of his time in the car with the newspapermen. The boys kidded him a bit about his pronunciation of "rad-dio". His comeback was that it was a new word and that he felt he had just as much right to call it "Rad-dio" as everyone else did to call it "Radio". One morning he came into the car beaming, carrying a telegram. He read the message aloud and then passed it around. It stated that the Al Smith pronunciation of the word was just as correct as the accepted "radio." It was signed by a distinguished philologist.

HIS best campaign speech was never delivered in public. It was an extemporaneous talk given in the newspaper men's car over a campaign issue brought to the candidate's attention by a member of the press. I have never heard a better speech and I have listened and had to listen to several hundred. Every point of the issue was covered in perfect continuity during the hour and a half which the man spoke. He was never in-

terrupted. Every press representative sat spellbound. No notes were made and everyone was so thoroughly interested that no one thought, before Mr. Smith left the car, to ask his permission to review it. This speech, either in full or in part, was never published.

I well remember one question which was asked the candidate by a reporter. "If you are elected will there be a 'White-house Spokesman'?" Mr. Smith smiled and replied, "In every office I have ever held my association with representatives of the press has always been decidedly harmonious. If I am elected there will be no White House spokesman other than Al Smith, in person."

ALL his speeches are dictated. Copies of these are sent to the reporters prior to the event. This rule goes for speeches made to visible or invisible audiences. The man then makes a few notes on the faces of legal sized envelopes and, referring to these notes, delivers his address. While the speech is not word for word as dictated he never misses the point of any dictated sentence.

In addressing a lonesome microphone in a studio Mr. Smith never loses control of his oratory. Nor does he neglect his customary emphatic gestures. One peculiar habit which the man has when speaking either in public or in a studio, is to rise slightly on his toes when emphasizing a point. It frequently gives him the appearance of teetering, especially when dramatic phrases follow each other in rapid succession. He sways before a lonesome mike just as he does before a visible audience, in order that his voice reach every corner of the hall. He hammers home many points with that banging fist of his—even though there be no table to strike.

When we first started on the trip I used to have the microphone which I used, for my introductory remarks and announcements, set-up in the wings on the stage. On one occasion I was called away from my position for a moment. When I tried to get back to the instrument I found myself blocked by a mob of unruly spectators who had rushed the stage-door and pushed by the single policeman on guard at that point. It began to look as though I would be unable to reach my mike in time to sign off. Providing there was any mike lift when I got there. Fortunately, several bluecoats came around from the front of the house as I was about to declare a personal war on the invaders and, literally surrounded by the law, I reached the instrument just as Mr. Smith finished his address. Luckily the mike had not been tipped over in the crush.

After that I had a telephone booth placed in the wings and was able to shut myself in that "hot-box" for my announcements. Did you ever remain in a booth with the doors closed for any length of time? Wow! I was used to working under all sorts of conditions on reportorial Radio assignments but of all the places I have ever worked that booth was the most uncomfortable from a physical standpoint. The only salvation was that it gave me privacy and an assurance that the microphone was protected from an over-enthusiastic public. I don't like crowds and I never will. Except at a distance.

Prior to one speech on the trip the newspapers were filled with stories of threatened demonstrations of an unfriendly nature to the candidate when he made his appearance on the platform. Naturally we were all somewhat anxious and there was a feeling of tenseness in the air. From my position in the wings I saw Mrs. Smith, who had arrived early, turning in her seat to look back through the audience. She seemed to be worried. I made my way to her and asked if she would like to move over into the section reserved for the press. Her reply was typical of the devoted woman, "No, thank you, Mr. Sweetser, I'm quite alright here. I know, you thought I might be safer there. These people are alright. There won't be any demonstration antagonistic to Mr. Smith. I'm trying to locate Reverend Stratton. They tell me he is here tonight." Mrs. Smith, never having seen the gentleman in question, was anxious to get a peek at him. That's why she was twisting and turning in her seat!

IN October RADIO DIGEST you will read about Herbert Hoover's experiences and reactions before the microphone during the last Presidential campaign, as told to Doty Hobart by the man who accompanied the candidate on his tour. The story brings to light some new characteristics of the President that have never before appeared in print.

PERHAPS some of you have wondered why Mr. Smith never accepted the challenge of the late Dr. John Roache Stratton to debate before the microphone. I can tell you this much—that it wasn't because the candidate was afraid to match wits with the gentleman. In fact he offered to meet Dr. Stratton at a later date when the time would not conflict with his schedule. Al Smith would have reveled in just that kind of a show. But he knew that every minute of his time on the air was being paid for out of the funds of the Democratic Committee and he felt it would be unethical to permit an opponent to use any of those expensive minutes. He was pledged to use money raised by subscription for the good of the party and the Reverend Doctor made it quite clear that his quarrel with the candidate was purely personal.

Election night.

It was Mrs. Smith's birthday and at the Democratic headquarters a large cake was conspicuously placed.

I was standing by with a microphone ready for an instantaneous hook-up should Mr. Smith care to make any statement on the air.

Long before the candidate arrived the returns showed that Mr. Hoover was piling up a pretty heavy lead. A decided gloom was settling over the place as those at headquarters realized how the tide was running.

Then Al Smith came in. Smiling Al Smith. Smiling in the face of all this gloom.

"What's the matter here? Why so downcast? I'm not going to be deported. I'm still a citizen—the voters can't take that away from me!"

Anyone can be a victor and smile. It takes a big man to smile at defeat. And Al Smith never stopped smiling.

He called me to go with him when he went to the private office to dictate his congratulatory message to Mr. Hoover.

MR. RASKOB listened to the dictation of this message. He was stunned. As campaign manager a statement was due the press. But he hadn't pulled himself together sufficiently to make it.

Al Smith slapped him on the back. He was still smiling.

"If I were Johnny Raskob I know what I'd say."

And Mr. Raskob was governed by the advice of the defeated candidate in making his statement.

As soon as this was over Mr. Smith rose and said, "Come on, Johnny, let's go home."

He left the Democratic headquarters that night without making a statement on the air. But he left with a cheery word for everyone, his head high and the ever-present smile on his face.

Within a week he was on the air again! At his own request. He wanted to thank his supporters and he felt duty bound to tell them of the deficit in the campaign funds. Perhaps you may remember his appeal for contributions with which to wipe out the debt. Now, an appeal of this kind is not a desirable task. But Al Smith does not wish the unwanted jobs on the other fellow. He tackles them himself.

One of my proudest possessions is a copy of the book, "The Story of the Democratic Campaign of 1928", auto-



No escape here—Al found himself surrounded by a fence of mikes at Albany

aphed by Mr. Smith. It was the first by off the press and was presented to by the defeated candidate in person. Do you remember the advertisents which used to inform poor getful mortals, like ourves, of the super-retentive nd possessed by a fictius character who was ways greeting an old end by the name of dison Simms of ittle? Had the adtiser known of Smith this fcious character ght never have ained such last- fame. Where e advertiser's aracter knew but e man Al Smith ows and can call name thousands men. Unquesnably Mr. Smith s one of the fin- memories for mes, faces and atistics with hich I ever came contact.

Day after day I w the busy man eet and greet by me people in all alks of life. any of these en and women had been introced to in a casuway during his litical activities New York State. don't know that ever saw him ack his brain" recall a name. ne name just natally comes to s lips without y seeming menl effort.

There is a story out a newspaper an who borrowed ve dollars from overnor Smith id who, though s intentions were ne best, forgot to turn it. I am told at when this reorter came to over a political peech during our ourney he met the emocratic candiite backstage and was greeted by name y Mr. Smith, who laughingly asked the an if he had come behind the scenes to ay back the five dollars. I did not witness his meeting myself so cannot vouch for ne yarn. It is typical of Mr. Smith, inasmuch as he always connects some incident in which these acquaintances figured. Nor does he need to have the party involved owe him five dollars in order to recall the names of the thousands of people who have come in contact with this remarkable man during his long life as a public figure.

As with names so it is with statistics. Where we think ourselves fortunate if we can remember that two and two make four Mr. Smith unhesitatingly will delve into intricate figures concerning a public expenditure. Providing, of course, that he was familiar with those figures at some time during his political life.

Once this man's brain absorbs facts of any kind pertinent to his life interests it automatically catalogues them for future reference.

UNQUESTIONABLY the radio fans will have a chance to hear Al Smith on the air again. He is a man with the interest of the public at heart. I don't know what he will have to say when next we listen to his voice but you may be sure that he will bring a message well worth hearing.

In closing I wish to say that Al Smith is about the only orator I have ever heard who can "orate" before a microphone and not sound foolish to an unseen audience. Loud speakers are not kind to the average orator. Furthermore, here is an orator handicapped with a speaking voice which is not pleasing—as to its reproducing qualifications. Yet handicapped as this orator unquestionably is this man is what we call "a natural" when it comes to audience appeal. I am convinced that the sincerity and inherent honesty of Al Smith's personality as expressed in his rather harsh voice overcomes all handicaps and places him on a separate pedestal as a microphone artist.

National Open GOLF



L. C. Smeby (left) chief engineer at KSTP, St. Paul, carried a short wave transmitter around the course on the running board of his car.

By
Don W. Hood

THE back stage of a big theater on the opening night of an expensive production or the city room of a metropolitan newspaper, when an extra was being "put to bed", were never as dramatic as the Radio control rooms during the last two hours of the broadcast of the 1930 National Open Golf Tournament at Interlachen Country Club, Minneapolis, last July.

The golf-minded public depended upon the Radio for an accurate running account of this great sporting classic and the wise Radio operators decided that the public should have what it wanted. And so, for thirty days before Bobby Jones was scheduled to tee-off, Radio engineers virtually swamped the course, testing, diagraming and studying the best means to broadcast a play-by-play account of the event.

The importance of the National Open can be determined by glancing through the sporting pages of any newspaper, no matter how large or small, for the period before July 11, the date the tournament started. Representatives of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company realized the tremendous interest the public was showing in the event. Naturally each system battled to outdo the other. The final result was that both systems told the world of Bobby's victory in a neck and neck heat.

The Radio reporters scored a "scoop" to be sure, but the credit for this remarkable feat belongs to the engineers and their assistants who labored day and nigh at the course while the thermometer regi tered between 90 and 96 degrees. Th broadcast of the tournament was d scribed as one of the greatest Radio e gineering accomplishments of the year.

The hazards of the now famous Inte lachen course offered more problems t the broadcasters than to the golfers. long shot would carry the pill over a sar trap or one of the water hazards b there was nothing that could stop a su ging, milling gallery which numbere 15,000 persons. Therefore, the broa casters agreed that they could not co sider stringing wires over the course.

THE next step was to d velop a short wave transmitting syste After the first test, the plan was near

TOURNAMENT

Affords

Peak Broadcast Achievement

Ted Husing Packs CBS Transmitter and Antenna on his back as he trails Bobby Jones Interlachen—KSTP—NBC Radio Reporters Trundle Transmitter in Perambulator

andoned when it was discovered that gh power transmission lines along one le of the course set up so much inter- rence that the voice of the announcer uld hardly be heard.

Finally it was decided by engineers from CCO at Minneapolis, to erect a number short-wave receiving stations around the urse. They had an idea that by locating e receivers at strategical points, the port- le transmitters could send a strong ough signal to overcome the power line terference. This plan was definitely cided upon by WCCO, representing olumbia and KSTP of St. Paul represent- g the National Broadcasting Company.

E. H. GAMMONS, vice- esident of the Northwestern Broadcast- g Corporation, operators of WCCO, an- ounced that Ted Husing, crack sports nnouncer for Columbia, would carry a rtable transmitter all around the course. owever, engineers at KSTP couldn't ncy the idea of carrying a miniature ation on their shoulders, so they built eir transmitter into a baby carriage. anley Hubbard, manager of the station, as responsible for this.

With everything apparently set for the roadcast of the final leading matches, ings began to "break" too fast in the st two hours. As Ted moved about the ourse following Jones, then MacDonald mith and others, he became a receiving ation himself for news, for by this time troop of Boy Scouts, with their wig- ag system were sending information om every part of the course, as the allery shoved him along.

All was not going so well at KSTP's eadquarters either for Phil Bronson, orts announcer, was crowding the mike or all it was worth and still he was be- ind. Horton Smith was making a bril- ant play for the fourteenth green; Mac- Donald Smith was accomplishing wonders n the sixteenth and Bobby Jones was earing the eighteenth. It was too much or one man to cover at one time.

Things looked bad until L. C. Smeby, chief engineer for KSTP got an idea, like Radio engineers sometimes do. He sent two men with the baby carriage outfit to cover Horton Smith. They certainly gave the customers a treat as they dashed over the fairway pushing a new wicker carriage. Another announcer was sent up on the roof of the clubhouse, which overlooks the eighteenth hole, to cover Jones while Smeby himself loaded an emergency transmitter on to his car and sped out over the course to cover MacDonald Smith.

Bronson, in the meantime, remained at the central receiving station. He was equipped with headphones as were the other three men. Thus he was able to carry on a four-way conversation while the Radio audience listened closely. It was the only way, Bronson said, that he could cover three greens simultaneously, without causing interruptions.

THE equipment Husing carried weighed about 20 pounds? It consisted of a transmitter, strapped to his back and a microphone which rested at the proper elevation on his chest. The batteries were carried by a helper. The aerial consisted of a 10-foot bamboo pole wound with heavy wire and fastened to the transmitter case.

Both stations brought the details of the big event to their respective networks without a delay, but it took more than 40 engineers, announcers, technicians and helpers to accomplish this feat.

Following is the story of this historic broadcast written for RADIO DIGEST *by E. D. Jencks of KSTP.:*

TAKE a quarter of a section of hills and grass and trees and lakes. Punch eighteen holes in it. Scatter one hundred and forty-seven or so young men over it, each with a burning ambition to be the greatest figure of the day in the news of the nation. Give them a hundred and forty-seven little white balls and anywhere from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred clubs. Lay out a path of three or four miles for them to travel. Sprinkle the terrain with anywhere from seven to ten thousand people. Heat the whole concoction to 100 degrees in the shade.

And then try to broadcast everything that happens on that quarter section for three or four days.

This was, roughly speaking, the problem that faced the National Battery Station KSTP, and the National Broadcasting Company when (*Cont. on page 101*)



Ted Husing as a "walking transmitter".

Evangeline Adams Guarantees Matrimony

By Peggy Hull

THE MORE you hear of the hazards of matrimony through the individual selective system from the lips of Evangeline Adams, America's foremost astrologer, the more alarming the transaction becomes.

The lottery of the wedded state is an adage as old as life itself.

Wherever man and woman have been joined together, whether in Iceland, Patagonia, Capetown, Hollywood or Kokomo, the element of risk has always been present and never underestimated.

Indeed, so prevalent has the belief become that marriage isn't worth the gamble that weddings have fallen off in prodigious numbers.

It would appear that the present generation, wiser in their ways and more inclined to learn by example, are becoming increasingly wary of the ancient institution.

At any rate, the vital statistics have presented such a dearth of licenses to wed that public spirited men and women are sending up resounding cries, asking that something be done about it.

Evangeline Adams, nodding her gray-bobbed hair, sits in her studio in Carnegie Hall, high above the surging traffic of Seventh Avenue, and not only agrees with them, but goes farther. She asserts that something can be done about it, and that something is nothing more or less than taking the speculation out of the hymeneal ceremony.

With a gesture that would do credit to Napoleon or Mussolini, Miss Adams, enthroned in a Jacobean chair, surrounded by curios and a herd of elephants, insists that any risk at all is totally unnecessary. She knows an insurance against the failure of marriage as safe and certain as Charles Lindbergh.

If you would understand this priceless gift to mankind; if you would know something of how to solve a problem which has been harassing humanity for centuries; if you would enjoy a permanent and satisfactory matrimonial adventure, then come with me and spend a profitable hour in the Adams studio, while the sturdy-figured astrologer, looking like a miniature warrior, charts a marriage path along the heavens.

Miss Adams, be it known, is no upstart with a flair for looking into the past, present and future. She has brought to her work a background as illustrious as any which shines through the pages of American history. If there is anything in heredity, then it is not curious that she has been able to take the ancient science out of the gutter, dust it off and place it again in the important niche it once occupied in the affairs of men. For Miss Adams is a direct descendant of that distinguished statesman, John Adams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, second President of the United States, and John Quincy Adams, another member of the family to occupy the White House.

WHO else but the daughter of a maker of a nation would be brave enough to sally forth in the face of deep-rooted prejudice and intolerance and gallantly rescue the once time-honored science of reading the stars from the hands of charlatans and fakirs?

Hers has been no easy path to success. Every inch of the way has been beset by combatants just as determined to prevent her from winning as she was to win. Something of her years of struggle, of her incessant battling is apparent in her fearless eyes and direct, brusque manner. Sentimentality, a love of ease and the garden variety of vanity have had no place in her life, consequently she is not a woman to whom to carry a petty and unimportant complaint.

If you face a real problem, she is a sympathetic listener and, as thousands will testify, a wise counsellor, but the person who nurses a grudge against the world because there wasn't a golden spoon in his mouth had better beware!

Neither does she deal in any brand of flattery, subtle or otherwise with which people given to divining the future have been accustomed to salve their clients. When you walk into Miss Adams' studio you might just as well leave all your pride behind along with your pet persecutions. Because, before you are seated you realize that this remarkable woman is not interested in what you think you are! She knows what you are and better than you do yourself. Such is the wisdom of the heavens when their odd hieroglyphics are interpreted by Evangeline Adams.

When I had taken a seat before her where many famous men and women had preceded me, she gave me a cursory glance and then said, "I don't know just why we were brought together——?"

"I WANTED you to tell me how the stars can help people be happily married?"

A light came into her brown eyes and she leaned across the desk with her arms folded. "Oh yes, I remember now. But you shouldn't have to ask me that? It was in China that the sages first applied astrology to matrimony."

"Yes, that is true. But the Chinese are so vastly different psychologically that a system of selection which might prove successful with them could be just the opposite with Occidentals."

Famous Astrologer Who Broadcasts Over WABC Assures Marital Bliss for Those Who Mate According to the Stars—Influence of the Planets, on Life, Love and Success.

"Not astrologically speaking," insisted iss Adams. "The stars operate without ejudice or preference as far as races are ncerned and it was China's experience ecting marriage partners, sight unseen, at proved the stars know best."

A SECRETARY came in d laid a group of charts before her. ie one on top caught and held her at- ition. Those odd symbols which mean thing to the rest of us, revealed a char- ter, ideals and habits that were strangely mplimentary to her own.

Laughing, she picked it up and showed to her secretary.

"There," she said, "is the chart of the id of man I would want to marry if I re going to do such a thing."

The secretary did not hesitate to reply, Yes, that is what I thought myself."

Turning to me Miss Adams continued owly, "The planetary aspects, unlike a etty face or manly chest, do not conceal ie's tendencies. The gold diggers are amped as indelibly as though their hands d been photographed clutching the wal- of a guileless male, and the roue, the scal and the criminal are as easily de- cted as a regular offender's picture in e rogue's gallery.

"This is why it is so unnecessary for ople to go through years of bitterness, gret and in many cases, tragedy.

"By the same system of charting the ars which foretell great events, so can e end or dissolution of marriage be retold, and sometimes avoided, for there a percentage of free will in every per- n's life.

"Before I came to New York to live, famous actor and actress who had taken oston by storm took their dates to an trologer, a friend of mine. He saw such

(*Continued on page 108*)



Evangeline Adams is adviser to business and professional men and women and others



RAY PERKINS

the *Old Topper*

A man of ideas is the song-writing, piano-playing young radio entertainer at NBC

P. H. W. Dixon

RAY PERKINS is the kind of a person who is always having ideas. Now, ideas are welcomed in the broadcasting studios and not a few of Perkins' inspirations have been greeted joyously by executives of the National Broadcasting company. But they've learned, these executives, to examine from several angles the propositions of the song-writing, piano-playing, silk-hatted young Radio entertainer.

For instance, he almost convinced studio officials that the microphones were all wrong. They should be masked, he said. In order to help comedians, he suggested a mask of the Average Radio Listener with a broad smile on his face. Then, in order to provoke the finest in the emotional actors and actresses he actually drew a design of a sorrowful face equipped with a special valve to release glycerine tears at just the right moment. This to be attached to the microphone, of course.

And when he suggested installing stationary elevators with the building arranged to move up and down, he just wasn't taken seriously.

Perkins has carved his own niche in the façade of broadcasting. Listeners declare he is a perfect one-man show and he certainly has the requisite talents.

On New York's Tin Pan Alley, Perkins is known as one of the best of the song writers. "Under a Texas Moon" is his. "Lady Luck" is another recent one. And if you turn back the pages of popular music you'll find that "Scandinavia", "Stand Up and Sing for Your Father", "Down the Old Church Aisle" and many other of yesterday's hits have the Perkins' name attached.

He sings, too. No Caruso, of course, and no operatic ambitions. But pleasantly and with an enthusiasm seldom heard outside a bathroom about shaving time of a Sabbath morn. And he plays the piano.

He's had an interesting career in the entertainment world. He was born in Boston but made the trip to New York before he was old enough to be excited about it.

Went to Columbia University where he became really interested in the footlights. Was a leading spirit in the Varsity Shows of 1916 and 1917, his last two years in university. Before he was out of college, he had had his first song published. It was written for one of the Shubert's girly-girly shows at the old Winter Garden and his royalties totaled $7.37. As soon as he graduated, the Shuberts offered him a job and he contributed various tunes and lyrics to Shubert musical shows. His first big hit was "Bye-Lo" which is still remembered.

THE World War came along and Perkins managed to get into the military intelligence division where he admits he had a lot of fun and excitement. He now is one of the senior officers in the reserve branch of the M. I. D.

When the war ended Perkins went back to song-writing. He was associated with George M. Cohan for a year. For a short time he sold bonds but didn't find it interesting. He had some success in vaudeville and made a number of phonograph records and music rolls that were popular.

He was music editor of the Dance Magazine for a while and spent some time in the advertising department of the New Yorker. In 1926 he made his debut on the air over WJZ as "Judge, Junior". When that series ended he left Radio until a few months ago when he came back to the air as "Old Topper" with the Crush Dry Cronies.

He is a staff production man for the National Broadcasting company and works at the job. Among the programs that came under his direction are Atwater Kent Sunday night concerts, the Catholic Hour, Hoppin' Bells, Metropolitan Echoes, In the Good Old Summertime and the Elgin Program.

Among the ideas he introduced as a production man was one reminiscent of a railroad system. Three flags are used, one yellow, one red and one green. When the program is running on schedule the production man displays the yellow flag. If it is to be speeded up, the green flag is waved and the red flag means "slow down, you're ahead of schedule".

He is married and has a son. He is very much in love with his wife and, with apologies to Merton, looks upon her as his "best friend and severest critic". When he broadcasts he insists that she be in the control room and when the program is over she discusses it with him from notes she has taken while he was broadcasting.

HIS home is in Scarsdale, Westchester suburb of New York, and he likes to give parties. On the living room table in his house he keeps a box of puzzles because he believes that it is the most effective way to get a party started. He likes to collect puzzles and tricks and spends much of his spare time looking for new "gadgets" in novelty shops.

(*Continued on page 109*)



Lois Chambers

Lois Chambers believes in smiles and you will note that Lois practices her belief. Her KNX listeners maintain that this is the smile they hear in her joyful songs.



Harriet Gordon Bingham

Harriet Gordon Bingham, who plays the part of Ann Rutledge in The Prairie President, which resumes a new series of episodes in Lincoln's life at WLS, Chicago, this month.



Marion McAfee

Marion McAfee went to Paris to win fame, became leading soloist in the Orchestre Philharmonique, then with the Royal Opera in London. Now she is with CBS, New York.



Carlotta King

Carlotta King comes to Radio through her experience with sound pictures in Hollywood. Mike fell for her soft mellow voice and she is a favorite with CBS listeners.



Helen Snyder

Helen Snyder is a favorite at any one of the Chicago stations where she happens to be booked for song. Her audience at this writing is at the end of KYW air lines.



Col. A. H. Griswold handed this message to Eileen Seymour at San Francisco NBC and it traveled around the world in five minutes.

Virginia Morgan and Santos Ortega as The Newlyweds in the CBS program, N. Y. Essie Palmer is Suntan maid.



Godfrey Don Amazio Ludlow of Australia is now an American citizen—here are the papers. You hear him over the NBC networks.

Trouble in the air? Jack Keough, NBC announcer, takes guns and mike and goes up to see about it. Great trouble shootin'!



Holy catfish! Look at this one! Bobbe Deane keeps it in a dishpan and it is now rose pink. California sunshine does it!





Maria Hoffman came over from Germany a short time ago and signed up as mezzo-soprano for American broadcast concerts.



KPO Toreadors on Parade

It's an old Spanish custom . . . These gallant toreadors heckle the old papa cow at San Francisco.



Jolly Bill and Jean at WEAF

"Gotta watch out for these big swishamacallums," says Jolly Bill to little Jean at children's hour.

Smart things for fall wear are shown here as described by the CBS fashion expert. Left: Maggy Rouff evening ensemble of Canton faille and transparent velvet. Dress of slim grace is of dawn pink velvet lined with crepe, which extends from very wide sleeves to form a deep border.

Center: Augustabernard evening dress of green chiffon type velvet (imported by Cheney Brothers).



Right: Imported Sunday Night Supper Dress developed by Reig-Suttro-Fox and shown by Cheney.

Paris has decreed that the autumn, 1930, is plaid. Top: a Claire Any model; fabric a new worsted plaid crepe. Fine rayon over-check offsets the deep dark navy. White satin stitched vestee and cuffs.

Center: This Drapolaine is an example of fall vogue for frosted effects in worsteds in a new shade of brown. The creamy beige flat crepe blouse repeats the bow motif of the skirt yoke.



Below: Cashmere suede—note the use of flat fur advocated by both Lelong and Lanvin for the Paris mode.



Harlow Wilcox, regular announcer at WGES, Chicago, has made good on various programs heard over national hook-ups, including Chic Sale of Liberty Bell renown.

"Baaa—these birls just brought me up here to do a little kidding over the air," says William A. Goat, and then he began sniffing at the mike as a delectable possibility.



Long John Barclay, baritone, and small Adele Vasa, lyric soprano, meet mike to mike at CBS. Mr. Barclay measures six feet seven up and down.

Robert Gomberg is a young violinist who has gained distinction for his artistic feeling in violin presentations at CBS.

Harold Sims is shown below in the midst of his creations for simulating sounds of all sorts heard on Empire Builders programs.



Harvey Hayes is another notable on the Empire Builders program. He is a veteran of the stage and a typical Westerner here.

Arabesque is one of the big hits of the past season which comes back this fall with splendid reception from listeners.

▲ ▲

Arabesque is written by Miss Yolande Langworthy who also appears in the cast. This is a scene portrayed in the story you will find on page 33 of this Radio Digest.

▲ ▲







Ginger Rogers

Ginger Rogers is still in her teens, but she has become one of the most popular stars over the New York key of the CBS.

Arabesque

In this Episode of the Famous Columbia Serial Myra Loring and Her Players Intrigue the Great Achmed with a Story of a Dream Child and War

By Yolande Langworthy

DRIFTING Sands And A Caravan", the moon hanging low; thus the sheik of the desert viewed the approaching stran-rs, his captives. Just a group of players, nglish players—with their star, Myra oring, beautiful and proud, leading the ay to the tent of Achmed, bold brigand of e desert.

Achmed, with his friend, Doctor Gilbert, nd his dancing girl, Zuweida, were used to terruptions of this kind, for Achmed's en were always capturing something, or meone. But the group this evening oked more exciting, more of the civilized orld was in their demeanors.

In his usual, suave manner, Achmed ap-roached Myra Loring, who seemed utterly mposed, but being an actress, the sheik lt that perhaps—it was a pose. He was tracted by her bravery, and her beauty, nowing he could scatter her company on ie desert, and take the English actress to is palace, at first as a captive, and later—ell, the future would take care of itself.

Then came the time when Achmed de-ded to tell Miss Loring that he wanted er company set free on the desert and she ıust come with him.

Myra Loring suspected that Achmed as not truly of the desert, or entirely an rab, his English pronunciation was too erfect. Asking him as to how it happened hat, being an Arab, he spoke such perfect nglish, Achmed told her he had been edu-ated at Oxford, and traveled a great deal.

Myra Loring then decided to give chmed a fair proposition. Dr. Gilbert ooked on with amusement knowing full ell the utter ruthlessness of Achmed's ttitude, and the Gypsy dancer in jealousy ought the relief of her act, dancing in wild bandon, barefoot, on the desert sands, hat so soon would call her little, lithe body ack to its own.

So Myra revealed her plan to Achmed, as she stood with her company before this powerful sheik, richly garbed in his flowing robes, a veritable king, in all but Kingdom.

The plan was this: If Myra Loring and her company should entertain Achmed, with a play each evening for any allotted time, would he let them go free, whenever the time might come that he should feel they had thus paid for their freedom? The wise chieftain saw through Myra's brave desire to stall for a time, and understanding that she would belong to him at his leisure, anyway, he signed the bargain. Then he departed to his fortress palace, some distance away from where they had been encamped, to lie in ambush for such hapless caravans as should chance to pass this way.

AND so the play went on, Zuweida, ever jealous of the love of Achmed for the English actress, also felt a growing fondness for the stalwart Doctor Gilbert of the troupe. Myra, trying to be brave, and working hard, secretly felt herself falling in love with Achmed,—and Achmed remained just as suave, relentless, cruel, and scheming night after night after the nine gongs rang through the palace.

Tonight the stage would be aglow with the beauty of Myra's acting voice and form, Achmed would sit entranced through the play, only to return to his moods at its end.

Myra tried to make each play end with a moral to change Achmed, from the bandit that he was to the man she believed he could be. A hopeless task to all but a woman who loved a man. Then came a night after the nine gongs, and this play gripped Achmed, mind and heart. It was called "Dream Child". Would you like to hear the play? Well, read on.

We are first introduced to Hassan of the Arabs and Miriam of the players.

(*From the original broadcast manuscript.*)

Drifting sands and a caravan, the deserts' endless space;
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veiled face.
Brigands bold on their Arab steeds, trampling all in their wake,
From out of the mystic Eastern lore, one page from the book we take.
The sands of time move slowly in the hour glass of life,
But not on the desert's drifting sands, where bloodshed is and strife.
Out from the cruel, lashing sting of the world's merciless hate
The soul of a man to the desert came to grapple its chance with Fate.
Ruthless, daring, brutal and suave, the outer husk became
But deep down in his innermost heart, the man was just the same.
And so the drama unfolded for you is set where, in days of old,
Eastern Kings of culture and wealth lay buried in tombs of gold.
Drifting sands and a caravan, the desert's endless space;
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veiled face.

HASSAN: Don't move Miriam, and don't scream, it would be useless, absolutely useless.

MIRIAM: I did not intend to scream, Hassan.

HASSAN: Remarkable. So many women scream unnecessarily.

MIRIAM: Yes. Some women would if they were afraid of you. I am not, Hassan, not afraid in the least.

HASSAN: On the contrary, your very denial of fear makes me think you are trying to quiet your own fears.

MIRIAM: You are mistaken Hassan, I'm an adventuress, and in my life I must have courage————, is it not so?

HASSAN: No, I do not think that, you are too—let me see what shall I say—too much like the white lily,—too pure yes, that is it, you are like the Orchid, rare and untouched, by the fire of experience. Yes, that is it exactly.

HASSAN: I would speak the truth, with you Miriam, lovely name. It was in the Bible. Oh, be not astounded I have read your Bible.

MIRIAM: But why the past tense, it was in the Bible, rather than is?



Miss Yolande Langworthy (above) has captured the heart of the nation with her modernized Arabian Nights—a series of playlets by captive English thespians in the hands of a desert sheik.

MIRIAM: Hassan, many a white flower carries in its depths, that which destroys the flower, to the observer it is white only.

HASSAN: Well, if so all the better, for tonight you go with Hassan.

MIRIAM: Where do we go Hassan and why?

HASSAN: Clever, aren't you? Well, to me the Bible is no more.

MIRIAM: But it did mean something once?

HASSAN: You find out the past of Achmed, not the past of Hassan, that is my own, and I do not intend that you should know of me or of my past actions.

MIRIAM: No, but how can we be together, and yet be apart?

HASSAN: You intrigue me with your innocence, and yet your astounding wit, Miriam.

MIRIAM: But you say nothing of my charming form, perhaps I'm too athletic for Hassan, is that it?

HASSAN: Miriam, I love you, I intend to make you mine tonight, after the play we go away together, or——

MIRIAM: Or you attack the palace, and kill; is that the alternative, Hassan?

HASSAN: Exactly Miriam, of the soul.

MIRIAM: And just what do I get in return for leaving, what I came to find out Hassan?

HASSAN: For coming with me, I shall tell you of Achmed, and what he is doing on the desert now.

MIRIAM: Oh yes, that will be interesting no doubt.

HASSAN: Which? Coming with me, or finding out what your Achmed does to make golden dollars for his golden coffers?

MIRIAM: Both events will please me extremely, Hassan. I love the desert, and have always wanted to live the rest of my life free, far away from civilization.

HASSAN: Very good, it is a promise, you will come with me?

MIRIAM: I promise Hassan, on my honor as an Englishwoman, here is my hand. Oh why did you do that?

HASSAN: (*Laughing*) Why to mark you, I mark my men like that with the crescent the wound will heal, but you're mine now Remember, mine, and at midnight I come for you.

MIRIAM: Yes, yes, at midnight, but tell me first as part of your bargain, what Achmed is doing in the desert?

HASSAN: My sweet one, oh, I would caress you now, Miriam.

MIRIAM: At midnight and not before, Hassan, and then I shall be yours in your own hills.

HASSAN: It is so. Yes, well Achmed, is the head of the —sssh! Quietly, I tell you. Achmed superintends all the movements of the men who sell hashish in this part of the country.

MIRIAM: Hashish, the narcotic? Achmed doing such things, destroying lives with drugs. Oh no, not that.

HASSAN: It is so, and he knows I know. I also am one of his so called men. Hm, little he knows how I hold him in my hand, in the palm of my hand so—— but I would ask of him his love, his Miriam, and he would not refuse, he is a coward in peace and in war.

MIRIAM: Go now Hassan, and return at midnight.

HASSAN: It is well. I have your word and you are marked with the crescent, see the blood has mingled with mine, as I too have wounded my hand. You are mine now, Miriam, mine. (*Laughing*) Achmed the proud bandit, the sheik of the desert, loses his love to a Bedouin. (*Laughing*) At Midnight.

(*Music up softly*)

'RA: Miriam.

RIAM: Oh yes Myra, how are you?

'RA: Never mind how I am, I heard very word that Hassan said to you, very word.

RIAM: Well?

'RA: You shall not go with Hassan to-ight, I shall go dressed as you.

RIAM: But I was only acting with Has-an, Myra, I'm not trying to outwit Achmed, I couldn't. You know that.

'RA: I don't know anything, I only know hat Achmed loves you.

RIAM: But you love Achmed, Myra.

'RA: Yes, I love him, but he only cares or me, for what, well, you know. My oul does not attract him, does it? No, t's your soul, he loves and wants, and leads for. You're not a woman of the world, although you played well in Has-an's hands tonight, but it wasn't act-ng it was intuition, because you were ighting for the man you care for. Now, 'm going with Hassan at midnight.

RIAM: Myra, you're mad, absolutely nad, I won't let you do this, I came into our lives here for a reason best known o myself, I do not intend to hurt Ach-ned, now.

'RA: No, because you love him, that's vhy, naturally you would. He's the win brother of the man you loved, and never— —

RIAM: Don't Myra, don't—

'RA: At midnight I shall be here on this livan, in the dull light with veils, he will never know, and you shall entertain the est of the household.

RIAM: But he will look at your hand, Myra.

'RA: Let him look, let him look. (*Laugh-ng*) Now, with a dagger it's just the ame, see.

RIAM: Oh Myra, have you gone mad?

'RA: Not mad, just become sane. I've been in this desert for over a year, being noble, fine, and trying to make Achmed a man, a real man, then you come along with your soul, and your innocence, and he loves you, really loves you, and I love him, and I've watched over him for hours, hoping he would understand my love was real, and now I'm going out to Hassan, and I don't care what happens. If you try to stop me, I'll kill. I'm des-perate now. All I have left is the saving of the man I love, and the woman he loves.

RIAM: But Myra, I can never be any-hing to Achmed. Once away he will love ou and forget me.

'RA: I'm living in the present tonight, Miriam Montgomery, and I'm through —through with being what I've been, don't care now.

RIAM: But Myra, you're too fine to do his.

'RA: What about you, aren't you fine oo?

RIAM: I would never have lived long enough to reach the hills, with the Be-douin, Myra, I've always carried this.

(*Continued on page 106*)



A tender moment between Achmed and Myra, played by Reynold Evans and Georgia Backus.



Like some exquisite flower.

The Road

Felice Looks far down the Toulon Highway Dreaming of Adventure and Escape from old Arleman — two men invite her for a ride —

THE house was set in a cleft of the pine-covered hills, fashioned of mouldering white stone painted pink, struggling against its inborn ugliness and succeeding only because of the beauty of its setting—the orchard, pink and white with masses of cherry-blossoms in the background, the brown earth with its neatly-trained vines. Félice's window faced east, and as usual, when the sun came from behind the hill and lay across the faded carpet of her room, she rose with a yawn, sat up in bed for a moment or two, slipped softly out, and stood before the window.

It was always the same, what followed. She stood and looked for a while at that towering wall of stony, pine-hung mountain, at the blue-smocked men and women crouching in the vineyard, at the white church upon the hill, the orchard touched with snow, and the corner of a field of violets, bending a little with the morning breeze. And then she sighed. It was always the same.

Félice bathed and dressed, daintily and carefully, herself like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals. She left her room—as bare almost it was as a nun's cell—spotlessly neat, with the breeze sweeping in through the wide-flung window, a breeze which brought a perfume of mimosa to mingle with the fainter odour of lavender which hung about the linen and the plain white muslin curtains of the little chamber.

SHE took her morning coffee, served by an apple-cheeked, sour-faced domestic, in a corner of the wooden balcony which had been built out from the one habitable living-room. The petals from a climbing rose-tree fell upon the coarse but spotless cloth, bees hummed



"I live in the valley there," she told him. "It is a little dull."

to Liberty

By

E. Phillips Oppenheim

und the drooping jasmine, the soft shine every moment grew warmer. ice finished her breakfast, yawned, and amed for a time with her eyes lifted the hills. Then she rose, shook out neat white skirt, fetched a pink asol, wandered for a little time in the den and orchard, and then, turning face southward, went out to meet the enture of her life.

She walked down the straight, cypress-dered path—a mere cart-track across brown-soiled vine-rd—down a narrow e until she reached one spot which she ver neared without ne quickening of od. For Félice was teen years old, and utiful, though no one t the glass had ever d her so. And this s the road to liberty, main road to Toulon d Marseilles on one e, to Cannes and onte Carlo on the er. She had told rself repeatedly that ever freedom came to r it would come along is road. And because r worn-out invalid ther had been a little ore peevish and trying an ever on the night fore, and because of her things, freedom emed to her just now specially desirable.



"Look, young fellow. . . I am going to take you back to England."

HER adventure me to her in a cloud dust,—a long grey otorcar, with luggage rapped on behind, and o men. Unrecognizable though they re, she caught the flash of their curious es as they passed. Then she stepped back with a little gesture of dismay. A cloud of dust enveloped her. She bent her pink sunshade to protect herself; she was disposed to be a little irritable. Then her heart suddenly commenced to beat fast. She had heard the grinding of brakes, quick footsteps were approaching along the road. Was this, perhaps, the adventure at last?

"Mademoiselle!"

She moved the parasol from before her face. She had self-control, and there was nothing in her gravely inquiring eyes—beautiful, soft brown eyes they were—to indicate the turmoil within. Her first instinct was one of reassurance. It was a boy who addressed her, a boy of little more than her own age, bare-headed, not altogether at his ease. He spoke in halting French.

"Would mademoiselle be so good as to inform a traveler whether this is indeed the road to Cannes?"

Félice answered him with perfect gravity—in excellent English.

"There is but one road, monsieur, as you see, and it leads, without doubt, to Cannes," she told him.

The boy remained embarrassed, but he was very resolute.

"We thought it might be the right road," he admitted; "but to tell you the truth you looked so awfully jolly and all that sort of thing, you know, I couldn't help stopping. Don't be angry, please," he begged.

She lowered her parasol momentarily—he stooped anxiously to see if indeed it were to hide a smile. She said nothing.

"You speak English awfully well," he

continued, "but you are French, aren't you?"

"I am French," she assented. "I have just returned from what you call a boarding-school in Brussels. We always spoke English there."

"And now?"

She motioned with her parasol.

"I live in the valley there," she told him. "It is—a little dull. That is why, I suppose, I permit myself to talk with you. My father is an invalid, who rises only for two hours a day, and there is no one else. But your automobile returns. You know the way to Cannes, and you must go."

THE car had slipped slowly back in the reverse until it had stopped almost by their side. An older man was leaning back amongst the cushions, a man whose hair was turning grey at the temples and whose eyes were tired. He looked out upon the two with a faintly sardonic smile. The girl returned his gaze with frank curiosity, and his expression gradually changed. For all his cynicism, Maurice Londe had a soul for beauty. The girl, with her neatly-braided hair, her exquisitely undeveloped figure, her clear complexion, her large, soft eyes, her general air of sweet and spotless childhood, was immensely and irresistibly attractive.

"This is my friend—Londe," the boy said, with a wave of the hand. "My name's Arthur Maddison. I say, couldn't we persuade you to come just a little way with us? You don't seem to have much to do with yourself, and we'll bring you safely back."

Félice looked longingly along the road. She pointed to where it disappeared in the distance around a vineyard-covered hillside. To her that disappearance was allegorical.

"Farther than that," she sighed, "I have never been."

"Come with us to Cannes for lunch," the boy begged. "We'll bring you back. Do! It's only an hour's run."

She looked wistfully at the cushioned seats. The boy was already taking off his motor-coat.

"But—I have no hat," she protested.

"We'll buy you one," he laughed.

"I have no money!"

"It shall be our joint present," he persisted, holding out the coat. "Come. We'll take great care of you, and we'll have a splendid time. You shall hang the hat in your wardrobe to remind you of this little excursion."

She sat between them and the car started. To her it was like an enchanted journey. When they began to climb she held her breath with the wonder of it—the road winding its way to dizzy heights above; the vineyards like patchwork in the valley below; the mountains in the background, gigantic, snow-capped; Cannes white and glistening with its mimosa embosomed villas, in the far distance.

"Oh, but it is wonderful to travel like this!" she murmured. "What beautiful places you must see! . . . . If you please!"

She withdrew her fingers quickly from beneath the rug. She seemed scarcely to notice the boy's clumsy attempts at flirtation. The light of worship was in her eyes as she looked towards the mountains. The boy felt the presence of something which he did not understand, and he began to sulk. Maurice Londe frowned slightly, and for the first time made some efforts at polite conversation. And so they reached Cannes.

THEY bought the hat, for which he let the boy pay, although the fact obviously discomposed her. She carefully chose the least expensive, although one of the prettiest in the shop. At the Casino the boy, whose further efforts at primitive flirtation had been gravely, almost wonderingly, repulsed, began to tire a little of his adventure. He spent much of his time paying visits to neighboring tables, and made the acquaintance of a dazzling young person in yellow, from Paris, who kept him a good deal by her side. It was Maurice Londe, after all, who had to entertain their little guest.

Afterwards, when they had walked outside for some time upon the little quay and the boy failed to rejoin them, Londe made some sort of apologies for his companion, to which she listened with a little shrug of the shoulders.

"So long as it does not weary you, Monsieur," she said, softly, "I am content. I think that Mr. Arthur Maddison is rather a spoilt boy, is it not so?"

"Perhaps," his older friend admitted.

"Tell me some more, please, about the countries you have visited," she begged. "But one moment. Let us watch the people land from this little steamer."

"Trippers," Londe murmured, with a glance towards them. "An excursion from somewhere, I should think."

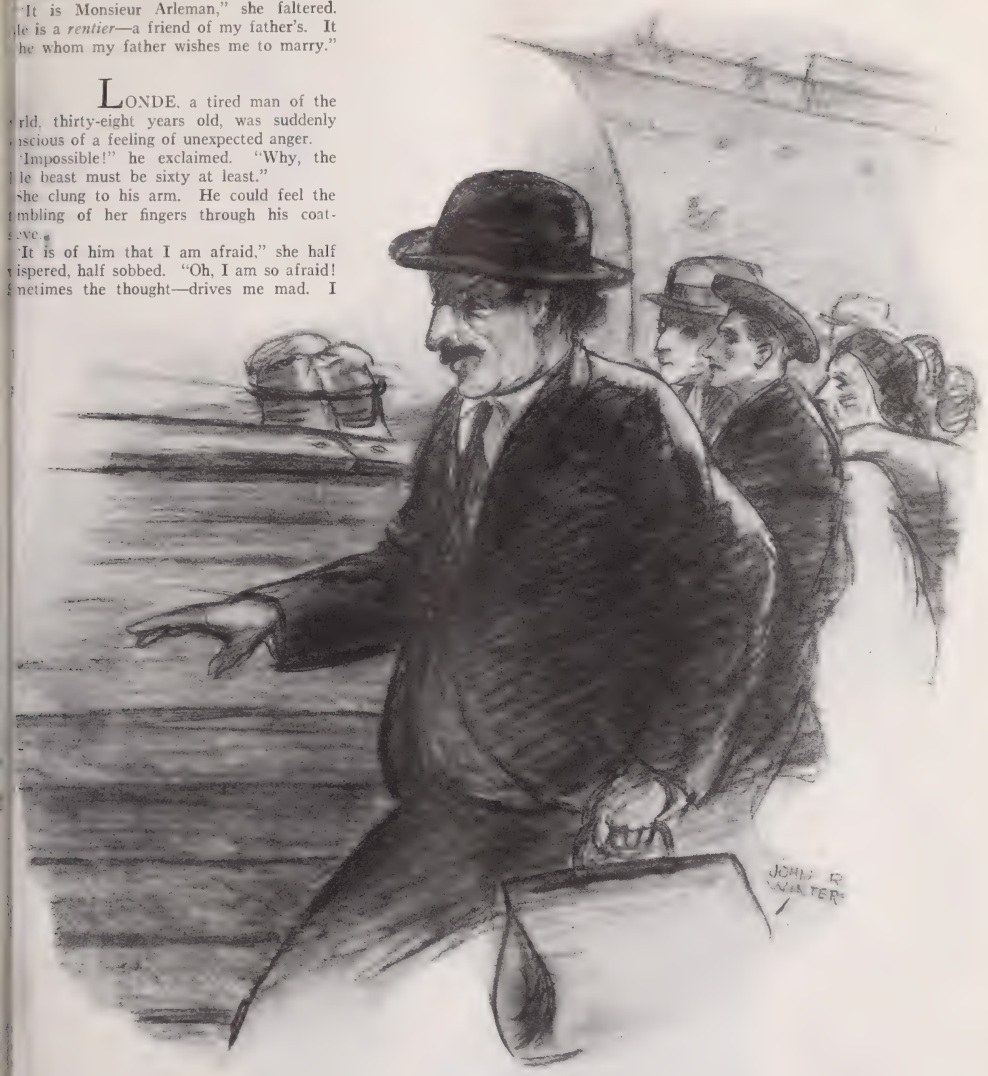
She clutched at his arm. A short, fat man, with bristling black hair and moustache, descended suddenly upon them. He addressed Félice with an avalanche of questions. Londe fell a few paces behind. When she rejoined him she was very pale and there was something in her frightened



She clutched his arm. . . . a short fat man descended upon them

s which disturbed him most strangely.
"It is Monsieur Arleman," she faltered.
le is a *rentier*—a friend of my father's. It
he whom my father wishes me to marry."

LONDE, a tired man of the
rld, thirty-eight years old, was suddenly
iscious of a feeling of unexpected anger.
"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why, the
le beast must be sixty at least."
She clung to his arm. He could feel the
mbling of her fingers through his coat-
eve.
"It is of him that I am afraid," she half
ispered, half sobbed. "Oh, I am so afraid!
metimes the thought—drives me mad. I



to myself, I wring my hands. I felt
e that this morning. That is what drove
down to the road. That is why I came
en your friend asked me. That is why
would do anything in the world never
go back—never!"
Londe drew a little breath. Her words
emed to ring in the sunlit air.
"But the thing is preposterous!" he ex-
imed, indignantly.
"We are very, very poor," she con-
ued, under her breath, "and Monsieur
leman is rich. He has an hotel and
ich land. He has promised my father
an annuity, and my father says that one must live."

Once more they drew close to the front of the casino. In the distance they saw the boy with the young lady in yellow, on their way towards the shops. He was bending over her, and his air of devotion was unmistakable.

"He has forgotten all about me," Félice sighed. "I hope—there won't be any trouble, will there, about my getting back? Not that I mind much, after all."

She looked at Londe a little timidly. It seemed to him that he had grown younger, had passed somehow into a different world, with different standpoints, a different code. The things which had half automatically presented themselves to his brain were strangled before they were fully conceived.

THERE shall be no trouble at all," he assured her. "I shall take you back myself now. Perhaps it is better."

They got into the waiting car and

(*Continued on page 122*)

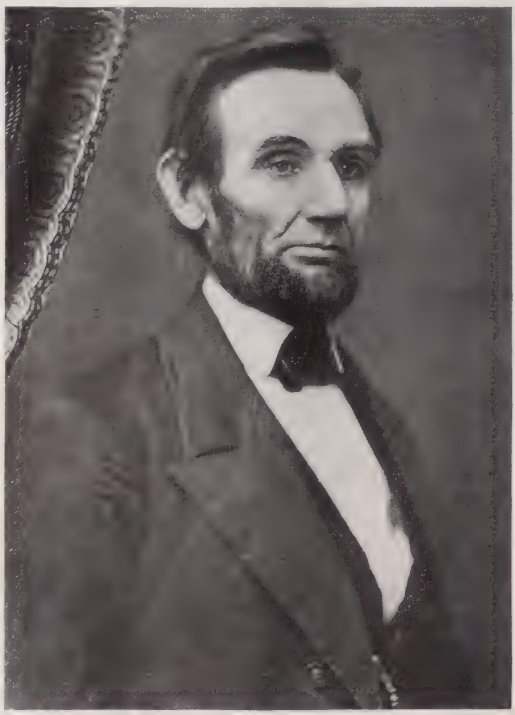
Lincoln Lives Again at WLS

IT IS a reliable old maxim in literature that every story should begin at the beginning. In complying with the request of the *Radio Digest* to give the history of my dramatized biography of Abraham Lincoln, being broadcast by Station WLS, of Chicago, under the title of "The Prairie President." I must begin with a date ten years prior to that of the begining of Radio broadcasting—the year of 1909.

The year of 1909 was the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, and the magazines and newspapers were filled with articles, stories and pictures of the great Emancipator. The farm in Kentucky, where he was born, was purchased by popular subscription and presented to the government that it might be retained as a national shrine. There were hundreds of Lincoln celebrations; for the first time, lives of Lincoln were in demand, and the demand was supplied by many new and interesting books. Indeed the widespread interest now manifest in the life and character of Abraham Lincoln is to a large extent traceable to that great centennial year.

In the year of 1909 I was a hopeful artist, in the embryonic stage, and these graphic stories and the pictures of Lincoln held a peculiar fascination for me—especially the pictures, which I mounted on cards, captioned "Lincoln as a motif." And, as time drifted on, in my mind those things developed into "Lincoln as a *motive*." I began to collect everything pertaining to this wonderful man that my usually somewhat flat purse would allow. Today my collection of Lincolniana fills one room of my home and includes a wide variety of objects aside from about six hundred books and an equal number of manuscripts.

I was born and reared in Hannibal, Missouri. This little Mississippi river city is rich in historical and literary lore. Several of the opening battles of the Civil War were fought within a few miles of Hannibal and it was the boyhood home of Mark Twain, who used it as the setting for his immortal story, "Tom Sawyer." People were there who had known and remembered Lincoln, as a frequent visitor to Hannibal. On one occasion, at the tavern there, he played chess with a man named Bradstreet. After a while, Lincoln, getting the worst of it, stopped. He had been debating with Douglas and his mind was not on the game. Perhaps that is one reason why he became the Lincoln whose memory will endure forever.



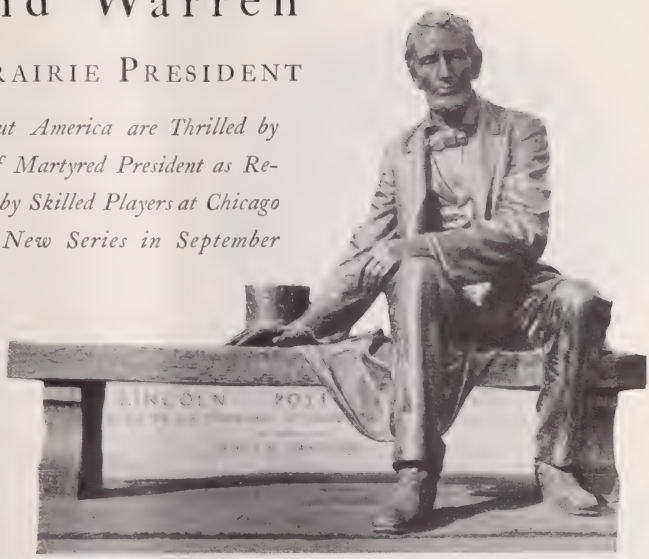
Abraham Lincoln, reproduction from original negative made at Springfield in 1860 for use in Presidential Campaign.

MY GREATEST delight was to talk with those old people, and with the many quaint and unique characters, both black and white, with which the town was well populated. The vivid memory of their faces, their ideas, and their varied dialects has served me well in the creation of the many characters of The Prairie President. Oftentimes, in those long summer afternoons that are gone, I would lay on the grass at

By Raymond Warren

Author of The Prairie President

Patriotic Listeners Throughout America are Thrilled by Dramatic Episodes in Life of Martyred President as Reproduced in Authentic Detail by Skilled Players at Chicago Station—Author Presents New Series in September



©Underwood & Underwood

Lincoln Statue in front of Essex County Court House at Newark, N. J.

t crest of one of the huge hills which ompass Hannibal on three sides, and culate about life, and death, and prinalities and powers, and things present l things to come—particularly those gs which might come to a small town whose life was lived largely in his ams, and some of those dreams have been partially realized.

UNTIL about three years my work was exclusively that of a nter and illustrator, although the rary bee had been buzzing in my bonnet all the while. And the Lincoln interwas furthered by the formation of riendship with Dr. William E. Barton, eminent historian, whose juvenile graphy of Lincoln, "The Great Good n," is illustrated by me. In the law ce of Hon. William H. Townsend at ington, Kentucky, hangs a life-sized trait of Lincoln, an original conceptn of mine. Mr. Townsend is the hor of two excellent books on the al phases of Lincoln's career. In a ent letter to me, he says, "Dr. Barton ites me that he believes you will take r place, along with F. B. Carpenter, a Lincoln artist. As you know there be no greater praise than this." Be it as it may, being a painter is an aid my Radio dramas, because I always ualize the scenes as pictures while iting them.

Through the years, the desire to write d illustrate a biography of Abraham ncoln became my greatest ambition. it it was no easy task; I met with ny delays—delays which were, I am re for the best. With the advent of rvelous Radio came the greatest meam of distributing education, culture, d entertainment that the world has er known. And so the idea was evolved undertake, in connection with the other rk, an elaborate dramatic presentation the life of Lincoln in a series of Radio oductions; to *re-create* the personality d character of this man together with e various historical backgrounds before moved.

But an idea is one thing—putting it into operation, quite another. As I was opposed to this work being used as the ballyhoo of some advertiser, it required the sympathy and backing of an institution, and of men, of the highest ideals and purest Americanism—it required a sponsorship not impelled by selfish or mercenary motives. Fortunately that institution existed in Prairie Farmer and its splendid Radio auxiliary. Mr. Butler, publisher of Prairie Farmer, Mr. Gregory, its editor, and Mr. Bill, director of WLS, all are men of the same patriotic idealism and broad humanity that reposed in the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

The Prairie President was planned in two series, of thirty dramas each; the first series, beginning with a prologue, after which followed, in the second drama, the birth of Lincoln, and on through the first fifty years of his life, ending with his departure from Springfield as President-elect. The second series, was planned to begin with the inauguration of Lincoln, through the years of his Presidency, the Civil War period, closing with the assassination at the beginning of his second term. The first series commenced on the first of last November and continued weekly until the end of May, of this year. The second series will begin on Friday evening, September 19th, and will be continued for thirty weeks thereafter. Up to the present time this is the most elaborate and longest historical program ever broadcast.

IN WILLIAM VICKLAND, who plays the title role and directs the productions, we were fortunate in securing a man who not only is an excellent actor, but a man whose voice, manner and figure are admirably adapted to his painstaking characterization of Abraham Lincoln. His work has been praised by the most severe dramatic critics. As I recall the many actors and actresses who have impersonated the wide variety of characters necessary to the different episodes, I can remember no instance in which any of them were either mis-cast or failed to enter fully the spirit of the story. I have been especially appreciative of the work of Theodore Doucet, who has played more different parts in The Prairie President than any other artist, and whose "Uncle Les"—Lincoln's yokel friend and political adviser—has been an interpretation of a very high order.

WHEN the biographer or dramatist turns to the historical figure for his materials he is confronted by a highly complicated and at first unintelligible and confusing mass of evidence and tradition from which he must make his selection. This is especially true of Abraham Lincoln, of whom more has been written than of any other man. The author must then separate the wheat from the chaff and, after that, retain and emphasize everything that for his purpose is significant, rejecting everything that is not.

Frederick C. Hibbard, the noted American sculptor, recently told me that one of the greatest pitfalls that he and his fellow-craftsmen have to guard against

William Vickland whose impersonation of the principal character makes Abraham Lincoln live again in hundreds of thousands of American homes.



Grace Lockwood Bailey as one of the negro characters in the episodes in Lincoln's life broadcast by WLS, Chicago.



Lincoln visualized for the listener at the time he became President-elect.



Abe and Ann Rutledge, one of the sweetest heroines in history, impersonated by Harriet Gordon Bingham.



is the injection of too much of their own personality, and sometimes even their physical likeness, into their works. That is equally true of every form of art, and therefore it is highly improbable that any figure created from history exactly reproduces the original from which it was drawn. I do not believe that it is humanly possible for it to be otherwise and I am sure that it is not to be desired.

THE writer, in contemplating an historical figure slowly comes, after patient sifting of the evidence, to certain conclusions about the character of this person and the events within the range of his career. But such conclusions are invariably modified by qualities of the author's own mind. Just as a living man must present a dozen different appearances to as many acquaintances, so he is considered by later generations, if his memory survives after he is gone.

No writer, myself or another, could ever say of his historical heroes: "This was Lincoln, this was Douglas, this was Seward—this was Grant" and so on. We cannot say this even when writing of our most intimate friends. The biographer, or dramatist can but say, "This is the man as I know him," in the hope that he has ability enough to persuade us. The most that I or another can do in the use of history is to become so familiarized with the records as to have ample authority for forming not the only, but a reasonable and consistent view of a great character and hope for the best in the presentation of it.

Yet, since writing The Prairie President drama

belief has come to me that there is no ter way to gain an understanding of an torical character and epoch than to dra- tize it; for all of the story must be torn rt and carefully dissected, allowed to rify in the mind and then be compressed l rebuilt in an entirely different man- , that is, put into logical and natural- nding dialogue, which in every instance de- nds human reaction, together with a thor- gh and sympathetic understanding of the ject. In no instance, within my experi- e, would it have been possible to have en a given chapter from any one of the ny biographies of Lincoln and transpose t chapter into a drama. On the contrary, h episode has required the perusal of many oks and, oftentimes, a single line of dia- ue is the sole result of the study of many ges of some musty old volume or time- lowed document.

For instance, in telling the story of Lin- n's Gettysburg Address, which will be one the broadcasts of the second series of The airie President, I have been able to repro- ce the whole episode just as it occurred. om the contemporary account of James B. y, Provost-Marshal-General, Lincoln's body- ard on that occasion, we have a first hand count of his departure from the White use and of the railroad journey to Gettys- rg. I have utilized the scene on the train bring out the facts pertaining to the com- sition of this classic, as ll as to portray several uching incidents of the rney.

From an extremely rare lume in my collection, e of a small edition inted in 1864 for the per-

Raymond Warren, Midwest historian and author of the Lincoln Radio dramatization.

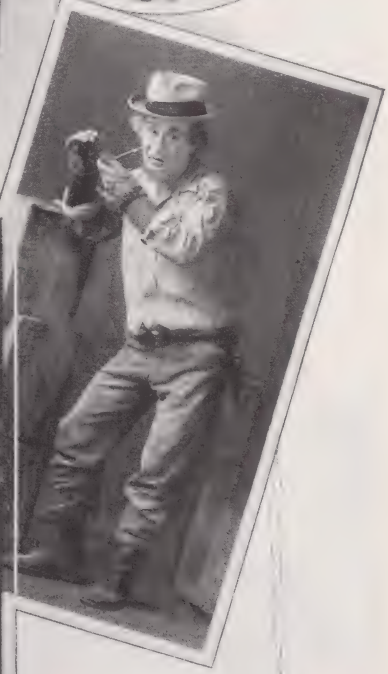
Theodore Doucet as Uncle Les, Lincoln's yokel friend.

Mr. Warren offering accurate historic information to the Radio Lincoln.

Vickland's conception of Lincoln, the rail splitter.













sonal use of the Governor of Pennsylvania. I am enabled to give the parade to the Soldier's National Cemetery correctly, and an exact reproduction of the ceremony on the platform, beginning with the last part of Edward Everett's lengthy discourse, followed by the song composed especially for that occasion by a local poet, then Lincoln with his immortal words, after which will come the benediction as given by Rev. Baugher, a Gettysburg minister—all word for word as they were uttered in that long-ago time.

One of the important issues before the American people between 1858 and 1861 was the Dred Scott Decision; a decision of the United States Supreme Court, which related to human slavery. In school every child hears of the Dred Scott decision, and we adults occasionally run across mention of it in our reading; but I will venture to offer as my opinion that not one person from a thousand knows anything about the Dred Scott decision; and until a few months ago I was one of this large majority. An historical essay giving a technical explanation of the decision, together with an account of the characters involved would require quite some time in the writing and the space of many book pages in the printing.

In the twenty-fifth episode of the first series of The Prairie President, under the title of Gathering Storm Clouds, the drama opened with a scene composed after considerable research to give, correctly, an account of this famous—or infamous-decision, together with the history of the actual characters involved. The following is taken directly from the manuscript of the play:

(SOUND OF NEGRO PLAYING BANJO AND SINGING "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING")

HARRIET: Take yo' feet off'n dat table! Who do you think *you is?*

(SOUND OF CHAIR MOVING, ETC.)

DRED: Humph! Who do you think Ah is? Who is Ah? Mought jes' as well ax who is Presi-*dent Bu-canon*—or Queen Victory, (DISGUSTED) Who is Ah? Aside from bein' yo' henpecked husband, Ah is de mos' famous nigger in de whole world. Ebery big politixer in de country is discussin' Dred Scott. You is honored, woman—you is honored an' you don' 'preciate it.

When Lincoln Mourned

Petersburg, Ill
February, 1930.

RADIO STATION WLS
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

We were interested listeners last Friday p. m. when you were broadcasting The Prairie President.

My husband's father, James McGrady Rutledge, was an intimate friend of Lincoln and first cousin to Ann Rutledge.

We have often heard him tell about their courtship and when she became so very sick with no hope of recovery. Father Rutledge went on horseback (leading an extra horse) to meet Lincoln and bring him to her, and after he had talked with her and come from the room he was deeply affected and tears were streaming down his cheeks. And when the storms and rain would fall on her new made grave he would cry and moan in anguish. They were to have been married the following Spring had she not died.

Father Rutledge used to carry the chains for Lincoln when often surveying near Petersburg. He and Lincoln have slept together and on the old Rutledge homestead three and a half miles northwest of Petersburg (over 40 years ago) stood an old log house in which Lincoln plead his first law suit.

It was then a deserted building except for the recreant old hens that seemed to take special delight in finding a place to lay eggs and a roosting place on stormy nights. The homestead was sold to Mr. P. Grosball now deceased, but now belongs to his heirs.

MRS. HARVEY RUTLEDGE

got a po' figger, an' they ain't no too many brains in yo' wolly ole head (LOUD LAUGH) *Figger-head!*

(REPEAT LAUGH)

DRED: Jes' you wait till dat United States Su-preme Co't han' downe de Dred Scott Decision, den Ah show you sumpfin'. You'll be moughty proud you is Dred Scott's wife. We'z gwine t' be free Honey! An' our gals'll be free too—Ah jes knows we will, an' Mistah Blair he say so too.

HARRIET: Dare yo' goes agin', gettin' yo' self worked-up.

DRED: Den I can take de job what dat minstrel show has got waitin' fo' me. He say folks all over the country want t' see Dred Scott. I kin' war' fine clo'es an' a stove-pipe hat jes like de preachers and law'yers.

HARRIET: Don' count yo' chickens befo' dey is hatched. Like as not dat Supreme Co't gwine t' say, 'Dred Scott, slave you is an' slave you stays.' Only de good Lawd know what dem big Jedges gwine t' say, an He ain't tellin'.

DRED: But, Harriet, didn't de Missouri Jedge say dat, 'cordin' to de law, while we was wif Massa Emerson in Illinois an' Wisconsin Territory, I was a free man—dat I had jes' as much right t' make a slave out o' a white man as a white man had t' make a slave out ob me? I axes you, didn't he say dat?

HARRIET: But so long as nobody tole you so, when we was dare, it didn't gain you nothin'; here we is, back in Sain' Louis—slaves again.

DRED: Dat's right! Dat's jes what de

(Continued on page 114)



Francis E. Bryant homestead at Bement, Ill., where Lincoln and Douglas conferred on June 29, 1858, for their historic debates.



Interior of the Bryant homestead showing room as it appeared when Lincoln and Douglas met there.

Amos 'n' Andy

Contest Winners Tell How They Happened to Write Successful Skits—Andy Falls for a Skin Game That was Rough on Rats and Tough on Cats

HERE is something about the winners of the recent Amos 'n' Andy script contest. Last month's issue of RADIO DIGEST nt to press too early to include any- ng regarding the personality, biography habits of life of the five winners. Since en some information has come in to the itor which he passes on to you, feeling re you will be interested.

The winner of the first prize of $100.00 E. D. Dorrance, Mitchell, S. D.— emed such an adept at negro dialect that : at once jumped at the conclusion that hailed from the South. To our sur- ise we learn:

"Contrary to all expectations and in- tuations I am not a southerner. Ameri- n born, I arrived in this world at ott's, Michigan, on the tail end of the izzard of 1888. And when the blizzard pped blizzing it dropped me in Mit- ell, the corn palace city—one of the st in the state!

"I have always been interested in groes and their talk. I am doubly so w that I have won this money. . . . hut dat you say? Whut is I gwinter wif dis prize money? Boy, never you in' 'bout dat. I'se got a sister way out de state o' Washin'ton an' I sho' got hankerin' ter see her. And dis is mah pertunity."

The winner of the second prize of 50.00 was Mrs. Jeanette B. Sizer, whose usband, Dr. Alexander Sizer, is resident hysician at D. J. Carroll Memorial Hos- ital, Schuyler, Virginia—a small inland mmunity in the Blue Ridge fastnesses. Ier account of herself is both humorous nd illuminating.

"There's nothing much of interest to ell you about me, save, perhaps, that mos and I share in common the same ative state, Ole Virginny, also a love of he dialect of the Ol' Uncle Neds and ind old mammies of long, long ago. We ike to keep it pure and undefiled, as 've've heard it spoken ever since we could oddle. And we still have some of the enuine article sojourning among us, for vhich we give thanks. (A bit ambiguous, his last; but, you know, I mean Uncle Neds and Mammies and dialect are still o be found with us.)

"My chief interest in life, next to my ine old country-doctor husband and oung son, are sick babies and 'shut-ins'. The Radio furnishes for us our main recreation and Amos 'n' Andy are our favorite funsters. You see, we live back here in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, where even a fugitive from justice would be safe from detection; and for more than twenty years we've ridden old Sorrels and Henry's; ushering in two generations of sturdy mountaineers, 'peddling pills' and burying our mistakes on the trail of the lonesome pine.

"Our two setter pups are Amos and Andy, if you please, and have many traits in common with the Radio pair; for instance, Andy, the larger of the two, is very visionary and improvident, while Amos always keeps a weather eye for the cook's appearance and his ear cocked for the dinner bell. Both are very democratic.



Susie Kuhn who won Skit prize. Andy, the Big Cat and Rat Man (One of the Winning Skits)

"My reference to the 'fugitives' is not to be passed on as an invitation, as it might not work, since our roads are being improved.

"You ask how I got my idea for the little sketch—just from some of the strange things our dogs have brought home."

Third prize money found its way into the lap of Miss Beatrice Biggs of 805 Walnut St., Clinton, Ind., who is twenty-four years old and for the last seven years has been a semi-shut-in, an invalid. No hint that she is unwell, however, enters the tone of her manuscript or of her letter.

"I've been a Radio fan," she announces brightly, "ever since I left school in 1923 to 'enjoy' ill-health. The telephone conversations in Amos 'n' Andy, especially, intrigue me. While listening to one of their dialogues the idea came to me that if I had the opportunity I should like to write an episode, giving Amos the best of a situation for a change and giving, also, Andy's reaction to the matter. When I read the announcement of the contest in RADIO DIGEST I decided that was my chance, and the manuscript I sent you is the result of my efforts. And—that's all."

ONE at least of the five winning dialogue manuscripts had a basis of actual truth. That was the fourth prize winner—J. W. Evans, 304 East Second St., Rome, Ga. His manuscript had to do with Andy's disastrous introduction to a safety razor.

"The idea," says Mr. Evans, "I gained from the gift of a safety razor by one of our office men to a negro employee. You see, for a number of years I have been in the agricultural implement manufacturing business here in Georgia, and both our plants, here in Rome and in Atlanta, employ large forces of negroes. This has given me an opportunity, which many southern businesses have, of studying the negro at work and at play.

"If you could have seen this particular negro after he had tried to lather his face with Octagon soap, with a stencil brush which had been used in a yellow stencil marking pot, you would appreciate the humor of the situation. However, I have tried to convey it to you in my manuscript.

"I can miss a meal without much discomfort (I have grown accustomed to that). I can miss a night's sleep and get by the next day fairly well. But to miss Amos 'n' Andy is just taking that much happiness out of life and leaves a vacant place which nothing can fill.

(*Continued on page 103*)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

ARE you a member of the Cheerio Circle? Do you set your dials for those spiritual and mental setting-up exercises broadcast every morning at eight-thirty, or seven-thirty, or six-thirty, according to where you live? Or even five-thirty, as some listeners do on the coast? Are you "somebody, somewhere" who gets a birthday or anniversary greeting, the wish of concentrated good will? Would you like to know something of the man behind the idea, of "Cheerio" himself? Of the Cheerio family?

Cheerio

Of "Cheerio" I may not tell you a great deal. If I did there might be a wholesale cancellation of subscriptions to this magazine. That is what happened to a certain newspaper that at one time revealed his identity and described him personally. Loyal Cheerio listeners feel as he does, that he can do most good by remaining anonymous, by entering their homes not as a definite personality, named, pictured, but as a spirit, a spirit of helpfulness, of cheer and comfort and inspiration.

It was over four years ago that the man who calls himself "Cheerio" came to New York with the idea for his program. For fifteen months broadcasting companies were uninterested in his plan. It was so unusual for anyone to want to give something away.

Finally his chance came. With Russell Gilbert for music and stunts, and Geraldine Riegger to sing, he went on the air for fifteen minutes over one station at NBC. Now, three years later, his program is broadcast for half an hour over twenty-nine stations, and the pioneer cast of three has grown to twelve—'Cheerio,' Gil, Gerry, the "Sweet Lady," Pat Kelly, Harrison Isles and his "Five Little Peppers," and Miss Lizzie who brings in the famous canaries, "Blue Boy" and "Dickie."

Is the program liked? Ask NBC's mailing department. Last anniversary week there were fifty thousand letters sent in by enthusiastic listeners.

"Cheerio" has been called the greatest influence for good the radio has, and he gives his services without compensation either in money or in personal prestige. As is said in answer to those who write in about the program, "The purpose of the Cheerio broadcast is easily explained. It is the use of the radio *to broadcast* the ordinary friendly act of any person who drops in to see a convalescent invalid or other shut-in, to say: 'Good morning, I hope you have a fine day to-day.' Every



Geraldine Riegger

effort is made by 'Cheerio,' and by the National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with him, to keep his identity secret—not because his identity is important, but because the impersonality of the broadcast is believed by him to be vital to the success of its purpose. He gives his services and the Broadcasting Company cooperates in giving its facilities and also in furnishing the music for the programs. In the fall of 1926, Mr. Herbert Hoover approved the purpose of this broadcast and made possible the use of funds for the necessary incidental expense: clerical, library research, etc."

The Lovebirds

But of the Cheerio family I may tell you a lot. First there are the "Lovebirds," Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gilbert, otherwise "Gil" and his "Sweet Lady."

Lovina Gilbert, whose lilting soprano voice comes over the air each week day morning, is a five-foot scrap of a person possessed of that enviable combination—a fluffy blonde prettiness backed by all sorts of efficiency and ability.

She was born in Philadelphia and so early manifested her ability to sing that she was kept six months longer in kindergarten to help train the new children. At sixteen she went into concert work. A short time later, piqued by a remark that she couldn't earn her own living away from the parental roof, she packed up her bags and went to New York to "show 'em." And she showed them. The very first day she had an engagement with a musical comedy.

From musical comedy she became a vaudeville head-line and it was in this work that she met one Russell Gilbert. In fact, he was in charge of the act, and engaged her for her sweet soprano voice. It wasn't long until his admiration for the voice took in its owner also. Lovina became Mrs. Russell Gilbert.

When her husband joined forces with "Cheerio" three years ago, the "Sweet Lady" came in to sing the very first Saturday, and although she did not take a regular part in the program right at first, she did constitute herself the official critic and by her advice and suggestions did much to help the broadcast.

But what is one lovebird without the other? Soon Lovina was with her husband, singing duets with him, or singing solos, and taking over, too, many of the details of direction.

So popular did "Gil" and his "Sweet Lady" become that on their first wedding anniversary with the Cheerio Exchange—and this was three years ago when the

gram was only on three stations—they eived over three thousand letters of gratulation. And the letters have been ning ever since. Not only letters come but there is hardly a day that the mail s not bring them some gift—flowers, ox of homemade cookies, a hand-worked ow, gifts of all kinds and descriptions. e gift Lovina especially prizes is a piece lace from a wedding gown 74 years old. e giver was at that time a woman of years, and since then the Cheerio cle has celebrated with her her hundth birthday.

The Gilberts live in Jackson Heights, ng Island, where in the hours she nds apart from Cheerio broadcasts, rsals, and plannings, Lovina takes care her young son, runs her house, and ls time to be the vice-president of the nmunity's Republican Club.

With her husband Lovina does a great d of social service work, putting on entainments in the various soldiers' and lors' camps. This is one with Mother vidson, Daniel Frohman's sister, who s the first person to give entertainments camps during the war and who has conued it ever since.

The Story of a Hobby

The story of Russell Gilbert is largely e story of a hobby that became a vocan. For shortly after Mr. Gilbert mard his "Sweet Lady" he gave up vaudele and went into business. But he dn't seem able to get away from his ting and singing and playing. In the enings, over the week-ends, he was put g on shows, getting up entertainments. ice he was directing a minstrel show, rking on a percentage basis. The man charge of selling the tickets fell down so badly that there wasn't any percentage. Gil was out of pocket. He took it philosophically—their risk of the show business. And besides it was just a hobby anyway.

But the affair weighed upon the conscience of the ticket seller. He felt he ought to square things. So when he heard that "Cheerio" was looking for a man to do music and stunts on his program he made an opportunity for Gil to meet him.

The combination was made immediately, Gil singing, playing, doing dialect jokes on the program, and managing to get down to his office by nine. Business was still his vocation, you see.

But gradually the Cheerio program as it went from fifteen minutes, to twenty minutes, to half an hour, began to take more and more time. The immense volume of mail told of its popularity, as well as of the popularity of the individuals working in it. Gil decided to let the hobby be the vocation.

Now he devotes his whole time to Cheerio. He and Mrs. Gilbert put on a special program every Saturday, and whenever "Cheerio" is absent Gil "bats" for him.

Russell Gilbert has versatility plus. He can tell a joke in about every dialect there is, can play the piano, guitar, banjo, ukelele, and sings in a delightful baritone voice. Also he can write dramatic sketches, and has put together many an interesting interlude for other programs at NBC.

The young Gilbert is his father's severest critic in the matter of these sketches and insists that they be funny. "What do you mean by 'funny?'" his father asked him once. The lad thought a minute and then gave the, to him, perfect definition: "Something that makes me laugh."



Pat Kelly

Gerry

Another of the Cheerio family is Gerry. You all know the tale of the harried mother who has to hold the baby with one arm and stir the soup with the other. Well Geraldine Riegger learned to play the piano holding her baby sister with one arm and practicing with the other, switching arms from time to time, of course. For Gerry, Cheerio's well loved contralto was going to be a pianiste, not a singer.

This was back in Columbus, Ohio, Gerry's home. And as Gerry played she used to sing. It happened that a singing teacher, Mrs. Nathan B. Marple, heard her. Whereupon Gerry was advised to make voice her forte instead of the piano.

When the Metropolitan Opera star, Madame Alcock, came to Columbus Gerry sang before her. Madame Alcock was impressed, advised New York, an application for a Julliard scholarship, lessons from Madame Sembrich. It was easy advice to give, not so easy to follow.

But here the Women's Music Club of Columbus entered the picture. One day Mrs. Riegger telephoned the office where her daughter was working for the day and told her she must come home at once to get ready to leave for New York the next day. The Women's Music Club was paying her expenses.



Lovina Gilbert

In New York Gerry applied for a Julliard fellowship and although the time for the application had passed, the committee stretched a point in her favor and allowed her an audition. Gerry came, sang, and conquered. She not only won a fellowship that year and lessons with Madame Sembrich, but won them for four more years, five times in all. Three years is the normal duration of a fellowship, four years is rare, and five, rarer still. Gerry is perhaps the only contralto to be so honored. All five years she was taught by Madame Sembrich.

Gerry came into radio work in 1925 with the Morning Prayer Program of the Greater Federation of Churches over WEAF. She was with that program for two years and in 1927 came to Cheerio. She has also sung with the Sixteen Singers over WJZ, and with the National Grand Opera and American Radiator programs, WEAF.

Besides her radio work Gerry is a soloist at the Ft. George Presbyterian Church, and under the auspices of the Federation, is a featured artist in many other churches.

Gerry believes she has had a longer consecutive broadcast experience than any other person at NBC. For five years she has been singing every morning for six days a week, as well as working on many evening programs. Anyone want to take up this challenge?

For two weeks during July, she and Harrison Isles, the musical director, were in complete charge of the Cheerio program, as both "Cheerio" and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert were absent.

Gerry's fan mail is voluminous. She says she never wants to give up her radio work, but that she has ambitions to sing in concert and oratorio.

(*Continued on page 110*)

TERROR

Mary Burton's Vengeance becomes a funeral pyre of burning blacks as she waits for Tom



When she saw how white Mary went, she commanded abruptly: "And now tell me what you know of this stealing of Mr. Hogg's goods."

By Rupert Hughes

JOHN HUGHSON kept a hideous tavern in Jew's Alley. It was the disorderly rendezvous for hapless slaves who could steal away from their quarters attached to the estates of those early New Yorkers who were subjects of the King of England.

Into this frightful hole came Mary Burton who had been bonded by her father to a British sea captain. She was only a slip of a girl. On the way across the Atlantic she met a boy, little older than herself. He too had been the victim of an unsympathetic father who had taught him to steal. Having seen several of his playmates hanged for no more serious offense than the theft of a handkerchief, Tom Wilson decided that his neck was his own. He ran away and happened on the same ship with Mary. They decided they had much in common.

But at the dock Mary had been auctioned to a tallow chandler and was hustled away. Tom, bereaved, joined the Falmborough, a man-of-war assigned to attack Spanish merchantmen. He hoped thus to obtain enough booty to ransom Mary himself. But when he returned he could not find her. Inside of a year she had borne a child for her first master. The child died. Then she fell into the hands of Hughson.

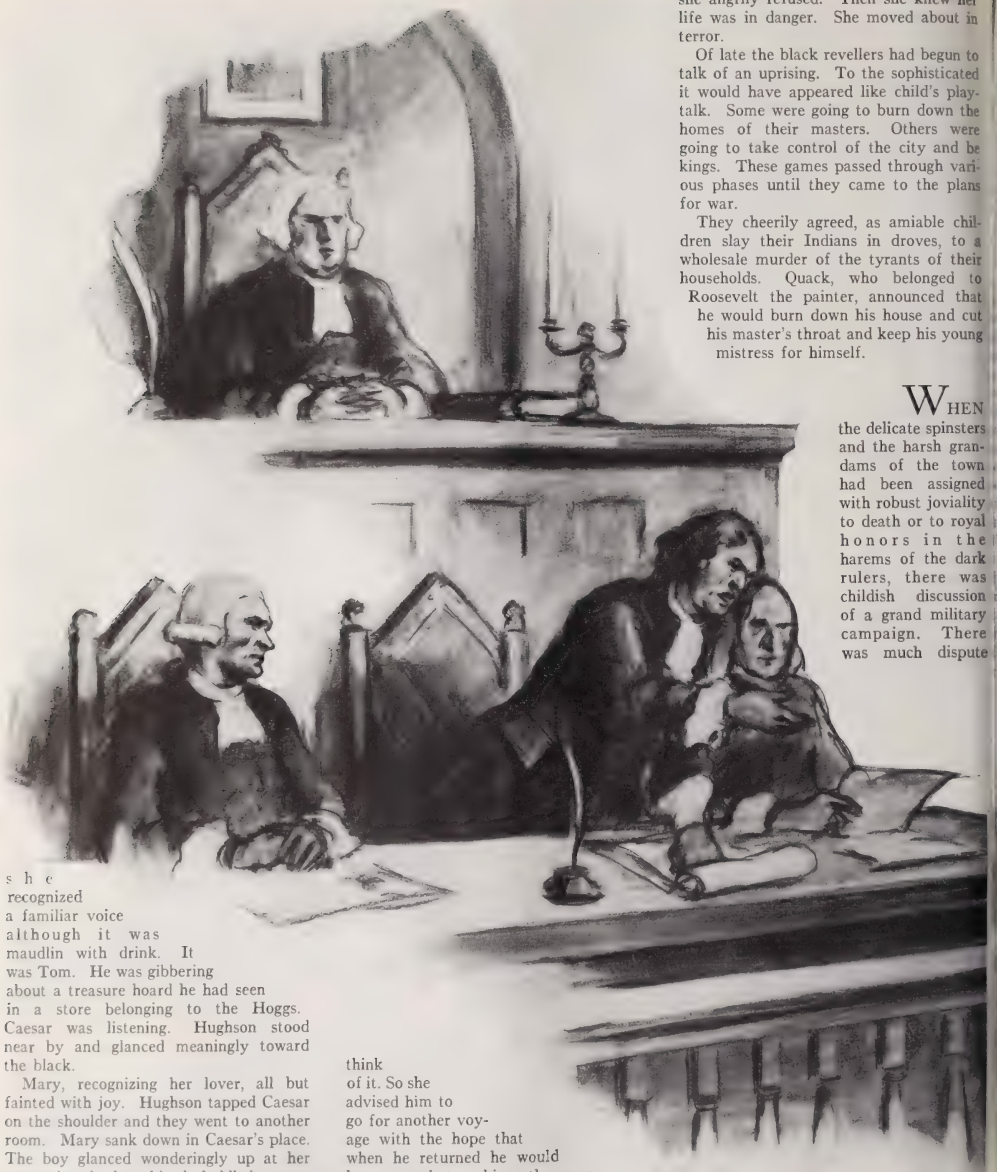
Here she worked arduously, serving liquors, gathering wood and looking after the comforts of the negro slaves who were being dumped into New York by the shipload. In the Hughson household were his wife, daughter and a young widow, Mar-



The wind was in such virulence that the smoke itself carried the news before the bell in the adjoining chapel gave tongue to the alarm that called forth great numbers of gentlemen and others, and slaves.

aret Salinburg, who was called Peggy :erry, "the Irish beauty from Newfound- .nd." They did not share Mary's horror f the blacks. Sometimes Mary had to ght her way out of the arms of an amorous brute. Most insolent of them all was one fellow called Caesar. He belonged to Vaarck, the baker, and by devious means obtained sufficient funds to pay for Peggy's board and keep.

During all this time Mary had no idea of what had become of Tom, the boy who was to redeem her for his wife. Then came a noisy night when she saw a curly head bowed over one of the tables. And



she angrily refused. Then she knew her life was in danger. She moved about in terror.

Of late the black revellers had begun to talk of an uprising. To the sophisticated it would have appeared like child's play-talk. Some were going to burn down the homes of their masters. Others were going to take control of the city and be kings. These games passed through various phases until they came to the plans for war.

They cheerily agreed, as amiable children slay their Indians in droves, to a wholesale murder of the tyrants of their households. Quack, who belonged to Roosevelt the painter, announced that he would burn down his house and cut his master's throat and keep his young mistress for himself.

WHEN the delicate spinsters and the harsh grandams of the town had been assigned with robust joviality to death or to royal honors in the harems of the dark rulers, there was childish discussion of a grand military campaign. There was much dispute over the governor's house and the fort. Some were for burning these down first; others for capturing them and turning the cannon on the ships in the harbor. This was a most pleasant prospect, for the negroes had no love for the ships that had brought them all here in their ghastly holds.

she recognized a familiar voice although it was maudlin with drink. It was Tom. He was gibbering about a treasure hoard he had seen in a store belonging to the Hoggs. Caesar was listening. Hughson stood near by and glanced meaningly toward the black.

Mary, recognizing her lover, all but fainted with joy. Hughson tapped Caesar on the shoulder and they went to another room. Mary sank down in Caesar's place. The boy glanced wonderingly up at her unconvinced that his befuddled senses were not deceiving him. Then they clasped, embraced and wept together.

TOM told her of the Spanish gold and suggested that his early training would make it possible for him to acquire sufficient of treasure to take them both away for a new start in life. But Mary was horrified that he should even think of it. So she advised him to go for another voyage with the hope that when he returned he would have enough to achieve the same end in honesty.

There was hope and pride as she resumed her life in Hughson's. But the next day she discovered that Hughson and Caesar had robbed the Hoggs and brought the plunder to the tavern where they hid it under a broken stairway. She was terrified that she would be implicated by the discovery. Peggy taunted her. Caesar tried to give her some of the goods, which

Once New York was captured, Tickle-cher was inspired to a project for mak- all of America a black empire like the ica whence they or their ancestors had n recently stolen.

Ticklepitcher recommended that the y under General Caesar should march once on Albany:

"I been dere once—last Whitsuntide twelve months—and hit's a better n dan dis old New York. Nice fat tch gals dere!"

THE hilarity went on and unchecked while Mary moved among actors, carrying away dishes, mugs, tles, wiping up the refuse of the liquor even the disasters of the silly beasts o would put down the British power could not keep down their own ughts.

Suddenly as if a cock crew and scat-ed a company of spooks, the midnight ar struck and the slaves remembered long distances they must plod through w-packed streets unlighted and the le sleep between their majesty and the rrow's early chores.

There was a hasty lighting of candles, lanterns, since a slave abroad at night hout a lighted lantern was liable to ty lashes at the town whipping post.

It was long after the last tawdry revel- had toppled through the door before ury had finished her tasks and was mitted to take her broken back and her broken heart to her very lonely bed.

The night had been unkind to her and she remembered it with a repugnance that came back long after and took such revenge upon the poor slaves and their white hosts as carried all of them through months of woe and shame and nearly all of them to the gibbet or the fire-ringed stake.

Whether the slaves were in jest or not about the flames, there was no question about the earnestness of their masters.

The next morning the town was shaken by the hue and cry of the robbery. Mrs. Hogg was not the woman to suffer a theft in silence. Almost the first place the sheriff thought of was Hughson's and he arrived with a gang of constables and deputies to ransack the place.

Everybody pretended horror at the incredible accusation and Mary's wide eyes of fear gave her a look of innocence.

One of the deputies was Mr. Kannady the peruke-maker. Mary saw him poke his cane in the very hole in the broken stairs where a mass of Spanish silver lay; but the dolt never suspected what wealth he stirred in the dark.

WHEN the posse departed to search the combined tavern and shoeshop of the Dutch John Romme, who was in no better standing, there was loud laughter in the Hughson household.

It was choked off short when the sheriff came back next day and arrested Caesar. He explained that Mrs. Hogg had seized a sailor named Tom Wilson, who had seen her open the drawer of money. The sailor proved his innocence, but remembered talking of what he had seen to a big black man whose name he did not know, but whose description fitted Caesar.

Mary's heart bounded at the name of Tom, but nobody recalled her knowledge of him, and when Caesar demanded to be confronted by his accuser, the sheriff said he had sailed away on the man of war.

Caesar protested his innocence, of course, but he was dragged off to jail. For a slave to be so much as accused of theft meant that he would be hanged—perhaps alive in chains. Under the load of so many fears and shames, the Irish beauty from Newfoundland underwent her travail, with more fear and shame to follow.

The sheriff kept coming to the Hughsons and searching. He never found the treasure, yet was never convinced that it was not there.

Mary played her part in the game until, one crisp evening when she was sent to Kannady's shop to buy a pound of candles. Mrs. Anne Kannady asked her kindly to stand in out of the cold and fell to gossiping with her, questioning her about the Irish beauty and her brat and the evil company that frequented the place.

Mary parried all of the woman's clever suspicions, but something broke in her when Anne said:

"You're only a child, my child, and a stranger in the country, and no mother. I give you a mother's blessing and a bit of advice, my dear. Break away from that dark crowd you throng with, or they'll soon have you a thief like themselves. Many's the nice girl gets sent to the gallows for thievery."

When she saw how white Mary went, she commanded abruptly.

"And now tell me what you know of this stealing of Mr. Hogg's goods."

"I know naught at all," Mary cried, and cried it again and again, but with a new kind of fear. She was less afraid of the gallows than of this sudden tenderness, this unforeseen appeal to be a good girl, and to undertake honesty. And that word "mother!" She had had a mother, but such a one! such a leering drunken burlesque of the thing a mother ought to be. Anne kept pestering her with gentle sighs that melted her as spring rains whispering to the ice at night dissolve it into tears. When at last Anne had her weeping, she demanded:

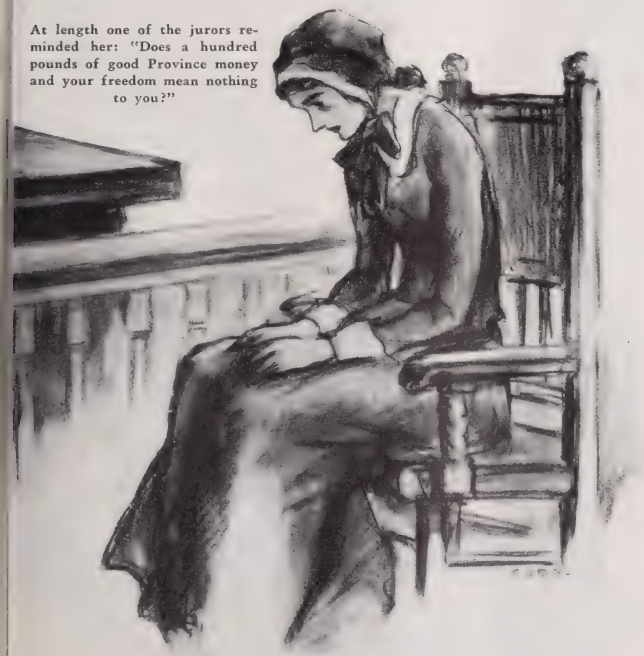
"HAVE you no mind to be freed of such a life?"

"Oh, and but I have that!" Mary sobbed.

"Then you discover the goods that have been stole and I'll see to your freedom."

This was so wild a promise that Mary laughed at it and it checked her tears until Anne convinced her at last that lib-

(*Continued on page 111*)



At length one of the jurors reminded her: "Does a hundred pounds of good Province money and your freedom mean nothing to you?"



Made

By

Evans E. Plummer

Rin-tin-tin,
The nation's pet,
Wags his chin
On the NB net.

IN THE beginning the Creator gave man a whole world full of creatures to do with as he would. Some were made to look at and leave alone. others were made to challenge his fighting spirit. still others were made for food—and then a few, a chosen few, were made for petting.

The animals that were set aside for human companionship serve a very useful purpose in nature's plan. A man who is really a good friend to his animal friend is apt to be a good friend to his human friend as well.

Have you ever noticed that the artist—the singer, musician, actor, painter, poet—clings to a pet of some kind? It is the exchange of a mutual love unembarrassed by human conventions. The singer touches a note of ecstacy in the privacy of her studio—just her little feathered songster as audience and critic. And the bird reacts instantly, its tiny throat thrilling and vibrating in harmonious response. The artist knows she has sounded forth something eternal and fundamental. Her heart is warmed to the sincerity of the compliment and she is able to sing with greater assurance to her human audience

However, the feeling between the artist and his inarticulate friend is something more than that. The pet fills a sort of void for the overflow from an over-full heart. Tastes vary. Women trend to the weaker kind that require motherly protection. Men prefer strong animals—lusty vital creatures.

One of the most aristocratic and largest of the Radio dogs is Hector. the proud boast of Toscha Seidel, violinist. Hector weighs 170 pounds without his collar and, should his high standing be questioned, he would oblige you by rising to a full six feet five inches of dog on his hind legs.

Yes, Hector is a Great Dane—a great. Great Dane. His pa is Argus. international champion; ma, Tecla, national female champion. and he has a brother named Lindy who is national champion of America. Hector might even show up his old man and brother excepting that he has never been entered in a competition, although he is three years old.

The big pet of Seidel is gentle despite his ferocious appearance. He loves children and will never hurt them. On one occasion a pickaninny baby sat on the floor sticking a pin into Hector's nose. Rather than frighten the child, Hector kept his position and permitted it to go on with its game of pin sticking, while drops of blood slowly trickled down his face

May Singhi Breen (de Rose), the "uke lele lady," has probably the most unusua pets of all the stars. They are a collectio of white snails. She isn't quite sure wh she should choose snails for pets, but sh swears she is terribly fond of them. Ma also has a trio of goldfish and a larg collection of "still" pets—china and meta animals and birds of every sort and de scription from animals to ducks. One pai of porcelain frogs, which happen to b croaking in duo, she has named "Peter, after her husband, and "May."

GRAHAM McNAMEE has three pedigreed dogs, Reinald Wer renwrath spreads his affections over tw dogs and two cats, Giuseppe di Benedett owns two police dogs, Virginia Gardine owns an Irish wolfhound, Mary Hopp bathes and combs the tangles from th hair of an aristocratic spitz, and Walte Damrosch, true to Wagner, keeps tw dachshunds.

Olive Kline, soprano, is glad she own



Toscha Seidel, Mrs. Seidel and Hector.

for Petting

Great Artists Have Great Loves—Emotions That Go Beyond the Human Pale and Embrace the Lower Species—from Horses to Frogs

o police dogs. If she hadn't, she might 't have been alive today. While swimng at a Maine resort a year ago she as seized with a cramp when a hundred rds off shore. Her cry attracted her poe dogs who immediately plunged in to scue her. One of them caught hold of shoulder strap of her bathing suit and wed her to shore.

Yolande Langworthy, Arabesque's auor and star, owns two turtles, Scrub 'em d Captain—two tiny green and brown panese turtles, twelve years old and as nilar as peas in a pod. Yolande feeds em ant eggs imported from France, and ace, she admits, almost killed them by arying their diet with domestic flies. crub 'em and Captain spend their time cing with each other and keeping in rm for that meet with the inevitable re in the land of Make Believe.

Helen Nugent, the Cincinnati bred CBS prano who writes her mother daily as very well-behaved child should, has come believe that "Beggars can't be choos's," and for that reason continues to eep as pets the two birds given her by friend just back from Havana.

THEY really were a beaufully-colored pair of "parakeets", accordng to the tag on the cage, but magic, the form of a bird bath, proved their ownfall. The rainbow colors came right ff in the water and the parakeets became ommon English sparrows. The two grey irds still live in their handsome cage, ut Helen's attachment for them now is urely sentimental.

And if you knew David Ross, the æshete, you wouldn't think it unnatural that e has an aquarium full of frogs and tadoles. David has an active scientific uriosity and he is absorbed in watching he gradual change from tadpole to frog nd is fascinated by the poetry of their levelopment.

Add strange pastimes of CBS stars: Marion McAfee, vocalist, goes in for training white mice. They lead a very comlete social existence, too, for Marion has rovided them with tables and chair, games and whatnots. They are happy little mice and wouldn't be so rude as to run up even a close friend's shin.

Judson House, popular NBC tenor, weighs around 250 pounds and is one of the largest men the mike ever confronts. But, as you might suspect, he has one of the smallest pooches in the world for a pet—a mite-sized pekingese.

Horses claim the attention of Bob MacGimsey, the three-tone whistler. Arcadie Birkenholz, violinist, and Frank Luther, much starred tenor. If they ever meet on the bridal path, who knows but what they'll form a mounted band? Della Baker, soprano, is another lover of horses. She divides her attention between breeding thoroughbred horses and dogs.



Oh what a happy home for some wayfaring flea! But Mary Hopple would soon send it fleeing for this contented Spitz gets his skin rug renovated daily.

Birkenholz carries his love for horses even to playing polo, at which, incidentally, he is an expert. And of course the wise-cracking ex-cowboy, Will Rogers, loves horses. Not only is he extremely fond of polo, but has his own polo field and string of ponies on his beautiful Beverly Hills (Calif.) estate.

Little Jane, star of Jolly Bill and Jane, early mornings NBC children's feature, likes horses also. Each morning on the way to the studios she passes a bakery where half a dozen wagons wait to be loaded. Every animal recognizes her footsteps and immediately climbs to the sidewalk to receive the lumps of sugar she inevitably carries.

Jolly Bill Steinke himself is a pet lover too. He has a real dog at home but is famous throughout Radioland for the imaginary dog, "Jerry", whose barks punctuate the Jolly Bill and Jane programs each morning.

Next to dogs, Rudy Vallee likes cats. There is a kitten in the restaurant where Vallee eats lunch each day. The two are pals. The crooner insists on calling the animal "Rudy," despite the fact that it "ain't that kind of a cat."

Naomi, Princess and Tony are not members of a royal house nor three ladies of the ensemble. They are hunting dogs possessed by Henry Burbig, CBS comedian. The three English setters know where there are pheasant to be caught and need only the happy sight of master Henry dressed in his brown leather jacket to recall that the days when dogs can be dogs, have not passed.

LUCILLE BLACK of the Nit Wits goes so far even as to base the interior decorations of her home on Puff, her tan Persian cat. Puff is very elegant and very vain and spends her days in the corner of a divan or on cushions piled up for her pleasure. For fear of offending Puff's sense of the beautiful and harmonious, Lucille has contrived to bring the loveliest shades of red and green into her

(*Continued on page 110*)

MARCELLA

She Hears All, Sees All—and Tells Everything
Ask Her Anything You Want to Know



Gypsy

THAT peculiar poignancy which makes the singing of Gypsy and Marta of KPO unforgetable can be traced to the rather unhappy but romantic history of their mother. She was a member of the Polish aristocracy and a very young girl when she fell in love with and married a young German-American, thereby forfeiting her standing in Poland. So it was that she left her native land and, though her love for her husband was worth the sacrifice, the rest of her life was saddened by her longing for her girlhood home.

It was in America that Gypsy and Marta were born, two daughters with strangely different characters. Gypsy, the dreamer —artistic and serious, a reflection of old world courtesy and bearing. Marta, typical American, carefree—frivolous. Gypsy with grey eyes penetrating and studious. Marta with laughing blue eyes; ever on the alert for a joke; a lover of outdoor sports. Gypsy with thoughts only of writing, composing and gardening.

Both were graduated from the University of California and both aspired to careers on the stage. Shortly after graduation, however, they both married, Gypsy becoming Mrs. Harry George Musgrave, wife of a Lt. Colonel in the United States Army and Marta, Mrs. John Henry Reavey, wife of a civil engineer. Stage careers were abandoned, but both took to music, Gypsy touring the country as Elsa Kaulbraska Musgrave, Polish concert pianist; Marta as Martha Reavey, soprano. The singing duo became popular over KPO way back in 1925 where they have appeared regularly until recently when they decided upon a much needed vacation. So at present these popular artists are heard only on special featured programs from the Frisco station.



Marta

* * *

THIS attractive young man is Mr. James J. Jeffries of Radio Station WFAA, Dallas. Do you really want me to tell you *all* that he does down at WFAA, Louise? He does seem to be the whole works down there—it makes one wonder what the rest of the staff does. To begin with he is staff tenor—*de*-luxe. He's heard the first thing in the morning as Chief Big Boid of the Early Bird's Orchestra; then he is Sergeant Jimmy, of the Famous Sandman Soldier Parade; Jerry, of Jerry and Irene; and one of the best character players in WFAA Radio plays.



James Jeffries

His is a blonde attractiveness, hair tinged with red and eyes that are sometimes more grey than blue. He's short of stature and more or less heavy of build. He's a charming boy with a spontaneous sense of humor which is a delight to all who know him. He says that he's just a young man tryin' to get along—and he's doin' it.

* * *

YOUR favorite, Don, is popular with others, too, for 'tis said that Clyde Morse's fan mail is something tremendous. He has been spending a belated honeymoon at a cottage on an island in Loon Lake, somewhere in the Adirondacks, but will probably be back at the post at WHAM by the time you read these lines.

* * *

MANY thanks, John and Herbert and all of you who so kindly rushed to my assistance in regard to the finding of Cecil Wright. It seems that when Cecil left KTHS some eight months ago he travelled out to join the staff at KFRC where he is still singing hill-billy and yodelling songs and playing the guitar and harmonica.

He is a lad of about twenty-two years, friendly, naive and genuine. He says he dislikes most songs you "can't understand." So he has been singing those you "can understand" for more than a year. Everything that he sings he has learnt by ear, being a total stranger to any kind of music lesson. Can't you just guess from his picture that he was a good foot-ball man back in the high school days in Hot Springs?



Cecil Wright

* * *

BECAUSE selling wall paper and paints wasn't a job he thought he could stick to and make his mark in the world, E. L. Tyson, more familiarly known as "Ty", became a Radio announcer. That was fully eight years ago when Radio was very much of an infant and to be an announcer required some ability as an entertainer as well.

Ty's debut in Radio was not entirely unpremeditated. He had been a soldier, an actor of parts and a salesman. In his days at Penn State College he majored in base ball and theatricals. An old pal, Bill Holliday, with whom he had staged many a play and evening of entertainment in the old home town in Pennsylvania, had come to Detroit and entered the Radio business.

Holliday was manager of WWJ, the Detroit News station, the first Radio station to broadcast regular programs for the entertainment of listeners. He invited



E. L. "Ty" Tyson


Georgia Fifield

Ty to be his assistant. Ty accepted and has been with WWJ ever since.

In appearance he is wiry, without hint of excess weight, vigorous, dynamic when dynamics are needed, hard to rattle and smooth tempered. He possesses a keen, but dry, sense of humor and never has he been known to laugh at his own jokes. (We certainly uld like to know him!)

n his spare time, of which he has little, plays a bit of golf,—for the companship of the fellows rather than because s a "fiend." Now and then he goes s fishing with an old friend, Bill Fin-. veteran Detroit orchestra leader. And, yes, he does a bit of farming— "digg a flower garden each spring while wife stands over me with a gun."

But you mustn't misunderstand that t, however. Ty is quite a homebody—cause he wants to be. You see "Mrs. " is the girl from the old home town k in Pennsylvania, and then there's e-year-old Virginia who is his pride d joy.

* * *

HEY'RE married—but not to each ier! We're talking about these two you pictured herewith. the original "Mr. d Mrs." of KNX fame. And it's true t their mike work is so realistic that erywhere they go new acquaintances n't believe they're not really married to ch other. They are, in real life, Georgia field and Edwin John (Eddie) Albright. Both Georgia and Edwin have families. ie former is a young society matron of verly Hills, the famous city of famous sidents. Edwin originated other feares, notably being the first Pacific Coast oadcaster to put the "family" idea on e Radio map.

Edwin is about five feet, ten inches tall; is thick black hair, black eyes, and likes ep-sea fishing and all manner of outdoor orts.

Georgia is petite, strikingly titian locks, blue eyes and one of those "Peaches and cream" complexions. She likes best—her little son and daughter, the former all "boy" with horseback riding his favorite sport, and the latter a real girl who likes to play with dolls and pretend to "make house."


Eddie Albright

In addition to her work at KNX Georgia is also a director and is prominent in the affairs of the Beverly Hills Community Players' organization which gives notable productions during the winter season, including many noted film stars in its ranks.

Eddie started as "The Hired Hand" y'ars and y'ars ago at KNX and has remained with the organization since the first program was put on the air when the station became the property of its present owners.

* * *

ONE of the youngest announcers to have worked on the NBC networks is Jack Brinkley—full name John Daniel Brinkley. He was born in 1907 in Oxford, N. C., which accounts for his charming voice. When he was just a little shaver the family moved to Richmond, Va., where Jack received all his schooling During the years he attended the University of Richmond he worked as reporter on a Richmond newspaper. In fact his inclinations have always been literary. He writes as a hobby and hopes, someday, to build a reputation by his pen. He also goes in for acting at every opportunity and collects old books and prints. (Nice person.)


Jack D. Brinkley

Forgot to say that Jack is now the "voice with the smile" at WTIC in Hartford. This good looking youth with the dark brown eyes and the wavy hair is rather slight and about five feet eight inches tall.

* * *

FOR some time there has been some little racket down Cleveland way for a story about one Freddy Stone. And at last when we were just about ready to give it up as hopeless a letter from WJAY comes through! Freddy was born in Boston in 1904 and seems, from all reports, to be the type that the girls like (or some of 'em, at least). I think he must be typical—of something. Very tall, rosy cheeks, wavy black hair, brown eyes and a romantic disposition coupled with a sweet tenor voice. (We fear he's a ladies' man.)

His Radio career included broadcasts over WBBM, KYW, WHK, WEHS and WJAY where he is now chief announcer and heartbreaker,—the latter we mention with all due respect to the charms of Joe O'toole, of course. It was, Joe (having met Freddy in Chicago some years before) who brought him to WJAY. And now they're delighting thousands with their partnership. The two of them have just returned from New York where they made some more recordings for the Gennett Company.

Freddy's favorite sports are golf and baseball; he likes to read H. C. Witwer and Milt Gross; he considers Ted Husing and Norman Brokenshire to be his ideal announcers and Franklyn Baur and Gene Austin are his choice among all of the well-known Radio singers.

* * *


Alois Havrilla

ALOIS HAVRILLA is a Zecho-Slovakian by birth and didn't speak his first word of English until after he was twelve years old. And today he enjoys wide popularity and is included as one of our best liked announcers. Incidentally he has been continually praised for his flawless diction.

This young announcer started out in life as a concert baritone. He was teaching music in the New Jersey public schools when he received his first chance to go on the stage. He was engaged as soloist in the Broadway production of "Hassan." He followed that with appearances in "Mme. Pompadour," "Louis the 14th." with Leon Errol, and "The Princess Flavia." Then with Radio coming to the fore he turned his talent in that direction.

Havrilla is slender, of average height, light complected and notoriously good humored. He always approaches the mike with the same wide grin and that's doubtless why he won the title of "the genial announcer." What time he is away from the studio he spends at golf.

* * *

THE people on the Checkerboard Hour at WLS found that it was too hard work to get up for 6:30 a.m. broadcasts during the summer months so they simply laid off. However, now that September is here you'll be hearing them again.

* * *

FOR the information of the friends of the Mystery Announcer at WPEN, Philadelphia, his Musical Clock Program comes throughout the period between 6:30 and 10:00 a.m. every day.

* * *


Freddy Stone

A RECENT letter from Marcella Roth brings the news that she still *does* broadcast and that she can be heard every Tuesday evening over Radio Station WDSU. She is still the "Twilight Story Girl" and she mentioned something about a stamp club which she conducts through the station. Stamp clubs via air is a new one to this Marcella but she'd like to hear more about it.

First Jobs

Humble Beginnings Mark Careers of Some of Columbia's Most Notable Artists

By
Robert S. Taplinger

A GLIMPSE into the humble beginnings of its foremost artists form one of the interesting chapters in the history of Radio broadcasting, lending an air of authenticity to the old adage "Big Oaks from Little Acorns Grow."

The majority of entertainers now heard on various programs presented from WABC over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and whose names and voices are familiar to literally millions of Radio listeners, first started out in the work-a-day world in a most insignificant manner. For the larger part their tasks were arduous, and the hours as long as the pay was small—a far cry from today with the comparatively high salaries paid for a few minutes work.

Turning to this particular chapter wherein we may scan the stories of a number of artists, who are perhaps most representative among the Columbia System group, we find that. . . .

Freddie Rich, who conducts a number of important programs weekly, sacrificed such divertissements of New York's lower Eastside, as fights, "gang wars," dock-diving, and ball games, to become a pianist in one of Second Avenue's flourishing motion-picture houses. He was then fourteen years old. Ten hours daily he improvised music on the dilapidated upright to coincide with the action on the screen, and as heart rending scenes predominated, he concocted nine variations of "Hearts and Flowers." His weekly salary of thirteen dollars was poured into the family coffers, while in turn he was provided with fifty cents spending money. "That constituted my first and worst job" is Rich's comment as he looks back now.



Jesse Crawford's career began in a like manner. He found an opening as a piano player in a "flicker" theatre in a small suburb of Spokane, Washington. It was his first job anywhere, and his weekly wage was five dollars. Three years later he gave up his work, which was then paying him twenty-five dollars, to furnish the music at a nearby theatre for ten dollars, because the latter place boasted an honest-to-goodness pipe organ.



Another product of New York's Eastside is Fred Vettel, bass soloist. He was seventeen when he procured his first job as a driver on a brick truck. For a year and a half he unloaded the bricks from the barges at Twentieth street and the East River, for a daily compensation of three dollars. Incidentally, it was during his debut in the working world that he annexed the amateur light-heavyweight boxing championship of New York.

DALE WIMBROW also went in for strenuous labor. Dale who is known today as a song writer, entertainer, poet, wood carver and artist, formerly loaded one hundred pound strawberry crates in box cars. They were big luscious berries from his native Maryland, destined to appease the gastronomic fancy of the South, and for Dale's activities in sending them towards their destination, he received a weekly reward of fourteen dollars.

"My first job," recalls Norman Brokenshire, "was as janitor of the little red school house at Port Britton, Ontario, where my father was a school teacher. It was a three mile walk from home to school, and my work entailed all the duties generally allotted to a janitor, keeping the one room building clean, warm, and in constant repair. The old pot-bellied base burner stove required more wood than any furnace I've ever seen."

TO BE hired and fired by her own father in twenty-four hours was the fate of Harriet Lee of the blonde hair and contralto voice. Harriet first worked as a telephone operator at her parents' automobile salon in Chicago. Having seen Rudolph Valentino in a picture the night before, and being one of his ardent admirers, she thought it a splendid idea to call him at his Hollywood home. The expense meant nothing to fair Harriet, who longed to experience the thrill of hearing her idol's voice. After speaking with his valet and secretary, she learned he was on location. A little disappointed, she determined to try again the next day, but there was no next day—she was fired that night.



A cattle driver when eleven years old, was Lon McAdams, member of the "Rountowners Quartet". He was large for his age, and remarkably adept in the saddle, being regarded as one of the most promising cow men in all Kansas. Yet at no time during the eight years he rode the plains did he receive more than twelve dollars monthly. Monetary reward was of minor importance to the drivers. When McAdams Sr. installed in his barber shop the first telephone switch board in that part of the country, young Lon was called in to operate it.

The road to success was at the begin-

(*Continued on page 102*)



Every program at JOBK is worked out by a serious minded board of directors which includes professional men and chief executives.

Japanese *Fans* Pay *for Listening Privileges*

Monopoly Reaps Rich Dividends

By Hull Bronson

(Round-the-World Correspondent of Radio Digest)

BROADCASTING in Japan is on a paying basis.

In fact the stockholders of the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association receive nice dividends regularly. f course the set owner and listener-in ays the bills, but he seems to be per-ctly satisfied.

Figure this out: 200,000 subscribers to ne station at an initiation fee of Y1.00 50 cents in U. S. money) and a monthly ee of Y1.00 thereafter, or $6.00 a year—nd what have you? Just $100,000 to start ith (200,000 yen) and an income monthly f $100,000 or $1,200.000 annually. Not o tough to take—and no wonder the apan Radio Broadcasting Association has olved the problem of making broadcast-ng pay—and without a cent from adver-ising!

There are only a few stations in Japan, s compared to the number in the United tates—and they are all controlled by the .R.B.A.—and they are all operated on he same basis as JOBK—the station with he 200,000 members and the $1,200,000 nnual income.

These stations are located at Tokyo, Nagoya, Hiroshima, Kumamoto, Sendai nd Sapporo. The JOBK station is located n Osaka.

Practically all of the Japanese stations are only 10 kilo stations—owned and operated by the J.R.B.A.—but under government supervision. All advertising is out—anything with the slightest smattering of advertising will not be allowed on the air, by any of the stations. That is a definite and fast rule.

The Radio stations of Japan do not care what sort of a set you buy or contemplate buying. They are not interested in how you obtain the set—on the cash or instalment plan basis. However, as soon as you buy a set and want to listen in—the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association becomes very much interested in you.

The set-owner must at once apply for the privilege of listening in. The Association gets your name—usually from the dealer who sells the set, by their own means of learning of your purchase or you pass the information along yourself. A printed notice is then sent out to the new set-owner.

HE MUST fill in the notice with this specific information: 1. Specify the receiving set by 'crystal' or 'tubes.' 2. State number of tubes in the latter case.

When the instalment of the receiving set is permitted, notice for payment of fees is sent from the association branch office concerned and payment has to be made very promptly.

The entrance fee of Y1.00 is paid to the department of communication of the government or the association by the applicant. The rules and regulations of the



Distinguished visitors are always introduced to Japanese listeners over the Radio. Amundsen, the great arctic explorer, is shown above.

Japan Radio Broadcasting Association further indicates what a subscriber must do and what he is entitled to and how the Association controls the listening-in very thoroughly: (these rules were translated from the Japanese forms as nothing in English was available).

Persons intending to listen-in are instructed to apply to the nearest branch of this association duly accompanied by contract paper and application for setting up the Radio receiver. A metal sign is provided the licensed listeners, which is to be fixed to the gateway or the entrance of the place where the receiver is placed.

PERSONS who lose or damage the said metal sign shall at once notify the association thereof and get a new one. A cost for making the new one may be charged him. The metal sign must be returned to the branch office of the association when the receiver ceases to function or the owner changes his address to a different association Radio district.

The rules state: "The fee of the listener shall be one yen (Y1.00) per month for every receiving set. Set owners shall pay fee for programs starting from the day the permit has been given to the day listening-in is given up."

The rules and regulations of the association then dwell quite specifically on the collection of such fees—in terms and in advance and so on—every cent coming to the Association is collected from the listener-in.

Number 10 rule is interesting: When the broadcasting has stopped for more than three days owing to unforeseen causes, fees for such absent time will be figured in accordance to number of days missed. Number 11 states that members of the association may install free of fees an extra loud-speaker.

Fees for listening-in will not be charged those who own a set for educational purposes only, also any social relief societies and for sets necessary in the business of the association.

That the association has considerable leeway in handling matters can be seen by Rule 13: Contract for listening-in will be cancelled in case of listeners not paying the fees in advance, or the permit for the instalment of his receivers revoked for any reason, or any breaching of the regulations of this association. Those persons who have had their contract cancelled may be refused another contract.

Rules 14 and 15 are not bad either: The broadcasting of this association shall not be copied to phonograph records and issued or sold or used as material for any persons without the sanction of this association—and this association shall not be liable for any accident occurring from broadcasting.

All the branches, however, maintain service stations. JOBK has 34 of them—for the district it covers. The service stations test all sets and loud speakers, furnish tubes for those worn out and see that the receiving sets are giving the best possible results to the listener-in. This service comes in on the one yen monthly fee.

THE average American set owner will wonder how the Japanese manage to get all the set-owners to "come through" and subscribe to the broadcasting service—but they do—as the association is supervised by the government and the government is usually able to collect licenses and taxes of all sorts in Japan.

There are three main departments in each one of the broadcasting stations of Japan, as follows: General business department, broadcasting department and engineering departments. They are all organized in the same manner and operated more or less in the same general routine. The first general department is divided up as follows: 1. General business. 2. Management. 3. Promotion. 4. Collection of fees and subscription matters.

Each subdivision is headed by a manager who has his own staff under him. The broadcasting department has a social and educational department; literary section and news department. All are in charge of a general manager with an as-



No Radio day would be complete in Japan without the Geisha girls.



Lighter moments on the air are not forgotten. Japanese comedians are shown here putting over a good laugh. Note the shoe coverings.

stant for each department sub-division. The usual engineering department is aintained by the Japanese broadcasting ants. Most of the stations are of 10 kilo pe—and the equipment is of the latest id most modern type. The Japanese govnment is very careful to see that the test and best is being installed in the apanese broadcasting stations.

A careful check of the likes and dislkes of the subscribers to the broadasting service is used as a basis for the pe of programs given the Japanese adio audience. Usually the fan letters e carefully read and tabulated and a ommittee composed of leading men of apan take these letters into consideration hen adopting a program policy.

MEETINGS are held for doption of programs—and such men as niversity professors, newspaper editors, octors, novelists, big business men and rofessional men of all walks of life are illed in for their opinions. By such an xchange of ideas, well balanced programs re usually put on the air and the subcribers are willing to leave the matter of rograms entirely to the association and hese committees. An occasional criticism may be heard from a subscriber who rites a letter to the association about such and such program" or sends a letr to one of the various newspapers for ublication in their readers' columns.

Visitors are seldom allowed in the roadcasting stations, but through some nfluential Japanese friends I was able to pend some time at the JOBK station in saka. K. Hiroe the managing director of the station was away at the time, but I was fortunate enough to find J. Kemuyama the program director of JOBK available and through an interpreter, (Mr. Kemuyama was not able to speak English) he gave me some idea of the way Japanese programs are built and the type of talent wanted.

It seems that athletics and the various stock market proceedings are popular in Japan. JOBK therefore caters to what the subscribers want by giving them considerable information daily on athletics of various kinds—such as baseball in season and wrestling.

Japan is a great baseball country the attendance outnumbering anything that the United States can ever report, even during the World Series. The stock markets, rice, cotton, silk and other exchanges occupy a lot of the "time" of JOBK during the day. An interesting feature that was put on June 1, is a continuous five hour program, from 5 to 10 in the evening daily, consisting of stories for boys and girls, music of various kinds for both young and old, news events from all over the world and orchestral selections. This five hour program has proved to be very popular so far.

An "employment office over Radio" has also worked out well. Every morning the announcer at JOBK gives a list of the positions available in and around Osaka and tells the interested listener how to proceed to get to the places wanting him, what the pay is and also asks the listeners to send in names of unemployed people so that these employers can be given the information.



Opera in its various phases always meets the approval of Japanese listeners. Here is the chorus. The cello is the only instrument.

THIS air employment office will be kept on indefinitely, according to Mr. Kemuyama. Occasionally a program is relayed by JOAK at Tokyo through JOBK and JOCK at Nagoya—the three stations on a tie-up.

The usual program is 30 minutes—however JOBK is not so particular if a selection runs into five or ten minutes over the stated time, since "time" is not sold and all the "air" is given over to programs for the benefit of the subscribers—and if a good number takes several mniutes more —it does—that is all.

Japanese narrations assisted by Japanese musical instruments seem very popular with the air audiences.

Orchestras are graded—as number 1, 2

(*Continued on page 116*)

Radio Can Kill War

THIS message is not entered in competition for the Nobel Peace prize. It is dedicated to the listeners of the world. It embodies a new plan originated by RADIO DIGEST, which in a practical sense makes it possible for Radio to kill war.

We never tire of hearing about peace proposals. We were thrilled by the first mention of the League of Nations. Every suggestion of disarmament, however fanciful, has stirred our pulses. The pact by which the nations renounced war as a means of settling their differences was hailed with universal demonstrations of relief. The treaties which bind Great Britain, Japan, and the United States to limit construction of warships was everywhere acclaimed as a triumph of common sense.

But no lover of mankind is convinced that any of these measures or all of them combined provide absolute assurance against repetition of the slaughter that made 1914-1918 hideous in the annals of the human race. Even while our Senate was engaged in the debates that culminated in ratification of the naval treaty, angry recriminations over tariff wars were reminding us that agreements, however solemn and binding their engagements to abstain from conflict at arms or preparations to enforce demands, may prove but fragile restraints against the primitive impulse of rash anger. Particularly when we rely solely on the buttress of legal restraint and do nothing at the same time to hinder rancor and the passion of hatred.

Who that has read the pages of history can say with full confidence that the pledges of chastened sanity will always withstand the thrust of insensate fury as long as the nations remain ignorant of each other's habits and feelings and points of view?

Every successive means of bringing populations into closer touch has been welcomed as a harbinger of harmony—the steamship, the railway, the telephone, the airplane, and last, and most promising of all, the Radio. Yet all these agencies of quick communication were in existence when the greatest war of all time rocked civilization to its center; all of them were turned into instruments of desolation and disseminators of the bitter exhalations of enmity.



Are we forever to accept these misuses of science's greatest achievements as the chief fruits besides convenience, comfort and wonder, of human ingenuity and study of the forces of nature? Are we so dull of vision as to see in our vastly magnified powers only powers of destruction when crises arise that dethrone reason? Are we so lacking in imagination and intelligence as to miss the full significance of man's new ability to talk to man in every tongue and in every clime, and so, by sheer knowledge of each other's lives and motives and feelings, to render impossible any thought of violence among civilized nations?

This is not idealism. Let us consider it only in its practical aspects. Suppose, for example, that the United States, through its appropriate officers, were to take time on the principal broadcasting stations of Europe and make use of it for talks by President Hoover or Secretary of State Stimson, not in discussion of questions of state, but intimate accounts of life in America—the things we do every day, the desires that animate us, the aspirations that uplift us. Other nations, quick to sense the value of such advertising, would speedily, by the same means, make themselves known to us—not as nations but as peoples.

AND there could be not only talks by the President, his Cabinet members and others of importance in governmental circles, but under the auspices of a special committee composed of outstanding public-spirited citizens, other broadcasters representing a wide variety of activities. Great athletes and sportsmen like William Tilden, the tennis champion, Vincent Astor, the yachtsman—great industrialists like Henry Ford and Charles Schwab—great philanthropists like John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and George Eastman—labor leaders like William Green—famous inventors and scientists like Thomas A. Edison—illustrious educators like Nicholas Murray Butler—popular actors and actresses like Douglas Fairbanks and Ethel Barrymore—in short, a wide range of men and women with names already known well enough internationally to possess the attention of interesting personalities. Then in complete contrast to these celebrities there could be programs by "the unknown citizen," representing typical men, women and children in various walks of life and resident in all parts of the country. They would serve in a living sense as a parallel to the international symbol of "the unknown soldier." In every case American programs presented in foreign countries would be by Americans so that we would be doing our best to acquaint our foreign brethren with composite America. Programs could be sometimes by cable relay, sometimes by reading of letters and sometimes by recorded or "spot" broadcasting. The programs themselves should be handled in each foreign country by our Ambassador, or at least presented under his auspices.

Of course, no program would be tainted by any trace of propaganda either commercial or political. The policy would be strictly one of acquainting the people of one

A Plan That Makes Even Peace Treaties Unnecessary

ation with the people of another in a manner both simple nd sincere. That conception, moreover, should be kept acred and inviolate. It represents, so to speak, a manifesation of good intent undoubtedly needed to win the coperation of the powers-that-be in those countries where adio broadcasting is a government monopoly. It will help ifle certain United States Senators and others who are aparently ignorant of the new requirements of international elations. It will give statesmen everywhere a new inspiraon for their oratory.

To make our nobleness of purpose doubly clear, the merican Government could buy time on the principal ations of the United States for broadcasting of programs ere by the people and personages of foreign countries. n other words, we would also pay the bill to help our own eople get to know and understand their foreign neighbors.

Is this not a great conception for the promotion and reservation of world peace? Have not our government and ur people enough vision and enough fundamental unselfhness to bear gladly the burden of cost for such a worthy umanitarian end?

Have we not enough national pride to want to wipe out he stigma of being known as a money-mad, materially reedy people. Is this not a really economical and *effective* eans of convincing our fellow men and fellow women roughout the world that we are human even as they re—that we have hearts just as big and souls just as eager o serve in a Christian spirit.

To know is to understand. In conversation by Radio we ave a means of universal understanding dreamed of by the oet in his vision of a federation of the world.

Can any reasonable person believe that misunderstandngs born of ignorance, would long survive the dissolving ower of mutual knowledge? Who that has visited Gerany in recent years believes that the people of Germany ould ever have fought the people of America or the people f France or the people of Great Britain or the people of taly if among all these peoples there had long been the riendly intercourse of intimate speech?

THE space here available does not permit enlargement upon such questions or the answers thereto, or even to escribe in further detail the plan whereby Radio can kill var. Our primary objective after all is to project an idea nd to leave the refinements and execution largely to the enius of others. Meanwhile, however, we cannot but express the hope that the President of the United States, he people of the United States and the leaders of the Radio ndustry (which has so great an opportunity to serve) will nove swiftly so that *before the snow flies* the United States of America will be negotiating broadcasting time in *every nation of the world*, thereby assuming leadership not only in the preading of good will among nations, but infinitely more mportant good will among peoples. Let us not procrastiate! Let us thrust aside petty politics in order to do a complete job *and a great job.*

RAY BILL



Voice of the

STRONG FOR GUY LOMBARDO

PLEASE record me as another admirer of the music as played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. I think they are the best. There are, of course, other bands who receive more free space in the papers, but this is due, I think, to the fact that these have got themselves in the public eye by means of something they have done other than playing.

The Royal Canadians have received very little publicity besides that gained from the broadcasting of their music, and this music, "the sweetest this side of Heaven" as some other close follower has so justly called it, has made them for me. If they were featured over NBC, instead of the CBS, I believe they would be a much greater success. The Columbia just doesn't seem to have the clear channel; the National does. I know this is true on this side of the country. I have to work very hard to hear Guy and the boys, from KDYL at Salt Lake City, Utah; but I do so, for their music with the poorest reception, is still good to me.

Your magazine is the best I have found for entertainment of the average listener. It has more to do with the programs rather than the technical side of Radio, the latter not being of much interest to me. I do not, however, like the grade of paper you use, but this is of minor importance.—Ed Russell, Wasco, Calif.

* * *

ODE TO RUDY

YOU received a letter from me quite a month ago, as you will remember, concerning an article that had been published in this magazine about Rudy Vallee. I wanted it published, and suppose it will be before long. I have written a piece of poetry however, that I would like very, very, much published if you think it is O.K.

I read every word in Radio Digest every month, wouldn't be without it. I enjoy it to the fullest extent, and will always continue to do so, long as it is as interesting as it is now.

I know a voice so sweet and clear,
So far away and yet so near.
It's so charming, and soothes all hearts in pain—
One all its own from a man always the same.
He's honest and true, and of his kind there's very few.
With his band he always sends us something new.
He has strived, worked hard, and deserves all his fame.
And with it all, comes his wonderful name.
With this verse, no other will tally.
But the one and only Rudy Vallee.
—Pearl Sutherland, Kokomo, Ind.

* * *

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

THIS is my first letter, written while flat on my back, due to a serious bone operation two months ago, and I'm just full of "talk."

I've had a Radio for two years and have been reading Radio Digest about a year and a half. It is by far the best—in every way—on the market; the only fault being the paper you now use is somewhat cheaper and does not give best results for the pictures and photos; and please let's not have any more yellow pictures as shown in July Radio Digest. They all look "sick."

I'm very tired of the knockers of "Amos and Andy." If they don't want to listen to them—why not listen to something else—or why not read some other story? You know you can't please "*all* the people *all* the time" but you *are pleasing* "all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time." So don't worry and don't pay any attention when they "Knock." For one thing, I don't like at all the letter of Mrs. T. C. Bragg, Detroit, Mich., in the July issue. I'm not a "poor farmer" nor a newly (or old-ly) arrived foreigner. I come in contact with all kinds of people. My mother was raised on a grand farm and had a fine education. I wouldn't mind changing places with some of the good farmers of the world. They're O.K. And what would Mrs. Bragg do if we had no farmers? Some of the world's best men were gentlemen farmers and foreigners. Evidently the farmer and foreigner have sense enough to enjoy the delightful and entertaining "Amos and Andy." More power to 'em and long may they broadcast.

If I couldn't do anything but complain, I'd not write at all. I know there are other people in the world with a Radio set besides myself and the air is full of programs to suit each individual.

I do not like KWKH on account of the sameness of the "rant and rave." I trade with both kinds of stores and I certainly get the best deal from the chain stores; they are cheaper, give much better food-stuffs and more courteous service. They do not discriminate between the rich and the poor. Their stores are neat and well arranged. So Mr. Henderson can't influence me; I'm free, white and twenty-one (and maybe a little more) and able to know whether I should buy from chain stores or an *independent merchant*. Sure, they are "Independent" due to their high prices, potatoes with holes and half rotten apples and I could name many other things.

Pardon such a long letter—my first and I'm so "wound up." I will not offend again.—Mrs. A. H. Kuykendall, Asheville, N. C.

* * *

BRING IN THE GOAT

A FEW lines to compliment you and the staff of the Radio Digest on your good work. I first became acquainted with your magazine two years ago when I saw it on the newsstand. Since that time I haven't missed a single copy. Why not give the Philadelphia stations more of a writeup. I especially would like to see one about The Negro Achievement Hour from station WFAN. This feature is indeed a very fine program and I enjoy it because it is conducted by a member of the negro race, Theodore Miller, known over the air as "Ted Miller." Negro Achievement Hour is broadcast only in the winter and I miss it very much. Enroll me as a member of V. O. L. Club.—Edward Hinton, 11 St. Asaph Rd., Bala, Pa.

* * *

WOODY'S "FOULING PIECE"

I WISH to pass on to you the following bit of punning by Quin Ryan, WGN announcer:

It was at a baseball game at Wrigley Field, Chicago, between the Cubs and Brooklyn. "Woody" English, Cub third baseman, was at bat and had fouled off quite a number of balls. On the next pitch the announcer declared: "There goes another foul by English. That makes about seven or eight fouls he has hit with that fouling-piece of his."—John Kelly, 1823 Woodside Ave., Bay City, Mich.

* * *

MORE POWER TO 'EM

I GET a violent feeling of nausea every time I read the perfectly ridiculous arguments against high-power which continue to clutter u the best Radio magazines. These treatises o the undesirability of super-power are evidentl composed by the descendants of those ers while gentlemen, who in the early days of th automobile, created the law that require every gas-buggy to be preceded by a man o foot some fifty feet ahead carrying a red flag t warn the goodfolk that one of the creations His Satanic Majesty was on the road and to s tight and hold everything until the diabolic menace was out of range.

I am located sixteen miles airline from th best 50,000 watt station in America. Its 30 foot antenna towers are plainly visible fro the roof of my house. Instead of blanketin every degree from 0 to 100 on the dial as eve anti-super-power fanatic insists that 50,0 watts would do, I find they were slightly i error. The truth of the matter is: WFA blankets only two frequencies, 810 and 79 Below WFAA on 820 kilocycles WHAS com in clearly without any interference from th 50,000 watt giant *visible from this address*. Th same can be said of WMC twenty kilocycl the other side of WFAA. Can anybody ca twenty kilocycle selectivity only sixteen mil from the station *blanketing*?

Down on 1040 kilocycles is the local bugbea KRLD which annihilates every frequency b tween 1000 and 1090 with a 10,000 watt st tion which is received here with one-half th volume of WFAA although it blankets thr times as many waves. "And I'll tell you why WFAA's equipment is new. It is precisio built, crystal controlled, 100 per cent modul tion. It incorporates every principle known modern radio engineers. It's the last word radio transmitters. It tunes sharply and sen out a powerful signal. But a 10,000 wa station with old mediocre equipment w blanket ninety or a hundred kilocycles wit signal strength much less than that of th sharper tuning 50,000 watt station.

When WFAA had 500 watts it took *fou* kilocycles to tune it out; but now with 50,0 watts it can be tuned out in *twenty* kilocycle Is this a disadvantage of super-power?

This is the static season in the South. Fro April to October the South is overspread by blanket of static and exclusive of local statio the only ones that we can listen to are WEN and WTAM, both 50,000 watters. The onl thing that can cure the South's static is supe power. On a fair night, WENR, 50,000 watt 800 miles away, is as loud as WBAP, 10,00 watts, 32 miles away. W. A. T.

* * *

WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

NEARBY stations: KVOO, WOAI, KTH KWKH, KPRC, KTRH, and WKY wi come in very well and clearly for a few second and then the next instant will fade far below th static level for twenty or thirty seconds whe they come blaring back in like a local and the right back under the static again. It is thi way all evening long. They are too *close* to b received well. It cannot be said of these sta tions that they *serve* this area.

These statements that I have made are no fiction or theory. They are cold hard facts as have found them.

And speaking for the entire South, I entreat Give us more and more watts.—Eugene Martin 5446 McCommas Lane, Dallas, Tex.

Listener

NOT OUR FAULT

HAVE been reading your magazine for many months and my home town pride is touched cause so little of Radio news from Houston fer gets to your paper. "KPRC" here in uston is 5000 watts. I notice your list gives only 2500 watts; showing you *are* about ht months behind on news.

R. S. Sterling who is running for Governor ns the station and we people of Houston get the little friendly news of KPRC and the allest station, KTLC every day on a Radio ge of the Houston *Post Despatch*.—Evelyn ady, 417 W. 12th St., Houston, Texas.

* * *

HIST! MUSICAL DETECTIVE!

ONE of the most entertaining and educational programs on the air is broadcast every onday night from KNX Hollywood, Calif., 9:30 P.M. P. S. T. I refer to the half-hour announced as the—Radio Musical Detective—ich features in an original way an exposure "stolen melodies". No favoritism is disyed, as the very latest theme songs and Tin n Alley concoctions are taken over the coals. is about time that the truth was brought me to the public. The musical detective nounces first some melody he ran across in researches, as for example, the Yodel Song and after his musicians have rendered the mber, he discloses that some up-to-date mposer (?) highjacked the tune, asking you listen now to "SHOULD I? and see if you n find any resemblance. There is no doubt at this program enjoys great favor and a ge audience.

The Radio Musical Detective invites the teners to send in some of their clews, and dging from the many solved mysteries sent there is much interest taken all over the tion. Those sending in the results of their uth-work, are nominated assistant-detecres of the Radio Musical Detective.

When one listens to this program one comes ask "What does copyright stand for?" It ay be alright to steal a tune from a song ich was popular fifty years ago, but those mposers (?) are not satisfied with appropriating these and the works of the great asters, but they help themselves even to re-nt publications. How is it then that there e not more lawsuits for copyright infringeents? One is led to believe that everybody involved in that racket, and that therefore one has the nerve to expose himself to a turn the table. What one, however, can not explain is the fact that the great talkie companies ke those writers under contract, paying from 00 to $1,000 a week salary and on top of that royalty. Surely we have genuine musicians the United States, writers who do not steal borrow their melodies. Yes we have, but as rule they are not connected with Tin Pan lley or with Hollywood.

How the Society of Authors, Composers and ublishers, has the nerve to enforce and collect License Tax for the presentations in Public erformance for profit, on some of those tunes exposed by the Musical Detective, surely is a onder. In the meantime the talent and enius which we possess here in the United tates goes a-begging, finding no publishers to ke their compositions, and finding the chain adio stations tied up with the music trust, so hat they will not put independent compositions or publications on the air. The only hope or the unknown genius and talent lies with the independent radio stations of America, and it is to be hoped that every one of them will give at least One Hour per week to present the works of writers not affiliated with the Society or the various talkie-publishers' combines. The Radio Musical Detective program will accomplish a lot toward educating the public that not everything that shines is gold.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, New Mexico.

* * *

JUST FOR THAT, MRS. B.!

I AM a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and always read the "Voice of the Listener", because there are some clever and sensible letters written. I rather changed my opinion, when I read the letter of the world's original knocker, Mrs. T. C. Bragg.

So farmers, with no sense of humor, and foreigners just arrived in this country, are the only ones who listen to Amos 'n' Andy, Mrs. Bragg? What a laugh! If you please, I am no newly arrived foreigner, but am a one hundred percent American citizen, born and raised in this good old U. S. A. And I am not a farmer, but certainly wouldn't be ashamed of it, if I was, because they are real honest to goodness people.

If you would only stop to realize, fifty percent of our farmers are high school and college graduates. And I am sure they possess as much of a sense of humor as you, and I hope, a great deal more.

We all have different views and opinions, thank heaven, otherwise this world would still be back in the cave-man era. But since we have different ideas, the world has progressed rapidly. If you don't care for Amos 'n' Andy, I'm sure it isn't compulsory to listen to them, and there are a great number of stations you can turn to. One less listener will not cause them to die of grief, and I know they wouldn't care if you turned to another station.—Mrs. M. A. MacLeod, 1870 Erie St., Hammond, Ind.

* * *

COMING NEXT MONTH

THE June number was the first Radio Digest we ever purchased. We certainly won't miss another. We would like to read and see more of WTAM, Cleveland in Radio Digest. It is our favorite station and Gene and Glenn are our favorite program. Jake and Lena are really true to life. Gene is a real genius and Glenn's laugh and piano playing capture your heart at first hearing. Both Gene and Glenn have excellent voices and they blend well together. They are good, clean and well-deserving boys. Let's have more of them.

We also love Johanna Grosse and her fine organ playing.—Micky, Niles, Ohio.

* * *

ENDS SEPTEMBER 20th

A FEW days ago I sent in ten subscriptions for the "Radio Digest" also check for forty-one dollars to prepay a year's subscription for each one—one order was in Revelstoke, B. C. for which I sent in five dollars—making $41.00 in all. I am now working trying to get ten more subscriptions. Will you please tell me what day you have to have the subscriptions in—in order to enter the Radio Contest for the most popular radio announcer or program. I am working in the interests of Jerry Wilford—"The Vagabond of the Air" who is a great favorite in the West—Canada and elsewhere and we are all hoping to have him among the winners—— Mrs. Harry R. Rand, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mr. Jerry Wilford "The Vagabond of the Air" has the midnight hour at KSL in Salt Lake City, Utah.

* * *

OH, NATALIE READ THIS!

I WROTE to you several months ago to have an article in the Radio Digest about Coon-Sanders' Original Nighthawks. You were so kind to have a lovely article in a recent issue. I want to thank you so much. I appreciate your kindness.

Now, I wonder if I could ask another favor of you? I hope you do not mind.

Have you heard of Charles Dameron, crooning tenor at WLW? Of course you have. There was a small picture of him in July issue.

Will you PLEASE have an article about Charles Dameron in real soon? PLEASE! He has had a very interesting life—and plenty of fan following. Oh! PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE! have an article about Charles Dameron in real, real soon. PLEASE!

I still say that Radio Digest is the most wonderful magazine ever. Was so thrilled with the Anniversary number. I have been reading Radio Digest for five years and a subscriber for over three years. Oh! what a magazine.

PLEASE! Mr. Brown, have a special article about Charles Dameron of WLW real, real soon. PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!

Thanking you from the very bottom of my heart and wishing you everything wonderful.—Virginia Peters, 2479 Madison Rd. No. 6, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT NOW?

WE bought our Radio the last of February and our first Radio Digest in March and have not missed one since. It certainly is a wonderful magazine for Radio owners. We enjoy it very much because it makes us feel as though we knew the artists.

We agree with Mrs. L. L. Stoneking of Hannibal, Mo., and Miss Madalyn Weaver of Bethany, Ill., by saying that we would rather you would devote all your space to Radio news and artists and leave the fiction for some other magazine which has nothing more important to write about.

Will you please print a picture and a little information about Phil Cook, The One Man Show of the NBC.

Please do not forget that Smiling Ed McConnel promised a picture of Ed Junior upon request. We would like to see it soon, see if mother and dad will hold her while the photographer takes the picture and then we can get a glimpse of them also.

Please print all you can about Floyd Gibbons, as any story of his life could not help being interesting reading. Thanking you in advance we remain.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, Caro, Mich.

* * *

THE VOL GOAT, HENRY!

PLEASE allow me to become a member of the V.O.L. Correspondence Club. I also want to ask you to try and put more material in your magazine about station KTHS at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

I think it is the best station on the air, bar none, not even W. K. Henderson's KWKH or WENR or WLW. I like all three of those stations fine but they are not equal to KTHS. Campbell Arnoux, announcer at KTHS, is about the best announcer on the air.

I would also like for KTHS to have more time on the air as they share their frequency with KRLD at Dallas.—Paul Simms, Hope, Ark.



Here Comes the



PARADE of the STATIONS

Excuse, Please, While We Get Settled—

GREETINGS to the Station Parade: We have been so flustered in packing up and moving all our things from Chicago to New York that it seems the band has moved into the middle somewhere and the drum major got lost in California. We ask your indulgence if the third trombone pipes up in Florida and the piccolo responds from Seattle.

Anyhow—aside from that—how do you like our New York dress? Really?

Just the same we are still the all-American Radio Digest that we have been before. Going to try and give you all the news we can get about your own stations wherever you are. And if you don't see your station getting representation in Radio Digest drop a line to the manager. Tell him to send us a story and some pictures because we are truly anxious to give every station a place in this Big Parade. There are no strings to the proposition.

So here we go. Strike up the band. And the first to come along is Henchell Hart with his story about the Tenth Anniversary of WWJ at Detroit.

Ten Candles

Detroit News Station WWJ Takes You Back for Decade

By HERSCHELL HART

ONE soft summer night a decade ago, Detroiters hurried through their evening meal, and, as quickly as possible, took their stand before huge white sheets stretched over blank walls of downtown buildings. On these the results of the day's primary election were being thrown by magic lanterns.

If you had been there you probably would have heard more than one conversation like this:

"Well, they can't beat this method of telling us who won the primary, can they?"



Jefferson B. Webb, Manager WWJ and of Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

"I'll say not—but you know, folks are always tryin' something new. Say, did you hear what *The Detroit News* is doing? NO? Well, they've got some kind of a new contraption—Radio, they call it. They said in today's paper they'd tell us the returns over it tonight—over thin air. Can you imagine that?"

"No, and I'm tellin' you, it can't be done; you gotta have wires—"

But *The Detroit News* station did tell those fortunate Detroiters who possessed crystal sets who won that primary,—did it over "thin air", and WWJ has been doing just that and more ever since.

Now about the time you are seeing this issue of Radio Digest, *The Detroit Ne* will be celebrating its tenth birthda This is an especially proud day for WW because records show it to be the fi Radio station in the world to inaugura and maintain regularly scheduled broa casting programs.

WWJ began broadcasting with a seri of experimental programs, on watts power, August 20, 1920. Many ye before, men associated with *The Detr News* had shown their interest in the e periments that later developed this n art.

As early as 1902, the late James Scripps, who founded *The News*, and l son, William E. Scripps, now president the paper, financially aided the wirel telegraphy experiments of Thomas Clark, of Detroit.

On August 31, 1920, the public was i formed by The News that a Radio broa casting set was operating and that t results of that day's primary would given. The same year, the results of t world series baseball games, the natio election returns and the better class musical programs were broadcast. B cause of WWJ's close connection wi *The Detroit News*, its program's standar were watched closely and kept free fro the pitfalls of cheapness.

During 1921 the programs were built u In January 1922 a Western Electric 5 watt transmitter was installed. This w the first of its kind sold by the Weste Electric Company. A few years lat WWJ installed an improved transmitt and the 500-watt outfit was presented the Michigan State College at East Lan ing, Michigan.

The first orchestra ever organized e clusively for broadcasting was formed b WWJ. It was composed of members of t well-known Detroit Symphony Orchestr

This was the year too, that WWJ brok another Radio record. It carried out ov the air, to listeners in Michigan and neigh boring states, the music of the Detro Symphony Orchestra under the leadersh of Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Victor Kola



Miss Marion Martin
W W J
Program Director
Piano Soloist

Since that day, year after year, WWJ teners have heard the symphony's con- rts each Sunday afternoon in season, ıder the baton of Mr. Kolar. Among the ation's best friends has been Mr. Gabril- vitsch; who until recently has refrained om stepping before the microphone in his le as piano virtuoso.

But Ossip Gabrilowitsch has never for- tten those early days and now that WJ is celebrating its tenth birthday, he appearing on the gala program as soloist.

Playing the accompaniment for Mr. abrilowitsch is a Little Symphony, all mbers of the Detroit Symphony, under e baton of Mr. Kolar, associate con- ictor.

Jefferson B. Webb, manager of WWJ, ıd also manager of the Detroit Symphony rchestra, has had his production depart- ent arrange an evening of entertainment pical and worthy of this most important ent in the life of the station.

VARIETY is the keynote. The Olean- ders, directed by Ole Foerch, contrib- e a period of dance music and features. ther studio entertainers, including Miss arion Martin, program director, and ano sol ist, and John Prosser, baritone ıd announcer, are being heard.

Master of Cermonies will be E. L. "Ty" yson, a veteran of eight years with the ation, and in charge of announcers.

Others on the staff of WWJ who have ı active part in the program, are: Robert Kelly, assistant manager, and Harold riestley, announcer.

Throughout its life, WWJ has given of s time and energy to civic benefit. One inter in the early days a storm was so avy that all communication, including the Associated Press wires, was cut to many towns and cities in Michigan and Ontario. Realizing the anxiety of the residents of these communities for their friends and relatives elsewhere, WWJ offered its services to the Associated Press. For several days, until the wires could be replaced, news bulletins, information and messages were broadcast both to newspapers and individuals.

AT THIS time, also, WWJ was co-operating with the Detroit Police Department in the tracking of criminals, the suppression of crime, the recovery of stolen property and in helping locate missing pe sons. This service proved Radio's advantage to the police and resulted in Detroit being the first city in the country to adopt Radio as one of its most important methods of maintaining order.

WWJ became a member of the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company in 1925, the first station in this section of the country to accept these programs.

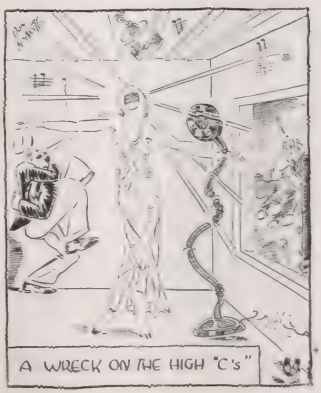
With this entertainment as a basis and active production and program departments, WWJ has become one of the best favored stations within its listening area.

* * *

Just have to look at that call to the South. It's Louisville—WHAS of the Courier-Journal

WHAS, Louisville, Has Staff of Sixty Artists

WHEN the manager of WHAS, radiophone of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times*, calls the staff roll, a list of artists, formidable as a theatrical revue, is at hand to respond with other entertainment.



The Greater Louisville Ensemble; The Royal Hungarians; Jack Turner; Ray Bahr and his music; Lizabeth Ann; George Weiderhold, basso; Louis Rigo, director, and the *Courier-Journal* Little Symphony; George Austin Moore, monologist; Patty Jean, home economics director; and a multitude of others join the popular announcing staff, Joe Eaton, Don McNeill, S. P. Lewis, Alton Reed, and Bob Horan in the cheerful business of entertaining WHAS' many listeners.

When Mr. Radio was but a babe in arms, and his cries were the embryonic squeals of jazz, the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times* adopted him as a further means of serving their territory. On July 18, 1922 after exhaustive tests, the first regular schedule was put on the air. Since that date, without interruption, WHAS has continued to serve its listeners in an ever-widening area with the best possible talent and carefully planned programs. Twice boosted in power, the station now broadcasts with a power of 10,000 watts on a nationally cleared channel and a staff of three-score executives and artists is employed to provide programs for the seventeen hour daily schedule.

Down in old Kaintuck' in particular and almost everywhere in general tuners-in associate the name of Jack Turner with happy hours before the loud speaker. Jack has that happy faculty of radiating his personality across the radio waves so that each listener feels that he is being addressed personally and most tunefully. Possessing a "natural" unaffected voice, Jack can sing them old or new, furnishing his own accompaniment in a sparkling piano or ukulele style. His weekly fan mail looks like a section of a post office in the Christmas rush. And he lately has come into the limelight as a composer of popular airs which have caught on unbelievably well with his listeners, and which he has had published in sheet form. Turner joined the WHAS staff last year, coming from Milwaukee. Prior to that time he had been a headliner at a large Chicago station.

SATURDAY night on WHAS is synonymous with a presentation of the Greater Louisville Ensemble. This mixed quartette and string ensemble has been on the air four and a half years, being the station's first commercial account. The quartet, consisting of Esther Metz, soprano; Anna Scholtz, contralto; Joseph Eisenbeis, tenor; and William G. Meyer, baritone, has appeared in more than two hundred and fifty programs and is still one of the most popular features on the air. Beginning his broadcast on the theory that "the name is the thing", Gustav Flexner, managing director of the ensemble, has steadfastly refused to do the usual and have a lengthy commercial announcement concerning his business. He simply gives

the name of the sponsor, and two hundred and fifty broadcasts can't be wrong.

AN UNUSUAL group to be on the air, apart from one of the networks, are the Royal Hungarians, under the direction of the Gypsy violinist Lajos Ritzko. This spirited aggregation has been a feature of WHAS for more than a year, and the stirring, fiery renditions of Hungarian airs, as well as of popular selections and tunes of various countries, have placed these concerts decidedly in the realm of the sought-after in Radio.

The Man from the South in multiple form is an apt description of Ray Bahr and his Music, real "southland" dance band, whose torrid tempo reverberates from WHAS several nights a week. One of the outstanding dispensers of modern rhythm in Dixie, they play every number in their own unusual arrangement.

Ranking with the best in her line in the broadcast field, 'Lizabeth Ann, the "child artist", has won a wide reputation as a juvenile impersonator on the air. She writes and directs two commercial children's features on WHAS, taking the leading part in each. 'Lizabeth Ann is equally at home writing a cute bit of kid poetry, or improvising the wittiest of child sayings which keep the entire staff in an uproar during her programs.

George Weiderhold, basso, is one of a number of operatic singers who has cast his lot with Radio in the past two years. Mr. Weiderhold toured America and Canada for several years with an opera company and has appeared with some of the larger opera companies. He is musical director of WHAS, and in addition to his singing and staff musical activities, he is the gentleman who says "yes" or "no" to many of the hundreds of audition-seekers at the studio. He is very much at home before the mike as a character man.

There is romance in the career of Louis Rigo, director of the *Courier-Journal* Little Symphony. He came to this country from Hungary as concertmeister of a group of Gypsy musicians. He was concertmeister of the Chatauqua Orchestra for two years, and toured the country with various other musical groups. Now he wields an inspired baton, and produces soulful tones from his everpresent violin in the WHAS studios.

Those who have followed vaudeville undoubtedly remember George Austin Moore, monologist, who was a headliner in that profession for more than a score of years and whose reputation is international. His dialect stories and humorous songs have been heard and enjoyed by American audiences as well as in Canada, England, the Orient, Honolulu, and other parts of the world. Now he has turned to the microphone, and the radio audience has come to look forward to his tri-weekly song and story fests, on WHAS.

Mrs. Louise Huey, "Patty Jean", is director of the home economics department, presenting daily programs which have an especial appeal to the fair sex. A college graduate, (she majored in home economics) Patty Jean has developed a tremendous following among those who want the latest in chocolate cakes, and what to wear and why.

THOSE special musical arrangements and the new musical numbers heard by WHAS fans come from the pens of Nick Conte, formerly of La Scala, Milan, Italy; Ted Grubb and Wally Crane, sta arrangers; and Barry Bingham, lyricis

The announcing staff of WHAS headed by Joe Eaton, studio director, an is composed of seasoned veterans of th mike. Mr. Eaton came to WHAS fro WOW, Omaha, Neb. He has an e tremely likable personality which is mu in evidence even on the air. He does bit of clever vocalizing now and then, an the abundance of sweet scented letters his mail box doesn't spell disapproval.

DON McNEILL, who came to the st tion from WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wis has a sure, humorous style of putting ov his programs which endeared him WHAS listeners from the start. In add tion to his turns at the mike, he is Rad editor of the *Courier-Journal*, does pu licity work, and takes a bit of time o to sketch caricatures and cartoons for t Radio section of that newspaper.

Steve Lewis, who addressed the mil from WPTF, Raleigh, N. C., before con ing to the Louisville station, is likely burst into song at any moment, and li teners hear his jolly prattle often throug the day's schedule.

Alton Reed, former Texas cowpunche who has been in various educational i stitutions for eighteen years; and B Horan, who is actively engaged in soci service work, outside of his mike task have been with WHAS since enteri Radio.

The WHAS quartette, a feature of weekly commercial program gives popular numbers a zest, and modern ha mony interpretation which has made t group a great favorite with the fans.

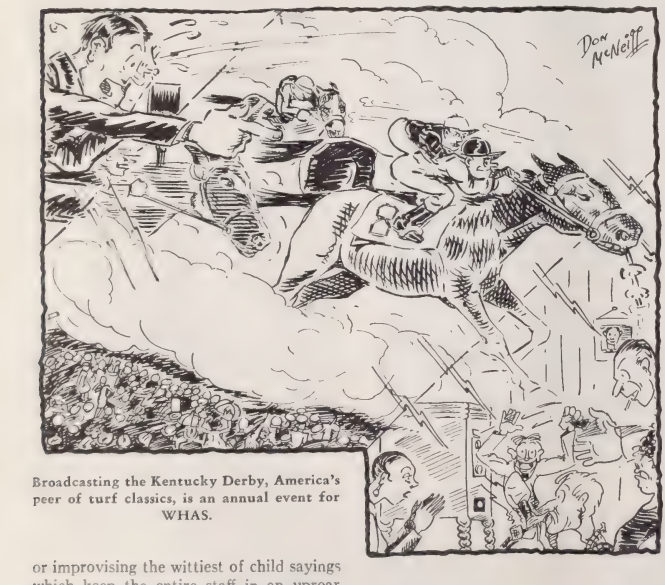
* * *

KMOX Expands

KMOX, the most modern Radio statio in the United States has reached compl tion and will go on the air on July 28t All equipment even to the smallest ins lator is the "latest word." The station practically fool-proof and every emergen that could possibly arise has been checke All batteries and tubes are in duplicate a two sources of power are available for su plying the transmitter with current.

KMOX came into being in 1925, unde written by a group of St. Louis busine men. The first program was put on t air from studios in the Mayfair Hotel Christmas eve and was reported to ha penetrated as far north as Alaska and far south as New Zealand. The site for t new transmitter which is eight miles sou of the city's limit, was selected last sum mer. Work was begun after the first the year.

George Junkin, director of KMO always has maintained an attentive ear the echoes of approval or disapprov from the listening public. His progra have been constructed accordingly. Th he has brought the station to its prese position of esteem and expanded facilitie



Broadcasting the Kentucky Derby, America's peer of turf classics, is an annual event for WHAS.

nows Her ollegiate

WHEN Jane Froman, the "sapphire song bird" of WLW, sings about collegiate love, and dear old alma mater, she knows whereof she sings.



She rises for the school songs of seven different institutions. Before she went to the University of Missouri for degrees in Arts and Letters, and in Journalism, she l attended the following schools: a con- t in Clinton, Mo.; Christian college in umbia, Mo.; Central college at Fayette, .; Forest Park university at St. Louis, .; and five summers of voice training at Oscar Segal school in New York city. Now she spends her days working for a gree in music at the Cincinnati Conserva- y of Music, and her nights working for approval of the Radio audience.

No "blue stocking" is Jane either, in te of the years she has spent at her ks. She's generally considered the ttiest entertainer at the Crosley sta- ns. Her conversation is full of the artest bits of argot, and her clothes are envy of every female in sight.

* * *

Radio Announcer nder Pressure

EE GOLDSMITH, Station WCKY manager, Covington, Ky., had just ne to Kansas for his vacation. Jerry ers was stationed at Coney Island for orchestral broadcast. Maurice Thomp- n was alone at the studio to handle tion announcements.

An artist did not appear. Two minutes go.

Thompson hurriedly arranged a vocal ogram, but he could hardly announce ; own selections.

Olin Davis, public school superinten- nt of Dayton, Ky., and sports announcer the station, appeared. He was taken two arms into Studio A. He began to otest. Thompson shushed him.

"Shh. We're on the air, and you must nounce", Davis was commanded. And en proceeded to lock the door.

Davis had to announce and liked it. Shortly afterward a cop peered through the studio window. Davis insisted that he must go, for "my car is—". But Thompson did not hear the explanation.

Half an hour later Davis was released to the cop to explain why he had parked his car a yard from the curb where signs read plainly, "No Parking". Thompson was sorry; Davis was angry, and the cop? Well, he was one of those good cops who understood, and let Davis go with a reprimand. Davis says he isn't going to visit WCKY for awhile.

* * *

George M. Watson at KSTP

IT WAS in Shreveport, La., as the guest of K. W. "Hello World" Henderson, that George M. Watson took his first try at the microphone. After making his Radio debut, he began the study of music, learning the names of the composers, and visiting station after station in the South, the East and in Canada. He tried his hand at the microphone in various cities on his route, but it was not until he returned to St. Paul again that he shook off his "mike fright" and applied for a position at KSTP. His voice made an immediate hit, and he was put on trial as master of ceremonies of the Early Risers Club.

He is no longer a believer in the old saying that "a man can't make good in his own home town," for his work at KSTP has earned for him a place in Northwestern Radio circles. His hobby is Patsy, his own pet bulldog, and making toy airplanes. For a while he was destined to be a plane pilot and while in Memphis received a state license as a flier. He spent some time in the South handling sightseeing tours for airplane passengers, but has given up aviation entirely for Radio.



"Rags" Anderson, who won fame as master of ceremonies at WAIU, is versatile in musical accomplishments as the picture shows.

Favorite Teams At KIDO, Boise

STATION KIDO, Boise, Idaho, is the only station in that state of 1000 watts. Daily select features are being broadcast from KIDO—a continuous program from early morn to dewy eve and far into the night. Two of the features are the teams Cecil and Sally and Jake and Elmer, both of which have a large following in that vicinity.

KIDO is equipped with all the most modern equipment and "fixtures" including a full staff of station workers. With the prosperous condition of the state, the spread of Radio listeners is rapidly on the increase.

* * *

An Old Trouper Now Before the Mike

A VETERAN actor, is Charles B. Hamlin, cast as "The Old Settler" in WTMJ's Sunday evening "Now and Then" program, a feature contrasting life twenty-five years ago with that now. From his rich store of adventures all over this country and Canada, Mr. Hamlin recalls incidents of other years during this broadcast, and a *Milwaukee Journal* station orchestra plays selections reminiscent of pre-war days.

His Radio role harks back to the infancy of the celluloid industry when he was cast as the rube in Keystone comedies with Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin.

Mr. Hamlin wasn't born in a theatrical trunk, but before he had celebrated his fifteenth birthday, he was playing the title role in the original "Peck's Bad Boy". Soon thereafter he donned golden curls and thoughtful characteristics to become "Little Lord Fauntleroy".

Character parts always have been Mr. Hamlin's forte. At one time he deserted the playhouse for a season with Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch shows, where his disguise as an Indian was so deceiving that Col. Miller himself swore he couldn't tell him from the real Indians in the show.

* * *

WTMJ's Membership Card is Round

The WTMJ Club Four Aces is the only Radio club with a round membership card, and what's more, the only club in the world with a useful membership card!



WEAO student play in rehearsal

May Be a Kiss in the Dark?

Student Players Broadcast Drama With Lights Out

LIMELIGHT and footlights don't mean a thing in the lives of these intelligent young playfolk of the University of Ohio. It is much easier to work in the dim shadows of the studio with faces barely discernible. The effects to be obtained are not disturbed by distracting realities.

This group of campus actors is entering upon its third season as a regular feature of the WEAO program from Ohio State University.

The players face the mike every Friday at 8:30 p.m. for a half-hour program. Why the "lights out"? Here's the reason. The studio actors found that the bright lights and hubbub of the station kept them from getting in the mood for their parts. They tried turning out all lights except those in the control room and placing a small lamp by each microphone. The idea worked and now whenever the players are on the air the WEAO studios take on a Stygian aspect.

During the two years that the players have broadcast they have given more than seventy-five performances. Ten of these were special cuttings of Shakespeare, including such plays as Romeo and Juliet, MacBeth, Julius Caesar, Anthony and Cleopatra, Henry IV, and others of the same type.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's immortal comedy, "The Rivals," was revived and presented when the players celebrated their second anniversary at WEAO this spring.

Modern one-act plays; "three-actors" cut to thirty minutes playing time; dramatizations of short stories and even novels; and a number of original Radio plays written by members of the group, have all been included in the players' programs.

GWENDOLYN JENKINS, assistant director of dramatics in charge of Radio drama at Ohio State University, has been director of the players since the beginning of their broadcasts. She has been assisted by David Larrimer, now staff announcer at WEAO, and William Knepper, who has supervised musical settings and sound effects.

Virginia Ferree, prominent in campus dramatics, and Ann Bryan, who has studied with Jessie Bonstelle in Detroit, have ... ried many of the feminine leads, while L... rimer and Knepper had added acting ... their other studio duties.

The players use the repertory syst... with the same group of principals head... up the cast of each of the weekly pla... Additional material is recruited from ... ranks of campus dramatic organizatio...

Special technique for writing Ra... drama has been studied as a new form ... literature and eventually it is expec... that leading universities will adapt ... teaching of it as a part of a regular cou... in rhetoric and composition.

* * *

Neighbor Palmer of WAIU

By DOROTHY E. REED

GO UP to the twelfth floor of the Desh... Hotel in Columbus, Ohio, any noon ... you think the world's all wrong. Push yo... way through the crowd. There is alwa... a crowd. Anywhere from fifty to t... hundred people, milling (as they say ... newspaper parlance) about. Look at th... faces.

Tired country women, fresh from ... morning's hard work—some of them wi... sleepy babies in their arms. Farme... burnt to a dull brick red by the su... Little boys. Ladies in kid gloves, wi... jewels at their throats. Everybody. A... the same look on all their faces—pu... adoration.

You look around for Buddy Rogers, ut you don't see him. Instead, you dis-over a boyish, compactly-built figure ated at a small table. Before him is a icrophone. He grins.

"Hello, neighbors!" he cries.

EVERYBODY grins back. Out beyond the Deshler in Columbus, out beyond olumbus in Ohio, thousands of people re turning on their radios. Thousands of eople are grinning back. "There's the eighbor", they say. "There's Fred almer, up at WAIU".



eighbor Fred Palmer, WAIU and his morn-ing's mail.

Neighbor Palmer is conducting his daily arm hour. He reads news items. He racks jokes. He just talks. Sometimes e sings. His voice isn't like Rudy Val-ee's; his jokes aren't the funniest in the world. Why, then, do hard-working armers hitch their tractors to a fence-ost, load up the family Ford, and drive miles just to see him? Why do letters pour into the station from far and near? Why do nice, grandmotherly ladies shower im with cakes and doughnuts and neck-ies?

Neighbor Palmer is his own answer to hese questions. Once you hear him, ou stop asking. You let yourself be arried along by the verve of his spirits, he vigor of his personality, the sheer riendliness of his manner. When he grins, you grin. When he frowns and says orceful things about the federal Radio ommission, you frown and clench your ists—and sign affidavits. When he talks, you settle down for a regular chat with a next-door neighbor. You can't help your-self.

Visitors flock to the studio, expecting to see a tall, lean farmer, with a sprig of chin-whiskers and blue galluses. When they find a young man a shade over a quarter of a century in age, with neatly brushed hair and a trim dark suit, they wonder if they've been gypped. But Neighbor reassures them.

You bet he's a farm product—born and raised up in Van Wert County. Home-grown and hand-spanked. Went to a little red school-house. Raised bees for a while, but decided to go out of business when they stung him.

He adds that he has been stung often since, and much harder—and his listeners roar. Not because he has been stung, but because he is laughing at it himself. Only, here and there, you will hear some woman murmur, "Ah-h". You know she wishes she could have been there with soda or lard or whatever you put on stings.

Nothing high-hat about the Neighbor, if he does wear a white collar instead of a red bandanna. He likes to talk about the jobs he has held. When he worked his way through Wooster College and Ohio Northern University, he fired furnaces, waited table, led church choirs, and turned black-face comedian.

HE was a message clerk in the last house of representatives, coming over to WAIU every so often to broadcast a farm program. Pretty soon he couldn't push his way back through the crowds that surrounded the studio when he broadcast. They had to keep him there, so they made him the manager. That was less than a year ago.

Ever since then, Ohioans have been sampling his particular brand of neighborliness, and liking it. Now they have the habit. They couldn't get along without that daily pick-up of enthusiasm, pep, humor and cheery-heartedness that is Neighbor Palmer.

* * *

Washington Calls "KFNF Newsboy"

MR. and Mrs. James Pearson of KFNF, Shenandoah, Ia., are looking to their army of Radio listeners to send them to Washington. Mr. Pearson is known over the entire West as the "KFNF Newsboy" as he originated the idea of giving news digests over the air and commenced that popular feature almost 5 years ago and is still at it. It proved to be a very popular and interesting feature.

Besides that he commenced giving a Sunday school lesson review each week almost five years ago, and even advocated it some months before that. Now each Sunday morning at 8 a.m. (Central time) you will hear Mrs. Pearson sing a couple of inspiring Sunday school songs and then he will give a review of the lesson (International).

He calls it an institute for Sunday school teachers, as he aims to give the interesting high points as helps to the thousands who listen in, especially those who are teachers.

After the Sunday School period, the station puts on a real old fashioned church service for one hour, and this same "newsboy" is the pastor. It is safe to say Mr. Pearson as KFNF Radio Pastor has the largest Radio congregation of any single station anywhere.

He is not a theologian, but just one of the folks talking to the folks, in a clear strong voice, with clean, easily understood logic.

He is now a candidate for Congress in the 8th District of Iowa and many Radio fans are worrying as to what they will do for a Radio pastor, but Congress needs some "newsboys" like Pearson, say his Radio friends. Because of his great popularity throughout the state old political prognosticators look wise and say he has a good chance to win.

* * *

Donnie James and New Staff

THE fat—(when your correspondent says "Fat" he means adequately plump) and jovial Donnelly James and his Colorado University Serenaders have been a feature over KLZ for years. Their mirth and music from the Broadmoor Country Club has brought hundreds of letters from all parts of the country to this Denver station.

Myrl Harding, a new staff artist at KLZ, is fast making friends with her guitar and crooning contralto voice.

KLZ has its own studio pipe organ and often features Mrs. "Doc." Reynolds at the pipe organ.

The Studio String Ensemble under the direction of Eddie Wurtzbach entertains the KLZ listeners nightly. Franklin Hornaday. Lyric tenor, is often heard in solos and with various orchestras. Mr. Hornaday is one tenor who can sing an "aria" as it should be sung and also has the ability to sing the popular ballads in an interesting way.

* * *

"A GOOD REASON"

Little Mildred loved to meddle with the numerous jars of creams and powders on her mother's dressing table. One day she was being questioned closely about a missing jar of cream her mother had just purchased.

"But Mother Dear," replied the little miss after a long pause in the questioning. "I heard you reading the label this morning and it said, "Vanishing Cream.—Jonteel! What else can you expect."



Broadcasting from Catfishville

Jimmie Wilson's Catfish Band

Popular in Southwest over KVOO

A GLANCE at these fellows might lead you to call them "rank outsiders." And you wouldn't be far wrong; they are an "outside" bunch if there ever was one. An enormous following in the Middle West is familiar with their regular programs over KVOO, Tulsa, Okla., and like 'em. They are Jimmie Wilson and his Catfish Band, playing "by remote control" on the banks of Pole Cat Creek.

* * *

KLZ, Denver, and Its Personnel

BACK in 1920, before the government had assigned commercial calls to the broadcast stations, KLZ, Denver, Col. was broadcasting programs presented by "Doc," "The Mrs." and "Sonny" under the old special amateur call 9ZAF.

In those days, Doc Reynolds was chief engineer, operator and entertainer. Mrs. Reynolds was chief announcer and piano soloist while "Sonny", then three and a half years old, was probably general manager and used to recite over the Radio his little nursery rhymes regularly every morning.

SHORTLY after the government assigned the call KDKA to the famous Pittsburgh station, KLZ was assigned to th's, the pioneer station of the West.

Among the early features presented by KLZ was the broadcast of the Music Week opera, "Robin Hood", from the municipal auditorium. After having made arrangements to broadcast the opera, something hardly dreamed of at this early date, May 1920, "Doc." Ryenolds found that the local phone company could not give him telephone lines from the auditorium to his station at his home. "Doc," therefore, moved the mountain to Mohammed. He moved his transmitter to the loft of the auditorium and stretched an antenna between a couple of flagpoles on top the building. The opera was broadcast and heralded as a real achievement in those days. Later followed the broadcasting of the municipal band, the municipal pipe organ, football games, parades and may other events of interest. Progress came in long strides. Each day mennt added laurels.

The Eight Victor Artists gave their first Radio presentation over KLZ during these early years. Their appearance over Radio caused great excitement in Denver as they were the first great group of artists to perform over the Radio in this part of the country.

* * *

From the British Navy To the Mike

By CARL T. NUNAN

THE lusty voice of Don Thompson, who daily broadcasts over KPO the "Get Associated With Baseball" periods, was first heard in infant protest twenty-seven years ago in Rangoon, Burma, farther India.

"Ah", chortled his father, Robert D. Thompson, who seems destined to be the last of many generations of famous sea captains of the Thompson clan, "there's a voice as good as any I have ever heard giving orders to cut a throat or scuttle a ship". No doubt this grand old sailorman, who had earned his master's papers before the mast when the law of the ship was a blow and a word, the blow being dealt first by way of authority, looked upon his son and dreamed of another captain to

e added to the Thompson family's long st of sea celebrities. But such was not to e—for Don Thompson had no hankering or the sea—. "And in that", says Don hompson, who now broadcasts sports exlusively for the Associated Oil Company—I'm not unlike my father; his only liking or the foc's'tle was the way to get out of . No siree! Swabbing decks, working a ark's head on a foot rope or furlin' a sail —well there are other things I like to do etter".

AT the time of the boy's birth the elder Thompson was a Commander in the rrawaddy Flotilla with headquarters at angoon. Rudyard Kipling has imortalzed this same flotilla in his "On The Road o Mandalay"—a song with which Don's nother, herself a former medical missionry at Rangoon, sang her young son to eep. These words must have brought ack sweeping memories of a romance that as hers—"Can't You 'ear the paddles hunkin from Rangoon to Mandalay?"

Don Thompson was brought to Eugene, regon, while still a small lad, and there rew to rugged manhood. He is six feet, hree inches in height and 212 pounds in eight. During his college days he estabshed himself as one of the country's brilant football players—a reputation that arried him into the professional ranks here he held his own with the great Brick" Muller and "Ernie" Nevers. He lso starred as an all-around athlete. Tirng of professional football, Don decided pon a career. There were three inviting ocations, according to him, which held romise if one could get in on the ground floor; aviation, movies and Radio. As for aviation, he didn't want to fall into something hard. He couldn't see the movies; so he became one of the great Radio fraternity, first as a continuity writer for KPO, then part time announcer, and finally, in a few short months was elevated to "Sports Announcer". And in that capacity he has done a splendid job. His vivid and brilliant imagination, his knowledge of sports, coupled with periodical newspaper training, all aided him in giving KPO dialers the most comprehensive sports broadcasts in the West.

Thompson enjoys his baseball but still he is eagerly looking forward to the opening of the football season in the Fall, when he can again wax eloquent and thrill over the sport in which he gained undying fame.

* * *

"A Small Imitation"

THE programs of WCAH have the makings of chain programs; and why? because none other than the "littlest man in the studios" has a couple of hands in the making of them; George Zimmerman is the big little man, and his wife calls him a model working husband, and claims that he's "a small imitation of the real thing". Working right along with Mr. Zimmerman is Howard Donahoe, studio manager, and Anne Lysle Owen, staff pianist; Howard is well known in the studios for his "Quiet!" when the microphone begins to ooze forth its harmonious notes over the air! Howard and Anne work hand in hand in keeping peace and harmony among the Clever Kiddies.



Don Thompson (right), KPO sports announcer who 'listens in' as his father Robert D. Thompson (left), famous British Sea Captain, tells of a thrilling experience at sea.



Miss Dorothy Reese, hostess, announcer and pianist at WRAK, Williamsport, Pa.

* * *

OUT in Williamsport, Pa., there is a little fifty-watt station which specializes in home talent artists. It is WRAK and is a community activity in a sense, because the residents in Williamsport are said to feel that it is of, by and for Williamsport. Located in a three room studio in the heart of the town the station reaches an audience of possibly 65,000.

* * *

Exchanges Thought Waves Over Ether

"READY — Concentrate — Everybody wish!" So says Cheerio every weekday morning through a national network of stations associated with NBC and heard through WCKY at Covington, Ky.

Maurice Thompson, announcer at WCKY, at this time thinks of his mother out in Oakland, Iowa, and his mother, in turn, of him.

Thompson wrote to his mother that each morning at 8:30 o'clock found him announcing this program. He liked the feature so much he urged his mother to try to tune in the station. After several days of manipulating the dials of her receiver many miles away Mrs. Thompson heard WCKY, and since continues to hear Cheerio through the Covington station.

She wrote to her son that she could visualize him standing by the microphone at that time each day. Thompson had been thinking likewise. They had exchanged thought waves, just as Cheero suggested.



Lieutenant S. W. Townsend, sometimes known as the Admiral, at WFJC.

Townsend at WFJC

LIEUTENANT S. W. Townsend of the Naval Reserves, designer and builder of WFJC, Akron, Ohio, is at present operation manager and chief engineer. He spends most of his spare time with the Akron Naval Reserve Unit of which he is the commanding officer. He has built up the unit to, we believe, sixty some men; we do know that there are so many of them that they wear out office carpets through coming in to see the "Admiral".

Sam recently returned from a two-weeks, tour of duty at the naval station, Great Lakes, Illinois. In July he shipped as a Radio officer on the U. S. S. Wilmington. On his return from each cruise he is more enthusiastic over his navy than ever. The Radio duties he has when sailing or at the Naval Station he says are somewhat the same as in the broadcasting game, although the other duties of a naval officer in navigation, gunnery, seamanship and drill keep him from getting bored.

We have tried often to get him to wear his uniform at the studio, and though he isn't bashful he still continues to refuse.

* * *

Enterprising Director

JOSEPH H. UHALT, proprietor of Radio station WDSU of New Orleans, has been appointed Louisiana's state manager for the Fourth National Radio Audition. This is the first year Mr. Uhalt has been placed in charge of the details of the local and state auditions in Louisiana.

Uhalt will search the highways and byways for young singers who have operatic or concert aspirations or both and will offer them the opportunity to compete for a share in the $25,000 in cash awards and ten scholarships offered the national finalists.

* * *

"We intend to get a national winner or at least a finalist from Louisiana again this year," Mr. Uhalt declares in discussing the 1930 Audition. "Carmen Rosell and Ernest Ferrata, both of New Orleans, were national finalists in 1928 and Frances Tortorich of New Orleans was a finalist last year, and with the energy of our state committee and the enthusiasm already shown this year by young singers throughout the state, we should find a voice which will win first honors in the national finals next December. We are already preparing for local auditions and expect to have more of them and more singers than in former auditions."



Emil Straka, Jr., KSTP

Emil Straka on Symphony

FROM high school direct to the first chair position with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was the musical step which Emil Straka, Jr., new concertmaster of the KSTP Symphony orchestra took some seven years ago. Straka succeeds Howard Colf who has deserted Radio for a honeymoon in the Rocky Mountains.

Straka, a product of the Twin Cities, received his musical education from his father Emil, Sr., who was concertmaster of the Frank Danz orchestra in 1895, which later gave way to the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra. Emil, Sr., was known throughout the Northwest as composer, conductor, and was active i musical circles generally since he left hi home in Prague, Bohemia.

Emil, Jr. took his first music lesson when he was scarcely able to hold a vio lin. He is 26 years old and has bee connected with Radio since its popula inception a decade ago. He is a graduat of the Mechanics Arts High School o St. Paul where he played in the hig school orchestra and participated in var ous musical activities.

* * *

Twilight Hour at WWNC

THE Rev. Clarence McClellan of Fle cher, N. C., has manifold useful in terests in addition to his pulpit work an the other duties devolving upon an Epi copal clergyman. Not only are his recen travels in Africa, Syria, Turkey an Greece the subject of certain well-know travel talks over WWNC at Five-forty-fiv each Sunday afternoon, but he has charg of the "Twilight Hour" which comes a 6:15 on Sundays. He presides at th "Poet's Corner" broadcast on Friday afte noon at four o'clock. An "O. Henr Story Hour" is also in preparation by D McClellan for Radio dramatization.

* * *

Sereno Smith Puts H in Hope

Sereno E. Smith, manager of WCAF is the man who put the H in Hope, an the Heart in Heartiness! His manag ment is done in an indirect and forceft way and when he leaves the offices, i is only to leave for a seat in the tran mitting room where he takes charge o the operations, together with Roy Cook chief engineer, and Lester Naftsger, a sistant engineer. The good looks of th engineering department belong to Don I Hoge, and the man who is "little bu mighty" is none other than Leland Wis



Robert M. Hafter at WDAF Kansas City

Many Ballots Cast for Mystery Announcer

I WISH to bring to the attention of Radio Digest readers the inside dope on our Mystery Announcer, who has been entered in the Diamond Award contest by his followers.

Every morning I give the fans a spiel on the contest and how to vote for their favorite announcer, M. A., the shortest announcer's name with the biggest following in Philadelphia.

M. A. which is short for Mystery Announcer, broadcasts an early morning program from 7 a.m. until 10 a.m. every morning.

This program is a complete show in itself, being composed of humorous sketches, singing, instrumental music, animals, and the like.

The Mystery Announcer is all of that, being known to no one; and when he makes a personal appearance he wears a mask. On several occasions he has had to be rescued from the mob of inquisitive women who turn out by the hundreds to try and get a glimpse of him.

The Mystery Announcer was a wireless operator during the world war, being attached to the mine-sweeper division No. 2, and following this, the U.S.S. "G. G. Henry". He was officially commended by Secretary of the Navy Daniels for bravery while his ship was on fire five days out of England. On this occasion, the crew had abandoned ship, leaving the burning boat in command of a captain and crew of four, who finally put out the blaze.

The Mystery Announcer and his gang "Musical clock program" have been on the air over WPEN for over nine months, in which time he has received thirty-six thousand letters from fans, mostly women.

HI-PRESSURE CHARLIE





Herman and Bob of WLAC who won popularity contest over large field of competitors

IN A recent Radio feature popularity contest conducted by a Nashville newspaper, Herman and Bob, with thousands of votes drawn from two hundred and twenty cities and towns in the Nashville area came out ahead and received as their award a beautifully engraved silver loving cup. Herman and Bob appear regularly in the studios of station WLAC, The Life and Casualty Insurance Company's station at Nashville, with Herman singing and Bob playing the piano. It may be "pusonality", but, anyway, they have an uncanny knack for getting an audience happy.

Editor Manages WTIC, Hartford

TEN years ago a Radio editor and critic came into the lives of Connecticut Radio listeners. Of course that long ago there weren't so many listeners; but as the years rolled by listeners increased and then it was that his name was mentioned by every Radio listener in the nutmeg state.

On the first of August, C. B. Kingston, better known nationally as Bud Kingston, signed "30" to his column, "On the Air". and resigned from the Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Herald*, to become vice-president and station director of WTIC in Bridgeport.

Much of the national fame which Kingston acquired he attributes to the stories published about him in the Radio Digest, when it was a weekly back in 1926. At that time he was the first newspaperman to broadcast in Connecticut and was appearing then at WTIC in Hartford as Radio cartoonist. In one issue of the magazine his method of teaching cartoons by Radio was featured as a most novel and yet most entertaining and instructive feature. The statement alone brought national interest and fans in all parts of the country tuned in on WTIC to learn how to become cartoonists. Aside from his interest and knowledge of Radio he is also a cartoonist of no mean ability.



Major Sim's "Highlanders" Broadcast from Woman's Club

Kilties Win Friends For WCHI, Chicago

"WI' A hundred pipers and a' and a' ! . . ." Stalwart and picturesque in their waving tartans, sporrans and gaiters, each with a cairngorm brooch on his shoulder, these "Hieland" bandsmen of Major R. H. Sim "appear" with Sandy Mac Tavish over WCHI, Chicago, every Sunday evening between six and seven.

This station is maintained by the Illinoi Woman's Athletic Club. Social and com munity interests are kept in mind in shap ing its programs. As a result of the pre-sentation of the kilties band sons and daughters of old Scotland who have come down from the Canadian Northwest to populate the Great Lakes area have taken WCHI into its clan.

* * *

"The Anybodys" Stir Interest at KMOX

AMONG the features that excite the interest and stir the imagination of the Radio audience, there is one on the air that portrays the life of the average American family in a typical environment. "The Anybodys", George and Gertrude, Buddy and Junior, heard every evening over KMOX in St. Louis are just that family.

George is a commuter who likes to tinker with the family bus on Saturday afternoon, runs for president of the Bel-Nor improvement association, is attracted by unspeakable color combinations in ties. Gertrude does her own housework, plays bridge and goes in for spring clean-ing. Buddy and Junior are two typical red-blooded American youngsters who play cops and robbers, get into fights and build club-houses in the back yard.

George, of course, always gets in on the 5:50 train. His cheery greeting resounds through the small bungalow. Occasionally there are people in to dinner. Sometimes Mrs. Wilson, the gossipy neighbor, runs in for a little while. Sometimes there are quarrels in which Aunt Lucy, the soul of diplomacy, never interferes. And so on, through innumerable situations which might happen in any family no matter how well-regulated it is and nearly always do. Any trivial incident in a home may be the inspiration on "Anybodys' " program.

BOB HERRICK and Hazel Dopheide, staff members of KMOX, take care of all the parts in these ten-minute sketches. "The Anybodys" is in its tenth month now, and Radio listeners continue to follow the act with genuine and unabat-ing interest. Every day brings telephone calls and letters that outline real happen-ings and incidents. These contributions are woven into the continuity, and prob-ably account to a great extent, for the great appeal that the sketch has.

Surprising as it may seem, "The Any-bodys" is something more than entertain-ment. The act has a practical applica-tion. It is not unusual for Miss Dopheide and Mr. Herrick to receive notes from their listeners informing them that the act has made members of their audience realize just how silly and unnecessary their own real life quarrels and arguments were. As a result—at least so say the writers—they've given up domestic scrapping.

Both Miss Dopheide and Mr. Herrick have had other successes before embarking on the "Anybodys". Herrick for two years has been the "Lillie" of "Willie and Lil-lie", daily black-face feature. He has also written the continuity for this sketch. Miss Dopheide is known for "Memories", one-act play in which she portrays as many as eight characters.

There is one thing that especially in-trigues those who listen in on the "Any-bodys".

"OF COURSE you are married" writes one person. "You couldn't quar-rel so realistically if you weren't."

In spite of the realism of their por-trayal, neither Miss Dopheide nor Mr. Herrick is married—to the other or any-one else. But they feel confident that they understand domesticity sufficiently to portray the conversation that revolves around the family circle.



Bob Herrick and Hazel Dopheide "The Anybodys" at KMOX, they have their ups and downs like any other Amer-ican home. Their pretended squab-bles bring curi-ous letters. Here they are having a morning laugh.

East Meets West Over CNRH

RECENTLY there occurred the inaugural program of Nova Scotia's newest radio station on the air for the first time. CNRH, the latest link in the Canadian National Railways Broadcasting System, located in specially designed quarters on the topmost floor of the new Nova Scotian Hotel, Halifax's newest *hostelry de lux*, has forged the final link extending the CNR system from coast to coast.

CNRV in Vancouver sends its voice over the waters of the Pacific, while CNRH speaks out over the wastes of the Atlantic. All Canadian hookups originating in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Jasper Park, Regina, and Vancouver, as well as Halifax, are the principal schedule of a strong program lineup. East will meet West, despite the "never the twain shall meet". For Halifax programs will be carried right through to British Columbia on chain broadcast and Vancouver programs will be on the air via CNRH.

The studios of CNRH are located on the seventh floor of the Nova Scotian and are the most scientifically designed yet constructed in Canada. The main studio is forty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and has a seventeen-foot ceiling. Acoustical material covers the walls. Mike outlets are also provided in various public rooms throughout the hotel, providing additional broadcast space. Lighting is all through indirect floodlights reflecting from the ceiling. It is almost weird in effect, making the casting of a shadow impossible. Temperature is kept constant by thermostatic-controlled ventilation, thus adding to the trueness of instruments and voices. There is in addition a small solo studio and a reception room. Mighty loud speakers concealed in the walls of the ball room and the lounge provide entrance for the whisper of a violin in Montreal or the throb of an orchestra in Vancouver. Programs in any part of the Dominion may be immediately available.

The importance of this service in a district so supplied with remote places as Nova Scotia is hard to calculate. From the speaker in lonely lighthouses down where the sea surges sullenly over some hidden reef, white-fanged and angry, to keep vigil with the isolated keeper—come magic voices from all of Canada. Fishermen toiling on the Grand Banks hear cheerful harmony in the cabins and forecastles when nightfall arrives. The farmer, when milking is over, turns his dials to rest from the day's labor in a flood of care-erasing music.



Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Evans of KPO San Francisco

Romance at KPO

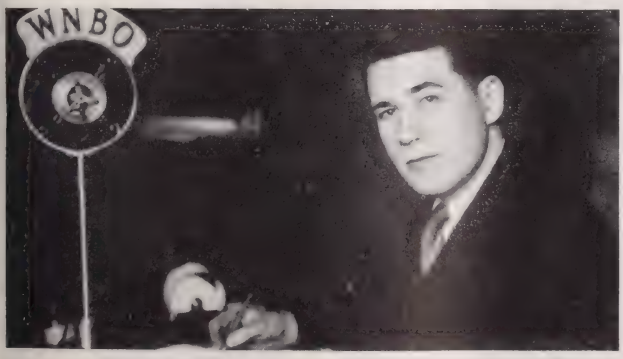
A ROMANCE that had its beginning six years ago, when pretty Jean Marie Lindsay and Edmund Evans, played leads in a dramatic stock company owned and directed by Evans at Ogden, Utah, culminated in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde W. Lindsay, 550 Joost Avenue, San Francisco.

Miss Lindsay who is known to radioland as Joyce Lindsay and Evans who is known as "Ed" of the "Sambo and Ed" "Beloved Vagabonds of the Air" team of KPO have both played in "big time" before entering the Radio field and were both noted for their histrionic ability.

The wedding was attended by members of their respective families, Radio stars from KPO and close friends.

The bride looked especially beautiful in a wedding gown of white satin, carrying an arm bouquet of bride's roses and sweet peas and wearing a coronet veil of lace and tulle trimmed with orange blossoms. The marriage ceremony, under a huge wedding bell composed of gorgeous flowers.

Hugh Barrett Dobbs, "Dobbsie" of KPO, on whose programs both bride and bridegroom are featured artists was honor guest of the occasion. Dixie Marsh, played the wedding march.



THE president and founder of Radio Station WNBO, Washington, Pa., John Brownlee Spriggs, seated at his desk in the office located in the Warner Bros. Theater. And, by the way, through his efforts, the station will be the Pittsburgh outlet for the chain of stations operated by the motion picture producers, Warner Bros., Inc. While not exactly sub-rosa, yet the power of the "man behind the gun" is evident at all times, expanding and increasing the coverage and power of the station, serving the Tri-State area, Pennsylvania, W. Virginia, Ohio, thoroughly.



These Preachers' Bad Boys are pretty good—they proclaim honesty as best policy.

3 Preachers' Bad Boys

THEY were not really bad; just full of mischief and utterly lacking any desire to work. Their sole ambition was to sing and play. The only times their fathers breathed easily was when they could watch the boys from the pulpit. And even then they were never sure that some member of the congregation would not find himself stuck to his chair with chewing gum.

In spite of everything, the boys persisted in singing. When they found each other they made a trio and called themselves "The Vagabonds." As "The Vagabonds" they began their career in a little known and long since forgotten Radio station. The next step was a place in the National networks. Today these Preachers' Bad Boys are featured at KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis.

The Vagabonds produce and announce a feature known as the Nation Wide Vagabond Club and take part with Tony Cabooch in "Anheuser-Busch Antics" over CBC every Tuesday evening. The response to their Vagabond Club was instantaneous. Five hundred letters came in by return mail. Their slogan is "Always Happy and Never Down" and club membership has grown to more than five thousand.

When you ask these Preachers' Sons, "How come?" they say: "We don't know unless it is because listeners believe in our honest effort to make good our promises to them. We try to fill all their requests. Honesty pays."

Calm After Wanderlust

AT TWENTY he's a veteran entertainer and he's done a lot besides entertaining, at that. He has traveled far and wide in his pursuit of several professions, but he is now announcer for KFEQ and intends to stay in St. Joseph, Mo., until his hair turns white.

Stanley Mahurin is his name. He says he has been in forty-nine states, forty-eight in the Union, and the state of poverty. He has hopped many a freight car, but has tooted the saxophone no less merrily for that.

He started out at thirteen as a magazine salesman and those who hear his persuasive voice over KFEQ will understand why he could make $60 a week even at that tender age, talking people in twenty states into subscribing for this or that worthy publication. He says he looked as old at thirteen as he does now, but that's not really antique, even so.

He finally got weary of tapping on people's doors from eight in the morning until midnight and so got a job as an orderly in a government hospital. This was convenient, for he could play for dances at night and his living expenses were all paid, besides. He bought five fine saxophones, but they all burned when a dance pavilion in Kansas went up in smoke. Nothing daunted, he organized his own orchestra, the Mel-o-Blu, which toured for two years under his baton, with the Edgar Jones Players, a stock company.

After this disbanded, he was with fifteen different musical organizations, in turn, in every state from California to Florida. He came to St. Joseph to play in a KFEQ orchestra, but now he dispenses information concerning nearly every offering KFEQ presents. He has a wife and little girl and says he is tired of wandering, so he'll stay put for awhile that is, unless he takes to the air. His hobby is aviation.

* * *

Young and Active Is WBOW

WBOW, "On the Banks of the Wabash, in Terre Haute", is a Radio title famous throughout the Wabash Valley. Heard daily in thousands of Indiana and Illinois homes, it emanates from this popular 100-watt station, located on the campus of the Rose Polytechnic Institute five miles east of Terre Haute. WBOW's new studios are located in the heart of Terre Haute.

In its sixteen months of operation under the present ownership, WBOW, Terre Haute, Ind. has distinguished itself as an active and enterprising low-powered station. It's record contains many things to be proud of. For instance, WBOW was the first American station to broadcast an address by Sir Phillip Baring Greet, who personally visited WBOW's studios last January. Sir Phillip Greet is the venerable leader of the famous Ben Greet Shakespearean Players who are touring America; and although Sir Phillip has broadcast several times from London and Paris stations, he chose WBOW's studios for his American Radio debut.

Perhaps WBOW's most popular feature is its rube specialty team of "Si and Ezra". These two rustics of the air are known far and wide and are kept busy filling their many out-of-town engagements, for personal appearances.

* * *

Tom Coates at WEBC

FAMOUS among the popular features WEBC presents weekly, with Tom Coates at the microphone and Maestro di Leo on the conductor's stand, are "The Arrowhead" program and "The Arcolians" —both of which are heard also through WCCO in Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

In the presentation of the "Arrowhead Anglers", a true musical depiction of the splendors of the great Northwest's forests primeval is offered. Dorothy Shane, soprano, and Tom Coates are the soloists in the weekly appearance of the Arrowhead Anglers.

Among the other personalities at WEBC, are Jimmie Payton, master of ceremonies of the Early Risers' Club; Leland McEwen, staff organist; Jack Delahunt—the "personality boy" with the crooning voice; Tommy Gavin, president of the Advertising Club of Duluth.

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.
		100	KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Nebr.
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburg, Pa.
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.
		100	WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
		100	WOPI,	Bristol, Tenn.
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD,	Batavia, Ill.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio
		250	WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WHEC-	WABO Rochester, N. Y.
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)
		300	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)
		500	WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho
		250	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)
		100	KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)
		100	KFXY	Flagstaff, Ariz.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)
		250	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)
		100	WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)
		10	WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.
		60	WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.
		50	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.
		100	WFDW	Talladega, Ala.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.
		500	WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas
		250	WDAG	Amarillo, Texas
		500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.
		500	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.
		500	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.
214.2	1,400	500	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)
		250	KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)
		500	WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.
		500	WCMA	Culver, Ind.
		500	WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.
		500	WSGH-	WSDA Brooklyn, N. Y.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KLRA,	Little Rock, Ark.
		500	KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
		1,000	KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.
		2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)
		1,000	WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)
217.3	1,380	500	KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		500	KSO	Clarinda, Iowa
		1,000	WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohio
218.8	1,370	250	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)
		100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)
		50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.
		100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.
		100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.
		100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas
		100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas
		250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)
		100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)
		100	KGCI	San Antonio, Texas
		15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.
		100	KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.
		100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas
		100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas
		200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)
		100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)
		100	KOH	Reno, Nev.
		100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.
		100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.
		100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.
		100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.
		250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)
		100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)
		100	WEHC	Emory, Va.
		100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.
		100	WFVD	Rome, Ga.
		100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		100	WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio
		100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.
		100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.
		100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.
		50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.
		100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.
		100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.
		100	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.
		50	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.
		10	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.
		100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.
		100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.
		50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.
220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.
		1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.
		500	WGES	Chicago, Ill.
		1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)
		500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)
		300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.
222.1	1,350	1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
		250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.
		250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.
		250	WKBQ	New York, N. Y.
		250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.
223.7	1,340	50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.
		500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
		250	WRAW	Reading, Pa.
		2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)
225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)
		250	KGB	San Diego, Calif.
		500	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.
		500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
		1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.
227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)
		250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)
		250	KGIQ	Twin Falls, Idaho
		500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)
		250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)
		1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.
		1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio
		500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.
228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.
		100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa
		10	KFIU	Juneau, Alaska
		100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa
		100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas
		15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas
		100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.
		50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.
		250	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (day)
		100	KFXR	Okla. City, Okla. (night)
		100	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.
		250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)
		100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night
		100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.
		50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.
		50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.
		50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
		50	KMED	Medford, Ore.
		50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.
		100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.
		100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
		50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.
		100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
		100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCLS	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WDAH-	KTSM El Paso, Texas
		200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)
		100	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)
		100	WFBG	Altoona, Pa.
		100	WFDF	Flint, Mich.
		50	WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
		100	WGH	Newport News, Va.
		100	WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.
		100	WIBU	Poynette, Wis.
		100	WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.
		50	WJAK	Marion, Ind.
		100	WKAV	Laconia, N. H.
		100	WKBB	Joliet, Ill.
		100	WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.
		100	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.
		50	WLBC	Muncie, Ind.
		100	WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.
		100	WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.
		100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		100	WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
		50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.
		250	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)
		100	WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)
		100	WOL	Washington, D. C.
		20	WRH	Tifton, Ga. (½ time)
		100	WRK	Hamilton, Ohio
		100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.
230.6	1,300	1,000	KFH	Wichita, Kan.
		500	KFJR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.
		750	KTBI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KEBR	Portland, Ore.
		1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.
230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.
		500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		1,000	WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.
232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day
		1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night
		500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day
		1,000	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night
		500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa
		1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa
		500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		250	WBR	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas
		500	KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.
		500	KWWG	Brownsville, Texas
		1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
		500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)
		2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WLW-	WGMS Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
		1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.

Official Wave Lengths

Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
		500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KPQ	Wenatchee, Wash.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.
		100	WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa
		15	KFKZ	Kirksville, Mo.
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.
		100	WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio
		100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	20,000	KOB	State College, N. Mex.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.
		500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WDGY	Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscatine, Ia.
258.5	1,160	10,000	WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WHM	Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
		5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
265.3	1,130	1,000	WOV	New York, N. Y.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
267.7	1,120	500	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		50,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGIL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WCBI	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.9	630	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Ia.
		500	WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
508.2	590	1,000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
516.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBU	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
526	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KJA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAC	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMAC	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
534.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	Dupont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500	WPCC	Chicago, Ill.
		1,000	WQAM	Miama, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500	KFDY	Brookings, S. D. (night)
		1,000	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500	KFUO	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500	KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000	KOAC	Corvallis, Ore.
		500	KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000	WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
		500	WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio

MYSTERY ANNOUNCER

DRAWS BIG VOTE IN

DIAMOND AWARD

See Rules and Conditions on page 100

YOU have until September 20th to vote in Diamond Meritum Award Contest. New votes, new nominations—better than all—new letters, interesting letters, stating in no uncertain terms the reason why such and such an artist, program or announcer, is the recipient of the attention. These still continue to come to our desk.

The Mystery Announcer of station WPEN, Philadelphia, comes in now for his due. There has been the last few weeks a vast demonstration in his favor. Listen to a few of the encomiums of the redoubtable M.A. of WPEN:

"He's different from all other announcers or artists", says Miss Clara Kinzle, 2132 East Birch St., Philadelphia. "There are no programs that can touch his. Everyone has gotten so much enjoyment from them that he gets my votes without hesitation.

"He spreads sunshine to his unseen Radio fans!" is a short but sweet sentence in which Miss E. Fleming, 2245 S. 24th St., Philadelphia, announces her preference for the Mystery Announcer!

Mrs. J. W. Smith, 3328 Creswell St., East Falls, Philadelphia: "I vote for this Mystery Announcer because I want him to gain something for his splendid efforts."

"I can't begin to tell you how wonderful I think The Mystery Announcer is! When ladies get up early and stay up from 6:30 on, just to hear him and his gang, why it's a sure sign he's good. The men also enjoy him. Why, my husband hates to go to work!" Thus declares Mrs. Beatrice Johnson, 2424 N. Broad St., Philadelphia.

"Why has the Mystery Announcer not been nominated before? I think he is a dear and his program is good, *and funny!* I like fun and WPEN is a station all to itself in that respect. Our Mystery Announcer greets you with a smile and a cheer at 6:30 and at 10:30 signs off the same way. He has a huge lot of admirers and it is only fair we should try to win him something for his kindness and his goodness."

People need cheering up early in the morning more than any other time, thinks Mrs. Florence Kerr, 370 Harrison Ave., Upper Dailey, Pa., and that is the reason that the haunting program of the Mystery Announcer stays with you all through the day. And there is Mrs. Madelyn Patten, 4010 Glendale St., Philadelphia, who apparently thinks the same.

But the Mystery Announcer is not alone the recipient of honor this month. Not by a long shot. The National barn dance at WLS comes in for commendation and votes from Mrs. C. L. Walton, 2381 Greenway Ave., Winston Salem, N. C. From Mark Twain's town, Hannibal, Mo., (also the home town of Raymond Warren, Lincoln biographer, whose article appears in this issue of Radio Digest) a lady writes in to vote for her favorite, but fails to mention, in the letter accompanying the ballot, the name of the gentleman (for we feel sure it *is* a gentleman!) for whom she casts her vote! And since the ballots, immediately they are received, are put in a special box along with thousands of other ballots (the letters coming to the editorial desk) it is manifestly impossible for the editor to determine for whom this lady (Mrs. J. T. Mills, 418 Oak Street, Hannibal, Mo.) desires to cast her vote. As a suggestion to other ballot casters, we'd like to request that you name the artist, program or announcer for whom you vote *in your letter as well as your ballot.*



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

BUT to proceed with a few more evidences of interest in the contest and the contestants . . . Fred Palmer of WAIU, Columbus, Ohio, comes in for a "lift" from Mrs. Viola Krebs, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, . . . Miss Mabel Valenteene, Highlands, New Jersey, says that she and the whole of Highlands are rooting for Jean and Glenn and their characters, Jake and Lena. Here is another enthusiast for Pat Barnes recently of WGN, Chicago,—"the man who gives the best entertainment and the finest of everything."

"There is nothing on the air the whole day long equal to Tom Grierson, organist at RKO Palace Theatre, Rochester, New York. He is an announcer as well. Let's have a picture of Grierson while you are counting his votes." That's what Mrs. Mary H. Stratford, Cape St. Vincent, New York, thinks; and we've no doubt there are plenty who agree with her.

Miss G. Hall, Madison, Wis., says that while we all have our favorite organists, there is little doubt in her mind that Mac Bridwell, organist at WIBA, Madison, should take the first money. For dance music, nobody can touch the Coon-Sanders orchestra.

"Irvin Bergman, WEBR, Buffalo, N. Y., gets our vote," writes Mrs. J. Mercio, 254 Trenton Ave., Buffalo. "And it's too bad he is not on a more powerful station so you can hear him, too."

REMEMBER—This is your last chance. All votes must be in by September 20, 1930. See bonus conditions on page 100.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

I Nominate .....

Station ..... (Call Letters)

in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Number **7**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please credit this ballot to:

..... (Name of Program) ..... (Call Letters)

..... (City) ..... (State)

Signed .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

THEY'VE GOT HIM WRONG

Fred J. Hart, working farmer and presiding genius at the helm of KQW, San Jose, California, is perhaps the most misjudged of the studio staff. Most listeners hear a "thin" voice and picture him as a little fellow, but in



reality he is six feet four and tips the scales at more than 200.

Besides reading the California Farm Bureau evening news at KQW, Mr. Hart operates a productive ranch over in Salinas Valley, in Monterey county, which is famous as a neighbor of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Within the Farm Bureau group is the cow-testing association through which scientists prove from time to time that cattle are highly susceptible to music to the extent that an increase in lacteal fluid is noticeable in the milch-cow.

So genial Fred Hart and his co-workers play "The Milky Way," and other numbers and give nice, stimulating lectures to the kindly bovine for the farmers who equip their milk-barns with loud speakers.

INDI-GEST has often wondered what, if any, reaction there might be to such a scheme. Here, in her own words is the story:

BOVINE LAMENT

I'm an old scrub cow with a warbly hide
And a ring-streaked and speckled bull calf by my side.

He's ashamed of his mother, I'm not proud of my son;
Of pride in our ancestry, there's room for none.

My dam was a blue cow with horns and legs long,
While dad was a brindle Jones bought for a song.

They were long-haired, thick-hided, wild-eyed and boney
Now one is in cans, the other boloney.

I have always meant well and tried to do right,
But trying's not doing if you haven't the might.

I had a good home with plenty to eat,
And a boss whose good nature could hardly be beat.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contribution to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

In fact, he was "easy"—no judge of a cow,
For he called me a good one—an error, and how!

But the Test Association threw a wrench in my gears
And shortened my life by a number of years.

The tester looked like the kind of a guy
Who could see through a sham with one glance of his eye.

Three-two was my test, when it should have been seven,
And that's why I'm well on my way to cow heaven.

One favor I crave—be so kind, if you would,
Inscribe on my gravestone, "She gave all she cud!"

* * *

FOOD FOR A CHILD

Karl Stefan, veteran announcer, of WJAG's noonday program had just finished telling about a Chicago man. This Chicago man had been brought into court for stealing cigars. His plea was something to the effect that it was done to get food for his children. Karl said: "This man must have overestimated the number of calories in the cigars."

* * *

CHIROPRACTIC SONG

One of the KMA Country School pupils asked:

"May we sing the chiropractic song?"

"What's that?"

"A-Jus-Just You, Jus-Just Me!"

Frances E. Cherry, 605 Logan Street, Wayne, Nebr.

* * *

WHAT! NO BUTTER?

One of the most amusing things I have heard over the Radio was Harold Van Horn broadcasting over WMAQ the Grennan Cake Program:



Specializing on "Angel" food cake, he mentioned "Only the best *butter* is *used.*"

We all know no butter is used in this cake so this must have been amusing to housewives.—(*Mrs.*) *Edith Woodbridge, 4026 N. Mozart St., Chicago.*

A SCEPTIC

Here is a bit of fun I heard over the lumbia System the other day. Be- ve you will get a laugh out of this ry.

A prospective convert was being in- viewed by a colored preacher like s,

"Brother Jones do you believe in the ble?"

"I sure does."

"Well do you believe that Daniel was ut up in a den of lions and they never en touched him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now do you believe that the Hebrew ildren was put in the fiery furnace for out a week and was not burned at all; t even an eyelash was scorched?"

"No, sir. I don't believe it can be ne."

"Well I am sorry, Brother Jones, but u can't join our church unless you lieve all of the Bible."

"I just can't believe no one could

WRITE A LINE

By Anthony Euwer

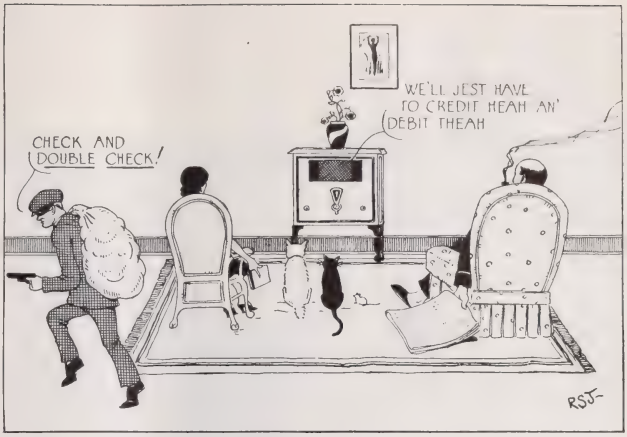
ou folk who settle down and say
.et's see what's on the air today",
nd cock your hard-boiled ears the while
ou click her on and twist the dial
ntil at last you've switched into
mething that really interests you—
o you I say: If you should like
ne stuff we pour into the Mike,
hy don't you just take up your pen
nd write a line and say so then?

ou listener folk! Your presence we
ust take on faith—we can not see,
e can not see one little smile
r hear one word of praise the while!—
o plaudit comes of any kind.
o your response we're deaf, dumb.
blind.
he only way that we can tell
s when some letter breaks the spell.
o—should we please, just take your pen
nd write a line and say so then.

---

tay in de furnace a week and not get urned, and since I can't join de hurch I ain't so sure about that lion tory either."

I like Radio Digest very much so ıust tell a joke on myself. I got a ard through the mail and thinking it as for Radio Digest I filled it out and eturned it and what was my surprise nd disappointment to find out that the aper was the Literary Digest. Do you ronder that I now look the card over retty good before I send it?—*Mrs. W. D. Cooper, 3001 Mitchell Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.*



WHY NOT THE HUTEL YOTAW?

Here's a good one pulled off by David Lawrence (NBC) while broadcasting the meeting of Governors in the Hotel Utah.

He said, "We are gathered here in the Hotaw Utel."—*Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Ave., Lexington, Ky.*

* * *

BRIGHT SAYINGS IN COURT—

Heard over KFOX June 27.

District Attorney. "What is your name?"
Prisoner. "Sparks."
District Attorney. "What is your occupation?"
Prisoner. "Electrician."
Judge. "What are you charged with?"
Prisoner. "Batteries, your Honor."
Judge. "Lock that fresh guy up in a dry cell."—*Harry Westgate, Jr. 1195 Washington Ave., Pomona, Calif.*

* * *

IN FRIENDLY DENIAL

"You have been entertained," they say
Across the Radio
When programs end. Been *entertained?*
And how! We'd like to know?

With music ending in a blast?
With words that faded out?
With static, grunts, and other things
Not fit to talk about?

Yet all announcers, heedless of
The hardships we've sustained,
Persist that "For the past half hour
You have been entertained."

—*Brown Hilton, Salem, Va. R.F.D. 1*

* * *

While listening in on WLW at 10:30 A.M. one of the tenor singers was singing, "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," which he ended by singing "The Sweetheart of Six other Guys."—Mr. A. M. Davis, Knoxville, Tenn.

ONE ON DAVY

On Thursday, July 24, Davy Lee (the child movie star) entertained on the Air Junior program from WENR. After Davy had entertained Everett Mitchell made him a member of the Air Juniors because it was a club for happy boys and happy girls and he knew that Davy was going to be a "happy boy and girl."

On the same evening while listening to WENR I heard Harold Isbell say, "You will now hear smiling Little Joe Warner singing with organ accompaniment 'Just One Moment,'" which sounded as if he were to sing one moment.—*(Miss) Marian North, Box 2, Perrysville, Ind.*

* * *

ANNOUNCERS GET MIXED UP

While listening in one Saturday morning to an organ recital by Arthur Chandler, Junior, the announcer (either George Shafer or Sydney TenEyke) certainly got mixed up. He first said,

"This selection concludes Arthur Junior Chandler's program." Making another attempt, he said, "Junior Arthur Chandler has concluded his program."

Finally he begged the pardon of his audience and then got Arthur Chandler, Junior's name correct.

About two weeks ago, John S. Young, in announcing the Pure Oil program at the end of the hour, said that Puroil had pep that would suit a Scotchman's purse. In the middle of this announcement he giggled. I thought maybe he or some one in Vincent Lopez's Orchestra were Scotch. More power to your column, I N D I. —J. P. Frank, Jr., 226 North Second Street, Danville, Ky.

* * *

AND THEN HE TOOK UP GOLF

Golfer: "Well, Caddie, how do you like my game?"

Caddie: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."

Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.



Doree, Joe and Davey, the entertaining trio of the NBC Dixie Circus. Saturday, 8 p. m., EDT.

Sunday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9 a.m.	8	7	6

The Balladeers.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
300	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF
405.2	740	WSB	508.2	590	WOW

Morning Musicale.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	243.9	1230	WFBM
49.02	6120	W2XE	213.9	1230	WNAC
201.3	1490	WFBL	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WLAC	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	499.7	600	WMT
212.8	1410	WBCM	500	600	WREC
215.8	1390	KLRA	516.9	580	WHBW
230.8	1300	KFH	526	570	WWNC
234.4	1280	WDOD	545	550	WEAN
244.8	1240	WSPD			
2 p.m.		1 p.m.	12 n.		11 a.m.

Roxy Symphony Concert.

Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC
234.2	1280	WEBC	360	820	WHAS
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KLAB
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WTIC	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WFTF
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTAM
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA
3 p.m.		2	1		12n.

The Friendly Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
245.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KPRC
254.1	1180	WOAI	375	800	WEAA
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	KLAB
265.5	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	429	700	WLW
277.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WFTF
283	1060	WEAL	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
4 p.m.	3	2	1

National Sunday Forum.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
206.9	1450	WEJC	361	830	KOA
225.6	1330	WSAI	366	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WEAA
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WFTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
326	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEEI
333	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR
337	890	WJAR			

Cathedral Hour.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)

201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC
209.8	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	388.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
243.8	1230	KWCR	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC
7:35 p.m.		6:35	5:35		4:35

Major Bowes' Family.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
206.8	1450	WEJC	336.9	890	WJAR
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Paci
227.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WG
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	W
245.5	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WS
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WT
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WI
288.4	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WO
300	1000	WOC	535.4	560	WI
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WI
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KS
325 9	920	WWJ			
8		7	6		

Enna Jettick Melodies.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KP
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KO
221.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WR
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KO
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WH
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WN
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJ
252	1190	WOAI	399.8	750	WJ
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WS
263.3	1140	KSL	428.3	700	WI
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	KP
288.3	1020	WFAA	461.3	650	WS
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KF
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WT
302.8	990	WBZA	484	620	KG
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KH
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WI
8:30 p.m.		7:30	6:30		5:

Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJ
206.8	1450	WFJC	344.6	870	WI
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WH
234.2	1280	WEBC	374.8	800	WS
236.1	1270	WJDX	379.5	790	WO
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WN
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WS
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WP
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WE
280.4	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WT
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WD
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WO
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WT
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WI
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WI
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WI
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WG
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	KS
9		8	7		

Our Government.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

208.6	1450	WFJC	374.8	800	WE
227.3	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WS
227.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WG
232.4	1290	WEBC	384.4	780	WM
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.8	740	WS
245.6	1220	WCAE	441	680	WP
252	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WE
265.6	820	WHAS	461.3	650	WS
270.3	1110	WRVA	499.7	600	WT
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WO
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WT
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WF
326	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KS
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WG
336.9	890	WJAR			
9		8	7		

Majestic Theatre of the Air.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WIs
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KM
201.2	1490	WLAC	288.3	1040	KH
204	1470	KFJF	309.1	970	KJH
204	1470	KGA	312.3	960	CF1
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KM
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WB
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WD
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WF
230.6	1300	KFH	333.1	900	WM
232.4	1290	KDYL	348.6	860	WA
232.4	1290	KTSA	370.2	810	WC
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WE
234.2	1280	WDOD	384.4	780	WT
236.1	1270	WDSU	389.4	770	WB
238	1260	KOIL	410.4	730	CK
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WM
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WC
243.8	1230	KWCR	499.7	600	WR
243.8	1230	WNAC	516.9	580	WH
243.8	1230	WFBM	526	570	KM
254.1	1180	KOA	526	570	WM
256.3	1170	WCAU	535.4	560	KL
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WK
267.7	1120	WISN			
9:15 p.m.		8:15	7:15		6:

Atwater Kent Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	380	790	WG
227.3	1320	WSMB	385	780	WM
245.6	1220	WCAE	405	740	WS
252	1190	WOAI	417	720	WG
263.3	1140	KSL	441	680	KP
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WE
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WS
288.2	1040	WFAA	469	640	KF
300	1000	WOC	484	620	KG
315.6	950	WRC	492	610	WD
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WO
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WE
325.9	920	KOMO	509	590	KH
333.1	900	WKY	536	560	WF
361.2	830	KOA	545	550	WG
366	820	WHAS	545	550	KS
374.8	800	WSAI			
10:15		9:15	8:15		7:

Studebaker Champions.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WG
206.9	1450	WFJC	416.4	720	WG
225.6	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WE
232.4	1290	WEBC	468.5	640	KF
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WT
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KG
299.8	1000	WOC	492	610	WD
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WT
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KH
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WO
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WE
337	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WT
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WF
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WG



len Olheim on the Kodak Hour. Thursday, 10 p. m., CBS., EDT.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

und the Samovar.

y Station—WABC (348.6-860), W2XE (49.2-6120)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
19.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
15.8	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
47.3	1270	WADC	385	780	WTAR
24	1290	WJAS	399.7	600	WCAO
38	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
41.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
41.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WWNC
43.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEAN
10:45		9:45	8:45		7:45

nday at Seth Parker's.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

08.6	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX
45.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
55.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY
00	1000	WHO	380	790	KGO
15.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC
19	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
25.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
28	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
33.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

miniscences.

Key Station—WJZ

22.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
45.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
05.9	980	KDKA	400	750	WJR

Monday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

eerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

02.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WWJ
02.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
05.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR
45.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
52.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY
63.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
70.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
77.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
80.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW
12.5	950	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
16	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
19	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI
26	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
10 a.m.		9	8		7

a Bailey Allen.

(National Radio Home Makers Club.)

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
15.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL
23.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
27.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
32.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
38	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
38	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM
41.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
43.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
58.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
58.5	1160	WOWO			
11:15 a.m.		10:15	9:15		8:15

adio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

05.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
27.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS
32.4	1290	WFBC	374.8	800	WSAI
45.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
52.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
63.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB
63.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
80.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
93.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ
00	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF
15.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
19	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
25.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
26	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
33	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
Columbia Review.			
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)			
12 n.	11	10	9
49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ
212.8	1410	WRCM	333.1	900	WFBL
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK
225.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KLZ
1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.3	1320	WSMB	345	870	WLS
234.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	WSM
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			
7:50		6:50	5:50		4:50

Roxy and His Gang.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	394.5	760	WJZ
236.1	1270	WJDX	405.2	740	WSB
245.9	1220	WREN	440.9	680	WPTF
260.7	1150	WHAM	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIBO
302.9	990	WBZA			
8:30		7:30	6:30		5:30

A and P Gypsies.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
325.5	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	KGW
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD
454.3	660	WEAF			
9 p.m.		8	7		6

Maytag Orchestra.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA
209.7	1430	KECA	306	980	KDKA
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	361	830	KOA
245.9	1220	WREN	380	790	KGO
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ



Genia Fonariova in Troika Bells, NBC, Tuesday, 8 p. m., EDT.



John Gurney one of the Roxy Gangsters. Monday, 7:50 p. m., EDT.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9	8	7	6

Physical Culture Magazine Hour.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WMAK
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
226.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	422.3	710	WOR
238	1260	KOIL	447.5	670	WMAQ
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.8	1230	WNAC	554.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WGL			
9:30		8:30	7:30		6:30

General Motors Family Party.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC
225.4	1330	WSAI	405.8	740	WSB
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	KFO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	WEAA	483.6	620	KGW
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
331.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	WOC
333.1	900	WJAX	508.2	590	WOW
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WLIT
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR
379.5	790	KGO			

Chesebrough Real Folks.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1020	KYW	399.8	750	WJR
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studio

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10	9	8	7

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WE...X
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
248.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO
11:15		9:15	8:15		

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
289.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			
8:00		7	6		5

Pure Oil Concert.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.6	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1280	WBAP	384.4	780	MC
236.1	1270	WJDX	389.4	770	KFAB
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
282.8	1060	WBAL	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KYW	535.4	560	WIOD
Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
9		8	7		6

Eveready Program.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.9	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC



The Crawford Trio—Mrs. Jesse, Jessie and Jesse. CBS, Monday, 10:30 p. m., EDT.

12 n	11	10	9

Columbia Revue.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	394.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
231.4	1280	WDOD	494.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
249.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKRN
319	940	WHW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
336	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC
1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WBAP	333.1	900	WJAX
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WBAP
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	434.8	690	WSAI
299.8	1000	WHO	440.9	680	WPTF
315.6	950	WRC	461.3	650	WSM
319	940	WCSH	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
5 p.m.		4	3		2

Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WCAU	297	1010	WTIC
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL
214.4	1400	WHAS	482	610	WFAN
242.8	1440	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
245.8	1220	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
249.9	1230	WDOD	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WKRN
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
287.9	1129	WJAS	536	560	KLZ
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
208	1290	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
231.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB
236.1	1270	WJDX	416.4	720	WGN
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KOA
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR
10:00 p.m.		9	8		7

Westinghouse Salute.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

201.2	1490	WCKY	303	990	WBZ
209.7	1430	KECA	303	990	WBZA
222.2	1350	KWK	306	980	KDKA
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC
230.6	1300	WIOD	326	920	KOMO
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
245.9	1220	WHEN	333.1	900	WJAX
252.1	1190	WOAI	361	830	KOA
260.9	1150	WHAM	366	820	WHAS
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	WAPI	385	780	WMC
265.3	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ
10:30 p.m.		9:30	8:30		7:30

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	499.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WJW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR
11:30		10:30	9:30		8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studio

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pac
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WI
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KG
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WM
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSI
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WM
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WS
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WT
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WT
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WD
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KH
333.1	900	WKY			

Wednesday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:3

Cheerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

202.7	1480	WCKY	328	920	KPR
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJA
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJA
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHI
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WG
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSI
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPT
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDA
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOV
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEE
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTA
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WTI
326	920	WWJ	545	550	WGR
10 a.m.		9	8		7

National Home Hour.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSA
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEA
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEE
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTA
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen.

Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-8

215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOW
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2	1090	KMO
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6	950	KMB
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMA
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WAB
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEA
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4	770	WBB
245.6	1220	WCAD	475.9	630	WMA
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKR
10:45 a.m.		9:45	8:45		7:45

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDK
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHA
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4	780	WMC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
263	1140	WAPI	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2	740	WSB
293	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WJW
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:15		10:15	9:15		8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI
252	1190	WOAI	379.5	790	WGY
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	405.2	740	WSB
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
12 n.		11	10		9

Columbia Revue.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

49.02	6120	W2XE	333	900	KHJ
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WMAB
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
234.4	1280	WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WCHP	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKRN
319	940	WHW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	WHBC			
1:45		12:45	11:45		10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WBAP	340	770	KFAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WEAN
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WJW
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			
7		6	5		4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
208	1290	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			
8		7	6		5

The Yeast Foamers.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

Kiwanis Concert.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660ke)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
25.5	1140	WEJC	334.1	900	WKY
26.8	1120	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
24.1	1290	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
25.8	1220	WCAE	357.8	800	WEAA
25.0	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
25.1	1140	KVOO	484.2	620	WTMJ
25.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
24.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
22.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
29.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
24.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WJBO
22.4	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
25.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
24.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD

Mania Foresters.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

25.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
25.8	1220	WREN	303.9	980	KDKA
26.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
24.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
22.8	990	WBZ			

Ivy Fathom Trawlers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

29.02	6120	WCX	243.8	1230	WFBM
25.4	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
28.2	1440	WHEC	275.1	1090	KMOX
29.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
25.7	1390	WKC	384.4	780	WEAN
27.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
22.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL
25.	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
21.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
23.8	1230	WNAC			

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

Hickey, Stuart Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660-ke)

25.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
25.3	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
27.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
25.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
22.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
25.1	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB
25.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW
24.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
27.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
23.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
29.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ
29.8	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI
29.0	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
25.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WTAG
25.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
23.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
26.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD

Revolve Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660ke)

25.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
25.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO
27.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
25.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
22.	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WSN
23.	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO
25.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
27.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
30.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
28.3	1040	WFAA	483.6	620	WTMJ
29.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW
25.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
29.	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
25.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
25.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
25.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
23.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
26.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT
31.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD
25.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

La Palina Smoker.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860ke)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.2	6120	WCXE	275.1	1090	KMOX
25.5	13	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
23.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL
27.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
32.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
38	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
38	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
41.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
40.2	1240	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
38.3	1230	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
56.3	1170	WCAU			

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30

Coca Cola Topnotchers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

25.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCSH
29.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOMO
25.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC
27.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WWJ
32.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
29.6	1270	WJDX	337	890	WJAR
24.5.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
25.2	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
24.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
26.3	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
26.5.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
27.0.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	KGW
27.7.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
28.3	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHQ
28.8.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI
29.4.1	1020	KYW	517	580	WTAG
30.0	1000	WOC	536	560	WLIT
31.2.5	960	CKGW	545	550	WGR
31.6	950	WRC	545	550	KSD

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

20.5.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
22.2.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
22.7.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WEAA
23.4.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
23.6.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
23.5.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
25.2	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
26.5.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
28.3.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
29.9.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
32.5.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
32.5.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
33.3.1	900	WKY			

Thursday

8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660ke)

20.2.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR
20.5.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
24.5.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
25.2.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
26.3.1	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
27.7.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
28.0.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
29.9.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC



Marguerite, Frances and Virginia of Morgan, Morgan and Morgan, NBC, Friday, 3:30 p. m.

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:30 a. m.	7:30	6:30	5:30

26.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
31.5.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
31.9	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
31.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WJBO
32.5	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLI
33.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

10:00	9:00	8:00	7:00

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860ke

49.2	6120	WCXE	294.8	1020	WCAU
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
25.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
22.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
27.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
32.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WHBM
24.9	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
24.1	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
23.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC

10:30	9:30	8:30	7:30

Busy Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860ke)

49.2	6120	WCXE	238	1260	KOIL
20.1.2	1490	WLIT	245.6	1220	WCAO
20.4.0	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
20.9.7	1430	WHP	258.5	1160	WOWO
21.5.7	1390	WKC	315.6	950	KMBC
22.3.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
22.7.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC
23.0.6	1300	KTHS	389.4	770	WHBM
23.2.4	1290	WJAS	472.9	630	WMAL
23.4.2	1280	WDOD	499.7	600	WREC
23.8	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15

Radio Household Institute.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

20.5.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ
22.5.6	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY
22.7.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WJAR
23.2.4	1290	WEBC	366	820	WHAS
24.5.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	WGY
25.2.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC
26.3.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB
26.0.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
28.0.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM
28.3	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ
28.8.5	1040	KTHS	492	610	WDAF
29.4.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI
30.0	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG
31.6	950	WRC	536	560	WLIT
31.9	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD
32.6	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR

11:45	10:45	9:45	8:45

Columbia Revue.
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120)

20.4	1470	WKBW	333	900	KHJ
22.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
22.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK
22.3.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO
22.7.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
23.4.8	1280	WDAD	389.4	770	WHBM
23.8	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL
23.8	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAN
24.1.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	KFRC
24.3.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO
25.6.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC
31.5.6	950	KMBC	500	600	WREC
31.9	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
32.3	930	WBRC	535.4	560	KLZ
32.3	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760ke)

20.5.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ
22.2.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
22.7.3	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA
22.8.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WBC
23.4.2	1280	WEBC	325.9	920	WRC
23.6.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WKY
24.5.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
25.2	1190	WOAI	340	770	KOAB
26.0	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA
26.3	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAS
26.3	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WEAA
27.0.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP
27.7.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC
28.2.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
29.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
29.4.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF
29.9.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
30.0	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00	4:00	3:00	2:00

Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660ke)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
20.6.8	1450	WEJC	336.9	890	WJAR
22.5.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
24.5.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
28.0.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
28.2.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI
29.3.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW
29.9.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
31.5.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
31.9	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD
32.5.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760ke)

20.2.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
23.8	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC
26.0.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
27.0	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
27.7.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
30.2.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	IOWD
30.2.8	990	WBZ			

8	7	6	5

Fleischmann Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454 3m-660ke)

20.6.8	1450	WEJC	365.6	820	WHAS
22.5.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WBAP
22.7.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
23.4.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
23.8	1260	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
24.5.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
25.2	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
26.5.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	KPO
27.0.1	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
27.7.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
28.8.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
29.9.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW
29.9.1	970	WCFL	491.5	610	WDAF
31.5.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
31.9	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
32.5.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WEEI
32.5.9	920	KOMO	516.9	580	WTAG
32.5.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
33.3.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WLIT
33.6.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR
36.1.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD

Friday

Eastern 9:00 p.m.	Central 8:00	Mountain 7:00	Pacific 6:00
Arabesque. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)			
261 9580	WSAU	315.6 950	KMBC
49.2 6120	W2XE	319 940	WFIW
244 1470	WKBW	323 930	WDBJ
204 1470	WLAC	323 930	WIRC
209.8 1430	WHP	333 900	KHJ
242.8 1440	WBCM	333.1 900	WEBL
245.8 1390	KLRA	337 890	WSST
223.7 1340	KFPY	370 810	WCCO
223.7 1340	WSPD	385 780	WTAR
227.1 1320	WADC	390 770	WHBM
250.8 1300	KFH	395 760	KVI
252.1 1290	WJAS	399.7 600	WCAO
258.1 1260	KOIL	475.9 630	WMAL
248 1260	WLBW	484 620	WLBZ
241.8 1240	WGHP	492 610	KFRC
241.8 1240	KVAC	500 600	WREC
243.9 1230	WFBM	516.9 580	WIBW
526 570	WWNC	526 570	WNAX
256.3 1170	WCAU	536 560	KLZ
258.5 1160	WOWO	545.1 550	WEAN
267.9 1120	WISN	545.1 550	WKRC



The Two Troupers, Helene Handin and Marcella Shields, NBC, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.

Eastern 8:30 a.m.	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)			
Meters Kc. Call	Meters Kc. Call		
202.1 1480 WCKY	333.1 900 WJAX		
205.5 1460 WTIC	337 890 WJAR		
245.9 1220 WCAE	366 820 WHAS		
252.1 1190 WOAI	380 790 WGY		
263.2 1140 WAPI	405 740 WSB		
270.3 1110 WRVA	441 680 WPTF		
277.8 1080 WBT	492 610 WDAF		
280.4 1070 WTAM	508.2 590 WOW		
312.5 960 CKGW	509 590 WEEI		
316 950 WRC	517 580 WTAG		
319 940 WCSH	536 560 WFI		
326 920 KPRC	545 550 WGR		
326 920 WWJ			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30
Maxwell House Melodies. Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)			
Meters Kc. Call	Meters Kc. Call		
205.4 1460 KSTP	361.2 830 KOA		
223.7 1340 KECA	365.6 820 WHAS		
231.2 1280 WEBC	374.8 800 WBAP		
248 1210 WJAX	380 790 KGO		
252.1 1190 WOAI	384.4 780 WMC		
260.7 1150 WHAM	394.5 760 WJZ		
265.5 1130 KSL	399.8 750 WJR		
270.1 1110 WRVA	405.2 740 WSB		
277.6 1080 WBT	428.3 700 WLW		
282.8 1060 WBAL	461.3 650 WSM		
294.9 1020 KYW	483.6 620 WTMJ		
299.8 1000 WHO	484 620 KGW		
302.8 990 WJZ	491.5 610 WDAF		
302.8 990 WBZA	508.2 590 WOW		
305.9 980 KDKA	509 590 KHQ		
325.9 920 KPRC	545.1 550 KSD		
326 920 KOMO			

10	9	8	7
RCA Victor Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660k)			
205.4 1460 KSTP	280.2 1070 WTAM		
206.8 1450 WEAF	282.8 1060 WTIC		
225.4 1330 WSAI	292.9 1020 KYW		
227.1 1320 WSMB	299.8 1000 WHO		
234.2 1280 WEBC	315.6 950 WRC		
245.8 1220 WCAE	325.9 920 KOMO		
252 1190 WOAI	325.9 920 WWJ		
263 1140 WAPI	325.9 920 KPRC		
265 1130 KYOO	333.1 900 WJAX		
265.7 1130 KSL	333.1 900 WKY		
270.1 1110 WRVA	336.9 890 WJAR		
277.6 1080 WBT	361.2 830 KOA		
282.8 1060 WBAL	380 790 WGY		
294.9 1020 KYW	394.5 760 WJZ		
299.8 1000 WHO	405.2 740 WSB		
302.8 990 WJZ	428.3 700 WLW		
305.9 980 KDKA	483.6 620 WTMJ		
325.9 920 WWJ	508.2 590 WOW		
326 920 KPRC	545.1 550 WGR		

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
Mid-Week Kodak Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860) W2XE (49.2-6120			
240.9 1250 WCAU	244.9 1230 WFBM		
256.3 1170 WCAU	390 770 WHBM		
509 590 WCAO	275.2 1090 KMOX		
535 560 WMAL	288.1 1040 KOIL		
232.6 1290 WJAS	316 950 KMBC		
238.1 1260 WLBW	267.9 1120 WISN		
241.8 1240 WFBL	370 810 WCCO		
208 1440 WHEC	241.8 1240 WSPD		
202.1 1480 WKBW	499.7 600 WMAQ		
223.7 1340 WADC	357 840 WCSH		
215.8 1390 WHK	323 930 WIRC		
13 — WKRC	500 600 WREC		
248.2 1200 WOWO	246.2 1270 WIBW		
	234.4 1280 WRR		

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30
Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—Chicago Studios			
205.4 1460 KSTP	361.2 830 KOA		
222.4 1350 KWK	365.6 820 WHAS		
225.4 1330 WSMB	374.8 800 WFAA		
234.2 1280 WLW	379.5 790 KGO		
239.6 1270 WHAS	384.4 780 WMC		
245.8 1220 WREN	405.2 740 WSB		
252 1190 WOAI	447.5 670 WMAQ		
261.1 1150 WSAI	461.3 650 WSM		
283.9 1060 KYW	483.6 620 KGW		
299.8 1000 KFOA	484.6 620 WTMJ		
299.8 1000 WKY	491.5 610 WDAF		
325.9 920 KOMO	508.2 590 KHQ		
326.1 920 KPRC			

10 a.m.	9	8	7
Ida Bailey Allen. National Home Makers' Club. Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)			
201.3 1490 WLAC	258.5 1160 WOWO		
215.8 1390 KLRA	275.1 1090 KMOX		
223.7 1340 WSPD	315.6 950 KMBC		
227.1 1320 WADC	319 940 WFIW		
232.4 1290 WJAS	333.1 900 WFBL		
234.4 1280 WHAS	333.1 900 WMAK		
238 1260 KOIL	389.4 770 WBBM		
238 1260 WLBW	475.9 630 WMAL		
241.8 1240 WGHP	491.5 610 WFAA		
243.8 1230 WNAC	526 570 WWNC		
245.6 1220 WCAO	545.1 550 WKRC		
256.3 1170 WCAU			

10:45	9:45	8:45	7:45
National Home Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
206.9 1450 WFJC	325.9 920 WWJ		
245.6 1220 WCAE	336.9 890 WJAR		
279.5 790 WGY	374.8 800 WSAI		
280.2 1070 WTAM	454.3 660 WEAF		
293.9 1020 KYW	508.2 590 WEEI		
299.8 1000 WHO	516.9 580 WTAG		
315.6 950 WRC	535.4 560 WFI		
319 940 WCSH	545.1 550 WGR		

12:00 p.m.	11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00
Columbia Revue. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)			
201.3 1490 WFBL	323 930 WBRC		
209.8 1430 WHP	323 930 WDBJ		
212.8 1410 WBCM	333 900 KHJ		
215.8 1390 KLRA	333 900 WMAK		
223.7 1340 KFPY	476 630 WMAL		
223.7 1340 WGHP	492 610 WFAN		
227.3 1320 WADC	500 600 WCAO		
234.4 1280 WDOD	500 600 WMT		
238.1 1260 WLBW	500 600 WREC		
258.6 1160 WOWQ	526 570 WKBN		
213.9 1230 WNAC	526 570 WWNC		
316 950 KMBC	536 560 KLZ		
319 940 WFIW	545 550 WEAN		

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45
National Farm and Home Hour. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4 1460 KSTP	315.6 950 WRC		
222.4 1350 KWK	325.9 920 KPRC		
234.2 1280 WLW	333.1 900 WKY		
236.1 1270 WJDX	333.1 900 WJAX		
245.8 1220 WREN	361.2 830 KOA		
252 1190 WOAI	365.6 820 WHAS		
260 1150 WHAM	374.8 800 WFAA		
263 1140 KYOO	375 800 WMAP		
270.1 1110 WRVA	384.4 780 WMC		
277.6 1080 WBT	394.5 760 WJZ		
282.8 1060 WBAL	399.8 750 WJR		
294.9 1020 KYW	405.2 740 WSB		
299.8 1000 WHO	428.3 700 WLW		
302.8 990 WJZ	461.3 650 WSM		
302.8 990 WBZA	508.2 590 WOW		
305.9 980 KDKA	535.4 560 WIOD		

Eastern 7	Central 6	Mountain 5	Pacific 4
The Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters Kc. Call	Meters Kc. Call		
202.7 1480 WCKY	305.9 980 KDKA		
238 1260 WJAX	315.6 950 WRC		
260.7 1150 WHAM	394.5 760 WJZ		
270 1110 WRVA	434.8 690 CKGW		
277.6 1080 WBT	440.9 680 WPTF		
302.8 990 WBZ	535.4 560 WIOD		
302.8 990 WBZA			

8	7	6	5
Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
205.4 1460 KSTP	333.1 900 WKY		
209.7 1430 KECA	336.9 890 WJAR		
225.4 1330 WSAI	361.2 830 KOA		
232.4 1290 WEBC	374.8 800 WFAA		
245.8 1220 WCAE	379.5 790 KGO		
252.1 1190 WOAI	454.3 660 WEAF		
265.5 1130 KSL	483.6 620 WTMJ		
270.1 1110 WRVA	491.5 610 WDAF		
282.8 1060 WTIC	491.5 610 WFAA		
293.9 1020 KYW	508.2 590 KHQ		
299.8 1000 WHO	508.2 590 WOW		
312.6 960 CKGW	508.2 590 WEEI		
315.6 950 WRC	517 580 WTAG		
319 940 WCSH	535.4 560 WLIT		
325.9 920 KOMO	545.1 550 WGR		
325.9 920 WWJ	545.1 550 KSD		
326 920 KPRC			

7	6	5	4
Nit-Wit Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)			
201.2 1490 WLAC	275.2 1090 KMOX		
201.3 1490 WFBL	315.6 950 KMBC		
204 1470 WKBW	319 940 WFIW		
209.8 1430 WHP	322.4 930 WDBJ		
212.8 1410 WBCM	323 930 WBRC		
215.7 1340 KFPY	333 900 KHJ		
215.7 1390 WHK	370 810 WCCO		
215.8 1390 KLRA	448 670 WMAQ		
223.7 1340 WGHP	476 630 WMAL		
227.3 1320 WADC	484 620 WLBZ		
230.8 1300 KFH	492 610 KFRC		
232.4 1290 WJAS	499.7 600 WCAO		
232.6 1290 KDYL	499.7 600 WREC		
234.2 1280 WDOD	500 600 WMT		
238 1260 KOIL	526 570 WKBN		
238 1260 WLBW	526 570 WWNC		
241.8 1240 WSPD	535.4 560 KLZ		
243.8 1280 WFBM	535.4 560 WIBW		
243.9 1230 WNAC	545 550 WEAN		
258.5 1160 WOWO	545.1 550 WKRC		
267.7 1120 WISN			

9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
True Story Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-612			
201.2 1490 WLAC	241.8 1240 WGHP		
201.3 1490 WFBL	243.8 1230 WNAC		
204 1470 KFJF	256.3 1170 WCAU		
208.2 1440 WHEC	258.5 1160 WOWO		
215.7 1390 KLRA	267.9 1120 WISN		
215.7 1390 WHK	275.1 1090 KMOX		
223.7 1340 WSPD	288.3 1040 KRLD		
223.7 1340 KFPY	316 950 KMBC		
227.1 1320 WADC	333 900 KHJ		
230.6 1300 WIBW	333 900 WMAK		
230.8 1300 KFH	370 810 WCCO		
232.4 1290 KTSA	391 940 KOIN		
232.4 1290 WJAS	395 760 KVI		
232.4 1290 KDYL	448 670 WMAQ		
234.2 1280 WDOD	492 610 KFRC		
236 1260 KOIL	536 560 KLZ		
238 1260 WLBW	545 550 WKRO		
239.9 1250 WDSU			

9:00 p.m.	8	7	6
Interwoven Pair. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Meters Kc. Call	Meters Kc. Call		
222.1 1350 KWK	325.9 920 KOMO		
227.1 1320 WSMB	333.1 900 WJAX		
245.8 1220 WREN	333.1 900 WKY		
252 1190 WOAI	361.2 830 KOA		
260.7 1150 WHAM	365.6 820 WHAS		
263 1140 WAPI	374.8 800 WFAA		
265.3 1130 KSL	379.5 790 KGO		
270.1 1110 WRVA	384.4 780 WMC		
277.6 1080 WBT	394.5 760 WJZ		
282.8 1060 WBAL	405.2 740 WSB		
288.3 1040 KTHS	428.3 700 WLW		
293.9 1020 KYW	440.9 630 KPO		
302.8 990 WBZ	461.3 650 WSM		
302.8 990 WBZA	468.5 640 KFI		
305.9 980 KDKA	483.6 620 KGW		
312.6 960 CKGW	508.2 590 KHQ		
325.9 920 KPRC	535.4 560 WIOD		

8	7	6	5
Cliquot Club Eskimos. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
225.4 1330 WSAI	492 610 WDAF		
245.8 1220 WCAE	508.2 590 WEEI		
282.8 1060 WTIC	508.2 590 WOW		
300 1000 WOC	516.9 580 WTAG		
315.6 950 WRC	526.0 570 WIBO		
319 940 WCSH	535.4 560 WLIT		
325.9 920 WWJ	545.1 550 KSD		
326.0 890 WJAR	545.1 550 WGR		
379.5 790 WGY			

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30
Armour Program. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4 1460 KSTP	325.9 920 KOMO		
222.2 1350 KWK	333.1 900 WJAX		
227.1 1320 WSMB	333.1 900 WKY		
234.2 1280 WEBC	361.2 830 KOA		
239.1 1270 WJDX	365.6 820 WHAS		
245.8 1220 WREN	379.5 790 KGO		
252 1190 WOAI	384.4 780 WMC		
260.9 1150 WHAM	399.8 750 WJR		
263.2 1140 WAPI	405.2 740 WSB		
265.3 1130 KSL	440.9 680 WPTF		
270.1 1110 WRVA	454.3 660 WEAF		
277.6 1080 WBT	468.5 640 KFI		
293.9 1020 KYW	483.6 620 KGW		
302.8 990 WJZ	491.5 610 WDAF		
302.8 990 WBZA	508.2 590 KHQ		
305.9 980 KDKA	535.4 560 WIOD		

10	9	8	7
Armstrong Quakers. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
205.4 1460 KSTP	325.9 920 KOMO		
205.4 1460 KSTP	333.1 900 WKY		
227.1 1320 WSMB	361.2 830 KOA		
234.2 1280 WEBC	365.6 820 WHAS		
234.8 1280 WLW	374.8 800 WFAA		
245.8 1220 WREN	379.5 790 KGO		
252 1190 WOAI	394.5 760 WJZ		
260.7 1150 WHAM	394.5 760 WJZ		
263 1140 KYOO	399.8 750 WJR		
263.3 1140 KSL	405.2 740 WSB		
270.1 1110 WRVA	461.3 650 WSM		
293.9 1020 KYW	468.5 640 KFI		
302.8 990 WBZ	483.6 620 WTMJ		
302.8 990 WBZA	483.6 620 WTMJ		
305.9 980 KDKA	483.6 620 KGW		
325.9 920 KPRC	508.2 590 KHQ		

Eastern 10:00 p.m.	Central 9:00	Mountain 8:00	Pacific 7:00

ish Revue.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

ters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
4.2	1450	WFJC	380	790	WGY
9.8	1430	KECA	441	680	WPTF
5.6	1430	WSAI	484	620	KGW
5.9	1220	WCAE	492	610	WDAF
5.5	1130	KSL	509	590	KHQ
3	1000	WOC	509	590	WEEI
8	950	WRC	509	590	WOW
9	910	WCSH	517	580	WTAG
6	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WHO
8	920	WWJ	536	560	WLIT
7	890	WJAR	545	550	KSD
3	830	KOA	545	550	WGR
0	790	KGO			

11 p.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00

Osborne and His Orchestra.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC
8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW
8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC
9	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ
7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK
7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO
7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT
7	1321	WADC	500	600	WREC
0	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW
6	1290	KDYL	526	570	WMNC
4	1250	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
8	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN
1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC
7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

sodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

5.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
2.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
7.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
4.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
6.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
5.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
2	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
5.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
3.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
9.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
5.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
5.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
3.1	900	WKY			

Saturday

6:45 a.m.	5:45	4:45	3:45

ver Health Exercises.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

ters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
5.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
2.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
5.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI
9.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR

8:15	7:15	6:15	5:15

rning Devotions.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660ke)

eters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
02.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
45.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
77.8	1080	WGY	379.5	790	WGY
00	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTF
5.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
19	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
26	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI
33.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

8:30	7:30	6:30	5:30

eerio.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

02.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX
05.4	1460	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
45.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
52.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB
63.1	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF
20.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
77.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
80.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
99.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
12.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI
15.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
19	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
25.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR

Eastern 11:15 a.m.	Central 10:15	Mountain 9:15	Pacific 8:15

Radio Household Institute.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660ke)

205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800	WSAI
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
251	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	KAOO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR

1:45	12:45	11:45	10:45

National Farm and Home Hour.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760ke)

205.5	1460	KSTP	336	920	KOMO
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WKY
230.6	1300	WIOD	345	870	WLS
232.4	1290	WEBC	361	830	KOA
236.1	1270	WJDX	366	820	WHAS
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC
263.2	1140	KYOO	390	770	KFAB
263.2	1140	WAPI	394.5	760	WJZ
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740	WSB
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	700	WLW
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WPTF
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM
303	990	WHZ	469	640	KTI
303	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW
306	980	KDKA	492	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590	KHQ

7	6	5	4

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF
302.8	990	WHZ	535.4	560	WIOD
302.8	990	WBZA			

9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).

Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660ke)

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WBAP
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
293.9	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WFI
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30

Hank Simmon's Show Boat.

Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
228.8	1310	KFH	370	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN
232.6	1290	KDYL	447.5	670	WMAQ
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WMT
238	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WMNC
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WWNC
258.6	1160	WOWO	536	560	KLZ
267.7	1120	WISN			



Will Osborne, NBC, Friday, 11:30 p.m., EDT.



Seth Parker and his cast of NBC, Sunday, 10:45 p. m., EDT

10 p.m.	9	8	7

B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.

Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660ke)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WFJC	379.5	790	KGO
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KPO
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680	WPTF
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF
282.8	1060	WTIC	468.5	640	KFI
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	580	WTAG
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560	WIOD
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR
365.6	820	WHAS			

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour.

Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120ke) WABC (348.6-860)

201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7	1120	WISN
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	KFJF	285.7	1050	KNX
208.2	1440	WFBC	288.5	1040	KRLD
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	WFIW
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC
223.7	1340	WGHP	322.4	930	WDBJ
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ
228.9	1310	KFBK	333.1	900	WFBL
230.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO
232.4	1290	KTSA	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYL	390	770	WBBM
234.2	1280	WDOD	394.5	760	KVI
236.1	1270	WDSU	447.5	670	WMAQ
236.2	1270	KOL	475.9	630	WMAL
236.2	1270	WDSU	491.5	610	KFRC
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WMT
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580	WIBW
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WWNC
249.9	1200	KMJ	535.4	560	KLZ
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Dance Carnival.

Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860ke) W2XE (49.02-6120)

201.2	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX
204	1470	WKBW	322.4	930	WDBJ
215.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	394.5	760	KVI
223.7	1340	WSPD	468.5	640	WAIU
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
232.4	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	KFRC
234.2	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WEAN
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	KLZ
258.4	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.

Key Station—Chicago Studios

205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
333.1	900	WKY			

Individuality in Autumn Styles

"THE general lines of the coming Fall fashions will be last year's confirmed and elaborated," said Carolyn Cornell when I interviewed her at the Radio Home-Makers Club after her return from the Paris openings.

"When the drastic changes came in late last year," she continued, "dressmakers were just a little bit uncertain of the way women would view a return to feminine lines and frills. Therefore, such important details as waistlines, skirt length, design and cut were all rather vaguely defined. But after the amazing success of the new clothes during the past nine months, the fashion experts are no longer wary. Every question has been definitely answered and it will be much easier for women to follow the mode this season—and for many seasons to come, for I predict femininity is with us to stay."

That is certainly good news to all of us who found our last Summer's clothes entirely outmoded this year. Now we can go ahead and plan our wardrobes with the knowledge that anything we buy will still be good when another season rolls around.

Restrained lavishness and elegance are the keynotes of the coming mode with luxurious fabrics, intricacy of cut and gnerosity of yardage characterizing Fall clothes.

Lovely things have been done with wools and worsteds for Autumn. The tailored street dress, Miss Cornell reports, is the last word in Paris for morning wear, fashioned of lightweight worsteds, particularly in dark colors brightened with flecks, nubs or dots of rayon.

"The importance of rayon-patterned worsteds cannot be overestimated," she said. "They will be worn by all women, regardless of age or size, and they are stunning. There was a regular epidemic of worsted dresses pin-dotted with rayon on the mannequins at the Longchamps races."

AMONG the outstanding details of the Fall mode Miss Cornell reports belted dresses and coats, even hemlines, pleats, boleros, peplums, flounces and lingerie touches, such as collars, cuffs, gilets and vestees. Mannishness, of course, is definitely out and sophistication takes its place with a subtlety that is intriguing.

Waistlines are firmly placed at a point midway between the top of the hipbone and the normal waist. A famous French dressmaker told Miss Cornell that they only make the very high waisted clothes for American export. It is true that we have a way over here of going to extremes that is really deplorable. When short skirts were the thing it was only in this country that they were worn above the knee. One of the things that Carolyn Cornell is so emphatic about is that American women must give up this unfortunate habit of over-emphasizing fashion details. The experts who design our clothes know just how far they can go without making us look awkward and freakish and it is rather foolhardy for us to try to improve on their taste.

Another thing Miss Cornell was insistent about is the fact that in dressing as in everything else, individuality comes first. Thanks to Dame Fashion, we have at last definitely renounced the uniform style that was brought about by the exigencies of wartimes and which lasted right up to 1929. No woman should blindly follow fashion trends without taking into account her good points and her bad ones. If your costumes retain the general tone of fashionable smartness adapted to suit your own needs, you will have that indescribable something we know as "chic." Anything else is wrong



From Best & Company

THE GLENCONNER, Soft felt with ribbon band; dark brown with a brown and beige checked scarf.



From Best & Company

Copy of Jane Regny evening gown.



From Best & Company

A Vionnet coat done in brown and beige tweed with brown leather belt and brown wooden buttons.

By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

Style Advisor of Columbia Broadcasting System

Radio Fashion Experts Outline the Latest Mode for Fall Season Emphasizing a Return to Extreme Feminine Lines and Frills

But to get back to the dresses Miss Cornell saw—woolens predominated for informal daytime wear. The favored colors were all dark; black, of course; a deep midnight blue, dark garnet, dark greens, and a rich dark brown which is sure to be popular over here. These smart tailored frocks were all relieved by lingerie touches—piqué collars and cuffs, silk gilets, and the like. The dresses were all belted, with narrow belts of leather or the dress material of the same or contrasting colors.

If you do not like belts, however, you can easily dispense with them and indicate the waistline with an indentation, the hips outlined in pin tucks or shirring.

THE new skirt length for street and sports wear is four or five inches below the knee, a dashingly youthful length that still retains the dignity of the new mode. Afternoon dresses reach well over the calf in the smart fall costume while more definitely formal gowns for afternoon teas and bridge or the matinee, swish about the ankles. Evening gowns will just clear the floor this Winter with trains reappearing on the regally formal creations.



From Best & Company

Copy of Channel dinner gown with jacket.

Among the silk dresses exhibited in Paris crêpe led all the rest, with the old favorite, canton crêpe, predominating. Marocaine, flat crêpe, ribbed and semi-sheer textures are all good but satin was only seen in a very dull finish. Skirt fullness was stressed with circular cuts and godets. Pleats are coming back; from deep box pleats to the accordion variety, all around the skirt or in groups in front. The wide box pleats, which were shown mostly on tailored cloth frocks, were stitched to a point midway between the hip and the knees and then allowed to hang free.

Fancy sleeves will be seen a great deal this fall. Cuffs, scalloped edges, and contrasting facings to match vestees and collars will be good. Miss Cornell particularly noted several dresses with sleeves that flared above the wrist coming down in a tight cuff.

As has always been the case, black will be the favorite of the smart woman for her Fall wardrobe. Brown, the deep, rich shade Miss Cornell noted in Paris, will probably give blue a close race for second place. Greens and reds, while never so popular, will be good in the darker hues.

The tuck-in skirt and blouse style that has been coming more and more to the fore during the past few months will definitely take its place among the Fall styles. Intricately cut one-piece silk dresses, with different color waist and skirt, will be subtly fashioned to give the appearance of two separate garments. Such color combinations as black and pink or eggshell, brown and beige or a pinky beige, and Patou brown and oyster green will be the leading favorites.

THE real chance to splurge your taste for luxury and lavishness will be in your evening clothes for the coming season. Miss Cornell reports that beads, sequins and all sorts of glittering trimming are creeping back into favor. Soft, luscious velvets will be extremely smart for evening gowns and wraps, though velvet will be seldom used for daytime dresses. Evening shades shown in Paris

(*Continued on page* 120)

Opened Doors

Select Daytime Programs Take Homebound Housewives Beyond Their Four Walls into a Broader Cultural Knowledge and a Bigger World

By Betty McGee

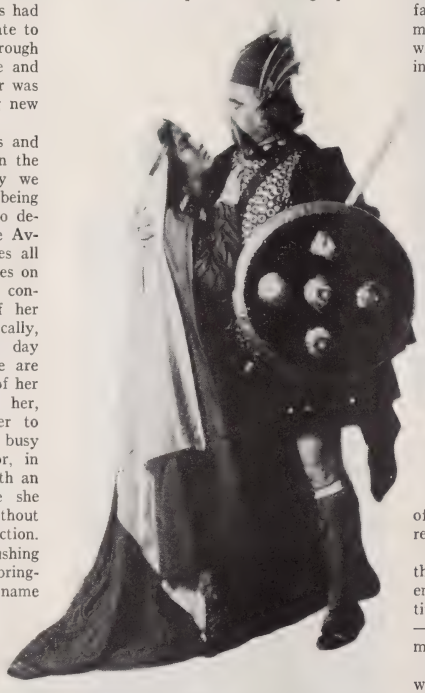
ANY examination of the history of women since the days in the Garden brings to light many distressing facts. Not to dwell on the sordid details, we may sum it all up by simply saying that woman has had a raw deal. It has ever been her fate to remain prosaically at home living through the old monotony, caring for house and babes, the while her lord and master was off waging his wars and conquering new worlds.

Passing lightly over the centuries and turning our gaze towards Woman in the year nineteen hundred and twenty we find her not quite the emancipated being the twentieth century would seem to demand. We are talking, now, of the Average Woman—the woman who does all her own work; raises her brood; lives on a modest income. Still her life is confined largely to the four walls of her dwelling place—not merely physically, but mentally. Her contacts each day with those outside her home circle are brief and hurried. The very nature of her work confines and encompasses her, never, for an instant, allowing her to escape from its burden. She is too busy to reach out for new contacts, or, in fact, to feel the need for them. With an unconscious philosophic acceptance she takes life as she finds it, but not without the toll of an unexpressed dissatisfaction.

Then came her Liberator, pushing down the walls that confined her; bringing her new life, new power. Its name was Radio. At first it came mysteriously and in disguise, clothed as Sorcerer and Entertainer.

But with the development of Radio, the introduction of the loud speaker, the increase in range of daytime programs, came also its unobtrusive entrance into the life of Woman. It all happened without her realization that it was happening at all.

As we have seen, Woman was always "too busy" to stop to learn new tricks to help her in her work. But after the advent of Radio the busy housewife grew to enjoy the sound of the cheery voice on the homemaker program and although she paid little heed, she unconsciously made mental note of some of the things she heard. And here we may observe, in addition to the quality of unobtrusiveness Radio possessed the magic power



Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have been devoting themselves to a campaign of pure English.

of repetition. Through the constant hammering in of its truths Radio taught Woman, even against her will.

Of course no woman who is Woman at all can resist for very long tips on cooking. This was Radio's first wedge, and a very practical one. In this way Woman learned the value of balanced meals, of proper nourishment, and what is more, the importance of the scientific way of doing things.

Sister to cooking came sewing. Here again the housewife learned the easiest, fastest, the correct way, of making garments. She was soon not only equipped with constructive ideas but was initiated into the subtleties of dress as an art and a means to enhancing one's person.

Then of course there were talks on general care of the home. The housewife learned to do her routine tasks in almost one-half the time they had previously taken. For example, by following the directions of Ida Bailey Allen she learned to prepare a dinner in thirty minutes in place of forty-five or sixty.

WE HAVE seen how the whole family was benefited by this new knowledge on the part of the wife and mother. They were all better nourished. The children received a better start in life because they were raised acording to the scientific findings of those versed in the psychology of child training. And let it be noted here that one of the fine things about Radio is the authenticity of the programs presented, each program representing enormous research.

And at the same time Woman herself through the efficiency she has learned to employ has been enabled to devote more time to herself—to her own personal life—to relaxation, reading or possibly community enterprise.

For some time, however, the housewife had been laboring under the delusion that attention to her own personal attractiveness was somehow a sinful waste of time. So she never troubled to find out how to care for her hair or skin, or indeed did she think of herself as an individual with a personality all her own, and a potential charm. But with the confidence that Radio had already established in her heart, Woman was willing to be taught how to become more beautiful. And Radio accomplished this as it

d accomplished other things, as no ividual with the best equipment and best intentions in the world could e done.

With attention to her hair and skin d figure came an increased awareness self as well as greater attractiveness. end husband noticed the change also d paid her little attentions that she had gotten he was capable of. The old, old ry of Woman's desire to hold her hus- nd not because he is the father of her ldren and she needs support but sim- because she loves him and still de- es his love, repeats itself. Woman akened the old feeling in the heart of mate and stirred his pride in her meliness, and we find them going out gether more in the evenings even as courtship days. Life indeed took on w bloom.

THEN instead of constant- being behind her husband in the news the day Woman found herself ahead him. There within reach of the loud eaker she heard the frequent sum- aries of the day's news. (And espe- lly is this a Godsend to the farm wo- n out of reach of the large dailies.) re was her chance to "scoop" her hus-



Larry Funk, czar of the NBC daytime programs from which housewives from coast to coast find much in culture and information.

band on the latest sensation. While he was busy at work she heard the voice of the Prince of Wales, or attended the sessions of the Naval Conference.

And although there has been much talk of women in politics since Woman got the vote, active interest never prevailed in the remotest districts or in the busiest homes till woman could hear, without moving from her own living-room, speeches both informative and non-partisan. The Government Club of New York City and the League of Women Voters have done much to acquaint the Average Woman with the political situation as it stands today.

It is interesting to note some of the agencies which have been instrumental in developing women's programs. Commercial firms have done much to further the development of such programs. Among such contributors are the Washburn Crosby Company, Radio Household Institute, the Copeland Hour, the Consolidated Gas Company, and scores of others.

The agricultural colleges of the country as well as the United States Department of Agriculture also stand in line for their share of the credit in developing women's programs on the air. Dr. Louise G. Stanley, Chief of the Home Economics Department at Washington, is a staunch believer in the value of Radio as a great educator.

WOMEN'S clubs, as we have already indicated, have helped to promote feminine program broadcasting. The Congress of Women's Clubs of western Pennsylvania, located at Pittsburgh, sponsored the first Radio club on the air. Mrs. John Sloan, then president, showed her interest by giving it her full support and assigned to this task Mrs. Charles M. Johnson, the then chairman of the home economics department of the Congress. This club brought to the woman audience the most prominent speakers of the club world. Mrs. John D. Sherman, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs at Washington, D. C. proved her personal approval by her assistance in this phase of Radio broadcasting.

The decidedly cultural aspects must not be overlooked. Take that one tremendous factor alone—music. If Radio had done no more than to bring this one element of beauty into the heart of Woman it would have been enough. Through its mysterious power the very soul of Woman has been refreshed; her whole being relaxed—recreated. In large measure these programs which did so much to restore woman's sense of the beauty of things were merely by way of entertainment—programs tuned in for a moment of snatched relaxation. Other programs, however, were plainly designed to educate. Take for instance that marvelous opportunity presented in Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Series which reached all parts of the country through the NBC network.

Then again the long list of stations to broadcast the American School of the



Dorothy Hall at the Radio Homemaker's Club for a first lesson in cooking—and was it a success! Yum-yum, wait till you see those biscuits!

Air programs twice each week through the Columbia Broadcasting System presents itself with attendant significance. And as yet we have said nothing of the colleges and universities all over the country which spread culture by regular classroom broadcasts in a wide range of subjects.

But perhaps the most vital factor in this story of Radio and Woman's freer self is the stimulating companionship of her Radio friends. The popularity of Radio clubs is indicative of the fact that women are hungry for this companionship. Miss Marie K. Neff, a member of the National Broadcasting Company and a pioneer in the organization of Radio clubs recently made the statement—"My work with women in organizing Radio clubs brought home to me the truth that women have been starved for just such social contact. I count my broadcasting contacts as one of the most gratifying experiences I have ever had."

A few minutes' conversation with one

(*Continued on page 125*)

Forty-niners of Radio

By Madonna M. Todd

LATENT talent is being stimulated everywhere by Radio—in fact it has been for a long time. And still there is waiting-room in the wings for the individual who can mould good ærial entertainment from the heritage afforded by the theatre, vaudeville and concert stage.

But, oh for the "good old days" before Radio wriggled out of her swaddling clothes to become the undisputed and perfected mistress of the air.

"Breaking in" wasn't so hard.

It didn't seem to matter just what the potentialities were. A man or woman might have a penchant to write, sing or to play some musical instrument. He just got his stride and swung down the lane that led to one of the Radio stations that, even then, were springing up like the oft-mentioned mushroom. He was right sure of a job. Even though he wasn't paid for his work, there was fame to be won! And not a few of those stars shining brightest on Radio's Broadway today, got on the theatrical boards just that way.

In the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company, there are a corps of real pioneers of the West. Five of them are women who heard Radio's call long before most folk recognized her as more than an amazing—and mysterious—media, which provided diversion, far from perfect, if one rigged up a crystal set and clamped on the ear-phones.

Wilda Wilson Church, dramatic director; Georgia Simmons, famed for black-face interpretations; Peggy Chapman, among the first of the crooners to hum blues through the ether; Pearl King Tanner, who forsook the stage to present the first three-act drama; and Josephine Bartlett, who became a nationally known home-science expert, are the feminine "Forty-niners of Radio".

Among the men are Arthur Garbett, educational director of the Pacific Division NBC, and Bert Horton, of the National Players. Billy Page, the Penrod of the West and a star in his own right since he was 10 years old, is among the first of the juveniles on the air and H. C. Connette, continuity writer, discovered his penchant for Radio while writing for a newspaper in China.

Mrs. Church probably is the outstanding pioneer of the group. It was she who insisted first that a complete play could be presented via Radio successfully and she who talked a station manager into letting her produce "Dulce" nearly eight years ago. Mrs. Church was at KRE, Berkeley, Calif. The station was among the first in the San Francisco bay area and with its impressive 50 watts, it crowned the fan-famed Claremont Hotel, for years a society center and gathering place of the West Coast.



Miss Grace Abbott, head of the children's department of the United States Department of Labor, brings a great deal of useful advice to American mothers by Radio.

BESIDES proving that drama was acceptable to the Radio audience, Mrs. Church tried out educational features and read poetry.

"A new type of literature bound to evolve because Radio's demand for micr phone drama and continuity Mrs. Church tells her interviewer. "A ready a great many prominent writers a devoting considerable effort to the deve opment of the 'perfect' Radio drama ar hundreds of men and women throughou the country are engaged in writing co tinuity. Each of these is a distinct ty of literature built to meet the ever gro ing and increasingly diversified demand

A quiet woman whose keen gray ey and youthful attitude belie her year Mrs. Church works diligently each da at the business of directing and producir scores of dramat performances i the NBC Sa Francisco studio For four year she was direct of dramatic pr ductions at KG Oakland, an found time to d velop an occa sional juvenile pr gram. That was b fore sponsors di covered that grow ups could b reached successful ly during the fou to five o'clock pe riod which for merly was in a fai way to becom universally a "bed time" hour.

Speaking o "microphone lit erature", Mrs Church points t the striking caree of Helen Norris, youthful, cripple author who live in Medford, Ore.

"Miss Norris wrote to ask me what kind of plays coul be presented through the air," Mrs Church explained. "I described my ideal and Helen began to write. More than 12 of her plays were given at the KGO studios and they now are being broadcast by stations in Schenectady, N. Y.; Denver, Colo., and Portland, Ore. The homely realities of life, as she sees them each day, are used by the little girl as themes for her plays."

Microphone technique interests Mrs. Church tremendously. While the dramas which she has written or directed are

(*Continued on page 126*)

By Evelyn Gardiner, Director
KDKA Home Forum



The Hostess finds her electrically controlled refrigerator a great help when serving afternoon bridge refreshments.

Your Electrically Controlled Refrigerator

DO YOU homemakers realize that your business — that of home management— is the largest business in the country? There are 30,000,000 homes in the United States. Roughly speaking the total population of our country is 120,000,000. Just think, one-fourth of these people are engaged in a single industry. Surely no other one industry is composed of so many workers.

Is it not of importance to the progress of the nation how the management of these homes is conducted? Millions of dollars may be lost yearly if each one of these home managers is but a little inefficient. Home managers are directly and vitally concerned with the provision of the three main necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter. Of course, food is the most important and most of the time of the housewife is consumed with the buying, handling, storage and preparation of foodstuffs for the family meals. This function has greatly increased in importance due to the complexity of modern living. The health of the nation is largely in the hands of the 30,000,000 homemakers. Is there not a tremendous responsibility upon your shoulders?

We realize more than ever before that the preservation of food means the preservation of health. Knowledge regarding health and the care of foods is widespread and available to everyone today. But we do not always grasp the opportunity as it comes to us and make the best use of this knowledge. We have many things to learn about a great many subjects. We may know a little about our own jobs, but there are millions of other things about which most of us are ignorant. We speak of a well educated person as one who has attended high school or college, perhaps. He may know law, psychology, biology or engineering. But what else does he know? Does he know how to live? If he doesn't, can we call him really educated? So few of us know very much about health. And I wonder if we always follow the principles which we do know.

THE success of our jobs, as homemakers or workers in other industries, is largely determined by our health. Proper means of refrigeration is a great factor in maintaining good health. Most of us are very particular when buying food in the store. We demand wrapped bread and butter, sterilized milk, good sanitary conditions and clean, healthy employees. The things we see make a deep impression upon us. How many of us like to eat buns or cake left out on the counter where the flies swarm? And yet, I wonder if we are very careful when the food is delivered to us.

The milk is delivered in sterilized containers. It is left on the porch and there it may stay for several hours in the sun Or we may bring it in and let it stand in a warm kitchen for some time before putting it in a refrigerator. Bacteria multiply very rapidly in warm milk. Even though the milk may not sour, it may be unfit for use. Think, then, of the risk you are taking with your most loved possessions, your family. Most people are conscientious and want to do what is right and safe for health. But sometimes, we all need to be startled a bit to realize our carelessness.

What means of refrigeration are you using? Is it adequate? Are you sure? If not, what can be done to improve it? Do you realize the importance of good refrigeration?

Think over these questions. Keep them in mind as you read this article. If you do not find the information here you need to answer your questions, ask those whose job it is to know about refrigeration.

What causes foods to decompose? There are millions of micro-organisms in air, water and food. Some are our friends and help us in many cookery processes. Others are the germs of terrible diseases. Others change the chemical composition of foods making them poisonous rather than beneficial. Two types of micro-organisms which cause food to decay are mold and bacteria. Given the right conditions they will grow rapidly in food unless prevented They change good food into spoiled food, such as rancid butter, rotten eggs, or putrid meat. Of course, many spoiled foods may be detected by sight or smell. You would immediately throw such food away. But sometimes food is decayed and it cannot be detected by the senses. With certain foods, the senses may be trusted. But with others, these little bacteria may be present and no evidence given to the consumer.

Most of us have known for years that if foods were kept cold they would stay fresh longer. Yes, but just how cold must they be? And how long will they stay fresh? These are indeed very important questions and the answers to them are even more important. Let us be no longer content to thrust a food into a refrigerator, leave it there so long as we care to, use it when it fits into our menu and then trust to luck or good fortune that nothing disastrous will happen. But suppose you were not feeling well on that particular day? Or, perhaps your baby may be given some of this left-over food. What would be the result? Anyone with a weakened digestive system is much more easily upset than a well, healthy individual. An example of this occurred in a tea-room in a college town one day. Students, faculty and neighbors ate there regularly. After one noon lunch, several were quite ill. Others were not. The trouble was laid to a meat loaf made from left-over meat. And of course the real cause behind it was inadequate refrigeration.

REFRIGERATION is an all-year-round responsibility. It is impossible to depend upon the weather to maintain a low and uniform temperature. Refrigeration is quite a modern innovation. Storage of food was unheard of among primitive peoples. They killed enough meat to satisfy the appetite and threw away what was left. Later when men began to live in houses they became more civilized and more intelligent. The first reason for food preservation was to provide for food in time of famine. At first salt was used for this purpose. This was not entirely satisfactory. Then foods were dried to preserve them. The use of cold was one of the earliest methods of refrigeration. Formerly, cold was not available in all climates and at all times of the year. Many methods were devised to provide cold when it was needed. The spring, well, basement, ice-house, water-tight containers and caves have all been used at various periods.

In the 17th century a Dutchman discovered for the first time the existence of micro-organisms. But it was not until the 19th century, that Louis Pasteur discovered the relation of bacteria and other micro-organisms to the spoilage of food and the communication of disease. He discovered that these microbes might be killed by heat, thus preventing food spoilage. Then scientists studied the effect of cold as a means of preventing food spoilage. They have told us that if food is kept at all times at a temperature below 50 degrees, bacteria cannot multiply to any great extent and foodstuffs will remain fresh for some time.

There is no other one food which requires the care milk does in the home. Laws protect us from receiving poor milk. It is carefully pasteurized or certified, bottled and delivered to us clean and cold. Laws regulate the dairies, the employees, the health and cleanliness of the cows themselves. With all this scrupulous care and outlay of millions of dollars to protect the babies of the nation, should not the homemakers do their part in safeguarding them also? Many mothers are indignant if anyone infers that they neglect their children, and yet carelessness in the handling of milk is quite general. When the milk is spoiled and your baby is ill, do you blame someone else or are you ever the cause? Bacteria grow rapidly in milk unless the temperature is low. Quick cooling after milking is essential to prevent the growth of these bacteria. One investigation of this increase shows us that when milk is kept at 90°F. for one hour, the bacteria have increased over one and one-half million from the original. If kept at 50°F. the increase is but 33,000 bacteria. So we can readily see the need for quick cooling of milk and a uniform temperature of 45°F. or less for milk at all times.

For years, ice has been the principal method of refrigeration. If it were available everywhere and at all times, mechanical refrigeration would probably not have become so popular. But ice shortages have shown us the uncertainty of such a means of refrigeration. Mechanical refrigeration gives us a uniform temperature at all times. It eliminates the possibility of being without ice, thus causing food to spoil. There are no ice cards to put out each morning. No ice man can track his muddy feet over your kitchen floor. If you wish to go away for a few days, you can be sure that your food will be kept in perfect condition until your return.

WHEN selecting an electrically controlled refrigerator, there are several things to consider. The cost of course varies as to type and size. You are buying more than a cooling box. You have an electric mechanism which is far more expensive than the ordinary ice box. The initial and the operation costs of the two cannot be easily compared. It depends upon local prices, transportation costs and other factors. Weather conditions determine the operation costs to a large extent in either case.

If no warm air entered the box, very little electricity would be used in operating a refrigerator. But there is no perfect insulation which will keep out all air. Heat enters from three sources. About three percent comes from opening the doors, sixteen percent from the food put in and eighty-one percent from leakage through the walls. There are many kinds of insulating material used. Cork, corkboard, felt, sawdust, mineral wool, and paper are some of these. The material must hold air, it must not settle, rot or crack and it must last as long as the chest itself. It must be odorless. It must be strong. It must not absorb moisture.

The whole construction should be strong and rugged. Thick, continuous walls prevent air from being conducted into the refrigerator. The insulation should be well enclosed or cemented to the walls to close all air spaces. The openings should be few, the hinges and other parts made to fit tightly. Avoid metal so far as possible, as metal conducts heat, thereby using more electricity.

IT IS important, especially in a home with small children, that the motor be protected from any danger to them. It should also be protected from any moisture. The quietness of the operation of the motor is important to most women. Some are more silent than others, but you will find that all are being improved to the point where they will operate quietly.

The construction largely determines the temperature maintained. From 40° to 50°F. is a good range. The temperature should not be above 50°F. Good insulation, good circulation of air and low humidity are necessary for a low temperature. Hours refrigeration does not kill micro-organisms. It merely keeps them in a resting state and retards their growth. Above 50°F., the organisms which tend to destroy food increase at a very rapid rate. They multiply much less rapidly at temperatures below 45°F. It is easily seen why a low, uniform temperature is necessary. One can never be sure that food will keep even for a very short time, if there happen to be great fluctuations in temperature.

To insure air circulation be sure that the shelves of your refrigerator are perforated. Cold air is heavy and sinks to the bottom, forcing the warm air up. We do not want dead air spaces. Openings are put in the shelves to help the air to circulate. With the air, odors circulate, as well. Without a free circulation of air, the food at the top of the refrigerator, where the temperature is the highest, might not keep very long.

Food will not keep well in a moist refrigerator. A good circulation helps to keep the box dry. You will find that an

(*Continued on page 118*)

An Apology

The article about Amos 'n' Andy in Hollywood, promised for this month, has been postponed until our next issue. Amos 'n' Andy arrived in the Movie Capital too late to make it possible to obtain an adequate story for the current issue of RADIO DIGEST.

Maurie Sherman

Chicago's Popular Dance Orchestra Leader Graduates from Maestro of Cubs Ball Bat to the Little Baton

By Ann Stewart



Maurie Sherman

STATION WBBM, Chicago. It is now time to take you to the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman for a half hour of dance music supplied by Maurie Sherman and his famous, all star orchestra. Maurie's first song will be——"

You can believe your ears, for what you have heard is perfectly true. Maurie Sherman and his band are back on the air and they are back to stay, broadcasting nightly as well as in the afternoon from WBBM in Chicago, and it is rumored that they may have some time on the Columbia Broadcasting System in the near future. Furthermore, all their activities take place in the College Inn, Chicago's center of night life in the center of the loop. In other words, Maurie and his boys are coming to the public with a big smile and the assurance that this time they will not stray far from their friends or the mike.

As a sort of welcoming gesture from his fans, Maurie finds himself swamped with congratulatory telegrams, letters and telephone calls. There are requests for him to play this song or that, for him to sing some of his oldest and best loved songs in his own inimitable manner, and last but not least to tell the world a little more about himself, where he came from, why he is an orchestra leader, and where he found so much good that he does with the dance music of the day. Now he has agreed to answer these questions by telling me the story of his life, and those who know him best have helped with the additional information that Maurie deemed too unimportant to mention.

When Maurie was fifteen years old, he was living in Chicago with his parents, going to school, studying violin very seriously and taking a good deal of time to act as bat boy for the Cubs. He was a great baseball fan and still is somewhat of a follower of all the sports, as can be seen later. School meant nothing to Maurie. He went because his father wanted him to go and because it seemed the thing to do. However, his leisure moments were spent at the Cubs Park, and he soon found that school interfered mightily with baseball, hence, school was cast aside. After a month of neglecting his studies, Maurie was summoned to the principal's office and asked why he had not come to school and where he had been. Maurie replied that he had been sick, which was an unfortunate answer, for the principal demanded a signed certificate from his doctor. It was a serious place to be in.

Not making the situation any easier was the fact that Mr. Sherman senior was really intent on having his son go to college. He acknowledged that Maurie was really an accomplished violinist, but that education was more important than a musical career, he was positive. Mrs. Sherman was perhaps a little in favor of the violin. Maurie was her favorite and she rather thought that he would make something of himself sooner or later. Knowing where the sympathy lay, Maurie went to his mother with the story of his experience at school. As a result, mother and son, as is the custom, joined forces and saved Maurie from complete annihilation at the hands of his father. Neither did the lad go back to school.

But Maurie's father was none too willing to let his son grow up to be indolent, so when Maurie was sixteen he got his first real job playing the violin in a dance orchestra whose other instruments consisted of a battered piano and a dilapidated set of drums. He was a real musician now, earning two dollars a night and a full fledged member of the musicians union. It is guessed that at last the young man was really happy.

"No, I didn't start my career selling newspapers," smiles Maurie. "I never earned any money except that which I was paid for my playing and that money was little enough for a long time." He played in bands of all sorts for some years before he made his first important connection, but during that time he had many interesting and some rather comical experiences in the light of what the name of Maurie Sherman now signifies. One glimpse into Maurie's life is especially memorable.

Sam Katz, now of the famous Balaban and Katz, was just opening his first movie house. He needed an orchestra of some sort, and Maurie, who was then about seventeen, applied for the job singly, fiddle in hand. Mr. Katz looked the plump, black haired lad over, listened to his playing and decided in favor of him to the tune of ten dollars a week. Maurie was decidedly pleased and felt that he was making a way for himself.

HOWEVER, success goes to one's head often enough and Maurie was not unusual in this human leaning. A few months after his opening in Katz' theater, Maurie went to his boss and demanded a raise to twelve dollars a week. There were some warm words exchanged in which might be heard the opinion of each gentleman on the other. The end came when Maurie and his violin made a speedy exit from the office of the redoubtable Mr. Katz sans job and a good deal of pride.

After losing that position, Maurie was forced to seek work from another source. He played in a concert orchestra on one of the Lake Michigan excursion boats,

(*Continued on page 104*)

VICTOR HERBERT
"As I Knew Him"
by Harold Sanford

A TENDER personal story of America's great composer by a man who knew and associated more intimately with him than any other man now alive. You will know Victor Herbert better, and love him for the man that he was after reading this vivid reminiscence by his old chum in the OCTOBER

RADIO DIGEST

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Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

What About Television?

IN THE last hundred years scientific progress in many fields has been more rapid than at any other time in the world's history. Inventions and discoveries keep pouring down on us from the fecund womb of technology, crowding so closely upon each other that the average person feels nothing is impossible to the scientist. Books and newspaper and magazine articles have brought science to the public and the many advances of recent years have caught and held their imagination, creating a vast and eager audience interested in science. And during past years few subjects have created more discussion than television.

In television confident predictions of its coming have been made so frequently during the past few years that many proverbial pessimists have probably been convinced that we will soon see as well as hear by Radio. Research in this field has attracted scientists throughout the world. Almost every week some one asks us, "When will television in the home become practical?" But to attempt to predict how much water must flow under the bridge before television becomes practical would be futile—this is a sea whose shores no eyes can see. Tremendous progress has been made, but there are still many fundamental difficulties yet to be overcome.

Most persons want to know when television will become "practical" and this involves defining what we mean by practical. The first Radio receivers, whose panels contained innumerable dials, knobs and switches were "practical" but the newest sets are certainly much more practical since they contain but two major controls for tuning and volume and can therefore be operated with perfect ease by users who have absolutely no conception of what happens when they turn the dial. When television receivers first become available they will probably be practical in the same sense as were the early receivers. In other words they will be comparatively difficult to operate, requiring considerable experience on the part of the user before good results are obtained.

Many, when they consider television in the home, think of a device like a Radio receiver with a switch and a couple of controls and a screen at least three feet square on which will be projected a clear unflickering image—in other words they conceive something similar to a motion picture, on a somewhat smaller scale, with the difference that the television screen will record events as they happen. Actually, if we installed a television receiver to-day, we would see (perhaps) a small image, at the most a few inches square. Television in its early stages cannot be compared very readily with early broadcasting. The ear can be subjected to a comparatively large amount of distortion before it becomes painfully noticeable. Many of the important sounds produced by orchestra instruments can be suppressed and the music, to the average person, will still sound quite good. The eye, on the other hand, is very critical and easily detects even a small amount of distortion.

The promise of television is that we may see events at a distance, as they occur. Television annihilates distance for the eye as ordinary broadcasting does for the ear. To accomplish television certain definite problems are involved. A hopeful sign is that here in America at least four great industrial organizations are devoting a large amount of time and energy and money to the problems of television. Among the leaders in this work are Herbert E. Ives of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, E. F. W. Alexanderson of the General Electric Company and consulting engineer of the Radio Corporation of America, C. F. Jenkins of the Jenkins Television Corporation, F. Conrad of the Westinghouse & Mfg. Co., and V. K. Zworykin of the R C A Victor Co., and J. L. Baird of the Baird Television Corporation, the latter being an English concern with a branch in this country.

Practical television is not achieved because seeing faces and scenes has been and will continue to be demonstrated. The best demonstrations of this sort have been laboratory affairs involving expensive, complicated apparatus and competent engineers. Simpler apparatus has been designed and in fact is being used by many experimenters in this country and in England. But it seems to us that the appeal of television to this group is not that of receiving good pictures but of doing at one's home what is demonstrated in the laboratories of large companies with the aid of a hundred engineers and thousands of dollars worth of apparatus. The thrill they get is perhaps somewhat similar to that Galileo got when he looked through his glass—the first telescope—and with it saw thousands of stars never before seen by man. A thrill that made Galileo write his friend Kepler

"OH, MY friend Kepler, how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together. Here at Padua is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the professor of philosophy at Pisa laboring before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the

(*Continued on page 104*)

Howard E. Rhodes, who conducts this department is well known to many readers, having been Technical Editor of Radio Broadcast Magazine for the past few years. His wide experience in the fields of Radio and television make him capable of accurately and clearly discussing the important things that are continually taking place in these sciences. Some readers may have some questions to ask regarding the subjects discussed in this department. If these questions are sent to RADIO DIGEST *they will be answered as completely as possible.* —*The Editors*

of the Radio Arts

The New Receivers

THE FALL months bring a time of the year when many people consider buying a new Radio receiver to provide countless hours f enjoyment during the following months. Many Radio receiver manufacturers have nnounced new models and the improve- ents they contain represent new factors consider when purchasing a receiver. ndeed the constant improvements made Radio receivers lead some to hesitate ver the purchase of a new set, in antici- ation of some sort of Radio millennium when receivers will be absolutely perfect. Improvements will always be made in the Radio art and he who waits for perfection will never enjoy Radio. Were the same idea to be followed in the purchase of automobiles some forty million people would still be walking for, after a quarter of a century of developments, the perfect automobile is not yet in sight.

The Radio receiver of to-day is a product which, both from a musical and technical standpoint, is capable of giving long and satisfactory service. It will not be greatly outclassed for a long time. In simplicity, ease of operation, appearance, and quality of reproduction it has reached high standards. So far as Radio design is concerned we have reached the era of refinement. But it is these refinements that influence many in the purchase of a receiver. Most of this year's improvements are technical in nature—in many cases they represent long careful laboratory work by the engineering staffs of the various manufacturing companies. In the following paragraphs we attempt to explain what a few of the improvements mean in the way of better reception.



National Broadcasting Company's Control Booth in New York

Tone Control

Here is a feature to be found on a number of the new receivers. The tone control usually takes the form of a small knob placed alongside the tuning control and it enables the user to vary the quality of the reproduction. With it either the base or the treble notes can be given special emphasis. The markings on the control differ among various sets but at the two extremes of the movement of the control there will usually be found the words "mellow" and "brilliant" or one of their synonyms. When the control is turned to "mellow" the lower register—the base notes—are given more emphasis than the treble; when the control is turned to "brilliant" the lower notes are suppressed and added emphasis given to the treble. There are several reasons why these controls will prove popular.

IN THE first place we have the problem of individual taste. Some listeners may like their music "mellow"

(*Continued on page 128*)

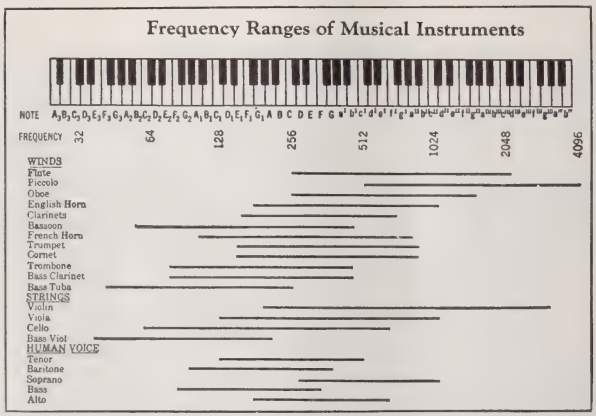
Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

Broadcasting

THE National Broadcasting Company announced on July 22 that an application had been filed with the Federal Radio Commission for a permit to replace the present transmitting equipment of WJZ with more modern apparatus. The new transmitter would have a rating of 50 kilowatts, but would only be operated at 30 kilowatts which is the same power at present being used by WJZ. Since the engineers do not desire to increase the power of the station we see no reason why the application should be denied.

This request for a new transmitter rather naturally brings up the question of what is being done in the broadcasting art to improve quality and service. The entire broadcast structure depends largely upon these two factors, for without excellent technical equipment and personnel the best program may be hashed in transmission. The quality of the transmission of a broadcasting station is no mysterious matter, in as far as it is a function of the apparatus installed. If it transmits impartially all the usual tones associated with speech and music, free from distortion due to overloading, and a few other technical bugs, and if the operators know their business, it will put out first rate stuff. If on the other hand the station does not transmit the low notes the output will sound "tiny" on a good broadcast receiver; if the high notes are lost the program will sound muffled, having that boom-boom quality. If the transmission curve of the station is sensibly flat between from about 50 cycles, which corresponds to a note about two octaves below middle C on the piano. up to about say, 6000 cycles, corresponding to a note considerably higher than the top note on the piano the station can hardly help sounding good on the air—unless the operators are plumbers and mismanage their jobs.

To give the reader a definite idea of the range of musical instruments, the chart on this page will be helpful. This chart shows the range in frequency of all the common musical instruments. The chart does not show, however, the overtones produced when an instrument is played, and it is the overtones that give distinctive character to two different instruments both sounding the same note. If the overtones are suppressed it is not possible to tell the difference between any two instruments, a piano and a violin for example. The overtones extend far beyond the range of the chart and it is to take care of these essential qualities of musical instruments, that it is necessary to extend the range of transmitters and receivers beyond the frequency corresponding to the highest note on the piano.



BUT good equipment is of little use without a capable staff to operate it. In broadcasting, the announcer has been elevated, by some, to a high and mighty place, but his work is no more important, and we are inclined to say his work is less important, than that of the technical staff. We would have no objections—in fact would rather like—listening to a program that just went through from beginning to end without any announcing, but we groan when we even consider listening to a program transmitted while the technical staff slumbered! The biggest job of the technical staff during a transmission is that of "monitoring". Skillful monitoring is an art in itself. The necessity for it arises from the fact that wire lines and transmitters cannot be built, at this stage of the art, to accommodate the extreme ranges in volume of many musical selections. A full symphony orchestra going full blast, with all the musicians sawing, thumping and blowing as hard as they can, produces about a million times as much energy as will a few musicians playing pianissimo. The orchestra conductor enjoys this but it makes the engineer sweat. The job of the monitoring operator, who obviously must have some musical as well as technical training if he is to do a good job, is to reduce that ratio of a million between fortissimo and pianissimo passages to a ratio that can be handled without distortion by the broadcast equipment. It is not a simple task. The object of the good control operator is always to leave the original alone as far as the characteristics of the equipment permit. Poor control operators either "let 'er ride" with the result that distortion occurs, or they adjust the control excessively with the result that the listener gets the impression that the music is "flat". A good control operator is like a good automobile driver who never pushes the accelerator down to the floor boards but always keeps something in reserve, and who never makes any very sudden swerves or turns but does this slowly and with forethought. Monitoring must always be done smoothly; the only abrupt changes in volume should be those written into the music by its composer.

BROADCASTING has now been with us long enough to have developed good control operators, who will always remain "unsung heroes" to the listener; but not to the engineer-in-charge who thanks his lucky stars many times for a good control operator.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Radio Digest's October Number for New Official Log and Call Book

K

KC.....Enid, Okla.
KD.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
KA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
KL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
KA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KA.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
KW.....Burbank, Calif.
K.....Portland, Ore.
KB.....Lincoln, Neb.
KB.....Great Falls, Mont.
KK.....Sacramento, Calif.
KL.....Everett, Wash.
KM.....Beaumont, Tex.
KY.....Brookings, S. D.
KL.....Denver, Colo.
KQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KQ.....Boone, Ia.
K.....Wichita, Kans.
KA.....Gunnison, Colo.
K.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KE.....Portland, Ore.
KG.....Spokane, Wash.
KU.....Juneau, Alaska
KZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
KB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
KF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
KI.....Milford, Calif.
KM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
KR.....Portland, Ore.
KY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
KZ.....Port Worth, Tex.
KA.....Greeley, Colo.
KB.....Milford, Kans.
KU.....Lawrence, Kans.
KX.....Chicago, Ill.
KZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
KV.....Rockford, Ill.
KW.....Galveston, Tex.
KMX.....Northfield, Minn.
KNF.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
KOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
KPY.....Dublin, Texas
KPM.....Greenville, Texas
KPW.....Siloam Springs, Ark.
KPY.....Spokane, Wash.
KQA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
KQD.....Anchorage, Alaska
KQU.....Holy City, Calif.
KQW.....Seattle, Wash.
KQZ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KRC.....San Francisco, Calif.
KRU.....Columbia, Mo.
KSD.....San Diego, Calif.
KSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KUL.....Galveston, Tex.
KUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
KUO.....St. Louis, Mo.
KUP.....Denver, Colo.
KVD.....Culver City, Calif.
KVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
KWC.....Ontario, Calif.
KWP.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWI.....San Francisco, Calif.
KWM.....Oakland, Calif.
KXD.....Jerome, Idaho
KXF.....Denver, Colo.
KXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
KXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
KXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
KXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
KYO.....Abilene, Tex.
KYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
KA.....Spokane, Wash.
KAR.....Tuscon, Ariz.
KB.....San Diego, Calif.
KBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
KBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KBZ.....York, Neb.
KCA.....Des Moines, Iowa.
KCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
KCN.....Concordia, Kan.
KCR.....Watertown, S. D.
KCU.....Mandan, N. D.
KCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
KDA.....Dell Rapids, S. D.
KDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
KDM.....Stockton, Calif.
KDR.....San Antonio, Tex.
KDY.....Oldham, S. D.
KEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KEK.....Yuma, Colo.
KER.....Long Beach, Calif.
KEW.....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
KEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
KFF.....Alva, Okla.
KFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFI.....Corpus Christi, Tex.
KFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.
KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Neb.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGHD.....Missoula, Mont.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
KGIW.....Trinindad, Colo.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
KGKB.....Brownwood, Tex.
KGKL.....San Angelo, Tex.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Tex.
KGKX.....Sand Point, Idaho
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
KGO.....Oakland, Calif.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Tex.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
KLCN.....Blytheville, Ark.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KMED.....Medford, Ore.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
KMOJ.....Tacoma, Wash.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
KMTR.....Hollywood, Calif.
KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
KPIM.....Prescott, Ariz.
KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
KPPC.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPQ.....Wenatchee, Wash.
KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
KPWF.....Westminster, Calif.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
KRLD.....Dallas, Tex.
KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
KSAT.....Fort Worth, Tex.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
KSO.....Clarinda, Ia.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
KTAB.....Oakland, Calif.
KTAT.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
KTLC.....Richmond, Texas.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
KTNT.....Muscatine, Ia.
KTRH.....Austin, Texas.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Tex.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
KUT.....Austin, Tex.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Tex.
KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
KZIB.....Manilla, P. I.
KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
WABC.....New York City
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
WADC.....Akron, Ohio
WAFB.....Baton Rouge, Mich.
WAGM.....Royal Oak, Mich.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
WBAL.....West Lafayette, Ind.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
WBAP.....Forth Worth, Tex.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WBBW.....Norfolk, Va.
WBBY.....Charleston, S. C.
WBAY.....Ponca City, Okla.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
WBIS.....Boston, Mass.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
WBNY.....New York City
WBOW.....New York City
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Neb.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WCDA.....New York City.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
WCGU.....Coney Island, N. Y.
WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WCOH.....Greenville, N. Y.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
WDRC.....New Haven, Conn.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
WDWF.....Croydon, R. I.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
WEAF.....New York City.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
WEAO.....Columbus, O.
WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio.
WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
WEBE.....Cambridge, O.
WEBQ.....Harrisburg, Ill.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WEMC.....Berrien Springs, Mich.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
WEVD.....Woodhaven, N. Y.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
WFAA.....Dallas, Tex.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFBC.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
WFBL.....Collegeville, Minn.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
WFOD.....Altoona, Pa.
WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
WFJC.....Akron, O.
WFKD.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
WFVD.....Rome, Ga.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
WGBS.....New York City
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
WGHP.....Detroit, Mich.
WGL.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WGSP.....Savannah, Ga.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHAP.....New York City
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo
WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
WHBW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WHBY.....West DePere, Wis.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
WHDH.....Gloucester, Mass.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WHDL.....Tupper Lake, N. Y.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
WHK.....Cleveland, O.
WHN.....New York City
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
WHPP.....Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
WIBG.....Elkins Park, Pa.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
WIBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
WIBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
WINR.....Bay Shore, N. Y.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
WJAY.....Cleveland, O.
WJAZ.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
WJBW.....New Orleans, La.
WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
WJDW.....Emory, Va.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
WJID.....Chicago, Ill.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
WJSV.....Washington, D. C.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
WJZ.....New York City
WKAQ San Juan, Porto Rico
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
WKBE.....Webster, Mass.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WKBN.....Youngstown, O.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
WKBP.....Battle Creek, Mich.
WKBQ.....New York City
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBZ.....Ludington, Mich.
WKEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, O.
WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
WLBC.....Muncie, Ind.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kan.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
WLBL.....Stevens Point, Wis.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
WLBX.....Long Island, N. Y.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Me.
WLCI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
WLWL.....New York City
WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WMAF S. Dartmouth, Mass.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAL.....Washington, D. C.
WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
WMBD.....Peoria, Ill.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.

WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WMCA.....New York City
WMES.....Boston, Mass.
WMMN....Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
WMRJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.
WMSG.....New York City
WMT.....Waterloo, Ia.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
WNAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. D.
WNBF.....Binghamton, N. Y.
WNBH....New Bedford, Mass.
WNBJ.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNBO.....Washington, Pa.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW.....Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX.....Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ.....Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
WNRC.....Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC.....New York City
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN..Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
WOBT.....Union City, Tenn.
WOBU....Charleston, W. Va.
WOC.....Davenport, Ia.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
WOI.....Ames, Ia.
WOKO.....Beacon, N. Y.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD..Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI.....Bristol, Va.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
WOV.....New York City
WOW.....Omaha, Neb.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP.....Palisade, N. J.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
WPCH.....Hoboken, N. J.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG.....Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.

WPSW....Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
WQAO.....Palisade, N. J.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBZ.....Worrton, W. Va.
WRAP.....La Porte, Ind.
WRAK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WRAW.....Reading, Pa.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC.....Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI.....Tiffon, Ga.
WRBJ.....Hattesburg, Miss.
WRBL.....Columbus, Ga.
WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.
WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM....Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
WRK.....Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY.....New York City
WRR.....Dallas, Tex.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ....Huntington, W. Va.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSEA.....Portsmouth, Va.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
WSIS.....Tampa, Fla.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB.....New Orleans, La.
WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.
WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio
WSPA.....Spartanburg, S. C.
WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio
WSSH.....Boston, Mass.
WSUI.....Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN.....St. Petersburg, Fla.
WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.
WTAD.....Quincy, Ill.
WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.
WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio
WTAQ.....Eau Claire, Wis.
WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.
WTAW..College Station, Tex.
WTAX.....Streator, Ill.
WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.
WTFI.....Toccoa, Ga.

WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC.....Savannah, Ga.
WWAE.....Hammond, Ind.
WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.
WWL.....New Orelans, La.
WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.
WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.
WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calg.ry, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY Charlottetown, P. E. I., 3 .5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C. 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericktown, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc., 100w.
CHWC - CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9 kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC - CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 4111m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCL, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc., 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc. 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc. 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 556.6m 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w
CNRA, Moncton, N. B 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m. 1176k 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887k 100w.
CMBD Havana, 482m 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952k 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027k 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136k 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8k 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791k 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2k 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3k 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6k 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3k 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid-in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct.	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12 00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

National Open Golf Tournament

(*Continued from page 13*)

ney undertook to "cover" the National pen Golf Tournament at the Interlachen olf Club, Minneapolis, by Radio.

Radio history surely was made at Interlachen July 10, 11, and 12, when KSTP chieved the first detailed broadcast of ournament play from the actual scene f the competition, with frequent descripions of the shots as they were being xecuted.

IT WAS a tremendous task, according to Radio engineers much more difficult han the handling of such events as the welcome to Lindbergh in New York or he arrival there of the Graf Zeppelin, et with the aid of short wave transmitters W9XAY augmenting numerous installations of standing equipment near he fairways in different parts of the Interlachen course, there scarcely was a ime when immediate reports of play were not available.

Breaking its program on an average of every fifteen minutes during the day, this station kept listeners informed of the developments on the course during almost ten hours each tournament day and tied up for short periods from time to time with its network associate, the National Broadcasting Company.

Here is a little of the story of how it was done.

Stanley E. Hubbard, vice-president and general manager of the National Battery Company, owners and operators of KSTP, assembled his staff and action started.

Telephone lines were run from the Minneapolis studios of the National Battery station in the Hotel Radisson to the Interlachen club. Four pickup stations were established on the grounds. Of these, one was a general control station manned by a supervisor, a directing announcer, two Radio engineers and one contact man.

ONE sub-station was established back of the first green and another back of the tenth green to cover the outlying points of the first and second nines. A telephone station was established at the bulletin board in the press house a few rods from the main control station. At this station one man forwarded official scores as rapidly as they were posted.

The directing announcer reported these as rapidly as they were posted by speaking into the microphone at the control station. He was able from his place at the microphone to command a view of the first tee, the sixth green, the seventh tee and the ninth green and, by means of field glasses could identify players and follow and report the play.

For additional information as to the progress of the contestants he held conversations, audible to all listeners-in, with the assisting announcers at the sub-stations on the field. Observers and announcers at these stations were able to watch and report the play at the first green, the second tee, and the eighth green and ninth tee, for one installation and on the tenth green and eleventh tee, the seventeenth green and the eighteenth tee, from the other, while finishing players and others watching at the eighteenth green brought reports direct to the control station.

Other points were covered by the short wave equipment, one of the transmitters being mounted on the chassis of a large baby carriage, which was trundled after the important players or to vantage points where high spots in the play were visible.

THE broadcasts of these sets were picked up by short wave receivers and fed into the lines to the regular 10,000 watt KSTP transmitter to go on the air as they came from the lips of the observers.

By this system, every known method of covering the event was brought into play. Radio has, to date, nothing else to offer. Not until the portable television transmitter is developed is anything further possible in the Radio cover of such an event.

The organization of the cover made heavy drains upon the personnel of the station and the National Broadcasting Company. In personal charge of the installation and the principal broadcasts was Stanley E. Hubbard, KSTP vice president and general manager, assisted by Kenneth M. Hance, production manager.

The key man on the broadcasts was Phil Bronson, star Twin Cities sports announcer and former newspaper sports editor, who performed a prodigy of labor in handling the microphone at fifteen minute intervals for from ten to twelve hours daily.

At the sub-station on the first nine was an announcer ready at a moment's notice to cut in on the line and describe the play from his point of view in a conversation with Mr. Bronson. Because of the difficult problems offered on the second nine, the second sub-station had two observers reporting in such conversations.

Participation of the National Broadcasting Company brought two of its stars to Minneapolis for the event. One was a staff man from Chicago, J. Oliver Rheil, technical supervisor. The other was the renowned sports writer and Radio sports authority O. B. Keeler, of the Atlanta *Journal,* who has traveled in the train of Bobby Jones to the principal golf tournaments for many years, covering hundreds of thousands of miles and witnessing the play of every outstanding golfer in the country.

In addition to these men were eleven Radio reporters who caught the high lights of the tournament and brought instant news of the latest developments on the course either to the control station, one of the sub-stations or to the short wave operator.

IMPORTANT features of each day's broadcasts were the impromptu microphone interviews of Phil Bronson with the outstanding players as they finished their play. Within five minutes, for instance, after Tommy Armour broke the 71 of Bobby Jones on the first day of the tournament, listeners in all the forty-eight states and territories, in three nations of the western hemisphere and perhaps in some of the homes of three continents were hearing Armour tell of his experiences during that spectacular round.

Arrangements with sponsors of conflicting commercial broadcasts were made by Earl D. Jencks, commercial manager, to permit the broadcasting of tournament reports wtihin a few seconds of the time when the action occurred. Radio listeners thus were able to learn what went on at every hole with far more rapidity than those who followed one of the twosomes over the course or those who sat on the broad slope in front of the clubhouse and watched the play on tees and greens visible from that vantage point.

The location of the control station was particularly advantageous and the cooperation of the club officials helped to make the broadcast a successful one.

In an address over KSTP on the evening of the first day, John Burgess, press and publicity chairman for the Interlachen Golf club, pronounced the cover one of the most extraordinary he had seen and publicly congratulated the National Battery station.

AMONG those who were heard from KSTP during or just prior to the tournament were: Grantland Rice, veteran sports writer and authority on golf; Walter Hagen, the famous professional; Johnny Farrell, champion of 1928; Tommy Armour, former amateur and professional champion; Ralph Trost, veteran sports writer of the Brooklyn *Eagle;* Whiffy Cox, spectacular Brooklyn golfer; Gene Sarazen, veteran of many tournaments; Joe Turnesa of New York; Jack Burke now of Texas; Frank Rodia, young professional; Chick Evans, former champion; Al Espinosa, one of the best known figures in the game, and Tom Vardon.

First Jobs

(*Continued from page 56*)

ning a rough and troublesome one for Ben Alley, tenor, whose first job was as a road grader in his West Virginia hills. Ben sang as he labored under the warm sun, but the twelve dollars pay he received at the end of each week, was only for his construction work. Now he is paid for his singing alone. "The proudest day of my life" recalls Ben, "was when I wore my first long trouser suit which I purchased with my first week's salary."



Yolande Langworthy, creator of "Arabesque" organized a five piece orchestra after her graduation from the Haverdill Musical Conservatory in Toronto. She played the piano.

Quite opposite is the case of Lucille Black, principal accompanist at WABC, who was once engaged in the art of Terpsichore, specializing in ballet dancing.

Many orchestra leaders received their first pay after a humble start in their present calling. Claude MacArthur played the harp in his own orchestra at the age of sixteen for a small pittance. At the termination of each engagement which lasted until two or three o'clock in the morning, young MacArthur would drag himself home, tired and weary, but never forgetting to pack his hands in salt before retiring, so he might toughen his fingers.

MANY feminine vocalists on the radio today earned their first money teaching piano. Barbara Maurel, contralto, was but fourteen when she had a class of eight pupils who paid fifty cents an hour for instructions. Helen Olheim taught piano in Rochester in addition to her work in the clerical department of a furniture store. Adele Vasa, who sang in Grand Opera before entering radio, gave piano lessons in Newark.



Back in nineteen twelve, Paul Tremaine filled his first professional date at a dance given by mining officials in the local schoolhouse at Williamsburg, Colorado. At midnight the striking coal miners calmly proceeded to demolish the place with machine guns and when the bombardment had finally subsided, Paul and the members of his band were found hiding behind a bullet-ridden piano.

After running away from school to Canada to pursue a musical career, Will Osborne landed his first job at the Wayne Country Club, Pennsylvania. This was in 1924, and he and the four other musicians received eighteen dollars weekly.

Twelve year old Jules Alberti was ejected from a Chicago theatre on no less than three occasions before the irate manager weakened and Alberti was hired as custodian of the musical instruments at a weekly salary of five dollars.

Bill Fagan quit his first job as an office boy after one week elapsed because he was assigned to work until 7 o'clock in the evening. Now that he is a Radio entertainer he is about the studios almost every night until 10 or 11 o'clock.

Harry Browne of "Hank Simmons Showboat" was first a lecturer. It was after the Spanish-American War that he toured the countryside with a talk entitled "Six Months With Uncle Sam," which he enhanced with illustrated slides. "The only reason I turned to the lecture platform" apologized Browne, "was because I came back from the war so thin I scarcely cast a shadow and as a result I was unable to do any really strenuous work." His brother Bradford Browne, chief of the "Nit Wits," found his employment in a shoe factory near his home in Massachusettes. It was his distasteful duty to fasten together the inner and outer soles with glue of a repulsive odor.



A job as a hat checker at various dances given in Westchester County marked the start of Bert Lown, director of the Biltmore orchestra. He also had an interest in several refreshment concessions.

Time honored tradition has it that all good college graduates should sell bonds, and Don Clark, fresh from Union College, was no exception. He soon gave it up upon the realization that there were almost as many bond salesmen as potential buyers.

Helen Nugent and Irene Beasley were school teachers prior to their debut in the realm of song and music.

A tea shop at Schroon Lake, New York, was Charlotte Harriman's first commercial venture. She considers herself fortunate in barely making enough money to defray expenses.

"I WAS fired from my first job in a five and ten cent store," declared Georgie Backus, writer-actress, but not because I was unable to remember the prices." However, she refused to divulge the real reason for her dismissal.

Two announcers, Frank Knight and Harry Vonzell, began as bank messengers. Ted Husing commercialized his football and baseball abilities as a member of the Prescotts, a semi-professional athletic organization to which Lou Gehrig belonged.



Financial straits caused David Ross to leave college and obtain work. He became a waiter in a small restaurant until the irate proprietor found him composing poetry under a table with his tray for a desk. His services were promptly dispensed with.

Don Ball, another of Radio's voices, was leader of the combined musical clubs at Brown University and after his graduation he made his bow as a vaudeville entertainer, billed as the "All-American Ukulele Player."

GEORGE BEUCHLER was the boss and sole employe of his own messenger service that boasted an express wagon and a bicycle as his equipment.

The thrill and glamour of stage work has caused many a school boy, who has subsequently found his way into the Radio, to forsake his reading, writing and 'rithmetic, so that he might seek an outlet for his talents behind the footlights. Some entered vaudeville, others the burlesque, while the balance became part of other forms of theatrical entertainment.

Jim Whipple, who plays in "Forty Fathom Trawlers," said "Goodbye" to his schoolmates and became a juggler and slack wire walker on a nearby vaudeville circuit. He played the smaller circuits for two months, at the end of which time his father located his whereabouts and dragged him by the ear back home.

Phil Maher joined the Helmar and Mann Minstrel Show when he was twelve. This was back in 1895.

Henry Burbig first earned $45 a week as a Jewish comedian with a small burlesque troupe. Dave Elman who is co-starred with Don Clark on the Henry-George program, left his happy Montana home at sixteen for a tent show in Missouri.

Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 45)

You ask about myself. I have just wled over the half century mark, am e feet seven, and just tip the scales at 4.

"Hoping this 'splains de sitiation. . . ." Using the license which all writers ar- zate unto themselves, Miss Susie Kuhn, 10 lives in Shreveport, La., and who rralled the fifth prize has lifted Amos d Andy from their native haunts in the esh Air Taxi Cab Company's offices, d placed them in a country store in the uth. Here the boys wait on a continu- s string of customers.

MY FATHER has kept a store in Shreveport for years and of course om actually watching the people who me into the store daily to make pur- ases, complaints and arrangements for turn of goods which they consider not tisfactory (for that occurs in the best gulated stores) I got the idea for the anuscript I sent," wrote Miss Kuhn.

Not long after this letter was received me another from Miss Kuhn which ads in part as follows: "Words can- ot express how happy I was to be chosen ne out of a mountain of manuscripts, nd I certainly appreciate it. All my iends are happy with me. Accept many, any thanks for the prize money. I hall put your telegram and letter in my emory book."

Andy, The Big Cat nd Rat Man

(From one of the Prize Skits)

The boys, Amos and Andy are sitting the taxi office. Andy has just been eploring the fact that he, Andy, was ser- ously in need of funds and has just been sking Amos what to do about it.

AMOS, is you or is you aint?"

"Is I aint what?"

"There you is Amos, 'is I aint what,' ere I is asking you for a little inflama- ion an' I'll be dawgone if you aint sit- ing dere wiff both ears shut."

"Well, Andy, sometimes I gets regusted oo, I'se workin' all de time, out wiff de axi aint I, I does all dat I kin and here ou is, mad kuz us aint got more money. Andy I don't know what I is gwine to lo, all you wants to do is sit in de office nd make a imprint on everyone dat you s a big business man."

"Now lissen here, Amos, don't you go gittin' mad, you done got de wrong de- pression. Just cause I says I'se got to git more money aint no sign you got to go gittin' mad, Amos, I wasn't sayin' you wasn't doin' yo' share, but boy if I could just make one good payin' revestment to brung in de divilends."

"Andy, ain't no use me an you recussin' dis, we doan git no where, to tell you de truff, Andy, Andrew Brown keeps you broke all de time, you don't save a cent, not a cent, some one comes along, yes suh! you is de president of the taxi com- pany an all dat, you done gits your haid way up in de clouds an fore you gits down again, some one sells you two rain coats, a bath mat to sit on in de tub or some stock in de home bank, no use talkin' Andy, you is all de time tellin' me how dumb I is an don't know nuffin' but I is saved some money aint I."

"WELL, Amos, I remits I'se done made a few bad revestments, but us big business men, expects some revers- ing in these days of business compression."

"Dar you is, jes what I is talkin' 'bout."

"Ye-Uh, but de Madam is whut I is thinkin' 'bout."

"Well, Andy, if Madam Queen really loves you, she will do it whether you is flus wiff money or as flat as de rear tire on our taxi, take me an' Ruby Taylor—"

"Shut up Amos, 'bout you an' Ruby Taylor, us aint recussing luve, us is re- coursing 'bout money matters."

"All rite, all rite! to tell you de truff Andy, I would like to have more money too but I doant see how us is agoin to git it lessen us wurks for it. Oh, oh! Amos look at dat, looks like us wuz goin' to have company. Dats just what, an' he looks like a deacon ob de church. (Door slams). Scuse us Mr. Deacon but us kaint make no donations to your church, Awa-us has hard enough time wid our own."

"Hush you mouf, Amos, does you want to result the stranger. Have a chair, Mistah, this one ova here by de desk."

"No, thank you Mr. Brown, I presume you are Mr. Brown the President of this thriving concern."

"Yes suah! I'se de president of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company of Ameriky incorpolated."

"Andy, remember whut I done tole you bout de clouds."

"What clouds? Amos you git outta here fore I done busts dis soap box ova your haid."

"Awa-awa all rite, all rite I'se gwine." (Door slams.)

"Scuse me, Mistah, but dat driver of mine shure makes me lost my temper, bad at times Um-Hum."

"Well, Mr. Brown, from what I can gather you are one of the most shrewd business men in Harlem."

"Who done tole you dat?"

"Well, I have looked you up, inquired of several people, among them the King- fish of your Lodge."

"Oh Sho, Sho! I'se all dat, de King- fish he know whut he talkin' 'bout all right, yes suah! He tells de truff."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I hesitated coming to you with my proposition, the invest- ment will be so small that it might not interest you, but it will bring you finan- cial returns beyond your expectations."

"Well, Mistah, I doan know anything 'bout my expectorations, but dat finan- shul soun' gud, yes sir."

"Fine, Mr. Brown, if you need money I do not know of any proposition that would yield you the ready cash any quicker."

"Well—Whut is de propolition Mistah, it sound gud, spessuly de money part."

"Of course, Mr. Brown, if I didn't have the utmost confidence in you I would not even mention the nature of this proposition, you understan' this must be strictly confidential."

"Oh Sho! Sho! I understan's dat, pre- ceed!"

"Well, Mr. Brown, we will start a cat farm."

"Oh! Oh! Who wants cats, everyone wants to git rid of 'em."

"THAT'S it exactly, Mr. Brown, no one wants live cats, but at the present market price of furs, a cat hide is worth $1.00. Statistics prove that cats multiply at a very rapid rate, from a herd of 100 cats in one year's time a herd of 10,000 will be realized, of course these cats will have to eat, so, right next to the cat pens we will raise rats, which multiply as fast as cats. We will feed the rats to the cats, and the carcass of the cats we skin we feed to the rats. Thus our scheme becomes self supporting, cats eat- ing rats, rats eating cats. We skin the cats and get the money, simple is it not?"

"Uh-hu! dat soun's good, no one gits skinned but de cats, ten thousand cats ten thousand dollars, Um-hum, how much dat cost us Mistah?"

"Not much, Mr. Brown, we can pick up a hundred stray cats right here in Harlem, and they will thank us for it, a few paltry dollars for fencing, how much could you put in Mr. Brown?"

"Well to tell you de truff, you might not be interested in whut I got, wif de business repression on, I'se down to fif- teen bucks, cose I kud make a payment later on."

"THAT will be finè Mr. Brown, you are a man of sound business judgment, give me the fifteen and sign this contract, I will call around in a day or two and let you know what progress I have made. (Pause) Thanks, Mr. Brown."

(Door slams.)

"Um-hum, ten thousand dollars, boy dats good, want dat travlin' man fade when he see me pull up in front of the Madam's wif a nickel and brass trimmed Packard!"

"Hullo, here come Amos wif a police- man, what he bin doin' now?"

"Hullo Andy, where's dat old deacon- lookin' feller?"

"Amos, us has a big propolition on, he was a big business man."

(Policeman) "Mr. Brown that was a nut, he escaped from the asylum this morning."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Awa-Awa-Awa."

Maurie Sherman

(*Continued from page 95*)

Christopher Columbus, running daily between Milwaukee and Chicago for a whole summer, he played five long years in a dance orchestra at Columbia Hall and then finally he was noticed and given a real opportunity.

Waddy Wadsworth was at that time making up an all star band to feature at the Winter Garden. He offered Maurie a place in the orchestra and Maurie with more agility than grace, accepted the offer. It was the very opportunity he was looking for and it meant much more money than he had ever earned before. The senior Shermans were at last satisfied that their son was on the right track, and they were filled with paternal pride.

No sooner had Maurie ended his engagement with Wadsworth, than Arnold Johnson, one of the most popular Radio orchestra leaders to-day, sought his services to play at the Green Mill. Maurie went to the new job, and after Johnson left, Maurie stayed on and played his fiddle merrily in company with the piano administrations of Roy Bargy, who is said to be Paul Whiteman's chief pianist at this writing. The Green Mill was so impressed with the popular, good looking young violinist they attempted to sign him up as house musician, but Maurie would have none of it. He agreed to stay on, however, until a more golden opportunity presented itself, for he knew that something would turn up soon.

His expectations were fulfilled shortly. Isham Jones, at that time, was in command of quite a few orchestras besides his own. He saw Maurie at the Green Mill and approached him with the idea that started Mr. Sherman in the profession in which he is now undoubtedly one of the finest. Jones offered him the place of leader of his Colonial Orchestra then playing at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago. Maurie accepted happily and went into the new job with great hopes for the future. And after a year's leadership of the Colonial Orchestra, Maurie struck out bravely for himself. He had always assured himself that some day he would become a famous orchestra leader and now he was on the verge of seeing his dreams come true. A bare month after Maurie left the Colonial Orchestra he was firmly established in his own band. He had ten pieces at the time, three of whom are still with him in his present all star orchestra. They are George Frewert, pianist, Jimmy Fallis at the saxophone and the one and only Joe Plotke at the drums. Joe also sings in a manner that is all his own and most amusing. The band lost no time, then, in becoming a favorite and the name of Maurie Sherman at last really meant something.

Maurie has always been most dignified and his orchestra is conducted in the same manner as a symphony orchestra—when Maurie is on the stand with the boys. But somewhere back in the early history of that band there is found an instance when Plotke and Fallis practically stopped the show with their clowning and cutting up while Maurice was answering a telephone call. Now it is a hard and fast rule of the organization, when Maurie leaves the room, the boys do some extemporaneous comedy acts for the benefit as well as the discomfort of the audience.

Of course this is not visible over the air as yet, but someday it will be and the Sherman band will be on tap to perform as usual. Amongst their stage properties is a small lamp which aids in the search of foreign matter on coat collars, etc., monkey fashion. Fallis becomes an integral part of his saxophone, the clarinet does its best to drown out the piano and so on. When Maurie is seen, smiling in the offing, the band calls the show to an end and stages a grand march around the room playing their instruments meanwhile. Five minutes later, with serious mien and able fingers the orchestra is again one of the best behaved your writer has had the opportunity of watching.

It was Maurie's privilege, about three years ago, to run very nearly at the head of a dance orchestra popularity contest promoted by Radio Digest. He was playing at night from WLS in Chicago and in the daytime his programs were broadcast from WBBM and KYW. Perhaps Maurie has the only orchestra in Chicago which has appeared on three different stations in the same day for any protracted length of time. But to get back to the contest.

WLS was considered Maurie's main outlet at that time, for it carried his evening programs, and the late hours are by far the best for reception. In January 1928, Radio Digest printed the first returns of the contest. Maurie Sherman and his band were far in the lead of all orchestras all over the country, Vincent Lopez running second and Fred. Hamm third. In the next issue of the Radio Digest, Maurie was still ahead, but Fate turned a cold shoulder on him for no reason at all. Because WLS, at the time, was having some trouble over musicians, all the bands were taken off the station, Maurie included.

The results were shown in the March issue. Maurie had fallen way behind and there was little chance of his regaining the lead, for he was still off the air at night. The final results of the contest will be remembered by most Radio fans. Paul Christensen and his boys ran first for the Middle West and Maurie was second. Had it not been for an unavoidable occurrence, Maurie would probably have won for the entire country.

Maurie has great enthusiasms for his men and his eyes fairly snap when he mentions them. As to his accomplishments, it has been a business with him and he cannot be convinced that the growth of that business would be of the slightest interest to anyone. He sees no glamour in having the most popular orchestra.

What About Television?

(*Continued from page 96*)

new planets of the sky." Opinions vary.

Television when it comes, will probably make its first appearance in the theatre, where facilities can be made available for producing comparatively large pictures of good detail. The signal may reach the theatre by Radio or by means of special telephone lines designed to handle them. When it becomes a home affair it will probably involve an additional receiver designed especially for the purpose, separate and distinct in every way from the broadcast receiver.

The first demonstration of television in the theatre was given by Dr. Alexanderson on May 22, 1930 in the Proctor (RKO) Theatre in Schenectady, the home town of the General Electric Company. The audience saw television images on a large screen measuring about six by seven feet. The use of such a large screen was made possible by using a high intensity arc light (such as is used to project moving pictures) as the source of light and by the development of a special Karolus cell to vary the intensity of the light. The Karolus cell is not new but its practical application to television represents an important forward step, bringing us nearer the day when large scale television reception will become possible. We understand that a demonstration of television in the theatre is soon to be given in London by the Baird Television Corporation. They will also use a large screen but instead of projecting the light on the screen from a big arc light the screen itself will be composed of thousands of small lights which will glow dim and bright in accordance with the television signals. We don't know just how much program value these demonstrations would have to a lay audience, but we surmise it would not be very great. For a while at least television programs will be interesting largely because of their novelty—but this is no disparagement. Automobiles, moving pictures, Radio, all had to go through such a period, but they finally emerged to take an important and useful place in our lives.

The science of television is progressing, and very rapidly, too, considering what an enormously difficult task it is. Like the search of the ancient philosophers for the elixer of life, television has been for years an inspiriting dream of man. That it will some day become practical no one can deny—when it will come no one can say.

It is interesting to note in recent news dispatches that the Radio Corporation has issued television patent licenses to 32 manufacturers. This may be regarded by many as a straw in the wind indicating further announcements that television sets will soon be on the market. In the meantime slashing cuts in current models of receivers are being advertised.

Here are a few examples of the kind of money I train "my boys" to make

Started with $5. Now has Own Business



"Can't tell you the feeling of independence N.R.I. has given me. I started in Radio with $5, purchased a few necessary tools, circulated the business cards you gave me and business picked up to the point where my spare time earnings were my largest income. Now I am in business for myself. I have made a very profitable living in work that is play."

HOWARD HOUSTON,
512 So. Sixth St., Laramie, Wyo.

$700 in 5 Months Spare Time



"Although I have had little time to devote to Radio my spare time earnings for five months after graduation were approximately $700 on Radio sales, service and repairs. I owe this extra money to your help and interest. Thanks for the interest shown me during the time I studied and since graduation."

CHARLES W. LINSEY,
537 Elati St., Denver, Colo.

$7396 Business in two and one-half Months



"I have opened an exclusive Radio sales and repair shop. My receipts for September were $2332.16—for October, $2887.77 and for the first half of November, $2176.32. My gross receipts for the two and one-half months I have been in business have been $7396.25. If I can net about 20% this will mean a profit of about $1500 to me."

JOHN F. KIRK,
1514 No. Main St., Spencer, Iowa.

My Free book gives you many more letters of N. R. I. men who are making good in spare time or full time businesses of their own

I will show You too

how to start a spare time or full time

Radio Business of Your Own

without Capital



J. E. Smith, Pres., National Radio Institute

The world-wide use of receiving sets for home entertainment, and the lack of well trained men to sell, install and service them have opened many splendid chances for spare time and full time businesses. You have already seen how the men and young men who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were young had the first chance at the key jobs—and are now the $5,000 $10,000 and $15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. Its growth is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year, also opportunities almost everywhere for a profitable spare time or full time Radio business. "Rich Rewards in Radio" gives detailed information on these openings. It's FREE.

So many opportunities many make $5 to $30 a week extra while learning

Many of the ten million sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. The day you enroll I will show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood, that you can do in your spare time for extra money. I will show you the plans and ideas that are making as high as $200 to $1,000 for others while taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made $935 in my spare time while taking your course."

Many $50, $60 and $75 a week jobs opening in Radio every year

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay $1,800 to $5,000 a year. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, and buyers for jobs paying up to $15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators, give them world-wide travel at practically no expense and pay $85 to $200 a month. Radio dealers and jobbers are continually on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $30 to $100 a week. Talking Movies pay as much as $75 to $200 a week to the right men with Radio training. My book tells you of other opportunities in Radio.

I will train you at home in your spare time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Hundreds have won bigger success. J. A. Vaughn jumped from $35 to $100 a week. E. E. Winborne seldom makes under $100 a week now. The National Radio Institute is the Pioneer and World's Largest organization devoted exclusively to training men and young men, by correspondence for good jobs in the Radio industry.

You Must Be Satisfied

I will give you an agreement to refund every penny of your money if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you complete my course. And I'll not only give you thorough training in Radio principles, practical experience in building and servicing sets, but also train you in Talking Movies, give you home experiments in Television, cover thoroughly the latest features in sets such as A. C. and Screen Grid.

My 64-Page Book Gives the Facts

Clip and mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out the money-making opportunities the growth of Radio has made for you. It tells of the opportunities for a spare time or full time Radio business of your own, the special training I give you that has made hundreds of other men successful; and also explains the many fine jobs for which my course trains you. Send the coupon to me today. You won't be obligated in the least.

Get my new book It points out what Radio Offers You



Rear view of 5-tube Screen Grid Tuned Radio frequency set — only one of the many circuits you can build with my parts.

You'll get practical Radio Experience with my new 8 Outfits of Parts that I'll give you for a *Home Experimental Laboratory!*

My course is not all theory. You use the 8 Outfits I'll give you, in working out the principles, diagrams and circuits used in modern sets and taught in my lesson books. This 50-50 method of home training makes learning easy, fascinating, interesting. You get as much practical experience in a few months as the average fellow who hasn't had this training gets in two to four years in the field. You can build over 100 circuits with these parts. You experiment with and build the fundamental circuits used in such sets as Crosley, Atwater-Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and many others sold today. You learn how these circuits work, why they work, how they should work, how to make them work when they are out of order.



Get the facts on my Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

J. E. SMITH, *President*
Dept. OKQ
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR ONE *FREE* COPY OF MY NEW BOOK — mail it TODAY

J. E. SMITH, *President*,
National Radio Institute, Dept. OKQ
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. SMITH:—Send me your book. I want to see what Radio offers. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Arabesque

(*Continued from page 35*)

MYRA: Well, I'll live and come back too, and Achmed will love and regret too. And now remember at midnight, not a word, there's Achmed at the door now. (*Pause*).

(*Music up softly*)

ACHMED: Well my sweet ones, why must Achmed be deprived of your charming company?

MYRA: Well, seemingly you are not to be deprived any longer, Achmed.

ACHMED: Are you not feeling well, Miriam?

MIRIAM: Feeling splendid Achmed, thank you.

ACHMED: You look pale, Miriam.

MIRIAM: Well, I didn't ride this morning, and I always look pale, if I do not ride.

ACHMED: That settles it, you must ride every morning, I shall see to it, and what is the play this evening, Myra?

MYRA: Dream children.

ACHMED: "Dream Children", how intriguing, I suppose I'm to learn from this play.

MYRA: No Achmed, this play is not intended for you, rather for man in general and the world.

ACHMED: And of course the world is listening.

MYRA: Thoughts have wings, Achmed. And I know my brain children go out to those who think and know the deeper meanings of life, and those who understand.

ACHMED: Well, that is interesting. So you feel the unseen audience always.

MYRA: An actress always feels her audience, even if that audience be one heart that responds.

ACHMED: O, I see.

MYRA: I shall be leaving to get my make-up on now, if you will excuse me, Achmed.

ACHMED: Certainly Myra, we shall be in the hall at nine as usual.

MYRA: Over a year and a half we've been in the hall at nine.

ACHMED: Yes.

MYRA: Has that meant anything to you, Achmed?

ACHMED: Yes indeed Myra, great enjoyment. You are a wonderful playwright and a marvelous actress, a beautiful woman

MYRA: Lacking a soul. Oh yes lacking a soul, but oh such a beautiful body. Too bad, it's just dust. Very well in the hall at nine, as usual.

(*Music up softly*)

ACHMED: Miriam, I feel a strange presentiment this evening.

MIRIAM: You do. Probably you are tired, the air has been stifling in spite of our wonderful place.

ACHMED: I'm used to that Miriam, but it's something else.

MIRIAM: Well, of course, Hassan has a strange influence at times.

ACHMED: Miriam, do you feel the same way toward me, as I do toward you? Tell me?

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Look at me.

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Miriam, I love you, and always will. The first real love I've ever known, and I take what I want. Have I hurt you? Why what's this, your hand is cut.

MIRIAM: Only a scratch, I had my paper knife, it's very sharp, on my desk a few moments ago, and in turning around, when Myra came in, I cut myself.

ACHMED: Let me bind it for you?

MIRIAM: No, it's alright Achmed.

ACHMED: Little soft, white hands, tapering fingers, Miriam.

MIRIAM: Please Achmed.

ACHMED: Miriam, there's a light in your eyes tonight I've never seen before, it tells me much. I can wait, and I shall. Now, you're not afraid are you.

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Come, we shall go to the hall, to see "Dream Children", Miriam—Miriam—someday perhaps—answer me, beloved.

MIRIAM: No Achmed, don't dream too much. Fate decides many things, and we must wait.

ACHMED: I don't want fate to decide for me the woman I shall love, and have as my wife. I'm the master of my Fate, and I shall have you Miriam—in life, not in the land of illusion. Come.

Then they gathered to witness and participate in the play planned to free the captive troupers.

The prologue:

("SCHEHEREZADE" SEGUES INTO NINE GONGS)
(NINE GONGS SEGUES INTO "MONASTERY GARDEN")

DREAM CHILDREN

VOICE: *A gold key that opens wide the door to a woman's soul, a fragile, exquisite soul, crushed by Fate, lies in my hand. A golden key to treasured memories of other days, of love, of beauty, of the dreams that all men have while young, of a home, a mate, and little ones, to rear and love. And so I contemplate the door that waits to be unlocked by this—this key of gold that means a woman's soul. Come with me as I unlock the door to treasured memories, and see within the room, a blue room, a tiny cot and there within, a babe, with golden hair, and at his side a fair young girl, whose hair is tinted by the sun to gold, but when the sun forgets to shine, 'tis then snow white.*

A golden key, and then forsooth a dream that never could come true, a Mother, poor tortured soul, her Babe, her dream child, tenderly she strokes the dampened curls that lie upon his forehead. She strokes the chubby little fist, that clutches e'en in sleep, a little woolly dog, a child's first love, that needs must go to slumberland with him. The woman, oh what love, what sacrifice, she would so gladly bear for that wee man, she never shall caress in life!

Dream Child, we loved you so, but you must lie there within the blue room, quiet and asleep, for evermore, but wait, she stoops to kiss him, he is real to her, he is awake, and lifts his arms to be caressed and soothed, little toes so pink, she takes and kisses tenderly, tiny baby face so like to hers, and yet withal holding a trace of me. The forehead and the chin, are mine. Oh God, am I too, losing all my sense of time and space, am I too, even as she, a prey to wild despair? The golden key, oh may I lock the door, and never more have e'en one glance at those dark shadows that play around that cot. The hand outstretched to soothe his cries, to love and watch Dream Child. It is all right, I shall come often into your presence and stand beside you, with the one you love, so well as I. I only thought perhaps it would not be quite right to keep my dreams so near to me at day, as well as night.

Softly I close the door, the Babe, he sleeps, she watches until dusk, and then again at dawn, her little dream boy that never can be hers or mine. Oh God be kind, be kind.

* * * * *

MONTGOMERY: Larry, you have not spoken up yet. What shall we do about admitting Colonel Braband?

LARRY: I would take him in. The war is over, and, after all, Colonel Braband suffered through the war.

MONT: Yes, I grant you that but he fought against us in the war, and I don't forget quite so easily.

LARRY: Braband lost his wife and children due to malnutrition, too, while he was fighting. He has something to forgive, too.

MONT: If you're such a pacifist why don't you leave your home oftener, and stand up for peace, and make something out of all your speeches.

LARRY: You don't understand. Gentlemen, what my home means to me, it's only a shell. Do you see this key, a golden key to memories. An empty room, where the woman I have always loved sits, and sits, insane from the war, and yet I can forgive, and so must you. I'll tell you my story tonight, and then you decide whether I have more to forgive than you in admitting the Colonel to my club.

MONT: If the rest of the men are willing, I am.

JONES: Go ahead Larry.

LARRY: It goes back to many years before the war, to a garden near a monastery, a boy sat on a wall, and a girl was in the garden.

In the beginning

(*"MONASTERY GARDEN" FOLLOWS*)

LARRY: Hello.

MARY: Hello Larry.

LARRY: Mary.

MARY: Yes, Larry.

LARRY: I have to go back home today.

MARY: I'm so sorry. I'll miss you.

LARRY: Really, will you?

MARY: Oh yes Larry.

LA[illegible]Y: Well, I'll come back someday, and
r rry you Mary.
[illegible]: Someday?
[illegible]Y: Yes, it will be in the summer time,
[illegible] June, I think. And we'll go away to
[illegible] island for our honeymoon.
[illegible]Y: All right Larry, I'll wait for you,
[illegible]ever.
[illegible]Y: Mary, would it be asking too much
[illegible] kiss you before I go?
[illegible]Y: I love you Larry, and I'm going to
[illegible] it for you, in this garden. I'll be here
[illegible]ry day until you return.
[illegible]Y: Mary, you're fifteen now aren't you?
[illegible]Y: Yes, but that's old, Larry.
[illegible]Y: I'm seventeen, Mary, and it's a
older.
[illegible]Y: Yes Larry.
[illegible]RY: You'll wait in this garden every
y, and I'll write you every day, and
neday, when I'm old enough Mary,
l be back, and then you'll be my wife.
[illegible]Y: Yes Larry, and I'll be very happy.
[illegible]RY: You won't ever forget me, will you
ary?
[illegible]Y: No, here's my little cross and chain,
[illegible] Daddy gave me. The old Monk who
[illegible]es next door whom Daddy knows gave
to him, for me.
[illegible]RY: Oh thank you Mary, I'll wear this
ound my neck always, and here's my
gnet ring, you wear this.
[illegible]Y: Always Larry.
[illegible]RY: I must go now Mary, don't be shy.
ust one kiss.
[illegible]RY: Yes Larry, I'll be waiting in the
arden for you, whenever you come for
e.

(Music up Softly—Beat of Drums in Distance very Softly)

[illegible]RY: Beloved, I have to leave now.
[illegible]RY: It is so soon, Larry, so soon.
[illegible]RY: Yes dear, but it is war, and war
aits not for those who love. Come, be
rave, sweetheart, I shall be back.
[illegible]RY: But to have you only these few
noments, my dear.
[illegible]RRY: Mary, I have to fight for you, and
or the wee one. It has been wonderful to
ave had these days together, in our
arden. Just think Mary, we knew each
ther when we were children, and now
we're man and wife. Mary, the war
won't last long, I'll be back and then,
think dear. You—oh sweetheart, I'm
so proud and so happy.
ARY: Yes Larry, but I'm a woman, and
I'm going to be alone, all alone, and I'm
in the War zone. Supposing anything
happens?
ARRY: Nothing will happen sweetheart,
nothing. The enemy cannot ever reach
you. Why our lines are too strong. Now,
come on smile, that's the girl.
ARY: You'll always wear my cross, and
chain, won't you Larry?
ARRY: Yes dear always, but I don't have
to wear anything to remind me of you,
Mary, I can see you before me always.
I've never loved any other girl, just you,
always you.
ARY: Larry.
ARRY: Yes dearest.

MARY: I hope our Baby is a boy, and just like you.

LARRY: Well dear, I'm sorry, for any boy that looks like me. I've never been considered handsome dear, just strong and decent that's all.

MARY: But dearest that means more, Larry.

LARRY: Yes dear, it means everything. Now dear, let me go, won't you. I must join my regiment, at once. Don't cry, let me leave you smiling Mary, as I did so many years ago in the garden, promise.

MARY: Yes Larry, I promise, but I love you so, it's so hard to give you up.

LARRY: You're not giving me up, I shall be back for you soon, and we'll go to America, and forget all this war, and have our own little dream house for the boy. Good bye my wife, Mary. God bless you.

MARY: Larry, Larry, I'll be waiting in the garden, when you return, waiting.

(Music up softly)

FATHER: My son, it is useless.

LARRY: But Father, you don't understand.

FATHER: Larry my boy, I understand everything. I will take you to Mary after I tell you what has happened.

LARRY: She is alive, isn't—isn't she? She isn't dead? No—

FATHER: She would be better dead, Larry. Now be brave, you're a soldier, and you know the horrors of War, and it came close to you in the trenches, and close to you in your home.

LARRY: Go on tell me, I can't stand it, go on.

FATHER: When the enemy took this town, the regiment of — no I shall not mention names, you will only remember it with bitterness, and the men were not to blame.

LARRY: Go on.

FATHER: Your home was taken as a place for the officers, and Mary—

LARRY: You mean Mary was protected in every way?

FATHER: Yes, in every way. In three weeks she went out of her mind, Larry. I fought for her, but I was only imprisoned and tortured for doing so. I found I couldn't save her. So, I left the matter to God, he saved her mind, from the torture of living with memories of what she had gone through.

LARRY: But Father, where is she? And my —I mean our Baby? Was it?

FATHER: Calm yourself my son, your Mary is totally out of her mind, and will be forever. The baby was spared life, too—perhaps it would have borne traces of the war. That would have made its life miserable. It was better so.

LARRY: But my Mary to suffer like this, alone. Oh God, Father will she know me? Do you think?

FATHER: Yes, she will. Her mind is totally deranged. She always talks to the baby, and to you. She knows you are coming to see her. She just stays forever at the same point. She has a home, and a baby your son, and that's all, her little dream child. Poor woman, and her hair is all white, Larry, but her face will always be youthful.

CARTER: My friend, let us drink a toast to a brave soldier, and a real man, a Saint if there ever were one.

MONTGOMERY: I would drink a toast, a silent toast to a Mother who waits beside an empty cot, to caress her dream child, and I would drink a toast to all Mothers, and to peace with this prayer. May we learn to love our fellow man, and our enemies, and may wars cease, throughout our land. Gentlemen, to a little dream child, and his Mother.

Heywood Broun's Radio Column

A series of this famous columnist's broadcast features as heard over the Columbia System will appear beginning with the

October Radio Digest

Better subscribe in advance as this edition of Radio Digest will be swept off the newsstands very shortly after it appears.

Radio Announcing Lures 'em All

Announcing radio programs is apparently highly attractive work, judging from the great number of applicants for the position of announcer at the big stations. Recently a man about seventy years old applied to Edward Thorgersen, of NBC, for such work. When asked if he had had any previous experience at announcing, he said he had not. However, he added, he had done a great deal of writing. And there was one thing, he said, that was greatly in his favor. That was the fact that he was the youngest living veteran of the Union Army in the Civil War. All of which adds one more item to the already lengthy list of qualifications required of radio announcers.

Guarantees Matrimony

(*Continued from page 15*)

shocking events ahead of them in case they married that he pleaded with them not to take the step. They laughed and went away, thinking they were secure in each other's love, but everything he had forecast came true.

THEY neutralized each other's talents. They had the same weaknesses and together they slipped to the lowest depths of drunkenness and drugs. It was only after she had passed out of his life, that his normally strong will reasserted itself and he was able to fight his way back and regain the once enviable place he had enjoyed behind the footlights.

Drawing a chart toward her, Miss Adams asked my dates.

In a few moments she looked up from the figures and remarked, "You should never marry. Your Neptune in the seventh house has given you an intense desire for marriage but it has at the same time prevented you marrying the kind of man with whom you could be happy. Perhaps you have learned this lesson already?"

When I made an affirmative nod she smiled and went on, "I don't believe in the moonlit, rose garden type of marriage, with the man playing Romeo all the time. Marriage is to build character and to have children and should not be regarded as the joyous reward we get for growing up.

"I believe in conflict in marriage. It builds character, but not the destructive, demoralizing conflict that comes from selfishness and vanity.

"There are those who think that people born under fire signs should not mate with those born under water signs. If the position of the other planets show that they will have a constructive effect upon each other, I advocate such a wedding because it will develop them. If you put a hot iron in a bucket of water you are bound to get a sizzle, and that is better than nothing."

MISS ADAMS explained that while there is a general rule by which one may select the most congenial friends from their birthdates, it is inadvisable to take it too literally, particularly where marriage is concerned. The signs and planets of each individual's horoscope should be carefully scrutinized before taking any important step, and most emphatically where matrimony is contemplated.

For the convenience of those whose matrimonial, social or business relations have not been going too smoothly the following lists are given.

March 22nd to April 21st (Aries)

Persons born from the 24th of July to the 24th of August and from the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December are naturally sympathetic and helpful for those born between March 22nd and April 21st. If too intimately associated with those born from June 22nd to July 24th, September 24th to October 24th, the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, the Aries people will find it necessary to be very adaptable or they may become too dictatorial and overbearing.

April 21st to May 22nd (Taurus)

People born from April 21st to May 22nd will find their most agreeable mates among persons who celebrate their birthdays between August 24th and September 24th, when the Sun is in the intellectual earthly sign Virgo, and from the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, when the Sun is in the earthly, conscientious sign Capricorn. Those born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, the 24th of July to the 24th of August, and the 24th of October to the 23rd of November will have antagonizing effect upon the Taurus natives, making them too stubborn and too resentful.

May 22nd to June 22nd (Gemini)

PERSONS born from May 22nd to June 22nd will be most congenial with people born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, 24th of September to the 24th of October, when the Sun is in the airy, balanced sign Libra. If too closely associated with persons born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March, the 24th of August to the 24th of September, or the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December, the Gemini born will find it necessary to be diplomatic but firm in order to get on harmoniously together; such an intimacy might result in the Gemini natives becoming too vacillating and adaptable to the extent of being insincere.

June 22nd to July 24th (Cancer)

Persons born from June 22nd to the 24th of July will find their best friends and matrimonial partners among the persons born between February 20th and March 22nd, when the Sun is in the watery, unselfish sign Pisces, or from the 24th of October to the 23rd of November when the Sun is in the watery, mechanical sign Scorpio. If too intimately associated with those born from the 22nd of March to the 21st of April, the 24th of September to the 24th of October, or the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, Cancer natives will need to guard well their own individuality. Such an intimacy might result in the Cancer native becoming too introspective, too fretful, and utterly lacking in self confidence.

July 24th to August 24th (Leo)

Persons born between July 24th a August 24th will find their happiest filiations with people born from the 22 of March to the 21st of April when t Sun is in the fiery, magnetic sign Ari and from the 23rd of November to t 23rd of December, when the Sun is in t fiery, intuitive sign Sagittarius. If t intimately associated with those bo from the 21st of January to the 20th February, the 21st of April to the 22 of May or the 24th of October to t 23rd of November, Leo people will fi it necessary to avoid being too dictatori stubborn, or conceited. Such an intima might result in the native of Leo beco ing too irritable, impatient and dissat fied.

August 24th to September 24th (Virgo

PERSONS born from August 24th September 24th will find their mo congenial friends and mates among tho born from the 21st of April to the 22 of May and from the 23rd of Decemb to the 21st of January. If too intimate associated with those born from the 20 of February to the 22nd of March, t 22nd of May to the 22nd of June or t 23rd of November to the 23rd of Dece ber, Virgo natives will find it necessa to be less critical and more sympathet in order to get on harmoniously togethe Such an intimacy might result in the n tive of Virgo becoming too petty a stressing small things to such a point to upset his nervous system.

September 24th to October 24th (Libra

PERSONS born from the 24th of S tember to the 24th of October w find their most congenial mates amo those born between January 21st a February 20th, the 22nd of May a 22nd of June. If too intimately asso ated with those born from the 22nd March to the 21st of April, 22nd of Ju to the 24th of July, 23rd of Decemb to the 21st of January, Libra people w need to exercise will power in order n to lose their individuality. Such an i timacy might result in the native of Lib first becoming too pliant and then reac ing to the other extreme and becomi too stubborn and unyielding.

October 24th to November 23rd (Scorpio

People born from the 20th of Februa to the 22nd of March and from the 22n of June to the 24th of July are naturall sympathetic and helpful to those bo under the sign of Scorpio, October 24 to November 23rd, a watery, fixed, sel interested sign. Their characteristics b ing complementary, they are bound to b very good partners for the Scorpio-born matrimonially or otherwise. If too i

mately associated with those born from nuary 21st to February 20th, the 21st f April to the 22nd of May, from the 4th of July to the 24th of August, they ill find it necessary to submerge their rong personality and determined will in rder not to be unduly antagonized or ritated.

November 23rd to December 23rd
(Sagittarius)

PERSONS born from November 23rd to December 23rd will find their best nates among those born between March 2nd and April 21st and July 24th and ugust 24th. If too intimately associated ith those born between the 20th of Feb- uary and the 22nd of March, the 22nd of May and the 22nd of June, the 24th of ugust and the 24th of September, Sagit- arians will need to check their impa- ience and curb their tendency to be too rank; such an intimacy might result in he native of Sagittarius becoming too arcastic, brusque and too disregardful of onsequences.

December 23rd to January 21st
(Capricorn)

Persons born from December 23rd to anuary 21st will find their best mates mong people born between April 21st nd May 22nd, August 24th and Septem- er 24th. If too intimately associated ith those born between March 22nd and April 21st, June 22nd and July 24th, eptember 24th and October 24th, Cap- icorn natives will need to avoid being too elf-centered and too morbid. Such an ntimacy might result in the native be- oming too introspective and self-con- cious.

January 21st to February 20th
(Aquarius)

Persons born between January 21st and February 20th will find their best mates among those born between May 22nd and June 22nd, September 24th and October 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between April 21st and May 22nd, July 24th and August 24th, Octo- ber 24th and November 23rd, the Aqua- rius born will find it necessary to guard against those who would take advantage of them. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Aquarius becoming too nervous.

February 20th to March 22nd (Pisces)

PERSONS born between February 20th and March 22nd will find their best mates in people born between June 22nd and July 24th, October 24th and November 23rd. If too intimately associ- ated with those born between May 22nd and June 22nd, August 24th and Septem- ber 24th, November 23rd and December 23rd, Pisces natives will need to practice self-preservation. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Pisces becoming too vacillating and lacking ambition and will.

There you have a brief outline of the influence of the planets in each of the twelve houses. How accurately Miss Adams has interpreted their bearing upon the lives of individuals is amply evidenced each day in the bags of mail which arrive from every country in the world. Liter- ally thousands of letters are received weekly by Miss Adams from those she has advised in the past and from those who seek guidance for the years to come.

Astrology, according to Miss Adams, is the open door to Destiny. We need no longer wonder what is going to happen. All we have to do to get an eyefull of the future is to lay our dates, that is, the hour, the day, the month, the year and the place before a competent reader of the stars.

Way Down East Up-to-Date

in

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RADIO DIGEST

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420 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.

Ray Perkins

(*Continued from page 16*)

Perkins dresses immaculately, and, when- ever possible, changes his shoes three times a day. He'd like to have enough money to write songs just for the fun of it.

Each Sunday he reads all the book re- views in the New York newspapers and makes lists of books to buy. But he sel- dom finds time to make the purchases and by the time the next book review sections are published, he has made an entirely new and different list.

Perkins is short and chunky and appears to be red-headed though it is really sandy. He has a round-red face and grins a lot. He is said to be able to wear a silk hat more nonchalantly than anyone else in broad- casting. He has no ambition to be a social butterfly, however.

He plays golf but doesn't talk about it much. He says it isn't the kind of golf you can talk about in polite society.

He doesn't rehearse his own programs too long, as he says it takes away some of the spontaneity. Likes to run across a line in his script that is a surprise to him. Half of the songs he sings on the air are his own and many of them have never been pub- lished. He often turns out a tune and a lyric for a song in an afternoon and uses it the same night.

His sister, Grace Perkins, is quite well known for her short stories and another sister, Bobby Perkins, is in musical comedy and is considered one of the cleverest in- genues on Broadway.

He likes Radio because he considers it the world's greatest experimental labora- tory in entertainment. He believes that eventually, Radio will produce super- entertainment and that it will be respon- sible for the greatest development of musical and literary talent the world has ever seen. He doesn't take himself too seriously, however. He can give a very convincing demonstration of seriousness when he is outlining one of his ideas to some other broadcaster.

His only ambition is to make enough money to buy a yacht and then retire to it and continue to write songs.

What's in a Name?

—Ask di Stefano

Another tragedy of Radio has been brought to our attention. Stefano di Stefano, the NBC harpist, has a brother harpist, a near neighbor and a good Ital- ian, but not related to him in any way. His name is Salvatore di Stefano and, therefore, their initials are the same. Stefano says that Salvatore gets all the invitations to swanky dinners, weddings and parties that are intended for him (Stefano) whi.e he (that is, Stefano again) gets all the milk bills, threatening letters, tailors' samples and circulars relating to oil stock and very profitable mining in- vestments that are intended for Salvatore.

We do not quite know how to advise them in the solution of this problem, un- less they go and live together, open all the mail and divide it up on terms agree- able to both. You see Salvatore di Ste- fano gets engagements probably intended for Stefano di Stefano, while Salvatore, or, rather, Stefano . . . pardon us, but we are completely confused and cannot go on . . .

One of his young cousins recently met Milton Cross, genial NBC announcer, whose waistline is gradually expanding to most generous proportions, and, observing the ever-widening girth, remarked:

"You know, they might well call that the Radio Corporation."

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 47*)

Pat Kelly

NOW for Pat Kelly. Pat joined the Cheerio family last October. It was all happenstance, like a great many other things in Mr. Kelly's life. He was the announcer for the program. Somehow the news got around that this Irishman with the smile in his voice could sing as well as announce. And so one morning he sang "The Little Gray Home in the West." A perfect avalanche of mail came in the next few days, all with the same cry: "Give us more Pat Kelly." From then on Pat was a member of Cheerio and every morning his beautiful tenor voice goes out to gladden the somebodies somewhere who are listening in.

Pat was born in Australia, and educated to be a marine engineer. He has travelled over a quarter of a million miles on salt water. He has been shipwrecked three times—an adventurous career.

Several years ago he landed in Seattle and in this port that happenstance I mentioned before led him into his singing career. For Fortune Gallo, the New York impresario happened to hear Pat singing at a party. Immediately he offered him a five year contract with the San Carlo Opera Company. Good bye to the sailor's life and the British navy. Pat came to New York, worked with Fortune Gallo, and was later with the Schuberts. He played in "Blossom Time."

Now he is superintendent of announcers at NBC, and besides singing on the Cheerio program, Pat announces the RKO programs Thursday afternoons, the Ipana programs Tuesday mornings, and the Ingram programs.

He is married to Yolan Poszanyi, a native of Budapest, Hungary.

Harrison Isles

LAST but not least, there's Harrison Isles, Cheerio's big six-foot musical director and pianist.

Don't be discouraged, parents, when your child doesn't seem to take to his music. The first two years that Harrison was studying piano, his father used to sit right by him with a strap. That's how badly Harrison hated practicing. Yet, after two years' exposure to music, it finally "took." Harrison said he couldn't explain it but that suddenly, like the sun bursting through the clouds, he understood and liked music, and instead of the strap being used to make him practice, his parents had almost to force him out of doors to get some exercise.

He studied at the Ithaca Conservatory and put himself through a post graduate course at Ann Harbor, making expenses by playing in theatres and churches. Right out of college he travelled with Julian Eltinge, scoring his show, "The Fascinating Widow." "That dates me," said Isles, "but what do I care?" And why should he? Forty-two, he says he is, but one could easily believe him ten years younger.

In Keyser, West Virginia, Harrison has a wife and two sons who will shortly join him in New York. The small town, says Harrison, has the great advantage of forcing a musician to be versatile. He must do everything. And that is what Cheerio's new musical director did in Keyser. He played in the motion picture theatre, he organized town musicals and glee clubs, he gave music lessons, he had a dance orchestra, and for seven years he was choir master and organist in the Episcopal Church.

With Miss Riegger he was in charge of the Cheerio broadcast during two weeks in July and he is also assistant director and arranger for the Arco Birthday Program.

Made for Petting

(*Continued from page 53*)

home to serve as a background for the exquisite and exacting Puff.

TERRIERS, wire-haired ones in particular, are getting quite a run. One is kept as a mascot by the three Morgan Sisters, NBC vocal trio, who have named him Scherzo, the musical term for playful and humorous. Welcome Lewis, the crooning NBC contralto likewise has recently acquired one. Kenyon Congdon, CBS baritone, has five terriers of all sorts.

Way out on the Pacific Coast, Annette Hastings, "baby star" soprano of that NBC division, isn't quite sure which pet she likes the best. A prize police dog, Persian cat and canary vie for her favor but do not fight with one another.

Howard Barlow, CBS symphony leader, proudly points to a whole album full of pictures of his Boston bull, Socki. Socki doesn't miss a thing that is coming to any year-old baby. He has toys that squeal like kittens, others gayly colored and one device that barks like a dog and which he has adopted as a friend. Mr. Barlow sent Socki away for a holiday to a farm where greyhounds were kept and taught tricks. And Socki was all attention. When Barlow called for Socki, he said, "Come, Socki, how tall are you?"

With a great show of skill, Socki jumped—and got as high as Barlow's knee. Socki, incidentally, is terribly jealous of Mrs. Barlow and finds that the only thing that compensates him for having an additional person around, is that she permits him to jump into Howard's bed in the morning.

There is a bit of monkey business in broadcasting, even though few stars go in for unusual pets. One simian with a long curling tail sits proudly on the shoulder of Irene Beasley, Columbia's lady of the low-down voice. Georgia Backus, who writes continuities and acts for the same chain, manages also to keep one of the queer little chameleons alive. Impatiently she has named it Stupid. Stupid is a very sensitive lizard and serves as a barometer for Georgia's moods. When Stupid lies still and green, Georgia is her own sweet self; when Stupid changes to a dull red hue—come again some other day, Georgia is *not* her own sweet self.

CANARIES claim the attention of Old Topper Ray Perkins, who has one named Mike in honor of his profession; Adele Vasa, who has two golden birds who follow her lead and sing even while taking a bath; and Marcella Shields, microphone comedienne, practices her inimitable chatter before a little feathered audience.

Mary McCoy has a kitten for a pet and looks charming when photographed together with it. Kathleen Stewart, for long a studio pianist with NBC, also goes in long on cats. She has six—or rather twelve—for she just adopted another cat which immediately showed its gratitude by presenting Kathleen with five fluffy little kittens. But the pianist is not a cat specialist. She also has a couple of dozen ducks swimming about an especially built pool on the grounds of her home.

Bobbe Deane at KPO, San Francisco, was presented with a catfish which had been captured in fresh water. Bobbe changed the habitat to salt water and established a nice little home for her pet in dishpan. Nobody knows how the catfish longed for nice fresh water. Sometimes Bobbe with a sympathetic impulse would take it out of the pan for fresh air. Then she noticed a fading of the muddy black and slimy yellow of its skin. The change became more pronounced. You must agree the California climate is wonderful. Eventually the catfish acquired a beautiful rose pink tinted complexion that would make all the other catfish in his old home turn green with envy.

CATS, dogs, horses, canaries, monkeys, chameleons, turtles, white snails and mice, frogs and ducks—all these may attract the pet-loving stars of Mike, but at least Baby Rose Marie (Curley), RKO star and Radio vocalist, is original. She had a pair of rabbits when she started on her recent vaudeville tour, but when she gets home—well there's no telling how many pets she'll have.

Some pets are tiny, some are huge; others are fat and some are lean (but not from lack of food), in color too they vary, but they are alike in reciprocating the love of their kind masters and mistresses.

Terror

(*Continued from page 51*)

y of soul and body was actually within r reach. She had but to tell the truth out her enemies and obey the laws and be free!

This was too much to resist, and Mary iiled:

[T'S the truth you have suspected. The goods are there! Your own husband irly trod on them when he searched! it he wasn't cute enough to find them. one of the constables were cute enough find the things, though they were all t touching them all the time!

"After the first search, the Hughsons oved the speckled linen and the silver ings to the garret. And then after the cond search they hid it under the stairs. id after the third they gave it to Hugh-n's mother. Mrs. Luckstead, to take ay and hide. And John Romme is ixed in it, too. And the black man esar paid silver for two mugs of punch d made me take a piece of eight."

When she had pumped the girl's brain y of its secrets, Anne's softness turned arp. She thrust the bundle of candles to Mary's arm and bade her be gone fore she was sent for.

Hurrying back through the dark Mary pented her looseness of tongue. She ared that her confession would be pub-hed and all the negroes and whites ould kill her.

Hardly an hour had gone when the inn as filled again with constables; John ughson was in a fury when he saw the iders.

"You men again! In God's name why on't you take up lodgings here? I see ou oftener than my regular trade."

Mr. Miller the undersheriff shoved him i and roared:

"We have the truth of it now."

"Who from?"

"From one as knows!—Mary Burton o less!"

Mary let a shriek and would have ainted, but she feared to drop helpless efore the murderous eyes that rolled her vay — John Hughson's, his wife's and 'eggy's.

"I did not! It's not true!" she howled. nd then Anne Kannady stepped in at the oor and charged her home with admitting he theft. Mary was like to die, she was o distraught.

The sheriff seized her and dragged her rom the house as if she were the only uilty one. Anne Kannady attacked her ike a shrew:

"You lying little slut, to double deal with us and make us fools before those swine!"

"I daren't tell anything! They'll kill me. They'll kill me!"

She was in such taking that Mr. Miller clapped his hands over her mouth and tried to soothe her with paternal words:

"A fine idea you have of me—of us!—that with all the constables in town about you, you're not safe from a pack of vermin."

Mary could only quake and choke while Mr. Miller, smothering her still, went on:

"I'll not lift my hand until you cross yourself in promise that you will bear witness to the truth. You're in less danger from them than from me."

But it was not till he volunteered to take her for safety to his own lodgings at the City Hall that her trembling hands made the sign. Then he let her breathe again.

Coming—

"The Langthwaite Pearls"

By J. S. Fletcher

An intriguing mystery story with a London setting that involves the disappearance of the famous Langthwaite Pearls, a runaway Countess and a heartless rogue. A master detective enters the picture and aids in the solution of the mystery, which ends in a most surprising and unexpected manner. It appears in October RADIO DIGEST.

Leaning against him she fumbled in her pocket and brought up a coin.

"It's a piece-of-eight they stole—and gave to me."

HER tongue was loose now and her anger mounted higher and higher with a coward's fury after fear; and clinging again to Anne Kannady she ran on:

"I know enough about them to hang and burn them all! You've been better to me, Mrs. Kannady, than ever my own mother was, and I verily believe that if you hadn't worried the truth from me and taken me away they'd have murdered me this very night or shipped me to the Barbadoes in a boat that is sailing in the morning."

"That's enough," said Mr. Miller. "The alderman should know of this."

They all marched over to his house, and Anne Kannady told of her proffer of freedom to Mary and of the girl's danger, and Mr. Baucker entrusted her to Mr. Miller for safety. He sent for Hughson and "pressed him very home" until Hughson at last admitted that he did know where some of the things were hid, and fetched them.

The next morning the Mayor summoned the Justices to meet him at the City Hall. There Mary was questioned again and now a sense of awe of the mighty rulers was added to her treasury of terrors. She told what she knew and far more, for she answered yes to all the leading questions.

So Peggy was arrested and the Hughsons and Mr. Auboyneau's boy, Prince.

It was not easy for a gentleman to live without his slave, so Mr. Auboyneau's boy was released on his master's recognizance in ten pounds penalty.

THE sheriff went to arrest John Romme, but he absconded. Mary Burton was turned over to a Mr. Wilson. He was no relation to her lover, but the name had a pleasant sound, and everything seemed to beat peace until the trial, which was set for the next term of the Supreme Court.

Mary had nothing to do now except to rise at dawn and work like a slave till dark; but she was among white people and when she met the other bonded servants at the well where they went for water, she would naturally try to glorify herself and her danger a little. For even the white servants treated her with a certain scorn as both a companion of low people and an informer on them. And the slaves, passing the yard where she hung out the clothes, would look at her with contempt and frighten her. So she had much to say of negro threats to burn the town and slay the people and become kings. When the maids laughed at her, she would say:

"You'll see! Just wait!"

A fortnight later, as if to confirm Mary in her role of prophetess, a huge cloud of smoke shot up from the roof of His Majesty's House at Fort George where the lieutenant-governor lived with his family.

The wind was in such virulence that the smoke itself carried the news before the bell in the adjoining chapel gave tongue to the alarm that called forth great numbers of gentlemen and others, and slaves.

(*Continued on page 112*)

The bell did not yelp long, for the flames spilled in red billows across the chapel and swept on the secretary's office over the fort gate.

There was barely time to throw the records of the colony out of the windows for the winds to carry in yellow snow about the town before the secretary's office was gone and the barracks turned to ashes, the stables outside the fort licked up and the roofs of the houses next the North River bombarded with blazing shingles.

THE whole town would have been shortly levelled if heaven had not sent a "moderate shower" to stay the holocaust.

Everybody blamed the plumber, who confessed that he was mending a leak in the gutter between His Majesty's House and the chapel, and that sparks must have escaped from the fire-pot that heated his soldering-irons. A report was made to that effect by Governor Clarke, in a letter to the Legislature at Albany.

But Mr. Cornelius Van Horne, captain of one of the five militia companies, beat to arms and drew out his men and kept seventy odd of them on patrol that night.

The other captains called him a fool and his men cursed him, but he was soon hailed as the savior of the city from a damnable conspiracy.

And sure enough: hardly a week had passed when there was a fire in Captain Warren's House near the Long Bridge over the Broad street sewer creek. The engine soon had the fire out and the dullards said the thing started in a sooty chimney.

HOUSES were always catching fire from dirty chimneys and all of the chimneys were unusually foul from the early and unbroken winter. But people of imagination thought it strange that two fires should come only a week apart.

Just a week later and Mr. Van Zandt's storehouse for deal boards and hay was blazing. Luckily it stood so close to a slip that a bucket line overwhelmed it almost at once. But thoughtful people began to murmur:

"A strange many of fires we're having of late!"

Three days later Mr. Vergereau's cowstable in the Fly had to be put out. As the people were returning from that, Ben Thomas' house on the west side of Captain Sarly's house began to smoke, and was smartly quenched.

The next day, a Sunday, some live coals were found smoking in a haystack near the coachhouse of Joseph Murray, esq. Though these were also extinguished at once, in the words of Justice Horsmanden "it was natural for people of any reflection to conclude that the fire was set on purpose by a combination of villains."

On that very sabbath as three slaves were walking up the Broadway towards the English Church of the Trinity at service time, Mrs. Earle, who was kept at home by a sore tooth, chanced to be leaning out of her window and overheard one of the trio say with a vaporing sort of air:

"Fire, fire! Scorch, scorch! A little, damn it, by and by."

He threw up his hands and laughed, and the three passed on. Mrs. Earle, brooding over all those fires, conceived a jealousy at these silly words and went at once to talk to her neighbor Mrs. George about it.

An hour later, just after church-out, the same negroes came down the Broadway again and Mrs. Earle pointed out the man who spoke.

"Why, that's Mr. Walter's Quack," cried Mrs. George.

The two women ran to the nearest alderman with their conclusions and the alderman informed the rest of the justices at their meeting the next morning. As they were clacking over it, a chimney broke out at Sergeant Burns' house on the east side of Captain Sarly's. Two hours later Mrs. Hilton's house was afire and some tow was found wrapped in a bundle.

Now this was worth considering. The houses on either side of Captain Sarly's house had been found afire. And Captain Sarly owned one of those Spanish negroes.

What better proof could the forethoughtful need? They set afoot a rumour that ran on of itself:

"The Spanish negroes, the Spanish negroes! Take up the Spanish negroes!"

When Captain Sarly's black was asked if he set the two houses afire he answered with insolence, so naturally there was nothing to do but throw him and all the other Spanish slaves into jail.

Even this did not end the conspiracy, for the following morning one of Col. Philipse's storehouses blazed up, and a slave was seen to leap from a window. A mob pursued him and dragged him from his master's house. He turned out to be Col. Philipse's Cuffee and he insisted that he had been trying to put the fire out and had to leap for his life. But it turned out that he had leapt into a deeper fire, for of course he was not believed and it was accounted merciful not to kill him on the way to jail.

The lieutenant-governor ordered a military watch to be kept that night; and it was kept all summer. For equal proofs of foul conspiracy were multiplied each day and the common council promptly offered a reward of one hundred pounds current money of the province to any white person who discovered the incendiaries, and a pardon to him if he were concerned; while any slave who made discovery would be set free and given twenty pounds; and his master paid twenty-five pounds to pay for his freedom.

AT THIS high crisis, the Supreme Court met—on a Tuesday, April 21—and proceeded to the trial of the thieves who had robbed Mrs. Hogg. Since this involved two negroes, everyone thought at once of the fires. And now Mary Burton was dragged again into eminence.

She was called before the Grand Jury, but the constable reported that she refused to come or to be sworn or to give evidence. When asked why, her only answer was:

"I will not be sworn!"

They saw that she was under some great uneasiness, some terrible apprehension. Her testimony was deemed of such weight that shorthand reports were kept of her least utterances so that we know far more of this scared chit and her chameleon shifts of color than of many of the giants of history.

We have almost no hint of Jenghiz Khan, who ruled a continent; and numberless Titans of history are dumb in the record; but we possess a volume of Mary Burton's deadly chatter in her own dialect.

At first the grand jurors found her adamant. They thundered at her in vain. Then they offered her the hundred pounds. She despised it.

Someone hinted that she had a guilty knowledge of the fire-conspiracies. They conceived "a jealousy that she was privy to them." But she would not speak until they said, "Take her to jail!"

And that broke her silence. She cried she would tell all she knew.

When she stood before the grand jury again, she stuttered:

"I'll tell all about the theft, but nothing about the fires!"

The jurors said: "Aha! that means she knows about the fires." Of course it did not, and she had not meant it so, but they called it "providential" and went after her in full cry.

THEY began to badger her again with threats and promises. They offered to buy her bond of indenture so that the city should own her. They talked religion and warned her of the everlasting fires of hell and worse demons even than the Spanish negroes.

And so they cudgeled the poor fool to a frenzy. She wanted only something to confess to please them, but could think of naught. She stood gnawing her apron and beating her hands together until of a sudden she remembered as in a trance all that drunken hilarious talk of the negroes who had joked about burning the city down. She knew it was only tankard nonsense, and she was afraid that the jurors would laugh at her if she mentioned it. She little knew their hunger.

At length one of the jurors reminded her:

"Does a hundred pounds of good province money and your freedom mean nothing to you?"

For the first time she caught a glimpse of the far future. Tom Wilson's face came before her. He was out on the high seas, firing cannon perhaps at some Spanish ship in the hope of winning a little gold for their golden hope.

Did a hundred pounds mean anything to her? It meant Tom Wilson! It meant

home, love, pride, heaven. It meant erything!

Why should she conceal what the slaves d said? Let the grand gentlemen of e jury make what they could of it. The ood of the blacks would be on their ads.

And so she told them everything she uld remember, and everything that ould make it more impressive.

The Grand jurors looked at one another delight. They rained questions on the rl and their most fantastic suggestions me back to them in echoes of assent. ith their imaginations added to her wn, Mary was inspired to develop the bberish of a few boozy slaves into a plot iat Cataline would have been proud of. he added guns and swords and stores of nmunition to the things she had seen idden away.

"Why did you never tell of this be-ore?" they cried, and she gave the easiest nswer:

"The Hughsons vowed they would oison me if I breathed of it."

"But to hear them threaten to burn own—and tell no one! After you were emoved from them, why did you keep lent?"

"The negroes swore that if I told they ould burn me first and then the town."

This was plausible. It satisfied the urors and the judges who were honest nen as far as honesty goes—which is not ar when passion rules. Then a new logic btains, a new mercy ruthless as only anaticism can be.

And now the jury had what it wanted; he town had what it wanted: a word rom somebody—from anybody—to serve s a pretext for the satisfaction of the vraths that spring from fear.

Mary Burton was not a gifted creator of fiction, or a master of consistent plot. She did not have to be for her market. Fables that would not have been accepted from a maker of fairy stories; imbecile ogic that would have disgusted the listen-ers in a kitchen to a recounter of ghost-stories, were in demand, and common sense and common humanity were con-temptible.

Such vast explosions from such little fuses are permitted only to the chronicles of real people, not to the cheap twisters of imagined crimes and mysteries.

Only a few years before Mary Burton ruled New York two little girls had given the town of Salem to immortality by their silly gabble of witches. And Salem had gone on hanging old women, and young men as well, under the guidance of hys-terical girls and solemn preachers till at last a clergyman was put to death for witchcraft and nobody was safe from the venomous tongues. And then the witch-hunt stopped short.

New York was about to show how much it could better New England. A fire-pot for soldering irons started the mania and six little chimney-smudges fed it; and a long-eared woman's opinion of a few words uttered aloud by a laughing negro kindled the council-men and they inflamed the judges, and so the whole town roared.

It would take a volume to describe the frenzy; and there is a volume for those who care to see how sly and murderous the law becomes when frenzy guides it. Justice Horsemanden who presided at the trials published his vindication in full and on every page writes down his own condemnation, and the condemnation of the citizens.

The most woful feature of it all is that no one felt called upon to ask that the slaves be given the privileges granted a dog suspected of killing sheep. All the attorneys in town hastened to offer their services to the prosecution and not one was left to say, "Let me defend the poor fiends—not for their sakes, but for the honor of justice which is ever keenest to protect the accused."

Not one clergyman volunteered to be even the devil's advocate or counselled deliberation or mercy or even the avoidance of haste.

The only opposition there was to the carnival of slaughter was the light ridicule of a few such frivolous sceptics as always sneer at the solemner citizens. These triflers and an increasing number of selfish and indolent ladies and gentlemen who found it inconvenient to do without their slaves, were the only ones who even suggested caution.

A house-to-house search was ordered and made for evidence to incriminate the negroes. Not a morsel was found, but arrests were made and prisoners crowded into the jail to aggravate the misery of the poor debtors who were already starving and freezing there.

The slaves, like jungle beasts driven in upon one another by encircling hunters, trampled one another, fought and wept and howled and ran and beat their heads against the bars and gnashed their teeth, fore-seeing only the familiar tortures and the death by fire that waited for slaves who had lost the whimsical favor of their captors.

They were haled before the judges one by one and great words hurled at them in blood-curdling tones. Questions were put in their mouths and the desired answers made easy. At first they all denied all knowledge of any plan to destroy the city from which they took what warmth and nourishment they had. But gradually it seemed through their thick skulls that their masters wanted them to confess and accuse. And so being trained to obedience they did, abundantly, idiotically, with every contradiction of themselves and one another.

The Hughsons and Peggy were likewise flogged with insinuating questions. Peggy, poor gutter-girl, weak and broken of heart and body, answered them stoutly when they advised her to confess for her soul's sake:

"What talk have you of my soul? If I accuse anybody, I must accuse the innocent. And will not that wrong my soul? As for the fires, I know nothing of any fires!"

The famished judges, baffled by the chaotic testimony they were securing from the slobbering blacks, stooped to a foul trick. They bribed a convicted sneak-thief Arthur Price to mingle with the prisoners and, pretending to be one of them, worm from them such confessions as he might. To help him in his slimy work they gave him allowances of drink to loosen the tongues of his victims—or, as Justice Horsmanden says, "to give them a punch now and then, in order to cheer up their spirits, and make them more sociable."

Read the amazing conclusion to this thrilling story of early New York in the October RADIO DIGEST.

Lindbergh's World-wide Broadcast

Reported for RADIO DIGEST with exclusive photographs by

JESSE BUTCHER

(*Former globe-trotting New York Times correspondent—now chief of Public Relations staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System*)

Mr. Butcher's personal acquaintance with Colonel Lindbergh as a favored journalist especially qualifies him to present this story of a record-breaking broadcast with authority and intimate detail. It appears in

OCTOBER RADIO DIGEST

Lincoln Lives Once Again

(*Continued from page 44*)

Jedge say hisself; dat you soon as Massa Emerson got us back on dis side ob de ribber our right ob freedom was gone—me an' de chilluns wasn't human folks no more'—we was jest property—goods an' cattles.

HARRIET: How hard it is that white men should draw a line ob dare own ober de face of God's earth; on one side ob which black folks is slaves, like de chillun ob Israal, an' not sayin' a word 'bout it till dey gits us ober dat line.

DRED: But don't worry, Honey—eberything gwine t' turn out alright. Look what dese good Abolution folks is doin' fo' usens. Dey is spendin' thousands ob dollars t' hep us—wifout hope ob earthly re-ward. Mistah Blair say dem Gobernment su-preme Co't jedges can't make no mis-takes—*dey knows eberything.*

HARRIET: Den if dey knows eberything they knows what de white man wants 'em t' do—ef they knows ebery—

(KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

DRED: (CALLING) Who dare?

BLAIR: (MUFFLED) Montgomer_ Blair.

DRED: Mistah Blair! Reckon de Supreme Co't done—

HARRIET: Don't set like you was petrekrified—let de gemman in.

(SOUND OF THE DOOR UNLATCHED)

DRED: Come right in Mr. Blair, suh!

BLAIR: Good evening, Dred—Mrs. Scott.

HARRIET: Good evenin', Mistah Blair. Take this cheer—jes' make yo' self t' home.

DRED: Me an' mah wife jes' was speakin' ob you, suh. Has you got news fo' us?

BLAIR: Yes, I have a long telegram from Washington City. Yesterday the Supreme Court of the United States Chief Justice Taney presiding, handed down their decision in the case of Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sanford.

DRED: Praise de Lawd! Glory Hallelujah!

BLAIR: Dred, my poor man, the good Lord had nothing to do with this decision—rather it has been dictated by Satan. They have ruled against you.

DRED: (AFTER A LONG GROAN) Ruled again' me! Oh Lawd, hab mercy on dis po' nigger now!

HARRIET: What did I tell you?

BLAIR: I will read it to you. (RATTLE PAPER—READ) 'In the opinion of the court, the language used in the Declaration of Independence shows, that neither the class of persons who had been imported as slaves nor their descendants, whether they had become free or not were then acknowledged as a part of the people, nor intended to be. On the contrary they had, for more than a century before, been regarded as beings of an inferior order, *having no right which the white man was bound to respect;* and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit—bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic, whenever a profit could be made by it!'

DRED: Dat's e-nuf—Ah don' wan' t' heah no mo' (GROANS)

HARRIET: (SIGHS) Jest what I expected.

DRED: (GROANS) Oh Lawd hab mercy on yo' po' black chillens! What's we all gwine t' do now Mistah Blair? Ain't there no hope?

BLAIR: Yes, Dred, there is always hope. God's ways are not always man's ways. Some day your race will be free—and happy. You may not live to see it, but your daughters surely will. Some day a great man will arise, and with the help of God, he will make your people free.

IT HAS always seemed to me that drama is one of Radio's best bets and the one most neglected. The benefits of good drama are manifold. One famous British statesman said that he learned more history from Shakespeare than at his university. The stage often preaches sermons more powerful than those from the pulpit. Through Radio, dramas properly presented can accomplish more than its several other vehicles. As the characters in Radio plays can have neither make-up, facial expression, nor costume to aid in the creation of their illusion, and as everything is dependent on their voices, acting of a high order is necessary to their success. The time is coming, I believe, when there will be a school of dramatists and actors devoted exclusively to the art of Radio that will rival the stage and the screen.

The last of those who knew Abraham Lincoln in the flesh soon will have ceased to walk earth's way. Yet we have received letters from numerous old people who knew Lincoln, and two of these have talked over the Radio in connection with The Prairie President program. Mrs. Ellen Vogler, of Chicago, now eighty-six years of age, was one of the pretty girls who presented flowers to Stephen A. Douglas during his debates, with Lincoln, and, after the broadcast of the first debate, she told the listeners about it. Miss Mary Kent, also of Chicago, was a little girl of six, whose father was a railroad official on the train that bore Lincoln from Springfield to Washington. Miss Kent's reminiscences were a very interesting addition to the program which pictured that event, just as she had witnessed it in the long ago.

About fifteen thousand people have written letters to WLS, and to me, commending The Prairie President. These have come from many States and from Canada, and are from listeners ranging in age from five to ninety years. These letters are from people in almost every walk of life; there are a large number from lawyers, ministers, and teachers—particularly teachers of history. Several relatives of both Abraham Lincoln and his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, and descendants of the various other characters represented in the dramas, have sent letters containing valuable comments and suggestions. The reading of this mail, week after week, has never failed to fill me with a strange emotion and a feeling of deep gratitude. It has proven that I am under a grave responsibility to all of these people; but it is pleasant to know that my humble efforts have contributed something to so many lives.

From the listeners I have received numerous interesting items for my Lincoln collection as well as considerable valuable historical information, some of which has never been published. From Bement, Illinois, came two photographs of the house where Lincoln and Douglas concluded their arrangement for the joint debates, together with the whole story. I carefully checked up on this and found it to be correct. Here was a discovery which seems to have escaped all of the previous biographers of Lincoln. And I am indebted to Mr. Chester E. Conner of Monmouth, Illinois, for a print from the restored negative, which he owns, of the photograph made of Lincoln at Springfield in 1860 by Alexander H. Hesler for use in the Presidential campaign. This picture, reproduced here by the kind permission of Mr. Conner, shows Lincoln as he was at the close of the first series of "The Prairie President."

THE following letter, from E. C. Statler, of the Coronado Hotel, Chicago, is quoted in full: *"Mrs. Statler and myself wish to tell you of our appreciation of your episodes of our Prairie President, the most wonderful and heart touching drama ever produced. It touches the heart of any true American, and makes him feel more human to his God and fellow-man. Abraham Lincoln, truly a man of destiny. To study him gives a better understanding of the sweet mysteries of life, and brings one closer to his Creator, in thought and deed. You have done America a great service in putting this marvellous drama on the air. Books by the thousand might be written on this great man and lay dusty and forgotten, but Radio's voice has resurrected a character that should ever be before Young America."*

Mrs. Carl Grove, of Danville, Illinois,

te in part: *"We have enjoyed "The irie President" more than anything have ever heard over the Radio. Not does the author deserve a great deal praise for his tender and thoroughly an portrait of that great character, there are plenty of bouquets to be ded to the players who are making story live. They have made it so that we become absolutely lost in the vs while they are being presented."*

ROM J. A. McCutcheon, of Rocanville, Saskatchewan, came these insting lines, which are characteristic of dreds of the comments of Canadian eners: *"I don't know whether you be interested or not in knowing what in Canada think of 'The Prairie Presit' program. I would like to tell you, wever, that we think it is just splendid. live eight miles from town on a farm we plan everything on Friday so we be sure to hear the Lincoln drama. ooks to me that the Radio is going to ke us better acquainted one with the er."*

That this program has made a definite tribution toward disseminating Amern idealism among the foreign born is icated by the mass of excellent mail ich has come in from German, Swed-, Polish, Italian and Jewish people. A er to me from Mr. Simon, of Sum- , Illinois, is a good example. He says: *have 5 boys and we all look forward Friday night. You ought to see the ys' eyes shining when they are listen- and I myself think Lincoln was the atest Man the World has produced. m a naturalized American but I could ar about Lincoln every day so please ep it up."*

As an example of the reception accorded "The Prairie President" by thousands parents, I have selected the following erpts. From Legnite, North Dakota, rs. Fred Pommier wrote: *"My children e such an interest in the life of Lincoln. ey rush the evening's chores so we can and listen to this wonderful Friday ening feature. We live out on the ins of N. W. North Dakota, close to Canadian border, and the Radio means 's to us during these long cold evenings."*

MR. AND MRS. LARSON of Cicero, Illinois, say: *"Our little nine year daughter listens to every word of he Prairie President' and we think it the uest thing possible for school children."* Edward Fischer, of Riverside, Illinois, rote: *"My seven children, like the rest the children of our nation, love the eat Lincoln for his honesty and as the berator of the slaves. I think your roadcast of his life is excellent and more an educational, it is inspiring."*

Mr. L. L. Brickett, of Boswell, Indiana, nt this message on a postal card: *"I njoy listening to the WLS programs. ur boy, Robert, who is twelve years old, as often stayed home from a ball game hear the Lincoln program."*

From Cutler, Indiana, came a letter from Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sheagley which said: *"Our daughter, who is in the sixth grade, told one of the episodes as an English recitation. Her teacher, who has taught for thirty years, said it was the best recitation he had heard in all that time. We believe that this presentation is giving all the listeners a vivid impression of our 'Prairie President' just as it aided our little girl to make an outstanding recitation."*

Mrs. Ora Dunn, of Rockford, Illinois, in her letter, says: *"We as a family enjoy 'The Prairie President' very much. I have a son, who is a junior high pupil and I consider it an added education to him, as well as to myself, to hear this this story once a week."*

And from Chicago, Mrs. A. Levinson writes: *"My little boy seven years old just begs to stay up to listen to the Lincoln plays and I look forward to Friday evenings for the same reason."*

Here are some of the things the children say for themselves. Emma Alltop, of Pontiac, Illinois, says in her letter: *"We are studying about Abraham Lincoln in history now. I listen about him every Friday night. It is more interesting to hear the plays over the Radio than to read it. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade."*

FROM Rollingburg, Kentucky, Zelphie Coffey writes: *"I want to thank you for broadcasting the life of Lincoln. My mother enjoys it too. They are fine for school children and teachers and help every one to understand and know Abe Lincoln better. I am 15 years of age and live thirty miles from his birthplace."*

Little Miss Esther Bickett, of Boswell, Indiana, writes: *"My brothers and sisters and I listen to the 'Prairie President' every Friday night. Our neighbors come to our house and listen and I am writing to tell you to keep them up. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. My father is the Methodist Preacher at Boswell."*

And from Bonnerdale, Arkansas, Billy Friend sends this note: *"We've listened to every one of the Prairie 'President' plays and won't miss a one until they are ended and I have learned a lot. My teacher says they are wonderful."*

Florence Public, of Roanoke, Illinois, says: *"I have four sisters and three brothers and we all look forward to Friday evenings to the presentation of the 'Prairie President.' I am in the sixth grade and have a sister in the eighth grade. We both have history and have to know so much about Lincoln. I have learned many new things from these plays and I am sure will learn many more."*

A BOY in Evanston, Illinois, Eugene Majewski, writes this: *"I am in the eighth grade at Nichols school, and one of my special assigned subjects is Mr. Lincoln. And the 'Prairie President' has given me an understanding of him that I couldn't get from my history lessons."*

A little Chicago girl, Marion Nielson, wrote this in a letter to me: *"I am twelve years of age and am in the eighth grade. My mother, father and I would rather miss a good show or party than miss the 'Prairie President'. It is very interesting and so real that I almost think I am right with them. I like it very much and it helps me in my school work."*

THE son of George N. Bradley, principal of a La Salle County, Illinois high school, signing his own typewritten letter with a very large "Bobby" states that he is five years old and hopes that we will *"keep on telling stories about Lincoln forever, for I like them very much. I know Lincoln's picture every time I see it."*

Here is one instance, at least, where teachers and pupils are in agreement. From Poteau, Oklahoma, Mrs. Hope Smith, a primary teacher, writes: *"In educational value 'The Prairie President' is unexcelled. Biography read is not remembered. Dramatized it is remembered, very much the same as primary reading lessons."*

Mr. Fred B. Jackson, vocational director of the Junior Senior High School at Crawfordsville, Indiana, writes this to me: *"In my opinion the 'Prairie President' is the best thing on the air. I believe your story is true. I have studied history. I have read much of Lincoln and talked with many of his associates. I have just finished my twenty-second year of teaching: and believe I have fair judgment. Your work will help the morals of all who hear the 'Prairie President.'"*

ALSO from Indiana, S. B. McCracken, professor of science at the Elkhart high school, writes: *"I want to sincerely say how great has been my satisfaction in hearing these incidents in Lincoln's life."* Miss Fern Peters, of Canton, Illinois, sent this: *"I am a listener of the 'Prairie President' and certainly will be with you this fall for the continuation of the same. I am a rural school teacher. My advanced pupils listen to it over the radio. This is an education that will be of more value to them than all the 'book work' they can get in the same length of time."* From Overley, North Dakota, Miss Merle E. Larter writes: *"My father is a farmer and I am a teacher but we enjoy your 'Prairie President' program which is unexcelled in educational value as well as highly entertaining."* And Miss Kathleen McBrayer, history teacher of the Greenville, Mississippi high school, wrote: *"As a teacher of history I am intensely interested in the Lincoln historical playlets, they have been of great value to the teachers and school children throughout the South."* Professor A. F. Ames, Superintendent of Public School at Riverside, Illinois concluded a very complimentary

letter to WLS with these words: *"should like to be able to get copies of all the episodes of the 'Prairie President' plays."*

AMONG the comments upon "The Prairie President," purely as an educational feature. I have selected the following extracts from letters which are representative of many more. From Chicago, Mr. Robert H. Sedgwick wrote: *"Have learned a great deal about President Lincoln that I never found in history; and as the episodes pass, do not know where I could go to refer to them again."* Miss Beulah Cameron, of Edon, Ohio, says: *"I never knew about Ann Rutledge's death until last evening. Of course we did not get that part of Lincoln's life in school history. By listening to the Prairie President program we learn the kind of character he had—for instance in paying the debts of his partner and himself after their store went broke."*

MR. and MRS. WILLIAM MATTSON, of Dear Creek, Minnesota, say in their letter: *"The Prairie President not only gives us worth-while and beautiful entertainment, but renews much forgotten history in our minds and tells of incidents we did not know."* And Clarence L. Elston, of Chicago, says: *"I wish to heartily commend this Radio story of Lincoln, and the way it is presented. I believe it will bring the life of Lincoln before the people more vividly than in any other way."* Ira L. Beebe, a laboring man, writing from Harvey, Illinois, says: *"I have read the story of Lincoln's life but it could in no way be compared with the way you give it. 'The Prairie President' is always an interesting topic at the shop where I work the day following this program and everybody there is interested in it."* Alfred J. Stiles, of Elgin, Illinois, writes: *"The Prairie President is most instructive to young and old, bringing us closer to our beloved Lincoln than reading any book could possibly do."* All of which Miss Sherla McBain of Gary, Indiana, agrees with in these words: *"We have followed with amazing interest each week's part of The Prairie President, as we view through the vista of receding years the many intimate incidents of Lincoln's life which are not part of any biography we have read."*

The many requests that this work be put in book form has been complied with; sometime in October the Reilly & Lee Co., of Chicago, will publish, *The Prairie President—Living Through the Years with Lincoln.* It will be a complete biographical narrative, and I plan to incorporate in it most of the dialogue that has formed the substance of the Radio series, together with a great deal of added material. The work will thus constitute a new method of approach to a figure to whom there has been no dearth of pens devoted in the past. It will owe nothing to any other biography of Lincoln, save that it will adhere closely to the facts of his life. It is my aim, by projecting the story through a series of closely knit episodes, in which faithfully reproduced dialogue is the chief illuminating factor, to achieve a warm animated study, to enliven without distorting, and to bring a little closer to reality, if possible, the image of the greatest American.

Japanese Fans Pay for Listening Privileges

(*Continued from page 59*)

and 3. A number 1 orchestra may command 5000 yen ($2500) for a half hour performance. Contracts are not made for any particular length of time with orchestras. At one time JOBK had a regular staff orchestra, but this has been done away with and orchestras are hired as the program demands them. They seem to be plentiful—even in Japan.

WHEN asked what salary the usual JOBK orchestra man received, Mr. Kemuyama advised that it would not be "professional" to tell me. The artists are picked for programs only. The station does not have any contracts. A list of artists obtainable are filed in the managing director's office. A card index immediately gives the "casting director" all the information required about an artist and when desired for a number he or she is called and advised when to come for a rehearsal.

Artists are paid according to public ratings—or how well they stand with the public. Most of them have appeared on the various theatre programs. Unless the program calls for a special arrangement of numbers, the artist is allowed to sing just what she wishes or what he desires and can "put over" to his best advantage. It seems that foreign songsters are few in Japan and therefore demand a higher rate of pay. Classical singers seem to be very rare as well. Boy orchestras are popular in Japan.

All broadcasting ceases by 10 o'clock. That is a government regulation. Nothing at all on the air after that time. The summer and winter broadcasting schedules differ—the winter starting at 7 a.m. and the summer schedule at 6 a.m.

Very little is made of the announcers—and usually one of the staff tells the "Radio audience" what will take place and that's all there is to it. Personalities as far as the broadcasting station is concerned or anything with reference to broadcasting, are nil.

Very few English programs are put on the air. Occasionally an American song will be broadcast or a very popular melody from an American musical comedy will be played by an orchestra.

The Japanese are quite satisfied with their own accomplishments and although American goods and American methods are copied to a great extent, the Radio programs seem to be "Japanesy" in every way. When a very famous personage comes to Osaka, JOBK will usually have him speak and an interpreter will follow with a translation of the speech. The newspapers publish daily programs—but they do not go in for publicity of the type given American Radio entertainers. The Japanese-English papers merely carry the programs.

THE Japanese method of handling the broadcasting situation may after all be the best plan from all angles—the station as well as the listener-in. Without the advertising problem, stations can really devote themselves to giving the best form of programs obtainable—and with the consumer paying the bill, the subscriber has some "say-so" in what goes on the air and what does not. Government supervision keeps the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association on its toes and on the job. There may be more sets sold without the "subscriber" method of operation—but after all, what is worth having is worth paying for—and that is the philosophy back of the Japanese method of operation.

Brings the Orient to America

Basil Ruysdael, WOR announcer, is known over the air, mainly, for his excellent Red Lacquer and Jade programs which brings to Occidental ears the quaint and pithy philosophy of the Orient. While thumbing a Victor record catalogue, looking for information about an artist on a forthcoming program, a member of the Bamberger station's publicity staff came upon the information that a large part of the success of Lawrence Tibbett, famous baritone, was due to the instruction he obtained from Mr. Ruysdael, who had kept this fact a secret.

Recently, Basil met an old friend, Alma Gluck, at WOR and recalled the fact that many years ago he had had the privilege of leading her out on the Metropolitan stage in an opera in which she was making her debut. He did not say, however, that he was one of the principals also.

Specializes in Funny Sounds

From Childhood Robert Wildhack Has Practised Reproduction of Amusing Sounds—He Profits by His Snores

AMERICANS have been accused for years of being a most wasteful people and the thrift of Europeans has been pointed ... Dyes, medicines, perfumes, etc., m coal tar, and various examples of · clever use of waste material have n used as arguments. Now comes an nerican, who, in a thoroughly Ameri- manner, extracts joy from heretoe waste material, the snore. No ropean has ever done that.

From childhood to date this man, bert Wildhack, has delighted in ny sounds, has amused himself in lighter moments with practicing reductions of these sounds, just as an ist amuses himself by drawing funny tures. Wildhack is an artist and ws funny pictures as well as serious es. One day while resting upon a ch, he pretended to be asleep and ring. He imitated every form of re that he could remember or int. Members of his family were nvulsed with laughter. Almost every e gets in the dumps at times, feels ie for no particular reason, "off his · her) feed," perhaps. At such times, one sure way, in Mr. Wildhack's nily, of "chasing the blues," of laughg away the dumps, was to get Mr. ildhack to snore.

THUS came the discovery that the - humor of funny sound is fundamenl and irresistible, and universal. The erest child of three or less will *laugh*. ie totally ignorant, uneducated, unad person will *laugh*. A person blind m birth will respond to the humor of nny sounds of which the snore is only ie.

Nobody had ever found a use for the ore. Mr. Wildhack began to use it. e began to entertain his friends, inuding the most serious of them, by reoducing examples of snores. Then began to take this ridiculous thing riously and analyzed the snore.

What produced it? How many kinds e there, or have they any particular lation to each other? He found that ey really have a relation to each her and that they could be divided to classes according to the way they are produced. They were numerous. So he took some of them, arranged them in regular order, numbered them, named them, and instead of making funny noises at random, he



Robert Wildhack, Radio Cartoonist, KHJ, Los Angeles

made a little illustrated lecture out of them. The illustrations were the snores themselves in sound, not in pictures of course. When it came his turn, after a banquet, to tell an anecdote or make a speech, he responded with this talk on snores. Now he is asked to deliver it constantly, by doctors, lawyers, serious scientific men, business men, people of all kinds and all interests.

HE HAS gone farther and delved into the world of sound and brought to the ear other funny things, which we have all been laughing at for years but considered pure waste and useless for any purpose under the sun. Sneezes, for instance.

He has been asked to appear in vaudeville or perform this experiment of turning useless things into pleasure for public audiences, but he is a busy man and has not found time for this. He has been asked to put it on a talking machine record, and has done so. And now, people all over the country are laughing and chuckling over these familiar "useless" sounds. America has put to use and profit, for the benefit of the world at large, the biggest untapped reservoir of "waste" that the efficiency experts have ever sneered at. And he isn't through.

Mike and Herman

RIDGELY FLETCHER, known in Radio as Arthur Wellington, and also as "Mike McFriend" of the comedy team "Mike and Herman", at WENR, Chicago, was born in Memphis, Tenn. He has lived in Milwaukee and Chicago. He is married, five feet six and one half inches tall. His hobby is fishing. Prior to his work in broadcasting, he was a stenographer and wholesale paper salesman.

He became imbued with the desire to sing over Radio, and as a result was first heard in the Edison Studios of KYW, Chicago, where he sang ballads and semi-classical songs. He is the "straight" man of "Mike and Herman". He has only been heard over KYW and WENR, Chicago. When he took up broadcasting, he was fired from his job as paper salesman, which occurrence he lists as an unusual event in his life.

Mr. Fletcher was educated in the public schools of Chicago and River Forest, Ill. He is a distant relative of Sidney Lanier, poet.

The other half of the team, James H. Murray, is known to Radio as "Herman Schultzmeyer". He was born in Allentown, Pa., and has lived in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He is married, five feet five and one half inches tall, has brown eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are motoring and photography.

His answer to the question "what business or professions have you followed" is "building, designing and calibrating electric meters". He became interested in broadcasting through his curiosity to try something new, and was first heard over KYW, Chicago, as a tenor soloist. He has appeared before the microphones of KYW, WEBH, WQJ and WENR, Chicago.

Your Refrigerator

(*Continued from page 94*)

electrically controlled refrigerator keeps the food quite free from moisture. This lack of moisture due to a low, uniform temperature and a free circulation of air, will keep food in good condition longer than a moist one.

A refrigerator should be free from odor. It is not pleasant to have food taste of wood, varnish or paint. Odor may come from various sources—from the foods themselves, from the refrigerant used, from the lining, insulation or the paint. We can regulate the absorption of odors from the foods by correct placing of food in the box. But the other factors are determined by the selection of the refrigerator itself.

The use or value you will receive from your mechanical refrigerator will largely depend upon the size of the cooling unit. A cooling unit should only take up one-third of the size of the whole refrigerator. So, if your family is small, space in your refrigerator is not at such a premium. But if your family is large and there are several children, you will need a larger box excluding the cooling unit. Milk takes up considerable space and needs to be well placed in the refrigerator.

WHAT is a refrigerant? In a preceding paragraph it was stated that odor may come from the type of refrigerant used. By this we mean the substance used to carry away the heat from the air and the food in your refrigerator. There are different chemicals used in the coils of your cooling unit for this purpose. They are expensive but a very small quantity is used and it is used over and over again. The cost of the refrigerator is not dependent upon the kind of refrigerant used. But the refrigerant must be non-poisonous, non-corrosive, non-dangerous of leakage and non-inflammable. If a leak in a pipe occurred, it should readily be detected by the odor. If it is not, it might waste away.

Most women do not wish to spend a great deal of time caring for their refrigerator or other electrical servants. They become a burden to them if they require too frequent attention. So the oiling system should be such that the attention is very little or none at all.

Inquire into the servicing available in your locality before buying a refrigerator. Prompt servicing is oftentimes very essential.

There are many other factors which are important to the life of an electrically controlled refrigerator. But the kind of compressor used, whether the motor is belt or gear-driven or similar questions are not of special interest to the average housewife. Most of us are not mechanical enough to be intelligent on the subject, even though we should know something about these very vital parts.

But you, as purchasers and homemakers responsible for the welfare of your family, are vitally concerned about the temperature maintained, the air circulation, the cost, the construction and the refrigerant used, for these will determine your safety and happiness.

Most electrically controlled refrigerators today have side icing units. The coldest part of this type is next to the cooling compartment. The cold air travels to the lowest part under the cooling unit. As this cold air comes from the cooling unit, it forces the warm air up, so each shelf gets slightly warmer towards the top of the refrigerator.

Milk, butter, cream, cream soups, custards, beverages and all milk dishes as well as any delicate dishes which absorb odors, should be placed nearest the cooling unit. This does not mean that it is safe to keep these foods here indefinitely. This is not cold storage. Your refrigerator keeps milk and other foods cool and retards the growth of bacteria. But even then a quick turnover is necessary to insure safe food and it is better not to keep most foods more than a few days.

Meats should be placed on the next coldest shelf to the milk. The temperature here should not exceed 50° F. Place uncooked meat on a clean dish in the refrigerator. If it is cooked, keep it tightly covered. This will prevent it from drying out too quickly.

Fish may also be kept on the shelf with the meat. To prevent exchange of odors, place the fish in a tightly covered jar.

On the shelf next to the meat and fish are placed berries and other raw fruits. They are subject to mold and dry air checks its growth. Dryness is necessary to keep any food, so do not wash berries before placing them in the refrigerator. Put them in a container which allows a free circulation of air.

Eggs keep well and do not need the coldest place in the refrigerator. Any vegetables, fruits or other foods of strong odor should be in the warmest part of the refrigerator. This prevents any odors from penetrating the other foods. The air strikes the food just before it returns to the cooling unit. Here the odors are absorbed. Vegetables will be kept crisp and fresh if placed in a container which excludes most of the moisture.

IT IS well to say a word about the containers used in a refrigerator. Carefully selected containers will save space and keep the food in good condition. Much room is wasted by wide-topped, flaring bowls. Fruit jars and small compact, straight-sided bowls are good to use. Milk, soup, custards and other delicate or strong-flavored foods should be kept in sterilized covered containers. Glass is a good material to use for food, especially butter, as glass is non-absorbing and easily cleaned.

An electrically controlled refrigerator requires very little care. The interior should be kept clean and dry. It is well to remove all the food at least once a week, wash the interior with warm water and soda and dry thoroughly. The shelves should be removed and washed also. When considerable frost has accumulated on the cooling unit, it must be defrosted. Turn off the electricity for a short time and the melting of the ice does the work for you. This melted ice should be caught in a container and removed.

AN ELECTRICALLY controlled refrigerator is a storage place for foods. It is not for cold storage. It makes foods palatable, cold, and safe to use. Some foods will last indefinitely in a refrigerator while others, such as milk and milk dishes will last but a few days. A refrigerator prevents waste of left-over food, thus effecting economy.

A covered container with a little ventilation will keep your vegetables in excellent condition. One may be purchased fitted into any refrigerator.

The use of a refrigerator to make ice cubes is thought by many to be one of the main purposes of an electrically controlled refrigerator. In the summer time when the thermometer registers 90° or 100° we are glad for all of the cold foods and drinks with which the refrigerator supplies us.

Another use, especially in the summer time, is the making of chilled and frozen dishes. Many such delightful salads and desserts may be made with very little trouble. It is scarcely necessary to mention the fact that a temperature control is very essential for quick freezing of these dishes. This should be located where it is easily operated and visible.

* * *

Below are several recipes for dishes which you may prepare in your electrically controlled refrigerator and serve for bridge luncheons or teas.

Frozen Pecan Pudding

1 cup whipping cream
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup marshmallow cream
½ cup chopped pecans
Few drops almond flavoring
¼ cup rubyettes or maraschino cherries

Whip the cream and add the salt. Beat in the marshmallow cream a little at a time. Fold in the chopped pecans, almond flavoring and rubyettes or cherries. Freeze in your mechanical refrigerator.

S every 20 minutes during the freezing p od to make a creamy mixture. This r pe serves 4.

Ginger Mousse

1 cup marshmallow cream
¼ cup ginger ale
2 tablespoons preserved ginger
¼ cup chopped rubyettes or maraschino cherries
1 cup whipping cream

DISSOLVE the marshmallow cream in the ginger ale in the top of a double er. Add the preserved ginger which been chopped in fine pieces and the yettes or cherries. Allow the mixture ool and to stiffen slightly. Then add whipping cream which has been beaten il stiff. Pour into the refrigerator tray freeze. Stir every 20 minutes during freezing period to prevent the fruit n settling and to make the mousse mier. This recipe serves 6.

Grape Sherbet

4 cups water
2 cups sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
2 cups grape juice
⅛ cup orange juice
2 eggs
½ cup whipped cream

Make a syrup of the water and sugar l boil 15 minutes. Add the lemon ce, grape juice and orange juice. Cool htly, pour into your refrigerator tray l freeze to a mash. This requires about hours. Then add the beaten whites the 2 eggs and the whipped cream. ld in these ingredients carefully, return the refrigerator and continue to freeze il firm. This recipe will serve 10—12 sons.

Shrimp Salad

1 tablespoon gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice
dash cayenne
1 teaspoon salt
dash black pepper and paprika

Soak the gelatin in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Cool and add the non juice, cayenne, salt, black pepper d paprika. Place one shrimp which has d the intestinal vein removed, in the ttom of an individual jello mold. ound it place a slice of stuffed olive, d an emrelette alternately. Pour a little the gelatin mixture on the mold and t stand until set. Then pour gelatin to l the mold and chill. Unmold and serve a lettuce leaf. Serve with dressing. his recipe serves 6.

Crushed Fruit Ice Cream

2 cups milk
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
2 eggs
1¼ teaspoons gelatin
1 tablespoon cold water
1½ pints heavy cream
2 teaspoons vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 or 2 cups crushed fruit

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Add the sugar and flour which have been mixed and cook 15 or 20 minutes. Pour over the beaten yolks of the eggs and return to the double boiler. Cook 2 minutes or until the mixture coats the spoon. Add the gelatin which has been soaked 5 minutes in the cold water. Chill. Whip the cream and fold it into the cooked mixture. Add the vanilla, salt and crushed fruit. If the fruit lacks acid, add 1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze. Stir every 30 minutes until the mixture holds its shape. This recipe serves six to eight.

Chicken Mousse

1 cup chicken stock
1 cup chopped chicken
½ teaspoon salt
dash of pepper
dash of cayenne
1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold chicken stock
1 cup heavy cream

MIX the chicken stock, chopped chicken and season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Cook slightly to blend the ingredients. Soak the gelatin in the ¼ cup of cold chicken stock. Add to chicken and stock mixture. Chill. When almost cold and beginning to set, fold in the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Pour into a ring mold and chill. When firm, unmold and serve in lettuce leaves. Fill the center with peas. Asparagus tips may be placed on the lettuce. Season the peas, lettuce, and asparagus with French dressing.

Burnt Almond Bavarian Cream

1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
2 eggs, beaten separately
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ cups hot milk
1 teaspoon butter
1 teaspoon flavoring
1 cup cream, whipped
½ cup sugar

Soak the gelatin in cold water five minutes. Mix beaten egg yolks and sugar, pour hot milk over slowly, and put in a double boiler with butter and salt. Cook until the mixture thickens—about 15 minutes. Add the gelatin to the hot mixture and stir until completely dissolved. Cool. Add vanilla, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and the whipped cream. Add 1 cup blanched almonds, browned and powdered. Turn into a large mold and chill at least three hours. Unmold to serve. This recipe serves eight.

Macaroon Pecan Cream

2 tablespoons gelatin
½ cup cold milk
3 egg yolks slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2½ cups scalded milk
¾ cup rolled macaroons
½ cup chopped pecans
1 teaspoon vanilla

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes. Make a soft custard of egg yolks, sugar, salt and scalded milk. Heat the milk in the top of a double boiler, add the other ingredients and cook until it thickens slightly. Dissolve the soaked gelatin in this hot mixture. Let it cool and add the vanilla. As it begins to congeal, fold in the beaten whites of the three eggs, the macaroon crumbs and chopped pecans. Line each mold with halves of strawberries. Pour the mixture, serve with a bit of whipped cream on the top, or serve with chocolate sauce. (Maraschino cherries may be substituted for the strawberries.) This recipe will serve 16 persons.

Cherry-Orange Mousse

1 cup orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon water
1 3-ounce bottle maraschino cherries
1 cup marshmallow cream
1 cup whipped cream

MIX the orange juice, lemon juice, water and the juice from the bottle of maraschino cherries. Add the marshmallow cream. Beat until smooth and fluffy. Add the maraschino cherries and set aside to cool. When cold and slightly stiffened combine carefully with the whipped cream. Pour into trays of your electrically controlled refrigerator and freeze. This recipe will serve 8 persons generously. It will be creamier if you stir every half hour during the freezing process.

Pickards Give an Impromptu Program

Obed ("Dad") Pickard, the father of all the Pickards, who sing those old hillbilly songs over the NBC chain from Chicago, on his last trip to New York was obliged to give an impromptu (and free) concert under unusual circumstances, despite his exclusive contract with the National's concert bureau.

Just outside Ashland Junction, N. Y., the automobile containing the Pickard family found a freight train stalled across the only available road. They took shelter in the small railroad station and were soon recognized by a few hundred of passengers similarly stalled. The crowd was joined by the station master, porters, freight-handlers and section-hands, and "Dad" Pickard had to unpack his various violins, guitars, jew's harps, banjos and such and give a program of favorite old tunes to one of the most enthusiastic audiences of his career.

Individuality in Fall Styles

(*Continued from page 89*)

were either very light or very dark, with none of the startingly vivid hues of other years. Princess lines will be most popular; fitted in at the waist, moulded over the hips and hanging in a flare to the floor. Buffant treatment over the hips is out, which makes our old robes de style useless unless we are clever at making things over.

PLEASE make it very clear to your readers," begged Miss Carnell, "that uneven hemlines are now as dead as King Tut. They really have been since the Spring but too many women seemed to ignore the fact. All hemlines on the new Fall dresses will be even, though equalized irregularities, such as points and scallops, may be used on formal clothes."

Tweeds will be as good as ever for sports suits, coats and dresses, but the new tweeds are soft, lightweight materials instead of the heavy English worsteds of other years. All woolen dress materials, by the way, are much finer this year, of the type that is known as "sheer" to the trade.

Unlike dresses, the fitted and slightly flared silhouettes of the coats Miss Cornell saw were achieved through ingenious cut rather than by the more obvious means of godets or other inserts. The leading materials were broadcloths and velvety suede-finish woolens. The waistlines were invariably indicated either by a belt or by shaping, with a tendency to pose it a trifle higher than formerly. Flattering collars that drop over the shoulders were prominent in the Paris collections and the sleeves were often elaborate. Flat furs, especially caracul and Persian lamb are important trimmings, although such long-haired furs as fox, fine wolf and badger were shown abroad. Raccoon and beaver continue to be the favorites on sports coats.

* * * * *

There is nothing very startling to report about hats and shoes. Off-the-face hats, in sweeping but framing effects, will still be good. The beret continues its amazing success of the past year, fashioned from felt, cloth and velvet for both formal and informal wear. Large brimmed hats, while very stunning on some women, are not so practical for the Winter. However, Miss Cornell noticed quite a few of them among the more expensive models for formal occasions. Crowns continue to be shallow in front but there is a tendency to lengthen them at the back—to make room for the return of long hair, it is said, but I doubt long hair will ever be universal again. Hats, by the by, should match gloves and shoes and complement rather than match one's clothes. In the sweeping appeal dark shades seem to have for the Fall, hats are included, the dark colors heightened by trimmings of ribbons and feathers. Just how far the latter will be able to creep into our styles over here Miss Cornell would not predict but it would be a blessing to see feathers adopted again, they are so graceful and flattering.

FALL shoes emphasize the feminine influence by their high heels. For evening they cannot be high enough, or luxurious enough. As far as colors are concerned black leads the procession with brown a close second. Novelty color shoes were given no space in the Paris exhibits.

Smart Fall furs avoid extremes and always accent slenderness. Sports fur coats affect a youthful, jaunty air, often accomplished in the Paris collection by belted silhouettes, fashioned of the coat fur in a narrow tailored effect or of contrasting color in novelty leathers. The newest furs are lapin, ocelot, kid and otter for sports and caracul, galyack, Persian lamb and, in fact, all the flat furs for dress.

* * * * *

And so you see we have an excellent chance to make hay while the sun shines on our feminine curves, dimples and other charms, and if we women don't make the best of it we deserve to go back to the days of boyish flatness when the nicest thing a man could say about us was "Yes, she's a most intelligent woman."

The new clothes are a boon to the woman who loves gallantry and protection from men—and who of us doesn't? If we are able to interpret the new mode correctly we will become a nation of smartly sophisticated women. But—and what a big but it is—if we don't want to take the time to study the new clothes and from the great variety choose the things that enhance our personalities, emphasize our good features and veil our bad points, we are going to find ourselves badly floundering.

BARON DE MEYER, one of the foremost fashion experts of Paris, said recently in a broadcast from the studios of the Radio Home-Makers Club: "A good definition of a well-dressed woman is: she who can pass unnoticed in a crowd of indifferently dressed women, yet be the center of attraction in an assembly of smart ones. Perfect dressing nowadays means never to strike a false note. The principal novelty of modern fashions consists in their adaptability to the individual style and build. Present-day fashions enable an intelligent dresser to appear as being a la mode in whatever she has decided is most becoming to her."

The 1930 Fall styles are appealing to men and flattering to women, the acme of perfection when realized. To achieve this combination in your own wardrobe good taste is more important than money. In fact, the combination of little money and much taste gives far better effects than much money and little taste. Remember this when you begin to select your new clothes; go slowly, be critical, be sure the dress that appeals to you also makes you appealing and your Fall wardrobe will be a success.

What Happened to Mary?

Thrills! Drama!

The third, and last installment of TERROR, by Rupert Hughes will appear in October Radio Digest. This dramatic episode in the history of Old New York reaches an unexpected and surprising climax. Mary Burton, the bonded white slave, cast among negroes, becomes the instrument of fate in one of the darkest hours of early American Colonial days. ¶*Fanatical frenzy reaches its apex, distortion of justice takes new forms. It is raw drama! It is thrilling! It is history in the making!* ¶ *And what about Mary? Does she win through to her lover's arms or does she go down to destruction with the other unfortunates. October Radio Digest will set your mind at rest.*

Try Singing to Speak Well

(*Continued from page 7*)

y he was conducting a chorus of thirty-
voices in one of the churches of
ch he was the baritone soloist and con-
tor of the chorus in another church. He
directed many musical productions.
announcer is of the opinion that there
nothing like singing to improve one's
aking voice and not only one's voice,
one's health and appearance. He
mmends singing lessons even to those
have no particular vocal ability.

WHEN the war broke out, Bach enlisted in the army and went over-
s with the 44th Coast Artillery Corps,
ing active service on the Somme-St.
hiel front. After the war he went into
printing business and it is to printing
t he owes his knowledge of the gram-
tical end of the English language, as it
to singing that he owes, in part, his
rect diction.

n October, 1922, he became an announ-
for Station WBZ in Springfield, Mass-
usetts. He announced the programs
adcast by the Boston Symphony Or-
stra. In 1926 he went over to WBZ's
n station in Boston, WBZA. He came
NBC in 1927.

At NBC he announces the following
ograms: On Sunday, the Davey Tree,
lent, Enna Jettick Shoes, the Hour with
kespeare, Reminiscences. On Monday,
acon Oil—the Bob Ripley feature in
s—Real Folks. On Tuesday, Around
World with Libby, Enna Jettick Song
ds. On Friday, Famous Loves, Nat-
l Bridge Shoes. Besides he has done
ny special pieces of announcing and is
en heard on the air as a soloist.

Bach is known as the only man ever
broadcast from a bath tub. He tells
story: "It was in the 1924 Democratic
nvention at Madison Square Garden.
r station, WBZ, hadn't been able to
ocure telephone communications and re-
ested permission from Worcester to
k up their transmission and rebroad-
st it. In order to do an effective job
ere was a superhetrodyne receiver with
hich to pick up their signals in the
tel Bancroft in Worcester. From the
ceiver the broadcast went out through
amplifier onto the Boston Springfield
e. During the course of procedure
raham McNamee would announce, 'Please
and by for station announcements,' and
at was our cue to drop off and give
r own call letters.

"Well, this was the night the Demo-
ats had their all night session. Along
out two o'clock I began to get sleepy
d decided I'd better take a tub to
ake me up. Just as I was nicely lath-
ed, the engineer rushed into the bath
om with the mike on a long extension
rd. Letting go the soap and grabbing
e mike, I said, 'This is station WBZ.'"

Such a trifle as having to announce from a bath tub is nothing in the life of an announcer, for it is his business, no matter what happens in the studio, to announce the program in a voice as serene as a morning in May. There must be no flurry, no tension. It doesn't matter if the star has just keeled over in a dead faint, or that the orchestra, finding a non-union artist has been employed, has just walked out, it is up to him to announce the program suavely and easily. For this is the critical and ticklish responsibility of keeping the Radio audience from turning the dials before the program can get on the air.

When I asked him how the average person could improve his diction, the medal winner thought a minute and then said, "Singing first, and then"—with a twinkle in his eye—"the dictionary game." Seeing the question mark in my eyes he went on to explain. "I got it from my mother. One can keep a dictionary around and read it. Yes, I know that old joke about its changing its subject too often. And I don't mean the big dictionary, but the average college dictionary of eight or nine hundred pages. One can read two or three pages a day, picking out the words he uses and seeing if he is using and pronouncing them correctly. And again I don't mean memorizing long lists of words that one doesn't ordinarily use. The game is to correct the vocabulary more than to increase it."

"I'll wager that hardly any of you can even get through the 'a's' without finding dozens of words you mispronounce. How many of you put the accent on the last syllable of 'adult' and 'addict'? And in the 'b's' do you say 'Babel' with a long 'a' or short? Do you say 'Chinese' as if it rhymed with 'breeze' or 'fleece'? Try the dictionary game; you'll find it amusing and instructive."

THERE are two kinds of words, Bach says, eye words and tongue words. One's greatest vocabulary, of course, is the eye vocabulary. We know the meaning of a vastly greater number of words that we read than we use in our speech. The problem is to bring more of the eye words over into the tongue column.

Bach waxed philosophic in discussing onomatopœia (pronounce that one, will you?), the formation of words in imitation of natural sounds as "crack," "splash," "bow-wow". "It is interesting," he remarked, "to notice how often words sound like the thing they represent. There are the obvious examples mentioned above, of course, but isn't there a little rasping sound to the word 'exasperate'? Doesn't 'delicious' make you smack your lips?"

It would be interesting, thinks Bach, to try words on a foreigner, for instance, a Chinese (pronounced to rhyme with "fleece," if you haven't already looked it up) and see if he could get their meaning just from the sound. Take the two words, "gazelle" and "hippopotamus". Couldn't a Chinese gain some knowledge of the animals' qualities just from their names? A rose may smell just as sweet by any other name, but Bach doesn't think so. "How far do you think I'd get in announcing," he asked, "if my name were 'Spinkdoodle'?"

HOWEVER, he warns that one mustn't be too pedantic in this question of pronunciation and diction. "After all, words are to convey meaning; that's their primary purpose. One can make oneself a bore by stopping continually to dicker over pronunciation. I know one woman who stops a conversation, her own, or anyone else's to discuss minute details, quote authorities, and make herself very objectionable. Which reminds me of a joke about St. Peter and a young woman who came knocking at the Heavenly gates one time late at night.

"Who's there?" called out St. Peter, putting the key in the lock and getting ready to let her in.

"It's I," said the voice.

St. Peter took his key out. "You can't come in here. We've got too many school teachers already."

Bach said he used to be shy and very ill at ease in company but that singing and announcing have taken it all out of him. Any one who can be unflurried through the mishaps of a studio, can still keep his voice serene even though at a tea party he absent-mindedly puts six lumps of sugar in his tea.

An interesting incident is told in the NBC studios as to a bit of advice given to the medal winner by another announcer who has no mean record as a person of gild-edged diction.

"Don't be so darned perfect as to sound inhuman," said the old timer. "There's a fine line to be drawn somewhere between 99 and 100 per cent perfect."

"You certainly are not trying to persuade me to deliberately mispronounce a word are you?" asked Bach, astounded.

"Well, a little sneeze or a bit of stuttering perhaps would make a difference."

So, according to the story, Bach did make a little break as an experiment. And the incident resulted in a surprising increase of mail in that particular program.

Bach is married, has a young daughter, Joyce Elizabeth, who was born in 1923. She does *not* talk baby talk. And those who know her say her speech is remarkable for a child her age, a mark of excellent parental training.

The Road to Liberty

(*Continued from page 39*)

Londe gave the man his orders. Soon they were rushing back once more towards the hills, on the other side of which was her home.

"You are very silent," she murmured once.

He turned towards her.

"I was thinking about you," he replied; "you and your little pink and white house amongst the hills, and your father, and Monsieur Arleman. It is a queer little chapter of life, you know."

"TO YOU," she sighed, "it must seem so very, very trivial. And yet, when I wake in the mornings and the thought comes to me of Monsieur Arleman, then life seems suddenly big and awful. I feel as though I must go all round, stretching out my hands, seeking some place in which to hide. I feel," she added, as her fingers sought his half fearfully and her voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that there isn't any way of escape in the whole world which I would not take."

Londe made no response. The appeal of her lowered voice, her wonderful eyes, seemed in vain. He was an adventurer, a hardened man of the world, whose life, when men spoke of it, they called evil; but his weak spot was discovered. He sat and thought steadily for the girl's sake, and at the end of it all he saw nothing.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "this Monsieur Arleman is not so bad when one knows him. If one is kind and generous—"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Monsieur," she replied, "he is *bourgeois*, he drinks, he is old. His presence disgusts me."

Once more Londe was silent. The sheer futility of words oppressed him. They were climbing the hills now. The patchwork land was unwinding itself below. Only a few more turns, and they would be within sight of her home. Then, because he was a man who throughout his life had had his own way, and because there were limits to his endurance, he changed, for a moment, his tone.

"Little girl," he said, "If I were free I think that I should take you away, just as you are, in this car, on and on to some place at the end of the road. Would you rather have me for a husband than Monsieur Arleman?"

She said nothing, but she had begun to tremble. He felt the instinctive swaying of her body towards him. He laid his hand upon hers.

"IT WAS wrong of me to ask you the question," he continued, "because, you see, I am not free. I have not seen my wife for years. I am not a reputable person. If you met with those who understood, they would pity that boy for his companion, and they would be right. They would tremble for you, and they would be right. So, Mlle. Félice, I cannot help you."

"You have helped me, and you will help me always," she whispered, her eyes filled with tears. "You will help me with what you have said—with the memory of to-day."

Then again there was silence. They were at the top of the hill now, and below them the sun-bathed landscape stretched like a carpet of many colours to the foot of those other hills. Her fingers tightened a little upon his.

"When you asked me that question—when you said that you would have married me yourself," she continued, hesitatingly, "does that mean that you could care just a little?"

Londe was only human. He leaned over, and she stole very quietly into his arms. She lay there for a moment quite passive. Then he kissed her lips once.

"I always prayed," she whispered, as he set her down at the corner of the lane, "that love might come like this."

LONDE and his youthful companion went on to Monte Carlo, where for a week or so they had the usual reckless time. Then suddenly the former pulled up. He strode into the boy's sitting-room one morning to find him red-eyed and weary, looking distastefully at his breakfast.

"Look, young fellow," he said, "I have had enough. So have you. Do you understand? I am going to take you back to England."

The boy stared at him.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "What's the use of going to England in March, just when we are getting into the swing of things here, too?"

"The good of it for you is that you'll get back to your work," Londe answered, curtly. "How do you suppose you're going to pass your exams, if you waste your time like this? What do you suppose you're going to do with your life if you commence at twenty years old to live the life of a profligate?"

Arthur Maddison set down the cup of coffee which he had been trying to drink and gazed at the speaker blankly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he exclaimed. "What's come to you, Londe? Why, it was you who first of all suggested coming out here!"

"And I was a fool to do it," Londe retorted, coldly. "They were right, all of them, when they advised you not to come with me—right when they called me an adventurer. I don't get much out of it. I have lived free and done you for a few hundreds. I've had enough of it. It's a disgusting life, anyway. Back we go to England to-day."

"You're mad!" the boy declared. "I am not going. I've got a dinner-party to-night."

"We go to-day," Londe repeated, firmly, "and don't you forget it."

"Do you think you're going to bully me?" the boy began.

"I don't know what you call bullying," Londe replied, "but I shall wring your neck if you don't come. Your man has begun to pack already. I've got seats on the *Luxe* for three o'clock, and I've wired your mother."

The boy collapsed.

LONDE left him at his mother's house in Grosvenor Square two days later, and drove the next day into the City. He called upon a firm of old-fashioned lawyers, and was at once received by the principal of the firm. The greeting, however, between the two men was mutually cold. The lawyer looked questioningly at his visitor's grey tweed suit and Homburg hat.

"We wrote you four days ago, Mr. Londe," he said, "to acquaint you with the news we had just received from America."

"My wife?"

"She has been dangerously ill," the lawyer replied. "The habits of her life, I regret to say, are unchanged. It is necessary that she remains under restraint."

"Is there any money left at all besides the four hundred pounds a year that goes to her?" Londe asked.

The lawyer sighed.

"It is always money," he said, grimly. "There is the Priory still."

"I won't sell it," Londe declared.

"Then there is nothing else worth mentioning."

"If you were to sell everything else that belongs to me," Londe inquired, "how should I stand?"

"You might have a thousand pounds."

"Then I'll take it," Londe declared. "I am going to emigrate."

FOR a moment the grim lines in the lawyer's face relaxed.

"As an old friend of your father, Mr. Londe," he said, "it would give me great pleasure if I thought you were tired of the life you are reputed to live."

"I am heartily sick of it," Londe assured him.

"Then I will do my best to straighten out your affairs," the lawyer promised. "It will take a month. Shall you remain in town?"

"I expect so," Londe answered. "You know my address. I will call here a month to-day."

onde spent three restless weeks. The
t of the City was hateful to him.
clubs, where he was received coldly.
shadier resorts which he had been
t to patronize, were like nightmares
im. He turned his back suddenly
n them all, left London at two-twenty,
late in the afternoon of the follow-
day arrived at Hyères.

e took a room at the hotel and wan-
d restlessly into the Casino. There
a variety entertainment going on in
theatre, which he watched for half
hour with ever-increasing weariness.
n a juggler came on and began the
ss of his profession. Londe leaned
ward.

he girl who stood at the table, as-
ng him, had turned her face to the
se. He watched her with a little
t. Something in the shy grace of her
rements, the queer, half-frightened
le, seemed to have let loose memories
ch were tugging at his heart-strings.
got up with a little exclamation and
the place. To divert himself he
lled down to the gambling saloon and
w his francs recklessly away at boule.

RESENTLY the audience streamed
out for the interval. He made his
back again to the promenade and
e to a sudden standstill. Before him
a chair the girl was seated, looking
ttle wistfully at the people who passed.
re were traces of make-up still about
face; her clothes were very simple.
en she saw Londe and gave a low cry.
came to a standstill before her, dumb-
nded.

'It is you!" she murmured.

A hot flush stole over her face. As
ugh instinctively, she glanced down at
skirt.

'You saw me just now?" she mur-
red.

He took a seat by her side. He was
ittle dazed.

'My child," he exclaimed, "what does
mean? It wasn't really you?"

She nodded. She was over her first
of shyness now.

'The night I got home," she explained,
Monsieur Arleman came to the house.
had had too much to drink. He tried
kiss me. I—I think that I went mad.
an out into the fields and I hid. That
ght I walked miles and miles and miles.
ame to Hyères in the morning. There
s an old servant here. I found her
use. She was very poor, but she took
e in. She lets lodgings to the people
o come here to perform. This man
s staying there, and the girl who travels
th him was ill. On Monday—I—took
r place. I earn a little. I have no
oney. I cannot be dependent upon
ine."

HE looked at him with trembling lips.
He patted her hand.

"My dear child," he said, "it—you did
ght, of course; but it is not a fit life
r you."

She was suddenly graver and older.

"Will you tell me how in this world I am to live, then?" she asked.

HE LED her away to a table and ordered some coffee. The performance was over. She was sitting there only to listen to the music. He talked to her seriously for a time. There were no other relatives, not a friend in the world.

"Monsieur Arleman," she explained, "has been ill ever since that night, but he has sworn that he will find me. My father doesn't care. He has his coffee, his brandy, his *déjeuner;* he dines and reads —nothing else. He never cared. But, oh, I am terrified of Monsieur Arleman! Why do you look so gravely, Monsieur Londe?" she whispered, leaning across the table towards him, "Say that you are glad to see me, please!"

"I cannot quite tell you how glad," he said.

He was on the point of telling her that he had come back to Hyères only to catch a glimpse of her, but he held his peace.

"I only regret," he added, "that you should have had to take up work like this. There are other things."

"There is one thing only I can do," she cried. "Jean!"

She called to the violinist. He came across, bowing and smiling. She took the violin from his hand and commenced to play. Her eyes were half closed.

"They let me do this," she murmured. "Listen. I will play to you."

When she had finished many of the people had gathered around. Londe slipped a five franc piece into the hand of the violinist.

"I see now, little girl," he said, "the way out. I am going back with you to your lodgings. I am going to talk to Aline. Afterwards we shall see."

AS SHE left him on the platform at the Garde du Nord three weeks later, she was placed with a highly respectable French family. She was a pupil at the Conservatoire, with her fees paid for two years and the remainder of Londe's thousand pounds in the bank. She took his hand and the tears came into her eyes.

"If only you had not to go!" she whispered, clinging to him. "You have been so good, so dear, and you won't even let me love you; you won't let me tell you that there isn't anything else in the world like even my thoughts of you."

He kissed her lightly on both cheeks.

"Little girl," he said, "it is well that you should love your guardian. Remember that I am old, and married, and a very impossible person. The little I have done for you is absolutely nothing compared with the many things I have done wrong or have left undone. Mind, I shall return some day soon to hear you play."

The train bore him back to London. He sat in his rooms that night and reviewed his position. His little income, such as it was, was gone now for good. He had twenty-four pounds left in the world. He went to see his lawyer the next morning.

"And when," the old gentleman asked, kindly, "do you start for Australia?"

Londe, when he had signed all the papers which were laid before him, held out his hand to the lawyer.

"Mr. Ronald," he said, "shake hands with me for the last time. When you have heard my news I am afraid you will have finished with me. I am not going to emigrate at all."

The lawyer's face fell.

"The fact is," Londe continued. "I have spent that thousand pounds you sent me in Paris."

"Spent it?" the lawyer gasped.

"I have either gambled with it or invested it," Londe sighed. "I can't tell which. That is on the knees of the gods. I have twenty pounds left, and I am off to the States—steerage—on Saturday. I am going to see my wife and find work out there, if I can."

"Gambled with it or invested it?" the lawyer repeated, puzzled.

Londe nodded. "Very like," he said, "I shall never know which myself."

WHEN, two years later, Londe found himself once more in Paris, a strange servant opened the door of the little French pension in the Rue de Castelmaine. She shook her head at Londe's inquiry. Mlle. Félice was certainly not amongst the inmates of the pension. Londe, bronzed with travel and hard though he was, felt a sudden pain at his heart. He pushed through into the little hall to meet Mme. Regnier, the proprietress. She held out her hands.

"But it is Monsieur Londe at last, then!" she cried. "Welcome back once more to Paris."

"Mlle. Félice?" he asked, eagerly.

Mme. Regnier became suddenly grave.

"Ah, that poor child!" she exclaimed. "She has gone. It is eleven months ago since she came into my little sitting-room one morning. 'Madame,' she said. 'I have finished with music. I have finished with Paris. It is of no use. Never will they make a musician of me. Herr Sveingeld has told me so himself. There are other things.' She left the next day."

"But do you know where she went?" Londe demanded.

Madame shook her head.

"She left no word."

"But why on earth was that?"

Madam shrugged her shoulders.

"Mlle. Félice," she said, "was discreet always, and careful, if one can judge by appearances; but she was far, far too beautiful for Paris and to be alone. The men I have thrown almost from the doorsteps, monsieur, the men who would wait till she came out! For a week there was a motor-car always at the corner!"

Londe set his teeth firmly.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Mlle. Félice has found a lover, then?"

Mme. Regnier once more shrugged her

ample shoulders most expressively.

"ALL I can say is," she pronounced, "that whilst she was here mademoiselle was, of all the young ladies I have ever known, the most discreet. Whether she has stolen away to escape, or the other thing, who can tell?"

Londe went to Herr Sveingeld. The old musician did not recognize him at first. Then he gripped him by the hand.

"I remember you perfectly, monsieur," he declared. "The little lady—she gave it up. She was clever enough, talented in a way, perhaps, but without genius. She worked hard, but there was little to be made of her. Unless they are of the best, there is no call for girls who play the violin, especially with her appearance. A public *début* would only have been a nuisance to her."

"Do you know where she has gone?" Londe demanded.

"I have no idea," Herr Sveingeld replied.

Londe braced himself for the question he hated.

"Do you know anything of any admirers she may have had?"

Herr Sveingeld shook his head.

"Why should I?" he asked. "It is not my business. I think only of music. As for my pupils, they are free to come and go. They can do what they like. I am not the keeper of their morals. I am here to teach them music."

So Londe wandered back to his hotel. He spent three days in aimless inquiries leading nowhere. Then he took the train to the South. He stayed at an hotel in Hyères, and the next morning he hired a motor-car and drove over the mountains and along the straight, white road which led once more to the hills.

HE LEANED over and touched the chauffeur's shoulder as they came nearer to the place where he had first caught a glimpse of the little pink sunshade. The car slackened speed. He looked around him. It was all very much the same. Then the car came almost to a standstill at a corner. They met a market-cart filled with huge baskets of violets, and on a seat by the side of the driver—Félice!

Londe left the car whilst it was still crawling along. He stood out in the road, and Félice looked down at him and gave a little cry. She set her feet upon the shafts and sprang lightly into the road. The only word that passed between them was a monosyllable, and yet a hope that was almost dead sprang up again in the man's heart. Félice was very plainly dressed in trim, white clothes, a large straw hat, and over her dress she wore a blue smock such as the peasants wore in the field. In her bright eyes was still the light of heaven.

"But tell me," he begged, "what does it mean? I went to Paris. No one could tell me what had become of you."

She laughed, the laughter of sheer happiness.

"Listen," she explained. "What was I to do? Half of the money was gone. There was no hope for me. I can play the violin like others—no better, no worse. And—don't laugh—but Paris was a terrible place for me. There were so many foolish people. They gave me so little peace, and it would always have been like that. And then one day I read an article in one of our reviews, and I had a sudden idea. There was three hundred pounds of your money left. I came back. My father had died. The little house and an acre or so of vineyard belonged to me. Well, I hired more. I am a market gardener. Behold!"

She pointed to the fields. Londe followed the sweep of her fingers. Everywhere was an air of cultivation. The vineyards were closely pruned. A wonderful field of violets stretched almost to the village. In the distance was the glitter of grass, rows of artichokes and peas, an orchard of peach trees in blossom.

"IT IS our business," she laughed; "yours and mine. See, I have no head for figures, but since I returned I have added four times to our capital. We keep books. I have a manager, very clever. I was going to look at a little piece of land which is for sale and leave these violets at the station. It is nothing. Walk with me here up home, and while they get *déjeuner* ready I will show you. Come this way. You must see the almond trees."

They passed across the field, where twenty or thirty blue-smocked peasants were at work. Félice stopped once or twice to speak to them. Finally they entered another gate and passed through an orchard, pink and white with blossom. The air seemed faint and sweet with a perfume almost exotic. The sunshine lay all around them. When they came out, she turned a little to her right and pointed to the road, straight and dazzlingly white—pointed to where it disappeared over the hills.

"After all," she said, "it meant something to me—the road to liberty."

They were at the edge of the orchard. He took her hands firmly in his.

"FÉLICE," he murmured, "it may mean so much to you, if you will, for I have come back—I am free—I am no longer a wanderer. I, too, have worked and I have been fortunate. And the day when I commenced my new life—and the whole reason of it—was the day we travelled over that road together."

She came closer and closer to him, and her eyes were softer, and she seemed to him like the fairest thing on earth.

"I have prayed," she whispered, "oh, I have prayed all my days that you might return and bring back love with you—like this!"

* * *

Don't miss the October issue *of* RADIO DIGEST

There's the story of Lindbergh's great international broadcast . . . with facts about America's hero you have never seen in print.

President Hoover's personal views and reactions to broadcasting, giving new sidelights on the man who heads the nation.

Heywood Broun, who numbers his newspaper readers and listeners by the million, will have a radio column in October—the first of a series—witty, human, informative and interesting.

How Abe and David, that popular team of broadcast artists, get the material that has made a hit with millions of people.

A mystery story with a surprising and delightful ending.

A score of other features you will like—news and views of Radio stars, announcers, home economics, scientific progress of Radio broadcasting and television.

New Use for Waste

Another use for a waste product of the farm has been found. Insulating wallboard made from cornstalks is being used by the CBS in its new studio in Washington, D. C. The cornstalk board, applied on ordinary wood flooring, will be used to minimize reverberation of sound. This is the first time a cornstalk product has been used in a broadcasting studio.

rograms for Women

(Continued from page 91)

two prominent women broadcasters re-
ailed two things to the writer: first, the
ality of the human equation between
ener and broadcaster; and second, the
:ret of the broadcaster's influence over
r unseen audience—sincerity. The
oadcaster becomes the friend and coun-
or of each one of her listeners. She
not only a daily tonic, an incentive to
eater accomplishment, a seasoned ad-
sor: she is much more, first and last, a
end. And such she remains, more con-
intly than a merely "personal" friend,
er ready to assist in any kind of
nergency.

MRS. PETERSON, who carries on an immense educational program for e Peoples Gas Company through ENR, is the motherliest mother imag-able, and can unwind stories by the yard the lives she has touched, some amus-g, some pathetic. There was the young oman who called her in a panic, asking ow to bathe her baby—"it was so iggly" she couldn't possibly wash it!—en there are thousands who simply rite to express their thanks for the appiness she has brought them; and ose who ask for help in family prob-ms—and so on ad infinitum. And any-ne who has seen her broadcast under-ands. The vitality she expends and her sorption in her work tell the story.

Speaking of vitality and magnetism we nmediately think of Adele Nelson who reathes out enthusiasm, and who, we elieve we can say, is responsible for iore than her share in making the fe-iale population of the middle west more lluring by her broadcasts over WBBM ne can't talk to Miss Nelson a moment ithout feeling it's one's duty to be at ne's best in looks and actions every min-te of the day, for her creed is that "in eauty and charm lie youth, and eternal outh brings happiness, and happiness is he secret of attainment." And she has roved it in her own life.

THESE two are merely illustrative of the type of woman who is representa-ive of the progressive stations through-ut the country.

So it is that Radio has lifted Woman ut of herself; lessened her loneliness; laced her in her proper relation to the orld as it is today. It has brought her consciousness of the importance of her-elf as a personality. Through it she has found a life of broadened horizons—and he road to a fuller happiness.

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A Familiar Radio Artist Reappears

A face that was extremely familiar in radio circles in the early days, has again made its appearance at the NBC recently. It is that of Joseph Knecht. As musical director at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, he was one of the first broadcasters.

In 1925, he acted as musical director on the first series of the Atwater Kent radio concerts. At about the same time, the B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Cord Orchestra under his direction, made its first appearance on the air. With this organization, and with the Silver Masked Tenor, a tour of the United States was arranged. Mr. Knecht expects to be again actively associated with radio soon.

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Suites of parlor, bedroom and bath			**8.00-10.00**

Attractive Weekly Rates

being presented, she sits in the audition room checking voice quality, dramatic effect and microphone placement.

In the talking-picture, Mrs. Church sees a great future for the successful Radio thespian. So far as production goes, she points out, the director will be on the right track only when he combines the finest the screen has produced and the proved principles of Radio as the studio presents them.

Mrs. Church hasn't allowed Radio to occupy all her time. She has a grown family and maintains a home in Oakland, Calif. Married three weeks after she was graduated from Boston College, Mrs. Church was widowed four years later and was left with two young children. She taught English and drama, directed amateur theatricals, club programs and finally found herself on the Pacific Coast with a well-established studio of the drama.

Eager to go on the stage, Mrs. Church remained at home because of the boy and girl. At last, came Radio and the dream she had cherished was realized, in its essentials.



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A 500 room hotel in a most desirable residential section. Opposite beautiful Central Park. Hudson River and Riverside Drive nearby. Enjoy the delightful Sun Parlor and excellent Restaurant in addition to the most comfortable accommodations. Transit facilities at door permit rapid access to any part of town. An economical stay may be planned and a pleasant sojourn anticipated when reservations are made at Hotel Endicott.

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Two Room Suites	4.00- 5.00- 6.00

NO HIGHER RATES

ONE OF THE TWELVE
Manger Hotels
IN NEW YORK CITY

Forty-niners of Radio

(*Continued from page 92*)

GEORGIA SIMMONS, more widely known as "Magnolia" is another studio pioneer who had the courage of her convictions.

With the advent of Radio, Georgia decided that the idea of good food, well prepared and "sho nuff appetizen" could be presented best by a good old-fashioned Southern Mammy. Born in Zebulon, Pike County, Georgia, Miss Simmons knew negro life and she had the dialect.

"It sho looked like as things wuz made to order," Georgia lapses into her favorite character, Magnolia. "But sellin' the idea didn' come long so good."

Georgia spent several unsuccessful years trying to convince a California producer that she was right. At last a flour company became enthusiastic and Georgia—all wrapped up in a crimson bandana—was the orginal Mammy Sperry of the air.

A BIT of the typical Southern philosophy of her own mammy and a substantial sum of wit is introduced by Miss Simmons in all her black-face characterizations, which now are many. She is the Magnolia of the "Magnolia, Henry and Charley," group heard in the West every Wednesday morning and she's called upon for many negro dramatic roles. Georgia writes her own continuity as well as performing and finds time also to prepare "Plantation Echoes" and write sketches for a weekly "Minstrel Show".

Georgia's career as an entertainer began before she became Mammy Sperry. She told "Uncle Remus" stories to a sizable per cent of Georgia youth while she taught school in various parts of the state and for years gave the story featured at the George Chandler Harris Memorial in Wren's Rest, Atlanta.

Two years in social service at Jane Addams famous Hull House, Chicago, and time in Denver teaching followed her desertion of the South. At last Georgia found her way to Los Angeles and went on the air first telling Uncle Remus stories. She also told children's stories and instituted KMTR'S children's hour. Georgia has been with NBC since shortly after the Pacfic Division's inauguration.

Dramatic instructor and leading woman in many legitimate stage productions, Pearl King Tanner looks back happily to the "old days" in Radio.

"SMILIN' THROUGH" was the vehicle which gave her Radio stardom and brought more letters to KGO, where she then was engaged, than any other production. Miss Tanner went on the air after six years as ingenue and leading woman in stock and road companies and characteristically missed the glamor of the theatre.

"But not for long," Pearl smiles, and then reminds one, "You know my invitation to go into Radio came from Wilda Wilson Church—after she'd seen me working in 'The Royal Mounted' and 'The Great Divide'."

Pearl was born in Eureka, Calif., but came to Oakland as a child with her parents who were members of a pioneer California family. At eight years, she showed exceptional dramatic talent and Maude Turner Gordon was selected to tutor her. Ten years later, Pearl was in New York studying with Louise Hillard at Sargeant School of Dramatic Art.

Pearl King then became widely known in the West as a dramatic director, instructor and producer of amateur theatricals. She interpreted leading roles at the Greek Theatre, University of California, at Berkeley, working with William H. Crane and Emily Melville. Afterward she returned to New York and more training eventually to go on the road.

(*Continued on page 128*)

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Visitors will appreciate the quiet, congenial atmosphere of the Hotel Wolcott. Large, comfortable rooms and an excellent restaurant are other attractive features. Within short walking distance of all New York's important activities. Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal two blocks away, and a few minutes from Grand Central Station. East and west side subways and surface lines within a radius of two blocks. Fifth Avenue buses pass the door.

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Reduction of One Day on Weekly Rates
Write for descriptive booklet and interesting map of New York

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Enjoy a powerful new Miraco Latest 1931 SUPER Screen Grid Outfit 30 DAYS FREE

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Easy Chair Model *(as illustrated less tubes)*

Only $49.88 COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED

Values possible because you deal direct with big factory

NEW LOW FACTORY PRICES SAVE to 50%

Similar Low Prices on Beautiful Variety of Latest Fine Consoles. Send Coupon!



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Medium-size "Hi-Boy." Rich design, fine woods, fine finish. Astonishingly low factory to you price.

Stylish small console with convenient magazine racks, each end. Another exclusive Miraco-Mastercrest 1931 design. Bargain factory to you price!





Full-size wall console with latest 1931 features. Beautiful design and woods. Priced very low, factory to you.

These Consoles are Equipped with **SUPER DYNAMIC CATHEDRAL TONE REPRODUCERS**

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You need not send us a cent! For its 11th successful year, America's big, old, reliable Radio Factory again sets the pace in high-grade, latest guaranteed radios *direct to you.* And now—at history's greatest savings. With this newest perfected SUPER SCREEN GRID, push-pull, super-powered and humless electric AC set in clever, beautiful new Miraco-Mastercrest consoles obtainable nowhere else—you are guaranteed satisfaction, values and savings unsurpassed. *Get Amazing Special Offer!*

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Only marvelously fine radios, of latest perfected type, at rock-bottom prices, can back up such a guarantee. Send postal or coupon for *Amazing Special Factory Offer!*

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Exclusive Territory—Try it at Our Risk!
Spare or full time. No contract, no experience required. Big money! Send coupon now!

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With Miraco's rich, clear Cathedral Tone, quiet operation, razor-sharp separation of nearby stations, tremendous "kick" on distant stations, Vari-Tone and automatic sensitivity control, and other latest features—be the envy of many who pay 2 or 3 times as much!

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EASY TERMS to reliable persons only

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All the proof you want—of our honesty, fairness, size, financial integrity, radio experience and the performance of our sets—including Amazing Factory Offer—sent without obligation!



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☐ **Check here if interested in an EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION**

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

(*Continued from page 126*)

THREE hundred performances of "Human Hearts", is one of her unusual theatrical experiences. A fling in the movies in Chicago—back in the days when Selig's headquarters were there—is another "event". "East Lynn" the first Selig multiple-reeler gave Pearl her chance to make her bow in pictures.

And then Peggy Chapman.

"Something is going to come of all this experimenting in Radio," a young brown-haired bride told her husband, one day more than 10 years ago. The husband, Henry Cohen, had written some new songs.

"Why Dear," was one of them.

"Suppose I try singing it into a microphone? the bride asked. I know a studio where they'll be glad to have me."

So "Cookie-California Sunshine Girl" went on the air and she's been a headliner ever since. A year ago, she became known as "Peggy Chapman".

"What with 'Cookie' being a bit out of date now-a-days," to quote her.

PEGGY'S husband encouraged her when she needed it most and it wasn't long until she "made" Radio's Broadway, singing four years in New York City with Major Bowes Capitol Theatre Family and Roxy's Gang.

In San Francisco, Peggy takes time out to make records and write songs. "I'll Only Remember Your Love," is her collaboration with Ben Walker McLaughlin, also of NBC.

"That first appearance," Peggy laughs, "was in a little booth—and the microphone looked like a telephone—that's how long ago it was!"

Helen Webster stepped from the women's page of a San Francisco newspaper, into the half-dozen pages of the NBC Woman's Magazine of the Air broadcast from the San Francisco studios.

She was among the first western women to broadcast house-hold programs in a major fashion.

"It's not romantic," she confides, "but my first job was to make the extermination of cock-roaches interesting. Since then, nothing ever has seemed difficult." Miss Webster, who really is Josephine Bartlett, insists she went into Radio because it gave her the opportunity to exercise the greatest of feminine prerogatives —the right to talk.

"I'd loads rather talk than write," she points out, "and on newspapers, I always had to write what I wanted to say."

And now the masculine "forty-niners" —suppose we discuss them later?

Miss Todd has promised another interesting feature for Radio Digest in the near future.

The New Receivers

(*Continued from page 97*)

and the tone control makes it possible to have that type of reproduction. Others may prefer it brilliant and again the tone control can be used to accomplish this. I don't know what is the solution if two members in the same family prefer the control in different positions—perhaps the best thing to do is to get two sets!

SECONDLY, the tone control may make it possible in some cases to compensate some peculiar acoustic conditions which may exist in the room in which the Radio is played. For example if the room contains a number of heavy drapes it will be, as engineers say, rather "dead", meaning that the draperies will absorb an excessive amount of the higher notes so the reproduction sounds muffled and drummy. Or perhaps the room will be quite bare of furnishings, with walls of hard plaster—this will make the room excessively "alive" with the result that the high notes will be excessively prominent in the reproduction. In either case the tone control can be used to neutralize the effect of the room and make the reproduction sound more pleasing and natural.

A third use for the tone control will be found during the summer months when "static" is likely to be severe. The noises produced in a loud speaker by static usually predominate in high frequencies so by turning the tone control so as to suppress the high notes, the static noises can be eliminated to a considerable extent.

A FOURTH use of the tone control will be to eliminate any slight high pitched whistles that may be heard when listening to a station. This type of interference is not uncommon in the middle sections of the country. Since the whistle has a high pitch it can be eliminated by adjusting the tone control to partially suppress the high notes. Sometimes this high pitched whistle is continuous, at other times it seems to "wobble" in pitch but in either case it is very annoying and its elimination by means of the tone control indicates how useful this new feature will be to the Radio listener.

Automatic Volume Control

BEFORE describing this feature a brief explanation is necessary. All of us have probably noticed how it is usually necessary, when tuning from one station to another, to readjust the volume control. since we seldom find that the second station comes in with just the amount of volume we prefer; it is generally too loud or not loud enough. When we tune to a powerful local station we have to turn down the volume and when we tune to a weaker distant station we have to turn up the volume control. Wouldn't it be nice to have a receiver that could be adjusted so as to give the same volume on all stations? We could then adjust the volume control to a satisfactory point and then the volume would be the same on all stations. If we turned the volume control almost full on then all stations would come in very loud. If we just turned on the control a little bit then all stations would come in at low volume, and in either case it would no longer be necessary to readjust the control every time we tuned to another station.

Well this is just what an automatic volume control accomplishes. It is designed to permit the user to adjust the volume control to give a satisfactory amount of volume after which local stations and the more powerful distant stations will all be received at the same volume. The automatic volume control therefore further simplifies the operation of the Radio receiver. This feature is usually found only on the higher priced receivers.

A second advantage of the automatic volume control is that it helps to eliminate "fading"—a gradual increase and decrease in volume that is sometimes experienced when listening to certain stations.

Input Filters

NOW we are getting technical! Input filters are special devices placed inside a Radio receiver. The user never knows they are there—but if they weren't there he would know that something was wrong. Input filters are used to prevent what engineers call "cross-talk"—the reception of two stations at the same time. To prevent this the preliminary circuits of a receiver must be designed to pick up the one station we desire to receive and eliminate as completely as possible the signals from all other stations. The circuits that do this are called filters. They work in the same manner as a screen placed over a water pipe to catch the dirt and only let clean water through. The input filters are an important technical feature of the modern Radio receiver.

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All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, $1 and $1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A.M., (E. S. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.





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★ THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

October, 1930

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Coming *and* Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

GOODBY Baseball, hello Grid—October and football are here again. High powered journalistic reporting of outdoor sports has done much to encourage the individual who cares less for the esthetic in his Radio and more for the clash of human will and brawn on the field of action. See Ted Husing's story here next month.

* * *

Along with the autumn sports comes a new series of political talks. Major General James G. Harbord, "big shot" of the army and of Radio affairs threw the first ball in the series. Time will be properly apportioned between Mr. GOP and Miss Democracy, on the chains and on most of the individual stations.

* * *

New little Floyd Gibbonses are being reported every day to the National Broadcasting Company. Fond parents are naming their new offsprings after the great Headline Hunter whose Radio broadcasts have become so universally popular. Wait till they start talking!

* * *

After all contests do bring out important qualities in the winners. Four years ago Ginger Rogers, the girl on our cover, was a demure little Texas lass with a burning ambition to go places and see things. So she decided to kick herself into the path of Opportunity by entering a Charleston contest. She won—first locally then the Texas state championship. After that she was signed up for a tour in vaudeville. One triumph followed another. A little over a year ago she made Broadway and was featured in the musical comedy Top Speed. She was the hit of the show. Paramount-Publix engaged her for a series of sound pictures—first the Young Man of Manhattan, then Queen High and later with Jack Oakie in A Sap from Syracuse. She is still in her teens. You hear her sometimes over the Columbia WABC station. And the rollicking ol' Charleston jes done kicked her right up the ladder to fame an' sign lights.



* * *

A thousand apologies to our readers, Mr. C. B. Kingston of Bridgeport, Conn., and last but not least Mr. P. W. Morency of Hartford. In the September issue of Radio Digest it was erroneously stated that Mr. Kingston had become manager of WTIC at Hartford. Whereas it was intended to announce that he had become manager of WICC at Bridgeport. And of course Mr. Morency continues as manager of WTIC which with its 50,000 watts now ranks as one of the most important broadcast stations in the country. Very, very sorry that this happened. It was, so far as we know, the most serious mistake that occurred as a result of moving our editorial office from Chicago to New York in the course of preparing this issue. Gentlemen, the Havanas!

"The thing that impresses me most as I look back at those hazardous hours is the Radio," wrote Dieudonne Coste for the New York Times almost as soon as he and Maurice Bellonte came to earth from their flight from Paris to New York. "If one can picture the sensation of being seated in an open cockpit, hour after hour—age after age it seemed to us—with nothing about one but rain and mist, one may obtain a hazy picture of what those little vacuum tubes, coils and plates meant to us. It was as if we were not in midair far from help. We could talk to other persons . . . in the event of mishap others would speed to our aid." That's worth a thought in passing by, don't you think?



* * *

Our own Lindbergh was not so well equipped when he made his historic flight. Elsewhere in this Radio Digest you will be reminded of the flight of the Spirit of St. Louis. The event is recalled as a result of his use of Radio in urging a more comprehensive plan for international aviation. His entire speech appears on page 128.

* * *

WE ARE informed that there is in the United States at present an audience of 25,000 receiving television broadcasts daily. Twelve important broadcasting stations are now equipped with television transmitting apparatus. A sound-and-sight program was recently broadcast by the Jenkins television station W2XER, Jersey City, synchronized with the DeForest sound transmitter. The program included many stage notables and was available to thousands in open air demonstration centers.

* * *

Speaking of television some of our best Radio talent is now being sifted to make allowance for physical appearance before the microphone. Some high figured contracts are not being renewed because of an excess of adipose tissue. Read about it in November Radio Digest.

* * *

Another Einstein theory meets the hearty endorsement of Radio Digest. The theory seems to be that Radio Can Kill War, which was the subject of an editorial published in the September Radio Digest. Said Dr. Einstein at the Radio exposition in Berlin: "Radio has the unique function of reconciling nations. Until now, what nations knew of each other has been almost invariably derived from distorting mirrors of their respective press organs. The Radio shows the way people really live and in most cases their best sides. The Radio thus helps in removing mutual misunderstandings which so often turn into active distrust and hostility." The idea spreads and becomes cumulative.



Station Popularity Contest for

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

A Chance to Vote for Your Favorite Stations

EVERY Radio listener for purely selfish reasons wants to see his favorite programs continued. The best way of insuring more of the kind of programs you like best is to give a vote of confidence to the stations that are giving you the most pleasure. After that is small recompense for the wonders of the air that are being given free by the broadcasting stations of the nation.

Naturally the institutions which are paying upwards of $50,000,000 a year for their Radio presentations are interested in seeing that their money is spent in a manner most agreeable and satisfying to the great Radio audience.

By voting for the stations which are most popular with you these stations will be encouraged to carry on in a better and bigger way than ever.

In this great contest conducted by RADIO DIGEST every participant is given the opportunity to nominate four stations in his order of preference. But each and every voter must nominate stations located only within the borders of the state wherein he resides.

RADIO DIGEST will present to the four winners of each state beautifully inscribed medallions signifying the honor that has been achieved. And with each medallion also will be presented a handsomely engraved scroll certificate indicating the degree of popularity the stations hold within their state. In conclusion a full report of the results of the contest will be published in RADIO DIGEST.

Stop and think for a minute. Which are YOUR four favorite stations within your state. This new state contest provides a fair trial for every station in the country. It promises to be the greatest contest ever offered in the history of Radio to determine the standing of Radio stations all over the country in their own respective communities. To be called the most popular station in the state by actual vote is an honor to be esteemed highly—an honor above price. Second, third and fourth places are not to be considered lightly.

In sponsoring this unique contest RADIO DIGEST continues with its old established policy of encouraging every effort to promote the best that broadcasting has to offer. Only by your directly indicated choice can the owners of all broadcasting stations ascertain the type of program policy you prefer.

Personality is an asset to every broadcasting station. The personality of the station is the reflection of its personnel. The individual characteristics are more important than the power of the transmitter. A little station may have more friends than its neighbor station with fifty times more power. It is that indefinable something that you alone can discern as the otherwise disinterested listener. Support from you for that station in the way of votes for the State Championship can be of great benefit by giving that station the prestige so important in making it an artistic and, necessarily, a financial success.



Design for medallion emblem

Do this for the stations of your choice as a slight appreciation of the hours of pleasure it has afforded you. Never before has any effort been made to ascertain actual popularity standing of stations within their respective states. All you have to do is send in your nominations, then fill in the ballots as they appear from month to month. Special bonus votes are allowed as you will note under the rules and conditions appearing on page 71.

At the bottom of this page you will note two blanks to be filled out and mailed to the RADIO DIGEST Contest Editor, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City. The Nomination Blank is at the left. Fill in the call letters of the four stations which you like best in your state. Put them in 1, 2, 3, 4 order according to your preference. Then mail this blank at once as indicated.

Now comes the actual business of voting. If you save all seven ballots to be published and send them in together you will be allowed an extra bonus of 75 votes.

A voting ballot will be published in each issue of RADIO DIGEST starting with this October number. The series will be continued through for seven numbers until April issue, inclusive. The ballots will be numbered consecutively from 1 to 7. If They are turned in singly they will count for but one vote each. A bonus of five votes is given for two consecutively numbered ballots sent in at one time; a bonus of fifteen votes for three consecutively numbered; a bonus of twenty-five votes for four consecutively numbered; thirty-five for five consecutively numbered; fifty for six consecutively numbered, and seventy-five bonus votes will be given if the entire series of seven consecutively numbered ballots are turned in at one time. Votes will also be given for paid in advance subscriptions for RADIO DIGEST sent in direct in accordance with the rules. Send your nominations now. (See rules and conditions page 71.)

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state) .....

First (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Second (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Third (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... *State*

Number **1**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Second (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Third (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Fourth (call letters) ..... *City* .....
Signed .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....



Victor Herbert

America's Immortal Composer

Victor Herbert

"As I Knew Him"

Victor Herbert had one great love, and that was music. Every hour awake was devoted to his art and his compositions took precedence over all personal affairs

By

HAROLD SANFORD

IN THE life of every man there is one individual who is the ideal. My ideal—the man who, though he is dead, still holds my greatest friendship and admiration—is Victor Herbert. For eighteen years I worked with him and had his friendship. I knew him when he was gay and happy, and also when he was sad, which was seldom. I knew him when he was successful; and I knew him when people said that Victor Herbert was a "has-been." I still think he is the greatest man I ever knew.

This is not a history of Victor Herbert. The textbooks and the encyclopedias will give you that data. This is merely my impression of a great musician.

HUNGER caused me to meet Victor Herbert. That was in 1906. I had come to New York as a musician with a Henry Savage operetta, "The Student King." The show was not a success and closed in two weeks. The conductor of the orchestra, Arthur Weld, advised me to try for a place in Herbert's organization. To me it was a daring suggestion. Since my childhood, Herbert had been an ideal. But I couldn't force myself, just a violinist, to ask the maestro for a job. For four weeks I tried to find work in New York, but there wasn't any work. Finally, hungry and discouraged, I went to Herbert.

"Let's see what you can do with these," he said, after I had met him. He tossed me some orchestrations to complete. I went to work and did them as best I could. He looked at them later.

"You are hired," he said, "but don't forget, you will have to work."

AT THAT time he was writing the score for "The Tattooed Man." I found a place in his orchestra and stayed with the production until it closed. Two weeks after the production had opened, he saw me during rehearsal.

"You need a scarf pin," he said, and he handed me one. I did not know it then, but I found out later that Herbert was a stickler for conventions in dress and at that time a man without a scarf pin was in practically the same category as a man today without his trousers.

For eighteen years Harold Sanford, popular conductor for the National Broadcasting Company, was right-hand man to Victor Herbert. Sanford worked, played and lived with the celebrated composer and undoubtedly knew him more intimately than did any man now living. This is his own story of Victor Herbert as he knew him.

"The Tattooed Man" closed, as must all shows, and I thought my contact with Victor Herbert was over. But the following year he had another production and he sent for me. From that time until his death I was never away from him for any avoidable length of time.

I was just a violinist in his orchestra when I started. Later I became concert master for most of his light operas and had the privilege of helping him with his arrangements. From him I learned practically everything I know about orchestrating and composing.

Victor Herbert had one great love, and that was music. Every hour awake was devoted to music and, while he was devoted to his wife and was very fond of his son and daughter, his compositions took precedence over all personal affairs.

He had the background of an artist. His greatest influence during his early life was his grandfather, Samuel Lover. Although Lover is best known as an Irish novelist, he also was an accomplished painter and a musician. Herbert grew up, not in Ireland, his birthplace, but in smart, sophisticated London, and in France and Germany. His earliest acquaintances were the great men of art and literature. From them he absorbed idealism and standards.

HAD he cared to be, Victor Herbert would have been ranked with some of the world's greatest masters and, in many respects, I think he deserves such a ranking. He was a great composer and yet throughout his life he preferred to write music that appealed to the millions rather than to the extremely cultured thousands. He believed that the really great music was that which had the widest appeal. He considered *The Blue Danube Waltz* by Johann Strauss one of the greatest pieces of music ever written. Despite his preference for music of a more popular vein, he could conduct the classics with depth and insight.

The fox trot, that modern dance tempo, was no mystery to him. I have heard him play fox trots as toe-teasing as any written today. He did not particularly care for them yet his native sense of rhythm made irresistible any fox trot

(*Continued on page 105*)

DURING the early days of broadcasting, Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, was czar of the air. His word was final. Probably no man alive understands the intricacies of Radio in public relations better than the President.



Herbert Anec

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is credited with being a teller of parables; Ulysses Grant is pictured with a fat cigar in his lips; Theodore Roosevelt was our "rough-riding" big game hunter; Calvin Coolidge is known as "the silent one."

Occupants of the White House invariably leave the stamp of their personalities impressed on public fancy. Biographers and historians revel far more in portraying traits of character which express the qualities of the man than in setting down the diplomatic acts of the statesman.

For the past year and a half President Hoover has gone about his executive duties in such a business-like manner that the affairs of state have all but submerged the human side of the man. How will he be remembered in the years to come?

He doesn't tell stories, smoke cigars, hunt big game, and he is not silent. Of course, it is just as well that none of these qualifications apply to our present incumbent. We like our Presidents to be different. It would never do for one of them to wear the mantle of a predecessor. And we are confident that, sooner or later, the man now living in the White House will make his bid to fame by establishing a personality through some human characteristic or through an interest in some outstanding activity. Perhaps that active interest may be in Radio. Who knows but Herbert Hoover may be known to later generations as "our radio-minded President"? If that should come to pass it would not be surprising inasmuch as radio, to date, has played an important part in his life.

Back in 1921, when the voice of this so-called infant industry was proclaiming lustily its right to live, the control of American Radio broadcasting was in the hands of the secretary of commerce. From the time he was appointed to that office in President Harding's cabinet, nine years ago, until the present day, Mr. Hoover's interest in Radio never has waned.

IN ORDER to familiarize himself with broadcasting the newly appointed secretary of commerce delved far below the surface. He felt that a laboratory knowledge of Radio was essential if he was to understand the broadcasters' problems. The study of the technical side of the industry was no hardship for this man. The trained mind of an engineer was fascinated with the subject. Studio control rooms were visited. Receiving sets, earphones and loudspeakers were much in evidence in his home and, with the head of the house showing the way, the Hoover family joined the rapidly growing ranks of Radio fans.

An act of Congress in 1927 established the federal Radio commission and the secretary of commerce was relieved of his Radio duties. Disgruntled ones had termed Mr. Hoover, "the Radio dictator." You may recall that several politicians voiced the opinion that Mr. Hoover, because of his interest in the broadcasting situation, would feel the loss of his power. They predicted all sorts of battles be-



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Hoover dotes

MANY interesting incidents of the President's more recent contacts with Radio are related here for the first time in print. He is shown as a plain American individual with very human characteristics.

By

Doty Hobart



ween the secretary of commerce and the commissioners. Just how incorrect they were in their judgment of the man was shown last December, shortly before this esteemed body was scheduled to cease functioning. At that time President Hoover signed the bill which was instrumental in extending the life of this valuable commission.

MR. HOOVER always has had a warm spot in his heart for the amateur broadcasters. No one realizes more than he that the pioneer work of these enthusiasts assisted greatly in bringing about a speedy recognition of the possibilities of Radio shortly after the war. In the fall of 1927 Mr. Hoover was chairman of the International Radio Telegraph conference. The commercial users of the ether were for relegating the amateurs to a restricted channel "somewhere below the thirteen meter band." It was Mr. Hoover's influence which saved them from being assigned to that "Radio purgatory".

Not long ago I was discussing with George Akerson, secretary to the President, the attitude of our chief executive toward Radio. Among the secretary's many duties is that of looking after all details pertinent to the President's Radio activities. Because of his office Mr. Akerson has been of no little assistance in making it possible for me to present an authoritative word picture of Mr. Hoover as a speaker before the microphone and a listener before the loud-speaker of a receiving set. I had one question ready.

"I wonder if you know the date and the occasion of Mr. Hoover's first appearance at the microphone?" I asked Mr. Akerson.

"It's odd you should ask me that," he replied, "because I put the same question to the President only the other day. I was not only curious about the date but I wanted to know what his reactions to the microphone were at the time. Mr. Hoover thought for a moment or two and then admitted that he could not recall the occasion. Perhaps Radio, even though young in years, has been identified so closely with his public life ever since he was secretary of commerce that it seems to have been with him aways.

"IN ALL my association with Mr. Hoover," Mr. Akerson continued, "I have never known him to be worried over a pending broadcast. As for the broadcast itself, well, the only thing I can say is that the microphone apparently holds no terror for him. Its presence does not annoy him. Just the same, he confesses to a preference for a visible audience. I believe this is the true confession of every public speaker."

As every listener knows the President makes no pretense of being an orator. He delivers his messages quietly rather than attempt to stress their "high spots" with any high-powered vocal or physical accompaniment. The sincerity of his convictions as expressed in his evenly modulated tones is so evident that he makes an exceptionally good microphone subject. The unanimous opinion of every control operator who has worked on a Hoover broadcast is, "he sure knows his microphone."

A specially contructed standard with a green felt-covered top, equipped to hold

five or six microphones, is used when the President speaks to a seen and an unseen audience simultaneously. For these public addresses the loose-leaf pages of a pocket-sized notebook carry a typed copy of the final draft of his speeches. While the top of the combined table and microphone rack is broad enough to accommodate a much larger document the use of the little leather-covered book makes the President's references to his copy much less conspicuous to the visible audience. This standard was built for Mr. Hoover's personal use only by the NBC engineers and is housed in the studios of Station WRC at Washington.

It has been said that "nothing unusual ever happens when Mr. Hoover broadcasts". Unfortunately that well-meaning statement tends to present the man in the light of an automaton and is far from true. Many interesting incidents have occurred before, during and after his broadcasts which prove Mr. Hoover to be decidedly human.

When making his speech of acceptance from the stadium at Palo Alto, California, the sound of suppressed laughter came to Mr. Hoover's ears. He paused in his delivery. The laughter immediately became unsuppressed. Following the gaze of the crowd Mr. Hoover saw the cause of the merriment and smilingly gave the floor to his rival of the moment. Totally unconcerned about the attention he was attracting and unmindful of the solemnity of the occasion, a mongrel dog was making his way across the stadium field. He moved slowly but with an apparent confidence that assured everyone of an ultimate, though mysterious, goal. The aristocratic walk of the pup, all alone in the center of that gigantic arena, would have stopped any show. When quiet was restored Mr. Hoover continued his address. This little episode, far from annoying the speaker, added to his enjoyment of the day.

I AM indebted to Ted Husing, CBS announcer, for the above story. Husing said he came in for severe criticism from letter-writing fans who took exception to his cutting in on the dignified address of a President-elect to give a humorous description of a dog! As a matter of fact his quick witted action in making a Palo Alto canine nationally famous saved the listeners a long wait before silent loud-speakers. Mr. Hoover was not speaking while Husing's description of the promenading pup was being given.

Here is an interesting little episode which shows our President's attitude toward Radio. At a dinner given by the Daughters of the American Revolution the President was a guest speaker. He promised the chain broadcasters that they might carry his speech on the networks. The President's address was the only one to be broadcast nationally and a specified time for this speech to start was designated in advance. Knowing full well the value of Radio time Mr. Hoover makes his speeches fit a predetermined number of minutes. Also he realizes the necessity of a zero hour for starting a broadcast over a national hook-up.

AT THIS particular dinner the speakers who preceded the President finished with their part in the program about three minutes before the networks were scheduled to tune in. The chairwoman arose to introduce the guest speaker but as she rapped for attention with her gavel Mr. Hoover caught her eye and shook his head. The Greater Audience was not ready.

Across the hall the Radio operators, wearing headphones connected to telephone lines, waited for the word from the key stations which would tell them that the networks were set to accept this program. As the President and the chairwoman carried on a conversation in low tones Mr. Hoover kept his eyes on the operators.

A hum of subdued voices filled the room. Those present, annoyed at the delay, were guessing the cause. These Radio people! It was their fault that the guest speaker should be left cooling his feet at a public gathering. A most unethical procedure! Especially when the guest speaker happens to be the President of the United States. How embarrassing! Why didn't he go ahead and start his speech? The Radio people could tune in their old microphones later if they weren't ready now. It would serve them right to be taught a lesson.

A ripple of laughter broke the tension. The President smiled an acknowledgment of the humor of the situation.

At the appointed time the signal from headquarters was received by the operators. They nodded to the President and Mr. Hoover's entire address was broadcast—*as promised.*

Memorial Day, 1929, was an exceptionally hot day for that time of year. At the ceremonies held in Arlington cemetery at the Tomb of The Unknown Soldier everyone was exposed to the blistering rays of Old Sol.

It was some little time after the arrival of the Presidential party that Mr. Hoover's address was scheduled to take place. The seats occupied by the President and Mrs. Hoover were unsheltered and, what is more, were so close to the Tomb that the reflected heat from the highly polished white marble was added to the dir heat of the sun.

The heads of all the men present w bared. Hardly had the impressive ce monies started when Mrs. Hoover ope her parasol. The President aided her holding it over their heads. It v a signal for all others fortunate enou to have brought parasols or umbrel to raise them as a protection agai the scorching sunlight. Oddly enou the parasol held by the President a Mrs. Hoover was exceptionally o standing. It was the only green one sight!

Perhaps I should not mention the f



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that the President once fell sound asleep in public. But this man so frequently is pictured as being cold and unemotional that I am anxious to portray him as he really is—a thoroughly human person.

I will not mention the occasion for fear of embarrassing others who were present. It happened after one of his 1929 broadcasts. He had been in the White House only a few weeks, but long enough to feel the pressure of his office. Added to his executive duties was a keen interest in the promotion of a worthy issue, inherited from his Quaker ancestors—World peace; embodied in the Kellogg Peace Pact, at that time in its formative stage.

His customary nightly rest had been
t in half and when the hour of the
heduled broadcast rolled around a
esident, worn and tired from loss of
ep, approached the microphone. He
id his speech clearly and easily. No one
alized that the man was battling fatigue
ith sheer will power.

OTHER addresses followed that of the President and, as is his courteous custom, Mr. Hoover remained to hear them. His work for the day was over. The warm air in the hall was indu-

not more than five or ten minutes. But this little period of complete relaxation seemed to refresh him for, without effort, he remained awake the balance of the evening.

An unprecedented incident happened when Mr. Hoover addressed the signers of the Kellogg Peace Pact in July of the same year. As Frederic William Wile, who was present at the time, gives a colorful account of this misadventure in his article within the covers of this issue of Radio Digest I will not attempt to compete with an eye-witness in giving a detailed description of the incident.

sight yet the importance of the occasion held in check those who might have rectified the error. Not until he had finished did the President realize that the microphones were not in position to pick up his voice.

Later he asked why someone did not stop him as he started to make the address. No one could give a satisfactory answer.

The climax created by the accomplishment of a great purpose had cast a dramatic spell over everyone present. The realization that an instrument advancing world peace was about to become an ac-



The forgotten microphones! A nation waited in vain to hear the President's voice speaking to the Kellogg peace treaty signers. Photographers had cleared the table for a picture. The mikes were not replaced before the President began speaking. He was not heard beyond the White House walls.

cive of drowsiness and as he relaxed in his chair the man was fighting off a desire to close his eyes. While the time and place was not particularly auspicious for a chief executive's slumber it was a relief to his associates to see the man relax after those days and nights of exhaustive work.

As he tried to listen to the speaker who followed him Mr. Hoover's eyelids closed. His head nodded forward. Nature no longer could be denied. The President was asleep.

His nap was short-lived. It lasted

Briefly, however, this is what occurred: Before the scheduled broadcast was to take the air photographers requested that the microphones, which interfered with a clear view of Mr. Hoover, be removed from the table temporarily. The request was granted. The moment the cameramen retired the President arose and started his address. The microphones were still on the floor. He had forgotten to wait until they could be replaced on the table. It was a tense situation. Everyone realized that it was an over-

tual force made all other normally important details insignificant by comparison.

MR. HOOVER took it upon himself to shoulder the entire blame for neglecting to have the microphones replaced. He was extremely sorry and apologized to those in charge of the broadcast. His disappointment was genuine. Nor was it because of any desire for self glorification which his voice on the air

(*Continued on page 107*)



Jessica Dragonette

Pet Superstitions of Radio

Fetishes of Middle Ages tables of the air—Hoo- Artists and Announcers Luck and bring suc-



Phillips Carlin

ACTORS, actresses and vaudeville performers, like gamblers, have long been a superstitious folk. Where they "got that way" and when has not been traced by this investigator, but I've an inkling that it all originated back in the medieval days when knights were bold and Thespians were merely wandering minstrels.

Thanking the supernatural forces for their preservation from the spear points of the lances of black, green and pink knights, it is not to be wondered that the histrionic forefathers went in large for astrology and other less scientific means of forecasting the immediate future, for charms, potions and signs.

Radio, the ten-year old stripling which has invaded probably more homes in the past decade than the encyclopedia, has been inheriting some and originating other distinct and unique traditions and superstitions. "The show must go on," command the stage and mike alike, but enough of traditions. 'Tis superstitions we must concern ourselves about in this month of Halloween.



Julius Caeser and Mark Anthony, among the world's earliest actors—if a spectacular military general may be called that—would never go into battle should they venture forth in the morning after their ham and eggs to witness a flight of crows headed their way.

Should the late and much publicized Arnold Rothstein have seen a cross-eyed person, or perhaps glanced at his shadow in the moonlight, just prior to the game which proved fatal to the notorious gambler, he probably never would have been interested in any games of chance for the next twenty-four hours. "Honest" gamblers are heavy believers in superstitions as a general rule; sharpers rely on their crooked skill.

And this thirteen business which we all know—where did it start? I have read that it began with Christ's famous Last Supper. There the Master dined with his twelve disciples, making thirteen at the board. And so the number between twelve and fourteen became taboo! Why

I even know of one office building in Chicago which caters to lawyers and politicians as tenants and which has carefully omitted the thirteenth floor. No fooling! The elevator jumps right from the twelfth to the fourteenth floor and doesn't travel two floors to do it.

But thirteen isn't bad luck for everyone. Phillips Lord or "Uncle Abe"



Phil Cook

stitions

Stars

ill survive to jinx no-
oo charms used by
woo the Goddess of
ess before the mike

By
Evans E. Plummer

rives on it. But we'll come to more that particular story later.

First nights on the stage are very delite affairs, according to the players and oducers. Likewise in the broadcasting udios they are apt to be ominous unless operly protected by the thoughtful tists who bring their rabbits' feet, good ck jewelry and other jinx-chasers along.



Carmen and Guy Lombardo



Vaughn de Leath

But you don't even have to be present at a Radio first night to see a lot of queer things going on. If you were a casual observer of a program in one of the NBC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City, you probably would be puzzled to see the announcer walk twice around the microphone before he started to announce the presentation. Perhaps he wants to be sure he knows where the microphone wires are before he begins. But why walk around twice? Why isn't once enough?

The reason, I am told, is so that he will announce smoothly. "Walk twice around a microphone before broadcasting and you won't stumble over a word," my informant advises. Hah, Floyd Gibbons must have to trek many a dizzy circle about Radio's tin ear Mike!

The mike-encircling, Demosthenes-



Floyd Gibbons

manufacturing tours are becoming quite the thing in the NBC studios. Even some of the most blasé announcers are doing it. Where the superstition originated no one can say. Perhaps it was a poker-playing adjectiveer who first did it, and it's origin might be traced to the trick of walking around a chair to change one's luck in a card game. At any rate, the procedure has travelled the rounds of the 711 studios with the rapidity of a forest fire, and now you know what it's all about.

And whatever you do, never read the last line of a dramatic script exactly as it is written until you are on the air! If you do, it's just too bad.

Here is a true tradition of the stage transplanted by the roots to the studio. The veteran actors and actresses brought the superstition of garbling the last line of the play—or "tag" line as it is called—during rehearsals. To use it then would be bad luck, according to footlight beliefs. So the Radio actor changes the wording of the line during rehearsals and reads it for the first time as it should be when the show goes on the air.



Or if you are to sing, be especially careful not to hold your sheet music so that it is upside down when you first glance at it.

Vocalists all will warn you of the mis-

fortune awaiting you should you neglect this simple precaution. Watch them as they remove their selections from the music cases. See how the singers carry the sheets so that they know they will be right side up when they sing.

EITHER on concert stage or in the studio a reversed sheet of music might cause an embarrassing delay of several seconds and resultant confusion. Sure it's bad luck to bring trouble on yourself. Personally, I've always thought that the old one about not walking under ladders was a particularly good thought. Or haven't you ever had a painter overhead splotch paint on your favorite suit or dress? Painters, window washers and other artisans who start at the bottom rung daily and climb to the top are not always as careful with their tools and materials as they might be. There's a thought.

So much for studio sorcery. Now for a few personal foibles of the royalty of the Radio artists. Floyd Gibbons, always has a magic stone, given to him by a witch doctor in darkest Africa, in his pocket when he broadcasts. Just before going on the air he will always be observed sticking his hand in his pocket to make sure his good luck piece is with him.



Amos 'n' Andy, who've received from Radio admirers enough left hind feet of graveyard rabbits (killed at midnight in the dark of the moon) to provide sufficient material for the fur coats for the 1934 classes of Harvard, Yale and Princeton combined, claim no particular superstitions except possibly one. That one is that they always feel more confident, they say, when they know that Bill Hay, their veteran and favorite announcer, is at the microphone.

And now about Phillips H. Lord, the author of "Sunday at Seth Parker's" in which he plays Seth, and "Uncle Abe and David" in which he is Uncle Abe. Lord loves the number thirteen. He was born on July 13; there are thirteen letters in his name counting his middle initial; his first Radio appearance was on June 13, 1928; there are thirteen members of the cast in "Sunday at Seth Parker's"; his contract for "Uncle Abe and David" was signed on June 13, 1930, and now he is heard on the air thirteen times each week—twice each night except Sunday in "Uncle Abe and David" and once each Sunday night in "Sunday at Seth Parker's."

Will Rogers admits no superstitions, yet he will always be found to be doing one of two things at the mike. He is either palming a large silver coin between the fingers of one hand or else jingling a bunch of keys. Call it habit or nervousness if you wish, but I'll bet the hole in a doughnut that he'd be lost with neither coin to play with nor keys to jingle.

Jessica Dragonette, who likewise denies she is superstitious, wears a tiny brooch shaped like a bird. Someone gave it to her saying, "As long as you wear this you will be lucky." It's a pretty bit of jewelry and becoming to the tiny soprano star.

PHILLIPS CARLIN, program executive and announcer for NBC, usually delays shaving until just before an important broadcast. Then, within the hour before going on the air, he sprints to the most convenient washroom and shaves. He explains that it "freshens" him. But you wouldn't expect a Phi Beta Kappa to admit that he had a pet superstition.

Charles "Chic" Sale has a hat fetish. Years ago he came into the possession of an ancient hat through a friend. The friend of the stage and air comedian had noticed the shabby top piece on a farmer in a field as he motored along the highway. Stopping to enquire about the road he was travelling, he asked the farmer where he had obtained the hat and how old it was. The farmer told him he didn't know how old it was; that his father had bought it and when the old man died, he came into possession of it. The friend bought the hat from the farmer, presented it to Sale, and the famous comedian cherishes the hat as a potent good luck charm.

Vaughn de Leath is another believer in thirteen bringing good fortune. She likes to sign contracts on the thirteenth of the month. The

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"It's a pipe," says James Melton (left). "And hard luck if you miss," answers Wilfred Glenn, the human tee.

A RADIO COLUMN

By HEYWOOD BROUN

In which the famous columnist, who broadcasts regularly over the Columbia network, expresses unconcern over his social status, but . . . . .



AM a little disturbed tonight because one contributor—D. D. of New York City—seems to have been digging into my past. He writes: "Some time ago you said you were a Socialist. I don't believe it because with my own eyes I otted your name amongst the four hundred in the society lumns. Norman Thomas never sipped tea with the blue oods."

As far as I know there is nothing in Socialism that says where u must drink your tea—even if you happen to like tea. And hink Mr. C. is mistaken about the society page. If he has the pping I wish he would let me look at it. I love to see my name the papers. But I don't believe it was the society page—I ink Mr. D. C. has become confused. It was probably the sport ge or the want ads.

But I did have my name on the society page once. That was year and a half ago. A friend of mine took me to Palm Beach d somebody with a big house gave a party and asked every-dy. He was just starting in on society himself and he took e names from the hotel registers. I got invited. And then for most forty-eight hours I waited anxiously for the New York pers to arrive. One of them had two whole columns about the rty. Just scads and scads of names. I strained my eyes going rough that list—Mr. and Mrs. and the Grand Duke and the rince and the Princess and several generals. Colonels galore. ll the way from the top of the page down to the bottom. And read on and on hopefully. And eventually I found a small ragraph down at the very bottom of the story. It said: "Among ose who came in after dinner were Thomas K. Jones, Charles mith and Howard Brown."

I did come in after dinner so I think that "Howard Brown" was e, and that was the only time and the only way I ever got on ie society page.

But I was in the New York Social Register once. Just for a ear. After that they dropped me. I have never been able to ome back. I don't know why I was dropped. Maybe it was omething I ate.

Naturally I miss the Social Register, it was so much fun to ay, "You can find me either in the telephone book or the Social Register." But I wish they never had put me in at all. After eing used to it I find it so hard to get along just with the tele-hone book. The same thing happened to Gene Tunney. He vas in for just one year. Maybe I was on trial. But they did ot tell me. If they had I might have acted more circumspectly.

I DON'T believe that swimming party did me much ood. Everything went wrong that week-end. I was invited to vast estate on Long Island. I went. I was glad to go. It loesn't make any difference to me how much money a man has. am not snobbish that way.

Saturday was all right but on Sunday the New York Times ame out with an editorial in which it said that I was no better han a bomb thrower. It seems I had written something violent n the paper. But I am sure I did not say anything about bombs. That was just the interpretation of the Times. Still it worried my host. He began looking at me suspiciously and locking up his silver at night. I think he got the notion that I was going to suggest that we pool our money and divide it up.

It wouldn't have been easy. It is so hard to make twenty-three cents come out even.

BUT I did have a return trip ticket. That was fortunate because on Sunday night I committed the unforgivable sin. It was a hot, stifling night and our host got licked in a bridge game and went to bed early. A few of us were left and somebody suggested that it would be nice to go swimming in the indoor pool. I jangled a bell and a man came and I asked him to turn on the lights over the pool. He said he would and as we were walking along he told me, "I wish I could go in swimming too." I said, "Why don't you." It was a hot night and he seemed a very amiable man. I guess he was the butler and he could swim all right—he could do the Australian crawl and his bathing suit was not more than twenty-five inches above his ankles—or whatever the regulation is—and so it seemed to me all right.

We had a nice swimming party. But the host's room was just over the pool. He heard all the racket. As I remember, the butler got into a splashing party with one of the lady guests. The host was informed by somebody of what I had done. He did not like it at all. I have never been invited to that great estate again. Or any other. I just go to my own farm which is going to be called the White Chip or Rowdy House. I haven't decided

(*Continued on page 120*)

Colonel Lindbergh

Leaves Baby Wee at Home
Greatest Hook-up of Broadcast

LEAVING little Wee fast asleep at home, Daddy and Mamma Lindbergh, with some of the neighbors, jumped into a car and rolled in from the country and up through the crowded streets of Manhattan. It was a very important occasion, if you must know. Daddy Lindbergh was going to make his first prepared speech on the Radio.

Of course Little Wee didn't know much about that but he'll probably read all about it some day. Because when Daddy Lindbergh starts out to do something through the air he always does it in a Big Way. And when the papers heard that he was going to make a speech they hurried to let everybody know. The cables under sea carried the news to Europe, and to Africa, and to Australia and to South America and, in fact, to all the world.



Pacific & Atlantic Photos

PROBABLY little Wee never thought a thing about it but IF he did he probably was saying "Why shouldn't everybody listen? He's *my* papa."

The Radio people got terribly busy when they heard that Colonel Lindbergh was ready to make his bow to Mr. Mike and the great Listening Audience.

"Come up to our house please," said Mr. Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Do come and do your talking at our house," urged Mr. National Broadcasting Company.

"Thank you, thank you," said Colonel Lindbergh.

"We'd be pleased to have you come to our house," shouted Mr. British Broadcasting Corporation from across the sea at London, England.

And then the other nations on the other side of the world intimated that they would feel slighted if Lindbergh wouldn't speak at their stations.

So Colonel Lindbergh found that to please everybody he'd have to tell the whole world what he had to say.

Never before was there so much activity on the part of everybody to make it possible for one private citizen to make his remarks public—and Colonel Lindbergh isn't naturally inclined that way in the least.

But Little Wee was home fast asleep when Daddy, Mamma and their friends drove up in front of the tall new building of the Columbia Broadcasting House.

"What's the matter?" asked a stranger who happened along there about the same time the Lone Eagle arrived.

"Colonel Lindbergh is going up to broadcast to the whole world," said a nervous young fellow who stood at the curb teetering on his toes trying to look over the heads of a whole crowd of people who had gathered around the door.

THEN the Lindbergh car came gliding along.

"Just look at that crowd," said one of the friends in his car to the Colonel.

"You won't catch me trying to break through that crowd," said the young father.

"What'll we do?" asked somebody else.

"Let's go in from the other side."

"Yes, we can go in the side door on 52nd street and slip up the back elevator without being noticed."

And that's just what they did.

When a man is going to talk to the whole world at one breath and the same time it takes considerable Friendly Co-operation. So, although Colonel Lindbergh decided he would speak at Columbia, he was also assured that National would be permitted to help spread the talk. Mr. Jesse Butcher, who was one of the hosts at Columbia tells you all about what happened in the studio on another page in this magazine.

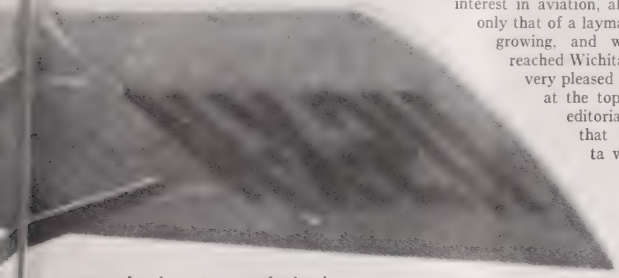
Now, Mr. Lindbergh is pretty young yet even if he did cross the Atlantic all alone in an airplane, and is a colonel, and is a daddy, and is a National Hero. He likes to get away once in a while like any other young fellow and be just Slim, like he was before he made the acquaintance of the Spirit of St. Louis.

Sometimes he probably thinks of those gloomy and rather foreboding hours when he hid himself away in the hangars in long deadly silences waiting for half-way favorable weather reports before zooming into the East over the long, long sky trail to Paris. He wasn't so sure he'd make it, and if he didn't—good-by world and everything.

YOU would almost suppose that everything he had ever done had been printed once, twice or thrice. But there are stories and stories that probably never will be told—those air jaunts into Mexico when he was calling on Baby Wee's mother when she was Anne Morrow—and—well here's one by

Tells *the* World

While He Makes His Bow to Stations in the History of Radio



a man who is not a professional writer, and has no ambition to be. It's just a story that might have been anybody's experience—only it happened to be that of a Mr. J. F. Weintz, who was out traveling for a New York firm and calling on customers in Kansas and Iowa. He chanced to see in a newspaper that Colonel Lindbergh would probably drop in at Wichita, Kans.



While Baby Wee is still asleep and while you are waiting for Mr. Butcher to tell you what happened in the studio imagine yourself, if you please, in Jacob Weintz's place when he took a rickety taxi out to the Wichita Airport just to see Lindy, and wound up taking Lindy away from the field in his taxi.

ON MAY 28th, 1928, I took a Pullman in Denver for Wichita, Kansas. The week previous I had had my first aeroplane ride with Harry T. Watts, business manager of the *Des Moines* Register Tribune. We were guests of the visiting "Travelair" cabin ship which helped to dedicate the new flying field in Des Moines. In Omaha, Leo Wilson, then advertising director of the *Omaha Bee-News* drove me out to the airport—there to see the new Boeing ships and observe the splendid hangars of the Western Air Express. My interest in aviation, although only that of a layman, was growing, and when I reached Wichita I was very pleased to read at the top of an editorial page that Wichita was the "Air Capital of the United States."

When I called on the *Wichita Eagle,* Bill Allen told me some very interesting things about aviation development, and later when I saw Governor (now Senator Henry J. Allen) of the *Wichita Beacon* I was given additional data which aroused my interest to the point of wanting to see some of the factories where the ships were made. I was told to meet Walter Beech of Travelair and Clyde Cessna of Cessna Aircraft. Both of these gentlemen deserve a world of credit for being patient with a curious and quizzical public. On my way out to the Cessna plant, I stopped off, bought a copy of a newspaper which carried the headline "Lindy Probably Due in Wichita Tonight."

It appeared that he had left New York early on the morning of May 29th, 1928, to make a reconnaisance flight to the west coast for the purpose of plotting the TAT course. The Associated Press dispatches reported that he had stopped at Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, and St. Louis, Missouri, and had departed from the last named port "flying in a southwesterly direction, destination unknown."

When I asked Mr. Cessna how long it would take him to fly from St. Louis to Wichita, I discovered that if Wichita really were his destination, he would arrive about 8 P.M. Then I asked where he would probably land and was told "at the Swallow Airport—he always lands there."

After a courteous farewell at the Cessna factory, I walked back to the Broadview Hotel and ate dinner. After a while I stood out in front of the hotel and smoked a cigar. A taxicab was alongside the curb. Its motor was hitting on three cylinders and the chauffeur was wiping a rather dusty windshield with his not too clean handkerchief.

I approached him and asked how far it was to the airport where the Travelair plant was located.

"What do you want to go out there for?" he asked.

I said, "Oh, I just thought I'd like to see what it looks like."

Then I added, "You know Lindy is coming here tonight and we've got to bring him in."

He laughed. "Lindbergh wouldn't ride in this thing—its only hitting on three and besides he wouldn't ride in a cab."

I almost admitted that he was right but in a spirit of pleasantry still trying to look serious I said, "Well—be careful as we come in, won't you."

In due course we arrived at the field. I asked the chauffeur if he had ever been in an aeroplane factory. When he said "No"—I said, "Shut off the meter and I'll get you a pass."

So he did and I was really fortunate in finding a hospitable foreman who let the boy into the huge, modern factory.

THEN I walked out on the field in the direction of a hot dog stand. There, I believed, I possibly would find a man or two who knew Lindbergh. Sure enough one man with a wholesome lack of adulation admitted that he had met "Slim" and liked him—"just a plain, fine sort of man." When, pointing to the newspaper headline, I remarked, "Do you think he'll land here tonight?" he shook his head and replied with an air of finality. "No—I guess he'll go out to Hutchinson—it's a good night to fly."

However, I still had vague hopes of seeing Colonel Lindbergh.

At this point I might add that probably forty or fifty automobiles had brought out the usual evening group of citizens who came out either to fly over the city at very nominal cost or to watch their friends. I wandered about the grounds a while—and there was plenty to see—and then returned to the hot dog stand.

My attention was drawn to some mottled clouds in the east where dimly a red and green light appeared. I asked "What's that?" "That's him," the genial proprietor, between bites, replied.



"You mean Lindy?"

"Yes."

So, eagerly, I watched and as the outline of the ship became distinct I saw it circle the field quite low and then soar up and away.

As IT rose I heard my friend say "He's gone—no Wichita for him tonight"—but scarcely had we gone ten steps toward the taxicab when the ship returned and landed out in the field. The small crowd of excited spectators who had remained spilled from their cars and rushed out on the field. The careful and considerate Lindbergh turned his ship, speeded up the motor and threw a cloud of dust toward the crowd. Instead of criticising him for that, I praise him. Too many foolish people unnecessarily risk their lives in mad rushes everywhere.

I walked away from the field down toward an empty hangar where an air express ship had only an hour before been housed. In a very few minutes Lindbergh had taxied to the door and sat at the controls smiling. Never before had I seen him or his ship although in my travels I had frequently been a day ahead or a day behind. Of course I was thrilled to be a witness to this landing, for he was making history—he was charting a transcontinental course over which thousands, yes millions, would later fly.

WHEN the first man to alight got out and stretched himself I noticed that he looked all around—casually but none the less searchingly. I walked toward him and said "Are you looking for a taxicab?" He said "Yes". Then I replied "I have the only one on the field and it's yours if you want it." He said "Are you with the Associated Press?"

"No."

"Either of the newspapers?"

"No, sir."

"Who are you?"

"Just a salesman from Chicago consumed with curiosity to see just what I have seen."

Then he said "My name is Breckenridge—Colonel Breckenridge—and this is Major Lanphier." The Major, dressed in golf togs, was unloading two suit cases. I was happy to be of some service and carried the luggage into the hangar.

Lindbergh, at the controls, sat motionless while the ship was rolled into the hangar and the hangar doors closed. After skilled mechanics had made a thorough inspection I noticed that Lindbergh himself took a flashlight and went over every inch of the fuselage, the motor—everything! That is one of the really characteristic things about him which explains his usual and complete success. He is not a "stunt artist" but in the execution of his plans he does startling things—all of them reasonable and logical.

After looking over his ship I was introduced to him. Colonel Breckenridge explained that the party would ride in my taxi and I was asked to go out and sit in the taxicab. Then Colonel Breckenridge followed, sitting opposite me, and Major Lanphier sat opposite Colonel Lindbergh.

As we started off and got fairly well down the road Lindbergh asked where his map case was. It had not been removed from the ship so we turned back. At no time did Colonel Lindbergh or the other members of his party show any desire to exchange my rickety taxi for luxurious cars, several of which were placed at their disposal by hopeful and prominent citizens. As we rode into town the first question Colonel Lindbergh asked was "What news from the 'Italia'?" I told him it was still lost. Major Lanphier wanted to know the baseball scores and Colonel Breckenridge was interested in the Chrysler-Dodge merger which was announced that day.

On the way in Colonel Lindbergh said "We will not want the best rooms at the Hotel Lassen, Major—just plain rooms with bath."

As I left my distinguished friends at the hotel entrance I was very happy to accept the thanks of each member of the party individually and I formed an opinion then, which I still hold, that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is every inch a gentleman and entitled to the privilege of every other American citizen—the right to mind his own business and live his own life in his own way.

Although I was a total stranger to all three, Colonel Lindbergh and his friends accepted my chance hospitality with the same gratitude and appreciation I would have expressed under similar circumstances, had our places been reversed.

IT WOULD be a gracious act on the part of all Americans to let the Colonel and his family now live as simply and freely as they wish. They have proved their appreciation of public affection—now let us give them their individual rights to personal happiness. Why people should expect him to be "on parade" all the time I do not know and I am mighty glad that I had a first hand opportunity to see how he meets ordinary people with whom he is not in any way previously acquainted.

There you have it—some people do get the breaks just like Mr. Weintz. He can tell you more details he didn't write down here because he didn't want to have anyone think he wanted to call any special attention to himself. He said:

"When they started upstairs Colonel Lindbergh came back, shook hands with me, called me by name and remembered to pronounce it correctly—although hardly anybody else ever did."

JUST because Lindbergh comes to mind again through his Radio broadcast a whole grist of interesting incidents might be mentioned. A good friend of Radio Digest who was very close to the activities preceding the flight of the Spirit of St. Louis told how Lindy inspired the men who financed the flight. He has been described as coldly calculating but one of the things he requested was that the judge would withhold the actual decree of incorporation until "the Spirit was in the air headed for France". His wish was solemnly complied with.

"At lunch the next day," says our correspondent, "a group of us gathered with

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Lindbergh Honors Radio

By Jesse S. Butcher

Director of Public Relations
Columbia Broadcasting System

WHAT seemed to interest Col. arles A. Lindbergh st in the Columbia oadcasting System dios in New York the occasion of his st formal Radio k on August 8th s the master con- l room and the par- ular push button on sounds effects ma- ine which he was ormed would sim- ate the sound of an plane. What inter- ed us, on the other nd, was the fact at he was familiar th Radio programs d had his favorites en as you and I.

His maiden talk mpleted, the final und of his voice ving died away on e microphone, this teresting young man gerly accepted an vitation to study e background of an terprise which car- es amusement, edu- tion and news and orts sidelights to e millions. There as something re- eshing in the intelli- ent questions his ur developed.

This interlude of ecreation followed e Colonel's formal ebut on the air, the ebut of one of the orld's most interest- g personalities. Once r twice before only, uring receptions and dinners which he at- ended after his flight from New York to aris in 1927, did he speak a word or two nformally. This, however, was his first cheduled, formal appearance. He had ad many invitations to speak over the ir in the past, but with that modesty which characterizes him and that well-known dislike for focusing attention on himself rather than on aviation, to the furtherance of which he has set himself, he had repeatedly declined these offers. When the time arrived that he felt he had something constructive to say over the air, he was not adverse to using this medium for reaching the greatest number of people.



Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh

That time came early in August shortly after he had sent a memorandum on international aviation to the League of Nations, which memorandum the League made public to the press of the world. Feeling that through elaboration he could enforce the strength of his views on this far-reaching subject, he elected Radio as his aid and accepted the invitation of the C. B. S.

IN ORDER to reach various parts of the world at a convenient time, the suggestion was made to Col. Lindbergh that he deliver his address twice—the first at 4:25 P.M. New York time (9:25 P.M. London time) for the benefit of British and Continental listeners over the international telephone circuit of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and short wave W2XE of the Columbia System; the second broadcast at 11 P.M. New York time for the edification of the Radio audience in the United States and Canada, this also to be carried by W2XE, for listeners in Australia and South America. He readily agreed. So far as known, this was the first occasion that a speaker has repeated a talk to meet the time requirements of other countries.

(*Continued on page 122*)



Arthur Allen as "David"



Uncle ABE

Quaint New Englander in the Big City Brings from the Atlantic

By Wade

ONE languid afternoon not very long ago, a National Broadcasting Company continuity writer was seated in a New York barber shop treating himself to the infrequent luxury of a much-needed manicure.

Said the young lady across the white enamel table:

"By the way, do you happen to know Uncle Abe, in this new Radio sketch about the two rural characters?

"Why, you mean Abe, of Uncle Abe and David. Of course I know him. Uncle Abe is Phil Lord, who not only plays the part of the New England store keeper, but writes the show as well."

"Well, he's certainly a rube, all right," rejoined the young lady of the finger bowl and buffer. "He was in here the other day, and you can take it or leave it, he never had a manicure before in his life."

The continuity writer smiled knowingly, and made no comment. He knew something about Phil Lord's method of gathering material, and had his own suspicions concerning the dark purpose of that visit to the manicure.

But perhaps the young lady's assumption wasn't so far wrong, at that. True, even the most sophisticated New Yorker would scarcely accuse Phil Lord of outward rusticity. In speech, dress, or manner there's nothing of the conventional "rube" about Phillips H. Lord, college graduate and erstwhile school teacher. Yet those who know him say that he hasn't changed very much since the day two years ago when he stood before the planning board of NBC and half jestingly described himself as "a country boy, just trying to get along in the big city."

In those days, Phil Lord was an unknown, with a deep-rooted belief in an idea. And he was telling the designers of network features about that idea, describing his first nebulous plan to build a program around the homely, sincere "hymn sings" which are so characteristic a part of the religious life in northern New England communities. Today that idea, embodied in "Sunday at Seth Parker's," has become the common property of millions. But Phil Lord is unaltered, still as close as ever to the "Down East" folks he has created, still just the country boy trying to get along in the big city.

And now has come "Uncle Abe and David," Phil Lord's latest exploration among the New England personalities whom he loves so well. In this new venture, the creator of Seth Parker conceived

and

DAVID

nd their Adventures Chuckles to Listeners o the Pacific

E. Arnold

e program idea, and develops the situations and rites the script. The role of David in the nightly dventures of the two New England store keepers is aken by Arthur Allen, whose "Down East" portraits Soconyland Sketches and in the old Re-told Tales eries have made him perhaps the best known character ctor on the air.

It was inevitable that at some time Phil Lord and rthur Allen would work together. When Seth arker first came on the air, Allen was already estabshed as one of Radio's outstanding actors. A native f upstate New York, he instantly recognized the auenticity and simple sincerity which marked the new unday night program. In fact, he prophesied a great uture for "Sunday at Seth Parker's" long before he new its author.

Many months passed. Then one day, in the casual lbow rubbing among artists at the NBC studios, Phil Lord and Arthur Allen met. They discovered heir mutual admiration. Phil Lord, it developed, had been an ardent follower of every broadcast in which Allen appeared. They struck it up immediately, exchanging anecdotes and laughing reminiscences of he "Down East" types they knew. Lord, the practical organizer, suddenly remarked:

"Did it ever occur to you that we might make a good team?"

ALLEN musingly agreed, and there the matter rested. The plan to do something together on the air incubated for many months, and Allen almost forgot about it. Then the opportunity to build a team program came suddenly to Lord, and his first impulse was to call Allen. A few weeks later, radio listeners were sitting around the cracker barrel of Everybody's Equiperies, the general store in Skowhegan, Maine, while Uncle Abe Stetson and David Simpson, the proprietors, drawlingly discussed their plans for the vacation in New York which they had been deferring for thirty long years.

Uncle Abe and David have been in the metropolis long enough by this time to be feeling quite urbane and sophisticated. Their days have been full of strange experiences, and the big city has, at times,



Phillips Lord as "Abe"



shown a disposition to laugh at or lose its patience with the two "Down East" rustics. But the retired proprietors of Everybody's Equiperies always come up smiling, to give the lie to the old adage, "you can't teach an old dog new tricks". And each night they tell their listeners about it over two National Broadcasting Company networks.

Lord, the author, and Allen, who frequently suggests ideas and situations, have found that writing a script each day necessitates a somewhat new technique in conception of their material. It's a matter of keeping their eyes constantly open, recognizing possible situations in the bustling routine of everyday life, rather than sitting down with furrowed brow and conjuring up funny scenes.

For example, when faced with the story of the perplexed manicurist, Lord grinningly admitted the ulterior purpose of his visit.

"SURE, I asked her all the silly questions I could think of. Of course I confessed I'd never had a manicure before in my life. It had just occurred to me as I passed the shop that Uncle Abe's reactions to a manicure might be amusing."

Or another instance: Allen was walking along a crosstown street in New York when he chanced to notice the one-way traffic signs for automobiles.

"Well, now, as David Simpson," he drawled to himself, "I'd probably guess that those signs were meant for me—that I'm not allowed to walk on these sidewalks except in one direction." The idea was incorporated in Lord's plans for future sketches.

Being thus on the alert for dramatic situations implies a thorough-going knowledge of the characters of Uncle Abe and David. Lord and Allen early realized this necessity. At dinner together, swapping anecdotes, conversing frequently in character, they've discussed them, given them logical histories and backgrounds, even developed to a fine point the personalities of the folks in the family circles of the two men.

Abe is a bachelor. David is a widower. Despite their partnership of thirty years they've preserved with Yankee stubbornness the contrasting elements in their dispositions. Abe is easy-going, affable, unruffled. David is nervous, excitable and curious, forever prying into the new and unknown. Abe is generous to a fault, always giving the preacher 20 per cent discount on merchandise from the store, and paying the difference out of his own pocket. David, in contrast, is the dickerer, the shrewd Yankee master of the hard-driven bargain.

Uncle Abe is thoughtful, quiet, and a great admirer of his name-sake, Abraham Lincoln. David is vital and energetic, invariably eager to take charge in any situation; but his managerial bent doesn't always please Abe. Witness David's confident assumption of authority on their trip down to New York: the spry and busy partner unloaded them at a station which he insisted was Gotham's Grand Central—and it turned out to be Springfield!

Then there's Aunt Bertha, the nemesis, the symbol of their Puritan conscience, who has railed all along against the stupid folly of these two old youngsters setting out at their age for a spree in the city.

Most network sketches depicting rural programs on the air have presented the characters in their native environments. In Uncle Abe and David, Phillips Lord has deliberately made a new departure. Taken out of their "Down East" village at the age of sixty-odd, the two old cronies may, at times, react to strange metropolitan situations in a manner which seems almost burlesque. But burlesque is far from Lord's conception of the comedy.

"I'M MERELY trying to depict," he says "the way in which these two lovable old rustics, 'ducks out of water,' so to speak, might behave in a new environment."

Both Lord and Allen are fervid exponents of genuineness and integrity in Radio characterizations. In fact, it was this conviction which brought Lord into Radio. I was his resentment of the conventional vaudeville "hayseed" sort of rural characterization which really inspired "Sunday a Seth Parker's."

Allen, too, learned early the importance of making his Radio character real. During his first Radio performance he noticed that absence of make-up, costume and stage setting place the Radio actor under a handicap. So when he received more parts, he took each script home and laboriously rehearsed the roles with action and stage business. Absolute authenticity in voice, accent, situation and dialogue is the aim of Uncle Abe and David.

Phrases like "gosh all hemlock" and "by crackie" are sore points with Phil Lord. He always winces when he hears them, because he knows that country people don't use these vaudeville versions of rural dialect. But, occasionally, in conversation at the NBC Studios, a "by crackie" or "gol durn it" creeps into the speech of some city dweller who wishes to impress Uncle Abe with his own knowledge of "Down East" life.

"I'd like to drive these burlesque idioms



"Gotcha now, David" says Uncle Abe (left)

of the popular consciousness," Lord
res. "And I think that my Radio
ches have been successful because I
fully steer clear of such expressions.
e times my situations may be over-
n a mite for the sake of dramatic
hasis. But I try at all times to make
reactions and dialogue authentic—
lutely true to life."
deed. Phil Lord's scripts are veritable
saries of New England colloquialisms.
wants to preserve the picturesque—
sometimes eloquent—expressions of
l Maine.
Here are a few of the descriptive ad-
ives and similes which add color to



David: "Well, I swan."

Down East' speech," says Lord. "One
requently hears these old characters us-
ng 'smart', 'spry', 'slick', 'yearling', or
kinky'. Among the comparisons one
ears: 'It's worse than being sick a-bed
n the wood box'; fat's butter'; 'fat's a
ick'; 'pale's a dish washer'; or 'as accom-
nodating as a hog on ice', the point of
his last being that a hog on slippery ice
an be easily caught.

"Oh, the list of priceless 'Down East'
idioms is endless," Uncle Abe continues,
warming to his favorite topic. "They
frequently say, 'excited as a cat at a prayer meeting of mice'; 'madder 'n' snakes at haying time', (because of the scythes and mowing machines); 'no bigger 'n' a pint of cider'; 'poor's poverty in a gale of wind'; 'so stupid he don't know enough to lap salt'; or 'six of one and half dozen of the other'."

Then too, Uncle Abe and David episodes are full of references to quaint New England institutions, and sometimes these allusions have amusing results.

For example, in a sketch not so very long ago, Uncle Abe complained to David that it's impossible to find old-fashioned sulphur matches in the big city. Almost over night, boxes and cartons of sulphur matches began pouring into the studios from sympathetic listeners. How so many had been hoarded, Lord couldn't imagine. But a mischievous means of using them occurred to him. He happened to recall that sulphur matches give off a decidedly noxious fume. So he decided to use them in lighting pipes and cigarettes for his friends around the studios. The first victims found burning fumes mixing unpleasantly in their tobacco smoke, and it wasn't long until "no smoking" rules were in order when Lord was around.

A party of New Yorkers relayed this anecdote to Phil Lord and Arthur Allen after returning from a motor trip through New England. On one of their side trips, they had drawn up to the curb of the principal thoroughfare in Skowhegan, Maine, and asked a lone pedestrian why the streets were so deserted.

The man grinned. "You never find anyone on the streets at this time of day," he explained. "Folks are all inside, listenin' in on the radio to Uncle Abe and David. Don't you know this is their home town?"

Which incident Phil Lord regards as sufficient testimony in itself to bind him to his credo of radio craftsmanship.

Lord and Allen are both glad to have joined Amos 'n' Andy, Phil Cook, and the other features which have adapted the "two-a-day" vaudeville routine to Radio.

"Despite the hard labor involved, I'm enthusiastic about the daily sketch on the air," Lord says. "This business of dropping in on folks each evening makes us feel as though we were next-door neighbors to millions. It's more intimate than the weekly program."

Allen says that playing two performances a day has made him "audience conscious" for the first time since he became a Radio actor. Or perhaps we should say, it's made him "geography conscious." At 6:45 o'clock, when Uncle Abe and David are playing to New York and the eastern area, he feels that the audience is close at hand; he has an intimate, "across the footlights" feeling. However at 11:15, when they're broadcasting over the more remote middle western network—

"WELL," says Allen, "I feel they're so far away, I almost ought to talk louder into the microphone."

In the studio, unlike Amos 'n' Andy, they use solo microphones, because of the vastly different manner in which they address the instrument. Engineers have found that each must be monitored separately. And as the second hand creeps around toward their "curtain time," and the announcer adjusts his headphone and awaits the program cue, Lord and Allen as individuals exchange the characteristics of Uncle Abe and David. Lord is the nervous, excitable member of the team, attentive to every detail, wondering if Allen has the right script, if the microphone placement is right, and Allen, who in a moment will be the busy, nervous David to Radio listeners, lolls back in his chair, the picture of untroubled indifference.

And so they continue to rollick through their daily adventures — Phillips Lord, farm-reared boy from Maine, graduate of Bowdoin College, who at 28 is one of Radio's best known character actors and authors; and Arthur Allen, product of up-state New York, graduate of Oberlin College in Ohio, and veteran of stock, Broadway and Radio.

Jerry Buckley

Radio's First

MARTYR



NIGHTLY, the Great Common Herd in Detroit bows its head to the memory of a voice.

Weeks have passed now since Gerald E. (Jerry) Buckley, WNBC radio announcer and political commentator, was shot down at 1:50 a. m. in the lobby of the LaSalle Hotel. He had gone there because a woman's voice had asked him to come. In Jerry's work, that of relieving the suffering of the poor and the exposition of crime, many people wished to talk with him. This phone call was just like many others he received daily.

WEEKS have passed, but Jerry's memory is none the less green to the thousands of Detroiters who loved to class themselves in the group Buckley called his "Common Herd." Weeks have passed and still the public letter boxes in the newspapers are filled with letters from his admirers, praising him, defending him from those who would stain his character, demanding that his killers be found and punished.

Jerry Buckley died at the close of Detroit's recent bitterly fought recall election when the voters said they no longer wanted Mayor Charles Bowles in office. During the campaign the radio announcer, in his comments, talked much of crime and placed much blame on the administration. There are those who see his death as the direct result of this free speech, this fearless uncovering of crime and criminals.

But Jerry Buckley was known long before the recall election served to make him the possible target of gunmen. He was known as the man who was a friend to the poor, who sought out the hungry and fed them, the man who clothed th ragged and warmed the homes of th freezing. His was a life of service.

There is the story of the $5 gold piec for instance.

His friends knew that Jerry had ca ried a $5 gold piece in his pocket fo months. At his death the story came ou Early in his relief work, during a winte marked by much distress and sufferin



They all come—men, women and children — to bow at the bier of their friend

The voice that was heard nightly over WMBC in Detroit has been forever stilled by an assassin's bullet, but the memory of a man who died for a cause lives in the minds of hosts of friends

▲

By Robert L. Kent

Special Correspondent, RADIO DIGEST

aged couple, celebrating an anniversary, nt Jerry one of the $5 gold coins which ıd been sent them by friends.

"Use this as you see fit," a note which companied the coin, said.

He saw many ways to use the money. ı the usual Jerry fashion, there flashed cross his mind a picture of a destitute ıother and five ragged little youngsters ho had not had enough food for a long time. To think was to act with Jerry.

Bringing the family in a taxi to the store, Jerry saw that they were outfitted from head to foot. Then came time to pay the bill. Jerry called the manager over and told him the story of the $5 gold piece. He offered it as "payment on account."

The manager listened gravely and then the coin dropped back into Jerry's pocket.

Thus for many weeks the magic gold piece bought many things for those who needed them—yet it remained always with Jerry—a lucky coin for the needy.

Then came the recall election. Up until this time the power of radio in elections had not been given great consideration. Jerry talked with the candidates and proved to them that the sound of their voices would go into many homes where they might otherwise be unknown. The Bowles forces and the opposition began buying time. Speeches began.

THIS tame approach to the voter's hearth lasted only a short time, however. Soon charges and counter charges began to literally fly through the air. More skeletons than the great common people had heard in years began shaking their bones. The veteran politician, Robert Oakman, and the Bowles lieutenant, John Gillespie, became quite personal in their remarks over the Radio.

Radio had become a real force in political campaigns. The people heard and reasoned and decided of their own accord. In the thick of this fight was Jerry Buckley. Each night at 6 o'clock he talked to his "Common Herd", telling them of the sweep crime was making in the city, telling them of the unemployment, poverty, suffering that might be prevented if the administration so willed.

He was very happy when the voters decided against Bowles. He felt that he had acted for the benefit of the people whom he loved. And then, less than two hours after he received the news which gave

(*Continued on page 108*)



The Langthwaite Pearls

She Started Out to Elope, then Her Maid, the Man and the Family Jewels Vanished — It was a Big Job for a Good Detective

By

J. S. Fletcher



Drawing a cobwebby handkerchief she burst into tears.

KILLINGSLEY, my one clerk, had just come back from his lunch. I heard him moving about in his room—the first of the three rooms in which I carried on my business in Jermyn Street. As for myself I was reading a new essay on certain characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte; it was clever, and in many respects original, and I had no wish to be disturbed.

Killingsley came in a moment later.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," he said.

"In the usual way, Killingsley," I said, rising.

Now, I had a habit, during the comparatively short time in which I carried on this business of taking care to see my clients before they saw me. I have said that I occupied three rooms; the first was used by Killingsley as a sort of office, and contained an American roll-top desk, a typewriter, and Killingsley's collection of light literature; the second was fixed up as a luxurious waiting room; the third was my own apartment. And between it and the second was a cunningly devised and quite secret arrangement by which I, unseen, could take minute stock of any person who called upon me.

Often I kept my clients waiting impatiently in that room while I watched and studied them; I was all the more ready for them when I admitted them into my presence.

I was at my port of vantage when Killingsley ushered a lady into the waiting-room. A tall woman of perfect figure and distinguished carriage, and I learned much in one minute from her movements. She examined her surroundings as a caged thing might look around its den; impatiently she turned over and tossed about the newspapers and magazines which lay on the table, impatiently she kept glancing at the door which led to my room. From the quickness of her movements I knew that she was young, impetuous, and ardent; from her impatience I knew that she was much agitated.

I stepped to my door, had opened it, and was bowing to her before she was aware of my presence. She passed me quickly with a slight, somewhat condescending nod, and, entering my room, sank into the easy chair which I placed for her.

"I am at your service, madam," I said quietly. "But perhaps I had better explain that I never undertake any commission until I am made aware of my client's identity."

She sat for a moment in silence, her slender fingers, perfectly gloved, tapping the arms of her chair.

"I am the Countess of Langthwaite,"



Leaping to her feet she looked at me as if it would have given her the greatest pleasure to drive a dagger through my heart

she began. "I understand, Mr. Campenhaye, that whatever is said to you is said in the strictest confidence. That is so?"

"Whatever is told me by my clients, Lady Langthwaite, is regarded by me as sacred," I answered. "But in return I expect my clients to tell me the plain, literal truth, even to the merest detail."

"I—I suppose I had better begin at the beginning," she said. "And now since you know who I am you will know that we —that Lord Langthwaite has a place in Yorkshire."

I nodded.

"I left Langthwaite at nine o'clock this morning on my way to town, and arrived at King's Cross just after one o'clock," she continued. "My maid, Antoinette Marcel, was with me. I left Antoinette in the station—she was to lunch in the refreshment room. She had with her some smaller luggage, bags, and—my jewel case.

"I left the hotel at a few minutes to two and crossed to the station," she went on. "In the booking hall I passed a porter who had charge of my trunks. He

told me that Antoinette had left the smaller bags with him, and had gone to the refreshment room. I went there to find her—she was not there. Nor could I find her anywhere about the station."

"Of course the jewel-case had disappeared with Antoinette," I said. "But please tell me the rest, Lady Langthwaite."

"THERE is nothing, or scarcely anything to tell," she said. "Of course Antoinette had the jewel-case. That is why I came to you. I want to—I must recover it!"

"Naturally!" I remarked. "I suppose you informed the station people and the police at once?"

"No-o," she faltered. "I—I was advised not to do so."

"Now, Lady Langthwaite," I said, settling down to work, "you will bear in mind that you are to tell me everything. And, first of all, who advised you not to mention your loss to the railway authorities and the police?"

"A—a friend," she replied.

"Man or woman?" I asked.

"A—a man," she answered, still more reluctantly.

"Who must have had strong reasons for giving such extraordinary advice," I commented. "However, we will leave that for the moment. Now, what did the jewel-case contain?"

At this question the Countess almost wrung her hands, her beautiful eyes became suffused with unshed tears.

"Oh!" she answered. "It is terrible to think of! It contained five thousand pounds in bank-notes. I don't mind the loss of the money at all. But it also contained all my jewelry—all. And—and the family jewels." Her voice faded.

"Not — not the famous Langthwaite pearls!"

I almost shouted.

She bent her head, and I thought she was going to burst out crying.

"Yes!" she whispered. "Yes!"

"Of course you have communicated with Lord Langthwaite?" I said. "You would wire to him at once?"

She shook her head miserably, despairingly. Her hands quivered.

"No!" she answered. "No, Mr. Campenhaye."

"And why have you not communicated with the Earl, Lady Langthwaite?" I asked.

She made an effort, and at last faced me resolutely.

"Because, Mr. Campenhaye, I was running away from him!" she answered.



The Earl of Langthwaite entered.

It has always been one of my greatest ambitions to be able to preserve an unmoved countenance under any circumstances, and I flatter myself that I usually do so. But I must have betrayed the most intense surprise, not to say utter astonishment, on this occasion, for my beautiful client suddenly turned crimson, and drawing out a cobwebby handkerchief, burst into genuine and abundant tears. I rose from my chair.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Langthwaite," I said gently. "I will leave you for a little while."

I got up and went into the next room. As I stood there, waiting until her ladyship had got the better of her emotion, I rapidly memorized all that I knew of her and her husband, and applied my recollections to the present situation.

WILLIAM GUY CARTER-JOHNSTONE, sixth Earl of Langthwaite, was a pretty well-known man. Tall and clean-shaven, with the face of an ascetic and a pair of the most piercing black eyes I have ever seen, Lord Langthwaite was about forty-eight years of age.

It had often been said of him that he was never going to marry, but three years previously he had suddenly taken to wife the daughter of a north country clergyman. Whether it was a mutual love-affair Society was not permitted to know; as the

degroom was forty-five and the bride rcely twenty, Society thought not. wever that may have been, there was no ubt that the Earl of Langthwaite was



passionately fond of his young wife, whom he introduced to the world of fashion with great pride.

And this was the lady who sat weeping in my room!

I went back after a decent interval and found Lady Langthwaite composing herself.

"I beg your pardon," she said, dabbing her eyes. "I am very sorry, Mr. Campenhaye."

"We must see what can be done," I said, resuming my seat.

"Now, Lady Langthwaite, let us be business-like. Tell me the truth—all the truth. You say you were running away from your husband. Why were you running away from him?"

"Because—because our temperaments clash," she answered with some hesitation.

"I see. And usually, in these cases, one finds that there is some one with whose temper one's own is compatible," I suggested.

She hung her head and twisted the damp handkerchief.

"I suppose that is so in your case, Lady Langthwaite?" I said.

"Yes," she murmured.

"And I suppose that is the gentleman whom you met at the Great Northern Hotel?" I said, watching her narrowly.

She nodded but said nothing.

"Lady Langthwaite," I said. "You will have to tell me his name if I am to help you."

She glanced at me quickly, hesitated, and hung her head again while her fingers tugged nervously at the handkerchief.

"Captain Molesworth," she said at last.

I betrayed no surprise there, at any rate. But I made a mental contrast between the worth of Lord Langthwaite and the utter worthlessness of Captain Molesworth, whose reputation was known to me.

"Then of course it was Captain Molesworth who sent you to me?" I said.

She nodded an affirmative.

"And counselled you not to tell the police and the railway people?" I continued.

"He said it would not be wise until I had seen you," she answered.

I considered a good many things in a remarkably short space of time, having more on my mind than the mere finding of Mademoiselle Antoinette and the jewel-case.

"DOES Captain Molesworth know what was in the jewel-case?" I asked.

She looked at me with some surprise.

"No-o," she answered. "I told him that it contained the bank-notes and my own personal jewelry, but I did not tell him about the—the pearls."

"But you were—or are—running away with Captain Molesworth," I pointed out. "Why bring the family pearls—heirlooms?"

She almost tore her handkerchief at that, and her face expressed something like physical pain.

"Don't torture me, please!" she exclaimed. "What am I to do—what is to be done? I dare not—dare not tell Lord Langthwaite—it would kill me!"

"Dare not tell him—what, Lady Langthwaite? That you have lost the pearls or that you were running away with Captain Molesworth?" I asked, watching her keenly.

She made no answer to that, but regarded me as if I, and I alone, were the arbiter of her fate.

"I am wondering," I continued, "if we cannot work out a little plan which will save the situation. Can you not go to Lord Langthwaite, invent some little story of a sudden necessity for coming to town, and of bringing the pearls with you for safety? Then we might get the police to work in a search for your maid."

She pondered this proposition for a moment and then shook her head.

"Lord Langthwaite would not believe that Antoinette had stolen the jewel-case," she said. "We had implicit faith in Antoinette—she has been with me ever since—since I was married."

"BUT Antoinette and the jewel-case are missing," I said. "Now, tell me this—did your maid know that you were running away?"

"No! No!" she answered.

"Did she know the precise contents of the jewel-case?" I asked.

The Countess shook her head.

"No?" I continued. "She would merely think, then, that it contained just the ordinary amount of jewelry with which you travel usually, which would not be much—that is, in comparison with what really was in the jewel-case."

"Yes," she answered.

"Lady Langthwaite," I said suddenly, a new idea having occurred to me, "where did you get those bank-notes?"

"From the bank of Saxonstowe yesterday," she answered. "The Saxonstowe and Normanchester Bank, where I have an account."

"Of course, you haven't the numbers of the notes?" I suggested. "No, I thought not—fortunately, the bankers will have them."

And I seized a telegram form and wrote out a message.

The message was in Lady Langthwaite's name, and requested her bankers to wire her at once the numbers of the notes. I went out and sent Killingsley off with it; and then returned to ask her a few more questions.

"When, Lady Langthwaite, did you mention to Captain Molesworth, that you

(*Continued on page 109*)

The Pickards

Rollicking Folksongs of Merry Mountaineers Reveal Henry Ford as Jews Harp Virtuoso

By Garnett Laidlaw Eskew

IF RADIO had done nothing else than preserve to us and make familiar to the general listening public certain old songs and other music which would otherwise have fallen into oblivion, it would have justified its existence. And chief among the various classes of this good music which radio has preserved to us is the American folksong. Folksongs constitute an important part of our native music.

All of this merely leads up to Dad Pickard—head of The Pickards. And if you don't know who the Pickards are you may assure yourself that you have missed something worth the time it takes to tune in on the NBC network every Friday at 8:05 EST. That is the hour the Pickards put on their show. The Pickards are honestly all one family. Dad Pickard, who was christened Obediah; Mrs. Pickard; Bub, who is Obediah junior; Ruth, whose nick name is simply Sis, and baby Anne. In other words, Dad, Mother and the three children, all one family, Tennessee born and bred, "fotched up" in all the wholesome traditions of that more-or-less isolated section of Tennessee made familiar by the old Maxwell house, tales of the redoubtable John Sevier, and the city of Nashville.

It is a section settled by pioneers of the purest Anglo-Saxon and French Huguenot stock. To a remarkable degree the states of Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas have retained their racial homogeneity—particularly in the mountain sections. And it is in such regions as these that the folksongs and ballads flourish. By the same token—since these lovely old folksongs and ballads have depended for their existence upon being handed down through generations by word of mouth, sung on winter nights before the fire or on summer nights under the stars—they must of necessity have shortly passed away as civilization advanced. But there is where radio and radio artists such as Dad Pickard, from Tennessee, who know and love the old ballads, play the important part referred to at the beginning of this article.



Dad Pickard, Ma Pickard and the younger Pickards who bring the simple home songs of the South to millions of Americans over the NBC Network

For the ballads and folksongs of the South can now be held and kept inviolate for future generations—something that, without radio, would have been impossible.

What is a folksong? What is a ballad? For the most part a folksong or ballad is a type of song which grows up in countries that have old traditions back of them. America would have none to boast of had not the early settlers from England or France brought them over. Others have grown up in this country from those early importations.

But we were talking of Dad Pickard and his family. Dad says he has a repertoire of 5,000 old-time songs from his native southern haunts! In this vast array of "program

(*Cont. on page 116*)



Gene Carroll (left) and Glenn Rowell work out a script for their mirthful skit, Jake and Lena.

GENE *and* GLENN

Famous Lullaby Songsters Return to WTAM as Jake and Lena— Combination Represents Strange Working of Fate in Radio Romance

By Hal Metzger

SEPTEMBER, "harvest month" in Charlemagne's calendar, may be fruitful of many things up and down this broad land, but to thousands of Radio listeners throughout America it meant the return to the air over WTAM, Cleveland, of that famous team of playboys Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell.

Even as this is being written, Gene and Glenn, together with "Jake" and "Lena", have been growing bronzed and clear of eye under a Michigan sun and breeze at their summer camp.

The return of Gene and Glenn to WTAM for the fall and winter seasons brings the inevitable question to the lips of all Gene and Glenn fans, "What will 'Jake' and 'Lena' do this season?" During the past winter and spring the quartette of Gene, Glenn, "Jake" and "Lena" probably drew more listeners from early morning beds and kept more evening engagements in abeyance than any other program on the air in this section.

A FEW years ago had some one approached these two boys and hinted that the days were not far distant when they should be classified as one of the greatest acts on the air, they would have howled with laughter, even as they now are given to slight incredulity when attempting to visualize the magnitude of their success.

Today Gene and Glenn have become almost that which borders upon a cult. To speak disdainfully or indifferently to a Gene and Glenn fan is the same as offering personal insult. A Radio listener who confesses that he has not heard of Gene and Glenn, unless he be beyond the confines of a reasonable reception, is regarded in the same light as one who has spent the major portion of his life in some far land or dungeon and who for the first time gazes upon the advancements of civilization.

Success begets a tremendous intrusion into the personal life of a Radio artist. "How did they accomplish this, where did they emanate from, how do they live, what do they look like and what chance is there of seeing them in person?" the listeners demand. Reverse the tablet marked "present" to that faint indication marked "past" and the wealth of material concerning Gene and Glenn is so alarming that one's sense of selection is challenged.

The scene is Chicago, the time the late 00's. The Carroll family looked at the tiny bit of wistful humanity in his mother's arms and decided that Gene was to be his name. Gene possessed all the idiosyncrasies of any child.

HE REFUSED to like vegetables and created a scene if forgotten where dainties were to be had. But the boy Gene looked at the blue overhead and at his playmates with a look of conjecture in his eye. His treasures were not a baseball and air gun, but rather a small mouth organ and jew's harp. Boy friends attempting to induce him to come along swimming only received a negative shake of the head as with cheeks full blown he continued to wail odd tunes on his favorite instrument. He had an infinite respect for the curly-haired brown-eyed girl who lived next door. Together these children of five passed long hours away in understanding silence, the autumn leaves and the more subdued delights of childhood. Gene the boy was already developing into Gene the showman. He had a natural bent for the "make believe" and looks back with pride to the time he played "Cobweb" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Hence from the past do we trace his aptitude for portraying the feminine role of "Lena" today.

Years passed and when the curtain lifts again we find Gene Carroll touring the country in musical comedy and vaudeville.

Glenn, portly, with a perpetual smile hovering about his lips and eyes, grinned at his parents from the cradle in the town of Pontiac, Illinois. As a boy he flew kites, knocked a baseball through the neighbor's window and was soundly thrashed for his pains and gave his parents much concern until the age of thirteen when it became known that he was blessed with a soprano voice of unusual beauty. The knowledge of this probably came as much of a surprise to thirteen year old Glenn as to Mr. and Mrs. Rowell. At any rate, Glenn overnight became recognized in the art of music and in addition to voice begged his parents for a violin and later was to take up the piano in serious fashion. School days over he joined a stock company where he gained experience to stand in good stead in Radio.

Both boys, unknown to each other, now were being swiftly brought together by a destiny with which they concerned themselves not at all.

This portion of the tale must needs bring in a third character who, while today he is no longer associated with Gene and Glenn, played some part in their lives, and the person was none other than Ford Rush.

Glenn teamed up with Ford in St. Louis and together they made their debut over WLS. In the two years they were to remain at this station, they gave little thought as to what the future held. They were successful, and what matter the morrow.

A turn in the road brought them into a Chicago theater where their act was featured. Gene Carroll was then touring. One night in the lobby of a western hotel he met an old friend in the show business, and the pair teamed up as Jack and Gene. That unseen guiding hand pulled a string and Jack and Gene one morning found themselves at the doorway of WLS where they were to make their Radio premier. The quartette was brought together at WLW, Cincinnati, but Jack's throat troubled him and he was unable to continue singing. Ford and Glenn, sensing the tragedy, invited Gene to come with them, and when they were heard for the first time over WTAM last year, it was as Gene, Ford and Glenn.

But now Ford tired of the road and Radio. He had purchased a fruit ranch in California and to this he hied himself. The characters of "Jake" and "Lena" created by Gene at this time grew into adult proportions overnight.

Gene finds it difficult to tell the story of "Lena's" derivation. Possessing a voice of unusual inflections, he discovered one night that he had a flare for doing the treble feminine and some one around called his newly created character "Lena."

"Jake" and "Lena" have their roots in the very foundations of the average American family life. Small wonder that they cropped into immediate favor. Added to this, "Jake" found himself in love with "Lena"—in love with all the tempestuous adoration and timidity of the great love, while "Lena", sensing that coyness would bring her more than any other form of procedure, enlivened the plot. Day after day the story grew. Few persons cared to miss an episode in the affair. High comedy, clean and sparkling with homely humor, made the broadcast interesting and approved entertainment for youth as well as adult. The great Radio wedding of the air was celebrated on the night of April 1st and another page in the book brought new highlights to the adventure.

Then, briefly, there is the memorable week when Gene and Glenn playing the RKO Palace Theater at Cleveland, broke all house records up to that time anywhere—drawing capacity audiences.

A personal inventory of Gene and Glenn, their habits, likes and dislikes is occurring in one of WTAM's "green rooms", following an evening's broadcast.

Gene drapes himself across a chair while Glenn slouches on a large divan. Both boys gaze at each other with a supplicating look.

"How old are you, Gene?" the interviewer queries.

"Thirty-three," the answer comes with a slow grin.

"What was your childhood ambition?"

"To be a tightrope walker," comes the reply, sending both boys into gales of laughter.

"What is it now?"

"The same," echoes both.

"What is your favorite amusement, sport or recreation?"

"Tightrope walking," shouted Gene and Glenn.

"Are you superstitious?"

"Yes, falling off a tightrope," answered the creator of "Jake" and "Lena" ducking.

"How do you feel about early morning broadcasts?" the questioner grimly continued.

At this both men dropped their nonsense and became enthusiastic.

"AT FIRST we were a bit dubious," Glenn explained, "but we came to enjoy those hours more than anything we did. It meant getting up at least two hours before the program in order to be in good voice and awake to the situation, but that did not prove a great hardship after we started."

"Anyway Gene reads most of the night, and it did not bother him," Glenn declared.

The life of this celebrated pair of Radio entertainers is constantly tempered with moderation. Golf and automobiles are their only hobbies.

Touchdown!

TED HUSING, premier of all famous grid announcers takes the ol' pig for a smash all the way down the field and plants it square between the pegs.

It's a brilliant flash of his famous Sportslants written especially for you. And you'll find it with pictures and all in the November Radio Digest.

Other good sport subjects in this remarkable Thanksgiving number. Be sure you get your copy of November Radio Digest.



Jeanette MacDonald

A STAR in three firmaments is this fair haired maiden who first plays on the musical comedy stage, then scintillates from the talking pictures and again is heard over the coast to coast lines of the Columbia Broadcasting System. You will perhaps remember Miss MacDonald best in her recent picture, Let's Go Native. She sings from the Los Angeles sector of the system.



Irma Glen

JUST one year ago this charming young Chicagoan (left) won second place in the Radio World's Fair, New York, as the most beautiful entertainer of the air. Perhaps by the time you read these lines she will have won the first prize of 1930. She is heard as pipe organ soloist and in various dramatic sketches at WENR in the Mid-West metropolis.

Helen Nugent

THERE are so many notable programs over which the voice of this charming young woman (right) is heard, to read them is like looking at the complete CBS New York schedule for the day. However, you will recognize Miss Nugent most conspicuously in The Voice of Columbia, Manhattan Modes, Ward's, Mardi Gras, Light Opera and Quiet Harmony.





©Schumacher Studios

Christine Lamb

BUT for Radio it is possible that Miss Lamb's (left) sweet voice might not have been widely known outside the circles of Nashville where she lives and has her being. But the Solemn Old Judge of WSM discovered her and introduced her to the Radio audience and now she has become a person of renown with thousands of unknown admirers writing her daily.

Nell Vinick

MISS VINICK has resumed her beauty talks over the Columbia system from WABC, New York. She states that the modern girl "is not nearly as black as she is painted—nor as pink as she paints herself." In her Lessons in Loveliness to the listener she sometimes presents famous artists such as Alfred Cheney Johnston who made the photo-study of Miss Vinick on the opposite page.





Photo by Eugene Hutchinson

Pat Barnes and Himself

BROADCAST history was made by Pat Barnes who introduced Buck Private on Leave to the Radio audiences and then a score of other successful characters. During the past year he has become most famous for his interviews with Old Timer at WGN, the Chicago Tribune station. The Old Timer is none other than Pat himself as you may note from this double exposure photo.

Mary Worley

SOME historians claim that broadcasting really began in San Diego at about the time this young lady was beginning with her ABC's. So Miss Worley who sings at KFSD in this California town rather grew up with it. Her Friday matinee ballads are especially popular.





Loraine Belmont

THERE is a decided tendency toward the Radio stage on the part of the best talent. At WPAP, Palisades, New Jersey, for instance, may be heard such theatrical notables as Miss Loraine Belmont of the musical comedies Blue Birds, Happyland Girls and A Night in Paris.



Louise Groody

LEAVING Miss Belmont in Jersey we find Miss Groody, famous Broadway headliner, appearing at WEAF in the luxurious studios of the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth avenue. Of course WEAF carries Miss Groody's song through a network of stations all the way to KOMO, Seattle and KFSD, San Diego. Sixty cities a second!



Pluck and Luck

IT TAKES a lotta pluck to stick it out for 360 hours at a stretch in the crotch of an apple tree. But Eebee Landry did it at Oakland, California, and won the Western tree sitting championship. The luck followed when he was visited by Billy Page (right) of the NBC who brought a contract for Eebee to make some money by telling how he did it.

Miggles Champ

THERE'S more competition in the marble shooting contest, and here you see James Lee (left) who won the Eighth National Marble Tournament at Ocean City, N. J., telling the California folks how he did it in another of Billy Page's interviews at the San Francisco NBC studios.



Four Corners

YOU gotta take your hat off to Hi, Si and the Old Home Town Orchestry when you hear 'em spiel over KMOX at St. Louis. Rural Missouri and farm folks all the way up and down the Mississippi valley think they are the best musicians on the air. What if they do hit a sour note now an' then—makes the others sound all the sweeter! Been at it three years now.



Horse Fly

AS YOU travel westward from the Mississippi valley you come to still another type of national music represented here by Horse Fly (left) and His Wranglers, heard nightly from KNX at Hollywood.





Rahmin

ORIENTAL fantasy lends itself admirably to a broadcasting theme. And here we have Rahmin, the beautiful singing slave of the dream maker, Kahlnar, who barters her lovely voice for worn out fancies in the Nissley Dream Shop at WLW, Cincinnati.



Dorothy Harrington

THE Forty Fathom Trawlers is known to the listeners of the two large broadcast chain systems of the country. Many will remember the magnetic voice of the young heroine in the dramatization of the Irving Reis story, The Song of the Deep. It was Miss Harrington—Radio dramatic star of WABC.



ROSS GORMAN (above) is considered one of the most versatile artists on the air. He plays all of these instruments—27 of them—at one time or another during the Lucky Strike program over the NBC network.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE probably has the largest Radio fan audience of any broadcaster in the country, judging from the letters he receives. He plays and croons just now at WLW, Cincinnati. (The WLW staff looks on).



A LIVING voice speaking over a bridge of 156 years was heard by NBC listeners when Zaro Agha, who fought and was wounded in the war Napoleon waged in Egypt, was introduced by Bob "Believe It or Not" Ripley. Zaro has a firm voice and spoke in the Turkish language. His English was limited to "How do you do" and "Good bye". There is a story about him elsewhere in this Radio Digest.



©P & A Studio

Zaro Agha



Around the Samovar

MME. DORA BOESCHER, who comes to America with the training of the Odessa Municipal Opera, is the soloist you hear in that haunting exotic bit called Around the Samovar. They are all Russians in this classic from the New York studios of the Columbia System.

Did you hear

Zaro Agha?

Turk, 156 Years Old, Greets Listeners— Was Soldier Against Napoleon — Fought Against Russia at 103. Now He Enjoys Radio and Has a Taste for Apple Pie

By Mark Quest



Zaro Agha, 156-year-old broadcaster

I HAVE looked into the living face of a man who marched against Napoleon Bonaparte more than a century and a quarter ago. I have received his man's military salute and heard his voice, have asked him questions and received his prompt alert answers for readers of RADIO DIGEST. It seems incredible that such a human being could be alive and traveling jauntily half way round the world in this year of 1930.

Perhaps you too heard the voice of Zaro Agha when he was introduced to millions of American listeners over the network of the National Broadcasting Company last August. You probably did not understand much of what he had to say. He speaks scarcely any English. But you may have recognized the salutations "How do you do" and "Goodby". He was introduced by Bob Ripley of Believe-it-or-Not fame. You could scarcely believe that Zaro Agha would be parading around a microphone after 156 birthdays. But there he was. And you couldn't doubt about his age because the public documents are in existence to prove it.

TURKEY has been using Zaro as a model young man for over a hundred years. He never smoked and he never drank. He swore off on meat about fifty years ago. When he was 103 he reenlisted in the Turkish cavalry. He had seen a lot of fighting and was always ready to fight for his country. While all the other young men of his age some generations ago were taking a new bride every year or so he stuck by his first wife. The harem idea never appealed to him. He has had eleven wives but he only had one at a time and he kept married to the one he had until in the natural course of events death intervened. His last child was born shortly after Zaro had celebrated his ninety-first birthday. The progeny descended from this man—well, anyway he would need all of Madison Square Garden to hold a family reunion.



Zaro is up-to-date in the use of mechanical exercisers. His great-great-great grandson, Ahmet Mussa, beside him.

WHAT is he doing over here? At this writing it seems something of a mystery. Calvin Harris, his American manager, is non-committal. He has a leaning toward Hollywood. Maybe you'll be seeing his name in the bright lights over the picture theatres before the winter is over. His life is insured for $50,000 for five years. The medical examination gave him a blood pressure of a man in his forties.

I met Zaro in a room in the Pennsylvania hotel, New York. One of his great grandsons, Ahmet Mussa, was with him. Ahmet is a slight looking young man but Mr. Harris says he is recognized as one of the best lightweight boxers in the Crescent domain. Ahmet and Assin Redvam, Zaro's interpreter, met me at the door. There was a little hall, then a room with twin beds and there in a comfortable chair by a window that opened onto a court I saw this remarkable patriarch. He arose as I entered. A tall erect figure of a man, sturdy and solid he seemed. His skin was dark and the hair was thin on his head. He smiled a little and brought his hand to his forehead with military snap. Then we shook hands—long lean fingers closed rather loosely over mine.

WE ALL sat down. I knew a little of the ancient's history. He was born in Bitlis, February 16, 1774—a little before the birth of the United States of America. His father had lived to the age of 112, his mother 75.

(*Cont. on page 115*)

Fanatical Frenzy Reaches Its Height and Mary Burton Comes into the Reward of Her Ghastly Fame

Illustrations by
Joseph L. Sabo



By Rupert Hughes

Summary to date:

THEY are all dead now, of course, have been for close onto a couple of centuries. But life was very real and very earnest when a ship brought little Mary Burton and Tom Wilson to old New York in the Forties of the Eighteenth Century.

Bonded to a British sea captain to work out her independence Mary began a bleak existence at the Hughson tavern —a rendezvous for negro slaves brought in by fighting vessels which ravished the Spanish shipping. And Tom left her to join another ship about to sail.

It was nearly two years before he returned and they met again. The Hughsons had become involved in a theft. Hughson's slave, Caesar, had acted on a maudlin story Tom had told of Spanish gold in the store of the Hoggs. Peggy, Caesar's white sweetheart and a member of the Hughson family, had become embittered toward Mary because she remained aloof from her evil associates.

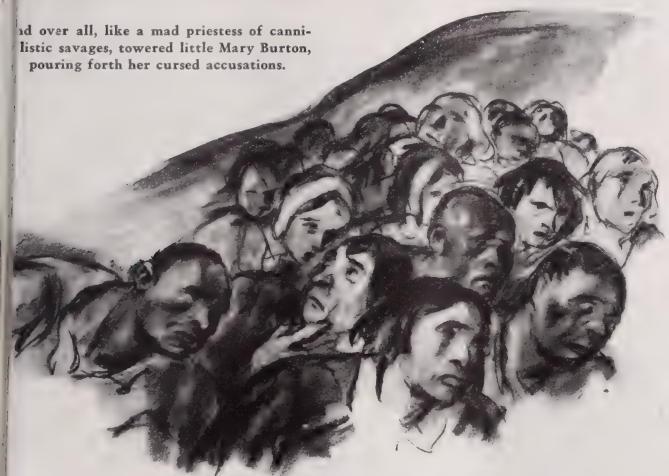
Then came the rumor of a plot on the part of the negroes to burn the homes of their white masters and take possession of the city. Mary Burton was called before the Grand Jury to relate all that she had heard in the Hughson tavern as to the supposed conspiracy. Her stories became embellished with imaginary details. She was the talk of the town. All of her old tormentors were made to suffer execution by fire.

TERROR

Through all of this Mary was thinking
y of Tom Wilson, the boy who had
ne across with her from England.
e watched eagerly for his return.
To substantiate Mary's story the po-
e placed Arthur Price, a sneak-thief,
mingle with the slaves and trick them
o confessions.

d Mr. Hughes continues:

OF COURSE he came forth with a pack of stories so numerous that he had to have a clerk to take



d over all, like a mad priestess of canni-listic savages, towered little Mary Burton, pouring forth her cursed accusations.

hem down. He told how Peggy with nany an oath and much obscenity con-essed her knowledge of the plot, and of ow Hughson's daughter had confessed ers. He brought forth everything his employers sent him in to get.

And they believed him because they must believe him or confess that the whole talk of the conspiracy was the madness of the wise. They must open the jail doors and release as martyrs the objects of their scorn or give credence to the thief. Their choice was no less inevitable for being unjustifiable.

They confronted Peggy with her words as Arthur Price reported them and hinted that she might save her life by confirming his testimony. They promised her a full pardon if she would condemn the others by sworn testimony.

Peggy's alternative was a living death in the swarming dungeons with the gallows as the only outlet, and so in a throe of fatigue and despair she made a confession as good as the best of them.

While she was at it, she might as well destroy her enemies; so she involved John Romme and his wife and few slaves not mentioned before; and described meetings in the Romme shoeshop at which a handful of grandiloquent negroes planned to erect an African kingdom on the embers of New York in the face of the British army and navy. But she cleared her friends the Hughsons of all guilt and denied all knowledge of the ceremonies Mary Burton had described in such detail.

FORTHWITH Margaret Romme and all the negroes Peggy named were arrested and paraded before Mary Burton, who was surprised into admitting that she had seen none of them at Hughson's.

Though Peggy had vowed the innocence of her Caesar, it did him no good, for he and Mr. Auboyneau's Prince were tried for the felony of robbing Mr. Hogg. And they were duly hanged. Caesar dropped in clattering chains.

Both protested that they were innocent as all criminals do—and are, perhaps, in a better sense.

Almost two months had gone now since the slaves had destroyed the governor's house and tried to destroy so many others, and not a single black soul had been punished; so the distraught good people thought it advisable to seek comfort from heaven. The 13th of May was proclaimed as a day of public fasting and humiliation, "the shops were all shut up and persons of all ranks resorted to their respective places of divine worship, and seemed deeply affected with a sense of the calamities which were most likely to awaken us to our duty and a due sense of our demerits."

THUS strengthened and shriven, the judges took up their tasks with a new ardor. They were inspired to action by the arrival of great news from up and across the river. In Hackensack, one morning, seven barns had been found afire at once. Two negroes had been promptly charged with setting them afire. One of them confessed and one denied the guilt; but both of them were tied up and burnt to death with a commendable promptitude.

The citizens of New York nodded their heads. This was the way to put an end to men who started fires—start fires under the men!

The news of the public mood soon reached the jail where the slaves squirmed like fishing worms in a tin can. The can was to be held over live coals. Offensive slaves were generally toasted at the stake and there was a turmoil of mad fright in the strong upper cells of the City Hall. The prisoners began to denounce one another in a last hope of saving themselves from the flames. Some of them, for greater prestige, accused others not yet arrested; and these as they were brought in, sought to curry favor by naming still others still outside. A black boy named a black woman and she another. The judges gave them hints and told them what others had testified and they strained their poor wits to improve upon what their predecessors had contrived. The plot grew and grew until it became a diabolic

scheme more than a year old. Contradictions and absurdities did not disgust the judges. They selected what enhanced the danger and themselves as the rescuers of the doomed populace.

THE constables were worn out with hunting down new prisoners and the jail walls were almost bursting with the swarm. And still the constables went out for them till the murmur rose that all the gentlefolk in town would have to fetch their own tea-water and wash their own linen.

When Peter Jay, John Roosevelt, Adolph Philipse, Catherine Wells and others came in to testify to the good behavior of their slaves and to furnish them with alibis, they were politely bowed out of court as incompetent and the judges went sternly on about their grave duties.

With magnificent eloquence the attorney, Mr. Smith, told how justly the slaves had been tried, and how carefully their testimony weighed. Even though it would have been a profanation to administer the oath to such heathen, they had been warned of the perils of false witness: "The being and perfections of an Almighty, all knowing and just God, and the terrors of an eternal world, have been plainly laid before them and strongly pressed upon them. But, gentlemen, the monstrous ingratitude of this black tribe is what exceedingly aggravates their guilt. I fear, gentlemen, that we shall never be quite safe till that wicked race are under more restraint or their number greatly reduced within this city.

This was the kernel of it all! There must be fewer blacks in town.

Two of the slaves, Quack and Cuffee, on being found guilty were asked "what they had to offer in arrest of judgment why they should not receive sentence of death, and they offered nothing but repetitions of protestations of their innocence.

So the judge flogged them with polysyllables they could not understand and ended in simpler words that they could: "You and each of you shall be chained to a stake and burnt to death; and the Lord of his infinite mercy have compassion upon your poor wretched souls."

On May 30th Quack and Cuffee were taken out into the commons to a place where two iron stakes stood up in the midst of two big piles of wood. They were chained there chin-deep in fuel to the delectation of a great throng of impatient spectators gathered and seated on the fences, cracking jokes about the warm weather that was coming on.

When it was suggested that the promise of a reprieve might bring from the ague-stricken, slavering, whimpering rats confessions that would inculpate other



When they had ceased to weep together, the sailors had left them and they began to laugh the foolish sweet laughter that follows upon tears.

minals, Mr. Roosevelt went into the
and talked to his slave Quack and
Moore to his man Cuff. The well-
iplined well-whipped hounds were
to yammer what they thought was
ted.

THEY were not saints dy-
for a creed. They were idiot infants
he brink of a furnace and being prom-
a reprieve so they uttered imbecile
gs through chattering teeth. The spec-
rs, being busy people, resented the de-
but the outpourings of the blacks
e carefully "minuted down in the
st of great noise and confusion."
Mr. Moore asked the sheriff to take
prisoners back to jail according to
agreement, but the citizens were so
riated at the postponement of the
w that the sheriff did not
e disappoint them.
n the quiet dignity of the
onicle: "The execution pro-
ded."
That is to say, the
riff lighted the kin-
ng, the woodpiles
red; the blacks, be-
yed, shrieked in vain
mercy to
mes that
me rollick-
on to whip
eir poor
s and to
writhing
oke that
ally muffled
eir ulula-
ns. Provi-
nce sent not



This was enough and he was sentenced to be hanged, and in spite of a most beautiful and heart-breaking plea.

ven a "mod-
cate show-
" as it had
one when
His Maj-
sty's House set
ire to the
hapel and to
he town.
The confes-
ions of the
ncinerated
lupes were nat-
rally confus-
ng, but they wanted the arrest of a whole
rove of negroes and negresses, including
Burk's wench Sarah, "one of the oddest
riminals amongst the black confederates."
She foamed at the mouth and denounced
score of slaves wholesale. Later she re-
racted most of the names but this did
ot discredit her credibility.
The three Hughsons and Peggy were
duly brought to trial and Mary Burton
was forced to repeat her testimony against them while Hughson and his wife were "crying and bemoaning themselves and embracing and kissing their daughter Sarah. In order (as may be supposed) to move compassion in the court and jury, Hughson's wife brought thither a sucking child at her breast, which was ordered to be taken away."

The obliging inexhaustible Mary testified to Bible oaths of conspiracy, to swords and guns and pistols gathered for the insurrection, and to bribes of silks and golden rings offered to her. Her stories were bettered with every repetition. She was educating herself as an artist at the general public expense.

The Hughsons cast up their eyes and said she was a very wicked creature and they brought witnesses to testify to their character, but who cared what they said? A pardon had been drawn up for Peggy, but she had recanted her confessions and exonerated all she had accused. The judges would have killed her twice for her treachery if they could. But once must suffice all the ends of justice.

On June 9th four more negroes were burned alive. Three days later three negroes were granted the gentler death of hanging, and alongside them Hughson and his wife and Peggy were swung. The daughter's execution was put off in the hope of extorting a confession from her.

On the way to the gallows Peggy had acted as if she were about to speak, but "Mrs. Hughson gave her a shove and she kept silent." The ox-cart that carried them was drawn under the beam, the hangman slipped the nooses around their necks, the teamster whacked the flanks of the oxen and the cart moved on, leaving its passengers dancing on air. Later John Hughson's body was hung up in chains and the town was "amused" to watch the peculiar changes of color it underwent in the course of time.

The story now was started that Mrs. Hughson and Peggy were both really "papists." No more ferocious condemnation could be hinted in that colony, although, as Justice Horsmanden says, "it was of little significance what religion such vile wretches profess." But the suggestion added a new spice to the prosecutions.

When Peggy confessed she was believed; when she recanted she was a liar. So all the people she mentioned in her ugly hour were put on trial and her word sufficed for their condemnation.

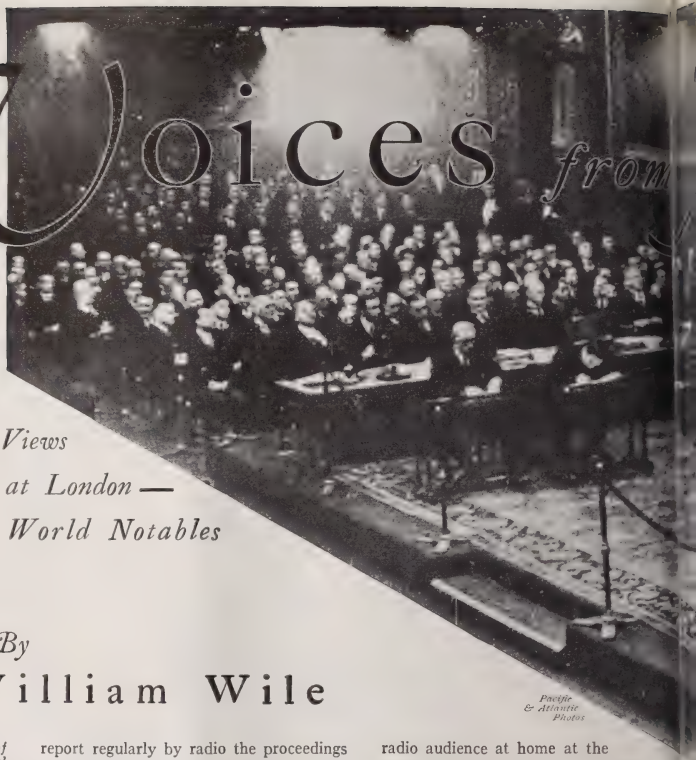
It was the same with Mary Burton. When the fury was upon her she was an angel of truth; when her heart revolted from slaughter she was "not dependable."

YET what better advisors had the child to take counsel from than the grave and reverend justices who towered over her with insatiable demands for new victims? At times they seemed huge spiders sucking the blood from her heart as they poisoned it; but whither could she

(*Continued on page 112*)

Voices from the Nation

Listens to Nation as Diplomats from Leading Countries Broadcast their Views on Naval Disarmament at London — Intimate Glimpses of World Notables By One Who Was There



Pacific & Atlantic Photos

By

Frederic William Wile

AMERICA'S best-known broadcaster of politics, Frederic William Wile, political analyst of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is about to embark upon his eighth successive year on the air. Mr. Wile, internationally famed newspaper correspondent and author, is entitled to the distinction of having remained uninterruptedly on the air, as a political broadcaster, longer than anybody else in the profession. His weekly talk, "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight" was inaugurated in November, 1923, and is still a regular program feature. Mr. Wile established another record this year when he became radio's first Transatlantic political reporter, having been sent to London by Columbia to "cover" the proceedings of the Five Power Naval Conference. Wile's experiences at London are told for the first time in this article.

WHEN the London Naval Conference became a certainty, following the visit to Washington of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, it occurred to me that it would be an epochal achievement — mechanical facilities permitting — for Columbia to arrange to report regularly by radio the proceedings of the parley. I volunteered to go to England and serve as the world's first transatlantic broadcasting reporter.



Wide World Photos

Ramsay MacDonald at the British mike.

My Columbia friends assented instantly and unhesitatingly to the suggestion to report the London Naval Conference by radio. "Larry" Lowman, fellow-Hoosier, who is Columbia's director of traffic, proceeded at once to effect the necessary arrangements with the British Broadcasting Corporation, which controls all radio transmission in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as a semi-government monopoly, and with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, through which it was necessary to work, as far as transatlantic radio telephone facilities were concerned.

While these vital preliminaries were under way, I sailed for England with the American Delegation aboard S.S. George Washington from New York on January 9th, 1930. My assignment was not only to go before the microphone once a week in London and broadcast conference proceedings, just as I am accustomed to "cover" the political situation in Washington week by week, but also to persuade distinguished Americans and Britons in London to broadcast conference messages to the United States from time to time. For the sake of "continuity," Columbia scheduled my own talks from London so that I would be communing with the radio audience at home at the same hour they were accustomed to hear me from Washington, viz., at 8:15 o'clock on Thursday evenings, Eastern Standard Time. It was so ordered. But it required me to keep awake until 1:15 o'clock a.m., Greenwich time, Fridays, so I chalked up yet another radio record—that of talking on Friday morning and being heard on Thursday evening.

I AM not informed in detail of the technical nature of the London broadcasts, but what happened was something like this. I went to a microphone in the London studios of the "B.B.C.", as the British Broadcasting Corporation is popularly known, located on Savoy Hill, just off the Strand and overlooking the Thames Embankment. There I spoke into a microphone, which was really a telephone receiver, to Rugby, England—familiar to several generations of English-reading schoolboys as the scene of "Tom Brown at Rugby." In that town is the radio telephone transmitting station of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, whence 'phone messages from Great Britain are wafted across the Atlantic to the United States. At Rugby the voice current is amplified millions of times and "blended" with a high voltage current powerful enough to bridge the wide gap across the herring pond to Ameri-

Across the Sea



King George Opens London Naval Parley.

can shores. In my own case, the London talks were picked up by a receiving station on American shores, which again amplified the voice current, attenuated after traveling such a distance, millions of times. Altogether there was, between London and New York, a radio circuit of roundly 3,600 miles. As the talks were re-layed across the United States, they eventually traversed nearly 7,000 miles by the time my words were winged to the Pacific Coast.

The Naval Conference was ceremoniously opened in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords at London at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of January 21. As all the world remembers, these formal opening proceedings were broadcast around the world, including the addresses of King George, Prime Minister MacDonald, Secretary Stimson, Premier Tardieu, Foreign Minister Grandi, Mr. Wakatsuki, of Japan, and other conference dignitaries. The transmission to our own country was well-nigh perfect. Although reception in the United States, owing to the difference in time, took place at 6 o'clock in the morning, millions of Americans were up betimes, to enjoy this immortal exhibition of the wondrous powers of radio in the realm of international relations.

TWO days later, on Thursday, January 23, I began, from the B.B.C. studios in London, the series of weekly talks in review of the Naval Conference's proceedings. On successive Thursday evenings, up to the middle of March, I kept the American radio audience abreast of developments. It was not always easy to dramatize a stalemated situation, for news was conspicuous by its absence. With few exceptions, reception in America was excellent, though the day-time transatlantic transmissions on Sundays turned out to be considerably more satisfactory than the night-time transmissions on Thursdays.

I was directed to begin operations in London by placing Columbia's full transatlantic radio facilities at the disposal of the American Delegation. The Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, the head of our delegation, was informed that it was the System's desire to aid, to the fullest extent of its capacity, in keeping the home public informed of Conference progress and maintaining interest in it. To that end I invited Secretary Stimson to designate some of his colleagues to take the transatlantic air at regular intervals. In due course, this was done. In the order named, the following Americans, on successive Sundays at 5:30 London time (12:30 p. m., home time), addressed the American radio audience over the Columbia network: Senator Robinson, of Arkansas; Senator Reed,



Sir Philip Snowden —an important factor at the conference.

Pacific & Atlantic Photos

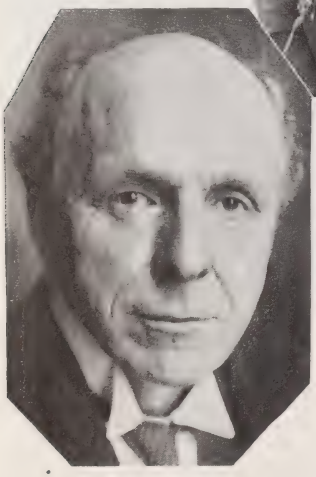
of Pennsylvania; Secretary of the Navy Adams; Ambassador Hugh Gibson and Secretary of State Stimson.

Among the prominent Britons whom I was privileged to introduce to the American radio audience across the Atlantic, were: Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald; Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden; Viscountess Astor, M. P.; Viscount Cecil of Chelwood and Wickham Steed, former editor of the London Times.

BRITISH public men and women are no less "radio conscious" than our own, so it was not difficult to sell them the idea of participating in so pioneering an enterprise as broadcasting across the Atlantic. Prime Minister MacDonald, having his American visit freshly in mind, expressed an instant readiness to talk to his Yankee friends by air on the subject of the Naval conference. MacDonald has a God-given radio voice and personality. His Scotch burr carries magnificently. No one can say "wur-ruld" quite like him, when he pronounces the word "world."

The British Broadcasting Corporation has installed an emergency transmitting station at Chequers, official country-seat of John Bull's prime ministers, in Buckinghamshire, 30 miles northwest of London, for the heads of His Majesty's Government periodically use the "wireless" (the British don't know "radio", in the American sense) and usually choose the quiet of week-ends, when they are in residence in Chequers, to face the microphone. MacDonald began his Columbia broadcast to the United States on Sunday, March 9th with a quaint allusion to Chequers' landscape beauties. "I am sitting here," he said, "amid these glorious Chiltern Hills, to which prime ministers are now privileged to come, ever and anon, that they may not forget that grass grows, flowers bloom, and birds sing."

Mr. MacDonald infuses into his radio talks that transparent sincerity and compelling conviction which characterizes all his public utterances, and which brought him for the second time within five years to the leadership of the British Empire. Within sixty seconds of his closing words at Chequers, through some magical process of which I was never made aware, a message was flashed back from America that my introduction and the Prime Minister's address had rung across 3,000 miles of oceanic space "clear as a bell." MacDonald was visibly pleased, for he had spoken at a psychological moment and made a critical pronouncement. Next day's London papers carried his speech in full. It sounded the deathknell of France's hopes for the inclusion of "military guarantees" in the naval treaty.





Pacific & Atlantic Photos

Lord Robert Cecil (left)—the "Warrior for Peace." Lady Astor and her daughter Phyllis talked across the Atlantic. Frederic William Wile who gave daily broadcast reports of conference from London of Columbia System.

OF HARDLY less stature in the British Labor government than MacDonald himself is Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Crippled since youth, with a body racked with incessant pain, Snowden hobbles through life on a pair of canes. His infirmities have turned him into somewhat of an acetic, but notably failed to wither his intellectual power or political acumen. Universally Snowden is considered to be the brains of the British Labor party. I was particularly anxious to have him broadcast on that aspect of naval limitation with which he is specially identified—its finances and economics.

Mr. Snowden broke up his covete week-end of rest in the country to driv nearly a hundred miles into London fo a 5:30 p.m., Sunday talk at the B.B.C studios. He was accompanied by h charming and equally brilliant wife. N body in England ever speaks of "Phili Snowden." It is always "Mr. and Mr Philip Snowden." Their public caree have been intertwined through a quarte of a century of uncommon connubial blis Mrs. Snowden happens to be the only wo man "governor" of the British Broad casting Corporation. Like her husban she broadcasts frequently, being an e perienced public speaker with a prou record, as she boasts, of a dozen lectur tours in the United States. Despite h frail body, Snowden has a resonant ora torical style. His voice seems to hav thundered through transatlanti static in resounding fashion judging by the congratulator cables that deluged him nex day. He concentrated on th burdensome cost of war an reeled off some tragic figure of the thousands of pounds th World War is still costin Britain every hour of the day. An American commentator said Snowden's broadcast came through with the fervor and eloquence of "a great sermon."



Photo by Bachrach

Many of my American radio friends have told me that Columbia's star of stars at the London Naval Conference was the Viscountess Astor, the former Nancy Langhorne, of Virginia, first woman M. P. to sit in the House of Commons at London. A temperamental bird is this dynamic daughter of Dixie—a rather spoiled darling, as prima donnæ are apt to be. But she yielded when she learned she would be the first of her sex to broadcast across the Atlantic. "The Women's Will To Peace" was her text—the theme of New York's comedy craze, "Lysistrata,"

ut differently treated, perhaps it is not ecessary to add! . Lady Astor was keen s mustard about the transoceanic talk— laimed she'd put more time and worry n it than on any speech she'd ever de- vered in Parliament. Through the over- ght of a secretary, the Viscountess turned p at the B.B.C. studio on Savoy Hill an our ahead of time. But, as a true laughter of Uncle Sam, she didn't dream f letting it go to waste. When I myself ppeared, fifteen minutes before the hour et, I found Lady Astor sturdily rehears- ng into a dead microphone, in order that he would be sure to sit just the right dis- ance away, modulate her oice to the correct pitch, nd not exceed her allotted hirteen minutes.

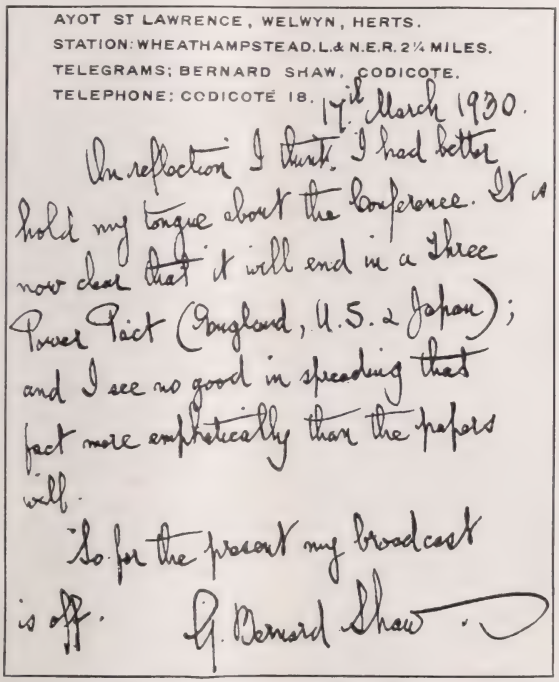
HER diction is a quaint combination of Southern American and British drawl. Whether she learned to do it in school, in Virginia, or acquired it as an affectation in England, I observed that the vivacious Viscountess drops her "g" in the last syllable of words ending with the seventh letter of the alphabet, viz., "speakin'", "tryin'", etc. The English branch of the once-famed quartette of Langhorne beauties got a flapper's thrill out of her broadcast to America, and especially out of the messages which rained in on her from the United States, by cable, letter, and even by transatlantic telephone. Word from kinfolk on the Pacific coast delighted her no end.

One of Lady Astor's playmates is none other than the great Bernard Shaw. He frequently adorns her luncheon and dinner parties at her mansion in St. James's Square, London, and at the Thames-side Astor suburban place, Cliveden. I asked the Viscountess if she thought I could beguile "G.B.S," to broadcast. I yearned to land him because of his cast-iron inhibition against appearing in America "in person," despite constant lecture-engagement offers worth a King's ransom. "Try it, by all means," she said, "but he'll probably want a fat check."

My early approaches to Shaw were fruitless. I had written him, inviting him to do one of the Columbia's Sunday afternoon talks. "I never take on Sunday jobs," was the characteristic reply. That did not close the incident from my standpoint, because I rejoined that we'd be honored to have him do the "job" any day. Thereupon he gave me an appointment at his apartment in Whitehall Court, overlooking the murky Thames on the Embankment near Northumberland Avenue. For years I had pictured Shaw as a bear. I was aware of his cynical attitude toward America and Americans. I expected to be lectured, bullied—and turned down. I also was prepared to be held up—if Lady Astor's hint about a fat check meant anything. I was destined to be disillusioned all along the line.

Never in thirty years of professional chase of the nimble item in many lands have I met a more delightful person, or encountered a more gracious welcome than awaited me at the hands of "G.B.S." He is the most lovable of old gentlemen, though the term is a rank misnomer for a septuagenarian of his youthful spirit and vigor. Shaw as completely belies his 74 years as anything imaginable, and as utterly challenges the popular conception of him as an unapproachable misanthrope. "G.B.S." did not resent my observation that in America we look upon him as the outstanding figure in the field of English letters. As his newest play, "The Apple Cart," then drawing all London, was in the midst of its maiden run in New York, I ventured the suggestion that a Shaw broadcast to the U. S. A., might not be devoid of certain professional advantage. He agreed. That was as near as we came—despite Viscountess Astor's warning—to mention of anything so sordid as remuneration. I offered no honorarium, and G.B.S., in no wise, directly or indirectly, proposed one. I was told that when he broadcasts in England, as he does occasionally, he is paid for it, though on no such scale as American stars of his magnitude probably could command in the United States.

Finally, at the end of an hour's stimulating conversation about books, plays, America, and international politics, Shaw consented to fill one of my Sunday periods. I was elated. Shaw imposed only two conditions — that we could hit upon a date that would not conflict with his other engagements, and that his friend, Prime Minister MacDonald, would assure him it would be all right for Shaw, a wholly unofficial personage, "to butt in, as you Americans would say," he added, with a twinkle in his blue Irish eyes. "Let's see," he said, pulling a memorandum book from the pocket of his Cardigan waistcoat. "How about Sunday, March 23rd?"—he had apparently scrapped his inhibitions about a "Sunday job." Gleefully, I accepted that date, and left Whitehall Court, the tall, lanky, white-bearded "G. B.S." escorting me, as if I were some life-long friend who'd called to renew an old comradeship, down the long hall to the elevator.



AYOT ST LAWRENCE, WELWYN, HERTS.
STATION: WHEATHAMPSTEAD. L.& N.E.R. 2¼ MILES.
TELEGRAMS; BERNARD SHAW, CODICOTE.
TELEPHONE: CODICOTE 18.

17th March 1930.

On reflection I think I had better hold my tongue about the Conference. It is now clear that it will end in a Three Power Pact (England, U.S. & Japan); and I see no good in spreading that fact more emphatically than the papers will.

So for the present my broadcast is off.

G. Bernard Shaw

First publication of note George Bernard Shaw addressed to Mr. Wile during the London parley.

SHAW to broadcast across the herring-pond to Columbia's family of listening millions—it was a thrilling prospect! I felt myself on the air—walking on it—as. transmuted to the seventh heaven of delight, I raced down Northumberland Avenue to the cable office in Trafalgar Square—the very one in which, thirty years earlier, I had filed my London dispatches as a cub correspondent covering the Boer War—to flash word to "Bill" Paley in New York that I had bearded the lion in his den.

My exaltation was doomed to be short-lived. Ten days later—it happened to be March 17, St. Patrick's Day, that Ireland's most gifted living son chose for breaking my heart—Shaw sent me a brief note, saying that as the Naval Conference seemed definitely destined to dwindle into a Three-Power affair, instead of the Five-Power plan amid which it was so promisingly born, he had decided not to participate in the radio transatlantic forum. He

(*Continued on page 124*)

Radio Is Destroying

THE Constitution of the United States is dedicated to the principle that all men are created equal. From time immemorial, however, people of the world, meaning both men and women, have been constantly struggling to attain and maintain social supremacy of one sort or another.

Throughout the ages money has been a chief factor in establishing and preserving social discriminations. Without material wealth at their command even kings and queens have sunk into social oblivion. In current times many royal descendants are finding it difficult from a society standpoint to make their titles gloss over a lack of pecuniary resources; hence the not infrequent marriages of convenience where a millionaire affiliation overshadows a wedding of hearts, insofar as the main motive for a union is concerned. To be sure, all the great civilizations of the world have developed an intellectual culture which is in itself the true measure of social supremacy. Nevertheless we find that social standing in the accepted use of the phrase, still denotes monetary well being far more than it indicates the victory of mind over matter. We are all becoming better educated and in consequence are slowly but surely setting up new standards for measuring the relative social importance of individual people. The press undoubtedly has been the greatest single factor in this development, but the achievements of science, particularly along such lines as transportation, communication, moving pictures and mass production as represented by machinery, have made gigantic contributions to both the size and momentum of the movement, and the modern improvements in banking methods have also played a significant role. The evolutions which we have been witnessing in national governments are a result of factors such as these rather than a cause on their own account.

Now we have Radio—which came to us as a child of unknown possibilities and later grew to an adolescent whose future attainments are almost, if not quite, beyond the grasp of human imagination. There are many things about Radio as we carry on with it today which offer wide latitude for the projection of ideas and thoughts into the future — religion, education, culture — all such are subject to new developments not easy to comprehend but nevertheless under way. When we add television we are proceeding by progressive multiples instead of by simple additions. No longer can the human mind deal with definite equations—we are literally forced into the realm of conjecture.



While society is in this state of flux, with the average of intelligence creeping slowly but irresistibly forward like molten lava from a volcano, it is difficult to judge accurately and fully the relations between the press and Radio. They are directly supplementary of each other we know and apparently each is rapidly augmenting the power and influence of the other. The more people read about specific men and women or about specific things and events, the more they want to meet them "in person" over the Radio. On the other hand, the more people meet famous individuals and attend outstanding events via the microphone, the more they want to read and learn about them via the printed word. "*Interest follows familiarity*" has long been a fundamental trait of human nature and explains why these two great media are arousing the appetite for more news, information and knowledge from both sources.

IN this magazine we are naturally dealing for the most part with Radio and, hence, the balance of this discussion will relate to how Radio is destroying social barriers with a speed and directness heretofore unknown.

First, let us set down some of the things which have long been identified with society in the popularly accepted sense of the term. In other words, let us deal with those things which have long been associated with people of royal blood, acknowledged wealth, or people who are said to have acquired social caste by right of inheritance. What has been their more or less exclusive lot which has not also been the lot of the so-called "common herd"? Grand Opera. Symphonic Music. Trips around the world. International yachting. Box seats at football games. Ringside seats at championship boxing bouts. Horse races from the Jockeys' Club. Personal presentation to kings and queens. Dining with stage celebrities. Personal contact with premier sportsman and athletic champions. Dance music by famous orchestras in night clubs with terrific cover charges. Private seances with astrologers like Evangeline Adams. Personal meetings with famous people like Col. Lindbergh, Thomas Edison and President Hoover. Uninterrupted visits with great authors, great painters, great lawyers. First name acquaintance with great bankers.

In other words, social caste and the position of wealth which it implies have brought, with relatively few exceptions, the opportunity "to go places and do things" and to meet people who have won reputations in every walk of life whether it be achievements of the body or of the mind. The question then comes up: "What is Radio doing to extend the privileges which have so long been regarded as belonging to the four hundred and not to the four million?"

In the first place, Radio is taking us to events before they

Old Social Barriers

re finished, viz., while the outcome is still in doubt and ience the thrill of suspense almost as intense as if we were resent in person, and certainly much keener than is ossible were we to read reports about events that have appened. World Series baseball games, boxing bouts like hat between Firpo and Jack Dempsey and well announced ootball games are good examples of this new type of opportunity. While it is freely granted that the thrills and reactions are substantially greater when one can personally attend such affairs, we know that no written description can equal the thrill of hearing the actual happenings *simultaneously with their occurrence* as is now possible over the radio.

This new ability is in a material sense breaking down social barriers because it is enabling people who cannot afford to attend such events, by reason of the travel and admission expense involved, a chance to experience the thrill of "witnessing" absorbing events *while they are happening*. More than that, the technique of announcing such affairs over the air has been developed to a point where the picture conveyed through the microphone very nearly parallels what can be seen only by those who are occupying the equivalent of ringside seats—which, generally because of the cost involved, falls to the lot of the four hundred or at least those of sufficient wealth who aspire to belong to "the select". In other words, the public has been moved up by radio from bleacher seats to the sideline *while an event is actually going on*, and this progress in itself represents a breaking down of class barriers.

NOW let us consider Grand Opera. The finest operatic productions have been possible in only a few large centers and even then have required substantial private underwritings to keep them going. While there are generally upper galleries in the opera houses, the best seats have been occupied on a traditional basis by society and its aspirants. Admission has been generally expensive and there have been other prerequisite costs such as evening clothes, and transportation, plus hotel bills for out-of-town devotees. Nowadays, thanks to Radio, the greatest operatic stars can be heard in person right in the homes of those farthest removed from the social apex whether by taste or by necessity. Again, social barriers are being demolished. The same change applies in the case of great symphonic music by the foremost conductors, as well as to the art of the leading artists of the concert stage and the finest church music. Also the most popular dance orchestras, generally found in night clubs with the highest cover charges and highest prices for food, not to mention White Rock and ginger ale, are now playing in the homes of the public at large thanks to Radio.

IT generally costs money, and considerable of the type of "drag" which money secures, to get close to such happenings as the arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton in America, the anchoring of the Graf Zeppelin, arrival of the great French aviators, Coste and Bellonte, the winning of golf championships by Bobby Jones, and other similar news features built around single individuals. Today the microphone men are permitted "inside the ropes" to give the American people as a whole an intimate picture of what is going on while incidents and events are still happening. Generally also the principal figures are brought before the microphone and in this way a personal acquaintance between the lay public and such celebrities is established. This new opportunity of meeting famous people *while they are still in the midst of their achievements* is a second vital contribution which Radio is making toward the elimination of class distinctions.

Similarly, the American people are now given an opportunity to hear the President of the United States talk to them in person and to hear the rulers of other countries, like King George of England *talk in the first person*. No matter in what line men or women become famous, the fact that they have won recognition in their chosen endeavor assures their being brought *in person* via the microphone before the public.

So much for the human, i.e., personal side. There is also the deeper mental side relating to what is said by the host of great authorities who talk over the Radio. With many people, it is easier to whet cultural appetites by word of mouth than by words in print, though in the end the person who is ambitious for the higher and deeper pleasures that come with knowledge and culture, becomes a prolific reader and thinker, as well as a good listener.

It would be easier to write a book on the subject of this editorial—so vast are the social effects of Radio. As an instrument for developing common lines of thought and conviction among the people of a nation—as a means of destroying ill founded partisanship and prejudice—as a medium for helping to elevate the average of public intelligence which in turn assures our political, economic and spiritual future—Radio presents enormous possibilities, already realized in part, but still relatively undeveloped.

But as a factor for developing a true type of social democracy Radio now already stands unique because of its ability to bring to the mass so much that has hitherto been available only to the class. R. B.



The Editors' Page

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

KELVIN KEECH, NBC's handsome announcer (one of NBC's handsome announcers. I should say, for of course there are many handsome ones. Announcers, please bow.) now sends his voice where he used



Kelvin Keech

to go himself. Not quite that. For Kelvin's voice, announcing the Seth Parker, Fuller Brush, Happy Wonder Bakers, American Radiator, and Raleigh Revue programs, takes in only the United States and Canada. And Kelvin has travelled over them, and a good bit more of this earth's surface, too. And very probably someday radio network will carry his voice to those other far-off places where he has been—Hawaii, Europe, Asia-Minor.

And because he went to Constantinople and there fell in love with a Russian girl is the reason he's in New York now standing before a microphone instead of before an orchestra on the Bosporus. But, to begin at the beginning.

Kelvin was born in Honolulu, where his father was in the sugar business. He says he used to climb mango trees long before tree sitting became the fashion and that he was as much at home in the water as out of it. A great deal of his present breath control comes, he thinks, from his childish habit of seeing how long he could hold his breath under water.

His father wanted him to be educated in America. So he came to the University of Pennsylvania. He has the usual tender memories of his alma mater, but he says his most exciting day was when he saw his first snow storm. About the time he was graduating a Hawaiian troupe came through the town and Kelvin "went native" to the extent of joining them.

In 1917 he enlisted and went overseas. He was in two offensives. Demobilized, he got together an orchestra and sang and played his way through Europe. Deauville, Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, London, all danced to his band. The "White Lyres," this popular Continental group called itself.

While in Paris, Kelvin received a wire to come and play in a club in Constantinople. Off went the "White Lyres" to Turkey. Constantinople at that time was still in the hands of the allies, and its streets were colorful with British, French, and Italian uniforms. No, he didn't see any harem ladies, but he saw the whirling dervishes, and he was fascinated by the muezzin calls from the minarets. It was in Constantinople that he met his future wife, one of the "white" Russian refugees who had fled from the persecutions of the bolsheviki.

According to the Cable Law then in force, a foreign born woman who married in Europe did not take the citizenship of her husband. In order that she might become an American, Kelvin and his wife came to New York. "And," says Husband Keech, proudly, "on the eleventh of November she'll be a full-fledged American citizen."

Kelvin had had some radio experience in London, and his friend, May Singhi Breen, the "Ukulele Lady," said to him, "Kelvin, why don't you become a Radio announcer?"

So Kelvin took the announcer's test. He was scared to death. His knees shook. Worse, his voice shook. The verdict was: "Not fitted. You just haven't got it in you."

Kelvin reported the news to Miss Breen. "Did you do your best?" she asked. "No, my worst." Ordered Miss Breen: "Go back and try again." Just to please her, but feeling there was no hope, Kelvin did try again. And since he knew in his own mind he didn't have a chance, he wasn't nervous. He talked into the mike as if it were a friend. And the result was that Kelvin Keech became one of NBC's most popular announcers. His smooth, beautifully modulated voice is heard over half a dozen coast-to-coast networks and on many local programs.

He is of medium height, has prematurely grey hair, young fresh skin, and clear cut features—a handsome man.



Freddie Rich

He speaks French and Russian fluently, nd, as he says, "Spanish and Italian ssably."

Freddie Rich

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage lady interviewer. I'd been ailing Freddie Rich for days—elusive ndividual. Finally he gave me an ap-



Ann Leaf

pointment for four o'clock on a Friday afternoon. And Friday afternoon just as I was stepping into the door of the Columbia Broadcasting Building, I looked across the street and there was Mr. Rich going into a drug store. The traffic lights were against me or I should have dashed across after him, but I presumed he would be back in a moment and went on up to the main reception room on the twenty-second floor.

I waited and I waited. The charming young thing at the call desk tried to appease me. "He probably just wanted a soda. He has to be back at four-thirty for a broadcast."

"I can't talk to him while he's broadcasting, can I?"

"Oh, no." Such ignorance on my part.

Wait some more. Tap my foot. I conclude I hate Mr. Freddie Rich. Of course he does have about sixteen programs a week, and twice that many rehearsals, besides all his individual arranging, but to be forgotten for a soda. An appointment is an appointment.

The elevator door slides open. Out pops a medium-sized, brown-haired, brown-eyed young man in a most awful hurry. Three minutes to four-thirty. No time to talk. No apology for forgetting me. Probably doesn't even remember that he has forgotten. I follow him into Studio 5 where his twelve Thirty Minute Men are tuning up. I'm squashed against the wall between the violins and the piano.

Freddie Rich mounts the platform. I decide quite definitely that I hate him, that he's funny looking, that I don't like the color combination of his light blue shirt and dark blue tie.

Don Ball's voice announcing. "WABC. W2XE. Ready, advance, and give the pass word. The Thirty Minute Men will now play 'Sing You Sinners.'"

Well, it *is* a fine orchestra.

"I'm in the Market for You." Still hate him, but he's not so bad looking.

"Why?" In fact, he's almost handsome.

"Down the River of Golden Dreams." Maybe I just dislike him.

"We Would Be Exactly Like You." The tie and shirt are really becoming.

"Sing a Song to the Stars." Like the way he smiles at his musicians.

"Take Along a Little Love." Like him.

"St. James Infirmary." He's perfectly charming.

"Dancing to Save Your Sole." Last piece. Break appointments with me any time; Freddie Rich, but never, never stop giving music like this.

And that was only his twelve piece orchestra. What would have been the effect with his forty-five piece one?

He didn't have time to talk to me after the broadcast as he was dashing off to a rehearsal for a new program. But here are a few facts about him gleaned here and there.

He was born in New York's lower East Side in 1900, one of a family of ten children. He started playing the piano at five and did his first professional playing in a Second Avenue motion picture house. He went to the Damrosch Conservatory of Music where he studied with George Gershwin under Charles Hambitzer. For seven years he directed the orchestra at the Hotel Astor. He toured Europe, having the honor to play before the King and Queen of England. And in England romance came to him as well as honor, for it was there he met the girl who later became his wife. All of his family are musical. He also has three brothers who are in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Ann Leaf

"ANN LEAF," said Mr. Taplinger, who is the nice bespectacled young man up on the 19th floor of Columbia and who seems to have the whys and wherefores of all CBS stars right at his finger ends, "why don't you do Ann Leaf?" He fished through a huge filing drawer filled with photographs.

"Here she is."

He held up for my gaze a picture of a dark-haired smiling little girl who couldn't be over fourteen years old, or fifteen at the most.

"You'll find her every night in the organ room of the Paramount Building. Twelve-thirty's the hour. I'll tell her you'll be there. O.K.?"

O. K. it was. That night just as the theatres were emptying their crowds into the streets and newsboys were shouting their morning headlines, I threaded my way down brightly lighted Broadway towards the Paramount Building.

The black marble of the foyer, the gold doors of the elevator, the doorman who didn't want to let me by, the long circuitous trip down and up narrow stair-

(*Continued on page 114*)



Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

MARCELLA

She Hears All, Sees All—and Tells Everything

Merciful heaven's will we ever get settled! I have hardly had time to catch my breath since coming to New York.

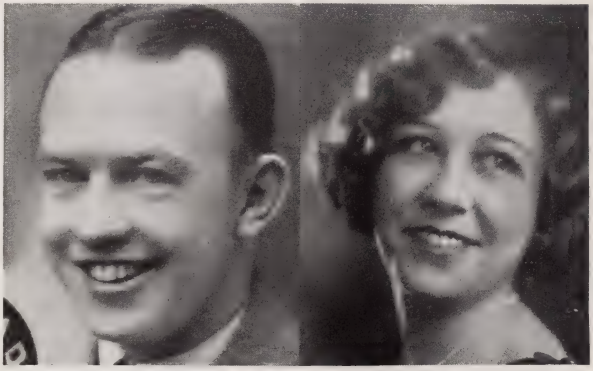
From Marcella's window in the Graybar Building I can look into the windows of the tallest edifice in the world —that is—it's the tallest today. You know, building agents in New York are always "keeping up with the Joneses" in erecting tallest buildings. But at this moment, the Chrysler Tower lifts its graceful and majestic head far above such pygmies as the Woolworth, Whitehall and Singer buildings.

I have never experienced the joy—if joy it be—of looking at a king—but something of that thrill I get when I am near this Chrysler Tower. My gaze wanders way, way up until it rests on the beautiful silver crown which covers this building as a sign of its royal power.

Everyone knows how a railroad train joggles. Even the best of them joggle, and the RADIO DIGEST family *did come on one of the best. But the rumbling and sharp turning didn't agree with our neatly-wrapped files tied up with pink and blue ribbons—and everything just came apart.*

Pity your poor Marcella all snowed under a very undignified and awry pile of letters—searching and excavating through this great mass of material for answers to Waxie, Mrs. Alice W., MCRK, Miss Ruth D., L. M. W., Mrs. Senior M., Ruth A, Pat, Paul S, Mrs. W. D. LeS, Miss A.B.C., and scores of other inquirers.

THE dilemma of Jos. E. "Sarge" Farrell, Nebraska, is indeed an unusual one. As a composer of some very popular songs, among which are "Wondering if I'll Always Be Wondering" and "At Night", Mr. Farrell used as his inspiration the former Marguerite Cole. Having just made this young lady Mrs. Farrell, who is going to be his inspiration now? It is interesting to note that this *affaire de coeur* had its beginnings in the schoolroom. Perhaps it was his skill in whittling sticks that made him a hero or perhaps it was the nice shiny apple and chewing gum that helped him win his way to the heart of Marguerite, but whatever it was, this knight and lady were able to continue their courtship through the trying high school years. Then Sarge began to write songs. From his first composition, "Wondering if I'll Always Be Wondering" to his latest, "At Night", Marguerite was his theme. It is, therefore, not surprising that wedding bells rang for them a short while ago.



"Sarge" and Mrs. Farrell. She looks pretty set to remain the inspiration



Virginia Arnold

Much of the gloom of the hospital atmosphere has been dispelled by Sarge's happy broadcasts through which he has won his way to the hearts of the physically afflicted.

A few lines of his latest song, "At Night," run as follows:

"Somehow I'm not so lonely while I have the sun
But when day is done I sigh
With ev'ry little star a mem'ry comes to me
Of the times that we played so happily."

VIRGINIA ARNOLD is one of the staff pianists at the Columbia Broadcasting System, who plays alike for king and peasant. She provides the accompaniment for notable singers and artists who broadcast over that network as well as for nervous novices in the throes of their first audition. Miss Arnold is a composer and arranger of music and, as a pianist, executes compositions, classic and jazz, with skill and brilliancy. Her fingers must borrow their music from her eyes.

* * *

THIS will announce the engagement of Will Osborne, Columbia orchestra leader, to Miss Margaret Eckdahl, who was chosen as Miss America for 1930. No balconies were used for this Romeo and Juliet affair. All serenades and ballads were wafted over



Will Osborne



Margaret Eckdahl

the Radio. The romance sprang from a request for a number which Miss Eckdahl sent to Mr. Osborne. Then followed more requests, and Mr. Osborne's songs became enriched with the spirit of devotion knowing that there was this particularly interested listener at the other end.

* * *

THE radio neighbors know her as Martha Crane—her next door neighbors know her as Mrs. Ray Caris. This picture portrays her as Martha Crane weaving a hooked rug as she broadcasts—what one might call "spinning a yarn". Performing the work during the broadcast is the secret of the success of women's programs, Mrs. Caris believes. Mrs. Caris not only direct women's programs over WLS, Chicago, but also maintains her own home on Chicago's North Side.

* * *

TO YOU, Lloyd R., I can only say that the radio waves in this vicinity have been searched and plumbed but with no news of OLD MAN SUNSHINE alias Bob Pierce. The contract which he had with the National Broadcasting Company and by which he was able to ride up and down the wave lengths, has given out, or expired, in legal terms. So he is probably on some desert isle awaiting another contract to rescue him. But no matter what you say, nothing can hide OLD MAN *SUNSHINE* very long, and we'll probably be hearing of him again one of these days.

* * *

BERNIE Q, allow me to introduce you to Billy Sunshine—Bernie Q. Now that you have made each other's acquaintance, I am sure Billy Sunshine will want you to know him as Jack Owens. Sue Fulton, Program Director of Radio Station KFH, says he is only 18 and that the girls are all crazy about him. He attends Wichita University and the remaining precious moments of the day he plays the role of Billy Sunshine, crooning and playing the piano. And if Vallée and Chevalier ever want to hear themselves, all they have to do is to ask Jack Owens Billy Sunshine for an imitation. Hasn't he clear brown eyes, Bernie, and the flush of spring is still in his cheeks.



Jack Owens

* * *

THE S. O. S. call about Cecil Wright has been heard. Arline writes on the prettiest two-tone gray stationery that *a* Cecil Wright is now playing over KFRC, San Francisco. I don't think he is any other than *the* Cecil Wright. Thank you Arline, for your helping hand.



Marcella Shields and Helene Handin
The Inseparable Troupers

Mrs. Ray Caris or Martha Crane as she is known by WLS listeners



* * *

TO M. J. I can only say that Howard Roth is still going strong over WBBC under the name of the Hudson Bay "Racrooner". Mr. Roth "racroons" on this program every night. As the "Doctor of Sunshine" Mr. Roth broadcasts over WGBS, WPCH, WRNY and WBBC frequently during the week. It looks like a monopoly in restraint of art. Mr. Roth has his own orchestra during the winter season and his musicians are college students. This unit is known as Howard Roth and and his all-American Collegians. All of this at 24! And no matrimonal bonds!



Howard Roth

* * *

HELENE HANDIN and Marcella Shields can outdo Floyd Gibbons any time when it comes to velocity of language in their act "The Two Troupers" over the N. B. C. And my, how the words do fly. One almost has to wear the helmet of salvation to avoid being hit. Marcella's winsome smile and captivating eyes have made their conquest in the person of W. Bruce Macnamee of the N. W. Ayer Agency, and Marcella took over this name either the first week of August or the last week in July. Mr. Macnamee's secretary was not sure. It's a shame how business men conceal such things from secretaries. I hardly believe that he even asked her if she approved of Miss Shields. By the way, Marcella of the "Troupers" is not the Marcella of this printed page. As for Miss Handin, she could not be reached at her hotel at this writing. She is probably trouping after Marcella who has never in her life failed to be late for an appointment. I think it must have been Helene Handin who was responsible for Marcella's promptness at the Pahson's.

* * *

MISS Elsie K, it isn't very often that anyone follows a career chosen at the mature age of six years. Most young men of six summers look longingly for the day when they can drive chugging and clanging fire engines through busy streets and be proclaimed heroes in some daring and thrilling rescues. Not so with this young man at our right here. Art Kassel has persisted along his selected course for let me see—he looks to be not over 25 years—and beginning at six—that makes it 19 years. He is therefore qualified with this background of almost a score of summers. to conduct any musical program successfully. At present he is conductor of the (*Cont. on page 121*)



Art Kassel





Vie for Honor *of Most* Beautiful Radio Artist *in* America

JUDGING from these samples of pulchritude, picking the winner of the silver loving cup for the most beautiful Radio artist in America isn't such an easy task. However, such was the lot of the judges at the Radio World's Fair held in Madison Square Garden, New York, from September 22nd to the 27th.

Perhaps broadcasting studios are selecting artists with an eye to beauty as well as an ear to talent, with thoughts of television. At any rate there is more feminine charm around the studios these days than ever before.

Emily Hardy, (upper left, page 64) San Francisco, "The Golden Girl in KPO", a stunning blonde, of the athletic type, who performs as well astride a horse, or breasting the waves of the Pacific as she does in KPO's Studio.

Down in Miami, Radio Station WQAM, the "Voice of Tropical America", has this lovely creature to entertain its audience. She's Eloise McAllister, (upper right, page 64) soprano, pictured in the role of the "Duchess" in "Masquerade", which is broadcast every Friday night.



Frances Collette, (lower left, page 64) on the dramatic staff of WABC, New York City. She appears on the "Land o' Make Believe" and "Forty Fathom Trawlers" programs. Miss Collette drifted into Radio after a brilliant career on the stage in such musical shows as "Show Boat" and "Globe Trotter."

WHEN the leaves of WMCA's musical Scrap Book are turned each week, June White, (lower right, page 64) is found on every page.

Bernadine Hayes, "The Redhead of the Air", (upper left, page 65) who sings red hot songs in the blue manner, over WBBM, Chicago in the O'Cedar Time Program.

Jane Froman, (upper right, page 65) has sung "blues" songs for more than a year over WLW, Cincinnati, and on Saturday nights she is heard in the Crosley Saturday Knights program which WLW now sends to WGBS, New York City.

Miss Rhoda Arnold, (lower left, page 65) is the star in the Ohrmach Hour over WOR. As prima donna for that station Miss Arnold has been taking leading parts in its productions for three years. She's also soloist in the Bamberger Symphony Hour, and star in the Moonbeam Hour.

San Francisco and Oakland are backing beautiful Annette Hastings, (lower center, page 65) a soprano whose voice has been heard over KGO, San Francisco and the NBC network for two years.

Even Bill Hay, the Canny Scott who announces Amos 'n' Andy, risks an eye every time Betty McLean, (lower right, page 65) enters WMAQ's big studios in Chicago. She's one of the country's leading Radio dramatic players.





They Prove Pittsburgh Isn't Smoky—*Notice the White Trousers!*

. . . Peter Greco's Pittsburgher's at KQV

Radio Orchestras, as a rule, play either to the ear or the feet. Seldom, if ever, do they stress both effects and rhythm. Peter Greco and his Pittsburghers have solved that problem, effectively and well. They combine dancing rhythm with beautiful "ear effects" on their bi-weekly programs from KQV at Pittsburgh.

Peter Greco, standing to the left of the tuba, realized the importance of rhythm, so he deserted his chosen instrument, the violin, and mastered the tuba, turning the conducting of the orchestra to his brother. "Pete" rehearses the band, and while on the air he sits in such a position that all of his men can watch the movements of his free hand.

* * *

Mahlon Merrick, who directs the dance orchestra for NBC on its west coast Camel Pleasure hour, first started to broadcast in 1922 at the State College of Washington, Pullman, where the call letters are now KWSC.

Since he was graduated in fine arts and education, naturally he continued musical studies and went to Chicago to study with Leo Sowerby at the American conservatory of music.

Heading a traveling band in the Orient, later for two years he directed instrumental music in the Kalamazoo, Mich., schools, Later he entered Radio and was with stations in Spokane and San Francisco before signing up with the NBC studios in Frisco. Violin, drums, clarinet, saxophone . . . Mahlon's musical taste is a wide one. His chief interest and study has been in harmony. "Blue Lover" is his latest brain child. He wrote it in collaboration with Chuck Thode and Larry Yoel, and he has edited numerous piano pieces.

* * *

James Knight Garden, formerly KGFJ announcer and heard as guest announcer from several stations, is being heard in playlets from KFI. Looking like a staid and solid business man . . . gold tooth and all . . . Garden's richly dramatic voice is easily recognizable wherever he may speak via Radio.

* * *

Broadcast of Air Races Provides New Problem for Broadcaster KYW

New problems are continually bobbing up for broadcasters. Even pioneer KYW often has its problems in finding the best way to pickup some event never before attempted.

This year's most difficult was the National Air Races at Chicago. New sound devices, new ways of placing microphones and new everything was the order when plans were made to broadcast the air races.

Although the actual time of broadcast was but a few minutes each "shot" and three or four of these reports per day—for the major events——engineers were on hand at least a week ahead of time trying out various positions of microphones and installing telephone connections. In conjunction with NBC engineers the KYW technical staff finally worked out what was considered the best pickup at the field by those who listened.

NBC engineers stood by with a special short wave broadcast set aboard a small truck, to be used in the event of a smashup.

* * *

Winnie Fields Moore, known as KFI's nomad novelist, has never visited most of the places she describes on her daily afternoon Radio travelogues. But, she says, "being gifted with a vivid imagination and a student of world countries, many people tell me that I have such an eye for detail that my broadcasts are more vivid and real than if given by one who has actually seen the places described."

* * *

Twice a week Charles F. Lindsley, head of the speech education department at Occidental College, Los Angeles, gives a musical reading at KHJ with organ background. He first began to broadcast six years ago . . . left the field for three or four years . . . and is now back again with his baritone voice in dramatic readings of high order.

* * *

Mary Pasmore, KFRC Violinist, Has Strange Experience

Mary Pasmore, first violinist in KFCR's prize concert orchestra had an interesting experience when vacationing a year or so ago. Says she:

"One of the most unique concerts I have ever appeared in took place several years ago when my sister and I were on a camping trip in Oregon.

"Passing through an Indian reservation we were persuaded to stay over and give a concert. As our clothes were in a dilapidated condition, we scoured the Indian store for suitable raiment and appeared that night garbed somewhat as follows: my sister in a blouse that had

been laundered in the camp and dried au-natural and soiled knickers, and myself in a black dress borrowed from the storekeeper's wife, who must have weighed 250 pounds.

"Whether the Indians enjoyed the show or not has always been an enigma. They did not, at any time, betray the slightest emotion but listened in absolute and complete silence. There was only an occasional wail from a papoose.

"When it was all over they stalked out without comment. The three white people present, however, told us that they must have liked it or else they would have left the hall in a body before the concert was finished."

* * *

G. Donald Gray, dramatic reader for KPO, is a native of England but has long since been naturalized during his residence in this country. Six feet in height, about 180 pounds, deep set blue eyes, his hair is snow white and has been, he says, since the early twenties.

Mr. Gray does his Radio reading mostly on the afternoon programs although sometimes it is on the evening broadcasts as well. He never wears a hat, is addicted to sports raiment and indulges in horseback riding as a favorite pastime. Often he forsakes the Radio drama to become fourth member in a studio male quartet—The Capers.

Cecil Wright of KFRC Is Harmonica Devotee

Cecil Wright, of KFRC, calls himself the "Country Boy Entertainer," and everything about him lives up to the name. He says: Having lived in Arkansas and Oklahoma 'most all my life, and mainly in the country, I have had a good deal to do with the type of music I play, although, of course, I do like jazz, too. I can sing and play more than 200 songs and musical numbers from memory and most of these entirely by ear.

Young Wright, twenty-two summers and winters, straps a harmonica in a frame around his neck, places a guitar in his lap and when he isn't singing with guitar accompaniment he blows on the harmonica. Before going West he was with KTHS, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and he has earned his living by singing since he was fifteen.

* * *

Bill Sharples, known as "The New Idea Man" (KMIC and KMTR) has moved lodgings over to KTM where he gives an early morning two hour broadcast every day in the week at 7 a.m., Pacific standard time.

* * *

John Te Groen, who worked his way through college by playing the xylophone as a solo instrument and also with hotel orchestras . . . including the Alexandria, where Paul Whiteman got his start . . . is now with KMPC, in Beverly Hills, exclusive neighbor of Los Angeles.

Lean and lanky, with a melancholy demeanor somewhat like an old-fashioned deacon, John plays a mean xylophone; does solo work, too; directs the studio dance group; and even has a string trio which bears his name.

* * *

Arthur Shaw, KTM organist, passed away during the summer months after a long illness. Previous to that he had held the same position at KTAB, Oakland, and while studying in Trinity college, London, took honors in music for three consecutive years.

* * *

They Shake Hands Below Mike and Herman of WENR

"Herr-mann" seems to have done something to win plaudits for a change, for here is Mike congratulating him instead of giving it to him hot and heavy.

This is the well-liked comedy team of WENR, Chicago's most popular station according to the recent contest.



What GOOD MUSIC HAS TO OFFER

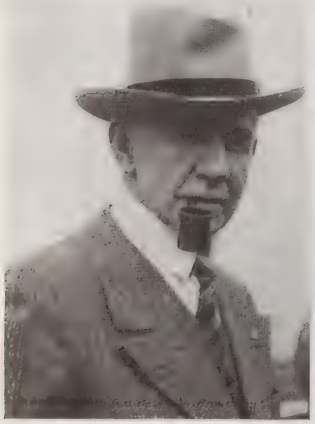
By WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

ANY one is at liberty to say, and most people do say at frequent intervals, that we live in a wonderful age. I shall not try to swell the chorus, but content myself with gently murmuring, "How well I know it." Edward Bellamy wrote a book during the last decade of the nineteenth century called "Looking Backward," which depicted an imaginary socialistic state of the year 2000 or thereabouts. One of the blessings to be enjoyed by the lucky inhabitants of this Utopia was music from a central broadcasting station, delivered free to every household, and made available merely by turning a switch. It was a lovely idea, and thousands who read the book during its years of popularity must have wished that they too might go to sleep and wake up in the year 2000 to find a symphony orchestra on tap all day long; but no one ever thought it would come true.

Still it has come true, without our having to wait either for the year 2000 or for a socialistic state. We have Radio broadcasting. To-day the performance of the Philadelphia, or of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, or of the Chicago, or of the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, can be picked up and delivered to you and to me, in astonishing fidelity and with effects quite remarkably like the real thing. But what are the millions going to do with all this opportunity to hear the performances of these great organizations? That is what I should like, quite seriously, to know.



William Braid White



Gen. Charles G. Dawes

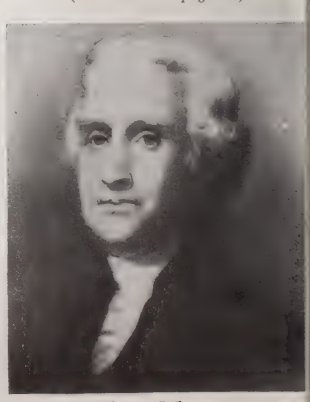
All sorts of attempts have been made by broadcasting stations and networks to discover the truth about public taste in the matter of what is called, rather inaccurately, "classical" music. I think that there can be no doubt as to the changes that have taken place in this taste during the last few years. But at the same time, although the American people are taking more kindly each year to music of the more serious kind, there is still an awful amount of ignorance among them on every side of the subject. Of course it is open to any one to say that it is the business neither of me nor of any other person to reproach the American people for preferring dance music and sentimental sloppy songs to the works of the great masters of music. I am quite willing to admit that this is so; but at the same time there is no getting away from the fact that the accomplishment of appreciating intelligently grea musical expression is one of the mos delightful, soothing and satisfying tha this restless age knows. He or she wh knows how to listen-in with sympatheti appreciation to the performance of sym phonies by a great orchestra or of th masterpieces of piano, violin, choral o chamber music by eminent musicians, an to understand what it is to which h listens, has acquired a sovereign remed for nearly all the mental ills to whic flesh is heir. And really, the job is b no means either difficult or painful. Ap preciative understanding of the fine ar of fine music can readily be obtained b any man, woman or child who is willin to take a little trouble.

* * *

Of Course It's Worthwhile

It is hardly worth arguing the questio of worth-whileness. It ought to b enough to know that it would be impos sible to write a list of great statesmen scientists, financiers, writers, or philoso phers without including the names o sincere lovers of music in its highes forms. Frederick the Great played th flute and wrote music for it, Thoma Jefferson played the violin, Goethe

(*Continued on page 73*)



Thomas Jefferson

GRAND OLD MAN of the SEA

Sir Thomas Lipton Shakes Hands With Mayor Jimmy Walker and Gets "Mike-fright" at Welcome Party



THE great international yacht race is over. The equally famous cup reposes in the victor's place of abode. And withal Americans have come to know a certain man not only as a sportsman but as a good sport.

Of course to the lucky ones who have burned hands hauling on main sheet ropes, grown dexterous cleating port and starboard stays, and sweat lustily while breaking out spinnakers it is no news that sail boat racing develops not only yachtsmen but also good sports. Even the best at the game have to be good losers nearly as often as they are good winners, and by the same law of averages America's percentage of victories might be smaller if the one man who comes over from the other side always met the same opponent.

Be that as it may, let the cup rest in all glory with the winner. But regardless of who won, the public's interest in and sympathies with dramatic Sir Thomas Lipton have grown deeper. So gallant and persevering a challenger—such a distinctive face—has created for us all a memory of a lovable personality. Another "grand old man" has come into his own. Hence it is a real pleasure to give some close-up impressions of the man himself. Here is the story as told by the special representative of Radio Digest who was a member of the official delegation which welcomed Sir Thomas Lipton to the United States:



© International Newsreel Photo.

Microphone was one of the first to seek a word with Sir Thomas Lipton on his arrival. Left to right: Thomas Cowan, (announcer), Sir Thomas Lipton, Grover Whalen, Thomas Mann and Wm. H. Rankin.

SIR THOMAS arrived in New York on the Leviathan with a heavy coastal fog as the main reception committee. To be sure the mayor of New York City, "Jimmie" Walker, sent a delegation down the bay under the command of Grover Whalen, New York's official greeter, along with a ship load of motion picture sound men and their cameras, close to fifty news camera men, reporters on New York papers, and an energetic crew of three Radio operators, with their equipment.

Every one in the wide world knew that Sir Thomas Lipton was arriving in New York harbor, from the instant he stepped from the gangplank of the Leviathan, to the S.S. Macom, (the city's official welcoming boat) until the time he wearily stepped into an automobile at the Battery on his way uptown to his hotel. One Radio announcer, with the combined stations of the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, the official station of the city of New

(*Continued on page 89*)



Janet Crose Stanley of KFSK, whose rich colorature tones are heard on Monday nights.

Allan Fairchild. some-time announcer for KMTR, KFI, KFQZ and other southwest stations, has gone back to radio again after selling automobiles for a year or more. He is now with KGFJ with his musical voice. Yes, he's married.. tall, inclined to be thin, coal black hair, sparkling eyes and a dynamic personality.

* * *

Bill Simmons, aged thirty-one and happily married, now lives in San Leandro, California, but he often croons cowboy songs via KROW, San Francisco. When Bill was a youngster he lived on his father's ranch and thought the place was a real Utopia. But his fond parents hustled him off to New York for schooling when he was about ten and the boy was sad and disconsolate.

However, he lived through it all, but, when the schoolhouse doors closed with a bang when it was all over, he promptly hiked westward and worked on a ranch in Colorado. What a treat the cattle had . . . harmonica, guitar, fiddle, yodels and everything. Now he does Radio work and phonograph recordings for a living and is happy once more, even though his favorite cattle ranch is far, far away.

* * *

KYA's violinist and member of its studio instrumental trio, Fred Heward, used to teach violin and harmony at the University of Washington. For some reason or other, he dropped out of the teaching angle to devote most of his time to Radio although he still gives private lessons in the San Francisco bay district.

* * *

Paul Lanning does some fancy whistling for KFRC's Blue Monday Jamboree and he learned it all in Chicago where he used to live. He left college in the junior year to do some circuit touring for vaudeville and finally landed in San Francisco. In everyday life his business has to do with automobile mechanism so whistling is a hobby.

Another hobby is by way of imitating birds and wild game. He is six feet tall, weighs a trifle less than 150 pounds, big brown eyes, black hair, and a tooth brush mustache.

* * *

Kitty Brown, continuity scribe for KGER, is double jointed. How do we know? Well, she took part in a Laurel and Hardy comedy not so long ago. A graduate of the University of Washington, she once wrote a song which was published by a national sorority. Song writer, circus acrobat, radio writer . . . what will Kitty do next? She is of the buxom type, brunette, weighs 198 on the hoof, starting to lose her girlish figure . . only 24 and unmarried.

* * *

Everett Hoagland and his Troubadors once more do the wandering minstreal act. First they were at the Santa Ana, California, station. Then they journeyed to KFWB, in Hollywood, then to KFOX and finally to KGER where they are heard twice nightly playing by remote control from down the beach at Balboa.

Hoagland, looking very collegiate lithe, spritely, trim mustache..has a fine orchestra of collegiate youths and their music is said to be the most popular of any group just outside Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, of course, George Olsen, Ben Bernie, Gus Arnheim and Earl Burtnett all vie for first honors with all rights and privileges pertaining thereto.

* * *



Henry Temple of WNBO poses after his return from a trip as guest announcer in the East.



Meet KHJ's popular studio manager, Van C. Newkirk, known also to fans as a singer.

Gasoline Rebellion Launched by WNAY

Almost from the beginning the federal Radio commission has taken the stand that community broadcast stations perform a valuable service to their listeners. Pertinent to that theory the Gurney seed company, which operates WNAX at Yankton, S. D., decided to take up cudgels against the high price of gasoline, which they considered oppressive to their farmer listeners. This was just one more burden—in fact the proverbial straw.

Mr. D. B. Gurney, president of the company, hired investigators to find out whether the arbitrary price of 21 cents was justified. The reports indicated that it was not. Acting in behalf of his company he thereupon announced to the WNAX listeners that he would bring in good gasoline to sell at a fair price, which was established at 17 cents. After arranging for equipment and his independ-

ent supply he told the listeners they could now buy their gas at the low rate. Almost immediately the old companies cut their rate to meet the broadcaster's, but the farmers, according to the Gurney announcements, have consistently stood by and many of them drive as far as fifty miles to buy their gasoline supplies from the nearest WNAX gasoline station. This South Dakota station has won two Radio Digest popularity prizes.

* * *

Ray Bailey of KMTR Resembles Whiteman

Ray Bailey, KMTR musical director, says he may look like Paul Whiteman but he's glad to weigh a hundred pounds less than Paul during the warm summer weather just passed. Ray . . . with tricky mustache that wiggles from side to side . . . somewhat pot bellied . . . sporting flashy neckties . . . does some violin work for the talkies but is always up at KMTR's studios by nightfall to direct and rehearse his studio groups and ensembles. By way of hobbies, he has made a special study of sound effects for Radio and has invented several unique devices for this type of work.

* * *

The Luboviski trio, famed KNX musical instrumentalists, is minus a cellist since Walter V. Ferner resigned in the summer. It is said that a new member will not be picked until the fall months. In the meantime, the violinist and pianist have done solo numbers. Calmon Luboviski, one of the four Luboviski brothers at the station, small in stature, is a master violinist. Claire Mellonino, pianist, is plump, witty and premiere classic pianist of Radio in Hollywood . . . also the wife of Pierre Mellonino, KNX studio manager.



Gunnar Wiig of WHEC

Gunnar Wiig Makes Hit as Radio Reporter

"Here is the wind-up . . . here it comes . . Wheee — there it goes!" That's a phrase everybody in Rochester knows even better than most people know "Sho! Sho!" or "I's regusted" or "Aint dat sompin'!" They have become used to it through hearing Gunnar O. Wiig's broadcast of the ball games over WHEC in the Kodak city.

Gunnar Wiig has been making Radio history in the northern New York territory and on the Canadian side of the border. He is an enthusiastic Radio reporter. He has the happy faculty of bringing the listener to the game as he sits at home, or in front of the Radio store where the progress of the game is being reported. Mr. Wiig is equally proficient in broadcasting a game from the ticker tape.

His good sportsmanship has created a reputation for himself among the junior element. His voice is something mysterious and wonderful to the young boys who have abandoned the peek-hole in the ball-park fence for the receiving set at home.

Here is evidence which proves beyond a doubt the fact that this reporter's popularity is grounded on solid, hard rock. Not long ago a special day was set apart as Radio Fans' Day—a special occasion for the set sitters to come out and show their appreciation for the free games they had attended by their receivers at home. The occasion was a marked success for it was attended by 15,000 fans.

New Popularity Contest starts with this issue of Radio Digest!

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid-in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct..	$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; one 2-year, one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.....	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	40.00	2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Willard Robison's

Haunting Harmonies



Willard Robison who brings the croon songs and spirituals to listeners throughout the country.

Spirituals and Blues Songs Turn Dials to Maxwell House Hour from Coast to Coast

A RED second hand creeps resolutely past its black brothers on the face of an electrically synchronized clock. The red hand is ticking inevitably toward a program cue in the large studio on the thirteenth floor of the National Broadcasting Company building in New York. In twenty—eighteen—sixteen seconds, says the hand, it will be 9:30 o'clock. Another weekly program of Maxwell House Melodies will be vibrating radio speakers in thousands of homes from coast to coast.

But only one man in the studio is watching the seconds as they vanish toward the "zero" hour. He is the announcer, Alwyn Bach, who listens through his earphones and spares one eye for the lights in his switchboard while he observes the red hand out of the corner of the other.

For everyone else in the studio, there is a more absorbing, vital object of attention. Twenty-three musicians, four young vocalists, half a hundred guests admitted by ticket to this sanctum of sound, are watching a slender, blond young man who is slouched indolently against a grand piano by the conductor's stand. He is Willard Robison, the director, famous exponent of the syncopated spiritual and hauntingly harmonized "blues" song, whose original Deep River Orchestra has been swallowed up in the enlarged Maxwell House ensemble.

THE sixteen seconds pass. Lights flash in the switchboard. Bach turns from his announcer's microphone and drops his hand—the gesture signifying "on the air". With the soothing strains of "Peaceful Valley", one of Robison's own compositions, the orchestra begins its program, and the audience relaxes after its expectant wait.

But Robison, the director, becomes

alert, intense. His interest in the proceedings, however, is not that of the conventional director. He doesn't wave a baton, and his hair remains unruffled. In fact, he may not move from his piano during all of the signature song. Only his attitude of careful listening, or perhaps a lifted eyebrow in the direction of the 'cellos, indicates his constant scrutiny of the performance. For Willard Robison, who brought haunting croon songs and spirituals of the Southwestern Negro to jazz weary New York, belongs to a new school of radio conductors.

Robison is an ardent student of the technique of broadcast music. He places his emphasis on painstaking rehearsals, on meticulous perfection of the balance of his orchestrations in terms of their reproduction on the air.

But let's turn back to the progress of this program just begun, to this typical Thursday night concert by Willard Robison and his Maxwell House ensemble.

First may come a rhythmic spiritual entitled "We'll Have a New Home in the Morning", a composition by Robison whose title suggests that it is a sort of epilogue to his "Cottage for Sale", the song which first brought him fame in New York. Then comes an example of the new idiom in Negro spirituals, "Aunt Hagar's Chillun", by W. C. Handy, the father of the "Blues".

Next, perhaps, the impresario himself goes to the piano, and leans over toward the solo microphone which is swung across the piano-top on a two-by-four plank—a studio "set-up" designed especially for Robison's own crooning style. He goes into one of his most notable studies in modernistic harmonies, "Head Low". Breathing softly into the microphone, he becomes an old revivalist, busily "rasslin' with Satan and savin' souls!" Camp meeting is in full swing after the first few bars; traffic is heavy on the sawdust trail.

Then evening shadows lengthen in the swamplands, lights twinkle in the cabins as dusk falls in the canebrake, and a song of lament rises from the lowlands. Willard Robison's orchestra plays Rube Bloom's prize-winning "Song of the Bayou".

Released from the misty spell of the Mississippi swamps by the inevitable "brief pause for station announcements", heralded nowadays by the melody of chimes, listeners next hear the voices of four young men, lullingly keyed to the strains of "Oh, Miss Hannah". The fact that they are carefully attired in dinner jackets, singing into a metal box in a room with modernistic appointments, fails to destroy for listeners the atmosphere of the Deep South. The young men in this quartet, incidentally, are Victor Hall and Randolph Weyant, tenors; Ken Christie, baritone, and Bob Moody, bass.

By way of sparkling conclusion, Willard Robison may choose as his finale for this characteristic Maxwell House period a syncopated medley from a current New York musical show.

What Good Music Has to Offer

(*Continued from page 68*)

Schopenhauer, Nietszche, were lovers of music and amateur musicians. Gladstone loved music. Balfour played the violin very well. Among the famous Americans of today, one only need mention Edison, General Dawes, Otto Kahn. In New York or Chicago you will find among the audiences which crowd to hear the great symphony orchestras, bankers, clergymen, presidents of great industrial corporations like Charles M. Schwab.

* * *

Musicians As Men

There is a notion that only long-haired dreamy eccentrics can either play or compose music. There is no more pestiferously silly notion. Every great composer of great music has been a magnificent mental and spiritual engine, giving forth from his highly specialized brain thoughts too deep and sweet to be uttered in words and visions too profound and rare to be seen by the eye. Such a man (and every great composer has been a man, strange as it may seem) is necessarily strong, mentally and physically. One of the best examples is Brahms, last of the great musical thinkers of the age just past. One sees him in the mind's eye, the stocky sturdy old bachelor, with the big cigar between his lips, the old black derby on the back of his magnificent head and the long splendid grey beard sweeping over his chest. "There," the people of Vienna might have said as they watched him walking each afternoon down the street from the modest apartment where he had worked all day long composing, writing down, correcting proofs, "there goes a man." And a man he was, every inch of him, a man of immense physical and mental powers, a man who lived life through and through, who was thinker, reader, artist and exponent of masculinity, all rolled into one.



Johannes Brahms

I am going to try during coming months, to introduce as many of my readers as will accompany me to that delectable land of tone which holds for those who have the key to its golden gardens, satisfactions and joys which no pen can describe and no money can buy. Radio broadcasting brings each day to millions at least some examples of great art-music, beautiful in itself and beautifully played. On how many deaf ears is all that beauty wasted! Yet the ears of the deaf can be unstopped and the magic fairyland be thrown open to each and every one. How many of you will take the journey with me? You will find it interesting and delightful every step of the way.

* * *

And This Is How

Happily for us all, Radio broadcasting gives us almost an unlimited amount of opportunity to hear all the best in music. I intend to draw a great deal upon the advance programs of the big broadcasting chains. I shall talk this winter about the symphony concerts which are to be broadcast from New York, about the operas which will also be available and about the many, many chamber music recitals which can be heard from one or another of the better stations almost all the year round. You know, chamber music, that is music in the smaller concerted forms such as trios, quartets, quintets and so on, is really in some ways the loveliest of all music, for it appeals by its own sheer beauty to those who know how to listen to it; nor does it need the noise and bombast of a great orchestral mass to carry it through.

As I said, I am going to carry on these talks with my readers in a genuine effort to bring a great many more of the Radio Digest's family into an understanding communion with great music. As a general rule I shall divide each month's chat into two parts: one a little talk about music in general or some form of it and the other a short notice of some musical work which one of the big symphony orchestras will be broadcasting. I shall talk about musicians too, as men and as artists, how the musician thinks in terms of tone; and all that sort of thing. I shall do my best to be neither dull nor trivial and hope you will all be pleased.



A chafing dish supper of rarebit, stuffed olives and coffee before an open fire is a fitting close to a perfect evening.

Achieving Perfection in Informal Entertainment

By

Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

Style Advisor of Columbia Broadcasting System

Interesting hints about arranging parties may be gleaned from this interview with Grace White, dietician and entertainment counsellor of the Radio Home-Makers Club

IN THE fall a woman's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of entertaining. The heat of summer is gone and we find ourselves energetic once more and eager to display our newly returned abilities. Like as not, new curtains are up, freshly cleaned carpets are down and our homes in general have taken on a more cozy aspect, all of which we are also eager to display. But just as soon as we begin to think of parties, we are burdened with the task of inventing new menus, new games, novel ways of making our parties just a little bit different to make them interesting.

Realizing this, I called on Grace White, the dietician and entertainment genius of the Radio Home-Makers Club, where I was sure I could learn the very newest wrinkles to pass on to you. And I was not disappointed. Here's the result of our conference:—

"Entertaining," Miss White said, "must be thought of in two distinct categories—that which we do alone and that which is done with the help of domestics. Servants can easily be dispensed with, as these days of strict immigration laws and high prices have proved. However, I would not advise anyone to give a formal dinner party without the aid of servants."

We both agreed, on the other hand, that delightful, *in*formal dinner parties can be given in even the smallest apartments and that there is no more truly hospitable form of entertaining. Of course, such a party must be small; say four, or at the most six diners. The menu cannot be elaborate. Four courses, consisting of soup or an appetizer, a roast, salad and dessert, are all that can be easily handled alone. And it is quite enough. As a matter of fact, even women who entertain on a grand scale have long since drifted away from the interminable meals of twenty years ago. Our knowledge of calories, vitamins, balanced rations, and the new fashions have shown us the folly of gourmandizing.

An excellent idea for these intimate little dinners is to serve a grill plate for the main course. Sectioned dinner plates —blue plates, as they are called—are invaluable assets to every household. In small apartments where there is no room for large dining tables on which to set innumerable dishes, the grill plate is especially welcome. The meat and vegetables can be arranged on the individual plates in the kitchen and only the gravy, relishes and compote have to be passed at the table.

Miss White suggests the following menu for a small dinner party. It is easy to prepare and serve and will leave the smallest amount of work to be done after the guests are gone. First, mock or real turtle

soup, flavored with sherry, served in cups; for the main course a grill plate consisting of a french lamb chop, fried tomato topped with a large broiled mushroom, mashed potatoes and fresh peas; a salad course of hearts of lettuce with rocquefort cheese dressing, and a frozen fruit salad and petit fours for dessert.

The soup can be bought canned or in a glass jar. If it is not already flavored, a small bottle of cooking sherry can be purchased at the same time and added to taste. Remember, cooking sherry is very salty, so proceed with care. Have the soup in the pot ready to heat at the last minute and add the sherry just before serving. The soup, in consomme cups, should be at each place when the guests come to the table. Small, round, salt wafers should be on each bread and butter plate for the soup and salad courses.

THE chops and mushrooms can be broiled while the soup is being heated and left in the hot oven while the first course is eaten. The mashed potatoes should be kept hot over a pot of boiling water. The fresh peas, from which the water has been drained, can be kept piping hot in the same way, a generous lump of butter added to them so that they do not dry up. The blue plates standing on top of the oven will be handy and hot when the main course is to be served. After the first course is removed from the table, the blue plates are carefully prepared, garnished with cress or finely chopped parsley. Hot finger rolls should accompany this course.

The hearts of lettuce on individual

How would you like to give a company dinner with a table set like the one at the bottom of the page? The candelabrum is wreathed with bits of laurel and bayberries. The red vases are filled with narcissi. The first course is in position.

Afternoon bridge is usually followed by tea served in the same room. The table or tea wagon should be prepared beforehand. Dainty sandwiches and small iced cakes are the usual repast.





salad plates should be ready in the ice box, together with a bowl of dressing to be passed with the salad.

BEFORE serving the dessert, the table is cleared of everything but glasses, mints and salted nuts. The dessert, which is really a delicious fruit parfait, can be frozen in an electric refrigerator or a regular freezer. It can be placed on the individual plates before going to the table where the small cakes are passed with it.

Just before the dessert is served, the coffee pot, filled beforehand, should be set on the fire. If you have an electric pot it is much cozier to bring it into the livingroom after dinner and let it percolate in there, where the coffee will be served.

If your guests are congenial to one another—and a wise hostess takes great care to invite only those who are—if the table is prettily decorated with gleaming damask, flowers, candles and shining silver and glassware, you can take all the time necessary to prepare each course artistically before bringing it to the table, secure in the knowledge that the diners are having a good time while they are waiting for you.

The work should be done without flurry and with enough time to arrange each course prettily. A tea wagon is an excellent aid to the servantless hostess for with it each course can be removed or served in one journey. Don't allow anyone else to help you for this is so apt to break up conversation at the table. And after all, the success of any dinner party, large or small, depends as much on the conversation as the food.

Serving the coffee away from the dining table has a two-fold purpose: first, it gives the hostess a reason for suggesting that the guests leave the table when dinner is over so that she can quickly remove everything to the kitchen to be cleaned up quickly when the guests are gone; second, it is indispensable in continuing the mood of the dinner table. Over a cup of coffee and a cigarette, conversation flows with the same cheerful intimacy that inspires it at the table. Later on, cards may be in order or the radio can be turned on and the carpet rolled back for dancing.

THERE is no more delightful place to entertain friends than in the intimacy and quiet of the home, but the hostess must lend all of her efforts to make every one feel relaxed and entertained. To do this, it is important first to feel that way yourself. Plan even the smallest party carefully so that you will be unflurried and at ease before your guests. Mix with them. If one seems to be left out of things, draw her into the circle. If discussions get too hot and tempestuous, change the subject discreetly. Never discuss your own worries and cares, and when your guests are comfortable in what they are doing, don't suggest something else in your anxiety to please.

IN THE autumn there are many excuses for giving special parties, if one needs any excuse at all. Besides these, there are the little luncheons, afternoon bridges and teas which women love to give,—maybe to honor a visitor or to introduce a new neighbor to your friends, or just to gather some congenial souls together.

First let us think of Hallowe'en, a holiday that inspires us all with the spirit of fun and youth. Though it is to a great extent the children's day, adults can release their feelings and rollick, too, in an atmosphere of witches, black cats and ghostly "spooky" and mysterious revels.

Grace White told me of an invitation which she received last year to a grown-up Hallowe'en party (grown-ups do have such parties, you know) and which was made of a strip of black paper, 20 inches long and 4 inches wide. The paper was folded up in inch widths and a line of the following invitation was written in each fold in white ink:

(*Continued on page 125*)



A smart luncheon table. The doilies and center bowl of flowers give a touch of distinction to the table that is enhanced by the simplicity of arrangement.

FRANCES INGRAM *on* *Personality*

Beauty Expert Talks To Women Listeners



Feminine listeners eagerly tune in to hear Miss Ingram

(Editor's Note: Believing that it is impossible for all listeners to hear all programs of merit and believing further that many listeners like to have a written record of certain programs they hear, Radio Digest is planning to print a number of programs, particularly those of a prose nature, in virtually verbatim form.)

MISS INGRAM is as usual in her own studio—a distinctly feminine room done in rose and silver gray. She is busy dictating letters to Marion, her secretary—letters to women all over the country who write to her in response to her radio talks for advice on their complexion troubles.

MARION: There's one here from Detroit that's awfully interesting—to me anyway. Here it is.

Dear Miss Ingram:

I have been listening to you every Tuesday morning for the last month. I'm writing to you because you always are so optimistic and so encouraging. I need to be encouraged because I have no job. I did have a pretty good position which I've held ever since I was graduated from college two years ago. I was assistant buyer in the misses' department in one of the largest department stores here in Detroit. I like my work and I was good at it, but in the past six months three other girls who had not been in the department as long as I were promoted over me. The head of the department never did like me, I know. I went to see her to find out why the other girls had been made buyers while I was still an assistant. The only reason that she gave me was that I lacked personality. She admitted that I was capable, but she said that I didn't act efficiently and I lacked personality. So I resigned. It's the unfairest thing I ever heard of. But since listening to you, I've been wondering if maybe my appearance affected my chance of promotion. There's nothing much the matter with my complexion that I can see although it's a little dull. I don't suppose you can tell me how to develop personality, can you, or how to act efficiently? Sincerely yours, ——

FRANCES INGRAM:—That last sounds like a challenge, doesn't it, Marion? Of course, I can't develop her personality for her, but it is possible to tell her how to do it herself. Take this letter to her, please. (Dictation) I know how bitter and discouraged you must feel, and I am glad that you have given me this opportunity to help you, for I think I can. Please don't allow yourself to think that you cannot alter any aspect of your nature. You can. You become what you think. You know that old saying—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are"—well, this one applies in your case, too—"Tell me what you think and I'll tell you what you are." A new paragraph, Marion. You say that the head of your department accuses you of having no personality. We use that expression a lot these days and it isn't strictly accurate. When we say a person lacks personality, what we mean is that she lacks vivid or attractive personality.

MARION: Most people believe personality is a natural endowment. And you really think that if you don't have a good personality you can make one?

FRANCES INGRAM: That's a large order. Personality is hard to define. I'd say that it was that indefinable something that makes a woman radiant, attractive, likeable.

MARION: And you really think that if you don't have a good personality you can make one?

FRANCES INGRAM: I certainly do. This is an age of self-development—particularly self-development for women. And one of the things women can develop is an attractive personality—as I was about to tell this girl we're writing to. Let's see—what had I said last?

MARION: Oh . . . . "When we say a person lacks personality, what we mean is that she lacks vivid or attractive personality."

FRANCES INGRAM: Oh, yes. A new paragraph, please. (Dictation) You can develop a vivid and attractive personality if you really want to. First, as a foundation on which to develop personality, it's advisable to have perfect health. Occasionally you will find invalids with strong, vibrant personalities, but they are the exception, not the rule. To be radiant, you need splendid health. Too many women are content to spend their lives in a sort of twilight of subnormal vitality. They aren't really ill, but they aren't well either. Often this condition is due to the fact that all is not as it should be internally. Lack of internal cleanliness drains animation and makes women look old even when they aren't. Personally, I am enthusiastic about the saline method for internal use in this connection. (To Marion) Enclose two booklets in this letter, Marion,

(*Continued on page 89*)

Budget Your Way to Prosperity

The road to happiness and contentment stretches before those who have learned the secret of restrained spending

By Anne B. Lazar

TO THOSE impracticable souls who reach down in their reticules, handbags or purses to the tune of the alluring shades of hosiery, the bewildering varieties of gloves and other such objects of delight and who find at the end of the week that the money roll needs a substantial breakfast, Ida Bailey Allen recommends the prosaic, but important expedient of a budget.

The budget may be a stern, formal regulation and its object may be to still the ceaseless cravings of the feminine nature, but its mission in the world is a very worthy one. If faithfully obeyed, the budget makes possible the attainment of many things—from that trip to Europe, the hope of which is entertained by every woman, to the complete and harmonious furnishing of a home.

Ida Bailey Allen, founder and president of the Radio Home - Makers Club, gives helpful budget talks and practical advice on the intelligent apportioning of incomes every Tuesday and Wednesday at 9:45 a.m. EST over Radio Station WABC. These biweekly Wanamaker programs are very helpful to those who are anxious to clip the ambitious wings of this thing called the dollar, and who need something more practicable than inspired moments to open bank accounts.

Mrs. Allen has this to say about the subject: "A home organized on a budget basis is a far pleasanter place to live in than one where financial uncertainties are in the air. Rent or mortgage payments are taken care of automatically. Every member of the family is a self-respecting individual, responsible for the spending of a definite share of the common fund. There is no wheedling or complaining. Instead, a loyal spirit of team-work prevails and the family works as a unit."

The effects of budgeting are manifold. It establishes a common interest among the members of the family. It disciplines the wayward taste for gewgaws and novelties of apparel, and it makes possible, as aforementioned, the attainment of higher aims.

But, it may be asked, how can one learn to budget? The only way to learn is to begin. According to Mrs. Allen a family conference should be called first. Calculate the amount you can actually depend upon for your income. Then make a list of the necessary yearly expenses of each member, and apportion them fairly according to the established plan. Some minor adjustments may have to be made here and there, but the fundamentals agreed upon, they should be made to stay.

Mrs. Allen points out the mutual confidence that will thus be established between husband and wife, the manliness it will develop in boys, and the spirit of cooperation which the children will evidence in being actually allowed to cooperate with the grown-ups.

The most practicable way to outline this year's budget is to base it upon the expenses of the previous year. However, on the opposite page is a table to guide you, in the event that you have no knowledge of last year's expenses.

Under the general headings of the budget tables the following subdivisions should be included:

Savings
- a. Insurance (life)
- b. Mortgage amortizations
- c. Investments
- d. Savings

Home
- a. Rent
- b. Taxes (when not specially provided for)
- c. Interest on Mortgage
- d. Heating
- e. Repairs and upkeep of house or apartment
- f. Fire insurance (on house itself)

Food
- a. Groceries
- b. Fruit and vegetables
- c. Dairy products
- d. Meat and fish
- e. Lunches

Clothing
- a. Husband's clothes
- b. Wife's clothes
- c. Children's clothes, etc.



Photo Courtesy John Wanamaker, New York

A one-room budget home for the single person of small income—piano desk, $375; decorated ritz daybed, $150; plain arm chair, $51; calico covered arm chair, $60; gateleg table, $23; nest of 3 tables, $28; total, $687.

Housekeeping
a. Fuel for cooking
b. Ice
c. Light
d. Laundry
e. Household linen, equipment and upkeep
f. Telephone
g. Servants' wages, uniforms, etc.
h. Fire and burglary insurance on furniture
i. Cleaning materials
j. Accident and health insurance
k. Incidentals

Recreation
a. Vacation and travel
b. Social clubs
c. Gifts
d. Automobile—purchase and upkeep
e. Radio and phonographs
f. Amusements
g. Sports

Health
a. Medical attention
b. Dental attention
c. Medicines, etc.

Education
a. Tuition
b. Books, music, etc.
c. Lectures — cultural clubs
d. Newspapers, periodicals

Personal
a. Carfares (daily)
b. Candy, tobacco, etc.
c. Toilet articles
d. Haircuts, shoeshines, manicures, etc.
e. Loans
f. Church and charity
g. Incidentals

Using these charts for your guide, apportion your income to suit your individual needs. Each pay day the first thing to do is to deposit at the bank the amount allotted for saving. Then divide the balance, according to your budget, into the other eight divisions. Money that is not to be used immediately can be kept in a cash box, or in a checking account if there is one, until the end of the month when rent, bills, etc., are due. Other sums, such as vacation money, taxes, and the like, which are not to be used for some time, should be put in the savings bank after being credited to the right accounts.

To be sure to get the full benefit from your clothing allowance, each member of the family should make up a list of every sort of necessary article to complete his clothing equipment for the entire year. After each item put down the approximate cost.

Each week the clothing allowance should be put aside until there is enough to buy one or more of the necessary articles. In this way you will sidestep the temptation to allow the gold and silver pieces to dribble away in unnecessary purchases of those enticing lace handkerchiefs, the colorful ties and other objects that attract your gaze when coins jingle in your pocket.

Budgets for single persons include many types—the independent and self-supporting man or woman, the widow, who often is reduced to a slender income and the widower, who suddenly finds himself in the position of managing a household. Then there are the single young people who, contemplating marriage, can "budget" themselves into the great venture and take part in this fascinating game.

The following plans have been worked out by the Wanamaker Home Budget specialists for single persons:

	Incomes Approximating $1200		Incomes Ranging from $2400 to $5000		
Board and Lodging including lunches and carfare	55%	$ 660	45%	$1080	$2250
Clothing — including laundry, pressing and repairing	20%	240	18%	432	900
Advancement and Recreation	15%	180	17%	408	850
Savings	10%	120	20%	480	1000
	100%	$1200	100%	$2400	$5000



Photo Courtesy John Wanamaker

The homes that budgets build—sewing machine (used as dressing table), $111; chair, $16; bed, $40; table, $23.50; chair, $45; total, $235.50.

Plan your budget, obey its firm commands. Then worry and sleeplessness, co-partners of unrestrained spending, will be displaced with joy and freedom. Don't give up the battle and don't lose courage, for the errors of the first year will prove to be stepping-stones for next year's progress.

At the end of the year you will experience the unspeakable joy of having money in the bank and of having dissolved little debts which seem so harmless but which gnaw at you like little mice.

Plan a budget, and its stern limitations will prove to be the discipline that so many need.

Budget your way to fascinating trips, to furnishing your home, to accomplishing the many glorious things which you entertain in hope but which you fear are so impossible of realizing, simply because at this moment you have not the means.

The system of budgeting has a far greater sphere of influence than most people suspect. During his presidental term Calvin Coolidge said, "I believe in budgets and I am head of the organization that makes the greatest of all budgets, that of the United States."

This prevents the possibility of Congress having to apologize to veterans of this, that and the other war: "So sorry, Mr. Veteran, don't know how it happened but there just simply isn't enough to go around to you folks." Through the budget system the butcher, baker and candlestick maker are paid promptly.

$1800 A YEAR—$150 A MONTH

	Number in Family			
	Two	Three	Four	Five
Savings	$ 27.00	$ 21.00	$ 15.00	$ 10.00
Home	20.00	20.00	22.00	22.00
Food	37.00	44.00	51.00	58.00
Clothing	20.00	20.00	21.00	22.00
Housekeeping	11.00	12.00	12.00	12.00
Recreation	10.00	9.00	8.00	7.00
Health	6.00	6.00	5.00	5.00
Education	6.00	6.00	5.00	5.00
Personal	13.00	12.00	11.00	9.00
Total for Month	$150.00	$150.00	$150.00	$150.00

$3000 A YEAR—$250 A MONTH

	Number in Family			
	Two	Three	Four	Five
Savings	$ 68.33	$ 56.66	$ 43.00	$ 32.00
Taxes	1.67	.34	—	—
Home	30.00	30.00	35.00	35.00
Food	40.00	48.00	56.00	64.00
Clothing	30.00	33.00	36.00	39.00
Housekeeping	25.00	30.00	32.00	32.00
Recreation	19.00	17.00	16.00	16.00
Health	9.00	9.00	8.00	8.00
Education	9.00	9.00	8.00	8.00
Personal	18.00	17.00	16.00	16.00
Total for Month	$250.00	$250.00	$250.00	$250.00

Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

Sensible placing of modern equipment saves time and energy and banishes the drudgery of the "good old days"

By Evelyn Gardiner

Director, KDKA Home Forum

THE kitchen has at last come into its own. No longer do people think it necessary to have the kitchen in the back part of the house shut off from all the other rooms and a room into which no one outside of the family dare look. Of course many people have for years had a comfortable, convenient kitchen. But too often it is the one room in the house in which little or no effort is put forth to make it attractive. When a housewife spends so much time out of a day in this room, why shouldn't it be the best room in the house? And as the health and comfort and happiness of the entire family rest so largely upon the products of the kitchen it ought to be the best equipped room in the house. How about it? How many agree with me? Is your kitchen convenient?

Some may still cling to the good, old-fashioned kitchen. Habit rules most of us. I heard a woman say recently that she couldn't cook in these new-fangled kitchens, because there wasn't sufficient room. She liked a big kitchen where she would not feel cramped. Yes, I recall the kitchen to which she referred. It was the old-fashioned kind, all right. The stove was on one side of the room near a dark corner. The work table was on another side quite near the stove but miles away from the sink and supply cupboards. The sink was opposite the

(*Continued on page 118*)



That tired feeling often is the result of the needless steps taken because of unscientific arrangement of the kitchen. Note the convenient placing of equipment in the KDKA Home Forum Test Kitchen.



CAN YOU FIND THE ROOSTERS IN THIS BEAUTIFUL PEP FLOCK?

Look the picture over carefully.

THESE bright-eyed, alert birds are proud of their red combs and snowy plumage. They are even prouder of the delicately-flavored, fine quality PEP eggs they are "laying for you."

About those roosters, though . . . that is a little joke. You can't find them . . . because there aren't any. Roosters are not allowed among the PEP laying flocks.

PEP poultrymen can thus guarantee the infertility of every PEP egg. These infertile eggs are the answer of nature and science to the housewife's desire for a perfect egg. They do not contain the life germ which causes the inferior food quality of fertile eggs.

Every PEP egg tastes just like every other PEP egg—and, oh, how different from ordinary eggs!

PACIFIC EGG PRODUCERS

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"The Egg with the Reputation"

David *with the* Goliath Voice

Announcer Ross at CBS is Poet, Writer, Book Lover and Athlete. An intimate glimpse into his past

HIS fluent and vibrant personality cannot be cramped into the confines of a stereotyped category. He is too vital for that. He is a native New Yorker. His manner is typically Continental.



His early days were spent in poverty as a ragged newsboy. For ten years he arose at five o'clock every morning to deliver his papers. The cold, gray dawn always found him singing—to keep up his courage. Now he buys the news from almost every poor vendor he passes on the street.

When he was fourteen he was in love with a girl who lived near the park. She did not know him. On Sunday mornings he would skirt the park, going two miles out of his way, with the ricketty baby-carriage that he used to carry the news. This was to avoid the humiliation of being seen by "her."

The warmth of the school room made it difficult for him to keep awake and his exhausted person often thawed out quietly in slumber. Once the teacher disturbed his dreams by asking him to spell "field". Startled, he gasped "F-E-E-L-D". He considers it one of the darkest moments of his life.

AFTER going through grammar and high school, he matriculated at the College of the City of New York. He later enrolled for an agricultural course in a New Jersey College but this proved distasteful to him. He left.

A scholarly doctor gave him his first insight into the fine and profound when he allowed the eager youth freedom of his large library. Through the same benefactor's phonograph he was introduced to the best in music.

Became secretary to a Russian Baroness. Once when invited out to a fashionable dinner with her, he proceeded to lift the finger-bowl containing fresh-cut pansies to his lips. He thought it was another extravagant drink of the rich. The Baroness gave him a timely kick in the shins. This wounded his flesh but preserved his table dignity.

One time he sold a batch of epigrams on "Success" and received a dollar and a quarter for them. This was after they had completed the rounds of a dozen publications. Commenting on this he said, "The writer's failure is the post office's success.

Has a fondness for garlic. He relished an excess of that condiment during a meal that preceded his first appearance on the stage with that prominent actress, Eva Davenport. His part called for violent love-making. She almost swooned as he embraced her. At the end of the act he was called to her dressing-room for a severe rebuke and was dismissd with a warning never to eat garlic while an actor. He is glad the microphone has no olfactory nerves. He still likes garlic.

Has written many reviews of books and plays. His poems have appeared in *The Nation, The New Republic, The American Caravan* and other publications.



He blundered into Radio four years ago. He was in the studios of WGBS when a scarcity of talent resulted in the use of his services as a dramatic reader. Immediately an announcer's position was offered him. It was accepted without hesitation.

Holds hand over ear when announcing. Unconsciously does this when conversing with friends. It is a habit with him.

He is short. Has difficulty reaching microphone, which usually has to be lowered to meet the needs of his stature but his voice has unusual volume and resonance. His hair is chestnut color. It is luxuriant and wavy—the envy of the opposite sex. His moustache is the pride of its owner.

Made a "talkie" short recently. The Kleig lights affected his eyes and he had to remain in a dark room for forty-eight hours.

He is married and has a son and a daughter. He wooed his wife with King Solomon's Song of Songs and still reads her poetry. He claims she is his best friend but, as they have no radio, she is not his severest critic. For the latter he is very grateful indeed.

David, Jr. has been to the studios but once. This caused the father to stutter all over himself. For old felt hats he has a profound attachment, but lacks the courage to wear spats or carry a cane. Always wears soft collars that are several sizes too large—even when in evening dress.

HAS a pathetic weakness for fiddlers and cellists who grunt during difficult string passages. Wonders if there was ever a drummer who left home because he had to carry large packages from the store for his mother.

Most of the programs he announces are of the classic and dramatic type. He gives a highly commendable reading of the poem that opens *Arabesque* every week.

Like every other broadcasting artist, he enjoys reading his fan mail. He is the recipient of many communications from war veterans who remembered him from war days. Once a lady wrote him that, if he were bald, she would lose some of her high esteem for his voice. Now he is certain that his reputation "hangs by a hair" but he is not worried about that.

Browsing among old and rare books is his hobby. He is particularly interested in athletics—especially football.

He is very emotional. When he tells of an incident, it is enacted in voice, expression and gesture for his listeners. He is always himself. If a faint trace of tears are seen in his eyes upon learning of some unfortunate happening—he means it.



He is not an impromptu individual. He thinks and weighs every word. When he speaks it is with considerable nervous energy. Greatly admires anyone who can "Ad Lib" over the air for five minutes.

Life, he believes, is as one fake's it. He never does.

A "Cottage For Sale"





Creator of the Song Reclaims Little Home He Lost when Hard Times Came a Knockin' at the Door

By Lester S. Rounds

THE "Cottage for Sale" has been taken off the market.

There is an actual building, you know, which formed the inspiration for the song heard over a million loudspeakers. It is decidedly no longer for sale, although doubtless the nation's Radios will continue to advertise it nightly; nor will it ever, if its present owner has anything to say about it, be placed on the market again.

It is a very pretty cottage, set in a glade in Crestwood, a residential development in Westchester County, New York. Behind it a host of tall trees marches up a steep hill, casting deep, cool shadows; beside it a tiny brook runs, purling a continuous song. It is such a cottage as everyone has visualized at one time or another as the perfect abode.

And now it is the property of Willard Robison, Radio's latest find. He is heard every Thursday evening over a nation-wide NBC network in the Maxwell House Ensemble program, which he directs. He is also, incidentally, the composer of a "Cottage for Sale." He is highly enthusiastic about Radio, for had it not been for Radio his cottage would still figuratively be 'on the market.'

"A Cottage for Sale" was not the first opus from Robison's pen. From the age of eleven, when he played—not pounded—a piano in an early nickelodeon, music has been his entire life, and the song hit of the season had many predecessors, none of which seemed to make the slightest dent in the musical consciousness of the American public.

They were written at odd places in the south and southwest, from bits of life Mr. Robison observed while traveling with his Deep River Orchestra. The orchestra, organized long before he reached man's estate, had made something of a local reputation for him, and there were few major hotels between the Mississippi and the Rockies in which he had not played.

It was in Omaha, Nebraska, that Robison's feet were set upon the somewhat round-about road to nationwide fame. Paul Whiteman, grand rajah of the orchestra world, heard Robison sing, and was impressed with the deep simplicity, the charm, that marked his talent. He reversed Horace Greeley's advice.

"GO East, young man, go East," he told Robison. "New York is looking for talent like yours."

Robison went East. He packed his trunks and marshalled his family, consisting of beautiful, dark-eyed Mrs. Robison and his little daughter, came to New York, and found his coming premature. Equally premature was Whiteman's advice, for if the glamorous metropolis of the country was eagerly searching talents like his, it was woefully blind to the existence of the young man who knocked so valiantly at its doors for his great opportunity.

This discovery was not made immediately. Before bringing New York to his feet, he had first to provide for his family, and together he and his young wife scoured the city for the place that was to be their home.

THEY found it, about fifteen miles outside of the city. It was their idea of the perfect home, and with his family settled in Crestwood, Robison set about cajoling Fame and Prosperity to his fireside. But something went amiss; although he blew his trumpets thrice, the walls of the city failed to crumble. Several published songs made not the slightest impression. Gotham seemed not yet ready for what he had to offer. Failure stared him in the face.

It was a situation which could not continue indefinitely. Any bank-roll will wither away with everything going out and nothing coming in. Inevitably the day came when Robison turned the key in the door of his cottage for the last time and moved to a less expensive apartment in the city—a heartbreaking experience.

The experience made its impression, for his home, his existence, had been

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Milton G. Hall of KTRH

Has Had Adventurous Life



"Milt" Hall

MILTON G. HALL, Program Supervisor of KTRH, the budding young station of Southern Texas, insists that he should be a very "rustic" farmer, raising the luscious and well known Texas fruit, watermelon . . . and wending his way to a little brown church on Sundays to meetin'. But he may be spoofing.

Milt Hall is a slender, tall man with quiet eyes (except when he is amused), who has swept through an amazing assortment of experiences which have afforded him a splendid background for his position as program supervisor. A Texan by birth, he has always had that insatiable desire for color and adventure, and has most assuredly succeeded in tasting the spiciest dishes of life's activities.

He has lived the rigid life of the soldier, he has written feverishly to make a midnight deadline, he has bossed roughnecks in the oil fields, he has spanned the skies as an aerial photographer during the war. Now he is responsible for the KTRH programs and this particular task is the one that he enjoys most because it is a happy combination of all the other things he has done.

Brimming with youthful ambition, Milt left Texas for Rochester, New York, where he worked on the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and eventually gravitated into Radio, as manager of WHE at Rochester and later as commerci manager and announcer of WMAK Buffalo, New York. Just before returning to Texas, Milt was an announcer ar continuity writer at Station WTAM Cleveland, Ohio.

He is very enthusiastic about KTR Outside of his program duties he enjo broadcasting sports best of all. He lik the crowd's cheering, the quick action men in the field, whether on the footba gridiron, the boxing ring, the baseba diamond or the race tracks. For recre tion there is nothing he would rather than to motor down to a certain litt shack on the banks of a nearby lake fish and swim, and participate in a goo old game of quoits.

The inevitable question of an inte viewer, "Are you married?" was put Milt Hall and the answer is "yes," an not so long either. Mrs. Hall, nee Niob Vitello, is a very attractive young woma an accomplished pianist doing quite a b of broadcasting on her own.

* * *

Rolly Wray does many things fo KFOX. Sometimes she sits in the offic and acts as secretary. Every day sh has a twenty minute piano request period In the evenings she has a girls' trio whic does vocal harmony as well as strin work. In private life . still in the earl twenties . small and diminutive . decide brunette . excellent cook . old fashione enough to believe that woman's place i in the home. Oh what a priceless gift fo some world weary bachelor ready to settl down!

* * *

Like Scotch Jokes? Listen In On KMPC

Dan Maxwell, billed as "The King of Scotland," does a fifteen minute talkie over KMPC each week day. Robust, sporting a wing-type collar and a pink complexion, Dan does pretty well, thank you. Of course he tells the old wheeze about going back home one summer only to find his brothers wearing whiskers Dan had gone to America and carried the razor with him.

* * *

Charlie Lindsey now directs two orchestras for KGER the Cavaliers, which is a dance group, and the Mariners, which is the concert group. Charlie was first director for the KNX musical aggregations when that station opened up six years ago. Married . somewhat bald always good natured . not so very tall.

* * *

Curt Peterson, assistant Eastern program manager for the National Broadcasting Company, was a voice teacher in two fashionable girls' schools for two years before he entered Radio as an announcer. He originally sought a position in Radio just to pass away the summer vacation.



"Will you remember the day . . . when we were happy in May . . ." Sigmund Romberg, composer of Maytime, Blossom Time, Student Prince and other beautiful operettas whose music is well known to Radio listeners, will join KFWB in their Sunday night broadcasts.

Ray Martinez, KFWB, Trained In Circus

Ray Martinez, roly-poly conductor o KFWB'S concert orchestra, got his star in the circus. In fact, his father owne a circus and side show traveling menagerie and, at the tender age of four, little Ray was a juvenile acrobat. Later he did music duties, studied extensively, concertized a bit and now directs the KFWB musical groups and does a good deal o work for the talkies.

* * *

This summer, for the first time, the San Diego civic symphony was on the air, although the group has been in existence for three summers. KFSD did the broadcast for eight successive Tuesdays with considerable success. It played from the open air pavilion in Balboa Park—famed as the locale for the 1915 exposition.

"Old Timer" Signs Off

Pat Barnes, Famous for Many Radio Characters, Says Farewell to Broadcast Mike

By David Winsome



PAT BARNES is a man of "character" to practically all Radio listeners. Some like him best as "Mister Kelley," the Irishman who recalls the shades of great musicians. Others swear by his "Rookie" episodes, with their five great characters; still others chuckle gleefully over the misadventures of "Abner," a hoary ancient from the sleepy community of Middlesex, who keeps the town band under his thumb. But none of these, popular as they are, have won the acclaim enjoyed by Pat's "Old Timer."

The "Old Timer" is the logical development of Pat's own Radio career which began on April 25, 1925, incidentally the birthday of Marconi, father of all this giddy broadcasting business. Pat's own idea in presenting a Radio program is, as he says, "to put a thought behind it," and the "Old Timer" is as full of thoughts as a sieve of holes.

Pat began broadcasting the "Old Timer" over WGN, Chicago, shortly after he joined the staff in 1928. There was a "spot" on Sunday at 7 o'clock that had to be plugged, and plugged with something that would be appropriate for early Sunday evening listening. Pat's original conception was something allegorical — experienced age counselling rash youth—but it came out on the air as the philosophizing, advising, gently humorous "Old Timer," answering the youthful questions of the irrepressible Pat.

The feature has been occupying twenty minutes and is supposed to take place right in the Radio studio. The Old Timer is a Sunday evening visitor who drops in to see his friend, Pat Barnes, and Pat is always ready with a barrage of questions that starts the Old Timer off on his favorite subject, Humanity and its Foibles. The Old Timer counsels, advises, suggests, or gives examples that will be helpful to everyone in making this high old world a better place in which to live.

Pat had been carrying the idea for the "Old Timer" around in his head before it finally came to light on the Radio. Pat, as most listeners know, is a small-town product. He was born in Scran-

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Pat Barnes from his most recent portrait is seen above—a genial, courteous character in himself. At the left he is seen in his latest and perhaps most popular role as Old Timer. At the right he appears in his well-remembered role as a Buck on Leave.

Amos 'n' Andy





In Hollywood

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

HOW do Correll and Gosden like Hollywood and what are they doing? Well, to be brief, they haven't had time to see Hollywood and, secondly, they are working.

Amos 'n' Andy get up in the morning at six o'clock. This is just about the time the Hollywoodians are turning in for rest . . . some of 'em at least.

A cool shower, brisk rub-down, shave, and by quarter to seven they are having breakfast. This is a light meal for them and is soon over. Seven-thirty sharp brings them over to the RKO studios on Grower Street where the portals open wide to admit them within the sacred precincts of "movie land".

Just at this time a line is forming in front of the casting office and scores of extras and others line up in their ambition to get into picture work.

But Amos 'n' Andy walk briskly from their car to the dressing rooms and it takes them an hour and a half to get the make-up on. This, to the uninitiated, may seem like a long time. But it isn't. The various greases, concoctions and lotions preparatory to putting the actual make-up on takes plenty of time, and especially for film work must the job be thorough and painstaking.

Nine o'clock and all set to go. So far, all of their work has been on the lot and they haven't found it necessary to go outside on location.

The sound stages take up all of their time until noon. In the day of the silent films ordinarily their work would mean that crowds of studio employes . . . office form, technical men, props force and others . . . would congregate and clan around to watch the proceedings.

But with the advent of the talkies the old order changeth. Only the actual participants get an eyeful and earful of the actual shooting. Once on the sound stage and ready to shoot, the doors are barred and all is silence.

The lights are focused on the scene . . . the microphones, just out of the camera focus, are in perfect working order . . . and the boys go through the motions, and dialogue . . . practice and the finished performance, takes and re-takes.

CORRELL and Gosden, I think, have stood up remarkably well under the obvious strain of their new activity. But the pace is telling. When they get back to the hotel at midnight they are all in. No social activities, no business conferences, in fact, nothing can be allowed to interfere with their present picture work for there aren't enough hours in the day.

But we left them at noontime. At mid-day the duo takes enough time for another repast . . . not a heavy meal, for the California climate at this time of year is not conducive to heavy stuff. Light meals, dainty sandwiches, nourishing salads, make the best mid-day feast.

A few moments before the performance time everything is quiet. The boys go into the sound booth especially constructed for their work. Nobody can get in there except them. As a matter of fact, no one can even get in the stage room within which is the sound booth.

The reason for this is obvious. Things must not only be quiet from the broadcast angle, but the boys themselves are keyed up to such a pitch, they are a bit self-conscious, too, that the slightest noise would tend to snap them out of character—which would mean a re-take.

So there isn't a chance of any annoyance or interference when they are doing their stuff. I am told that through all of their work, since creating the Amos 'n' Andy characters, they have done their Radio act in solitary confinement.

It has often been written that Correll and Gosden fairly live the characters which they portray when they are doing the Radio stunt. This is unquestionably true. Great beads of perspiration on their manly brows at the end of their twelve minutes on the air well attest to the seriousness with which they attack each episode.

OUT on the West Coast one of the indoor sports, besides listening to the actual Amos 'n' Andy program, is to put up bets on whether the boys will make a mistake in voice. But they never have as yet. I suspect they never will.

This is just another reason for the particular efforts made to keep them in seclusion during the broadcast time. The least sound would unnerve them. As it

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Grantland Rice Interviews

Sultan *of* Swat

Famous Diamond Hero Tells Listeners How He Makes a Baseball Hop Grandstands and Bleacher Walls

THERE are arguments for and against Thirteen as a lucky number according to Mr. Plummer in his acount of the superstitions of the stars. But it sure was a bad date on the calendar when the listeners on August 13th tried to hear Captain Hawks tell about his record breaking flight across the continent on that day when just a few notches further on the dial you could tune in Grantland Rice's interview with Babe Ruth, home run king of American big league baseball.

A great many sporting fans were eager to hear both. A Radio Digest representative, anxious to please the subjects of the great Sultan of Swat, took the interview down in shorthand. Then he got a picture of the Babe, Mr. Rice and Graham McNamee together and here they are for you.

Mr. Rice bronzed and smiling stepped up to the microphone. The Babe was near another mike nearby. Said Mr. Rice:

RICE—For me to try to introduce Babe Ruth would be much like trying to bat for him with the bases full, and four men needed to win the game. But the big fellow is a modest cove and he doesn't want to talk about himself. I will have to tell you that he is now within 17 home runs of his best record—60 in one season—and he'll break this record sure if he doesn't break his neck or back. And knowing the Babe, even that might not stop him. At that I think he has to spend more time with his fountain pen than he does with his bat. He has to answer from 10,000 to 12,000 letters a year and he autographs enough baseballs in the course of a season to pave Texas with horse hide. How many baseballs do you autograph in the course of a season Babe?



At the left Grantland Rice stands on deck with Graham McNamee while the Bambino is "at bat" with mike.

RUTH—Too many. I'd say about 18,000. I had to sign 1,000 in Omaha once at one stand and 2,000 in Chicago. But as long as the kids want it, it's O. K. with me until my wrist falls off. You can't be a piker with the kids.

RICE—Babe, I know that a lot of kids, and a few millions who are not kids, would like to know just how you can hit so many home runs? What is the main basis of your home run hitting?

RUTH—First of all I would say that it is the right use of hands and wrists. The wrists play a big part in any sport that calls for club swinging. If they don't work, the shoulders and the body get in too quickly. The body must work with the hands and wrists. It must be back of the blow, not in front of it. I swing all the way through. I start the bat in motion and I let it go. But it is a mistake to try to hit in too much of a hurry. You must take your time — even with a fast one coming up to the plate.

RICE—Do you step into the ball, Babe, as it comes up?

RUTH—I stand at the plate with my back almost to the pitcher. My right shoulder is well around. I am in position then to let my body turn with the swing and not get ahead of the swing.

RICE—Down in Tampa, Babe, I saw you hit a home run in 1919 that was about as long as any I ever saw. What was your longest?

RUTH — Think that Tampa wallop was. It carried 560 feet across a race track beyond the ball park.

RICE—I see Hack Wilson of the Cubs is still chasing you. What do you think of Hack?

RUTH—Hack is a great hitter and a great hustler. He's a short, stocky fellow but he can swing that bat. He knows how to use his hands, wrists and arms.

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B. A. Rolfe

A Master of Dance Rhythm

B. A. Rolfe, Conductor of the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, Makes Millions of People Want to Dance When He Plays

IT'S a long step from backyard trumpet practice to boy soloist with John Philip Sousa and a tour of Europe. And it's a far cry from trumpet soloist to vaudeville and motion picture production.

And there's a big difference between being a movie impresario and leading the "hottest" dance band in Radio.

But B. A. Rolfe took the steps. They were made over a period of many years, but he considers every one a natural move in the progress of modern music.

Today, at fifty-one, Rolfe stands on his conductor's platform looking back at these experiences, and is glad, the while he is injecting a saw, a tin whistle or two pieces of sand paper into the orchestra.

He knows it is the fruits of these experiences which give him courage to introduce jews-harps or other instrumental novelties. No one has ever attempted to keep from Rolfe the fact that it is these novelties which contribute largely toward making the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra outstanding in its field.

In addition to being fifty-one, this master of rhythm is rotund and ruddy. There is a placid light in his eyes and an air of serene assurance about his every movement. There is no regret in his mind for the highlights of the past. He is content with the present and ponders only on the wonders of the future.

"I learned music from the varied career of my early youth, music such as I could have learned in no other way. The most important thing I learned is that humor is the essence of dance music. Dance music is gay without restraint, gay with the humor of the ages. To be good it should invite people to dance, make them want to dance." Rolfe says.

"Rhythm and rhythmic values are my chief study. Unusual rhythms, rhythms growing and forming one out of the other. Rhythm for the dance should be like a rubber ball, bouncing into the air only to fall again, and going on and on. That is dance rhythm."

ROLFE almost never uses a baton in directing his orchestra for its semi-weekly National Broadcasting Company programs. The sweep of a clenched fist—maybe two of them—an upflung finger, or the spread of both hands he considers more expressive than the lifeless wood of a baton.

To watch him at work is to see a calm and peaceful individual revert to a whirling, animated figure with eyes and ears for every note from each of the almost fifty instruments in his band. The most inconspicuous flute player in the group may suddenly feel the Rolfe eye and see the clenched Rolfe fist urging greater volume in support of the musical saw, at the moment in the solo spot.

Rolfe may throw musical dignity into the scrap heap to gain desired effects, but musical traditions are things not to be tampered with, in his opinion. "Setting the classics to dance rhythm is musical vulgarity, not only in bad taste, but inexcusable," he says.

This fifty-one-year-old leader of NBC dance conductors was an accomplished cornetist when he was seven years old. A son of A. B. Rolfe, himself a noted bandsman, the boy was steeped in music appreciation from his earliest childhood in Brasher Falls, N. Y. At ten he was featured soloist with Sousa's Marine Band, and a year later the young gentleman toured Europe as boy trumpet wonder.

Followed several years in school, and the young musician started for New York. But an offer to lead the Lowville Silver Cornet Band at Lowville, N. Y., presented itself, and the journey toward Broadway was interrupted.

Rolfe eventually reached Broadway, but it was several years later, and he came as a builder of vaudeville productions. With Jesse L. Lasky, a youth from California, he took the conventional song and dance turns of the two-a-day and with tinsel and colored lights and pretty girls converted them into feature presentations.

A venture into the then infant industry of motion picture production followed. Rolfe was sure of the brilliant future ahead, but Lasky was doubtful. The latter thought motion pictures could be made best in his California home, and the pioneers parted, Lasky to produce pictures on the Pacific Coast, Rolfe to produce them in New York.

THE latter thrived. His thirty-six pictures a year represented a major portion of the output of the old Metro Company, now the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. Among the stars appearing under his banner were Bushman and Bayne, Harold Lockwood, Viola Dana, Ethel Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, and other popular favorites.

But music again lured and Rolfe turned his back on the motion picture. He tried his hand at vaudeville again, but once more turned to his music. He has been with NBC since 1926. At present his band is heard Thursday and Saturday nights over a hook-up which includes many large and popular stations.

Grand Old Man Of the Sea

(*Continued from page 69*)

York, WNYC, and the short wave broadcast on Columbia's 2XE, carried the arrival of Lipton to every corner of the earth. Thomas Cowan of WNYC was the announcer, while the distinguished yachtsman broadcast from aboard ship as shown in the photograph.

Sir Thomas, for the first time in his life, was suffering from a bad case of stage fright, and only when Cowan told him that the whole world was listening in, including the folks back in Glasgow; and that his neighbors at Southgate, England, had been waiting up all night to hear his voice over the air, did he slowly draw a crumpled piece of paper from an inside pocket, and with the remark that he had prepared a short speech for the Radio, start to read it. He prefaced his remarks by saying, "tell 'em I won't make a speech 'til after the race . . . maybe not then," he added as an after thought.

The passengers on board the Leviathan were cheering and yelling "Good luck, Tommy!" Sir Thomas, though a trifle hard of hearing, stopped his prepared speech for a bit to say " 'Tommy' sounds better to me than 'Sir Thomas,' and I hope the folks back home hear 'em."

His talk over the air finished, Sir Thomas turned as if to go into the cabin, when he thought of some things he wanted to say, and turning to the mike again, spoke of the first time he arrived as an immigrant at Castle Garden, about 55 years ago, "and now I am being received with a band and a reception committee . . . I'm getting to be a real swell." He said that the reason the folks in Boston threw the tea in the harbor was because it was not Lipton's.

When asked if he had ever been taken off the Leviathan before, Sir Thomas quickly replied, "Not by the police."

SIR THOMAS, more than 80 years old today, is just as enthusiastic about the winning of cups as ever. In fact he remarked to Mayor Walker later that there is really no use to keep the famous cup in America with nothing to put in it.

One purpose of Sir Thomas in calling on the mayor was to invite him to be his guest during the races off Newport, on board his steam yacht, "The Erin". "I'll put ye up for fifteen pence a day," he said, "bed and breakfast included."

"These are hard times," said the mayor, laughing, "That's a lot of money."

"Well, then, even if I am half-Scotch," said Sir Thomas, "I'll knock off the thruppence and we'll make it an even shillin'."

"I shall be very proud to accept," said Jimmy, "but I'm not a good sailor; how about the weather; can you assure it?"

"No, me lad," was the rejoinder, "but we've plenty o' buckets aboard the Erin."

When the name of Lord Dewar came up, Sir Thomas said: "He was a very generous man—for a Scotchman. He once sent me a long cable from Africa—he sent it collect—telling me that for three pounds o' my tea he could buy me six wives, and he wanted to know why I should remain a bachelor. I cabled him back—also collect—that I was putting up a number o' three pound packages, ready for an emergency, but he didn't answer."

"How many pounds of tea would it cost to get rid of them after you had 'em?" asked the mayor.

"No wonder it's a great city with a mayor like that," said Sir Thomas, as he moved away. "My heart is surcharged with gratitude at the splendidly generous attitude displayed toward me, who have for some many years been fighting with all the sporting blood I've got, to wrest the America's Cup away. I have the boat now that I think will do it; I have a great captain and crew; a wonderful designer and above all, I have the will to win; and now, with New York's best wishes and even Mayor Walker's hope for my success, I feel the good old cup tottering on its shelf. And I have one more reason for hoping to win, and that is that you'll have to come over to my country to try and win it back and that will give us a chance to repay, in some small measure, the boundless American hospitality that has almost overwhelmed me. But, win or lose, New York has won my heart."

On the committee that took Sir Thomas down to see the Mayor were William H. Rankin, his advertising agent for the United States; Gilbert T. Hodges, President of the Advertising Federation of America, Frank Harwood of the American Tobacco Company and Charles E. Murphy, President of the Advertising Club; with Sir Thomas was one of his private secretaries, Mr. Waghorn of London; Mr. A. M. Kracke, one of Sir Thomas' friends from Chicago was also on the committee.

Frances Ingram on Personality

(*Continued from page 77*)

"Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young"* and . . . . .

MARION: "To Clarice In Quest Of Her Youth."*

FRANCES INGRAM: Right. And check page six, please. And now start a new paragraph. (Dictation) Probably the most important way in which you can begin to develop your personality is to build up your health. And don't forget your skin health. For skin is the very first thing people notice about you. When a woman has a bad complexion, people notice it immediately, and they have to get past it before they really like that person. You may be well-dressed and have beautiful eyes, but in spite of that people will find it hard to forgive an unsightly skin. You tell me that there isn't much the matter with your complexion—that it's just rather dull. But I believe that the dullness of your complexion may have reacted on your subconscious in such a way that your confidence in yourself has become impaired. When our skins are radiant and glowing, our minds respond, you know. There is a definite mental reaction. Internal cleanliness is important in improving the dullness of your skin, but external treatment is also important. Will you read that back to me, Marion?

MARION: "Internal Cleanliness is important in improving the dullness of your skin, but external treatment is also important."

FRANCES INGRAM: Yes. And in the same paragraph add this—Thorough Cleansing is the most important treatment any skin can have. Naturally you must cleanse your skin regularly. Women with beautiful skins are women who have character enough and will power enough to cleanse their skins every day.

FRANCES INGRAM: Among my own friends I have found that lack of personality is frequently due to shyness, and that this shyness often shows itself in a very reserved, stand-offish manner. If this is part of your trouble, remember "You can catch more bees with honey than you can with vinegar." I don't mean that you're to be hypocritical. I mean that I think that it would undoubtedly be wise for you to cultivate that very feminine asset—sympathy. Sympathy is in a way only a feat of the imagination. Imagine yourself in the circumstances of others and you will feel sympathetic toward them. So many thousands of girls are living, striving, just as you are. Be sympathetic toward them. In a surprisingly short time you will find that this reaching out of your personality to establish contact with other personalities has expanded yours. And before you know it, you will have developed a personality that is attractive, radiant and glowing. (To Marion) Speaking of developing, this letter is developing into quite a lengthy one, isn't it, Marion?

MARION: Why . . . . I don't know . . . . I've been so interested that it hasn't seemed long.

FRANCES INGRAM: You've hit on another secret of personality there.

MARION: I?

FRANCES INGRAM: Yes. People always like a good listener.

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* A copy of these booklets will be mailed to readers of Radio Digest on request.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Coincidence! Two big ear specialists, one from the East and one from the West, have complained to Indi-Gest. It seems that their offices are crowded to the doors with a new kind of patient. The symptoms of the disease are large, distended ears, combined with itching



palms. So many Radio fans have strained their ears listening for Hits, Quips and Slips that these specialists haven't time to listen in themselves to compete for that $5.00.

Well, it's no use anyway. Here's an old contrib who gathers them in on an R.F.D. route out West—her four good ones take the laurel wreath this month.

FOUR HOT ONES FOR FIVE DOLLARS

A couple of weeks ago there seemed some brief difficulty in making KOMO connection with "Amos and Andy". It lasted just long enough to get past the opening strains of the Perfect Song and into the middle of Bill Hay's Pepsodent remarks. As a result we were informed, (KOMO announcer) "And now, Amos and Andy! (Bill Hay) are the cause of many of our dental troubles." Ain't dat sumpin'?

During a "Jazz vs. The Classics" program—Mr. Average Citizen, "Does this orchestra play Offenbach?" Announcer, "Oh yes, Beethoven, and, often, Bach!"

During a pipe organ concert by an organist who happens to be a blond, the number "I'd like to be a Gypsy" was announced, and the announcer added, "Gypsies are always brunettes, Betty, so you can't be one until you die (dye)!"

In a "Meet the Folks" program of the Pacific division, N.B.C., Cecil Underwood, announcer, and Mahlan Merrick, orchestra leader, were telling of an embarrassing moment. The orchestra program was coming by remote control, Mr. Underwood in the studio, received a request by telephone for a special dedication, and informed Mr. Merrick, but evidently neither thought of waiting for an appropriate number. Mr. Underwood went to the microphone and said, "The next number is dedicated to Mrs. —— who is today celebrating her sixty-sixth birthday." And the orchestra played "Just Another Day, Wasted Away"!—*Mary E. Hasken, R.F. D. 1, Alderwood Manor, Wash.*

XXX!!XKL!!! ***!**

(Station WJAY) Heard that perfect Knutt (Heeza) give out to his lady friends, this clever receipt:—

"Delicious Custard" 1 cup milk; 2 cups flavoring; 3 eggs; 4 cups cement. Mix altogether and you'll have the best li'le custard that ever cussed. — *Imp, Grosse Ile, Mich.*

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

Even that fancy cement custard sounds pretty good to Indi-Gest. After two weeks of camping out and subsisting on willy and spuds, except when there was an obliging pickerel or bass around, any kind of custard would hit the spot. (Remember, though, it's dangerous to send custard by mail—doughnuts or cake would be better).

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES IT

Heard on KDKA in the Morning Parade:

Father (to boy friend) What do you mean by bringing my daughter home at this hour?

Boy Friend: Listen, I gotta be at work at eight o'clock!

No, of course, he doesn't catch the worm, he gets it from Pa. And this one is after the wedding:—

Wifey: Do you know you talk in your sleep, Henry?

Henry: Well, do you begrudge me even those few words?—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

DO YOU WANT MORE LIKE THIS?

He is willing to risk his amateur standing, he says, by accepting a check, large, medium, or small (medium it is—$3.00), and says there is more where this came from.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE LANDSCAPE

(With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air
With its harsh, discordant noises that would drown you out for fair
Then it truly is a pleasure just to sit and listen in
Without any interference from the static's summer din.
And you hear far out in distance with both voice and music clear
Though its many miles a-coming through the still, cold atmosphere.
Then the set you thought was hopeless seems to reach out everywhere
When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air.

In the still cold nights of winter then your radio gets good
As you sit beside the fireplace with its blaze of coal or wood
When the smoke from out your chimney goes straight upward in the air
Where the bright stars look from heaven with a cold and glittering stare.
When you get a distant station then you feel an added thrill
That's a sort of compensation for the dreary winter's chill
And you find a world of pleasure as you snugly nestle there
When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air.

Adam P. Nutt(?) from Indiana



During the Hunter Brothers' endurance flight over Sky Harbor, Harold Faire (C B S) made this slip —

"You have just listened to Casey Jones, who has to his credit 4300 years in the air."

That would be some record to beat. We wouldn't wake up every morning, stretch for the paper, and discover that a new crew of aviators had beaten the previous record and were still at it. But just picture Poor Casey at the end of the 4,300! His beard would probably be long enough to use as a rudder. Or perhaps he would be sailing up over Sky Harbor with a white robe, a halo and a harp.

NOW WE COME, AS USUAL—TO RUDY

You men whose girls think Rudy Vallee is wonderful and marvelous, will get a laugh from this radio incident. Every morning except Sunday between 7:00 and 9:00 Chicago time, KYW presents a program of phonograph records; and during five minute intervals the correct time is given. While listening to this program Tuesday morning, August 5, I heard the following: Rudy Vallee (by phonograph record) was singing "I'm called the song without a name", and while crooning "I'm—," the music stopped and the clock in the studio sounded the hour with "cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo".—*Rudolph Wilikousky, 1437 Parnell Street, Chicago Heights, Illinois.*

And this one too. However, we don't know whether to blame it on the golden-haired crooner or not. His diction is so good that perhaps it was a couple of other guys who sang it.

For several weeks, I understood the last line of the chorus of the Maine Stein Song to be "The collcge of our hard-boiled days." It was only a short time ago that I learned that it was "The college of our hearts always." Listen and see if it doesn't sound so to you!—*Mrs. H. A. Dannecker, Newcastle, Ind. Box 328.*

This next is offered as an antidote to all those whose fingers itch to grab a pen in defense of their idol. Remember now, after this, Indi-Gest doesn't want a flock of briefs for the defense of the famous culprit.

So Rudy has been dubbed,
No singer, no saxe player,
With an ugly, ugly mug.
His picture not fit for the press,
Or even for Radio Digest.
Oh, Mrs. Johnson, of Jacksonville,
Despises poor Rudy with might and will,
Altho—'tis within her power,
To tune out the Fleischmann hour.

Rudy's music and songs are divine
And acclaimed as the best of all time,
By listeners-in, far and near.
They bring melody and good cheer.
A criticism like Mrs. J's,
The public will meet with many "Nay, Nay's."
For Rudy is Rudy, with no competition,
May his pictures appear in each "Digest" Edition.
Florence May, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOT SUCH A TOREADOR

Clem and Harry over the Columbia Broadcasting System:

A would-be hero was proposing when he caught sight of a ferocious bull approaching. He, taking to his heels, left the feminine half to face the bull. She later reproved him thus:

She: I thought you said you loved me so much that you would even face death for me!

He: Yea! but that bull was still alive.

We believe all the Middle Western announcers have been in training—swimming, running, hurdling, learning to take long breaths and get out what they have to say in one spurt, like Floyd Gibbons. Otherwise, things like this wouldn't happen:—

"We shall now become a link in that great chain of the National Broadcasting Company for Amos and Andy."

Both the quip and the slip come from Juanita Rickey, 6774a Manchester, St. Louis, Mo.

WHOOPS! MY DEAR

It lives, it breathe, it talks—Indi-Gest's favorite cartoon. Pansy and Abigail, Peter Arno's Bustle Girls, do their whoopsing every night over the C.B.S. net work at 6.45 E.S. Time. (Ye Chief Ed will scold Indi-Gest for lack of editorial impartiality but Pansy is Indigest's light-o-love.) Here is their picture drawn by their creator, himself. Ain't they grand?



"Whoops! Mind the omnibus, Dearie!" "Gor! 'E Nearly caught me a pretty one in the bustle, the scorcher!"



THIS ONE NEEDS A LICENSE

Last Thursday while listening to the Fleischmann Hour, which was coming from Green Bay, Wis., the announcer was describing the town. He finished up by saying:

"Green Bay is in the heart of the fishing country. This is a special hook-up, etc." It made me think of fish-hooks!—Elizabeth Trayner, Wynnewood, Pa.

Of course, by now you know that we mean a fishing license! Although, perhaps Betty (do they call you that?) doesn't need one. We've never fished in Pennsylvania, but Indi-Gest was surprised to find that New York State allows the ladies to fish for trout, black bass, minnows or sun-fish sans permission and sans payment of license fee. Then, of course, there are the bigger fish—the poor fish—that they dangle on their hooks unmercifully in every state, waiting for *the* word to get the license. And they talk about equality of the sexes!

SOMETHING NEW! SCENTOVISION

Talk about television—I have a case of *scento*vision to report. Here it is:

"On Monday evening, August 25, the dial was turned to WENR. The Smith Family soon appeared and of course little "Morry" along with them. Alas for poor Morry! an auto trip that they were taking ended very unhappily for him. While Ed Smith was fixing a flat tire Morry took a stroll, and caught for a pet a black "squirrel" with a white stripe down its back. Poor, ignorant Morry! One learns only by experience!! As the story closed and the station was tuned out the scent could actually be smelled in Verona, Wisconsin, and fearing to be laughed at and told it was our imagination nothing was said by anyone. Later we discovered that the twin of Morry's little black (and white) "squirrel" was in the neighborhood. It had arrived at the same time as did Morry's—making the story *very realistic!*"—*Dorothy M. Hinrichs, Verona, Wis.*

That one from Verona was a mean one — the office boy who slit the envelope, the editor who read it (me, Indi-Gest), the typist who clicked it out with her lily-white fingers, the compositor who set it on his little linotype, all had to keep violet-perfumed handkerchiefs to their nasal appendices during their respective duties.

Voice of the

RADIO ENTHUSIASM AND HOW!

CERTAINLY enjoy reading the comments offered by different readers of "The Radio Digest," which I wouldn't miss for worlds. A month is so long to wait.

Cannot understand why Lucy Barrett is so unjustly criticized for her comments about Amos 'n' Andy. Surely she is entitled to her likes and dislikes. I myself am not crazy about them. Everyone—or rather every radio listener—will have to admit they are clever, and hard workers. All due respect to them.

There are certain announcers that I would rather listen to than any programme—but I do enjoy Jones and Hare—love Vaughn DeLeath—and enjoy the Palm Olive programmes always and numerous others. Taking it all around, my Radio is a thing of beauty and *joy forever*. The cost of one is small considering the entertainment one gets just by electricity (Edison's donation to the world), and by a twist of the dial. Long live Radio and the Radio Digest!

—M. C. Roberts, El Paso, Tex.

* * *

PAGING J. E. FARRELL, RADIO ARTIST

WOULD you please give me some information concerning the whereabouts of J. E. Farrell—a composer, banjo and guitar artist of no mean ability.

I used to enjoy his work a lot but have lost track of him. I am sure he must be broadcasting somewhere. Just a note in your magazine would be sufficient as I have been getting every copy since first published.

Thanking you, I am sincerely yours,

—Dr. H. O. Swanson, Dentist in Charge, Lincoln State Hospital, Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

READ THIS, MISS BARRETT!

Dear Mr. Editor:

The inclosed letter is in answer to one from Lucy Barrett of Chicago, published by you in your April issue:—

"MY Dear Miss Barrett:

In answer to your letter to the RADIO DIGEST, which was published on page eighty of the April issue, I would like to remark that you are getting into pretty deep water when you attempt to specify or ridicule the type of people who listen to, and enjoy the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast.

Personally, I happen to be an English-Canadian with a rare English sense of real humor, which I find indispensable to my happiness, and I am quite sure no one would consider me an "old fogy!"

So you see I rather resent your insinuating what type of person I am. I also believe there are a few other people who consider themselves reasonably intelligent who listen to Amos 'n' Andy."

Sincerely,

—Winifred M. Barker, 124 Washington Ave., Glendora, Cal.

* * *

SHE PLAYS NO FAVORITES

UNTIL I received the first copy of Radio Digest I had ever seen, I was always wondering about my favorites on the air. Now I need only to get my Digest out and I have something about a good many of them. I have all my copies complete. They make a nice "scrapbook" that way.

We haven't really any stations we like best. Some of course, we like better than others, but we have no 'best.' WTMJ, WLS, WMAQ, and WBBM all rate the same.

I have a few favorite artists and announcers though. Jesse Crawford being foremost, with Rudy Vallée a close second. Among announcers, I think Fred Jeske at WTMJ is one of the best, rating with David Ross, Frank Knight and Milton J. Cross.

Amos 'n' Andy are beginning to be boresome. Leave them out of one issue for a change.—Doris V. Barthelman, Fond du Lac, Wis.

* * *

WHO IS NIAGARA NELL?

OH, for some of "Niagara Nell's" poetic talent—what a "pome" I could do, about you, (help! she rhymes—but accidents will happen!) and a few others who tickle my risibilities—but alack and alas, I ain't got none. The ledy done got herself copyrighted or sumthin' and she jes' didn't leave none left.

"Niagara Nell" always spurs me on to do things that everybody knows I can't do! Her name is familiar to all followers of an early morning radio presentation which frequently inspired her to exceedingly clever and amusing bits of verse—one of the high lights of the program which its director generously shared with all listening friends, and be it said, to our everlasting delight! The studio shed its dignity and rocked with infectious mirth which rapidly spread to those on the other side of the "mike." Frequent relapses followed each contribution from this tantalizingly incognita, and if the studio is still intact, it is entirely due to the careful hand at the helm belonging exclusively to the genial Master of Ceremonies, the courteous and suave Ernest W. Naitzger, whose long record as a daily dispenser of good cheer reaches it's eighteenth month on the 4th of August!

But this is the burning question—is "Niagara Nell" a bona fide lady? Is she? I ask you—but don't tell me because I don't believe anybody any more—not since I discovered, on a tour of a magazine office, a more or less famous feminine authority on women's problems reclining in a swivel chair, with his feet gracefully arranged upon the polished desk before him, sporting a big, fat, black cigar between his pudgy fingers!!!! Right then, I KNEW that there wasn't no Sandy Claws or nuthin' and hadn't never been! But whoever "Nell" really is, I heartily welcome her again, with open arms, in the August edition of Radio Digest, and my enthusiasm has taken the form of an appreciative epistle, built especially to fit a lady, which I am entrusting to your tender care. If she responds to your kind invitation to partake of a check, will you kindly slip the enclosed effusion along with the check—under no consideration deducting it from amount of said check. But if the lady turns out to be a gentleman, please stomp down on your waste-paper basket and make room for one more contribution, because—well, jes' because.

The case rests—and meetin's adjourned.

With advanced indications of aggravated gratitude, I insist upon remaining

Yours—E. H. S., Newburgh, N. Y.

* * *

ONE FOR RUDY

THIS is my first letter to the V.O.L. and is written especially for the benefit of Mrs. Johnson of Jacksonville, Fla.

Just because you don't like Rudy Vallée, Mrs. Johnson, you don't need to insult him so. Don't forget, there are a great many people who do enjoy his singing, and who are proud of it.

Rudy came home recently for a short vacation, and he charmed everyone with his wonderful personality. I don't believe you could find one single person who saw him that would tell you he is "a conceited boob" or "the most disgusting, ugliest snob in New York."

He has worked hard, and deserves all the success he now enjoys, and I am sure that there are a great many Vallée fans who, like me, are not tired of "his everlastingly sweet sugar coated voice."

He has many loyal friends in Maine, and all over the country, for that matter, and we'll always stand by him, won't we, Rudy fans?—"A Rudy Fan and Proud of It," Portland, Me.

* * *

TWO FOR RUDY

IN the August issue of Radio Digest, I read a letter from a Mrs. Johnson of Jacksonville, Fla. She said that Rudy Vallée couldn't sing or play a saxophone. If he and his orchestra were not considered first class they could not demand the money that they do.

As for Vincent Lopez, his orchestra is good but in my opinion Rudy Vallée has a better one. Rudy's voice is not what you would call a well trained voice but it is very soothing and restful, and he is certainly an artist in his own line.

I consider your magazine very interesting and I want to compliment you on having a Union printed magazine.—Helen Baker, 2060 Forest Street, Denver, Colo.

* * *

THREE . . . ALL FOR RUDY

I SEE an item in your August Radio Digest about Rudy Vallée. Give us more of Rudy as he is wonderful! I don't believe he is any snob at all. If we could do what he can maybe we would be a little that way. But it isn't the people who have something to be snobs over who get that way usually—and he sure has. I wish my son had the talent for music that Rudy has. Hurrah for Rudy!—Mrs. McCabe, Towanda, Pa.

* * *

AND ONE AGIN' HIM

THIS magazine seems to feature all southern and far western radio stars. All the pictures are either of Amos and Andy, or some California performers.

I would suggest that you continue giving the histories of famous orchestras such as Art Kassel, Fred Waring, Al Katz, Dan Russo, Johnny Hamp and Buddy Fischer. Please forget Rudy Vallée and Will Osborne for awhile at least.

I do not think Rudy Vallée's orchestra can be placed on the same plane as Guy Lombardo's. Carmen is a much better crooner and what's more he has pep when pep is required—Yours truly, Waxie Darner.

Listener

SEE SEPTEMBER, DOROTHY

WE were introduced to Radio Digest over WTMJ., the Milwaukee Journal tation, and find it to be just as they repre- ented it. But why is there so little ma- erial featuring that station? Your May umber gives the chief announcer one line, nd other announcers who are but assistants n smaller stations get several. Whose ault is that? Your Wisconsin circulation vould show a marked increase if you could et pictures and stories from that splendid tation.—Very respectfully—Mrs. Dorothy M. Dawson, Appleton, Wis.

* * *

WHO IS THIS IRISHMAN?

I HAVE taken Radio Digest since the first monthly number last October and think it is a wonderful magazine. As Radio Digest goes to all parts of the United States, I am wondering if you will publish this letter in V.O.L. in hopes that some one will see it that knows the facts about the following described program.

On the morning of May 24 between 2:30 and 2:45 A. M. Eastern Standard Time, while tuned on 1440 kilocycles, I heard a fine Irish singer just finishing a song. Then he said, "When I first came over from Ireland I stayed around New York for a while. Then I came west and now own a fine ranch in the Imperial Valley." He went on to say he liked to drop in at the Mission and say "Hello" to Uncle Tom and sing some of the dear old Irish songs. Said he hoped some day to step out at San Pedro and sail back to Ireland. Then he sang "Where the River Shannon Flows." When the song was nearly ended, WNRC, the station to which I was listening when I first heard the Irish singer, came on again and drowned out the other so I couldn't get any station announcement or any more of the program. If any one sees this that knows what station it came from and who the singer was will they please write to me.—Grace M. Smith, Linden, N. Y.

* * *

PATIENCE! MORE WILL COME

I TAKE the Radio Digest regularly and we think so much of it we don't see how it could be improved! Only I think you should give us more of WLW's artists—Brook & Ross, Singing Sam Mansfield and Lee—their pictures in the Digest and also stories about them. It is fine for reference when you keep each number on file.

Hope this will be of interest to you.

—C. R. Sandy, Winchester, Ind.

* * *

WHO'S WHO—COMING

MY first copy of Radio Digest was sent to me by a friend, and I enjoyed it so much that I am a constant reader now. I am busy most of the day playing the keys of my typewriter, and I find it one of the most interesting things yet, to relax in an easy chair in the evening and read about my favorite artists, while I listen to them.

One of the most interesting features of your magazine is, "Who's Who in Broadcasting." At least I enjoyed it more than the other, as it gives one short biographies of the artists and helps one to know them better. I sure did miss it in the July number. Would you please continue to run it in your magazine?

Thanks to the friend who introduced me to the Radio Digest. Much success to the magazine, and I am hoping I shall have the pleasure of reading "Who's Who" in your next issue.—Thelma Chaney, Shawnee, Okla.

* * *

REBUKING MRS. JOHNSON

I READ in "Voice of the Listener" for August the article by Mrs. Johnson, who thinks Rudy Vallée is terrible and can't stand him. How anyone can help but like Rudy is beyond me. I think he is perfectly wonderful, I have seen his pictures, got his book, and most of his records. As for missing of the Fleischmann broadcasts, that's an impossibility! I think Rudy is the very best on the air, bar none. He has a marvelous personality, and most of my friends like him, also.

I don't want to slam Coon Sanders' orchestra, but I don't see how anyone can compare the two. They are two entirely different types.

As for confusing Rudy with Will Osborne, any one who hears Rudy regularly, knows there is a lot of difference.

I think Radio Digest is very good, as I get it every month and can hardly wait for it to come out.

I hope you publish this in "Voice of the Listener" as I am sure there are many who will agree that Rudy is as near perfect as I think he is. Here's to him!—Blanche Boyden, Pasadena, California.

* * *

ATTENTION OF H. L. MOHLER, GARY, INDIANA

NOTICED you wished Amos 'n' Andy sooner than 10.30. I always hear them at six o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through station CKGW, Toronto.

If this information would be of any value to you, CKGW broadcasts on 434.8 m., 690 K.C. and of 5,000 W.

More power to Amos 'n' Andy.—H. Hammond, Ont., Can.

* * *

A BOOST TO THE ROYAL CANADIANS!

IF I CAN attain the two ends for which this letter has been written, I shall be more than happy. My first desire is to become a member of the V. O. L. and my second is to praise Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians all I can (if that is possible).

In my estimation Guy Lombardo has the best orchestra that has ever been on or off the air. Is there any one who can doubt me? If so, please give me the "lowdown" on any other orchestra who can produce the effects, as this orchestra does, in the arrangement of "When The Organ Plays at Twilight." What orchestra is there that is so original and versatile in all of their arrangements?

Nothing can induce me to ever miss any of their programs. Parties, theatres, all things are turned down if they mean missing these half hours. However, at the end of the half-hour I feel more than amply repaid.

All this may seem like a lot of talk, but I mean every word. This orchestra deserves all the boasting and praise possible, so come on all you Royal Canadian Fans, let us hear from you and be thankful for a real orchestra.—Loraine Brunner, 4210 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

WE PAT OUR BACKS

WE ENJOY every copy of your Radio Digest. It is just "chuck full" of interest —nothing better! We enjoyed the write ups of Amos 'n' Andy. I am your interested reader—Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Carterville, Mo.

* * *

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS

I WISH to voice my appreciation of the August number of Radio Digest. The articles are interesting—especially those about Phil Cook and John S. Young. I also enjoyed the good pictures in the rotogravure section. I am glad that a great part of the magazine was devoted to the artists appearing on the chain programs, as I am more familiar with them. When I bought the June Radio Digest I was rather disappointed as so much space was given to programs and artists of stations which it is impossible for a Chicagoan to tune in. Since reading the August Digest, I have decided to become a regular reader, however. I hope to find interesting articles soon in the "Voice of the Listener" about Jessica Dragonette and Guy Lombardo.

Mrs. Johnson of Florida, bets that everyone is tired of Rudy Vallée. I am afraid she is wrong, as five members of our family, including my two brothers, enjoy his programs. Mrs. Johnson, in her preference for Vincent Lopez and Coon Sanders orchestra, seems to forget that they invariably play the numbers that Mr. Vallée has made most popular. I have even heard, at times, a singer in the Lopez band whose style is reminiscent of Rudy's. However, I think my defense of Rudy Vallée is needless, judging by his obvious popularity.—M. G., Chicago.

* * *

"HURRAH FOR VALLEE"

I WAS reading Voice of the Listener, and saw an article about Rudy Vallée, which pleased me very much because I feel exactly the same way as Mrs. Verna Geidiman.

Then glancing over some other articles I read another entitled "All Fed-Up on Vallée." This was too much for me, because I am for Rudy in any way. I always listen to him over the Radio. One of the main reasons why I buy Radio Digest is because I find interesting pictures and articles of Rudy.

I think it is bad enough to *think*, what Mrs. Johnson wrote to be published. Any time I hear Rudy's name I am right there, ready to fight for him if necessary.

He is wonderful. Every sensible person would say so too.—Virginia Jackson, Little Rock, Arkansas.

* * *

SHE CRIES "MORE ABOUT RUDY"

HAVE been taking this magazine for some months now, and I think it is great. I just find one fault with it. I do wish you could possibly put more in about Rudy Vallée. He certainly is wonderful and I have never missed one broadcast of his. I would so like to read more about him and see more of his pictures.

Hoping that you will grant this request I remain, a sincere fan.—Betty Prior, 274 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

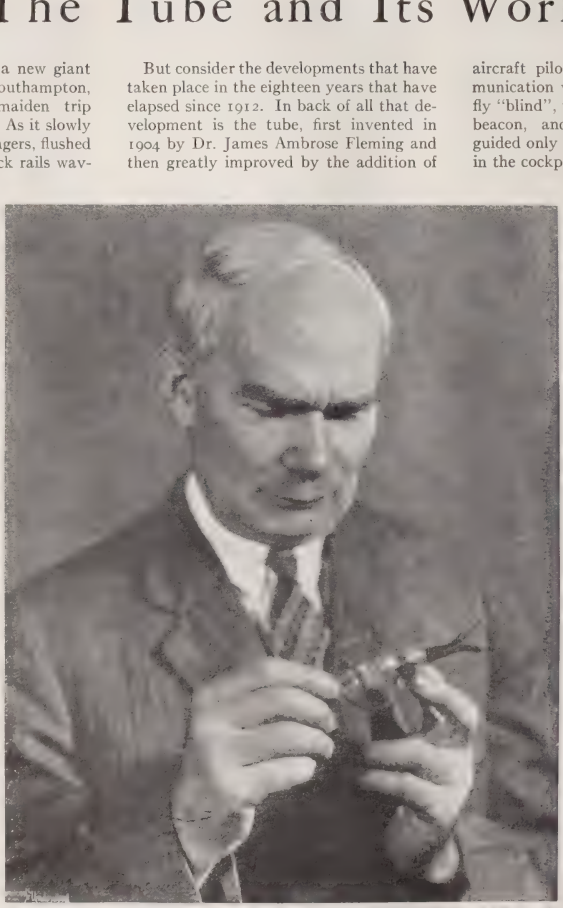
The Tube and Its Work

ON APRIL 10, 1912 a new giant ocean liner left Southampton, England, on its maiden trip across the Atlantic. As it slowly moved from its pier the passengers, flushed with excitement, lined the deck rails waving to friends and relatives on the dock. No one realized the tragedy that lurked in those last farewells. But a few days later, as the great ship forged through the ocean some thousand miles from New York, it struck an iceberg. A short four hours later the waters closed over the ship, leaving a scene of horror and devastation. The dead numbered about 1,500. Some 700 of the passengers and crew were saved by the Carpathia whose radio operator had picked up the distress call from the liner, with the result that the Carpathia's course was immediately altered and she headed, under full pressure, to the aid of the passengers on the stricken liner.

THE name of the liner was the Titanic and many will recall the horror of its sinking. The saving of over 700 lives was a tribute to radio, for it was the "wireless" that enabled the Titanic to send its message of distress fifty-eight miles across the ocean to the Carpathia.

The disaster marks, in some ways, a turning point in radio's career. The Titanic's radio equipment was useful over distances up to about 400 or 500 miles. Today passenger liners are equiped with transmitters that can span the ocean. It was not long after the Titanic sinking that a government ice patrol was formed to guard the shipping lanes against the dangers of icebergs, and maritime radio was placed under government supervision.

But consider the developments that have taken place in the eighteen years that have elapsed since 1912. In back of all that development is the tube, first invented in 1904 by Dr. James Ambrose Fleming and then greatly improved by the addition of the grid by Dr. Lee DeForest in 1906. Time has shown that DeForest's addition of the grid to the tube gave science one of the most valuable tools that has ever been invented.



Underwood & Underwood

Dr. Lee De Forest Examining the First Audion Tube.

To-day the tube forms the foundation of all radio receivers and transmitters. The transcontinental and transoceanic telephone would be but dreams were it not for the tube. The tube makes it possible for aircraft pilots to keep in constant communication with the ground. A pilot can fly "blind", taking off, flying along a radio beacon, and landing in another field guided only by the instruments on a panel in the cockpit—instruments made possible by the vacuum tube.

The few pieces of metal that we enclose in a glass bulb and call a "tube" enables us to place a picture in a machine, pick up signals from it, transmit them, and at another location, thousands of miles distant, reproduce a copy of the picture so perfect that it is difficult to distinguish it from the original.

THE tube is used to guide ships across the ocean, to automatically stop trains if they pass a danger signal, to locate oil and ore deposits in the earth, to detect and amplify heart beats to produce artificial fevers, to control traffic, to count the number of automobiles crossing a bridge or entering a tunnel, to detect flaws in metal castings, to standardize colors, to measure the opacity of a substance, to measure the moisture content and weight of paper, wood and other substances, to detect foreign metal particles in a substance, to control machines, to sort good products from bad, to count production, to separate different grades of material, to prevent accidents to factory workers, to detect fire and automatically sound fire alarms, to automatically turn on electric signs at dusk. Such is the work of the tube, the device which during a court trial some years ago was termed by the District Attorney, "A piece of glass—without merit."

But to-day a million dollar industry has been built on his idea.

of the Radio Arts

Television In The Theatre

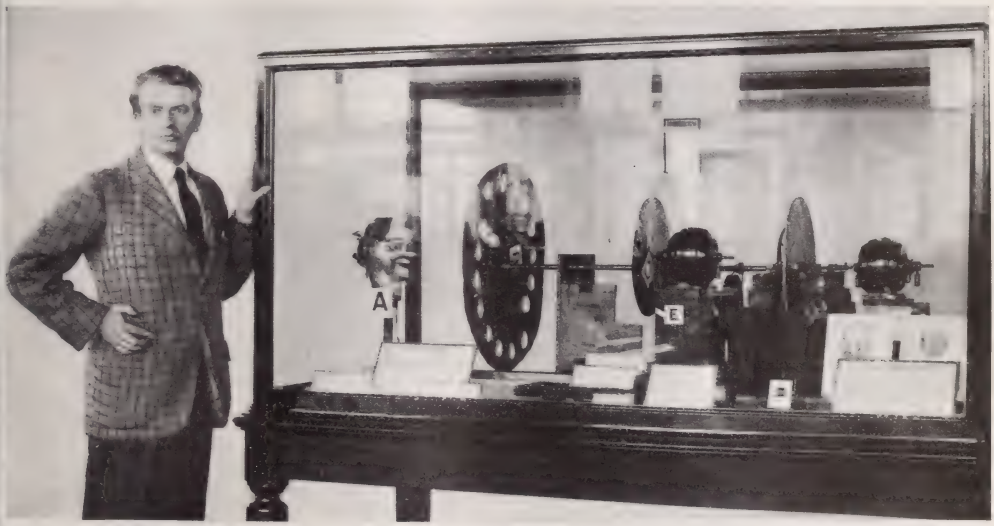
DURING the week of July 28, 1930 television was made part of the regular theatre program at the Coliseum, London, the system used being that developed by the Baird Television Corp. On the program the event was listed as, "Television; the Baird English Invention" and it proved to be the most interesting item in the program. The demonstration was a part of the show for the entire week and its use as a regular feature of the Coliseum's program marks an important event in the history of the science.

At the theatre the television images appeared on a screen measuring five feet high and two feet wide. Various well-known figures in English public life took part in the "act". Their faces were televized at the offices of the Baird Television Corp. located a short distance from the theatre, the signals being transmitted by radio to the Coliseum. The screen consisted of a large number of tiny lamps arranged in rows, the total number of lamps being about 2100. These lamps glowed dim and bright in accordance with the television signals and in this way an image of the person being televised was "painted" on the screen. The radio transmitter used to send the signals from the Baird offices to the theatre operated on a wavelength of 362 meters and its power was 2 kilowatts.

Since this demonstration was undertaken as part of a regular theatre program, the factor of prime interest is the public's reaction to the show. In this connection we purchased a number of English newspapers containing reviews of the demonstration, and the comments of the various reviewers are interesting and important, as they reflect the attitude of the theatregoer to television. Some excerpts from these reviews are given in the following paragraphs. The reader will appreciate that space is not available to print these reviews in full. We have endeavored, therefore, to pick out some of the more important statements and these will be found sufficient to give a good idea of how the demonstration impressed these reviewers.

The August 3rd edition of the Sunday *Times* (London) stated,

"By far the most interesting thing in last week's programme at the Coliseum was the seventh item, "Television; the Baird English Invention" . . . The experiment so successfully undertaken at the Coliseum is not essentially miraculous; it is exactly what one has long expected. It ought not be necessary to state that the experiment is as yet in a stage which can only be called wildly experimental. The pictures thrown on the Coliseum screen were blotched, smudged, and unflattering to their originals . . . But this was only to be expected, and they are very foolish people who will pretend that television cannot be perfected . . ."



John L. Baird and the Apparatus With Which the First Demonstrations of Moving Scenes by Wire and Wireless Were Accomplished.

IN THE *Daily Express* of July 29th we read, "Television advanced a long way yesterday, when J. L. Baird's invention formed part of the ordinary Coliseum program . . . Television obviously has a long way to go, but it proved last night that its young Scottish inventor has got something which will soon arrest the attention of the world".

From the *Daily Herald* of July 29th. "Of course the invention is still very imperfect, but it is good enough to show

(*Continued on page 115*)

Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

Radio "Police" Station

IF WE were to closely study a map of the United States we would find that Grand Island, Nebr., is located at the geographical center of the country. This spot has therefore been chosen for the location of the Federal Radio Commission's "police" station to daily check and report on the Radio transmissions from all American stations, ashore and afloat.

Radio stations of every kind are licensed by the Federal Radio Commission to operate on a certain frequency or wavelength. If they stray from their assigned frequency they are almost certain to cause interference with some other station and it will be the task of this centrally located monitoring station to immediately report to the Federal Radio Commission at Washington any station that is not operating on its assigned frequency. In the broadcasting band considerable difficulty has been experienced from improper station operation. The fact that the monitoring station will continually be checking the transmissions from all broadcasting stations will, it is hoped, cause station operators to exercise the greatest care in making certain that their station is always operating on its assigned frequency.

Many of the large modern broadcasting stations are held on their correct frequency by means of a small thin piece of quartz crystal. Twenty years ago scientists had to delve through ancient, dusty, unused text books to find what little was known about piezo-electricity, which simply means electricity produced by pressure. These old text books said that if certain crystals (quartz for example) are squeezed that a small amount of electricity was developed on their surface; the amount of electricity so produced was so small that engineers must have laughed at the idea of putting it to any practical use. Yet to-day these very crystals are used to control the thousands of watts of power developed by a broadcasting station. Not all stations use crystal control however and it is these transmitters especially, that tend to wander over into some other station's channel. As a result, interference is produced and listeners within the range of the station hear a continuous melancholy whistle, varying slightly in pitch from minute to minute and well calculated to drive sensitive persons crazy. It is this type of interference that accurate frequency control will eliminate, providing for clear reception.

THE station at Grand Island will check all types of transmitting stations, including all government stations on land and sea, television, photoradio, amateur, aircraft, experimental, and broadcasting stations.

The "Stenode Radiostat"

IN ENGLAND remarkable claims have been made for a new radio receiving system, designed by Dr. James Robinson, and known as the Stenode Radiostat. With this system it is claimed that radio broadcasting stations need be separated by only one kilocycle—one-tenth the present separation—and yet each station may be tuned-in without interference from another station operating on an adjacent channel, and without loss in quality of reproduction. If this is true it means that ten times as many stations can be placed on the air without causing interference, than is possible using present methods.

It is too early to give any definite opinions regarding the claims for the system. If it does work it certainly means that our present theories regarding radio transmission and reception must be revised—but theory has gone wrong, and it might be wrong again. Current theory states that when a broadcasting station is transmitting a program, music for example, "side-bands" are produced whose transmission and reception are essential if high quality reproduction is to be obtained; and it follows that if the side-bands are gradually eliminated we would first lose the high notes, then the middle register, then the bass notes and finally we would hear nothing at all—though the musicians kept sawing and thumping at their instruments and the tubes at the transmitter kept pushing "juice" into the antenna! In other words the side-bands are the conveyors of the music and even their partial elimination will lower the quality of the reproduction. These side-bands have the effect of "spreading" the wave transmitted by a station and it is for this reason that all broadcasting stations are separated by ten kilocycles to permit this spreading effect to take place without causing interference.

THE claim for the Stenode Radiostat system that it can separate stations only one kilocycle apart implies that this "spreading-out" effect does not take place, that side-bands therefore do not exist—or at least that they are not necessary for satisfactory reproduction.

Such a claim is altogether in disagreement with present theories, in disagreement with engineers in all countries who have the task of allocating radio stations, in disagreement with radio set designing engineers who work day and night to produce receivers that will pass all the side bands, in disagreement with all engineers who have worked on the problem of television and realize that the task of satisfactorily receiving all the side bands is one of the major problems hindering the realization of television.

Although the claims of very great selectivity without loss of quality have been made for the Stenode Radiostat system it is unfortunate that these claims have not been substantiated (so far as we know) by any definite laboratory tests. Such tests are not difficult to make and would prove conclusively whether the claims made for the system are true. Until such tests are made and definite quantitative figures are published it is not possible (or fair to its designer) to discuss in detail the merits of the system.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Radio Digest's November Number for New Official Log and Call Book

K

KBPS.....Portland, Ore.
00 w.—1420 kc.
KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.
00 w.—1200 kc.
KCRO.....Enid, Okla.
50 w.—1370 kc.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
00 w.—1310 kc.
KDB....Santa Barbara, Calif.
00 w.—1500 kc.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
00 w.—1210 kc.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
0,000 w.—980 kc.
KDLR....Devils Lake, N. D.
00 w.—1210 kc.
KDYL...Salt Lake City, Utah
000 w.—1290 kc.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
000 w.—1430 kc.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
00 w.—780 kc.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
2500 w.—1280 kc.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
00 w.—1310 kc.
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas
1000 w.—560 kc.
KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa
00 w.—1310 kc.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
50000 w.—640 kc.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
00 w.—1120 kc.
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
00 w.—1420 kc.
KFJB....Marshalltown, Iowa
250 w.—1200 kc.
KFJF...Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1480 kc.
KFJL.....Astoria, Ore.
00 w.—1370 kc.
KFJM....Grand Forks, N. D.
00 w.—1370 kc.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.
KFJY....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
00 w.—1310 kc.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
00 w.—1370 kc.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
1000 w.—880 kc.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.
KFLX.....Galveston, Texas
00 w.—1370 kc.
KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KFNF....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—1210 kc.
KFOX....Long Beach, Calif.
1000w.—1250 kc.
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas
00 w.—1310 kc.
KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.
KFQD....Anchorage, Alaska
00 w.—1230 kc.
KFQU.....Holy City, Calif.
00 w.—1420 kc.
KFQW.....Seattle, Wash.
00 w.—1420 kc.
KFRC....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.
KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.

KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.
KFUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.
KFVS....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KFWI....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.
KFXF.....Denver, Col.
500 w.—920 kc.
KFXM.San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KFXR...Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
250 w.—1420 kc.
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.
KGCI....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGCU....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGDE....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.
KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
KGEW....Port Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGFG..Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGFI....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGFW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.
KGGC...San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.
KGGM...Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.
KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.
KGIW.....Trinindad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.
KGKB....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.

KGKL....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGKO....Witchia Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGNF....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.
KGNO....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KJBS....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KMMJ....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.
KMOX....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.
KMPC....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.
KMTR....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
500 w.—550 kc.
KOB....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
500 w.—1400 kc.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KOIL....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KOMO....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.
KONO....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.

KPO....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
KPWF....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
1000 w.—580 kc.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa
2500 w.—1330 kc.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.
KSMR....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.
KTAB....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.
KTAR.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—14260 kc.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.
KTHS..Hot Springs National Park, Ark.
10,000 w. -1040 kc.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.
KTNT....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.
KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.
KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.
KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KWCR....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.

KWJJ.....Portland, Ore
500 w.—1060 kc.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
500 w.—1220 kc.
KWWG....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.

W

WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.
WABC.....New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.
WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WABO-
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.
WASH....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w. —1430 kc.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.
WBBR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WBCM.....Bay City. Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—860 kc.
WBOW....Terre Haute. Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WBSO..Wellesley Hills, Mass.
250 w.—920 kc.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.

WBTM.....Danville, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
15,000 w.—990 kc.
WBZA.....Boston, Mass.
500 w.—990 kc.
WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
250 w.—600 kc.
WCAD.....Canton, N. Y.
500 w.—1220 kc.
WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—1430 kc.
WCAJ.....Lincoln, Nebr.
500 w.—590 kc.
WCAL.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WCAM.....Canden, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WCAO.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—600 kc.
WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
10,000 w.—1170 kc.
WCAX.....Burlington, Vt.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCBA.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.
WCBD.....Zion, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.
WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WCBS.....Springfield, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
7500 w.—810 kc.
WCDA.....New York City
250 w.—1350 kc.
WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—970 kc.
WCGU.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCLS.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WCMA.....Culver, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
500 w.—1340 kc.
WCOC.....Meridian, Miss.
1000 w.—880 kc.
WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WCOH.....Yonkers, N. Y.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WCSC.....Charleston, S. C.
250 w.—1310 kc.
WCSH.....Portland, Me.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.
WDAE.....Tampa, Fla.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WDAF.....Kansas City,*Mo.
1000 w.—610 kc.
WDAG.....Amarillo, Texas
250 w.—1410 kc.
WDAH.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
WDAY.....Fargo, N. D.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
500 w.—930 kc.
WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
1000 w.—1120 kc.
WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
250 w.—1120 kc.
WDGY.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1180 kc.
WDOD.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
2500 w.—1280 kc.
WDRC.....New Haven, Conn.
500 w.—1330 kc.
WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WDWF.....Providence, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WDZ.....Tuscola, Ill.
100 w.—1070 kc.
WEAF.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—660 kc.
WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
500 w.—780 kc.
WEAO.....Columbus, Ohio
750 w.—570 kc.
WEBC.....Superior, Wis.
2500 w.—1290 kc.
WEBQ.....Harriburg, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
200 w.—1310 kc.
WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WEEI.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—590 kc.
WEHC.....Emory, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WEMC.Berrien Springs, Mich.
1000 w.—590 kc.
WENR.....Chicago, Ill
50,000 w.—870 kc.
WEPS.....Auburn, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WEVD.....New York City
500 w.—1300 kc.
WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—760 kc.
WFAA.....Dallas, Texas
50,000 w.—800 kc.
WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.
WFBE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
250 w.—1200 kc.
WFBG.....Altoona, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WFBL.....Syracuse, N. Y.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WFBR.....Baltimore, Md.
250 w.—1270 kc.
WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WFDV.....Rome, Ga.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WFDW.....Talladega, Ala.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WFIL.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.
WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
1000 w.—940 kc.
WFJC.....Akron, Ohio
500 w.—1450 kc.
WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
2500 w.—620 kc.
WGAL.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y
100 w.—1210 kc.
WGBC.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
500 w.—630 kc.
WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.
WGBS.....New York City
500 w.—600 kc.
WGCM.....Gulfport, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WGCP.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1250 kc.
WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
WGH.....Newport News, Va.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WGL.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WGMS.....St. Paul, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—720 kc.
WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—550 kc.
WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.
WGY.....Schenectady, N. Y.
50,000 w.—790 kc.
WHA.....Madison, Wis.
750 w.—940 kc.
WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.
WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
5000 w.—1150 kc.
WHAP.....New York City
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
10000 w.—820 kc.
WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
500 w.—1300 kc.
WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
500 w.—860 kc.
WHBD.....Mt. Orab, Ohio
100 w.—1370 kc.
WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WHBY.....Green Bay, Wis.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WHDH.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—830 kc.
WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
500 w.—1180 kc.
WHEC.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WHK.....Cleveland, Ohio
1000 w.—1390 kc.
WHN.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1010 kc.
WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
5000 w.—1000 kc.
WHOM.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WIAS.....Ottumwa, Iowa.
100 w.—1120 kc.
WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WIBO.....Chicago, Ill.
1500 w.—560 kc.
WIBU.....Poynette, Wis.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WIBW.....Topeka, Kansas.
1000 w.—580 kc.
WIBX.....Utica, N. Y.
300 w.—1200 kc.
WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
500 w.—1190 kc.
WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
500 w.—890 kc.
WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—610 kc.
WIS.....Columbia, S. C.
1000 w.—1010 kc.
WISJ.....Beloit, Wis.
500 w.—560 kc.
WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
250 w.—1120 kc.
WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WJAG.....Norfolk, Nebr.
1000 w.—1100 kc.
WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
400 w.—890 kc.
WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1290 kc.
WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WJAY.....Cleveland, Ohio
500 w.—610 kc.
WJAZ.....Mt. Prospect, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WJBC.....La Salle, Il.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WJBT-WBBM.....Glenview, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.
WJBU.....Lewisburg, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
WJJD.....Mooseheart, Ill
20000 w.—1130 kc.
WJKS.....Gary, Ind.
1250 w.—1360 kc.
WJR.....Detroit, Mich.
5000 w.—750 kc.
WJSV.....Alexandria, Va.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.
WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WJZ.....New York City
30000 w.—760 kc.
WKAQ.....San Juan, P. R.
500 w.—890 kc.
WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
1000 w.—1040 kc.
WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
WKBN.....Youngstown, Ohio
500 w.—570 kc.
WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WKBQ.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
150 w.—1500 kc.
WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
5000 w.—1480 kc.
WKJC.....Lancaster, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WKRC.....Cincinnati, Ohio
1000 w.—550 kc.
WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WLBF.....Kansas City, Kans.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WLBL.....Stevens Pt.,Wis.
5000 w.—900 kc.
WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
1000 w.—1260 kc.
WLBX.....L. I. City, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WLBZ.....Bangor, Maine
500 w.—620 kc.
WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
250 w.—1370 kc.
WLIB.....Elgin, Ill.
25000 w.—720 kc.
WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
500 w.—560 kc.
WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—870 kc.
WLSI.....Cranston, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1400 kc.
WLVA.....Lynchburg, Va.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
50000 w.—700 kc.
WLWL.....New York City
5000 w.—1100 kc.
WMAC.....Cazenovia, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.
WMAF.S. Dartmouth, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WMAK.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—1040 kc.
WMAL.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—630 kc.
WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—670 kc.
WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
250 w.—1200 kc.
WMBB.....Macon, Ga.
500 w.—890 kc.
WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBC.....Detroit, Mich.
250 w.—1420 kc.
WMBD.....Peoria, Hts., Ill.
1000 w.—1440 kc.
WMBF.....Miami Beach, Fla.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
250 w.—1420 kc.
WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1080 kc.
WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMBR.....Tampa, Fla.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WMC.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—780 kc.
WMCA.....New York City
500 w.—570 kc.
WMMN.....Fairmont, W. Va.
500 w.—890 kc.
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WMSG.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WMT.....Waterloo, Iowa
500 w.—600 kc.
WNAC.....Boston, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.
WNAX.....Yankton, S. Dak.
1000 w.—570 kc.
WNBF.....Binghamton, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WNBO.....Silver Haven, Pa.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WNBR.....Memphis, Tenn.
500 w.—1430 kc.
WNJ.....Newark, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WNOX.....Knoxville, Tenn.
2000 w.—560 kc.
WNRC.....Greensboro, N. C.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WNYC.....New York, N. Y.
500 w.—570 kc.
WOAI.....San Antonio, Tex.
5000 w.—1190 kc.
WOAN.....Whitehaven, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.
WOAX.....Trenton, N. J.
500 w.—1280 kc.
WOBT.....Union City, Tenn.
250 w.—1310 kc.
WOBU.....Charleston, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.
WOC.....Davenport, Iowa
5000 w.—1000 kc.
WODA.....Paterson, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WODX.....Mobile, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WOI.....Ames, Iowa
5000 w.—640 kc.
WOKO.....Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WOL.....Washington, D. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WOMT.....Manitowoc, Wis.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WOOD.....Grand Rapids, Mich
500 w.—1270 kc.
WOPI.....Bristol, Tenn.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WOQ.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WOR.....Newark, N. J.
5000 w.—710 kc.
WORC.....Worcester, Mass.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WORD.....Chicago, Ill.
5000 w.—1490 kc.
WOS.....Jefferson City, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.
WOV.....New York City
1000 w.—1130 kc.
WOW.....Omaha, Nebr.
1000 w.—590 kc.
WOWO.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
10000 w.—1160 kc.
WPAD.....Paducah, Ky.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WPAP.....Cliffside, N. J.
250 w.—1010 kc.
WPAW.....Pawtucket, R. I.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WPCC.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—560 kc.
WPCH.....New York City
500 w.—810 kc.
WPEN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1500 kc.
WPG.....Atlantic, City, N. J.
5000 w.—1100 kc.
WPOE.....Patchogue, N. Y.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WPOR.....Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.
WPSC.....State College, Pa.
500 w.—1230 kc.
WPTF.....Raleigh, N. C.
1000 w.—680 kc.
WQAM.....Miami, Fla.
1000 w.—560 kc.
WQAN.....Scranton, Pa.
250 w.—880 kc.
WQAO.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.
WQBC.....Vicksburg, Miss.
500 w.—1360 kc.
WQDV.....Tupelo, Miss.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WRAF.....LaPorte, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.
250 w.—1020 kc.
WRBC.....Greenville, Miss.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WRBX.....Roanoke, Va.
250 w.—1410 kc.
WRC.....Washington, D. C.
500 w.—950 kc.
WRDO.....Augusta, Maine
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRDW.....Augusta, Ga.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WREC.....Memphis, Tenn.
1000 w.—600 kc.
WREN.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
WRHM.....Minneapolis, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WRJN.....Racine, Wis.
100 w.—1370 kc.
WRNY.....New York City
250 w.—1010 kc.
WRR.....Dallas, Texas
500 w.—1280 kc.
WRUF.....Gainesville, Fla.
5000 w.—830 kc.
WRVA.....Richmond, Va.
5000w.—1110 kc.
WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio
500 w.—1330 kc.
WSAJ.....Grove City, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.
250 w.—1440 kc.
WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va.
250 w.—580 kc.
WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.
5000 w.—740 kc.
WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WSBT.....South Bend, Ind.
500 w.—1230 kc.
WSDA.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WSFA.....Montgomery, Ala.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WSGH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.
100 w.—1210 kc.

WSJS . . . Winston-Salem, N. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WSM . . . . . Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—650 kc.
WSMB . . . . . New Orleans, La. 500 w.—1320 kc.
WSMK . . . . . Dayton, Ohio 200 w.—1380 kc.
WSPA . . . . . Spartanburg, S. C. 250 w.—1420 kc.
WSPD . . . . . Toledo, Ohio 1000 w.—1340 kc.
WSSH . . . . . Boston, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.
WSUI . . . . . Iowa City, Iowa 500 w.—880 kc.
WSUN . . . . . Clearwater, Fla. 1000 w.—620 kc.
WSYR . . . . . Syracuse, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.
WTAD . . . . . Quincy, Ill. 500 w.—1440 kc.
WTAG . . . . . Worcester, Mass. 250 w.—580 kc.
WTAM . . . . . Cleveland, Ohio 50000 w.—1070 kc.
WTAQ . . . . . Eau Claire, Wis. 1000 w.— 1330 kc.
WTAR . . . . . Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.
WTAW . . College Station, Tex. 500 w.—1120 kc.
WTBO . . . . . Cumberland, Md. 100 w.—1420 kc.
WTFI . . . . . Toccoa, Ga. 500 w.—1450 kc.
WTIC . . . . . Hartford, Conn. 50000 w.—1060 kc.
WTMJ . . . . . Milwaukee, Wis. 2500 w.—620 kc.
WTNT . . . . . Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.
WTOC . . . . . Savannah, Ga. 500 w.—1260 kc.
WWAE . . . . . Hammond, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WWJ . . . . . Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—920 kc.
WWL . . . . . New Orleans, La. 5000 w.—850 kc.
WWNC . . . . . Asheville, N. C. 1000 w.—570 kc.
WWRL . . . . . Woodside, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WWVA . . . . . Wheeling, W. Va. 5000 w.—1160 kc.
WXYZ . . . . . Detroit, Mich. 1000 w.—1240 kc.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m. 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericktown, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co. Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930 kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880 kc, 100w.
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask, 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKLW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m. 1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, ——w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
CMX, Havana, 327m, 9143.kc. 250w.



Comparatively few women's voices are really adaptable to broadcasting no matter what culture and training is back of them. In the above picture may be seen four women who have been able to blend their voices in harmony for Radio listeners so that they have become known from coast to coast. They are the Aerial Four of KHJ, Los Angeles. Many letters have been received from listeners along the Atlantic seaboard stating that they had been heard from the City of the Angels.

Chain Calendar Features

See index of wave lengths and kilocycles on page 104

Sunday

TONE PICTURES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WJR	WBAL	KWK	WIBO	WRC

THE BALLADEERS—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB	WTAM	WHO	WOC

MORNING MUSICALE—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WHP
WHEC	WHK	WAIU	WFBM
KMOX	KMBC	WSPD	WMT
WHEC	WWNC	WTAR	WDOD
WBT	WLAC	KRLD	WPG
WNAX	WBCM		

LAND O'MAKE BELIEVE—

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WABC	WEAN	WNAC	WHP
WJAS	WFBL	WFBM	KMOX
KMBC	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WGST
WDOD	WREC	WLAC	KRLD
WPG	WNAX	W2XE	

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—

10:50 a.m.	9:50	8:50	7:50
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WHP	WJAS	WFBL	WAIU
WFBM	KMOX	WIBW	KFH
WBCM	WSPD	WMT	WWNC
WGST	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KRLD	WPG		

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—

12:30 p.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WLBZ	WCAU
W3XAU	WHP	WADC	WHK
WAIU	WKBN	WMAQ	WBBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WTAR	WDBJ	WDOD
WREC	KRLD	KLZ	KHJ
KFPY	WBT	WDAY	WORC

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—

1:30 p.m.	12:30	11:30	10:30
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W2XAU
WCAO	WHP	WHEC	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WAIU	WKBN
WMAQ	WBBM	KMOX	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WBCM	WSPD
WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ	WDOD
WREC	KRLD	KLZ	KDYL
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	WBT
WDAY			

BALLAD HOUR—

2:30 p.m.	1:30	12:30	11:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJDX	WKBW
WHK	WKRC	WAIU	WKBN
WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WBBM	WBCM
WMT	WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC
WDOD	WREC	KLZ	KDYL
KVI	WXYZ	WPG	
WDAY	WORC		

PAUL TREMAINE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	WKBN	WFBN
WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WBCM	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WLAC	KLRA	KLZ	KVI
KFPY	WPG	WDAY	WORC

THE FRIENDLY HOUR—

3:00 p.m.	2:00	1:00	12:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	WJR
WJW	KWK	WREN	KFAB
WRVA	WJAX	WIOD	WJDX
KVOO	WFAA	WOAI	KSL
WLS	WSUN	KTHS	WSB
WLS	WBZ	WBZA	KGW
KFSD			

CONCLAVE OF NATIONS—

3:30 p.m.	2:30	1:30	12:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	WKRC	WKBN
KMBC	WISN	WCCO	WIBW
WBCM	WMT	WWNC	WDBJ
WBRC	WDOD	WLAC	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KVI	KFPY
WXYZ	WPG	WBT	WDAY
WORC			

CATHEDRAL HOUR—

4:00 p.m.	3:00	2:00	1:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WHP	WJAS	WLBW
WHEC	WKBW	WADC	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WFBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WBCM
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WDBJ
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
KRLD	KLRA	KLZ	KDYL
KHJ	KVI	KFPY	WXYZ
WBT	WDAY	WORC	

SABBATH REVERIES—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WBAL
WHAM	WLW	KWK	WREN
KFAB	KSTP	WEBC	WJAX
WIOD	WMC	KOMO	WJDX
WOAI	KVOO	KPRC	WFLA
WSB	WSUN	KOA	KTAR
KGO	KGW	KHQ	KDKA
WRC			

MYSTERY HOUSE—

7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00	4:00
WEAF	WEEI	WJAR	WRC
WGY	WGR	WTAG	WEJC
WWJ	WSAI	WCAE	WOC
WHO	WOW	KSD	WLIT
WDAF			

EL TANGO ROMANTICO—

7:05 p.m.	6:05	5:05	4:05
WJZ	WJR	KWK	WREN
WTMJ	KSTP	WRVA	WJAX
WEBC	WMC	WFLA	WSUN
WBZ	WBZA	WJDX	KFAB
WIOD	KOA	WSM	WCFL

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—

7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30	4:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WHEC	WMAK
WADC	WKBN	WFBM	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WISN	WCCO
WIBW	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WGST	WDOD	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	KVI
KFPY	WBT	WDAY	WORC

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

7:35 p.m.	6:35	5:35	4:35
WEAF	WSMB	KSTP	WCSH
WEBC	WDAF	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WJDX	WKY	WJAR
WCAE	WRC	WGY	WWJ
WSAI	KSD	WEJC	WHAS
WTAM	WOAI	KTHS	WFLA
WSUN	WHO	WOC	WTAG
WCFL	WSM		

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—

7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45	4:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WFAN	KMAL	WHP
WJAS	WLBW	WHEC	WMAK
WADC	WKRC	WAIU	WKBN
WFBM	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	WORC
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WDOD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WPG	WBT
WNAX	WDAY		

ENNA JETTIC MELODIES—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBZ	WBZA	WHAM
KWK	WKY	WJR	WREN
WFAA	KPRC	WOAI	[illegible]
WSM	[illegible]		
WJAX	[illegible]		
WEBC	WIOD	KTHS	WSMB
KPO	KOMO	KFI	KGW
KSL	KHQ	WCKY	WSB
WBAL	WPTF	WAPI	WRVA
WFLA	WSUN	KFAB	KFSD
KTAR	WJDX		

MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—

8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WJAS	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	WSPD	WWNC
WTAR	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WGST	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
KLZ	KDYL	KHJ	KFRC
KVI	KFPY	WXYZ	KOL
WBT	WDAY	WNAX	WORC

CHASE AND SANBORN CHORAL ORCHESTRA—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WRC	WGY	WGR	WCAE
WEJC	WWJ	WSAI	KSD
WOW	WIOD	KSTP	WIBO
WPTF	WAPI	WRVA	WFAA
WHO	WOC	WLIT	WDAF
WHAS	WEBC	WMC	WSB
WSMB	WKY	KTHS	KPRC
WOAI	WTMJ	WTAM	

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—

8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WHEC	WMAK
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL
KMBC	WCCO	WSPD	

JESSE CRAWFORD—

8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WFAN	WMAL	WHP	WJAS
WLBW	WHEC	WMAK	WADC
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WFBM
WMAQ	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	WORC
WSPD	WMT	WWNC	WTAR
WDBJ	WDOD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KHJ	KFRC	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WBT	WNAX

MAJESTIC REVERIE—

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
9:00 p.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WJAS	WLBW	WFBL
CKAC	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WXYZ	WOWO	WFBM	WBBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WSPD
WWNC	WSAZ	WTAR	WDBJ
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	WLAC
WDSU	KRLD	KLRA	KFJF
KTSA	KLZ	KDYL	KHJ
KFRC	KOIN	KVI	KFPY
KOL			

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—

9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15	6:15
WEAF	WEEI	WRC	WFI
WGY	WGR	WCAE	WTAM
WWJ	WSAI	KSD	WOW
KSTP	KOA	KSL	KFI
KGW	KOMO	KPO	KHQ
WSM	WMC	WFAA	KPRC
WOAI	WKY	WSMB	WHAS
WGN	WSB	WOC	WHO

IN THE TIME OF ROSES—

9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45	6:45
WEAF	WEEI	KSL	KPO
KGW	KSD	WGY	WGR
WWJ	WSAI	WOW	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC	WTAG	WRC
KOA	WTIC	KTAR	WDAF
WFI			

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—

10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WTIC	WTAG	WFI
WCSH	WRC	WGY	WCAE
WTAM	WWJ	WGN	KSTP
WJAR	WTMJ	KOA	WEBC
KGO	KGW	WOW	KOMO
KFI	KHQ	WEEI	WDAF
WGY	WGR	KSD	

AROUND THE SAMOVAR

10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO
WMAL	WJAS	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WADC	WHK	WKRC
WKBN	WOWO	WFBM	KMOX
KOIL	KMBC	WIBW	WSPD
WMT	WWNC	WTAR	WDBJ
WGST	WDOD	KLRA	KLZ
KDYL	KFRC	KFPY	WXYZ
WPG	WBT	WNAX	WDAY

MUSICAL MEMORIES—

10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WCAE	WHAS	WFJC
WJAX	WOW	WKY	WWJ
WPTF	WGY	WRC	KOA
KGO	WEEI	WIOD	WMC
WSB	WGR	WEBC	KGW
KYW	WSM	WHO	WJDX
WTAM	CKGW	KSTP	KSD
WDAF	WSMB	KPRC	KOMO
KHQ	WTMJ	WOC	KTAR
KFSD	KVOO		

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—

11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WRC	WEJC	WWJ
WBAP	WOC	KOA	WGY
WOW	WSB	WGY	WTAM
CKGW	KSTP	WEBC	KVOO

CORAL ISLANDERS—

12:00 Mid.	11:00	10:00	9:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WMAL	WHEC	WADC
WKRC	WKBN	WFBM	KOIL
WISN	WCCO	WIBW	KFH
WSPD	WMT	WTAR	WDBJ
WGST	WBRC	WDOD	WREC
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WDAY	WBT
WNAX			

NOCTURNE—

12:30 a.m.	11:30	10:30	9:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WLBZ	WMAL	WADC	WKRC
WKBN	WFBM	KOIL	WISN
WCCO	WIBW	KFH	WSPD
WMT	WTAR	WDBJ	WGST
WBRC	WDOD	WREC	KRLD
KLRA	KLZ	KDYL	KVI
KFPY	WXYZ	WBT	WDAY
WNAX			

Monday

THE QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—

8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WHAM		

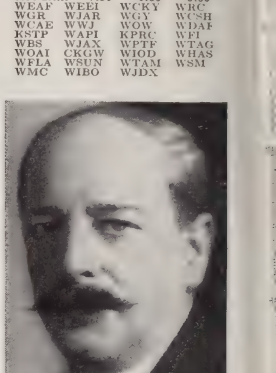
THE HEADLINERS—

8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WJZ	WBAL	KDKA	WBZ
WBZA	WHAM		

MORNING DEVOTIONS—

8:15 a.m.	7:15	6:15	5:15
WEAF	WRC	WCAE	WGY
WHAS	WOW	WGR	WFI
WCSH	WLS	WJAR	WWJ
WCKY	WPTF	WIOD	WAPI
WFLA	WSUN	WTAG	WJDX

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
CHEERIO—			
8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WGR	WJAR	WGY	WCSH
WCAE	WWJ	WOW	WDAF
KSTP	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WBS	WJAX	WPTF	WTAG
WOAI	CKGW	WIOD	WHAS
WFLA	WSUN	WTAM	WSM
WMC	WIBO	WJDX	



F. Channon Collinge, Music Director of CBS. Conducts the Cathedral Hour every Sunday at 4:00 p. m. EST

MORNING MELODIES—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WEAF	WRC	WWJ	WOW
WHAS	WGY	WTAM	WAPI
WGR	WSM	WIBO	

POPULAR BITS—THE QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WLW	WLS	WRC	WJR
KWK	WREN	KFAB	WTMJ
KSTP	WEBC		

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—

9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WMAL	WHP
WJAS	WADC	WKBW	WHK
WKRC	WAIU	WKBN	WMAQ
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WIBW
WGL	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
WPG	WBT		

BLUE MONDAY GLOOM CHASERS—

9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WCAU	W3XAU
WLBZ	WHP	WLBW	WHEC
WKBW	WKRC	WKBN	WBBM
KMOX	KOIL	KMBC	WIBW
KFH	WBCM	WSPD	WMT
WWNC	WDBJ	WBRC	WDOD
WREC	WLAC	KRLD	KLRA
WXYZ	WPG		

THE MANHATTERS—

10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00	7:00
WLIT	WRC	WREN	WHAS
KSTP	WHAM	KYW	WSM
WSB	WAPI	WTMJ	WJZ
WBAL	KWK		

MAJESTIC HOME—

11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN	WNAC
WCAU	W3XAU	WCAO	WMAL
WJAS	WLBW	WFBL	WKBW
WADC	WHK	WKRC	WXYZ
WOWO	KMOX	KOIL	KMBC
WJJD	WSPD		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—

11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WJAR	WTAG	WCSH
WLIT	WRC	WHAS	WSM
WSB	WGR	WCAE	WWJ
WSAI	KFKX	KTAM	KSD
WOAI	WMAQ	KSTP	WEBC
WAPI	WSMB	KTHS	KVOO
KPRC	WOAI	WKY	WEEI
WGY	WMC		

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—

11:30 a.m.	10:30	9:30	8:30
WEAF	WTAG	WRC	WGR
WCAE	WWJ	WTMJ	WJDX
WEBC	WRVA	WHAS	WMC
WAPI	WGY	KSTP	WSM
WTAM	WIBO	KOA	

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
CHILDREN'S CORNER
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WKBW WADC WAIU WKBN
KMOX KOIL KMBC WISN
WCCO WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WDBJ WGST WDOD
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
KWKX WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

BACK FENCE—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WKBW WADC WAIU WKBN
WHBM KMOX KOIL WISN
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WDBJ WDOD WREC
WLAC KRLD KLRA KDYL
WKYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WHEC WMAJ WADC WKRC
WKBN WOWO WBBM KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WGST WBRC WORC WDOD
WREC KRLD KLRA KVI
KFPY WXYZ WPG KOL
WBT WDAY

HAROLD STERN AND AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA—
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WFAN WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WHEC WMAK
WADC WAIU WOWO WBBM
KMBC WCCO KFH WBCM
WMT WTAR WDOD WREC
KLRA KLZ WXYZ WBT
WDAY

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA WJR
WLW KSTP WEBC WRVA
WPTF WHAS WSM WOW
WMC WSAI KVOO WKY
WOAI WRC WHO WDAF
KPRC WJDX WBAL WSMB
WIOD KWK WREN KOA
WBZ WOC WBZA WFAA
KFAB WAPI KTHS WFLA
WSUN KFKX WJAX

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WHEC
WMAK WADC WHK WAIU
WOWO WBCM WSPD WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WDOD WLAC
KLRA WXYZ WPG WBT
WORC

WARDMAN PARK HOTEL ORCHESTRA—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WMAK WADC WKRC
WAIU WKBN KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW WGL
WBCM WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WBRC WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KLZ KDYL
KVI KFPY WXYZ WPG
KOL WBT WDAY

THE MERRY MAKERS—
4:15 p.m. 3:15 2:15 1:15
WEAF KSD WOC WHO
WCAE WTAG WDAF WWJ
WRC WGR WTAM

EBONY TWINS—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WMAK WADC WKRC
WAIU WKBN KOIL KMBC
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
WGL WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC WLAC KRDL
KLRA KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WXYZ WPG KOL
WBT WDAY

MANHATTAN TOWERS—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WFBL WADC
WCCO WKRC KOIL KMBC
WISN WMT WWNC WTAR
WNAC WDBJ WDOD WREC
WLAC KRLD KLRA KLZ
KDYL KVI WLBZ KFPY
WXYZ KOL WBT WDAY
WPG WHRC WAU WORC
WKBN WOWO WCAU W3XAU

CARL RUPP AND HIS WXYZ CAPTIVATORS—
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WCAU WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WHEC
WKBW WAIU WKBN WBBM
KMBC WISN WGL WCAU
KFH WBCM WMT WWNC
WTAR WGST WBRC WDOD
WREC KRLD KLRA KLZ
KDYL WXYZ WBT WDAY

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WJZ WBAL WSM KWK
KOA KSL KGO KOMO
WHAS KFAB KGW KPO
CKGW WRC WHAS KDKA
KSTP KFSD KTAR WAPI
WFAA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
UNCLE ABE AND DAVID
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WFI WRC WCAE WTAG

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WBZA WHAM KDKA
WBZ WRC CKGW WRVA
WJR WJAX WIOD WCKY
WFLA WSUN WBAL

CURRENT EVENTS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAO
WHP WJAS WLBW WHEC
WKBW WADC KMOX WISN
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WMT WWNC WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC KLRA KLZ
KDYL KFRC KVI KFPY
KOL WORC WDAY

PHIL COOK—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WFLA
WSUN WIOD KY WRVA
WPTF WJAX WBAL WHAM
KDKA WHAS WENR KWK
WREN KFAB WTMJ KSTP
WSB WSM WEBC WSMB
WJDX WOAI KTHS KVOO
KOA KSL KGO KFOA
KGW WRC KOMO KHQ
KFSD KTAR KPRC WFAA

EVANGELINE ADAMS—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WFBL WMAK WKBW
WXYZ

SINCLAIR OIL—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC WADC WCAO WGHP
WMAQ WKBC WHK KOIL
WCAU KMOX WSPD KSCJ
KRLD

ROXY AND HIS GANG—
7:50 p.m. 6:50 5:50 4:50
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KWK WSB WSM WCKY
KGO KFAB KOA WFLA
WSUN WRC KGW WCFL
CKGW WIBO KTHS

HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WIOD WPTF WJAX
WJAR WTAG WLIT WCSH
KSFD KOMO WRC WCAE
WGR WFJC WWJ WSAI
KSD WOC WOW WHO
KYW WDAF KSTP WDJX
WSMB KGO KVOO KPRC
WOAI KOA KECA KGW
WFLA WSUN WTIC

A. & P. GYPSIES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAR
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
WSAI WGN KSD WOC
WDAF WTAM WOW WHO

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WFBL WADC
WKRC WFBM WMAQ KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WGL KFH WSPD WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WBRC WDOD
KLRA KLZ KFRC KVI
KFPY WNAX KOL WDAY
WORC

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KYW KWK
WSMB WREN KSTP WEBC
WSM KTHS WKY WOAI
KOA KSL WCKY WDJX
WBAP KGO KECA KFH
KOMO WTMJ WHAS WMC
WFAA WSB KVOO KPRC

MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL SYMPHONY HOUR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WCCO WISN WPG
WBT WMAL WCAU WSPD
WFBL KMOX WJAS KSD
WFAN KOIL WJR KMBC
WOW WGHP WHY WKRC
WBBM WKBW WNAC WCAO
WADC

CHESEBROUGH REAL ROLKS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WLW KWK KYW
WJR WREN CKGW

GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PARTY
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WCSH WTAG WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
WWJ WGN KSD WOC
WOW WSAI WDAF KSTP
WTMJ WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WJAS KPRC WFAA
WOAI KPRC WKY KOA
KSL KGO KGW KOMO
KHQ WHO

BOURJOIS—AN EVENING IN PARIS
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WMAL KMOX WCAU
KMBC WHK WBT WSPD
WFAAN KOIL WOWO WKRC
WPG WFBL WJAS WLBW
WGHP WBBM WKBW WNAC
WCAO WNAC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAP WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WOWO WFBM WMAQ KMOX
KOIL KMBC WCCO WSPD
KLZ KDYL KHJ KFRC
KOIN KVI KFPY KOL

STROMBERG-CARLSON PROGRAM
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WHAM WJZ WBZ WBZA
WREN KDKA KYW KWK
WIOD WEBC WRVA WJAX
WSB WHAS WSM WMC
KPRC WSMB WKY KTHS
KFI WOAI KOA KGO
KOMO WFAA KLZ KHQ
KVOO WJDX KSTP WPTF
KFSD WFLA WSUN KTAR

SIGN OF THE SHELL—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
WSAI WENR KSD WOC
WOW WDAF WRVA KOA
KSTP WPTF WJAX WIOD
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX WEBC WHO
WTAM

AMERICAN MAIZE PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC KLZ WKBN WHY
KOA WNAX WHP WKRC
KFPY WCCO KSPD WBBM
KFRC WDAY WJAZ WADE
KDYL WCAH WCAU KOIN
KSFO KOIL KHJ WMT
WLBW WISN

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHEC WKBN WFBM KOIL
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WORC WDOD WREC
WLAC KLRA KLZ KDYL
KFRC KFPY WXYZ WDAY
KOL WBT WNAX

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHEC WKRC WKBN WFBM
KMOX KOIL KMBC WISN
WCCO KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WGST WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WLAC WORC WDOD
WREC KFRC KLRA KLZ
KDYL WBT WXYZ WDAY
KOL WNAX

Tuesday

MORNING DEVOTIONS—
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WCAE WRC WGY
WGR WFLA WSUN WEI
WCSH WLS WJAR WWJ
WCKY WPTF WHAS WIOD
WAPI WOW WTAG WJDX

CHEERIO—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WFI WRC
WGY WGR WCKY WPTF
WTIC WJAR WTAG WCSH
WGY WGR WCKY WPTF
WWJ WOW WDAF KSTP
WAPI KPRC WJAX WSB
WCAE CKGW WOAI WIOD
WHAS WFLA WSUN WTAM
WIBO WSM WMC

POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACKELS MAN—Phil Cook—
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WLW WLS WRC WOC
WTMJ WJR WREN KWK
KFAB KSTP WEBC WAPI
WSMB KDYL WOAI KPRC
WOAI WHO WOW WKY
WDAF WEBC WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA WSUN WHAS
WSM WMC WSB

MORNING MELODIES—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WRC WWJ WOW
WTAM WHAS WSM WSB
WGY WAPI WOC WHO
WGR WIBO

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WMAL WHP
WJAS WHEC WKBW WFBL
WAIU WKBN WMAQ KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WGL
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WREC WLAC KLRA WPG
WBT

U. S. ARMY BAND CONCERT—
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WCAU WJAR
WMAL WHP WLBW WKBW
WKRC WKBN WBBM KMOX
KOIL KMBC WIBW WBCM
WSPD WMT WNC WDBJ
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA WXYZ WPG

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WJW WREN KFRN WJR
KDKA KWK CKGW

O'CEDAR TIME—
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WEAN WNAC WCAU
W3XAU WCAO WMAL WJAS
WLBW WFBL WKBW WADC
WHK WKRC WXYZ WOWO
WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WBCM WSPD
WGST WHBC WDOD WREC
WLAC WDSU KRLD KLRA
KFJF KTSA KTRH WPG
WBT

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WCKY KWK WSM
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
WREN KSTP WEBC WRVA
WIBO WIOD KTHS KVOO
WBAP KPRC WOAI KGW
WKY WTMJ WHAS WPTF
WJDX WJAX

"YOUR CHILD"—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WRC WOC WGY
WWJ WSM KSTP WJAR
WCAE WSAI WJAX WIOD
WHAS WKY KPRC KTHS
WDAF WRVA WAPI WSMB
WOAI KOA WHO WTAG
WIBO

THE METROPOLITANS—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 m. 11:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WMAK WADC
WHK WKBW WCAU WBBM
WSPD WWNC WTAR WBRC
WDOD WREC WLAC KLRA
KHJ WXYZ WPG WBT
WORC

RHYTHM KINGS DANCE ORCHESTRA—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
WADC WKRC WAIU WBBM
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WGST WDOD
WREC KRLD KFRC KLRA
KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
WKYZ WBT WDAY

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WRC WTAM KSD
WTAG WJAR WWJ WGR
WSM WFAA

PETER ARNO'S WHOOPS SISTERS—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
WLBW WFBL WKBW WHK
WAIU WKBN WOWO WMAQ
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
WBCM WMT WWNC WTAR
WBRC WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KLZ KDYL WBT
WDAY

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
WMAL WHP WJAS WKBW
WJAS WLBW WHEC WKBW
WADC WKRC WKBN WFBM
WMAQ KMOX WISN WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WMT
WWNC WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WREC KLRA KLZ KFPY
KOL WBT WDAY WORC

JACK DENNY AND HIS MT. ROYAL ORCHESTRA—
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WABC W2XE WLBZ WFAN
WCAO WHP WJAS WLBW
WHEC WKBW WKRC WAIU
WKBN WOWO WFBM WISN
WCCO KFH WBCM WWNC
WDBJ WBRC WDOD KLRA
KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY
KOL WBT WORC

PHIL COOK—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WLW
WHAS WAPI WSB WSM
WEBC KWK WREN KFAB
KTHS KSTP WJDX WJDX
KTHS KVOO KPRC WOAI
WKY WRVA WPTF WJAX
KOA WHO WIOD KOA
KSL KGO KECA KOMO
KHQ KFSD KTAR KGW
WRC WENR WFAA

BLACKSTONE PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WMAL WJAS
WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
WHEC WKBW WADC WHK
WKYZ WBT KOIL KMBC

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WMAL WJAS
WLBW WFBL WKBW WADC
WHK WKRC WXYZ WOWO
WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
WCCO WSPD

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE FLORSHEIM FROLIC—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WJR WTAG WCSH
WFI WRC WGY WGR
WCAE WWJ WSAI WGN
KSD WGC WHO WOW
WDAF KSTP WEBC WRVA
WOAX WOD WSUN WFLA
WSAI WMC WSB WSMB
WJDX KTHS WBAP KPRC
WOAI WKY KOA KSL

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT PROGRAM—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WJAR KHJ WGST KMOX
WGHP KOL KLZ WTOC
WEAN WHK KFPY KRLD
WDBO WRVA KVI WTAG
WDSU WQAM WCAU WMAQ
KFRC WLAC WDAE KOIL
WKRW KWK WCCO WMAL
WLBW WNAC KOIN WBT
WSPD KMBC WCAO WPG
WFBC WOWO WADC

HENRY AND GEORGE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WKZO WAIU WKBN WOWO
WJDX KOIL KFH WSMB
WDAF WTMJ KSTP WEBC
WHAS WMC WSB WSMB
KVOO KOA KOB KSL
WJDX KGO KOMO KECA
KGW KHQ WBAP WFI
KPRC WOC WOW

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WHEC
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WKZO WAIU WKBN WOWO
WFBM WBZA WMOX KOIL
KMBC WISN WCCO KFH
WSPD WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WGST WBRC WREC WLAC
WJDX KLRA KLZ KFJF
KTSA KLZ KDYL KHJ
KFRC KOIN KVI KFPY
KTRH KGO

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
KDKA WJZ WBZ WBZA
WBAL KDKA KYW KWK
WEAN WJAS WHAS WSM
WMC WSMB KGW KPRC
KOA KSL KGO KHQ
WPTF WTMJ KOMO WIAM
WREN WRVA WKY WOAI
WSB WIOD KECA WCKY
KVOO WFLA WSUN KSTP
KTAR KFSD

CUDDLES AND MONTY—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WEAF WTAG WCSH WFI
WJAR KSD WDAF WWJ
WJAR

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX HOUR—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WFBL
WHEC WKBW WADC WHK
WKRC WWJ WOWO WFBM
KMOX KOIL WSAI KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW WNAX
WBT KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC KTHH WDOD
WREC WLAC WRR KFJF
KLZ KDYL KHJ KOL
KFRC KOIN KFPY WDAY
WPG WQAM WDBO WDAE

RADIO-KEITH-ORPHEUM PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WEJC WSAI
WHO KSD WOW WSMB
WOAI KTHS KOA KSL
KGO KOMO KHQ WIBO
WJDX WTMJ KSTP KVOO
KECA WBAP WIAM WISN
KFSD KTAR WWJ WTAM

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WLBW WKRC
WKBW WFBM KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO KFH WDAF
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WSPD WMAQ WBRC WLAC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WTAR WDBJ WGST WDOD
WREC WLAC KLRA KLZ
KFRC KFPY WSYZ WPG
WBT WNAX WDAY

Wednesday

CHEERIO—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WGR WRC
CKGW WJAR WJAS WCSH
WOW WCAE WWJ WDAF
KSTP WPTF WAPI KPRC
WFI WSB WSAI WTAG
WHAS WOAI WIOD WSUN
WGY WFLA WSM WIBO
WMC WJDX

BETTY CROCKER—
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WSM WFI WRC
WGY WGR WBAP WOAI
WSB WMC WHAS WJDX
WOC WHO WRVA WWJ
WPTF WSAI KFKX KSD
WTMJ KVOO WKY KPRC
WAPI WIOD

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WEAF WEEI WTAG WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
WTMJ KSTP WMC WEBC
WRVA WSM WHAS WJDX
WAPI WIBO KOA WIOD
WKY

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00 noon
WABC WZXE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WFBL WMAK WADC
WKRC WAIU WKBN WFBM
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
WGL WBCM WSPD WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WGST WBRC
WDOD WREC WLAC KLRA
KLZ KHJ KFRC KVI
KFPY WSYZ WPG WBT
WDAY WORC

MUSICAL ALBUM—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WMAK WADC WFBL
WKRC WAIU WKBN WFBM
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
WGL WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
KLRA KLZ KDYL KHJ
KVI KFPY WSYZ WPG
KOL WBT WDAY

FOOTNOTES—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WADC
WKRC WAIU KOIL KMBC
WISN WGL WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WGST WDOD WREC WLAC
KRLD KLRA KLZ KDYL
KFRC KVI KFPY WSYZ
KOL WBT WDAY

TEA TIMERS—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
WEAF WRC KSD WSB
WSM KOA WHO WAPI
WTAM KGO KGW WGY
KTAR KFSD WTAG WOC
WIOD WJDX

COLUMBIA MALE TRIO—
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WCAO
WMAL WHP WFBL WMAK
WADC WKRC WAIU KOIL
KMBC WISN WGL WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WTAR
WDBJ WGST WDOD WREC
WLAC KRLD KLRA KLZ
KDYL KVI KFPY WSYZ
WBT WDAY

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WKBW WKBN WFBM WSPD
WIBW KFH WBCM WDOD
WMT WWNC WBRC KLZ
WREC KRLD KLRA
KDYL WXYZ WDAY

JACK ALBIN AND HIS HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WJZ WBAI WREN KFAB
KSTP WHAS WSM WAPI
KOA KGO KTAR

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA—
6:05 p.m. 5:05 4:05 3:05
WEAF WRC WGY WGR
WCAE WOC WHO CKGW
WJAR WTAM

OZZIE NELSON'S GLEN ISLANDERS—
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WKBW
WAIU WKBN WFBM KMBC
WISN WGL KFH WBCM
WMT WWNC WTAR WDOD
WREC KRLD KLRA KLZ
KDYL WXYZ WBT WDAY

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WHEC WKBW WADC WKRC
WKBN KMOX WISN WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WMT
WWNC WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WREC KLRA KLZ KDYL
KFPY KOL WDAY WORC



Marcella Shields in the "Old Witches" NBC Wednesday at 8:15 a. m. EST

PHIL COOK—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM WLW WAPI WSB
WSM WEBC WENR KWK
WREN KFAB WTMJ KSTP
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
KPRC WOAI WKY WRVA
WPTF WJAX WFLA WRC
WSUN WIOD KOA KSL
KGO WMAQ KECA KHQ
KTAR KFSD CKGW KGW
KDKA WFAA

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WEAF WRC KOA WTAG
KSL KECA KGO WCSH
WGY WCAE WEJC WRVA
KGW KOMO WSPD WJAX
WSAI WIBO KSD WOC
WHO WOW WDAF WSM
WAPI KPRC WSYR WKY

"DIC-A-DOO ENTERTAINERS"—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA KYW KWK
WREN KFAB KSTP WEBC
WHAM

ESKIMO PIE PROGRAM—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC WCAO WNAC WHK
WKBW WFBL WJAS WKRC
WJAS KMOX WFBL WMHL
WHEC CKAC WCCO WBT
WGST WBRC

MANHATTAN MOODS—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAO WHP WJAS
WLBW WFBL WHEC WLBW
WADC WAIU WFBM WMAQ
KMOX KOIL WISN WCCO
WIBW WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WLAC KLRA
KFRC KVI KFPY WJG
KOL WBT WDAY WORC

EAST OF CAIRO—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WCSH WGR WOC
WDAF WWJ WJDX WSMB
WJAR KGO KGW WHO
WEEI WTAM

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WGHP WWJ WFBM WBBM
KMOX KOIL KSCJ KMBC
WISN WCCO KFH WSPD
WTAR WDBJ WLAC KLRA
KRLD KLRA KFJF KLZ
KDYL KHJ KFRC KOIN
KVI KFPY WLAP WCAH
KFBK KMJ KOL

WADSWORTH PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WJR KWK WREN WCKY
KDKA

O'CEDAR TIME—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WLS
KWK WREN KDKA WHAM

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WREN WLW1 KYW
WSAI WFTF WRVA WJR
KWK

LA PALINA SMOKER—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WMAK WFBL
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KMBC WISN WCCO WSPD
WREC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
PALMOLIVE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
WSAI WGN KSD WOC
WOW WSMB KSTP WTMJ
WHAS WSM WMC WHO
WSB WJAX KVOO WOAI
KPRC WOAI KGO KGW
KOMO KHQ WFAA KECA
KPRC

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGR WCAE WWJ WSAI
WGC KYW KSD WEBC
KSTP WRVA WJAX WIOD
WSM WSMB WKY KTHS
KPRC WOAI KOA KSL
KGO KECA KGW KHQ
KOMO WJDX WGY CKGW
WTAM WHAS WTMJ KVOO
WTAM WHO WOW KFSD
WMC

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WJZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WLBW WOWO WFBM WMAQ
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
WNAX WDAY WORC

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WFLA WSUN WRC
WCAE WJAX WSAI KSD
WOC WHO WOW KSTP
WJDX WKY

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHP WFBL WOWO WFBM
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WDOD WREC WLAC KLRA
WXYZ WBT WNAX WDAY
WORC

ABE AND DAVID—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WENR
KSD WOC WSM WDAF
WEBC WHAS WSMB WJDX
WTAM WJAX WOW WTMJ
WMC WSB KSTP

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KYW KWK WREN WTMJ
KSTP WEAF WFAA WBAP
KTHS KECA WEBC WKY
KPRC WOAI KSL WDAF
KOA WMAQ KGO KHQ
WJDX WSM KOMO KGW
KHQ WHAS WMC WSB
WSMB WJR

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WFBM
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW WORC WBCM WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WLAC KLRA
KLZ KHJ WXYZ KOL
WBT WNAX WDAY KBYL

PHIL SPITALNY'S MUSIC—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WEAF WRC WGY WHO
WDAF WTAM KOA

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—FLOYD GIBBONS—
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WENR KWK WREN KFAB
WJR WLW

ROYAL YORK ORCHESTRA—
12:00 Mid. 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR WLW WIBO
KWK WREN KFAB

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
12:00 Mid. 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WMAL WHK
WADC WHK WKRC WKBN
WFBM KOIL KMBC WISN
WCFL WSPD WMT WTAR
WDBJ WGST WBRC WDAY
WREC KRLD KLRA KVI
WXYZ WPG KOL WBT
WNAX

HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON ORCHESTRA—
12:30 Mid. 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30
WEAF WRC WWJ WFBC
KOA WDAF WCFL WSD
WOC WHO

NOCTURNE—ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—
12:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WMAL WHK
WKRC WKBN WFBM KOIL
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC KRLD KLRA
KLZ WXYZ WPG WBT
WDAY

Thursday

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

CHEERIO—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WFI WCKY
WJAR WTAG WCSH WWJ
WOW WDAF WAPI KPRC
KSTP WSB WPTF WTIC
WJAX WOAI CKGW WIOD
WHAS WFLA WSCN WTAM
WSM WIBO WMC

MORNING MOODS—
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WEAN W3XAU
WMAL WHP WLBW WHEC
WKBW WKRC WKBN WBBM
KMOX KOIL WIBM KFAB
KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
WWNC WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA
WXYZ WPG

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—
Radio Home Makers.
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WHEC
WKBW WADC WBBM KMOX
KOIL WISN WCCO WSPD
WSPD WWNC WDBJ WDOD
WREC WLAC KLRA WXYZ
WBT WORC

BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY TALK—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WFBL WKBW WHK
WKRC WXYZ WOWO WBBM
KMOX KOIL WCCO WSPD
WGST WDSU KRLD

BON AMI RADIO MATINEE—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WLIT WRC WGY WGR
WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI
WOC KYW KSD WDAF
WEBC WRVA WJAX WIOD
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WAPI WSMB KVOO KTHS
KPRC WOAI CKGW WJDX
WTIC WKY WHO KSTP

RADIO - KEITH - ORPHEUM—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ KDKA WEAF WEEI
WTIC WJAR WCSH WLIT
WRC WSAI KSD WOC
WOW WTAG WGY WTAM
WWJ WDAF WGR KYW
WCAE WHO WFJC

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WCAU
WJZ W3XAU WMAL WHP
WLBW WHEC WAIU WKBN
WOWO WBBM KMBC WISN
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KLZ KDYL WXYZ
WBT WDAY

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WRC CKGW WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
WFLA WSUN

PHIL COOK—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WEBC KVOO WENR KWK
WREN KFAB WTMJ KSTP
WOAI KPRC WKY WPTF
WJAX WFLA WSUN WIOD
WSM WSB WAPI WJDX
WSMB KTHS KSL
KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
KTAR KFSD WLW WRVA
WRC KGW WFAA

WARD'S TIP TOP CLUB—Variety Program—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WJAS
WFBL WHK WXYZ WKBN
KMOX

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WJR KYW KWK WREN
KFAB

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WTAG WJAX
WIOD WJDX WCSH WJAR
WFI WRC WGY WCAE
WFJC WHO WOW WDAF
WWJ WTMJ WHAS WMC
WSB WSMB WRV WSAI
KOA WEBC WRVA KSL
KVOO KOMO WSM KGO
KHQ WBAP KTHS WAPI
KECA KSD CKGW WTAM
KGW KSTP WHN WPTF

HAMILTON WATCH PROGRAM—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WFBL WCAU WOWO
WKBW WJJD WHAS KOIL
WGAP WNAC WMAL WEAN
WLBW WHK WCAO WSPD
WJAS KMBC WKRC WADC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
KNOX-DUNLOP ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA WIBO KWK
WREN WCKY WJR

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
NBC Service to WEAF WEEI
WJAR WTAG WCSH CKGW
WFI WRC WGY WSB
WSM WIOD WJAX WOAI
KOA KSL WKY WBAP
WRVA WWJ WSAI KSD
WDAF KYW WCAE WEBC
WOW WSMB WJDX WOC
WPTF WEJC WJDX WMC
KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
KGW WHO WAPI KSTP
WGR

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WLW KSTP WKY WTMJ
WEBC WHAS WSM KPRC
WJAX KOA WRVA WSB
WBAP KYW WJDX WREN
WIOD WJR WSMB WOAI
KGO KECA KGW KOMO
KHQ WAPI WPTF WMC
WHAM KDKA KSL

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WFBL WKBW WHK
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WOWO WBBM KMOX KOIL
KMBC WSPD

RCA HOUR—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WFI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WFJC WWJ
WSAI KSD WOW WKY
WOAI KOA KSL WTMJ
WIOD WHAS WSM WMC
WSMB KYW WDAF WJAX
KTHS WTAM KSTP KGO
KGW KFI KOMO WJDX
WEBC WRVA WAPI WFLA
WSUN WBAP WSB KHQ

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
WHP WJAS WLBW WHEC
WKBW WKRC WORC WKBN
WBBM KOIL WISN WCCO
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WMT WTAR WDBJ
WBRC WDAY WDOD WLAC
KLRA KLZ KDYL KFRC
KFPY WPG KOL WBT
WNAX

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WMC WWJ WSAI WENR
WFJC WTMJ KSD WTAM
WOW WSMB WJDX KSTP
WHAS WENR WEJC WEBC
WSB WDAF WHO WOC

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WJAS WCAO
WMAL WHP WLBW WHEC
WKRC WKBN WOWO KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WDOD WREC
WLAC KLRA KLZ KDYL
KHJ KFPY WXYZ KOL
WORC WNAX WDAY

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KYW KWK WREN WTMJ
KSTP WEBC KPRC KGO
KOA WKY WFAA WOAI
KSL WDAF KECA WLW
KFSD WBAL KOMO KGW
KHQ KTAR WHAS WSM
WMC WSB WSMB WJDX
WMAQ WJR KFAB KTHS

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WLBW WHEC
WADC WKBN KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WGST WBRC
WORC WDOD WREC WLAC
KLRA KLZ KDYL KHJ
KFRC KFPY WXYZ KOL
WBT WNAX WDAY

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Floyd Gibbons.
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WEAF WRC KSD KFAB
WJR WLW

JACK ALBIN AND HIS HOTEL BOSSERT ORCHESTRA—
12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WRC KSD WCFL
WDAF WHO WWJ

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WTMJ KSTP WEBC WHAS
WMC WSM WSB WJDX
WSMB WOAI KPRC WKY
KVOO KOA KLZ KFRC
WFAA KECA KTHS KTAR
KFSD

Eastern Standard Mountain Pacific
PAUL TREMAINE AND HIS ORCHESTRA from Asbury Park—
Dance Music.
12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WMAL WHP
WLBW WADC WKRC WBBM
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
KFH WBCM WSPD KMOX
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WGST WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KLZ KDYL KVI
KFPY WXYZ KOL WBT
WNAX WDAY

Friday

MORNING DEVOTIONS—
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WCAE WRC WGY
WGR WLS WFI WSAI
WWJ WCKY WPTF WIOD
WAPI WHAS WFLA WSUN
WOW WCAE

CHEERIO—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WCAE WRC
WGR WCKY WJAR WFLA
WFI WTAG WCSH WWJ
WOW WDAF KSTP WAPI
CKGW WGY KPRC WSUN
WJAX WOAI WPTF WIOD
WHAS WJAX WIBO WSM
WMC WSB

MORNING MELODIES—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WRC WWJ WOW
WHAS WGY WTAM WGR
WSM WIBO

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—
Conducted by Ernest Naftzger.
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WMAL WHP
WJAS WKBW WBBM KOIL
WAIU WKBN WMAQ KMOX
KOIL KMBC WIBW KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WDBJ WBRC WDOD WREC
WLAC KLRA WPG WBT

MORNING MOODS—
9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WMAL WHP WLBW WHEC
WKBW WKRC WKBN WBBM
KMOX KOIL KMBC WIBW
WGN KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WDBJ WBRC
WDOD WREC WLAC KRLD
KLRA WXYZ WPG

RADIO HOME MAKERS—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WKBW WADC WBBM KMOX
KOIL WISN WIBW WBCM
WSPD WWNC WDBJ WGST
WDOD WREC WLAC KRLD
KDYL WXYZ WBT WORC

BETTY CROCKER—
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WJAR WTAG SCSH
WEEI WSAI WGY WSAI
WJAX WHO WOAI WRVA
WEEI WTMJ WWJ WIOD
WPTF WSM WMC WAPI
WKY WBAP WSB KPRC
KFKX KSD WHAS KVOO
WOC WGR WCAE

RADIO HOME MAKERS—
10:30 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WHP WJAS WLBW WFBL
WKBW WADC WOWO KOIL
KMBC WISN WIBW KFH
WBCM WSPD WWNC WDBJ
WGST WBRC WDOD WREC
WLAC KLRA KDYL WXYZ
WBT WORC

DON AND BETTY—
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC KSCJ KOIL WKRC
KFH WAIU WOWO WBBM
WREC KMOX WGHP WMAK
WMT WCAU WHK WNAC

LOS ARGENTINOS—
11:45p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WEAF WEEI WRC WTAM
WWJ WSM KSTP WAPI
WJAX WCFL WDAF WWNC
WSMB WRVA KOA WOC

RADIO HOME MAKERS—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WMAK
CFRB WADC WHK WKRC
WKBW WOWO WBBM KMOX
KOIL WISN WSPD

COLUMBIA REVIEW—
12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WKBW WAIU WORC
WOWO KOIL KMBC WISN
WIBW WTMJ WSMB WWNC
WDBT WGST WDOD WREC
KRLD KLRA KPWC KVI
KFPY WXYZ WPG KOL
WBT WDAY

ELGIN PROGRAM—
12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
WRC WGY WSAI WWJ
KYW KSD WOC WAPI
WHO KSTP WEBC WRVA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
WPTF WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSUN WSM WMC WSB
WSMB WJDX KTHS KVOO
WBAP KPRC WOAI WKY
KOA WLIT

COLUMBIA REVIEW—
12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC WEAN WNAC WLBZ
W2XE WCAU W3XAU WHP
WFAN WFBL WKBW WOWO
WLBW KMBC WISN WIBW
KOIL KFRC WBBM WCSH
WBCM WREC KRLD KLRA
WDOD KFRC KVI KFPY
KLZ KOL WORC WBT
WPG WDAY

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WFBL WMAK WADC WKRC
WKBN WOWO WBBM KOIL
KMBC WISN WIBW WMT
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC
WORC WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KLZ KDYL KHJ
KFRC KVI KFPY WXYZ
WPG KOL WBT WDAY

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WBAL KDKA WJR KYW
WLW KWK WREN KSTP
WJAX WFAA WSM WMC
WSUN WHAS WSMB KTHS
WEBC WRVA WJAX WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WJDX WSMB KTHS
KVOO KPRC WOAI WKY
WRC WHO WOW WDAF
WIOD WOC WPTF WAPI
KFAB KOA



Stanley Maxted in the Children's Corner CBS Monday 10:30 a. m. EST

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
WCAU W3XAU WMAL WHP
WJAS WLBW WFBL WMAK
WADC WAIU WOWO WBBM
KMBC WCCO WIBW KFH
WBCM WRVA WTAR WBRC
WDOD WREC KLRA KLZ
WXYZ WBT WDAY

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WBAL KDKA WJR KYW
WLW KWK WREN KSTP
WJAX WFAA WSM WMC
WSUN WHAS WSMB KTHS
WEBC WRVA WJAX WFLA
WSUN WHAS WSM WMC
WSB WJDX WSMB KTHS
KVOO KPRC WOAI WKY
WRC WHO WOW WDAF
WIOD WOC WPTF WAPI
KFAB KOA

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WFBL WMAK WADC
WKRC WAIU WKBN KOIL
WISN WIBW WGN KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WBRC WDOD
WREC WLAC KLRA KLZ
KHJ KFRC KVI KFPY
WXYZ WPG WORC WDAY

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WMAK WKRC WKBN

Eastern Mountain Central Pacific
COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WMAK WKRC WKBN
WFBM WMAQ WISN WIBW
KFH WHCN WSPD WTAM
WWNC WTAR WDBJ WDOD
WREC WLAC KLRA KLZ
KDYL KFPY WXYZ
WPG WBT WDAY

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WWJ WRC KSD
WTAG WTAM WOW WSM
WFAA WGY

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST—
5:25 p.m. 4:25 3:25 2:25
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
WHAM KDKA KYW WRC
CKGW KSTP WPTF WJAX
WIOD WFLA WSUN WHAS
WSM WMC WSB WAPI

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEI WJAR WCSH
WFI WRC WCAE WTAG

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM —Amos 'n' Andy—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WRC KDKA CKGW WRVA
WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
WBAL WFLA WSUN

EVANGELINE ADAMS, Astrologer—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WFBL WKBW WXYZ

PHIL COOK—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WHAM WLW WHAS
WAPI WSMB WSB WJDX
WSM KTHS WEBC KVOO
WSPD WKY WREN KFAB
WTMJ KSTP KPRC WOAI
WKY WRVA WPTF WJAX
WFLA WSUN WIOD KOA
KSL KGO KECA KOMO
KHQ KFSD KTAR WRC
KGW WFAA

NIT WIT HOUR—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WHP
WJAS WLBW WHEC WKBW
WADC WHK WKRC WAIU
WOWO WFBM KMOX KOIL
WISN WCCO WIBW WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WHAS
WDBJ WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KLZ KHJ KFRC
KVI KFPY WPG KOL
WBT WDAY WORC

TRUE STORY HOUR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WJAS WLBW WFBL WMAK
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ
WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL
KMBC WSPD

CLIQUOT CLUB ESKIMOS—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGY WOW WCAE WSAI
WIBO KSD WWJ CKGW
KECA WHO

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
KYW KDKA WREN KPRC
WHAM WJR KSTP WTMJ
WEBC WHAS WSM WSB
WOAI KOA WKY WSMB
KSL KGW KOMO KHQ
KGO WMC WLW KFI
WFAA

HEYWOOD BROUN'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WJHG WCAU WCAO WMAL
WKBW WKRC KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WRAL
WDBJ WGST WORC WDOD
WREC WLAC KLRA KLZ
KPRC KFPY WXYZ WPG
WNAX WDAY

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WWJ WSAI WENR KSD
WOC WHO WMAF WERC
WSB WSMB WJDX WFJC
WOW WMC

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KYW KWK WREN WTMJ
KSTP WKY KPRC WEBC
WOAI KOA KSD KFSD
WDAF WMAQ KGO WBAP
WJW KECA KOMO KGW
KHQ WISN WSAI WMC
WSB WSMB WJDX WJR
KFAB KTHS

Saturday

MORNING DEVOTIONS—
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WCAE WFI WGY
WGR WEI WLS WCSH
WWJ WCKY WPTF WHAS
WIOD WJAR WFLA WSUN
WOW WJDX

CHEERIO—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WCKY WTAG
WCSH WWJ WOW WDAF

INDEX TO WAVE LENGTHS AND KILOCYCLES

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

	Kc.		Kc.
CKGQ	960	WFJC	1450
KDKA	980	WFLA	620
KECA	1340	WGN	720
KFAB	770	WGR	550
KFI	640	WGY	790
KFSD	600	WHAM	1150
KXXX	1020	WHAS	820
KGO	790	WHO	1000
KGW	620	WIBO	560
KHQ	590	WIOD	560
KOA	830	WJAR	890
KOMO	920	WJAX	900
KPO	680	WJDX	1270
KPRC	920	WJR	750
KSD	550	WJZ	760
KSL	1130	WKY	900
KSTP	1460	WLIT	560
KTAR	620	WLS	870
KTHS	1040	WLW	700
KVOO	1140	WMC	780
KWK	1350	WOAI	1190
KYW	1020	WOC	1000
WAPI	1140	WOW	590
WBAL	1060	WPTF	680
WBAP	800	WRC	950
WBZ	990	WREN	1220
WBZA	990	WRVA	1110
WCAE	1220	WSAI	1330
WCFL	970	WSB	740
WCKY	1480	WSM	650
WCSH	940	WSMB	1320
WDAF	610	WSUN	620
WEAF	660	WTAG	580
WEBC	1290	WTAM	1070
WEII	590	WTIC	1060
WENR	870	WTMJ	620
WFAA	800	WWJ	920
WFI	560		

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

	Kc.		Kc.
CFRB	960	WEAN	780
CKAC	730	WFAN	610
KDYL	1290	WFBL	1360
KPH	1300	WFBM	1230
KPJF	1480	WFIW	940
KFPY	1340	WGST	890
KFRC	610	WHEC	1440
KHJ	900	WHK	1390
KLRA	1390	WHP	1430
KLZ	560	WIBW	580
KMBC	950	WISN	1120
KMOX	1090	WJAS	1290
KOIL	1260	WJJD	1130
KOIN	940	WKBN	570
KOL	1270	WKBW	1480
KRLD	1040	WKRC	550
KSCJ	1330	WLAC	1470
KTRH	1120	WLBW	1260
KTSA	1290	WLBZ	620
KVI	760	WMAK	900
WABC	860	WMAL	630
WADC	1320	WMAQ	670
WAIU	640	WMT	600
WBBM	770	WNAC	1230
WBCM	1410	WNAX	570
WBRC	930	WOWO	1160
WBT	1080	WPG	1100
WCAH	1430	WQAM	560
WCAO	600	WRC	600
WCAU	1170	WRR	1280
WCCO	810	WSPD	1340
WDAE	1220	WTAR	780
WDAY	940	WTOC	1260
WDBJ	930	WWNC	570
WDBO	1120	WXYZ	1240
WDOD	1280	W2XE	6120
WDSU	1250	W3XAU	9590

Eastern Standard Mountain Pacific
KSTP WFTL WAPI WJAX
WSB KPRC WIOD OWW
WHAS WOAI WIOD WFLA
WSUN WSM WIBO WMC
WJDX

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WDOD WREC WLAC KLRA
WPG WBT WABC W2XE
WMAL WHP WJAS WHBC
WKBW WHK WAIU WKBN
WMAQ KMOX KOIL KMBC
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WDBJ WBRC

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC
WGR WCAE WTAM WWJ
WSAI WTAG KFKX KSD
WOW WTMJ KSTP WEBC
WHAS WSM WMC WSB
WAPI WSMB KVOO KPRC
WOAI WKY KTHS

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—
12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WJXBU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WKBW WAIU KOIL KMBC
WISN WIBW WBCM WMT
WWNC WDBJ WGST WDOD
WREC KLRA KFRC KVI
KOIN WPG KOL WDAY
WORC

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—
3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
WHP WFBL WMAK WKRC
WKBN WMAQ WISN WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAR WDBJ
WDOD WREC WLAC KLRA
KLZ KDYL KHJ KVI
KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT
WDAY

RHYTHM RAMBLERS—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WMAL
WHP WLBW WHEC WKBW
WAIU WKBN KMOX KMBC
WISN WIBW KFH WBCM
WMT WWNC WTAR WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KHJ KLZ KFRC
KVI KFPY WXYZ KOL
WBT WDAY

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WJAR WCSH WFI
WRC WCAE WTAG WGY
WEEI

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WNAC WLBZ
WCAU W3XAU WHP WJAS
WLBW WKBW WADC WOWO
WISN WMAQ KFH WIBW
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC

Eastern Standard Mountain Pacific
WDBJ WBRC WDOD WREC
KLRA KLZ KDYL KHJ
KFRC KVI KFPY WORC
WBT WDAY

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
W3XAU WMAL WHP WJAS
WLBW WHEC WKBW WADC
WKRC WMAK WISN WOWO
WCCO WIBW KFH WBCM
WSPD WMT WWNC WDBJ
WBRC WDOD WREC KRLD
KLRA KLZ KHJ KFRC
KFPY WORC KOL WBT
WDAY

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—Amos 'n' Andy—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA CKGW WRVA WPTF
WLBA WSUN WRC WCKY

POP CONCERT—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WCSH WLIT WRC WGY
WGR WCAE WSMB WSAI
WTMJ WJDX KOA KGO
KSD WWJ WHO
WOW WDAF WWJ

DIXIES CIRCUS—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WLW KDKA KYW
WBAL WHAM KDKA WIZ
WBZA KSTP KVOO WOAI
KPRC WKY WBAP

RIN-TIN TIN THRILLER—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WLW KYW WREN KFAB
WJR KWK

PICKARD FAMILY—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WREN KWK WSM
WLS WHAM WJDX WSMB
KFAB

DIXIE ECHOES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WNAC WFAN
WCAO WMAL WHP WJAS
WLBW WFBL WKBW WADC
WKRC WAIU WOWO WFBM
KMBC WISN WORC KFH
WBCM WSPD WWNC WDBJ
WDOD KLRA KLZ KHJ
KFRC KFPY KOL WORC
WNAX WBT WDAY

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS—
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC WRR WDSU WCCO
WBT WCAL WDOX WJAS
WGHP WCAU KMBC WMAQ
WNAC

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU WZXAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WFBL
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WKBN WOWO WFBM WMAQ
WISN KMBC KOIL WBCM
WCCO WIBW KFH WSPD
WMT WWNC WDBJ WDOD
WGST WBRC WDAY KLZ
WREC KRLD KLRA KFJF
KDYL KHJ KVI KFPY
KFRC KVI WBT WNAX
WDAY

DUTCH MASTERS MINSTRELS—
9:30 p.m. 8.30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
WLW WJR KWK KYW
WREN WBZ WBZA

Eastern Standard Mountain Pacific
CHICAGO VARIETY PROGRAM—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WFBL
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WKBN WOWO WFBM WIBM
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
KLRA KLZ KDYL KHJ
KFRC KVI KFPY WXYZ
WPG KOL WBT

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
10:00 p.m. 9.00 8.00 7.00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WFI WRC WGY WGR
WCAE WWJ WGN KSD
WOW WDAF WIOD WIOD
KSTP WTMJ WSMB WJAX
WHAS WSB KFRC WMC
WAPI WKY WAPI WSAI
WFJC KOA KGO KSL
KGW KOMO KHQ WEBC
WJDX WRVA WCSH WFLA
WSUN WOC KFI KTAR
KFSD WBAP

MINIATURE THEATRE—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBAL KDKA KWK
CKGW WJR WHAM
WOWO WFEM KOIL KMBC
WISN WCCO WIBW KFH
WBCM WSPD WMT WWNC
WDBJ WGST WBRC WNAX
WDOD WREC WLAC KLRA
KLZ KDYL KHJ WBT
KFRC KVI KFPY WXYZ
WPG KOL

JESSE CRAWFORD—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC
WHK WKRC WDAY WKBN
WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WDBJ WGST
WBRC WDOD WREC WLAC
KLRA KLZ KDYL KHJ
WDAF KFPY WXYZ WORC
KOL WNAX KOL WNAX

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9.00 8:00
WJZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
WHP WLBW WFBL WHEC
WADC WKRC WKBN KMOX
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO

TROUBADOUR OF THE MOON—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9.00 8:00
WEAF WFI WRC WIOD
WDAF WAPI WSMB WOW

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WWJ WSAI WTAM WOC
WHO WDAF WSB WBAP
WSMB WJDX WFJC WOW
WIS KSTP WMJ WMC
WHAS WENR WSAI

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAL WHP WLBW WHEC
WKRC WKBN KMOX KOIL
KMBC WISN WCCO WIBW
WDAY WBCM WMT WWNC
WTAR WDBJ WGST WBRC
WDOD WREC KLRA KLZ
KLZ KDYL KHJ WORC
KFPY WXYZ KOL WBT
WNAX

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N ANDY—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KYW KWK WREN WTMJ
KSTP WJR WLW WISN
WKY WFAA KPRC WOAI
KOA WDAF WMAQ KSL
WOAI WSB KGO KOMO
KGW KHQ WHAS WMC
WSM KFAB WSB WSMB
KPRC KTHS

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—FLOYD GIBBONS.
11:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
KWK WREN KFAB WIBO
WLW WJR

KAY KYSER AND HIS HOTEL NEW YORKER ORCHESTRA—
12:00 p.m. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WRC WJDX WFJC
WGBL WOW KOA WWJ
KSD WOC WHO WDAF
KSTP WFLA WSUN WSB

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
12:00 p.m. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WMAL
WHP WFBM KOIL KMBC
KMOX WISN WCCO WIBW WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WDBJ WDOD
WGST WBRC WDAY KLZ
WREC KRLD KLRA KFJF
KDYL KHJ KVI KFPY
WXYZ KOL WBT WNAX

NOCTURNE—
12:30 a.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WMAL WHP WKRC
WFBM KOIL KMBC WISN
WCCO WIBW WBCM WSPD
WMT WWNC WTAM WDBJ
WGST WBRC WDAY WDOD
WREC KRLD KLRA KLZ
KLZ KDYL KHJ KFPY
WXYZ WPC KOL WNAX
WBT

Victor Herbert—"As I Knew Him"

(*Continued from page 7*)

or dance tune that he chose to conduct.

That Herbert was a genius goes without saying. He never stole a melody, consciously or unconsciously, and he never repeated himself. At the same time his compositions have a definite character, a certain something that makes them instantly recognizable.

He worked hard. His day started early. During his last years at Lake Placid I was with him. Long before anyone else in the house was awake he was up and was strolling around the grounds. After a long walk, he would return to the house and have breakfast. Then he would go to work.

HE WORKED alone. Members of the family and close friends were forbidden to enter the room in which he was composing. There was a piano in that room and occasionally one could hear the strains of a melody being born. Most of his music, however, came from his head and went on paper before it was played. He didn't get his melodies by fingering piano keys; they first came from his mind.

He worked from breakfast until lunch time and then, lunch finished, he went back to work until three o'clock in the afternoon. Then he tossed aside his work and again went for a long walk. At such times I always went with him. We would climb hills or try difficult trails. This walk, except in midwinter, always ended in a swim in Lake Placid. The lake is cold at all times of the year and especially so in the spring and fall. Yet I have seen him dive into the water when it was so cold that my teeth were chattering. He was a good swimmer and, next to walking, that was his favorite recreation.

He never played golf and he hated cards. He considered the latter a waste of time.

After his swim came dinner. Then a few hours more of work and he was ready for conversation. The day always ended with conversation—preferably accompanied by liquid refreshments. He disapproved of prohibition and predicted that dire things would result from it. How right he was still is a matter of general argument.

I have seen few men with a memory for music that equalled Herbert's. When he conducted his orchestra at Willow Grove in Philadelphia he never used a score unless he was conducting a selection for the first time. He knew perfectly all the intricacies of the most complicated scores. Once he heard a composition he never forgot it and, if asked to play any part of anything he had ever written, he could do it instantly.

He was fond of children and dogs. He did not like cats.

"Cats are treacherous," he used to say to me. One of his favorite anecdotes concerned a serenade that drove away the family cat. He enjoyed telling it.

February 1 was the day of his birth. A number of years ago the Twenty-second Regiment band decided to serenade him on his birthday at his home on Park Avenue. The band gathered in the street in front of his home. It was so cold that the valves on the brass instruments froze and the serenade was impossible from the street. The band crowded into the lobby of the house in which he was living, and struck up a Herbert march.

THE family cat, sitting on a window sill, heard the first blast of the brasses. The cat, according to Herbert,



Underwood & Underwood

One of Victor Herbert's favorite pictures, taken in 1923.

went right through a pane of glass and was never seen again. As he had never liked the cat and had only permitted it to stay around because Mrs. Herbert liked it, he considered the serenade a complete success.

Herbert was the most genial and generous man I have ever known. On the other hand, at times, he displayed considerable temper. If things did not go right, he was difficult to pacify. Yet every man in the orchestra adored him, and they would sit patiently until his composure returned. A few minutes later he would be apologizing for his outburst.

He was always "the old man" to his musicians. Even to men twenty and thirty years older, he was "the old man." Yet, when they addressed him face to face, he was always "Mr. Herbert."

He enjoyed his audiences and always played up to them. He was a great showman and had an Irish accent that he used before an audience.

HE CONSIDERED that his greatest light opera was "Eileen," an operetta set in his native Ireland and composed in a distinctly Irish vein, but with all original themes. He was most proud of his grand opera "Natoma."

"The Irish Rhapsody" was a favorite composition, but he did not claim credit for it, as the composition was based on Irish folk tunes. While it was Herbert who collected and arranged the themes to the point where he was the actual composer of the selection, he always pointed out that he was merely the arranger.

Herbert was meticulous in his dress and was a strict observer of all conventions. He had but one peculiarity: he always wore a green knitted tie excepting when in full dress. When conducting a concert he worked so hard that he invariably found it necessary to slip out during intermission and make a complete change of dress clothes.

He was a great admirer of the Viennese tradition in music. During his youth he played first 'cello in an orchestra directed by Johann Strauss.

He was an incurable optimist. No matter what he was composing, he was sure it would be a success. His "Red Mill", one of his most famous operettas, opened in Rochester. It was branded a failure. However, Herbert insisted that it was a good production. The following week it opened in Buffalo, where it was heralded as a great success. It eventually became one of the biggest hits that Herbert ever had.

His best known selection, perhaps, is "Kiss Me Again" from "Mademoiselle Modiste." The number was added after the show had opened. For some time Fritzi Scheff, star of the production, refused to sing it. It wasn't suited to her voice, she said. Herbert finally prevailed upon her to try it. Since that time "Kiss Me Again" and Fritzi Scheff have been synonymous.



Harold Sanford



A Group of America's Leading Composers. Left to right: Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Victor Herbert, Gene Buck, John Phillip Sousa, Harry Von Tilzer, and Charles K. Harris.

Victor Herbert died all too soon. He could have given much to Radio broadcasting. He would have liked broadcasting, for he liked anything that gave him a vast audience. He would have fitted well into broadcasting, for he had the ability necessary to meet the insatiable demand of the Radio public for more and better music.

I believe that the greatest tribute paid Victor Herbert is the enthusiastic response of Radio listeners to all his compositions and their oft-repeated requests for "more Victor Herbert."

"Old Timer" Signs Off

(*Continued from page 85*)

ton, Pa., and shortly after his birth, his family moved to a still smaller town, Sharon, incidentally, the original for the town of Middlesex in the "Abner" series. It was in Sharon that he came into contact, as a boy, with a garrulous old Irishman, who seemed the embodiment of wit, humor and aged wisdom.

LISTENERS who have missed the Old Timer since Pat's departure from WGN will be interested in learning that he contemplates resuming the dialogues in a new recorded program.

Pat first sprang into prominence back in 1926 when he rolled up sufficient votes to take second place and win the silver cup in the Radio Digest's contest to find the most popular announcer. In 1927 he came back to win first place and the gold cup. He has been on the air nearly 20,000 hours. He came to Radio after a successful career as a playwright and actor in his own show, "A Buck on Leave," which he first produced before the A. E. F. in France, and then sent on a highly successful tour of this country.

Pat had this to say about his departure from WGN:

"I had some reason to believe that my efforts at WHT were appreciated by the Radio audience but I never knew how widespread popularity could be until I joined Station WGN. Its tremendous audience took me to its heart at once.

"I left with the deepest of regrets. If you've stood on the sidelines like I have and wondered about WGN's never failing popularity you will understand it only by becoming a part of its organization and coming into contact with the men who direct its programs. Where most Radio stations depend on the inspiration of one man or a small group, WGN can boast of a staff that is the equal of any in the country."

Herbert Hoover Anecdotes

(*Continued from page 11*)

ight bring. He had made the broadcasters promise that he would speak before ie microphone. It was the breaking of s faith with them that made him :gret the occurrence, unintentional as it as.

His consideration for a visible audience as evidenced at the formal opening of ie Ohio river's newly-dredged deep-ater channel. A heavy rain was falling hen the President's party, on board the teamer Greenbrier, arrived at Louis-ille. In fact the rain had accompanied ie steamer on her entire trip up the ver. Mr. Hoover was scheduled to peak from the deck of the Greenbrier s soon as she docked. His address was o be broadcast and the Radio engineers ere waiting to bring the microphones nd their communication wires aboard.

On the docks and river bank many rowds were standing in the cold pene-:ating rain. Umbrellas afforded but ttle protection against the elements.)ry feet were at a premium. Even the eather was adding its bit toward making ie channel which was about to be dedi-ated an inch or two deeper than specified y the navy engineers.

Rather than expose these people to fur-ier discomforture, with the possibilities f an aftermath of illness, the President equested that the exercises be trans-erred to an interior location. Arrange-ients were made immediately for the eremony to take place that evening in he American Legion auditorium in Louis-ille. The crowd was dismissed. The ime for the broadcast was shifted ac-ordingly.

The weather was still extremely moist hen the time came to start the sheltered eremony that evening. For this reason he huge hall was filled to about one third f its capacity. It was a dismal failure s a public appearance for the President ut a tremendous success as a Radio roadcast. Those who ordinarily would ave been present remained with their eet in front of the well known fireside nd their ears in front of the equally ell known loud-speakers.

BECAUSE of this unsat-sfactory ending to a scheduled ceremony Mr. Hoover decided to make all future peeches, whenever possible, from the White House by Radio. Had this pro-edure been followed at the dedication f the Ohio river deep-water channel he rain-water interference would not have nade necessary a last minute change in he arrangements. That part of the rogram which included the President's ddress would have been a Radio broad-ast only. Not a personal appearance. It was his presence on beard the steamer which brought out thousands of eager spectators to stand in the downpour. To Mr. Hoover this seemed an unnecessary exposure now that Radio has become an institution in the American home. When that same Radio made it possible



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A special standard with a bracket of microphones has been made for the convenience of the President in broadcasting.

for them to listen without being present at the postponed address the President held the absent ones blameless. The situation only served to strengthen our President's conviction in the ability of Radio to handle the majority of all addresses in better shape than public appearances.

White House broadcasts take place in the Lincoln Study. About four minutes prior to the time set for the start of one of these broadcasts Mr. Hoover enters the room and takes his place at the desk, where the microphones already are arranged. He reads the first few sentences of his speech just as he will read them for the actual pick-up and the Radio engineers set their controls. This short rehearsal makes it possible for them to adjust the volume so that the President's first words will not be lost to the listeners while the operators are seeking to find the proper level for his voice.

During the last presidential campaign the Republican party made eight national broadcasts. Mr. Hoover took part in two of these.

The President is certain that Radio, more than any other one medium, was responsible for the exceptionally large vote cast on election day. The Radio made it possible to place before an interested public a clear understanding of the issues at stake. It awakened a desire in the listener to take a personal part in deciding these issues. And as the years go on Mr. Hoover is of the opinion that Radio, more and more, will become a recognized factor in deciding international as well as national political issues.

THE broadcasting of the the daily doings at the Disarmament conference in London unquestionably served its purpose in clarifying that particular international problem in the public mind. That it was instrumental in forcing the ratification and signing of the pact in this country assuredly is true. Expressions of people from all parts of the country gave Congress its cue to act. The will of the majority governed America's final decision. And Radio played a vital part in creating this will of the majority.

It seems strange that after having been commercialized for eight years, an industry could become as important as Radio without giving us something more than a general idea as to just how far reaching it really was. Although everyone respected its powerful influence no attempt to obtain any real statistical data about the ears of Radio until this spring. All broadcasting stations were known but the number of receiving sets and their geographical distribution was a matter of conjecture. The federal Radio commission wanted first hand information. So did the heads of other governmental departments. To this end the director of census added the inquiries concerning receiving sets and potential listeners to the 1930 questionnaire.

How many receiving sets are there in the White House? Seven or eight, I am told.

Is the President a frequent listener to air programs? Yes, indeed.

His favorite programs are speeches of a political or an educational nature. He enjoys the news flashes, too. He is an appreciative listener to programs of good music. All in all, he seems typically American in his choice of programs.

Mr. Hoover is strongly interested in the

development of future programs along educational lines. At no time in the history of the world has the public been privileged to enjoy the advantages of an institution equal to Radio as a distributor of knowledge. This public includes the layman of any age. That the Radio of the future will become the "college of the air" as well as a carrier of diverse entertainment features is the fervent hope of our Chief Executive.

The President never has been a believer in censorship. His policy toward those who have sought to bring about legislative censorship of Radio programs has been "thumbs down." He feels and always has felt that the broadcaster has too much at stake to jeopardize his own reputation and that of his station by permitting objectionable programs to reach the air. There always will be self appointed reformers, usually with a personal grievance, ready to claim that they have heard air material offensive to their sensitive ears. However, the Radio Commission reports that few such complaints are received today.

THE future of Radio as a carrier of commercial and personal messages internationally is of tremendous interest to our President. In February of this year Mr. Hoover exchanged greetings with President Ibanez of Chile to formally open the radio-telegraph system now in operation between the United States and that far away republic. Two months later he extended the greetings of our country to the Presidents of both Chile and Uruguay at the inauguration of radiophone service to South America.

Oh, yes. There is another reason for the President's interest in Radio. A purely personal one. You see, a young gentleman by the name of Herbert Hoover, Jr., holds the position of director of Radio operations with the Western Airway Express. It is only natural that a son's vocation engage the attention of his father.

Beyond the question of a doubt President Hoover is radio-minded.

(For the cooperation received when gathering material for this article, Mr. Hobart wishes to express his appreciation to K. H. Berkley, manager WRC; George Hicks, NBC announcer; Jack Norton, CBS engineer; also those to whom credit has been extended in the text.)

Gene Rouse, chief announcer of KYW, Chicago, claims a record as the result of his five years and five months of service for the Herald and Examiner in broadcasting 5,000,000 words of news. This, according to some statistical demon, is the equivalent of one hundred average length novels. Twenty-one days of steady reading, twenty-four hours a day, would be consumed by an average person in reading these volumes. Some record!

Jerry Buckley, Radio's First Martyr

(*Continued from page 25*)

him joy, he was shot down in the lobby of the hotel where he had been making his home during the campaign. He had lived there because of the many threats against his life; he wanted to go on living until his work was done.

WHEN news of his death found its way throughout the city the people refused to believe Jerry had been killed. As one man expressed himself: "It just couldn't be possible." But when the newspapers came out with the story there was no doubting.

A few days later came the funeral; a quiet morning, a darkened home. Suddenly came cars by the thousands, mostly cheap and battered little cans—the motive power of the Common Herd. Trucks, delivery wagons, a coal cart, patient children, overalled men who were tired from long walks clear across the city—men who had not worked in a long time and to whom carfare meant a fortune—all had come to bow at the bier of their friend.

There were far more dresses of calico than silk; more faces lined with care than bright with success; more hands blackened by toil than fresh with leisure.

Thirty thousand men, women and children came, passed through the darkened house, and out again into the drear realities of life.

"His voice seemed to rest me so when I'd come home from work," a woman sobbed. A man behind her crossed himself.

"I'd have gone crazy this spring—with no work or nothing—if I hadn't listened to him," a man said brokenly. "He made me think there was somebody who cared for me."

And so they came—and went—back into life. And those who carried Jerry to his grave were judges and men who had worked with their hands, believers and non-believers. The services were military and in charge of the Spanish-American War Veterans.

NOW that he is gone his spirit still lives. Thousands of letters to WMBC and to the newspapers continue to pour in. From a hospital comes this: "Many times Mr. Buckley has brought into our lives a load of sunshine and his every appearance here was a time of great rejoicing. Now he has gone, but I am sure that in the hearts of all the patients there always will be a corner reserved for our true friend, Jerry Buckley.

And another—from a member of the Common Herd:

"These days, I hardly know how to act when 6 o'clock comes. I feel as if I had lost a loving friend. Jerry Buckley was the only man in Detroit who was so strong for the common people. Will these people forget him. They will not. There will always be a memory of him, our friend. May God rest his soul in heaven."

The Isle O' Blues—an Oasis in a Desert

While cruising over the wave lengths, we find the Isle o' Blues in a bay of the raging seas of dance music, standing out, verdant and fertile, as a sort of haven for those who are weary of the cut and dried jazz the Radio carries so much and so often. If we stop off at this little island we are greeted warmly by thirteen unsuperstitious men of whom Lloyd Huntley is king and leader.

In other words, Lloyd Huntley's Isle o' Blues Orchestra, numbering thirteen talented musicians, is a panacea for those who like dance music and yet weary of the commonplace. Lloyd Huntley, himself, the young maestro of this gathering, went to Colgate five years and received two degrees there before he came to the conclusion that music was to make him his fame and fortune in the world. His orchestra is the outgrowth of a band he organized when he was struggling as an undergraduate to meet his college expenses. And his present popularity can also be termed as an outgrowth of these same first years which brought him so many successful intercollegiate engagements that at one time he made the purchase of two specially built Cadillacs to carry his orchestra hither and yon to the parties at which their auspices were demanded.

The Isle o' Blues, at one time playing in the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany, N. Y., broadcast over WGY, keyed to the National Broadcasting Chain. That is one of the things that caused all of the trouble last New Year's Eve. Lloyd Huntley was delighting the dancers at the College Inn, whose programs were broadcast over WBBM early this year. Another chain wanted him for its programs. The result is already known. National Broadcasting placed Huntley on their Dancing Across the Continent program.

The Langthwaite Pearls

(*Continued from page 29*)

had this money and your personal jewelry in the jewel-case?" I inquired. "Was it before or after you missed it?"

"Oh, as we were walking across to the hotel!" she replied. "I said to him that I hoped Antoinette and the jewel-case would be all right and mentioned what was in it."

"Didn't Captain Molesworth think it a dangerous thing to risk valuable property in that way?" I asked.

"No; he said Antoinette was not likely to let anybody rob her."

"By the way," I said, "did Antoinette see you with Captain Molesworth?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "She met us in the booking-hall at King's Cross."

"This is a rather delicate question, Lady Langthwaite," I said, "but it is easily answered. Was this maid of yours in your confidence?"

"No!" she replied promptly. "She knew nothing."

"And suspected nothing?" I suggested.

"I do not see why she should," replied Lady Langthwaite.

"During the time you were in the hotel at King's Cross did Captain Molesworth ever leave you, Lady Langthwaite?" I inquired.

"He left me for a little while to send a telegram," she replied.

"How long?" I asked.

"ABOUT a quarter-of-an-hour," she said, staring at me. Then suddenly bursting out, she exclaimed, almost angrily: "Why do you ask these questions about Captain Molesworth? What has he got to do with it?"

"Those are questions which you must not ask me, Lady Langthwaite," I answered. "Let us forget that you asked them. One more, and I have done. You, of course, lunched with Captain Molesworth in a private room at the hotel. Now, after you entered that room, did you leave him alone in it?"

She stared at me more wonderingly than ever.

"Yes, for a few minutes," she answered.

"That was before he went out?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, half peevishly.

I rose from my desk.

"Very good, Lady Langthwaite," I said. "That is all we can do at present. Your object is to recover the jewel-case and to avoid all knowledge of its loss coming to the ears of Lord Langthwaite."

"Yes,—oh, yes!" she exclaimed.

"And yet," I said, "if your original plans had been carried out, Lady Langthwaite, the Earl would have heard of his loss in—less pleasant fashion."

She hung her head at that and said nothing.

"I am to understand, I suppose, that the original plans will now be altered, or postponed—?" I asked, regarding her keenly.

"Oh!" she burst out. "I don't know what to do—I am so wretched, so miserable! Everything has gone wrong. Even if I were to go and tell Lord Langthwaite, I am frightened to death of doing so—he has so often been angry with me for allowing Antoinette to take charge of the jewel-case, and only last week I promised that I would never allow it out of my sight."

"AH!" I said. "I see—I see! Well, now, Lady Langthwaite, be guided by me. Where are your trunks? In the left luggage office at King's Cross? Very good—now go there, collect them, and drive to some hotel and remain there until you hear from me this evening—and in the meantime see no one, not even Captain Molesworth. What hotel will you go to?"

"I will go to Claridge's," she answered. "But—why may I not see Captain Molesworth? He will be anxious to know the result of my interview with you."

"I will inform him of that myself," I said. "Leave all to me, Lady Langthwaite—go to Claridge's and remain in absolute quiet until I call this evening. I hope—and I believe—I shall be able to relieve your anxiety in some way. But you must obey my wishes."

She hesitated a little, but finally promised to do what I wished. I took her downstairs, and put her into a cab for King's Cross. And that done, I went back to await the wire from Saxonstowe, and to reckon up the precise value of the information I had received from my foolish client

Captain Molesworth! Well that gentleman was known to me. I know nothing of an absolutely criminal nature against him, but I did know that he was on his last legs from a financial point of view, and that the country was getting a bit too hot for him. A friend of mine, engaged in similar pursuits to my own, had told me only a few days before this adventure that Captain Molesworth was very much in Queer Street; and could it be possible that at such a juncture he was going to saddle himself with all the trouble which would necessarily arise from running away with a young peeress, the wife of a famous nobleman? My own opinion was that he was after what ready money the Countess of Langthwaite could get together.

Naturally, I had formed a conclusion while Lady Langthwaite was with me. That conclusion may seem a very obvious one, but obvious conclusions are usually safe ones. I believed that Molesworth had gone off with Antoinette and the jewel-case. It seemed to me that it came to this: he had known that his cousin would carry a considerable sum in cash and in jewels with her; he had found out that all this wealth was in the jewel-case left with the maid. Leaving Lady Langthwaite in the hotel he had gone back to the station and arranged matters with Mademoiselle Antoinette, who had forthwith taken her departure. Packing his cousin off to me, where he knew she would be engaged for some little time, he had repaired to the Frenchwoman and they were now no doubt in the first stages of a flight.

Such was my theory, and I think most people would have formed it on the facts. Obviously, with such a theory, I must seek Captain Molesworth.

But first I wanted the telegram from Saxonstowe.

It came soon after four o'clock. The five thousand pounds had been paid to Lady Langthwaite in fifty notes of one hundred pounds each, the numbers of which were given in the telegram.

I had my own idea as to the precise value of this telegram. I put it into my pocket-book and went off to the Bank of England.

That solemn establishment was already closed, of course, but I had means of entrance to its high places. And within a very short time I discovered that Lady Langthwaite's notes had been exchanged for gold at the West-end branch of the Bank of England at ten minutes past three—just about five minutes after the time at which the Countess began to unfold her woes to me in Jermyn Street.

I suddenly saw what I conceived to be the true light on this matter. Molesworth, when he left Lady Langthwaite at the hotel on the pretext of sending a telegram, must have gone straight to Antoinette, procured the jewel-case on some pretext, abstracted the notes, and returned the jewel-case to the maid. This upset my first theory, but it was obviously more correct, this second one. But if it was—where was Antoinette?

TO CONVINCE myself that it really was Molesworth who had dealt with the notes I sent to the West-end branch where they had been exchanged for gold, taking with me from Threadneedle Street certain credentials which immediately procured me audience of the agent. His staff was still on hand, and I had no difficulty in getting the information I wanted. The notes had been brought to the bank by a commissionaire, who, assisted by the driver of a taxi-cab, had carried away the gold in a strong leather bag. The clerk who had dealt with the matter gave me a description of the commissionaire, and in less than half-an-

hour I ran him to earth outside a famous restaurant in the St. James's district. And then I found that it was certainly Captain Molesworth who had dealt with the five thousand pounds' worth of notes. He was well-known to the commissionaire, whose return from the bank he had awaited at the St. James's Street end of Jermyn Street. A cool customer, I thought, to carry on his operations under the unconscious nose and eyes of his beautiful and much-duped cousin!

A MAN cannot conveniently carry five thousand pounds of gold about him, much as most of us would cheerfully do so for the mere possession of it. What had Molesworth done with this gold? Why had he been in such haste to change the notes? I learnt from the commissionaire (who was communicative enough when I disclosed my identity) that he had gone off in the very taxi-cab that had brought the gold from the bank. And the commissionaire added that he knew the driver of that cab very well by sight; and that he was bound to come back to a stand in St. James' Street, sooner or later.

As luck would have it, the driver came back while the commissionaire and I were talking. Questioned, he made no objection to giving me the information I wanted. He had driven Molesworth to a certain well-known *bureau de change,* had helped him to carry the gold inside, had been paid off, and had left him. How long since was that? Oh, well, about two fares since. It would be about half-past three, he said, when he set Molesworth down. I glanced at my watch: it was now well past five o'clock.

I told this man to drive me to the *bureau de change.* There I met distinct opposition, a direct rebuff. They showed me, not quite metaphorically either, the door. I was in a vexatious plight.

I WALKED out into a by-street, wondering what to do. I felt confident as to what Molesworth had done. He had changed that gold into Continental paper money—most likely French bank-notes. He would be off to the Continent. But when, where, and how? He was scarcely likely to go openly from Charing Cross or Victoria, or any of the London stations, for he would know that sooner or later suspicion must fall upon him. For it seemed to me that the position was now clear—the thief was Molesworth, and the loss of the five thousand pounds was a mere flea-bite compared with the loss of the famous Langthwaite pearls.

But where was that Frenchwoman—Antoinette? Was she in it, or was she out of it? Well, Molesworth was certainly in it, and I must go for him. I jumped into the car, and bade the driver take me to Claridge's Hotel.

I purposely assumed a very solemn and serious expression of countenance as I was shown into Lady Langthwaite's sitting-room.

As the door was closed behind me she came forward with eager eyes.

"You have heard something!" she exclaimed. "You have discovered something!"

"Yes, Lady Langthwaite," I replied at last. "Yes—I have heard something and discovered something. Please sit down and hear what I have to say. My news is very serious."

"You have heard of Antoinette?" she said, sinking into an easy chair and regarding me with a tense expression.

"No," I said. "I have heard nothing of Antoinette, Lady Langthwaite. But I have discovered who abstracted the bank-notes from your jewel-case this afternoon—have discovered it with ridiculous ease."

"Yes! Yes!" she exclaimed. "Who was it?"

I watched her keenly for a few seconds and then decided to tell her the truth straight out.

"Captain Molesworth," I answered abruptly, keeping my eyes on her.

IF I had any doubts as to the Countess of Langthwaite's possession of spirit I had none now. She turned pale, flushed crimson, turned pale again, and leaping to her feet clenched her fists and looked at me as if it would have given her the greatest pleasure to drive a dagger through my heart.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. "How dare you? This is unbearable, this is——"

"Lady Langthwaite," I said quietly, "the bank-notes which you obtained at the Saxonstowe and Normanchester Bank yesterday, and brought in your jewel-case to King's Cross this morning, were exchanged for gold by Captain Molesworth at the West-end branch of the Bank of England soon after three o'clock this afternoon. That, unpleasant as it may sound or be, is the truth."

She went paler and paler as I spoke, and once I thought she would have fallen in a faint; instead, she sat down, clasped her hands tightly together between her knees and rocked herself to and fro.

"He may not have meant——" she began hopefully.

"Don't try to excuse him, Lady Langthwaite," I said. "The whole affair was well planned. Now answer me one or two questions. This—this elopement was doubtless arranged while your cousin was staying at Langthwaite?"

She nodded sullenly.

"Did he ask you what money you could bring away with you?" I went on.

"Yes, because he had so little," she answered. "We meant to realize on my jewels."

"And on the pearls?" I suggested.

"No! No!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, no! I was mad to bring them—I meant to send them back."

"I'm afraid that is too late," I said rising. "Now, Lady Langthwaite, let me give you the soundest advice you could possibly hear from anyone. Go and tell your husband everything. Then we can put the police on this man's track."

She stood tapping her foot on the hearth-rug, and staring at me out of her great frightened eyes. And I saw the exact moment wherein to play my great card had come.

"My own impression," I said, half-carelessly, "is that Mademoiselle Antoinette is with your cousin. Tell Lord Langthwaite the whole truth, and let us set the police to work. They cannot have got far in so short a time."

I saw a dull flame creep into her eyes and her hands clenched themselves.

"Please go away," she said, in a half-choked voice. "Come back in—in two hours. I will decide on what to do by then. I must have time to think."

She closed the door on me herself, and I heard her lock it.

It seemed to me that that decision could only take one form. With those pearls missing the Earl must be informed of what had happened—and his wife must be the one to tell him.

I returned to my office as soon as I had dined. Killingsley was the most obliging of clerks; he never went away as long as there was a chance of my wanting him. Now, as I entered, he handed me a sealed letter which was addressed in an unfamiliar writing.

"This was brought by special messenger an hour ago, sir," he said.

I carried the letter into my private room and cut it open. I drew from it a sheet of note-paper destitute of any address—the communication upon it was hastily written in pencil. I glanced first at the end and saw that the letter was merely initialed. The initals were "G. M."

"Captain Guy Molesworth," I said to myself, spreading the sheet out. "Now for some more light—or darkness."

"DEAR Sir," ran this precious epistle, "I sent my cousin to you this afternoon in relation to the loss of her jewel-case at King's Cross Station somewhat earlier. As I don't wish her to remain in suspense longer than is necessary I write to you as to what I know of this affair. You will kindly communicate to Lady Langthwaite what I have to say.

"I may as well be brutally frank, and confess that when my cousin told me of the existence of the five thousand pounds in notes in her jewel-case, I made a very hasty alteration of my plans. It had been my original plan to obtain the five thousand pounds from her this evening; her remark that the sum was in the jewel-case left in the maid's custody, showed me a better way, and also a way which would not involve Lady Langthwaite any further with me.

"On entering the private room at the hotel to lunch, my cousin left me for a few moments. She also left, lying under her hand-bag, a bunch of keys, one of which I knew was that of the jewel-case. I took the keys, made an excuse

to her when she returned, and went back to the station. The maid, who knew me very well, made no objection when I said that her mistress wanted the jewel-case. She handed it over at once, and I carried it to the hotel, possessed myself of the notes, and took the case back to Antoinette. I saw Antoinette then pass into the refreshment-room carrying the jewel case with her.

"WHEN Lady Langthwaite and I went to the station after lunch, we found that Antoinette had disappeared. I immediately saw that it would be very awkward for me to join in any search for her. My own object was attained, and after sending my cousin to you, I set about my own business.

"That business is now finished, and I am off. I may as well tell you that it would be as impossible to track me, or to find me, as to resuscitate Queen Anne. My plans are perfected. I shall never be seen again; I am starting a new life. But I want you to let my cousin know that wherever they may have got to I did not appropriate her jewels. All I wanted was the five thousand pounds. With that I shall make myself a man again.

"That's all—except that I hope Antoinette and the jewel-case will come to hand. I understand that it only contained my cousin's personal adornments—what a catastrophe if the celebrated Langthwaite pearls had been in it!

"G. M."

I folded this communication into its cover, and having looked at my watch, departed for Claridge's. The two hours stipulated for by Lady Langthwaite had gone by, and I was prepared to give her my final advice.

The letter from Molesworth I regarded as a bluff—the most impudent bluff I had ever known of. Did he really think that I was to be taken in by it?

I was admitted at once to Lady Langthwaite. It seemed to me that she had been through a scene with herself: she was very pale and her eyes were unnaturally bright. I lost no time in handing her Molesworth's letter. She read it through, and handed it back to me without comment but with trembling hand.

"Well?" she said.

"LADY LANGTHWAITE," I replied, "there is only one thing to do. Lord Langthwaite must be informed of what has happened. You must inform him yourself in your own way. I have no doubt whatever that Molesworth and your maid were in collusion, and that they met after he left you. The police must be employed, and in order that they may be called upon you must tell your husband of what has happened."

"Then I shall have to tell him—everything," she said. "And that will mean—oh, I don't know what it will mean! I have been a fool, and now——"

"Pardon me," I said, "but I don't know that everything need be told. It was natural for you to travel to London; it was natural that your cousin should meet you. If he and the maid were in collusion, what better proof of your innocence can you have? And again——"

Horoscope

of

Floyd Gibbons

Reveals high lights of his career to date. You will be interested in a forecast of his activities in the near future as revealed by the stars. Evangeline Adams, famous astrologer, will present this fascinating life chart of this great journalist and international adventurer in the

NOVEMBER

issue of

RADIO DIGEST

Before I could proceed further there came sounds outside the door; a deep voice said "This room?" the door opened, and a tall man walked in.

The Earl of Langthwaite.

It was said that the Earl had a reputation for cynical humor which was really not ill-natured. He smiled now as he nodded to his astonished wife and looked rather slyly at me.

"Well, my dear," he said pleasantly, "as I was passing I thought I would call in and ask if you intend staying here or coming round to Berkeley Square. I see, however, that you are engaged with Mr. Campenhaye—I know you by sight Mr. Campenhaye, as I do by reputation—and I have no doubt it is on important business. Eh, my dear."

I bowed to Lord Langthwaite and turned to his wife. She had flushed a little, but she regarded her husband steadily. And with a sudden resolve she came straight to the point.

"William!" she said. "I have lost my jewel-case."

The Earl gave a start of surprise.

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

"It is all my fault," she said. "I—I broke my promise to you. I let Antoinette carry it."

"Ah!" again exclaimed the Earl.

"Antoinette has disappeared with it," continued Lady Langthwaite. "And, William—the family pearls were in the jewel case."

The Earl had turned his back upon me and his wife, and appeared to be studying a picture on the wall. It seemed a long, long time before he faced Lady Langthwaite again.

"You have no doubt suffered greatly because of this?" he said.

She flashed a quick look at him.

"I have been—miserably contrite!" she answered.

I could swear that the Earl's eye twinkled as he regarded her.

"When children say that they are really sorry and have suffered," he said, "the only thing to do is—to forgive them. So we will go home, and see if we cannot find Antoinette and the missing jewel-case."

The Countess looked at him quickly. So did I. The Earl chuckled dryly.

"THE fact is," he said, giving me an arch look, "Antoinette and the jewel-case are at Berkeley Square—safe. You see, I happened to go to King's Cross to meet a friend this afternoon, and I encountered M'am'selle Antoinette strolling out of the refreshment-room with the jewel-case, and as I remembered your promise, my dear, and my warning, I determined to give you a sharp lesson. So I bundled Antoinette into my car without ceremony. She and the jewel-case are quite in safe keeping. Now put your things on and we will go to them."

The Countess left the room in a great hurry, and the Earl turned to me.

"You can keep secrets, Mr. Campenhaye," he said, "so I'll tell you an interesting one. My wife thinks that the real Langthwaite pearls are in that case. They are not. What is in there is a magnificent imitation set, which only certain experts could tell not to be the real ones. I keep that set down at Langthwaite. But the real ones—ah, they are safely locked up in the vaults of the Bank of England."

Terror

(*Continued from page 53*)

escape from the web of circumstances?

The arrests and trials went ever forward. On June 15th two Catos and one Fortune were condemned to be hanged and a Ben and a Quack to be burned to death. On this same day five Spanish slaves were brought to trial and they complained, through an interpreter, Mr. Gomez: "since Mary Burton was the only white evidence against them and they could speak only in a tongue she could not understand, how could she tell what passed between them?"

But the court suspected that the masters of the slaves had put them up to this clever fetch.

Mary Burton came into court and swore that Antonio had spoken to her often in English and said that "while the New York negroes killed one, the Spaniards could kill twenty."

THE masters of these slaves came into court and swore to their good characters. Mr. Delancey took his oath that her man Antonio had frozen his feet at his farm and could not walk at the time of the plot. A surgeon testified that he had dressed the man's feet.

None the less, the jury found all the Spaniards guilty, though out of courtesy to their masters they were sentenced merely to be hanged.

To encourage the slower-witted slaves, a proclamation was issued now, offering mercy to each and every one who confessed and discovered other guilty ones. This sent all the negroes scurrying to change their pleas from "Not Guilty!" to "Guilty!" and new names began to tumble from their scatterbrains. The judges felt the need of speed for the summer was coming on apace and the fetid jail grew ominous as the source of a plague more dangerous than the fire. The gentlemen of the bar were invited to divide up the negroes in batches for simultaneous confession.

Again the lawyers sacrificed themselves for the town and devoted weary hours to transcribing the maunderings of fear-maddened zanies. But not one lawyer sacrificed himself for the cause of truth; not one threw down his quill and cried:

"I will record no more of this poor wittol's nightmares of fright. The plot is disproved of itself. The town was to be burned at night, yet all the fires occurred by day, a week apart, and all of them were easily quenched."

The trials went on and the flesh-burnings made such a stench that the citizens found them hard to endure. The slaves must have found them still harder.

On the fourth day of July, a date that meant nothing then, as the negro Ward's Will was broiling and even as the flames purled about him, he set his back to the stake, lifted a brown leg and laid it on the fire, and introduced a novelty.

He cried out that Kane and Kelly, two white soldiers at the fort, had part in the conspiracy. He was one of the more boisterous slaves and he may have risen to the sublimity of a posthumous ironical revenge. If so, it was because he knew his masters better than they knew themselves. These Irish names suggested both discontent in an English garrison and papistry. And papistry was the utmost possible rallying cry for prejudice.

The judges turned to the inexhaustible Mary Burton and she took the hint. She remembered for the first time that Kane had been present at the grand councils of the damned.

She brought in also a solemn young scholar named John Ury, who had never been to the tavern until after the Hughsons were jailed and it had been taken over by a man named Campbell.

Of course Ury was arrested and though he swore he had never met Mary, she answered him doggedly and told of prayers he had held among the negroes. She swore he had heard confessions, too, and had promised the blacks absolution for their sins. He had even told Mary that, no matter what her sin might be, he could redeem her; and had offered her silken gowns if she would take part in the plot to destroy the English and let in the Catholic Spanish and French.

NOW the town, jaded with the incense of smoked negroes, rejoiced in a new wrath. The evil of all evils was at work and the powers of hell were leagued against them under the archfiends of Popery. Once a man was accused of papistry anything inhuman or superhuman could be believed of him, except a decent motive.

The shoddy taproom of the dead Hughsons grew and grew into an anteroom of Rome. Black masses were held there; orgies of ritualistic worship; renewals of all the old fires and slaughters that had seared themselves on Protestant memory.

The clamor often arises and is especially loud today, that crime increases because the courts are slow and lax, too careful of the rights of the accused, too deliberate in execution and too hospitable to appeal.

Let those who raise this bloody cry read in Judge Hirsmanden's book "The New York Conspiracy" what happens when the courts are quick and eager to condemn, impatient of the defendant's ruses, swift to avenge and deaf to appeal. For there is no room here to recount the climbing fire of persecution, the gluttony for blood increasing to delirium until the judges were but maniacs in ermine.

As the fire in His Majesty's House ran here and there, flung blazing embers across wide spaces and started new fires, so the ferocity of the citizens mounted and leapt across the barriers of reason to flare up in unexpected corners and spread thence to the most unforeseen destructions.

And over all, like a mad priestess of cannibalistic savages, towered little Mary Burton, pouring forth her cursed accusations, pointing this way and that; now breaking back to girlhood and weeping that all she said was lies and everybody hated her; now frothing at the mouth with new deliriums.

Beneath her deadly finger the people cowered, white and black. The negroes bubbled and squeaked in an orgiastic fugue "Not me! but him! I didn't want to! He made me! Don't burn me! Oh Gawd, don't chain me up and blister my poor hide! Take him! or her! or them! but not me! not me! not me!"

And the judges and the jurors sat high, catching the very spittle of rabies, and writing it down as evidence, pointing out this and that and those for the throttling rope or the red-hot chain.

The documents carried the majestic words "The King against Ellison's Jamaica, and Meyer Cohen's Windsor and Murray's Jack" "The King against Bound's Jasper and Duane's Prince and Bosch's Francis" "The King against Mrs. Carpenter's Albany and Marston's Scotland and Burk's Sarah and the negro doctor Harry" "The King against Quamino and forty-one other negroes."

The 18th of July was a gala day. Othello was hanged, along with Venture, Frank, Galloway and Walter's Quack who had been heard to laugh.

"FORTUNE behaved at the gallows like a mountebank's fool, jumped off the cart several times with the halter about his neck as if sporting with death." But Doctor Harry even in the lighted pile averred that "he knew nothing of the plot, though if he did he would discover it to save his soul."

On August 15th a Spanish negro Juan de Sylva was hanged, "neatly dressed in white shirt, jacket, drawers and stockings, behaved decently, prayed in Spanish, kissed a crucifix, insisting on his innocence to the last."

The judges were wearying of hanging

and cooking negroes. They released a few for want of "evidence" just to show that the word was still in use. But they loaded the ships with the rest, sending them out shackled to a more degraded slavery in Hispaniola, Madeira, Curacao, St. Thomas.

THE lust of the city now was for the blood of Catholics. Kane the soldier from Athlone in Ireland swore that he knew none of the conspirators, but confronted by Mary Burton, changed his tune and dragged in other soldiers and "the priest, the little man" and a peddler who was arrested and "trembled and cried, but denied."

Mary Burton began to pour forth none but white names now, soldiers, a dancing master, another dancing master.

Sarah Hughson was condemned to hang and respited, condemned again and respited, and finally confessed what she was desired to confess, recanted it all and re-confessed it. She dragged in poor John Ury's name and made him out a mixture of priest and demon.

John Ury asked to be confronted by Mary Burton and Sarah Hughson and his questions and her answers prove, to one who reads today, their perjury. But he was found guilty of the capital offense of "being an ecclesiastical person made by authority pretended from the See of Rome" and of coming into New York province and celebrating masses.

This was enough and he was sentenced to be hanged, and in spite of a most beautiful and heart-breaking plea, which may still be read, his young neck was stretched from the gibbet. He had devoted his final hours to the composition of a farewell address exquisitely worded and thorough. He left it for his epitaph and repeated somewhat of the substance of it before he was turned off.

It began: "Fellow Christians. I am now going to suffer a death attended with ignominy and pain; but it is the cup that my heavenly father has put into my hand and I drink it with pleasure; it is the cross of my dear redeemer, I bear it with alacrity, knowing that all that live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. . .

"I am to appear before an awful and tremendous God, a being of infinite purity and unerring justice, a God who by no means will clear the guilty; in the presence of this God, I lift up my hands and solemnly protest that I am innocent of what is laid to my charge: I appeal to the great God for my non-knowledge of Hewson, his wife, or the creature that was hanged with them; I never saw them living, dying or dead; nor never had I any knowledge or confederacy with white or black as to any plot; and upon the memorials of the body and blood of my dearest Lord, in the creatures of bread and wine, I protest that the witnesses are perjured; I never knew the perjured witnesses, but at my trial."

He went on to deny that he believed it in the power of man to pardon sin, and accounted the pretence of it the unpardonable sin against the Holy Spirit. He called upon the sinners who watched him die to take thought for their own souls and repent before it was too late.

"In fine, I depart this waste, this howling wilderness, with a mind serene, free from all malice, with a forgiving spirit, hoping and praying that Jesus will convince, conquer and enlighten my murderers' souls, that they may publicly confess their horrid wickedness before God and the world."

The result of his eloquence was that the judges still believed what Mary Burton said of him, denounced him as a fiend who debauched slaves to his hellish purposes, and concluded that, while Mary Burton might have exceeded the bounds of truth at times and was probably tampered with towards the last, "but for her, next under the interposition of divine providence, this city would in all probability have been laid waste in ashes."

They resolved that "we ought once a year at least to pay our tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Being, that through his merciful providence and infinite goodness, caused this inhuman horrible enterprise to be detected and so many of the wicked instruments of it to be brought to justice, though we have not been able entirely to unravel the mystery of this iniquity; for it was a dark design, and the veil is in some measure still upon it."

The bulk of the townspeople were now fagged out with the whole dreary business. The cynics grew bolder and it was time for a new fashion.

Weariness rather than justice or mercy led the justices at last to give over the burnings and hangings and transportations. There were further alarums and excitements but they were merely flickers in the ashes and the Hughsons and Peggy and John Ury were the only white folk put to death. Only thirteen negroes were baked and only seventeen turned off the cart.

On September 2, the Common Council voted that Mary Burton, "the evidence who detected the conspirators" should have her hundred pounds minus nineteen pounds paid "for the freedom and other necessaries to and for the use of said Mary."

And now the maid of sweet sixteen, rich beyond all her dreams, had only to wait for the final reward of her grisly drudgery. The townspeople had no gratitude for their little savior and she was as lonely as Judas with his thirty pieces of silver. But she hugged her eighty-one pounds to her lonely breast and waited for Tom Wilson to return and help her make a home. She almost prayed that he would come home penniless so that she might lift him from despair to luxury.

But sailors take a deal of waiting for; and the blacks and whites in town glared at her with equal spite now that she was no longer either a terror or a guardian angel. So she retreated to Long Island to watch for the masts of the *Flamborough*.

It chanced that the ship stole in at dusk one night and Tom Wilson went ashore in haste to seek her at Hughson's tavern. He found new names and faces there and learned in a few appalling hours what devastation had been wrought by the little barmaid.

HE HAD run away from her pitiful helpfulness in tears and remembered her as a child afraid and alone. He came back to find her pictured as a gory harpy dripping with the blood of wretches who had done her no harm. Because of her, the jails had been crammed with frightened innocents; the gallows had been festooned with jumpingjacks that had been men and women; because of her that luckness thirteen had watched their own flesh sputter and fry.

JOHN GARLAND
THE DELIVERER
By
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

A love story
that will bring a tear
to your eyes and put a song
in your heart.

There is drama and heroic endeavor in this story. Also a love that is tender and true. There is a bit of sadness and a great deal of sunshine.

Don't miss this story
by a great writer in

NOVEMBER
RADIO DIGEST

There was a smell of smoke and of carrion about her, and he thought of her with all the loathing he had acquired for the stool-pigeon, the snitch, the renegade. He had been a thief and had feared the gallows and despised the sneaks who betrayed their fellows with an utter abomination. And his sweetheart had sent men and women to the gallows and the transport ships in droves!

The alehouse keeper Campbell gave him a copy of John Ury's outcry from the grave. It bewitched him with its pathos, its unbearable pity.

THE next day Mary Burton in the prettiest clothes she could buy came over to town to find him. She came soon enough on his trail and traced him all too easily by the hideous things he had said of her. His words were repeated to her with no softening and no more pity than she had shown.

When she found him at last by the waterside near a ship where a *Flamborough* small-boat was moored, he was fighting a squad of sailors who were dragging him back to the ship. He was fighting them with maniac ferocity, but they held him till he caught sight of Mary. Then he stood fast till she ran to him crying:

"Tom, Tom! my darling! I'm free, I'm rich! We can be married. See all the money I have now."

For a moment a look came into his eyes that made his captors grip him with frenzy and brace themselves against his plunge. But there was so much to say that there was nothing to say. His eyes blazed with an ire that burned them out. His nostrils flared with loathing.

Then he seemed to understand that it was only fear that could have dragged the poor, pink, shy, tremulous thing through the deepmost hell she had travelled—some hurricane of frightfulness that had tossed her as his ship had been flung at the gale's mercy through no fault of its helpless captain.

He was only a boy and she was only a girl and the world had never given them anything but the worst of it. His eyes filled with tears for her and for himself. He put forth his hands so gently that his friends forbore to restrain him.

And Mary ran into his arms.

When they had ceased to weep together, the sailors had left them and they began to laugh the curious foolish sweet laughter that follows upon tears.

He had a moment's nobility. He seized the money from her hands and flung it into the bay.

But the gesture exhausted his heroism, and he dived in after it and came up with it, dripping and sobered, and greatly in need of warmth.

He handed her her treasure with a silly snicker: "God knows we've earned it!" They embraced once more.

Radiographs

(*Continued from page 61*)

ways into the dungeon-like organ room, the mighty notes of the organ itself, all contributed to give the experience impressiveness. "She can't possibly be as little and child-like as that picture," I told myself.

But she was. "Little Organ Annie," one of her fans named her, and little she is. An absurdly childish figure sitting perched high on the organ bench, her arms and legs stretched out in almost acrobatic positions as she reached for hand and foot pedals and worked the various stops.

It was still her rehearsal time. After a smiling greeting she went on with her playing, working out the combinations that give such richness to her playing. A chubby-faced organ boy was taking her directions. "Number four, add bass to the pedal. Number five, take off solo. May I have the four foot piccolo. Take off the sixteen foot tuba." The organ boy would go behind the organ and do various mysterious things to a board covered with what looked like rows and rows of little safety pins. It was Greek to me but I suppose the above-mentioned bass, solo, piccolo, and tuba were properly added and subtracted.

ANN continued playing, the shutters of the organ room opening and shutting. I could see the rows of pipes which were producing music at Ann's direction.

Every night Ann's Midnight Melodies come over WABC closing the day's broadcasting for the Columbia System. Then there are her concerts during the day. She gives twelve programs a week.

She was born in Omaha, Nebr., on June 28, 1906. (But look at her picture, and she looks just like her picture, too, and see if you think it can be true.) She doesn't remember that far back, of course, but she says her family told her that the first step she ever took was in the direction of her sister's piano.

She was only eleven when she made her first public appearance, playing a Mozart concerto with an orchestra. She studied music both in Omaha and in New York with the Damrosch School of Music.

The organ intrigued her and she started out to make herself an accomplished organist. When her family moved to Los Angeles she applied for a position in one of the city's movie theatres, and despite the fact that she had never played a Wurlitzer before, obtained, and more important kept, the position.

Her most difficult position, Ann told me, was playing in a pre-view picture theatre. Without knowing anything about the film she had to play appropriate music. This was where her marvelous memory stood her in good stead.

For Ann, "Go west, young man," was changed into "Go east, young woman." She came to New York, and through Paramount had an introduction to Columbia. Columbia, knowing a good thing when it saw it, or heard it, signed her on for twelve programs a week.

Esther Leaf, Ann's sister, is also a very talented organist, and substitutes for her during her vacations.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. They're married, so we can put their names together. And you may hear them every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock over the Columbia network in the Blackstone program—two stage people who have gone over to Radio. And do they regret the footlights. Well, they've named their home in Springfield, "Dunrovin."

"Oh," says Julia, "to be able to stop living in suitcases."

"Oh," says Frank, "to be able to send the laundry out and have it come back before we leave."

Not that they don't like the stage, but they like Radio more. Radio lets them eat their cake and have it too. They can sing and act and still have their own hearth fire.

They live in Springfield, only three and a half hours from New York by the Boston Post Road. When they are through with their program they get in their car and are home by one o'clock. "Yes," says Julia "we're home. And there we stay for the rest of the week. We don't have to pack and unpack trunks and suitcases. They can talk about Radio bringing back the American home, that the family now gathers around the loud speaker, instead of going in various directions, but it's also making possible a home for the people who are broadcasting. And at the same time we reach a vaster audience than we ever could from the stage. And then," with a glance around the studio, "it's so much like a big family down here. So friendly."

BOTH Julia and Frank have had many years of stage experience. Julia, having an actor father, found it easy to make her debut at fourteen. Frank, after graduating as an electrical engineer, made straight for the vaudeville stage. In "Tangerine" Julia teamed up with Frank, and they liked the combination so well they decided to make it permanent. As husband and wife they have played in "Moonlight," "No, No, Nanette," "Queen High," and "Oh, Kay."

Julia is small and blonde and exotic looking. Frank is tall and brown and "outdoorsy." Both please the eye.

Have You Heard Zaro Agha?

(*Continued from page 49*)

Of the eleven wives who succeeded each other in the life of Zaro there were born twenty-nine sons and seven daughters. His oldest son, Eshref, by his first wife died in Bitlis in 1900 at the age of 101. Osman, a son by his fifth wife died in Bitlis at the age of 97. Zaro was 91 when his last child was born.

"I have seen twelve sultans come and go in Turkey," said Zaro through his interpreter. "The first was Ahmid and I remember him from the time I was a boy of 12."

"You were quite a fighter in your youth?" I inquired.

"YES, yes, yes," or the equivalent for that word he nodded when my question had been repeated to him. "I was in six wars. I helped drive Napoleon out of Egypt—that was a very savage war."

"You were lucky your days didn't end there."

"Some luck, and by the grace of Allah," he muttered.

"Did you ever see Napoleon in person,"

"No."

"Ever wounded in battle?"

"Bullah! Bullah! Bullah!" At least that is how it sounded to me. He tapped his right ankle with his long fingers, then he tapped vigorously on his right leg, just above the knee. I asked about his weapons. He went through as fine a pantomime as ever I saw, showing me how he poured powder into a barrel of an old musket, pounded it down with a ramrod, then aimed, crooking his forefinger to indicate the movement of the hammer as he fired.

"Ever been sick?"

"In a hospital 26 days from a wound," said the interpreter.

It was in 1877 that Turkey declared war on her old enemy, Russia. Now that he had achieved some fame as a centenarian Zaro was looked upon as patriarch, Ahmid explained. I turned a little away to look at the slim young Turk who sat on the edge of one of the narrow beds.

"He enlists at 103. Very good effect on young men to fight for their country. He rides a horse—a cavalryman. I hear much about that. I am very proud of him."

I felt an impelling look as one often will under an intense gaze. Zaro was studying me intently through half closed lids while his grandson talked.

"He seems alert," I said.

"We just returned from a trip to Washington and down to the Virginia country home of John Armstrong Chaloner. Zaro was guest of honor at a garden party. He also was entertained by the Turkish ambassador at Washington, D. C. But he is not at all fatigued."

"He is active—"

"Quite. He becomes restless if he has to sit too long and will exercise by walking up and down in the hall."

"How about his food."

"He touches no red meat. He eats fruit and vegetables mostly. Now he has taken a great desire for apple pie, which he tasted for the first time since coming to this country."

"What would be his typical diet for a day?"

"For breakfast he would have fruit salad, oatmeal, stewed prunes and buttered toast. Water would be his drink—never any liquors. At noon he will have some string beans, spinach, green peas—and possibly a little fish. For dinner he will have some pea soup, or chicken soup, French pastry, apple pie and a glass of milk."

"How about his teeth?"

"Oh he has just been fitted out with new teeth by your New York dentist. Dr. Julius Sheinman. It is his third set. This is guaranteed for 75 years to come, then he is coming back for a new set. He is quite serious about it. He enjoys life—likes good clothes and always takes pleasure in meeting new friends."

"Still a ladies' man?"

"In one way, perhaps. He has always been highly respectful of women, was way in advance of his times as regards higher recognition for them. Kemal Pasha is a man after his own heart for his attitude toward the women of Turkey, and he is glad to be alive to see his country advance with civilization. Kemal Pasha gives him a banquet each year. He is also frequently feted by other dignitaries of the nation."

I could not tell whether Zaro was able to follow any of our conversation. But I imagined there was a slight flicker of his heavy lids at the mention of the word ladies. He ejaculated a few short words. Assim stepped over and put a hand on his shoulder and there followed a brief conversation that was entirely Turkish to me. Then the interpreter turned to me.

"He says that he danced with some of the ladies while he was in Washington. As I stated, he was the guest of the Turkish Ambassador, Ahmet Muhtar Bey."

I asked about his hours of sleep.

"ZARO usually goes to bed about 10 at night and is up at 5:30 in the morning. Sometimes he will drowse for half an hour in the afternoon. You asked if he was ever sick—I forgot to mention that he was a bit seasick during the 21 days he was on the voyage here."

I looked at the old man. Something interested him from the window. It was time to give a man with 156 years behind him a little rest. As I got up to leave he stood up and gave me another salute. Just imagine—156 years old! You were lucky if you heard him on your Radio.

Television in the Theatre

(*Continued from page 95*)

that within ten years television will be as accepted as telephoning . . . In the center of a dark curtain you see a small frame of light. Into the frame comes a human face. Flickers pass across it so marked that one almost has the impression that it is seen through the slats of a Venetian blind; and it sways up and down like the waves of the sea . . . Nevertheless it is undoubtedly somebody. You could probably recognize the person if a near relation . . . Altogether, a memorable event and the Coliseum is playing its part in the making of scientific history."

In all of these reviews we find several common thoughts. First, that the demonstration was viewed with much interest by the public; secondly, that the demonstration was looked upon as an experiment; thirdly, that the images were not "perfect".

Without pretending to have a passport into the sanctums of the Baird company we feel that it is probably true that these tests were undertaken, in part at least, to show what could be done in the transmission and reception of television images from an ordinary broadcasting station. They do not represent the best results in television that can be obtained, for if the transmissions were made using short waves, where broad channels are available, much better quality of reproduction could have been obtained.

SUCH demonstrations, imperfect as they are, always are a part of the history of the development of any new device. When the talkies started but a comparatively short while ago someone referred to the quality of the reproduction as resembling, "the bellowing of sealions", but to-day that appellation would be entirely undeserved. The development of television may be slow, it may be rapid, but it will certainly advance and demonstrations similar to that given at the Coliseum will form part of that growth. The Baird Television Corp. deserves much credit for having undertaken this important demonstration.

To Broadcast Football

Followers of pigskin clashes will be glad to hear that there is plenty of entertainment in store for them at the hands of Graham McNamee and William Munday, the "Georgia Drawl." NBC plans to paint action pictures of two games every Saturday during the entire season, with the aid of these two word painters.

A novel feature of the broadcasts is designed for the fair sex exclusively. Miss Carmen Ogden of Rochester will describe the smart costumes appearing at each stadium, down to the last button.

The Pickards

(*Continued from page 30*)

material" are folksongs, negro songs, steamboat songs and old hymn tunes. Characteristically, he accompanies himself on the fiddle, varying that frequently with the banjo, guitar, jews-harp or harmonica.

"A few weeks ago," Dad explained to me recently in his pleasantly indolent drawl, "we got a letter from Mr. Henry Ford's right hand man at Detroit to come out and give a personal appearance before some of the Ford employes. That was easily arranged under the good "artist service" arrangement we have been able to make with NBC. And we gave a pretty good performance too, if I do say so myself, as shouldn't. While we were playing away there for a number of the employes, a slender quiet man slipped into the room. I noticed my wife, who was playing the piano, began to get a little nervous and then I glanced up. It was old Henry Ford himself! and he was listening with a smile on his face as wide as Lake Michigan, and (you know he's crazy about those early American songs!) his foot was tapping out the time on the floor and his head was swinging to the time of the music! Yes, sir!

"I MIGHT have been scared under other conditions—playing before the richest man in America right there in his own domain. But do you know I wasn't scared a bit; it seemed the most natural thing in the world! He got so interested I thought he was going to dance, but he didn't! He just stood there, as interested a listener as the Pickards ever had. And then just as we were playing that famous old reel-tune Sourwood Mountain . . . You know how it goes—

"I got a gal on Sourwood Mountain
Dum diddle di do, diddle diddle dee!"

blamed if he didn't jerk a little jews-harp out of his pocket and play with us! And he could play, too! Just as natural as could be! It's a fact, or I hope I may never!

"It was worth the trip out there to Detroit just to see Henry Ford standing there in his office playing that jews-harp and keeping time to Sourwood Mountain. He came over and talked to us afterwards and said some mighty nice things about what we played.

"Did we like him? Yes sir, he's simply fine—the pleasantest spoken, most modest man you'd find in ten states! I swear he reminded me of the old-time southern gentleman that I used to know down in Tennessee . . .

"I am mighty glad of the opportunity to play and sing these old ballads and folksongs. I feel that we are doing something worth while, for we are helping to preserve something very sweet and fine which otherwise would be lost. The favorites among the old ballads are *Barbara Allen* (twelve different versions to that song!) *Red River Valley, Kitty Wells, the Little Rosewood Casket, Sourwood Mountain, Froggy Went A-Courtin'.* Then there's a bunch of old negro songs that are favorites. And when I say old negro songs, I mean old ones—not "blues" and jazz baby stuff. There was one that was called Old Zip Coon, a hundred years ago. Later they changed the name to *Natchez-Under-the-Hill,* and you could hear that old song on the steamboats any time, down on our little Cumberland River or on the big Mississippi too. That tune can still be heard most anywhere in America but by a different name. It is now dignified by the title *Turkey in the Straw.*

Mr. Pickard claims that neither he nor his family ever learned these old songs. They simply have always known 'em. From the time his mother sung them to him when he was a baby he has been acquiring and absorbing ballads and folksongs. At first that was only because he liked them, not because he felt he would ever find a use for them professionally. Dad used to be a traveling salesman or, as they called it in those days, a drummer. Stopping one day to listen to a program broadcast by WSM at Nashville, he heard George Hay interrupt his rendition of the *Solemn Old Judge,* to ask:

"Will Obediah Pickard, now traveling somewhere in rural Tennessee, return immediately to his home in Nashville. His daughter is seriously ill."

That was Dad Pickard's introduction to Radio. It was a sad introduction, for his little daughter died, but it led to a personal introduction. And shortly thereafter the Pickards were playing over WSM, Nashville, regularly, and Dad had given up his traveling job. Later the Pickards went to New York and formed their present NBC connection. After a short residence in New York City, the family moved out to Chicago, where they now live and broadcast.

Though the extensive Pickard program includes far more than the "hill-billy songs" from old Tennessee, that is the class of music Dad likes to specialize in. And he makes no bones about saying so.

In NOVEMBER RADIO DIGEST

the story of a Radio City

The greatest cultural center of modern times is being planned for New York. It will cost $250,000,000. It will be a city of wonders. The next issue of Radio Digest will describe in detail the many marvels this great Radio Center is to contain.

Don't miss this number.

Radio Music Practical Aid to Study

College students can study better when they are listening to Radio music while going over their books, according to tests completed at the University of Minnesota by two experimenters of psychology in cooperation with KSTP.

Two sophomore students, James Copeland and Robert McBrady, conducting experiments in psychology with varied groups, found that students can accomplish more, and are less distracted when they are listening to Radio music than under normal conditions.

In conducting these experiments, the subjects were given several groups of problems in mathematics to solve under varied conditions. When a thrilling story was put on the air the students had difficulty in concentrating on their work and solved fewer problems, but when jazz selections were played, experimenters expecting the same results, were surprised when they found that more problems had been solved while the music was played than when conditions were quiet.

In attempting to account for this unusual result, one of the experimenters said he thought it was due to "practice effort". "The student may have been distracted by the music but tensed himself and concentrated on his work in order to combat the distraction," the experimenter said. Because of this the experimenter believed that the subject used greater effort than he normally would, thus increasing the total number of problems he was able to work in a limited time.

Pet Superstitions of Radio Stars

(*Continued from page 14*)

popular contralto studies the program she is to sing, decides its general mood, and then selects a pair of earrings to harmonize with that mood.

Alwyn Bach, 1930 diction award winner, always announces with his left hand in his trousers pocket. More of a habit than a superstition, though, he claims, and explains that it makes him feel at ease and as if he were talking to people he knew extremely well.

MARCELLA SHIELDS always carries a handkerchief she has embroidered herself. Practical-minded Marcella claims this trait acts as a reminder that she can do things, and reassures her.

Phil Cook, the multi-voiced Quaker Man, has a lucky coin he always carries and he often rubs it just before going on the air. Ray Perkins, the Old Topper, is deathly afraid of running into black cats on the way to the studios and has been known to turn about face and change his route simply because a dusky feline has crossed his path.

Paul Dumont, of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, is a step-counter. Going up or down any steps, he always counts them, and if he doesn't reach the top or bottom with his right foot, the fact worries him.

Even the production men believe in the time-tried omens. John Wiggin, of the NBC staff, has never believed it just the proper thing to do to open an umbrella in a house, and if he sees someone bring a "rain-stick" into a studio, he is horrified to a deathly pallor.

Probably the outstanding superstitions of Radio artists are invested in musical numbers, believed to be forerunners of bad luck when played or sung. The artists themselves will absolutely refrain from the rendering of songs which they believe are their individual jinxes. Many orchestra leaders of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who will hardly admit to being superstitious, confide that there are compositions which they absolutely refuse to conduct.

Mayhew Lake, the band-leader who has composed or orchestrated over 5,000 selections, will never play Ase's Death from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite. He considers it the greatest lament ever composed and a work of great beauty, but for him it has a sinister portent, a hint of impending disaster.

Perhaps for the same reason Freddie Rich avoids Tosti's Goodby and The Rosary. These two selections are the bane of a great number of musicians and singers. Rich not only refuses to conduct an orchestra in these two numbers, but won't even listen to them. Once when the program department scheduled The Rosary on his ballad hour, Rich, who had no time to leave the studio, sat in his chair with head bowed and hands clasped tightly over his ears until the conductorless orchestra had finished. His utter dislike for these two pieces is attributed to their association with several unfortunate occurrences in his life.

Vincent Sorey, director of several ensembles, believes that Schubert's "Serenade" ranks with the most beautiful and touching of compositions—yet it is an impossibility to persuade him to play it. Persistent questioning revealed the fact that this selection was predominant the night he parted with his fiancee a number of years ago in Italy.

Although he attributes no special reason for his antipathy toward Suppe's "Light Cavalry" overture. Nat Brusiloff, director of WABC's novelty orchestra, dismisses the subject with "It's a jinx. The boys say it's so, and that's my reason for never playing it."

Emery Deutsch, whose gypsy music is heard regularly over the same station, finds his so-called disastrous number, not among his native Hungarian airs, but in "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone," which fills him with some unexplainable fear whenever it is played.

THE conductor of the Philco and Grand Opera programs, Howard Barlow, recalls an unusual incident that occurred at a concert in the old Aeolian Hall, New York, some eight years ago. As Barlow was about to raise his baton for the playing of the Meistersinger Overture, he was seized with a premonition that this was his last appearance in the place. He conducted the orchestra through the selection with a heavy heart. A short time later the musical landmark was demolished to make way for a skyscraper office building. Barlow has not given a rendition of the Meistersinger Overture since that time because he deeply regretted the passing of the famous music hall.

The Volga Boatman, whose mournful and vivid chant is known to all, is never played by Claude MacArthur. He contends that it depicts too much misery and suffering to bring anything but ill luck. He admits it is a silly superstition, but refuses to deviate from his belief. MacArthur's faith in evil omens is a heritage from the years he spent in the show business as conductor for numerous musical comedies. As with many theatrical folk who will not tolerate whistling in the dressing-rooms or back-stage, MacArthur bans whistling in the Radio studios. He recalls the occasion when he was bodily ejected from a theater by Gallagher and Shean, then playing in The Rose Maid, because they had heard him whistling a few bars from the show.

To the Crockett Mountaineers the playing of Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, is a forewarning of an impending tragedy. No offer of money or favor can induce them to give a rendition of this song. Mark Warnow, musical director of the Ward's Tip Top program, says that Over There, which recalls the war-time period, is his jinx number.

WILL OSBORNE, Guy Lombardo, Ozzie Nelson, Ted Fiorito and other dance orchestra leaders all admit that while they are not exactly superstitious persons there are certain songs which they will never play or, if possible, listen to, because they feel that these pieces are bound to bring them bad luck.

James Melton, first tenor of the Revelers, has an aversion to cruising in his motor boat in uncharted waters. Other owners of cabin cruisers may enjoy the extra thrill that comes from exploring strange waters, but not Melton. "It may be that I am not adventurous or it may be that it's common sense, but I am superstitious about leaving the charted course. I am a land animal and I don't want to defy Neptune too much."

Wilfred Glenn, bass of the Revelers, refuses to hunt on Sunday. "I am fond of hunting, but when I was a kid, it seemed to me that the sound of a gun exploding was too much of a disturbance on Sunday. So I deny myself the fun of Sunday hunting even though that is the only day I can find to go after the ducks in season."

So you see Radio does have it's superstitions, mostly the old ones, however, for sorcery is an ancient art and broadcasting is entirely modern magic. But call off your witches and voodoo doctors a minute while I extoll a few 1930 model superstitions for you, Mr. Setowner, yourself:

1. Never fool around with the power tubes or power pack of your set while the current is turned on. Otherwise your vocabulary is apt to become swollen and blue.

2. Always keep the volume control turned to "soft" after ten P.M. especially if your neighbors are larger and stronger than yourself.

3. Never attach your aerial to a power line pole or run it across power lines. Your friends hate to sit in morticians' folding chairs.

4. Buy Radio Digest (this adv. will go big with the editor) every month.

Next issue—November—will bring another interesting article by Mr. Plummer. He promises to tell what and how the air stars cook and perhaps what they will be eating on Thanksgiving day. Stand by and keep tuned in.

Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

(*Continued from page 80*)

stove across the large room and far away from the supply cupboards, dish cupboards, table and stove. Another work table was near the third wall and two doors, but there was nothing else. The dish and supply cupboards were close to the dining-room door but were a long distance from the stove, sink and tables. As the room was quite large it meant walking countless steps to do any little task in the kitchen. But this woman liked space, light and air and plenty of room in which to move around. She also found that this large room was a sort of gathering-place for all the family and for neighbors as well who often dropped in while she was cooking in the morning.

DO YOU think such a kitchen ideal? And yet in a small, compact kitchen where one could reach stove, refrigerator, table and cupboard in a few steps, this old-fashioned housekeeper was lost. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that the refrigerator in this old-fashioned kitchen was placed on the back porch. This made additional steps necessary. When I hear or think of the good old days, I am often reminded of Edgar Guest's poem called—When Mother Cooked With Wood. Do you too miss the rare old days? But then Edgar Guest himself did not have to cook on the old wood range.

What makes a kitchen convenient? Size is one consideration. A small kitchen is much more efficient than a large one. If your family is of average size, you will find that a kitchen 8 by 12, 9 by 11, 11 by 11, or 10 by 12 is large enough. The size will depend upon the kind of fuel used. If you use a gas or an electric range it need not be as large as if you used a coal or wood range. Not only does the range require more space but there must be a place to store the fuel. And then furniture may be placed closer to the gas and electric ranges than to the others. Our Test Kitchen is long and narrow. This is a very convenient size as it is compact and it saves unnecessary steps. After size the next considerations planning a convenient kitchen are light and ventilation. It certainly is not healthy or wise to work in a hot, poorly ventilated, poorly lighted kitchen. How can you feel fit at the end of a day if you have worked under such circumstances?

THEN the floor and walls are important because of the care they require. I wish you were all as fortunate as we are here in the KDKA Home Forum Test Kitchen. The walls and floor of the kitchen are made of tile, the most sanitary and most easily cleaned material. This white tile covers the floor and walls nearly to the ceiling. Of course this is not always possible in a home. The next best material is linoleum because it can be washed easily. Avoid wood as it is difficult to clean and usually absorbs grease unless treated with hot linseed oil. Then there are composition materials made of asbestos, cement or rubber which are applied to the floor the same as cement. Walls should be of such material that they may be washed frequently and easily.

What pieces of equipment shall we have in our kitchen? What piece seems to you the most valuable? To the woman who does her own cooking, the range is the most valuable piece of furniture not only in the kitchen but in the whole house. When you think of the time spent using this range, it is only right that it should be of the very best kind of material and just the size to fit your needs. Of course at the KDKA Home Forum we think that there is nothing quite as fine as our new electric automatic range. I do wish you could all see it and cook on it. It is a joy and comfort. When a dish is put into the oven we can go about our other work and forget it. If you were in another part of the house the alarm would tell you when to take out the food. The guess work and uncertainty are eliminated when cooking with this range. As our range has a heat regulator we know that the food will not be spoiled by incorrect or changing temperature. There are many fine features about it which save the housewife's time and energy.

THE next important piece of equipment is the refrigerator, and, of course, there is nothing better to keep food at the exact temperature than an electric refrigerator. We are mighty proud of our refrigerator. It has a temperature-selector which may be set to give different temperatures for various purposes. The motor runs very silently and is an enclosed one. The refrigerator stands on legs thus facilitating cleaning. It is easily cared for and it keeps the food in excellent condition.

The third important piece of equipment in my opinion, is the electric mixer. Of all of the large pieces these three, range, refrigerator and electric mixer, are, I believe, indispensable to the housewife. The heavy beating, whipping, stirring, mixing, chopping, slicing, grinding and countless other tasks are taken from the weary shoulders of the housewife and she is thus enabled to enjoy housekeeping and homemaking, instead of feeling the usual fatigue.

Why should we be tired at the end of a day's housework? Surveys indicate that the housewife spends 1,125 hours each year (over three hours a day), in cooking and baking and it is generally agreed that she is entitled to some energy-saving devices.

To return to the electric mixer let me say that it may be bought with or without all of the extra pieces of equipment, and as many parts as necessary may be purchased. The beater is essential, as it mixes cakes, mashes potatoes, and creams butter, cheese and sugar and other things. The whip is also necessary as it beats cream, mayonnaise, eggs, meringues, boiled frostings, etc. Two mixing bowls come with the electric mixer. There are many other pieces, such as the dough hook, pouring chute, hot water jacket, vegetable slicer, ice cream freezer, slicer plate, ice chipper, food chopper, colander, sieve and roller, fruit juice extractor, coffee and cereal grinder and oil dropper for making mayonnaise. This equipment may be used with a kitchen cabinet or its own cabinet which has a white enamel top and cupboard space for many of the small pieces. The whole thing takes up very little space and is a wonderful time and energy saver. Who is there who would not consider cooking a joy if such a servant were at hand?

OF COURSE you must have a cabinet in your kitchen and, if possible, this should be one that is built-in. There are many excellent cabinets on the market which meet every need, but if one is in the process of building a house, I would suggest that the cabinet be built at the same time in order that it may be used to the best advantage. Economy of time and space is thereby effected. Instead of having the cabinet protrude into the room, it may be set back, leaving an even working surface. You will want space for food supplies, working top space, a place for dishes, a compartment for cleaning supplies, and room for linen, cutlery and pots and pans. Wood cabinets are easily cared for if they are finished in enamel but the metal cabinets are more sanitary, although noisier.

We have considered the four biggest pieces of kitchen equipment, the range, the refrigerator, the Kitchen Aid, and the cabinet. No doubt, you will want a worktable and one on which supplies may be laid while you are working at the cabinet. An enamel-top one is very easily cared for and it looks clean and attractive. If your space is small, one with drop leaves is handy. A chair is necessary, in the kitchen, not for visitors but for the housewife who may wish to rest between her labors. More chairs invite loitering and we are usually too busy in the kitchen to visit. A stool and stepladder combination is very handy to have, especially if you

e small and cannot reach the top shelves your cupboards and cabinet.

One article so often overlooked in the tchen is a bookshelf of some kind. This the housewife's workshop, so why not ve all of the tools within reach? A ilt-in bookshelf and desk combination the best. Have shelves above for books id magazines and a drop-leaf which will rm the top of a desk when it is down. ere the family meals may be planned, ie bills filed, checks made out, market sts compiled and other similar tasks ired for. Such a place is as necessary the housewife as it is to her husband his office. The kitchen is your work-10p just as the office is your husband's orkshop.

Have your tools suit your needs. It is ery handy to sit at my desk in the Test itchen and work, answer the telephone ithout getting up, typewrite, reach for omething from the bookshelf or files nd even turn around on my leather up-olstered swinging chair and be able to each the range. But what does the house-vife generally do? The desk may be in he living room, the telephone on the stair anding, bookshelves upstairs and all of hem at a long distance from the range or abinet where she is working. Think of he steps saved to have things within easy each.

The sink is another important and very ecessary piece of equipment in the itchen. One with a double drainboard nd garbage-pan attached to it is very con-venient. Be sure that your sink is at the right height for you to do your work with as little back strain as possible. Sinks are generally too low.

Now that we have selected the biggest pieces of kitchen equipment, namely, the range, refrigerator, cabinet, sink, Kitchen Aid, bookshelves and table, how shall we place them? Work out a plan in your kitchen that is the most convenient one for you. In the beginning of this article we described an old-fashioned and very inconvenient arrangement of a large kitchen. Think over the tasks which have been pointed out, especially those which require the equipment to be placed closely together. Examine the arrangement of the equipment in the illustration of the KDKA Test Kitchen. You will note that the range is placed near the window where the housekeeper may receive good light and air. The ventilator in the window keeps the air circulating and prevents a draught on the food in the oven. The cabinet is between the range and refriger-ator. Pans, kettles, utensils, and food may be reached in a very few steps.

OPPOSITE the stove is a desk with bookshelves above. This is the office unit of the kitchen where the book-keeping and meal planning are done. The Kitchen Aid is across from the cabinet and near the range and refrigerator. The work table is directly across from the re-frigerator. Here it receives the groceries when they first arrive. It is convenient to the Kitchen Aid and other equipment.

Every kitchen is different and calls for a different arrangement. Analyze your needs and place your equipment to suit best the size of your family, the size of the room, nearness to the dining room and your own comfort. Save as many steps as you can and you will conserve your time, energy and retain an ever-cheerful disposition.

We have just begun the discussion of the convenient kitchen, haven't we? Our small equipment is not yet in place and that is quite necessary. Have you just the right tool in your workshop for effi-cient work? Perhaps you are planning a new home or wish to know how to make your present kitchen more convenient. We want to consider the construction, effi-ciency, utility and economy in the selec-tion of our kitchen utensils.

Before you select these utensils, decide what you need. We might give you a suggested list but it would take too much space. And then each person's tastes and needs vary. We might include a coffee percolator in our list but suppose you don't drink coffee. Or the list might in-clude a griddle and you may not care for griddle cakes. At best such a list would be but a guide.

WHETHER or not our lists would be similar, let us consider some of the materials of which our kit-chen utensils are made. Shall we buy aluminum, tin or other ware for a cake or a muffin pan? How shall we decide which is best? Is there any best?

We mentioned before the fact that con-struction is important to consider. By this we mean the size, shape, material, type of construction, and general dura-bility. For instance, if you are buying a knife you will want to be sure that the handle is long enough for the required pur-pose. How is it fastened to the blade? Is it fastened so that it will be sanitary? For example, if the handle is of wood, is one end open to allow food to enter? Of what material is the handle made? Will it give good service?

Or you might be buying a cover for a pan. Will it suit your purpose? Has it a well constructed handle? Can it be easily cleaned?

Efficiency is next in importance to the construction of a utensil. The tool must fit the job. If you want something done daintily, you use a small utensil. An egg beater or knife should save your time and labor and not increase it.

We want our kitchen utensils to wear a long time so that it will not be necessary to replace them too often. Think of this when you are buying a "bargain". Is it really cheap, in price alone, or is it also cheap in construction? Although we should not expect an endless life from any utensil we should expect a reasonable term of service. To check up on the wear-ing qualities of various utensils, keep a household record book and record the name of the utensil, the time purchased, the name of the store and the price. In this way you are able to test the service of the different makes. Consider the use given by the utensils as well as the care which they received.

Have you thought about selecting your utensils on the basis of the temperature to which they must be subjected in the kitchen? Some materials will stand a higher temperature than others.

BESIDES convenience in the use of your kitchen utensils, we should think of the convenience of their placing. Do you jumble everything in a drawer? Or do you have a place for each item? Hooks, shelves and drawers in convenient places will greatly aid the housekeeper. Place those things which you use while working at the stove on a shelf over it and on hooks beneath. This is more con-venient than the lower cupboard of a cabinet across the room. Divide the drawers of your cabinet into sections to be used for different utensils. There are other things we need by the sink. Place them on a shelf near the sink and on hooks beneath the shelf. You may think a kitchen looks better with no pots, pans or spoons visible. But let us think of the convenience first of all.

"The satisfaction with which the owner enjoys the kitchen is due to the wisdom with which the equipment is bought and the judgment with which it is arranged."

Lindbergh Tells The World

(*Continued from page 18*)

the maps and charts he had made for us. Food was forgotten as we tried to picture him over the course, and the remarkable thing about it all was that subsequently events proved that he had scarcely deviated in the least, and passed within 50 miles of the point over the British Isles indicated on the chart.

"His return is unforgettable history. "His mother told me he was so well guarded in New York that when she slipped out of the apartment to go on a shopping tour and telephoned the apart-ment later from a Fifth Avenue store to speak to her son she was told that 'Mrs. Lindbergh is still in the room with her son' and therefore the request must be from a fraudulent person. She had con-siderable trouble to prove her identity."

There were countless letters of proposal from infatuated girls. Two young women walked 35 miles and slept in the corridor of a hotel where he was stopping in Port-land, Ore., to make sure they would not miss seeing him when he left.

* * * *

What was that? Baby Wee—Shh-h—he's off to a new flight through the realm of Dreamland.

(See Lindbergh's Message on Page 128)

A Radio Column by Heywood Broun

(*Continued from page 15*)

yet. I like the White Chip better but maybe you can suggest something. Broadcast Manor wouldn't be so bad.

I DON'T believe Mr. D. saw my name on any society page lately. Not since I was expelled from the Social Register for conduct unbecoming a member of the four hundred. But of course it isn't really the four hundred. There must be about ten thousand names. That makes it all the more cruel to be expelled. Anybody's likely to figure that he has a chance if they are going to pile up a list like that. In fact this business about exclusiveness is very much over-rated. The Social Register cannot expect to make itself exclusive just by throwing me out.

Anyhow I am still a prominent club man. That is I am a joiner. Whenever anybody in any organization says, "I think if I make a special point of it I might get you in," I say "Sure." I love belonging to things. Right now I am in ten different organizations and I am not counting the two where I am suspended. That is not on account of any unworthy conduct on my part. It is just for non-payment of dues. An oversight, so to speak.

I like secret grips and badges and hatbands. In fact I am wearing three hatbands this Summer. The other seven clubs haven't got any hatbands. I have only one hat and so I have to wear the three bands one on top of each other. If I am in Club A, I show the colors of Club B, because the people around must know that I belong to Club A or I wouldn't be in there. I wear the Club A band when I go to Club C. It keeps my fingers all cut up getting the pins out.

I am afraid that some of these exclusive clubs aren't really so very exclusive. There is one where my father put me up for membership when I was five years old. That sounded exciting and romantic. I felt, "If I ever get in there I will really be a society man." And I would like to be a society man,—if you can do it by shaving every other day and never leading any cotillions. I haven't ever seen any cotillions. I have read about them in papers a lot but I can't quite figure out what happens. Where does the cotillion leader lead them? Does it mean that if he walks on his hands everybody in the ball room has to do the same thing? Even being in the Social Register—for one year —never got me into any cotillion.

I MIGHT interrupt right here to say that this is going to go on about like this for the rest of the fifteen minutes but that I am going to close the week tomorrow by doing a serious talk on unemployment. At least that is my plan. No guarantee goes with it.

I was talking about being put up for membership in an exclusive club when I was five years old. As a child I pictured it as being ever so swanky and a little mysterious. Some nights my father did not come home to dinner. He would phone and say he was going to stay at the club. And when you are a child a place where you can stay up and away from home until ten or eleven o'clock at night seems pretty dazzling. And so for more than twenty-five years I waited to get elected to this club. And finally, in a moment of absent mindedness, the membership took me in. A good many very old gentlemen kept dying and they had to take somebody in.

BUT we haven't got as many old gentlemen as some of the clubs in New York. Just after the war a young French officer came over here and a friend put him up for two weeks at a club that nobody is likely to get in until he is seventy. I do not know whether that is a rule or just a custom. The young French officer went there for lunch twice and then fled to Paris. When his American friend arrived in Paris the next summer the Frenchman sent him a note. He said, "It was very kind of you to put me up at your club. I want to square the obligation. I will take you to the tomb of Napoleon."

And we have romantic legends about our club too. Way back in the gay nineties a prominent member drove up to the door in a hansom cab. And because he had been *dining* he decided that it would be a good idea to take the horse out of the shafts and ride him right into the club. But the veteran doorman, he is still there, barred the way. "What is the matter, Charles," said the distinguished clubman. "Why are you stopping me. I am a member of this club."

"Yes, sir." said the doorman with rare presence of mind, "but your horse is not."

I have a pretty strong inferiority complex and what with all these legends about this club and the fact that I had been waiting twenty-eight years I was excited when I got the notice that I hadn't been blackballed. I decided that I would go down and walk around the exclusive premises and that probably from this time on I would have a civil word for no man but just go through the world giving people the stony stare and saying "Oh really!"

Unfortunately at the desk somebody gave me a book containing a list of members. It was about as big as a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—from Ab to Booh. That gave me, as you might say, pause. "Can we be," I thought, "s... terribly exclusive, when according to th... book there are something like ten thou... sand members. Is there enough bluebloo... to go that far round."

BUT I did go up to take Turkish bath. I was rather figuring tha... maybe they would have rose petals in th... pool. They did not. It was just like an... other Turkish bath. In the cubicle nex... to me there was another aristocrat gettin... ready for the plunge. And as he took hi... shirt off—maybe it was two shirts—I ob... served that across his chest was tattooed an American flag, three green serpents and a large pink heart pierced by an arrow which had a tag on it. This tag was inscribed in rather gaudy purple tattooing. That seemed to me the one false touch. Just that extra bit of ostentation a gentleman should avoid. Black tattooing or red tattooing—oh, yes—but not purple. The label was entirely simple and inoffensive. It merely spelled out "Genevieve." That is a nice quiet name. His devotion did him much credit. After all with the start he had it might have been Cherie, or Fifi or even Little Egypt. Just the same I couldn't help looking at the flag and the snakes and the arrow and thinking, "Is this the exclusive and aristocratic and high toned club that I have been waiting to get into all my life!" I imagine society is like that. If I were in the society pages every day it would all be just so much dust and ashes to me. But now—say Mr. D are you sure it was me, and what was the date and what newspaper. There wasn't any photograph, was there?

I GUESS blue blood is just about the same as any other sort of blood. I don't believe a radical has to say that every rich man is a deep dyed villain. I am a radical but I don't think that. The sort of Utopia I think about and dream about is one where nobody is barred. Anybody can join, anybody can help—everybody can hang around. I don't think the Brotherhood of Man is just an empty phrase. It does mean something and that something is as wide and as deep as God's mercy. If all men were created free and equal—all men and that has got to mean *all*—let us start right now to get them on that basis.

* * *

A veteran actor, is Charles B. Hamlin, cast as "The Old Settler" in WTMJ's Sunday evening "Now and Then" program, a feature contrasting life twenty-five years ago with that now.

A "Cottage for Sale"

(*Continued from page 83*)

entered in the little cottage. To Robi- on the four words, "a cottage for sale", old as graphic a story of human tragedy s an entire book-full of words. And. ince he expresses himself with notes ather than words, he wrote a song about

The song was wistful and haunting and trangely melancholic. There were no words to it, but the melody was written round the four words "a cottage for ale". He put it away and forgot about t, and took up his labors where he had eft off.

He turned to Radio, to which he was no newcomer. He had been the pianist n the old Night Hawk gang from Kansas City, once the goal of ear-phones all over the country. So he reorganized his Deep River Orchestra, and played pro- grams of the better kind of popular nusic, injecting his own material on very program.

Needing fresh material, he dug out his wordless melody, and gave it to Larry Conley, song writer, to whom he ex- plained his feeling about the poignancy n a cottage for sale. Conley took the song, created an imaginary unfortunate love story, and handed back the song as we know it now.

It was published, without any great expectations. And then, unexpectedly, sales hit 10.000. Radio orchestras started playing it. Sales passed 20,000, bounded up to 30,000, reached the 50,000 mark. Royalties started getting fat. Sales reached 90.000. Robison made his first appearance on a nationally sponsored program. Sales passed 125.000, and Robi- son was achieving real Radio recognition. He was given a contract to appear on the Maxwell House program, one of the old- est and best-known on the air. His ideas, musically sound, were to be given free play in the program he was to direct.

His place in Radio was made. Thou- sands of letters were received congratu- lating him on this or that phase of the program. The Warner studios signed a three-year contract with him to write songs for the talkies. Early in Septem- ber he started a contract with Radio- Keith-Orpheum theatres. His song, mu- sically inferior to other opuses of his entirely unknown, had something that appealed to the public, and was making a fortune for him.

A short time ago a very important real estate transaction took place in Crest- wood, in Westchester. The owner of a pretty little cottage was surprised to re- ceive an offer from the same man who had accepted just half as much for the same house only a few short years be- fore. The deal was made gladly.

To-day little Miss Robison takes her dolls canoeing in the little brook along- side the house, while Mrs. Robison fusses around the fire-place in the living room. There also may be found the somewhat battered piano on which the young mu- sician composes his songs.

And not so long ago, on a Thursday night Maxwell House program, Willard Robison himself sang the plaintive words of "A Cottage For Sale" in honor of the sale of the 200,000th copy. At the con- clusion of the program he turned to the writer and said, his hand resting affec- tionately on his special microphone; "You know, Radio's a wonderful thing . . ."

Marcella

(*Continued from page 63*)

well-known program, "Kassels in the Air" broadcast every Monday night from the Chicago studios of the National Broad- casting Company. Mr. Kassel is not what one might term a law-breaker, but it does seem as if he has annihilated the law of gravitation in keeping his castles in the air. He is the composer of such popular song hits as "Around the Corner" and "Doodle de Doo."

* * *

ISN'T it just like Floyd Gibbons to have chosen Washington, D. C., for a birth- place, L. O. F.? It evidenced a great deal of foresight, it seems to me. No wonder he is on speaking terms with Presidents, Congressmen, Senators and the like. And it was on July 16th, 1887. We have no history book available to see what other great happenings fell on that date, but we are sure that all other events faded into insignificance with the appearance of Floyd Gibbons on *terra firma*. And now for a little disappointment. He *has been* married! That's the way it was put by our adviser. I queried, "But *is* he mar- ried?" "He *has been* married", was the kind but firm reply. So use your judg- ment. L. O. F. As far as I am concerned, that settles the question in my mind.

* * *

IT WILL do your heart good, Joseph B., to refer to the January issue of Radio Digest, for there is just one grand big writeup of Little Jack Little. It begins on page 9, continues on page 104, and then intrudes for more than a column on page 105. Think of it—just two and a half pages of "the greatest piano player on the air", and a full page on page 8 of that edition. And if you will turn to the rotogravure section of this magazine, you will find your favorite artist seated at the piano, surrounded by the admiring staff of WLW. You see, Radio Digest catches great broadcasting artists in its noose sooner or later.

* * *

IT SEEMS as if the story of Arabesque in the September issue was written es- pecially for you, Mrs. F. E. O. And Reynold Evans takes the part of Achmed.

* * *

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—Let- ter asking about Blue Steele. Come home to Marcella and read: Blue Steele, of all things, is on his way to California—that is on August 2nd he was on his way—he's most likely there now—to make a picture with Charles Farrell. Texas is his 'ome town, don't you know, and hob-nobbing with cowboys is probably his specialty. Eddie Utt ran into Blue Steele at Amar- illo, Texas, and that is why we all know now about the picture with Charles Far- rell. And here's a little something about Eddie himself. He is a versatile recita- tionist and is broadcasting over Station WDAG, in Amarillo, and loves to talk to children. I'm sure that the children love to listen to you, Mr. Utt, and hope you will continue in your fine work. Do you think you can send along a picture for this "colyum"? Thank you.

* * *

ONCE upon a time a very gentle woman was captured by a very great big monster. True, she put herself in the way of being captured, for she knew that in this new captivity she would neither hunger nor thirst. This lovely lady had a young son and they had both been tra- versing the desert of human longing for a long time. When they finally came to a spring, they found this monster who demanded in exchange for food and water interesting stories to fascinate him and his subjects.

The heroine of this short tale is Yolande Langworthy, well-known author of "Arab- esque". The figurative, benevolent mon- ster—the Columbia Broadcasting System. Now, all of the facts about Miss Lang- worthy's future work have not been re- vealed, but I have gleaned this much— that a very substantial offer of gold has been made to Miss Langworthy to adapt her stories to the talking films. I don't know how many bushels of gold and silver will be measured out by this very large picture company, but it will be enough so that Miss Langworthy and her boy will never have to cross the desert again.

Lindbergh Honors Radio

(*Continued from page 19*)

The National Broadcasting Company with Columbia participated in broadcasting the evening address. The actual speech was delivered from Studio Six on the 22nd floor of 485 Madison Avenue, headquarters of WABC, and was carried by telephone to the main office of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company at 24 Walker Street. From that point it was relayed to the main office of the National Broadcasting Company at 711 Fifth Avenue and thence to the transmitting stations WEAF, WJZ and approximately seventy stations on the National Broadcasting chain. The hookup in the United States, which was the largest in point of the number of stations broadcasting ever accorded to a studio feature, was distributed as follows:

Columbia	74 stations
National .....(red and blue networks)	70 stations
Total	144 stations

In addition to these, a London broadcast was arranged for a network of twenty-one stations affiliated with the British Broadcasting Corporation and through that corporation arrangements had been made to rebroadcast in Sweden over the Radiojaenst, Stockholm station. Interest in Sweden was particularly keen because of the fact that Colonel Lindbergh's father was a native of Sweden and in that country America's "Lone Eagle" is still regarded as one of Sweden's sons.

Three short wave stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company also carried the speech, an advance copy of which had been sent to Germany for reading through stations of the Reichs Rundfunk Gessellschaft, the German broadcasting organization. A station in Sydney, Australia, planned to pick up and rebroadcast the National transmission.

The National Broadcasting Company's short wave stations are W3XAL, Bound Brook, N. J., W8XK, Pittsburgh, Pa., and W2XAD, Schenectady, N. Y.

ATTEMPTS have been made to estimate the potential Radio audience of this hookup. It is probable with so notable a speaker before the microphone that the listeners numbered between 75,000,000 and 100,000,000, including those in remote parts of the world who picked up the address by short wave transmission.

The mechanical alignment whereby the broadcast was sent abroad makes an interesting story in itself. Picked up at the A. T. & T. office in New York, it was amplified and sent over a direct circuit to one of that company's Radio telephone transmitting stations. The A. T. & T. has two of these stations—long wave at Rocky Point, L. I., and short wave at Lawrenceville, N. J., and uses whichever one is most suitable under the prevailing atmospheric conditions. Rocky Point broadcasts on a wave length of about 5,000 meters and Lawrenceville on a short wave between 14 and 33 meters.

At the telephone company's Radio station the voice currents are amplified millions of times and "blended" with a high voltage current, powerful enough to bridge the gap to England. Colonel Lindbergh's words were picked up on the other side by one of the receiving stations of the British Post Office which operates the telephone system of Great Britain—either the long wave station at Cupar, Scotland, or the short wave station at Baldock, England. These receiving stations again amplify the voice currents, attenuated,



Jesse S. Butcher

after traveling such a distance, millions of times. From the receiving stations, the speaker's words travel over a wire line through the London "trunk exchange", the Post Office's long distance center, to Station 2LO, key station of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The Radio circuit here used bridges a distance of approximately 3,400 miles. With the wire links this makes a combined wire and Radio circuit between Columbia headquarters and the British Broadcasting Corporation's station of more than 3,600 miles.

Unfortunately for British listeners, atmospheric conditions were unfavorable and only about half of the address was received in London. The reception was so poor that the British Broadcasting Corporation could not rebroadcast the speech to its listeners. The reason the broadcast failed was heavy static occasioned by intense electrical storms at some point in the Atlantic. This is a somewhat rare occurrence and was the first time an international broadcast had been completely silenced by weather conditions.

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S first Radio talk accordingly was heard by a comparatively small audience in the studio of WABC, a few short wave receivers in the United States and on ships at sea, and a vast audience in South America and Australia.

He expressed regret that the afternoon European broadcast had failed and seemed pleased when officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System invited him to speak to the British audience on another occasion. Phonographic records of the speech were made and rushed the following day by mail steamer to London, where they were available for rebroadcasting.

The second broadcast made six hours later from the same studio was a complete success. The National Broadcasting Company added its contribution to the happy occasion by assigning Gene Mulholland of its staff to be present and extend his capable services in making Col. Lindbergh's address a memorable one. This address was transmitted to Radio listeners n this country over the usual long wave networks and virtually monopolized the air. The newspapers of the country in the main carried front page accounts of the broadcast the next day.

Colonel Lindbergh, who is as much a public idol now as he was three years ago, found crowds of admirers gathered at the studio for both appearances, and police lines were formed to make a lane for him and his party from the studio entrance to his automobile. The distinguished aviator was accompanied by Mrs. Lindbergh, Col. Henry Breckinridge, his friend and attorney, Mrs. Breckinridge and Miss Nancy Guggenheim, a daughter of Harry T. Guggenheim, Ambassador to Cuba.

His speech had been written by him in advance and copies had been sent to all newspapers for publication immediately after the broadcast. It was about 1,200 words in length and with the studio announcements, effectively made by Frank Knight, required ten minutes for presentation. Colonel Lindbergh spoke into two microphones, a precaution in case of mechanical defect interfering with either one. He declined to sit at a table and broadcast, preferring to stand for his address.

Both times an audience of about a dozen people was in the studio. Colonel Lindbergh, although a novice at broad-

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IS KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR



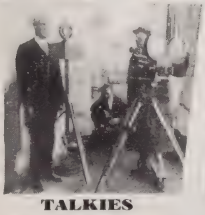
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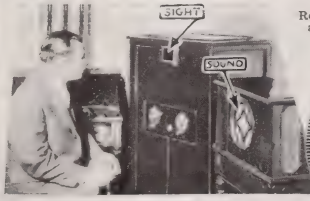
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City..... State.....

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Lindbergh Honors Radio

(*Continued from page 122*)

casting, spoke in a well modulated voice. His words came over the air distinctly with proper pauses for emphasis and the even tone that is one of the requisites of a broadcasting voice.

Prior to the address, photographs were made of him standing in front of the microphone and these were rushed in response to a demand by special service to newspapers in all parts of the world, in itself an indication of the tremendous interest in everything that America's most famous young man does.

THE talk in the evening once over, his own natural liking for mechanics, the scientific curiosity in him, made him ask questions. Anxious to inspect the various pieces of apparatus, particularly did the master control fascinate him—the meaning of the various dials. Reluctant, at last, however, he had to bring his casual inspection to a close, but not before he had assured the officials he would come back again, perhaps many times, to learn completely all the secrets still undisclosed.

Voices from Across the Sea

(*Continued from page 57*)

proved a good prophet. France and Italy soon proclaimed their refusal to make it a quintuple pact.

So it remains for my scholarly friend and colleague, Cesar Særchinger, whom I left in charge of Columbia's European interests and who is now its general representative "over there," to magnetize Bernard Shaw to the microphone. Whenever that happens, Radio will register a new high.

Viscount Cecil's was the only address not devoted to the naval conference. He delivered an eloquent 15-minute address on the occasion of the national memorial services in honor of the late Chief Justice Taft, including a moving tribute to Mr. Taft's services in behalf of world peace. The Chief Justice's family directed Columbia to inform Lord Cecil that nothing said on the occasion of Mr. Taft's passing had moved them more profoundly than his broadcast from London, delivered at 12:30 P.M., American time with complete clarity.

NEVER in the history of international relations—of course, not at all over the air—has so eminent a galaxy of personages addressed themselves within a brief span of time to a subject engrossing the world's attention. Here were the two chief actors in the naval drama at London—Stimson and MacDonald—communing by word of mouth directly into the ears of uncountable American hearers. MacDonald, speaking from Chequers, chose his Columbia broadcast on March 9th for the occasion of the first important, decisive announcement of the whole Conference, i.e., Britain's refusal to give France "military guarantees." That utterance marked the turning-point in affairs at London, the beginning of the end of the Five-Power negotiations and the paving of the way to purely Three-Power arrangements.

The Department of State, both in London and at Washington, caused to be issued regularly under its official auspices all copies of speeches broadcast by members of the delegation. Those utterances became part of the official history of the Conference of 1930. They are prima facie evidence of the importance with which statesmanship dignifies this new means of enlightening public opinion and solidifying international friendships—this magic medium of the microphone and the short-wave which has become its equally magical and reliable handmaiden.

Grantland Rice Interviews Sultan of Swat

(*Continued from page 87*)

If he passes me I'll be the first to send him a stick of dynamite.

RICE—Just why are there so many more home run hitters today than there were in the "good old days" of baseball?

RUTH—The game's different. In the old days pitchers could doctor the ball and make it dance in the air. I'll give you another example. In the old days they only used five or six balls during a game. Now they use from 45 to 50 so you are always hitting at a new, white ball that is harder to throw. As a result about everybody is gripping the bat down by the end of the handle and taking his full cut. They are swinging from the ground at everything that comes up to the plate where most of them used to grip the bat well up and chop or punch. I'd say that was the main reason.

RICE—Do you ever get tired of baseball, Babe?

RUTH—No. I play about 180 games a season, counting all the exhibition games. But I get a big kick out of every game I play in.

RICE—Who was the fastest pitcher you ever faced?

RUTH—Walter Johnson. He was the fastest of them all in his day and don't let anybody tell you different. He could make that baseball look like a golf ball shot from a gun.

RICE—Who is the best young ball player developed in the big leagues this year?

RUTH—Lopez, the Brooklyn catcher. He's a star in every way and he's been a big factor in keeping Brooklyn up.

RICE—What two teams will be in the next world series, Babe?

RUTH—The Athletics have too big a lead with only 38 games left. They look to be about over the line. But the other race is still a battle. The Cubs must clean up this month if they are to win again for the Giants and Dodgers finish at home. I think you'll see a close finish here right down the stretch.

RICE—What advice have you got for the kids who are playing baseball and want to improve?

RUTH—It's hard to tell anybody how to play a game. Most of the good pro golfers are ex-caddies who watched and studied good professionals. I'd suggest that every kid watch and study the methods of good ball players at every chance and then work out his own game. Don't get discouraged too quickly but keep on trying. Don't tighten up and try too hard. Just be easy and natural—and keep hustling.



Achieving Perfection in Informal Entertainment

(Continued from page 76)

Now what on earth
Do you suppose
Is in this
Little folder?
Just keep right on
And you'll find out
Ere you're a
Minute older.
A few more turns
And then you'll know—
I hope that you're excited—
We entertain
On Hallowe'en
And this means
You're
Invited.

Name.....

Date.....Time.....

Place.....

Such a novel invitation prepares your guests for an equally novel evening, and they must not be disappointed.

On the evening of the party when the guests arrive they are confronted by a large placard hanging just inside the entrance door which reads: "SILENCE. DO NOT SPEAK TO ANYONE AFTER PASSING THIS SIGN." Have a large cardboard hand pointing in the direction the guests are to take to leave their wraps. On one door hang a sign for the ladies and on another door one for the men. In each room have a pile of sheets and over it place a sign ordering each guest to wrap himself in one. Nearby have a pile of black masks, one for each guest, and on a dressing table some grease paint, powder and rouge. A large sign reading: "DISGUISE YOURSELF AS COMPLETELY AS POSSIBLE AND THEN GATHER IN THE LIVINGROOM" should hang in a conspicuous place in each dressing room.

The livingroom should be decorated in keeping with the spirit of Hallowe'en and dimly lighted with candles and mystic blue lights obtained by burning wood alcohol in brass bowls. Have the necessary card tables set up with a sign on each reading: "ONE WORD BEFORE 9:30 WILL COST YOU YOUR FORTUNE. BE SEATED. IF YOU CAN'T DEMONSTRATE YOUR BIDS WITHOUT TALKING, WRITE THEM ON THE BACKS OF SCORE SHEETS. BEGIN TO PLAY AT THE CHIME OF THE BELLS."

When the tables are filled, give the signal to start playing with a raucous cow bell or an alarm clock. A heap of fun will ensue when the players try to invent signals to signify their bids. If anyone speaks, he loses ten points from his score each time—the host quietly marking down these penalties.

By the time the alarm clock rings at the time signified to break silence (one hour after the playing starts), everyone will be dying to talk and the success of the party will be assured.

A simple buffet supper of assorted sandwiches, olives and pickles, doughnuts, cheese bits, apples, raisins, nuts, cider and hot coffee can be served at midnight. Or, if something more elaborate is desired, the dining table should be amusingly decorated and a course supper of creamed tomato soup in cups, ham and sweetbread patties, and hot pumpkin pie with cheese might be served.

If you do not care to play bridge, a hundred other ideas for Hallowe'en can be thought up. Unconventionality should be the keynote of the evening and everything should be conducted in an unusual manner. Costumes are always fun and there is no better time to give a costume party. An "old clothes" party, a "baby" party, a "literary character" party can

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"Been on a vacation Bill?"

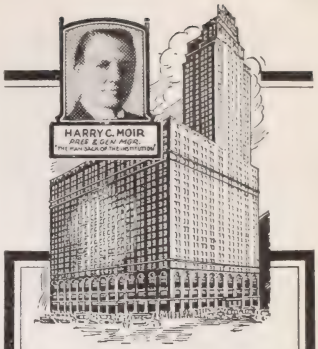
"No, Jim—I've stopped smoking. Gained six pounds in a week. You know how I used to smoke—a package of cigarettes and a cigar or two a day—it sure had some hold on me. I tried to stop many times but could only quit for a few days. But I'm through forever now—took a scientific home tobacco treatment—fixed me up in two weeks.

"Wasn't hard on me at all—noticed improvement the first day—I feel like a new man. It didn't interfere with my work—didn't leave any druggish after-effects—the money I saved in the last two weeks has paid for the treatment alone.

"Why don't you take it? It has entirely banished the tobacco habit for many thousands of men like you and me. It has been successfully used for over fifty years and comes to you with a money-back guarantee—it is a doctor's individual prescription that sure fixes you up. Write for full information NOW. No obligation. All correspondence is strictly confidential."

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Closest in the City to Stores, Offices, Theatres, and Railroad Stations

The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, with 3450 rooms

be counted among the many suggestions that mean no extra expense for your guests. Fortune telling is an indispensable feature of the evening and many ideas for mystic readings of the future can be found in entertainment books at the public library.

Another unusual party for the fall suggested by Miss White is a football dinner. This should be given following a football game, of course, and lucky, indeed, is the hostess who can count one of the players among her guests. Someone who stayed at home—mother, usually,—should have the dinner ready when the football enthusiasts arrive, ravenous and exuberant after hours in the open air.

The dining table should be decorated with the colors of the home team, or both, if any rooters from the other side are to be present. Chrysanthemums and autumn leaves banked in a low mass in the center of the table make a beautiful center piece. Miniature footballs holding place cards are attractive favors. A hearty dinner, as elaborate as the hostess wishes to make it, will surely be relished. An ambitious dinner would be cream of celery soup, shrimp, lobster and oysters creamed in patty shells, roast turkey with chestnut dressing, mashed potatoes and turnips, cranberry sauce, endive salad with french dressing, and hot mince and pumpkin pies. After such a hearty meal the guests will be glad to sit quietly over a cup of good hot coffee in the living room before starting bridge or dancing. During the coffee it would be a fitting climax to the football game to start an old-fashioned "sing" ending with the college songs of both teams.

Thanksgiving parties are usually family affairs. Decorations and menus, too, follow a time-honored tradition. But after Thanksgiving dinner is over—preferably in the middle of the day so that the home-maker can have time to rest and relax before evening—a good idea is for the older members of the family to meet at one home for a quiet evening of conversation or cards and the younger ones to meet at another house for an evening of old-fashioned games, a marshmallow roast, popping corn, and the like. After the hearty turkey dinner of the middle of the day, no one will want much in the way of supper. A buffet holding doughnuts, cheese tidbits, apples, nuts, raisins, and cider will be all any one will want.

LUNCHEONS, teas and bridge parties are among the most delightful forms of informal entertainment for women. The wise luncheon hostess will prepare a simple meal, keeping in mind the dieting habits of her friends. Heavy luncheons make us dull and sleepy, whereas a light, appetizing repast puts us in an expansive frame of mind.

A cream soup, a main dish of some broiled fish and green peas, and a light dessert such as prune whip, constitute the sort of meal women enjoy. This should be served on a colorful and gay table with a low bowl of fresh flowers in the center. place doilies or the more fashionable crossed runners, freshly polished silver, gleaming glass, colorful china. Candles should never be on the table at lunch time or at any time before nightfall, for that matter. And paper napkins should only be used at large buffet parties or at late night suppers.

Luncheon should be taken leisurely, for the real purpose of it is talk—the exchange of ideas and news, civic discussions, the theatre, books, club news, fashion news—the things in which women are interested and not the petty affairs of the day, nor the gossip uninitiated men suspect us of. The tactful hostess will always lead the conversation away from dangerous personalities. Luncheons served at one usually end about three, giving the hostess time to clear everything up and rest a while before starting dinner.

Afternoon bridge, to which guests are usually invited at about two-thirty, is usually followed by tea served in the same room. The hostess should have her tea wagon prepared beforehand—with cups and saucers, plates, tea napkins, spoons and forks, tea pot, tea cannister, the pot for boiling water, sugar, cream and lemon. It is quite fashionable nowadays to have a double compartment dish containing cloves and candied cherries on the tea tray for those who like their tea with an exotic flavor. Colored pieces of sugar in the shapes of diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs are also amusing novelties. Dainty sandwiches cut in odd shapes and small iced cakes are the usual tea-time repast.

While the players are adding their scores and settling up, the hostess makes the tea at the wagon and one of the guests, chosen beforehand, passes the refreshments to the guests. Bridge should stop not later than five o'clock, giving an hour for the enjoyment of the tea before the guests take their leave at six.

Probably the most intimate and jolly form of entertainment is the late supper party. After the theatre, lecture or club meeting, for instance, it is fun to invite people to your home for a midnight bite. Everyone is in an expansive mood and just physically tired enough to want to sit quietly and talk of cabbages and kings. This is Grace White's favorite kind of party and she told me that she never lets a chafing dish recipe escape her shears. She keeps a special scrapbook in which she pastes suggestions for midnight snacks.

Two things are indispensable for midnight parties: a chafing dish and the ability to make extra-good coffee.

* * *

If you have any questions about entertaining that are bothering you or if you'd like to have some help with a party which you're planning, write to me care of Radio Digest and I'll be glad to help you out. You can also get lots of new ideas about entertaining and every other phase of home-making from the morning broadcasts by the Radio Home-Makers Club. These are given every weekday except Saturday between ten A.M. and noon over the Columbia Broadcasting network.

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AC—A B C Power Packs 8.75

Tubes: UX type, 30-day replacement guarantee, No 210, $2.25; No. 250, $2.35; No. 281, $1.85; No. 245, $1.25; No. 224, $1.25 No. 227, 75c; No. 226, 65c; No. 171, 75c.

CHAS. HOODWIN CO.
4240 Lincoln Ave. Dept. K-19 Chicago

Amos 'n' Andy in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 86*)

is, they use their Amos 'n' Andy tones, snap into Van Porter and the Kingfish and others, in rapid succession and never miss out.

When the afternoon performance is over, they go right back to work on their sound stage and keep it up until six o'clock. This gives them an hour and a half and, since taking off make-up is quicker than putting it on, in this time they can change attire and have their next meal, a bit more substantial than the other repasts.

Mostly they are still in the studio lot. But sometimes they dash back to the hotel, though not often. Comes seven-thirty and they repeat the episode for the benefit of the western audience.

That accounts pretty well for their time. But wait, for they are not through. From then on until midnight they work on future adventures of Amos 'n' Andy, and rehearse tomorrow's Radio act. This takes an hour or two, and the rest of the time is spent in practising their dialogue for the next day's picture work.

So far as the listening public is concerned, there isn't a second's delay in switching from Chicago to Hollywood for the act. But the Radio officials, at the first, had a couple of fits because in the switching process there is an interval of two seconds between Bill Hay's "And here they are," to the time Amos 'n' Andy begin to expostulate.

But this two seconds interval is absolutely necessary to make all the plug-ins for the affair. Not being too technically minded, I never catch the fact that there is a two second interval, and I don't think the audience does either.

SO THERE you have a pretty accurate picture of what Amos 'n' Andy have been doing during the summer months.

Do they like Hollywood? Well, they just know the route from the hotel to RKO's lot. Over towards the mountains they can see the hillside homes and colorful street lights at midnight as they wend their way back to rest after the day's activity.

But the pace is a terrific one. Sometimes they dash out at eleven o'clock and get an extra hour of sleep. Once in a while they sneak in fifteen minutes more during the morning.

But the boys are punctual and never miss out on the work schedule. They will be glad when it is all over and the rush subsides. Over at the studio they tell me the picture will be released about the middle of October.

So perhaps by the time you are reading this you will have a chance to see their initial talkie effort. I think it will not be their last.



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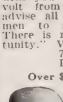
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LINDBERGH'S MESSAGE

By Col. Charles A. Lindbergh

THROUGHOUT history the progress of civilization has been dependent upon the development of transportation. Centuries ago men found they could live better by engaging in trade with one another. They discovered that an article which was plentiful in one locality was often scarce and in great demand in another. It became apparent that life could be made simpler and more worth while by trading the surplus of a district suited to agriculture for that of a natural manufacturing community. As methods of transportation improved it was found impossible for the individual or the community to remain completely independent of other individuals and communities. Contact with foreign countries brought about an intellectual development together with the commercial. Men became no longer content with the bare necessities of existence and the luxuries of ancient commerce grew into the everyday necessities of a more modern world. The intercourse which sprang up as a result was responsible for the banding together of larger and larger communities under one central government and eventually brought about the comparatively high standard of living.

EVERY great advance in transportation has forecast a greater unity in world government. Directly or indirectly, whether by peaceful negotiation or by warfare, the demands of commerce have made it both impossible and undesirable for an entirely independent community to exist permanently. Thousands of years ago it was found advisable to form local organizations to regulate trade. The development of shipping and foreign commerce caused the adoption of a central government by groups of communities for advantages in trading with foreign countries. Transoceanic traffic with its worldwide commerce brought about the necessity of international regulation and agreement. In every instance the advantages of cooperation and exchange broke down the barriers of sectionalism.

Foreign relations were originally greatly hampered by artificial obstacles imposed in the form of local tolls and taxes. Communities were fearful lest their neighbors obtain some advantage in trade. Better transportation brought intercourse and mutual understanding and gradually caused the local taxes to be removed, thereby greatly stimulating internal business. Wherever new methods of transportation brought people in contact with one another and made it possible through cooperation for them to obtain a better living with less effort, artificial obstacles gave way before the advantages of trade.

The Twentieth Century brings a third dimension in transportation to a world which has not yet had time to become accustomed to the more recent developments of the steamship and the railroad. The airplane and the airship are placing time and distance on a new scale of relativity. Aviation as it is today is having a worldwide effect on communication. If we attempt to envision what it will be after a century of modern scientific development it is difficult to find precedent for what it may bring to civilization.



Each year the French government issues three bronze medallions honoring individual accomplishment. These medallions are sold through the Louvre in Paris. The medallion illustrated above was issued last year and is the first time such a tribute has been paid to an American.

Aviation has not gripped the imagination of the world solely because man has at last found a way of flying. Its fascination lies far more in the changes it is bringing about in existing methods and policies. Possibly the most important effect will be on international relations. When measured in hours of flying time the great distances of the old world no longer exist. Nations and races are not separated by the traditional obstacles of earthbound travel. There are no inland cities of the air and no natural obstructions to its commerce.

The last few years have seen the extension of airlines over every continent. The next few will bring transoceanic routes to unite these continental services into a network covering the entire world. To realize the full significance of this development, however, it must be considered as a part of the whole system of modern transportation. For unless some radical scientific discovery revolutionizes our present aircraft we cannot compete with ships and railroads in the movement of most articles of commerce. The airplane augments rather than replaces ground transport. Its mission is to simplify intercourse between countries by rapid transportation of passengers and documents; to bring us in closer contact with other people and to facilitate the negotiations necessary for mutual understanding and trade.

If we accept the principle that life today is preferable to that of ancient times then it is logical to assume that any future improvement in transportation will result in a corresponding advance in methods of living. As people grow accustomed to flying a new sense of distance will develop and foreign countries will not seem so far away. Men instinctively judge the distance of places by their accessibility. In consequence we have formed many false impressions of geography. Aviation will replace these old ideas with a true order of location. The ease of travel between Canada, Mexico and the United States, for instance, will undoubtedly bring about still closer cooperation between them. Even today there is a well established airway between North and South America. It is no longer a difficult feat to fly between the two continents and as flying activity increases there will be a regular traffic of aircraft north and south through the Isthmus of Panama and the West Indies. The Western Hemisphere is by no means unique in aeronautical development. European airlines have been equally active in their extension through Asia and Africa.

AVIATION brings with it the necessity of uniform regulations. Aircraft often cross several international boundaries in the space of a few hours and non-uniform local regulations would greatly hamper the development of airlines. One of the most important factors contributing to their rapid expansion in the United States has been our federal supervision and consequent freedom from local restrictions. The maximum advantages of air commerce can be obtained only by international adoption of uniform flying regulations and in this day of education and progress it seems unnecessary to permit fear and misunderstanding to retard commerce between nations as it retarded that between individuals in ancient times. We should be able to replace an evolution of necessity by a program of intelligent encouragement. The conquest of the air should bring with it a new era of international commerce and agreement.

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